

THE TWO FOSCARI

by Lord Byron
edited by Peter Cochran



The following appendices will be found at the end of this document:

Appendix I: Extrait de *l'Histoire de la République de Venise* par P. Darù de l'Académie Française. tom. ii

Appendix II: Translation of I

Appendix III: Extrait de *l'Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Âge* par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. tom. x

Appendix IV: Translation of IV

Appendix V: on Lady Morgan, plagiarism, and Robert Southey

The Two Foscari (“The name is a dactyl – ‘Fōscārī’”)¹ is the third and last play in which Byron experiments with a “classical”, non-Shakespearean form, observing the unities of time, place and action. It was written in the Palazzo Guiccioli at Ravenna, after *Sardanapalus* and before *Cain*, being started on June 12 1821 and completed on July 9 – written in just over three weeks, if Byron’s manuscript dates are to be believed. It was published by John Murray, in the same volume as *Cain* and *Sardanapalus*, on December 19 1821.

1: BLJ VIII 152.

Like *Marino Faliero*, but more so, the play presents a bleak vision of Venetian politics and history. In *Faliero* the state's ingratitude to one of its most loyal servants motivates the servant's attempt to overthrow it. In *The Foscari*, the state appears vindictive towards a leader and loyal servant who leans over backwards to put it before all family ties – who, indeed, presides over the destruction of his own family in the name of the state, and then dies as a result of the way in which the state in turn demotes him. In Byron's vision of Venice, whether one rebelled against her or served her selflessly, one ended dying at her hands.

Francesco Foscari had a longer reign (1423-57) than any other doge. During his time, Venice extended her *terra firma* possessions in a series of wars, principally with the Viscontis of Milan. As a result she got further into debt than ever before, in part because of Foscari's insistence on ostentatious display. His son Jacopo Foscari was, as the play says, tried, tortured, and exiled to his death, though for bribery and corruption, not just communicating with foreign potentates. He appears to have been – though Byron ignores it – a man who could only live dangerously, an adrenaline-freak, a grown-up child constantly testing the limits of permissibility. His brothers having all died of the plague, he must have been a severe test on the iron will of his dominating father, and it may have been an intuition of this relationship which drew Byron to the subject. Byron never experienced any relationship with his own father, but his need to experiment with the limits of permissibility constituted a severe test of the patience of his substitute father-figures, especially his lawyer, John Hanson, and his "literary father",² the Murray editor William Gifford. Gifford edited much Jacobean drama, and Byron's "classical" plays were a test of the older man's toleration-levels – a test which he failed. Byron wrote to John Murray from Ravenna on September 20 1821, *à propos* of *Sardanapalus* and the *Foscari*:

I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas: to be sure, they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another; but I have a notion that, if understood, they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader. The Simplicity of plot is intentional, and the avoidance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the Speeches in the more severe situations. What I seek to show in *The Foscari* is the *suppressed* passion, rather than the rant of the present day. For that matter

Nay, if thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou –

would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in my younger productions – *not dramatic* ones, to be sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gifford don't like them; but I see no remedy, our notions on the subject being so different. How is he? Well, I hope: let me know. I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron, and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not mind reviews, as I can work them at their own weapons.³

The fact that most of the decision-making leading to the deaths of the Foscari is made not by the Venetian Senate but by the Council of Ten, a *giunta* who are temporarily non-accountable and non-representative even by the oligarchical standards of medieval Venice, may reflect the judgement of Byron – and half his countrymen – on the Tory *giunta* who ruled England for most of his life: but he keeps the details of his Venetian analysis to a historical appendix, and, as with *Faliero*,

2: BLJ XI 117; letter of February 22nd 1824.

3: BLJ VIII 218.

never mentions any contemporary parallel. Indeed, it's characteristic that he denies any parallel, while at once mentioning an obvious one. On July 14 1821 – five days after *The Foscari* was finished – he wrote to John Murray:

Dear Sir/ – According to yr. wish I have expedited by this post two packets addressed to J. Barrow Esqre. Admiralty &c. – – The one contains the returned proofs with such corrections as time permits of “Sardanapalus”. – The other contains the tragedy of “the two Foscari” in five acts. the argument of which Foscolo or Hobhouse can explain to you – or you will find it at length in P. Daru’s history of Venice, – also more briefly – in Sismondi’s I[*talian*] R[*epublics*]. An outline of it is in the Pleasures of Memory also. – The name is a dactyl “Fōscārī”. – – Have the goodness to write by return of post which is essential. – – I trust that “Sardanapalus” will not be mistaken for a *political* play – which was so far from my intention that I thought of nothing but Asiatic history. – The Venetian play too is rigidly historical. My object has been to dramatize like the Greeks (a *modest* phrase!) striking passages of history, as they did of history & mythology. You will find all this very *unlike* Shakespeare – and so much the better in one sense – for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models – though the most extraordinary of writers. – It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri – & I have broken down the *poetry* as nearly as I could to common language. – The hardship is that in these times one can neither speak – of kings or Queens without suspicion of politics or personalities. – – I intended neither. – – I am not very well – and I write in the midst of unpleasant scenes here – They have without trial – or process – banished several of the first inhabitants of the cities – – here and all around the Roman States – amongst them many of my personal friends – so that every thing is in confusion & grief; – it is a kind of thing which cannot be described without equal pain as in beholding it.⁴

As with Venice in the fifteenth century, so with the Papal States (Ravenna being papal territory, not Austrian), in the nineteenth. The more you loved your country, the more its rulers hated you. “They have ... banished the first inhabitants of the cities”. The idea that the people in charge of a country were the reverse of true patriots was commonplace. As Marina says at II i, 386-7, “The Country is the traitress, which thrusts forth / Her best and bravest from her.”

At III i 141-4, Marina comments on her husband’s crazy love for the country which is destroying him:

This love of thine
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
Is Passion, and not Patriotism ...

Just before her husband’s death, she intuits (“And wish you this with *me* beside you?”) something strange and even perverse in his hysteria, a strangeness upon which many have commented. Even her presence will not compensate him for the loss of Venice. The “calenture” image (III i 172-6) sums up his problem – his homeland is a murderous trap, and yet he longs for it, just as crazed sailors leap into the sea convinced that it is a welcoming meadow. The “calenture” is a nautical version of the “ignis fatuus” idea to which Byron returned constantly: a treacherous pastoral ideal.⁵

4: BLJ VIII 151-2.

5: See *Manfred*, I i 195, *PoC* 35, *TVOJ* 837, *Don Juan* VIII 253, VII 365-8, XI 214-16 and XV 430, *Def. Transf.*, I i 478, or *Island* IV 86.

Patriotism, and *The Vision of Judgement*.

Before he wrote *The Foscari*, Byron had started and shelved (on May 7 1821), *The Vision of Judgement*. He recommenced it on September 20, with all his recent plays dispatched. At one of its anti-climaxes, the eighteenth-century pamphleteer Junius is brought forward by Sathan to give evidence of the damnability of George III. Part of stanzas 83-4 go as follows (Michael the Archangel interrogates Junius):

“Repent’st thou not,” said Michael, “of some past
 “Exaggeration? Something which may doom 660
 “Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 “Too bitter – is it not so? – in thy gloom
 “Of Passion?” – “Passion!” cried the Phantom dim;
 “I loved my country, and I hated him.

“What I have written I have written – Let 665
 “The rest be on his head or mine!” So spoke
 Old “Nominis Umbra”, and while speaking yet
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Lines 663-4 here may stand as epigraph to all Byron’s historical dramas. He is here, later in 1821, taking Marina’s, not Jacopo’s, side in the debate. The word “Passion” is rhetorical: but Patriotism is a solid fact, to be expressed “as nearly as I could to common language”: *I loved my country, and I hated him*.

Byron was, like Jacopo Foscari, a patriot, in a time when patriotism was the last refuge of scoundrels like Castlereagh and Southey. Like Jacopo, too, he was an exile from his homeland – the difference being that his was a self-exile, which he could reverse and recall at will. He longed for home – but knew his nostalgia was an illness, acting as a will’o’th’wisp, and held no real hope of happiness at all. In Jacopo Foscari he dramatises one who still languishes helpless at its mercy.

The play anticipates the much more popular *Vision of Judgement* in that it depicts the decease of a very old ruler whom few sincerely regret. But that Byron was thinking about his satire at the time is shown in his third appendix, which consists mostly of an attack on Southey for his canting, his apostasy, his rumour-mongering, and his bad verses.

Fathers and Sons

Francesco and Jacopo Foscari are the only father-son pairing in Byron who aren’t seriously at odds in their personal lives – and yet the father presides, in his political role, over the torture and death of the son. It’s true that, in *Parisina*, Azo has his son Hugo executed; but he does it in hot blood, and we understand, for Hugo has slept with his wife. By the end of *Cain*, Adam and his one remaining son are seriously at odds – but how could they not be? The most complex and intriguing Oedipal-rivalry relationship, that between Ulric and Siegendorf / Werner, is still to come. But all of these are, in their different ways, natural, given the conflicts set up by the drama. The stoic calm of Francesco Foscari as his one remaining son dies slowly before his eyes is inhuman, and is vividly objectified by the reactions of Marina, his daughter-in-law (see illustration at the head of this edition) and objectified with even greater success in the contrast between him and his more-than-usually-out-of-control son. One of Darù’s notes to the section from his history which Byron uses as Appendix I tries to draw a

parallel between the elder Foscari and the stoicism of Lucius Junius Brutus at the execution of *his* sons – but the sons of Brutus were serious traitors to Rome, whereas Jacopo’s chronicled “acts of treason” read like a series of cries for either help, or death, or both.



Jacques-Louis David, *I littori riportano a Bruto i corpi dei suoi figli* (Louvre)

In stanzas 10 and 11 of the unfinished seventeenth canto of *Don Juan*, Byron confides,

Would that I were less bilious – but, Oh fie on’t!
 Just as I make my mind up every day
 To be a “totus, teres” Stoic Sage,
 The Wind shifts, and I fly into a rage.

Temperate I am, yet never had a temper;
 Modest I am, yet with some slight assurance;
 Changeable too, yet somehow “Idem semper;”
 Patient, but not enamoured of endurance;
 Cheerful, but sometimes rather apt to whimper;
 Mild, but at times a sort of “Hercules furens;”
 So that I almost think the same skin,
 For one without, has two or three within.

Francesco and Jacopo Foscari dramatise two, at least, of the “two or three within” their creator.

The unities

Johnson, in his *Preface to Shakespeare* (a document to which Byron never alludes), had placed a bomb underneath the pseudo-Aristotelian pseudo-theory of the three unities, pointing out, in effect, that if an audience accepted Covent Garden as

Denmark, or as Bosworth Field, they had already swallowed such a huge camel that a mere gnat like the passage of time, or change of locale, should make no difference.

In *The Foscari*, Byron maintains unity of action with ease; but that was always the simplest of the three – you just avoid subplots. Unity of time is harder to achieve, but by putting the end of Jacopo’s ordeal, Jacopo’s death, and Francesco’s death, all on the same day, he manages, just.

Unity of place can be a huge dramatic advantage, with the locale becoming an actor in the drama, the very building affecting how the characters behave. Stanley Kowalski’s apartment, or Hedda Gabler’s front room, are examples Byron couldn’t have known about; but the gate to the city of Thebes in *Oedipus Rex* is the best example with which he should have been familiar: *like Eastern thresholds is / The place where Death’s grand cause is argued o’er*.

His location is the Doge’s Palace in Venice – at once “a palace and a prison”, and so the inspirer of or motivation for everything that happens. Despite the difficulty of moving from “a hall” to “the prison of Jacopo Foscari”, the place could indeed be seen to be an actor in the drama. But Byron is inhibited by the fact that he is writing mental theatre for the closet. If he were to give elaborate stage-directions as to scenery and furniture, it would imply that his ambitions lay in Drury Lane after all! Mental theatre needs no designer, and so his Doge’s Palace is an echoing emptiness.

Byron’s appendices

The first and second *Foscari* appendices are translated here for the first time. They are unlike those of *Marino Faliero*. In the earlier play, what Byron asserts about the political greatness of his protagonist is contradicted by the prose passages he prints, supposedly to support it. In the later, we see above all how faithful he was to the events, and what skill he showed in tightening his action down into twenty-fours. Two important queries from the play seem left as much unanswered by the historical record as they are by the drama – how guilty *was* Jacopo Foscari of treason? and, *was* Francesco Foscari indeed responsible for the murders of Loredano’s father and uncle? The chroniclers are slightly more confident than the play in answering the first in the affirmative, and as careful as the play in leaving the second open. Byron is thus acquitted of misusing his sources here in the way he does in *Faliero*.

The third appendix would seem to have nothing to do with this publication, and is mostly to do with the motivation behind *The Vision of Judgement*. For more on why Byron hated Southey, see the essay with that title on this website. The third appendix, once it has made its points about borrowing and plagiarism, gets down to eviscerating Byron’s worst enemy with gusto.

Stage history, and dramatic success

I believe that there was a production of *The Two Foscari* at the Young Vic early in the 1980s. If there was, it may have been the first professional one since 1838, when Charles Macready played the Doge at Covent Garden. It was a critical success, but had only three more performances. Nugent Monck put the play on at the Maddermarket, Norwich, in 1951. The better-known variant is Verdi’s opera *I Due Foscari*. This is available on DVD, and, sticking to the outline of the play as it does, confirms one’s suspicions that the plot allows for no tension. In *Sardanapalus*, we want to know whether the king will win the battle: in *Marino Faliero*, whether the plot will succeed. But in *The Two Foscari*, father and son are on the downward slope

to death from the first scene onwards, there is nothing lurking to prevent the catastrophe, and thus conflict, the major ingredient for drama, is missing. The issue is, will the Doge ever show himself human – will the *father's* softness (see epigraph) overcome the *governor's* resolution? But we know that even if he does, it will have no effect on the plot. As with *Manfred*, all the conflict has already occurred when the play begins. The wine is drawn, and the mere lees is left.



Doge Francesco Foscari

EDITORIAL NOTE: One of Byron's stranger habits is the placing of inverted commas round the phrase "The Ten", thereby conveying an implication that the ruling clique of Venice aren't really called that, but are passing under a *nom-de-plume* or *nom-de-voyage*. As they really were called I Dieci, or (on paper), X, I've removed the inverted commas and compromised by uppercasing the T of *The*.

GENERAL NOTE: *The Ten* were a sort of functioning executive, appointed by the *Venetian Senate* on a six-month basis. They were finally answerable to the Senate, but had some latitude to exercise initiative – in cases involving national security! *The Forty* were the legislative body.

THE TWO FOSCARI
An historical tragedy.

The *father* softens, but the *governor's* resolved.
CRITIC.⁶

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

Francis Foscari, Doge of Venice.
Jacopo Foscari, Son of the Doge.
James Loredano, a Patrician.
Marco Memmo, a Chief of the Forty.
Barbarigo, a Senator.
Other Senators, The Council of Ten, Guards, Attendants, &c., &c.

WOMAN.

Marina, Wife of young Foscari.

Scene – The Ducal Palace, Venice.

6: B. uses a comic line as epigraph to his bleakest tragedy. In R.B.Sheridan's *The Critic* (1779), II ii, Dangle, Puff and Sneer are watching the d.r. of Puff's tragedy *The Spanish Armada*:



Eleanor Bron (centre) as Tilburina, Ian McKellen (right) as Mr Puff.

TILBURINA.

“Can’st thou –
Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter* too?

GOVERNOR.

“No more; I wou’d not hear thee plead in vain,
The *father* softens – but the *governor*
Is fix’d!

Exit.

DANGLE: Aye, that antithesis of persons – is a most establish’d figure.

In his journal entry for December 17 / 18 1813, B. said of Sheridan that he had written *the best farce* (*the Critic – it is only too good for a farce*) ...

Barbarigo: He shows it not.
 Loredano: I have marked *that* – the wretch!
 Barbarigo: But yesterday, I hear, on his return
 To the ducal chambers, as he passed the threshold 30
 The old man fainted.
 Loredano: It begins to work, then.¹⁰
 Barbarigo: The work is half your own.
 Loredano: And should be *all* mine –
 My father and my uncle are no more.
 Barbarigo: I have read their epitaph, which says they died
 By poison.
 Loredano: When the Doge declared that he
 Should never deem himself a sovereign till
 The death of Peter Loredano, both
 The brothers sickened shortly – he *is* Sovereign.
 Barbarigo: A wretched one.
 Loredano: What should they be who make
 Orphans?
 Barbarigo: But *did* the Doge make you so?
 Loredano: Yes. 40
 Barbarigo: What solid proofs?
 Loredano: When Princes set themselves
 To work in secret, proofs and process are
 Alike made difficult; but I have such
 Of the first, as shall make the second needless.
 Barbarigo: But you will move by law?
 Loredano: By all the laws
 Which he would leave us.
 Barbarigo: They are such in this
 Our State as render retribution easier
 Than 'mongst remoter nations. Is it true
 That you have written in your books of commerce,
 (The wealthy practice of our highest nobles) 50
 “Doge Foscari, my debtor for the deaths
 Of Marco and Pietro Loredano,
 My sire and uncle?”
 Loredano: It is written thus.¹¹
 Barbarigo: And will you leave it unerased?
 Loredano: Till balanced.
 Barbarigo: And how?

Two Senators pass over the stage, as in their way to The Hall of the Council of Ten.

Loredano: You see the number is complete.
 Follow me.

Exit Loredano.

10: Compare Iago at *Othello*, IV i, 44-5: *Work on, my medicine, work!*

11: According to the chronicles in B.'s appendices, Loredano had an account book with these words in it.

Barbarigo (*solus*): Follow *thee!* I have followed long
 Thy path of desolation, as the wave
 Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming
 The wreck that creaks to the wild winds, and wretch
 Who shrieks within its riven ribs, as gush 60
 The waters through them; but this son and sire
 Might move the elements to pause, and yet
 Must I on hardily like them – Oh! would
 I could as blindly and remorselessly! –
 Lo, where he comes!¹² – Be still, my heart! they are
 Thy foes, must be thy victims: wilt thou beat
 For those who almost broke thee?

Enter guards, with young Foscari as prisoner.

Guard: Let him rest.
 Signor, take time.

Jacopo: I thank thee, friend, I'm feeble;
 But thou may'st stand reproved.

Guard: I'll stand the hazard.

Jacopo: That's kind – I meet some pity, but no mercy; 70
 This is the first.

Guard: And might be the last, did they
 Who rule behold us.¹³

Barbarigo (*advancing to the Guard*): There is one who does:
 Yet fear not; I will neither be thy judge
 Nor thy accuser; though the hour is past,
 Wait their last summons – I am of the Ten,
 And waiting for that summons, sanction you
 Even by my presence: when the last call sounds,
 We'll in together. Look well to the prisoner!

Jacopo: What voice is that? – 'Tis Barbarigo's! Ah!
 Our house's foe, and one of my few judges. 80

Barbarigo: To balance such a foe, if such there be,
 Thy father sits amongst thy judges.

Jacopo: True,
 He judges.

Barbarigo: Then deem not the laws too harsh
 Which yield so much indulgence to a sire,
 As to allow his voice in such high matter
 As to the State's safety –

Jacopo: And his son's. I'm faint;
 Let me approach, I pray you, for a breath
 Of air, yon window which o'erlooks the waters.

Enter an officer, who whispers Barbarigo.

12: This conspiratorial phrase three times in *Othello*.

13: The common people don't approve of the brutality of their leaders.

Barbarigo (*to the guard*): Let him approach. I must not speak with him
 Further than thus: I have transgressed my duty 90
 In this brief parley, and must now redeem it
 Within the Council Chamber.

Exit Barbarigo.

Guard conducting Jacopo Foscari to the window.

Guard: There, sir, 'tis
 Open. – How feel you?
 Jacopo: Like a boy – Oh Venice!
 Guard: And your limbs?
 Jacopo: Limbs! how often have they borne me
 Bounding o'er yon blue tide,¹⁴ as I have skimmed
 The gondola along in childish race,
 And, masqued as a young gondolier, amidst
 My gay competitors, noble as I,
 Raced for our pleasure, in the pride of strength; 100
 While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
 Plebeian as patrician, cheered us on
 With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,
 And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,
 Even to the goal! – How many a time have I¹⁵
 Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
 The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke
 Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
 And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
 Which kissed it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
 The waves as they arose, and prouder still 110
 The loftier they uplifted me;¹⁶ and aft,
 In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
 My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
 By those above, till they waxed fearful; then
 Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
 As showed that I had searched the deep: exulting,
 With a far-dashing stroke, and, drawing deep
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurned
 The foam which broke around me, and pursued 120
 My track like a sea-bird. I was a boy then.
 Guard: Be a man now: there never was more need
 Of manhood's strength.
 Jacopo: (*looking from the lattice*): My beautiful, my own,
 My only Venice – this is breath! Thy breeze,
 Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face!

14: "tide" means just "waters"; there is no tide at Venice.

15: This swimming passage is paralleled by *Julius Caesar* I ii 100-15, *Twelfth Night* I ii 11-17, *CHP* IV st. 184, and *Don Juan* II, st. 105.

16: It's hard to imagine waves this high in the Grand Canal; and yet B. had swum the Grand Canal.

Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
 And cool them into calmness! How unlike
 The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,¹⁷
 Which howled about my Candiotte dungeon,¹⁸ and
 Made my heart sick.

Guard: I see the colour comes 130
 Back to your cheek: Heaven send you strength to bear
 What more may be imposed! – I dread to think on't.
 Jacopo: They will not banish me again? No – no,
 Let them wring on; I am strong yet.
 Guard: Confess,
 And the rack will be spared you.
 Jacopo: I confessed
 Once – twice before: both times they exiled me.
 Guard: And the third time will slay you.
 Jacopo: Let them do so,
 So I be buried in my birth-place: better
 Be ashes here than aught that lives elsewhere.
 Guard: And can you so much love the soil which hates you? 140
 Jacopo: The soil! – Oh no, it is the seed of the soil
 Which persecutes me: but my native earth
 Will take me as a mother to her arms.
 I ask no more than a Venetian grave,
 A dungeon; what they will, so it be here.

Enter an officer.

Officer: Bring in the prisoner!
 Guard: Signor, you hear the order.
 Jacopo: Aye, I am used to such a summons; 'tis
 The third time they have tortured me – then lend me
 Thine arm. (*to the Guard.*)
 Officer: Take mine, sir; 'tis my duty to
 Be nearest to your person.
 Jacopo: You! – you are he 150
 Who yesterday presided o'er my pangs –
 Away! – I'll walk alone.
 Officer: As you please, Signor;
 The sentence was not of my signing, but
 I dared not disobey the Council when
 They –
 Jacopo: Bade thee stretch me on their horrid engine.
 I pray thee touch me not – that is, just now;
 The time will come they will renew that order,
 But keep off from me till 'tis issued. As
 I look upon thy hands my curdling limbs
 Quiver with the anticipated wrenching, 160

17: *Cyclades*: islands in the Aegean.

18: *Candiotte dungeon*: his prison on Crete (in fact he wasn't in jail on Crete). B. is confusing him with the Prisoner of Chillon.

And the cold drops strain through my brow, as if –
But onward – I have borne it – I can bear it.
How looks my father?

Officer: With his wonted aspect.
Jacopo: So does the earth, and sky, the blue of Ocean,
 The brightness of our city, and her domes,
 The mirth of her Piazza – even now
 Its merry hum of nations pierces here,
 Even here, into these chambers of the unknown
 Who govern, and the unknown and the unnumbered
 Judged and destroyed in silence – all things wear 170
 The self-same aspect, to my very sire!
 Nothing can sympathise with Foscari,
 Not even a Foscari. Sir, I attend you.

Exeunt Jacopo Foscari, officer, &c. Enter Memmo and another senator.

Memmo: He's gone – we are too late – think you the Ten
 Will sit for any length of time today?
Senator: They say the prisoner is most obdurate,
 Persisting in his first avowal; but
 More I know not.
Memmo: And that is much; the secrets
 Of yon terrific chamber are as hidden
 From us, the premier nobles of the State,¹⁹ 180
 As from the people.
Senator: Save the wonted rumours,
 Which – like the tales of spectres, that are rife
 Near ruined buildings – never have been proved,
 Nor wholly disbelieved: men know as little
 Of the State's real acts as of the grave's
 Unfathomed mysteries.
Memmo: But with length of time
 We gain a step in knowledge, and I look
 Forward to be one day of the decemvirs.²⁰
Senator: Or Doge?
Memmo: Why, no; not if I can avoid it.
Senator: 'Tis the first station of the State, and may 190
 Be lawfully desired, and lawfully
 Attained by noble aspirants.
Memmo: To such
 I leave it; though born noble, my ambition
 Is limited: I'd rather be an unit
 Of an united and Imperial Ten,
 Than shine a lonely, though a gilded cipher.
 Whom have we here? the wife of Foscari?

19: A sign that The Ten are not accountable even to the Venetian nobility.

20: The decemvirs – The Ten.

Enter Marina, with a female attendant.

- Marina: What, no one? – I am wrong, there still are two;
But they are senators.
- Memmo: Most noble lady,
Command us.
- Marina: *I command!* Alas, my life 200
Has been one long entreaty, and a vain one.
- Memmo: I understand thee, but I must not answer.
- Marina (*fiercely*): True – none dare answer here save on the rack,
Or question save those –
- Memmo (*interrupting her*): High-born dame! Bethink thee
Where thou now art.
- Marina: Where I now am! It was
My husband's father's palace.
- Memmo: The Duke's palace.
- Marina: And his son's prison!²¹ True, I have not got it;
And, if there were no other nearer, bitterer
Remembrancers, would thank the illustrious Memmo
For pointing out the pleasures of the place. 210
- Memmo: Be calm!
- Marina (*looking up towards heaven*): I am, but oh, thou eternal God!
Canst *thou* continue so, with such a world?
- Memmo: Thy husband yet may be absolved.
- Marina: He is,
In Heaven. I pray you, Signor Senator,
Speak not of that; you are a man of office,
So is the Doge; he has a son at stake
Now, at this moment, and I have a husband,
Or had; they are there within, or were at least
An hour since, face to face, as judge and culprit:
Will *he* condemn *him*?
- Memmo: I trust not.
- Marina: But if 220
He does not, there are those will sentence both.
- Memmo: They can.
- Marina: And with them power and will are one
In wickedness – my *husband's* lost!
- Memmo: Not so;
Justice is judge in Venice.
- Marina: If it were so,
There now would be no Venice. But let it
Live on, so the good die not, till the hour
Of Nature's summons; but the Ten's is quicker,
And we must wait on't. Ah! a voice of wail!

A faint cry within.

21: The equation of palaces and prisons and vice versa is a Byronic commonplace. See CHP IV I, 1, 2; *PoC* 385-90, or *Don Juan* X sts. 84-5.

Senator: Hark!
 Memmo: 'Twas a cry of –
 Marina: No, no, not my husband's –
 Not Foscari's.
 Memmo: The voice was –
 Marina: *Not his*: no. 230
 He shriek! No; that should be his father's part,
 Not his – not his – he'll die in silence.²²

A faint groan again within.

Memmo: What?
 Again?
 Marina: *His* voice! It seemed so: I will not
 Believe it. Should he shrink, I cannot cease
 To love; but – no – no – no – it must have been
 A fearful pang, which wrung a groan from him.
 Senator: And, feeling for thy husband's wrongs, wouldst thou
 Have him bear more than mortal pain in silence?
 Marina: We all must bear our tortures. I have not
 Left barren the great house of Foscari, 240
 Though they sweep both the Doge and son from life;
 I have endured as much in giving life
 To those who will succeed them, as they can
 In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs:
 And yet they wrung me till I *could* have shrieked,
 But I did not; for my hope was to bring forth
 Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.
 Memmo: All's silent now.
 Marina: Perhaps all's over; but
 I will not deem it: he hath nerved himself,
 And now defies them.

Enter an officer hastily.

Memmo: How now, friend, what seek you? 250
 Officer: A leech.²³ The prisoner has fainted.

Exit officer.

Memmo: Lady,
 'Twere better to retire.
 Senator (*offering to assist her*): I pray thee do so.
 Marina: Off! I will tend him.
 Memmo: You! Remember, lady!
 Ingress is given to none within those chambers

22: Compare CHP IV 21, 5: *the Wolf dies in silence*.

23: Either an actual leech (for bleeding) or a contemptuous word for “doctor”.

- Except the Ten, and their familiars.
 Marina: I know that none who enter there return
 As they have entered – many never; but
 They shall not balk my entrance.
- Memmo: Alas! this
 Is but to expose yourself to harsh repulse,
 And worse suspense.
- Marina: Who shall oppose me?
 Memmo: They 260
 Whose duty 'tis to do so.
- Marina: 'Tis *their* duty
 To trample on all human feelings, all
 Ties which bind man to man, to emulate
 The fiends who will one day requite them in
 Variety of torturing! Yet I'll pass.
- Memmo: It is impossible.
- Marina: That shall be tried.
 Despair defies even despotism: there is
 That in my heart would make its way through hosts
 With levelled spears; and think you a few jailors
 Shall put me from my path? Give me, then, way; 270
 This is the Doge's palace; I am wife
 Of the Duke's son, the *innocent* Duke's son,
 And they shall hear this!
- Memmo: It will only serve
 More to exasperate his judges.
- Mar, What
 Are judges who give way to anger? They
 Who do so are assassins. Give me way.
- Exit Marina.*
- Senator: Poor lady!
 Memmo: 'Tis mere desperation: she
 Will not be admitted o'er the threshold.
- Senator: And
 Even if she be so, cannot save her husband.
 But, see, the officer returns.
- The officer passes over the stage with another person.*
- Memmo: I hardly 280
 Thought that The Ten had even this touch of pity,
 Or would permit assistance to this sufferer.
- Senator: Pity! Is't pity to recall to feeling
 The wretch too happy to escape to Death
 By the compassionate trance, poor Nature's last
 Resource against the tyranny of pain?
- Memmo: I marvel they condemn him not at once.
- Senator: That's not their policy: they'd have him live,

- Because he fears not death; and banish him,
Because all earth, except his native land,
To him is one wide prison, and each breath
Of foreign air he draws seems a slow poison,
Consuming but not killing. 290
- Memmo: Circumstance
Confirms his crimes, but he avows them not.
- Senator: None, save the letter, which, he says, was written
Addressed to Milan's duke, in the full knowledge
That it would fall into the Senate's hands,
And thus he should be re-conveyed to Venice.
- Memmo: But as a culprit.
- Senator: Yes, but to his country;
And that was all he sought – so he avouches. 300
- Memmo: The accusation of the bribes was proved.
- Senator: Not clearly, and the charge of homicide
Has been annulled by the death-bed confession
Of Nicolas Erizzo, who slew the late
Chief of The Ten.
- Memmo: Then why not clear him?
- Senator: That
They ought to answer; for it is well known
That Almore Donato, as I said,
Was slain by Erizzo for private vengeance.
- Memmo: There must be more in this strange than
The apparent crimes of the accused disclose – 310
But here come two of The Ten; let us retire.

Exeunt Memmo and senator. Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

- Barbarigo (*addressing Loredano*): That were too much: believe me,
'twas not meet
The trial should go further at this moment.
- Loredano: And so the Council must break up, and justice
Pause in her full career, because a woman
Breaks in on our deliberations?
- Barbarigo: No,
That's not the cause; you saw the prisoner's state.
- Loredano: And had he not recovered?
- Barbarigo: To relapse
Upon the least renewal.
- Loredano: 'Twas not tried.
- Barbarigo: 'Tis vain to murmur; the majority 320
In council were against you.
- Loredano: Thanks to *you*, sir,
And the old ducal dotard, who combined
The worthy voices which o'er-ruled my own.
- Barbarigo: I am a judge; but must confess that part
Of our stern duty, which prescribes the Question,
And bids us sit and see its sharp infliction,

Makes me wish –
 Loredano: What?
 Barbarigo: That *you* would *sometimes* feel,
 As I do always.
 Loredano: Go to, you're a child,
 Infirm of feeling as of purpose,²⁴ blown
 About by every breath, shook by a sigh, 330
 And melted by a tear – a precious judge
 For Venice! and a worthy statesman to
 Be partner in my policy.
 Barbarigo: He shed
 No tears.
 Loredano: He cried out twice.
 Barbarigo: A Saint had done so,
 Even with the crown of Glory in his eye,
 At such inhuman artifice of pain
 As was forced on him; but he did not cry
 For pity; not a word nor groan escaped him,
 And those two shrieks were not in supplication,
 But wrung from pangs, and followed by no prayers. 340
 Loredano: He muttered many times between his teeth,
 But inarticulately.²⁵
 Barbarigo: That I heard not:
 You stood more near him.
 Loredano: I did so.
 Barbarigo: Methought,
 To my surprise too, you were touched with mercy,
 And were the first to call out for assistance
 When he was failing.
 Lorendano: I believed that swoon
 His last.
 Barbarigo: And have I not oft heard thee name
 His and his father's death your nearest wish?
 Lorendano: If he dies innocent, that is to say,
 With his guilt unavowed, he'll be lamented. 350
 Barbarigo: What, wouldst thou slay his memory?
 Lorendano: Wouldst thou have
 His state descend to his children, as it must,
 If he die unattainted?
 Barbarigo: War with *them* too?
 Lorendano: With all their house, till theirs or mine are nothing.
 Barbarigo: And the deep agony of his pale wife,
 And the repressed convulsion of the high
 And princely brow of his old father, which
 Broke forth in a slight shuddering, though rarely,
 Or in some clammy drops, soon wiped away
 In stern serenity; these moved you not? 360

24: Compare *Macbeth*, II ii 52: *Infirm of purpose!*

25: Some claimed that Jacopo muttered magic incantations to lessen the pain; B. does not use this idea.

Exit Loredano.

He's silent in his hate, as Foscari
 Was in his suffering; and the poor wretch moved me
 More by his silence than a thousand outcries
 Could have effected. 'Twas a dreadful sight
 When his distracted wife broke through into
 The hall of our tribunal, and beheld
 What we could scarcely look upon, long used
 To such sights. I must think no more of this,
 Lest I forget in this compassion for
 Our foes, their former injuries, and lose 370
 The hold of vengeance Loredano plans
 For him and me; but mine would be content
 With lesser retribution than he thirsts for,
 And I would mitigate his deeper hatred
 To milder thoughts; but, for the present, Foscari
 Has a short hourly respite, granted at
 The instance of the elders of the Council,
 Moved doubtless by his wife's appearance in
 The hall, and his own sufferings. Lo! they come:
 How feeble and forlorn! I cannot bear 380
 To look on them again in this extremity:
 I'll hence, and try to soften Loredano!

Exit Barbarigo.

ACT II Scene I. – A hall in the Doge's Palace

Senator: Is it your pleasure to sign the report
Now, or postpone it till tomorrow?

Doge: Now;
I overlooked it yesterday: it wants
Merely the signature. Give me the pen –

The Doge sits down and signs the paper.

There, Signor.

Senator (*looking at the paper*): You have forgot; it is not signed.

Doge: Not signed? Ah, I perceive my eyes begin
To wax more weak with age. I did not see
That I had dipped the pen without effect;

Senator (*dipping the pen into the ink, and placing the paper before the Doge*):
Your hand, too, shakes, my Lord: allow me, thus –

Doge: 'Tis done, I thank you.

Senator: Thus the act confirmed 10
By you and by The Ten gives peace to Venice.

Doge: 'Tis long since she enjoyed it: may it be
As long ere she resume her arms!

Senator: 'Tis almost
Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless warfare
With the Turk, or the powers of Italy;
The State had need of some repose.

Doge: No doubt: I found her Queen of Ocean, and I leave her
Lady of Lombardy;²⁶ it is a comfort
That I have added to her diadem
The gems of Brescia and Ravenna;²⁷ Crema²⁷ 20
And Bergamo no less are hers;²⁸ her realm
By land has grown by thus much in my reign,
While her sea-sway has not shrunk.

Senator: 'Tis most true,
And merits all our country's gratitude.

Doge: Perhaps so.

Senator: Which should be made manifest.

Doge: I have not complained, sir.

Senator: My good Lord, forgive me.

Doge: For what?

Senator: My heart bleeds for you.

Doge: For me, Signor?

Senator: And for your –

Doge: Stop!

Senator: It must have way, my Lord:
I have too many duties towards you
And all your house, for past and present kindness, 30

26: Venice now has a land as well as a maritime empire.

27: *Crema* – Cremona.

28: B. here echoes the two historians he uses for his appendices.

- The gloomy guardian of that passage first
Demurred: a messenger was sent back to
The Ten – but as the Court no longer sate,
And no permission had been given in writing,
I was thrust back, with the assurance that
Until that high tribunal reassembled
The dungeon walls must still divide us. 60
- Doge: True,
The form has been omitted in the haste
With which the court adjourned; and till it meets,
'Tis dubious.
- Marina: Till it meets! and when it meets,
They'll torture him again; and he and I
Must purchase by renewal of the rack
The interview of husband and of wife,
The holiest tie beneath the Heavens! Oh God!
Dost thou see this?
- Doge: Child – child –
Marina (*abruptly*): Call *me* not “child!” 70
You soon will have no children – you deserve none –
You, who can talk thus calmly of a son
In circumstances which would call forth tears
Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep
Their boys who died in battle, is it written
That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor
Stretched forth a hand to save them?
- Doge: You behold me:
I cannot weep – I would I could; but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This ducal cap the Diadem of earth, 80
This ducal ring with which I wed the waves
A talisman to still them – I'd give all
For him.
- Marina: With less he surely might be saved.
Doge: That answer only shows you know not Venice.
Alas! how should you? she knows not herself,
In all her mystery. Hear me – they who aim
At Foscari, aim no less at his father;
The sire's destruction would not save the son;
They work by different means to the same end,
And that is – but they have not conquered yet. 90
- Marina: But they have crushed.
Doge: Nor crushed as yet – I live.
Marina: And your son – how long will he live?
Doge: I trust,
For all that yet is past, as many years
And happier than his father. The rash boy,
With womanish impatience to return,
Hath ruined all by that detected letter:
A high crime, which I neither can deny

- Marina: 'Tis not upon thy brow,
Nor in thine eyes, nor in thine acts – where then 140
Should I behold this sympathy? or shall?³¹
- Doge (*pointing downwards*): There.
- Marina: In the earth?
- Doge: To which I'm tending: when
It lies upon this heart, far lightlier, though
Loaded with marble, than the thoughts which press it
Now, you will know me better.
- Marina: Are you, then,
Indeed, thus to be pitied?
- Doge: Pitied! None
Shall ever use that base word, with which men
Cloak their soul's hoarded triumph, as a fit one
To mingle with my name; that name shall be,
As far as *I* have borne it, what it was 150
When I received it.
- Marina: But for the poor children
Of him thou canst not, or thou wilt not save,
You were the last to bear it.
- Doge: Would it were so!
Better for him he never had been born;
Better for me. I have seen our house dishonoured.
- Marina: That's false! A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast. I would not change
My exiled, persecuted, mangled husband,
Oppressed but not disgraced, crushed, overwhelmed, 160
Alive, or dead, for Prince or Paladin
In story or in fable, with a world
To back his suit. Dishonoured! – *he* dishonoured!
I tell thee, Doge, 'tis Venice is dishonoured;
His name shall be her foulest, worst reproach,
For what he suffers, not for what he did.
'Tis ye who are all traitors, Tyrant! – ye!
Did you but love your Country like this victim
Who totters back in chains to tortures, and
Submits to all things rather than to exile, 170
You'd fling yourselves before him, and implore
His grace for your enormous guilt.
- Doge: He was
Indeed all you have said. I better bore
The deaths of the two sons³² Heaven took from me,
Than Jacopo's disgrace.
- Marina: That word again?
- Doge: Has he not been condemned?
- Marina: Is none but guilt so?

31: She means "Where shall I behold this sympathy?" "Where should ..." is superfluous.

32: But B.'s own appendices show that Foscarei had lost three sons.

Doge: Time may restore his memory – I would hope so.
 He was my pride, my – but 'tis useless now –
 I am not given to tears, but wept for joy
 When he was born: those drops were ominous. 180

Marina: I say he's innocent! And were he not so,
 Is our own blood and kin to shrink from us
 In fatal moments?

Doge: I shrank not from him:
 But I have other duties than a father's;
 The State would not dispense me from those duties;
 Twice I demanded it, but was refused:
 They must then be fulfilled.

Enter an attendant.

Attendant: A message from
 The Ten.

Doge: Who bears it?

Attendant: Noble Loredano.

Doge: He! but admit him.

Exit attendant.

Marina: Must I then retire? 190

Doge: Perhaps it is not requisite, if this
 Concerns your husband, and if not – Well, Signor,
 (to Loredano, entering) Your pleasure?

Loredano: I bear that of The Ten.

Doge: They³³
 Have chosen well their envoy.

Loredano: 'Tis *their* choice
 Which leads me here.

Doge: It does their wisdom honour,
 And no less to their courtesy. Proceed.

Loredano: We have decided.

Doge: We?

Loredano: The Ten in council.

Doge: What! have they met again, and met without
 Apprising me?

Loredano: They wished to spare your feelings,
 No less than age.

Doge: That's new – when spared they either?
 I thank them, notwithstanding.

Loredano: You know well 200
 That they have power to act at their discretion,
 With or without the presence of the Doge:

Doge: 'Tis some years since I learned this, long before
 I became Doge, or dreamed of such advancement.

33: Another split pentameter ends with an inert and undramatic monosyllable.

- You need not school me, Signor; I sate in
That Council when you were a young patrician.
- Loredano: True, in my father's time; I have heard him and
The Admiral, his brother, say as much,
Your Highness may remember them; they both
Died suddenly.
- Doge: And if they did so, better 210
So die than live on lingeringly in pain.
- Loredano: No doubt: yet most men like to live their days out.
- Doge: And did not they?
- Loredano: The Grave knows best; they died,
As I said, suddenly.
- Doge: Is that so strange,
That you repeat the word emphatically?
- Loredano: So far from strange, that never was there death
In my mind half so natural as theirs.
Think you not so?
- Doge: What should I think of mortals?
- Loredano: That they have mortal foes.
- Doge: I understand you;
Your sires were mine, and you are heir in all things. 220
- Loredano: You best know if I should be so.
- Doge: I do.
Your fathers were my foes, and I have heard
Foul rumours were abroad;³⁴ I have also read
Their epitaph, attributing their deaths
To poison. 'Tis perhaps as true as most
Inscriptions upon tombs, and yet no less
A fable.
- Loredano: Who dares say so?
- Doge: I! 'Tis true
Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter
As their son e'er can be, and I no less
Was theirs; but I was *openly* their foe: 230
I never worked by plot in Council, nor
Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret means
Of practice against life by steel or drug.
The proof is – your existence.
- Loredano: I fear not.
- Doge: You have no cause, being what were I
That you would have me thought, you long ere now
Were past the sense of fear. Hate on; I care not.
- Loredano: I never yet knew that a noble's life
In Venice had to dread a Doge's frown,
That is, by open means.
- Doge: But I, good Signor, 240
Am, or at least *was*, more than a mere duke,
In blood, in mind, in means; and that they know

34: Compare *Macbeth*, V i 69: *Foul whisperings are abroad*.

- Who dreaded to elect me, and have since
 Striven all they dare to weigh me down: be sure,
 Before or since that period, had I held you
 At so much price as to require your absence,
 A word of mine had set such spirits to work
 As would have made you nothing. But in all things
 I have observed the strictest reverence;
 Not for the laws alone, for those *you* have strained 250
 (I do not speak of *you* but as a single
 Voice of the many), somewhat beyond what
 I could enforce for my authority,
 Were I disposed to brawl; but, as I said,
 I have observed with veneration, like
 A priest's for the High Altar, even unto
 The sacrifice of my own blood and quiet,
 Safety, and all save honour, the decrees,
 The health, the pride, and welfare of the State.
 And now, sir, to your business.
- Loredano: 'Tis decreed, 260
 That, without further repetition of
 The Question, or continuance of the trial,
 Which only tends to show how stubborn guilt is,
 (The Ten, dispensing with the stricter law
 Which still prescribes the Question till a full
 Confession, and the prisoner partly having
 Avowed his crime in not denying that
 The letter to the Duke of Milan's his),
 James Foscari return to banishment,
 And sail in the same galley which conveyed him. 270
- Marina: Thank God! At least they will not drag him more
 Before that horrible tribunal. Would he
 Desire, were to escape from such a land.
- Doge: That is not a Venetian thought, my daughter.
- Marina: No, 'twas too human. May I share his exile?
- Loredano: Of this The Ten said nothing.
- Marina: So I thought!
 That were too human, also. But it was not
 Inhibited?
- Loredano: It was not named.
- Marina (*to the Doge*): Then, father, 280
 Surely you can obtain or grant me thus much:
 (*to Loredano*) And you, sir, not oppose my prayer to be
 Permitted to accompany my husband.
- Doge: I will endeavour.
- Marina: And you, Signor?
- Loredano: Lady!
 'Tis not for me to anticipate the pleasure
 Of the tribunal.
- Marina: Pleasure! what a word
 To use for the decrees of—

Doge: Daughter, know you
In what a presence you pronounce these things?

Marina: A Prince's and his subject's.

Loredano: Subject! Oh!

Marina: It galls you – well, you are his equal, as 290
You think; but that you are not, nor would be,
Were he a peasant – well, then, you're a Prince,
A princely noble; and what then am I?

Loredano: The offspring of a noble house.

Marina: And wedded
To one as noble. What, or whose, then, is
The presence that should silence my free thoughts?

Loredano: The presence of your husband's judges.

Doge: The deference due even to the lightest word
That falls from those who rule in Venice.

Marina: Keep 300
Those maxims for your mass of scared mechanics,
Your merchants, your Dalmatian and Greek slaves,
Your tributaries, your dumb citizens,
And masked nobility, your *sbirri*,³⁵ and
Your spies, your galley and your other slaves,
To whom your midnight carryings off and drownings,
Your dungeons next the palace roofs, or under
The water's level,³⁶ your mysterious meetings,
And unknown dooms, and sudden executions,
Your Bridge of Sighs,³⁷ your strangling chamber, and
Your torturing instruments, have made ye seem 310
The beings of another and worse world!
Keep such for them: I fear ye not. I know ye;
Have known and proved your worst, in the infernal
Process of my poor husband! Treat me as
Ye treated him – you did so, in so dealing
With him. Then what have I to fear *from* you,
Even if I were of fearful nature, which
I trust I am not?

Doge: You hear, she speaks wildly.

Marina: Not wisely, yet not wildly.

Loredano: Lady! words 320
Uttered within these walls I bear no further
Than to the threshold, saving such as pass
Between the Duke and me on the State's service.
Doge! have you aught in answer?

Doge: Something from
The Doge; it may be also from a parent.

Loredano: My mission *here* is to the *Doge*.

Doge: Then say
The Doge will choose his own ambassador

35: *sbirri*: police spies.

36: The dungeons beneath the Doge's Palace; but B. is also thinking of the dungeon at Chillon.

37: B. repeats the anachronism.

Or state in person what is meet; and for
The father –

Loredano: I remember *mine*. Farewell!
I kiss the hands of the illustrious Lady,
And bow me to the Duke.

Exit Loredano.

Marina: Are you content? 330

Doge: I am what you behold.

Marina: And that's a mystery.

Doge. All things are so to mortals; who can read them³⁸
Save he who made? or, if they can, the few
And gifted spirits, who have studied long
That loathsome volume – man, and pored upon
Those black and bloody leaves, his heart and brain,
But learn a magic which recoils upon
The adept who pursues it: all the sins
We find in others, Nature made our own;
All our advantages are those of Fortune; 340

Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents,
And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere well
We should remember Fortune can take nought
Save what she gave – the rest was nakedness,
And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,
The universal heritage, to battle
With as we may, and least in humblest stations,
Where Hunger swallows all in one low want,
And the original ordinance, that man
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all passions 350

Aloof, save fear of famine! All is low,
And false, and hollow – clay from first to last,
The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.
Our fame is in men's breath, our lives upon
Less than their breath; our durance upon days,
Our days on seasons; our whole being on
Something which is not *us*! So, we are slaves,
The greatest as the meanest – nothing rests
Upon our will; the will itself no less
Depends upon a straw than on a storm; 360

And when we think we lead, we are most led,
And still towards Death, a thing which comes as much
Without our act or choice as birth, so that
Methinks we must have sinned in some old world,
And this is Hell: the best is, that it is not Eternal.

Marina: These are things we cannot judge on earth.

Doge: And how then shall we judge each other,

38: This long speech echoes in some ways the Duke's *Be absolute for death* at *Measure for Measure* III i 5-41.

Who are all earth, and I, who an called upon
 To judge my son? I have administered
 My country faithfully – victoriously – 370
 I dare them to the proof, the *chart* of what
 She was and is: my reign has doubled realms;
 And, in reward, the gratitude of Venice
 Has left, or is about to leave, *me* single.
 Marina: And Foscari? I do not think of such things,
 So I be left with him.
 Doge: You shall be so;
 Thus much they cannot well deny.
 Marina: And if
 They should, I will fly with him.
 Doge: That can ne'er be.
 And whither would you fly?
 Marina: I know not, reck not – 380
 To Syria, Egypt, to the Ottoman –
 Any where, where we might respire unfettered,
 And live nor girt by spies, nor liable
 To edicts of inquisitors of state.
 Doge: What, wouldst thou have a renegade for husband,
 And turn him into traitor?
 Marina: He is none!
 The Country is the traitress, which thrusts forth
 Her best and bravest from her. Tyranny
 Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
 None rebels except subjects? The Prince who
 Neglects or violates his trust is more 390
 A brigand than the robber-chief.
 Doge: I cannot
 Charge me with such a breach of faith.
 Marina: No; thou
 Observ'st, obey'st such laws as make old Draco's³⁹
 A code of mercy by comparison.
 Doge: I found the law; I did not make it. Were I
 A subject, still I might find parts and portions
 Fit for amendment; but as Prince, I never
 Would change, for the sake of my house, the charter
 Left by our fathers.
 Marina: Did they make it for
 The ruin of their children?
 Doge: Under such laws, Venice 400
 Has risen to what she is – a state to rival
 In deeds, and days, and sway, and, let me add,
 In glory (for we have had Roman spirits
 Amongst us), all that history has bequeathed
 Of Rome and Carthage in their best times, when

39: Draco – seventh-century Athenian lawgiver famous for the extreme savagery of his recommended punishments.

- Marina: The people swayed by senates.
 Rather say,
 Groaned under the stern oligarchs.
- Doge: Perhaps so;
 But yet subdued the world: in such a state
 An individual, be he richest of
 Such rank as is permitted, or the meanest, 410
 Without a name, is alike nothing, when
 The policy, irrevocably tending
 To one great end, must be maintained in vigour.
- Marina: This means that you are more a Doge than father.
 Doge: It means, I am more citizen than either.
 If we had not for many centuries
 Had thousands of such citizens, and shall,
 I trust, have still such, Venice were no city.
- Marina: Accursed be the city where the laws
 Would stifle Nature's!
- Doge: Had I as many sons 420
 As I have years,⁴⁰ I would have given them all,
 Not without feeling, but I would have given them
 To the State's service, to fulfil her wishes,
 On the flood, in the field, or, if it must be,
 As it, alas! has been, to ostracism,
 Exile, or chains, or whatsoever worse
 She might decree.
- Marina: And this is Patriotism?
 To me it seems the worst barbarity.
 Let me seek out my husband: the sage Ten,
 With all its jealousy, will hardly war 430
 So far with a weak woman as deny me
 A moment's access to his dungeon.
- Doge: So far take on myself, as order that
 You may be admitted.
- Marina: And what shall I say
 To Foscari from his father?
- Doge: That he obey
 The laws.
- Marina: And nothing more? Will you not see him
 Ere he depart? It may be the last time.
- Doge: The last! – my boy! – the last time I shall see
 My last of children! Tell him I will come.

Exeunt.

40: Conflates Othello at V ii 78: *Had all his hairs been lives ...* with Old Siward at *Macbeth* V viii 57: *had I as many sons as I have hairs ...*

ACT III Scene I. – *The Prison of Jacopo Foscari.*

Jacopo (*solus*): No light, save yon faint gleam which shows me walls
 Which never echoed but to Sorrow's sounds,
 The sigh of long imprisonment, the step
 Of feet on which the iron clanked the groan
 Of Death, the imprecation of Despair!
 And yet for this I have returned to Venice,
 With some faint hope, 'tis true, that Time, which wears
 The marble down, had worn away the hate
 Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and here
 Must I consume my own, which never beat 10
 For Venice but with such a yearning as
 The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling
 High in the air on her return to greet
 Her callow brood. What letters are these which

Approaching the wall.

Are scrawled along the inexorable wall?
 Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names
 Of my sad predecessors in this place,
 The dates of their despair, the brief words of
 A grief too great for many. This stone page
 Holds like an epitaph their history; 20
 And the poor captive's tale is graven on
 His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record
 Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears
 His own and his beloved's name.⁴¹ Alas!
 I recognise some names familiar to me,
 And blighted like to mine, which I will add,
 Fittest for such a chronicle as this,
 Which only can be read, as writ, by wretches.

He engraves his name. Enter a familiar of The Ten.

Familiar: I bring you food.
 Jacopo: I pray you set it down;
 I am past hunger: but my lips are parched – 30
 The water!
 Familiar: There.
 Jacopo (*after drinking*): I thank you: I am better.
 Familiar: I am commanded to inform you that
 Your further trial is postponed.
 Jacopo: Till when?
 Familiar: I know not. It is also in my orders
 That your illustrious lady be admitted.
 Jacopo: Ah! they relent, then – I had ceased to hope it:

41: Like the tree at Newstead Abbey on which B. carved his own and Augusta's names.

'Twas time.

Enter Marina.

Marina: My best beloved!

Jacopo (*embracing her*): My true wife,
And only friend! What happiness!

Marina: We'll part
No more.

Jacopo: How! Would'st thou share a dungeon?

Marina: Aye,
The rack, the grave, all – any thing with thee, 40
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other, yet I will
Share that – all things except new separation;
It is too much to have survived the first.
How dost thou? How are those worn limbs? Alas!
Why do I ask? Thy paleness –

Jacopo: 'Tis the joy
Of seeing thee again so soon, and so
Without expectancy, has sent the blood
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like thine,
For thou art pale too, my Marina!

Marina: 'Tis the gloom of this eternal cell, which never 50
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow sullen glare
Of the familiar's torch, which seems akin
To darkness more than light, by lending to
The dungeon vapours its bituminous smoke,
Which cloud whate'er we gaze on, even thine eyes
No, not thine eyes – they sparkle – how they sparkle!

Jacopo: And thine! – but I am blinded by the torch.

Marina: As I had been without it. Couldst thou see here?

Jacopo: Nothing at first; but use and time had taught me 60
Familiarity with what was darkness;
And the grey twilight of such glimmerings as
Glide through the crevices made by the winds
Was kinder to mine eyes than the full Sun,
When gorgeously o'ergilding any towers
Save those of Venice; but a moment ere
Thou camest hither I was busy writing.

Marina: What?

Jacopo: My name: look, 'tis there – recorded next
The name of him who here preceded me –
If dungeon dates say true.

Marina: And what of him? 70

Jacopo: These walls are silent of men's ends; they only
Seem to hint shrewdly of them. Such stern walls
Were never piled on high save o'er the dead,
Or those who soon must be so. "What of him?"
Thou askest. What of me? may soon be asked,

- With the like answer – doubt and dreadful surmise –
Unless thou tell'st my tale.
- Marina: *I speak of thee!*
- Jacopo: And wherefore not? All then shall speak of me:
The tyranny of silence is not lasting,
And, though events be hidden, just men's groans 80
Will burst all censure, even a living grave's!
I do not *doubt* my memory, but my life;
And neither do I fear.
- Marina: Thy life is safe.
- Jacopo: And liberty?
- Marina: The mind should make its own!
- Jacopo: That has a noble sound; but 'tis a sound,
A music most impressive, but too transient:
The Mind is much, but is not all. The Mind
Hath nerved me to endure the risk of death,
And torture positive, far worse than death 90
(If death be a deep sleep), without a groan,
Or with a cry which rather shamed my judges
Than me; but 'tis not all, for there are things
More woeful – such as this small dungeon, where
I may breathe many years.
- Marina: Alas! and this
Small dungeon is all that belongs to thee
Of this wide realm, of which thy sire is prince.
- Jacopo: That thought would scarcely aid me to endure it.
My doom is common; many are in dungeons,
But none like mine, so near their father's palace;
But then my heart is sometimes high, and hope 100
Will stream along those moted rays of light
Peopled with dusty atoms, which afford
Our only day; for, save the gaoler's torch,
And a strange firefly, which was quickly caught
Last night in yon enormous spider's net,
I ne'er saw aught here like a ray. Alas!
I know if mind may bear us up, or no,
For I have such, and shown it before men
It sinks in solitude: my soul is social.
- Marina: I will be with thee.
- Jacopo: Ah! if it were so! 110
But that they never granted – nor will grant,
And I shall be alone: no men; no books –
Those lying likenesses of lying men.
I asked for even those outlines of their kind,
Which they term annals, history, what you will,
Which men bequeath as portraits, and they were
Refused me – so these walls have been my study,⁴²
More faithful pictures of Venetian story,

42: Recalls The Prisoner of Chillon.

With all their blank, or dismal stains, than is
 The Hall not far from hence, which bears on high 120
 Hundreds of Doges, and their deeds and dates.
 Marina: I come to tell thee the result of their
 Last council on thy doom.
 Jacopo: I know it – look!

He points to his limbs, as referring to the Question which he had undergone.

Marina: No – no – no more of that: even they relent
 From that atrocity.
 Jacopo: What then?
 Marina: That you
 Return to Candia.
 Jacopo: Then my last hope's gone.
 I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice;
 I could support the torture, there was something
 In my native air that buoyed my spirits up 130
 Like a ship on the Ocean tossed by storms,
 But proudly still bestriding the high waves,
 And holding on its course; but there, afar,
 In that accursed isle of slaves and captives,
 And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,
 My very soul seemed mouldering in my bosom,
 And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded.
 Marina: And *here*?
 Jacopo: At once – by better means, as briefer.
 What! would they even deny me my Sire's sepulchre,
 As well as home and heritage?
 Marina: My husband!
 I have sued to accompany thee hence, 140
 And not so hopelessly. This love of thine
 For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
 Is Passion, and not Patriotism; for me,
 So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,
 And the sweet freedom of the earth and air,
 I would not cavil about climes or regions.
 This crowd of palaces and prisons is not
 A Paradise; its first inhabitants
 Were wretched exiles.⁴³
 Jacopo: Well I know how wretched!
 Marina: And yet you see how, from their banishment 150
 Before the Tartar into these salt isles,
 Their antique energy of mind, all that
 Remained of Rome for their inheritance,
 Created by degrees an ocean Rome;
 And shall an evil, which so often leads

43: Venice is said to have been founded early in the fifth century AD by Romans escaping the Goths, Huns, and Lombards.

- Jacopo: To good, depress thee thus?
 Had I gone forth
 From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking
 Another region, with their flocks and herds;
 Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,
 Or like our fathers, driven by Attila 160
 From fertile Italy, to barren islets,
 I would have given some tears to my late country
 And many thoughts; but afterwards addressed
 Myself, with those about me, to create
 A new home and fresh state: perhaps I could
 Have borne this – though I know not.
- Marina: It was the lot of millions, and must be
 The fate of myriads more.
- Jacopo: Aye – we but hear
 Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
 Their numbers and success; but who can number 170
 The hearts which broke in silence at that parting,
 Or after their departure; of that malady⁴⁴
 Which calls up green and native fields to view
 From the rough deep,⁴⁵ with such identity
 To the poor exile's fevered eye, that he
 Can scarcely be restrained from treading them?
 That melody,⁴⁶ which out of tones and tunes
 Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
 Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
 From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds, 180
 That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,
 And dies.⁴⁷ You call this *weakness!* It is strength,
 I say – the parent of all honest feeling.
 He who loves not his Country, can love nothing.
- Marina: Obey her, then: 'tis she that puts thee forth.

44: **BYRON'S NOTE: The calenture.**

45: He refers to the illness called calenture, in which sailors imagine the ocean to be a green field, and dive into it.

46: **BYRON'S NOTE: Alluding to the Swiss air and its effects.** B. means the *Ranz des Vaches*, a melody so moving (to Swiss people only) that military bands were forbidden to play it. See B.'s Alpine Journal (this website) September 19: *The music of the Cows' bells (for their wealth like the Patriarchs is cattle) in the pastures (which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain –) and the Shepherds' shouting to us from crag to crag & playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery – realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence – much more so than Greece or Asia Minor – for there we are a little too much of the sabre & musquet order – and if there is a Crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other – but this was pure and unmixed – solitary – savage and patriarchal – the effect I cannot describe – as we went they played the “Ranz des Vaches” and other airs by way of farewell. – I have lately reepled my mind with Nature.*

47: For Jacopo's sentiments here, compare *Don Juan*, XVI st. 46:

... the home
 Heart-ballads of Green Erin, or Grey Highlands
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
 O'er far Atlantic Continents or Islands,
 The Calentures of Music, which o'ercome
 All Mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands

- Jacopo: Aye, there it is; 'tis like a mother's curse
Upon my soul – the mark is set upon me.
The exiles you speak of went forth by nations,
Their hands upheld each other by the way,
Their tents were pitched together – I'm alone. 190
- Marina: You shall be so no more – I will go with thee.
- Jacopo: My best Marina! and our children?
- Marina: They, I fear, by the prevention of the State's
Abhorrent policy, (which holds all ties
As threads, which may be broken at her pleasure),
Will not be suffered to proceed with us.
- Jacopo: And canst thou leave them?
- Marina: Yes – with many a pang!
But – I can leave them, children as they are,
To teach you to be less a child. From this
Learn you to sway your feelings, when exacted 200
By duties paramount; and 'tis our first
On earth to bear.
- Jacopo: Have I not born?
- Marina: Too much
From tyrannous injustice, and enough
To teach you not to shrink now from a lot,
Which, as compared with what you have undergone
Of late, is mercy.
- Jacopo: Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of the vessel's track
Seemed ploughing deep into your heart;⁴⁸ you never 210
Saw day go down upon your native spires
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.
- Marina: I will divide this with you. Let us think
Of our departure from this much-loved city,
(Since you must *love* it, as it seems), and this
Chamber of state, her gratitude allots you.
Our children will be cared for by the Doge,
And by my uncles; we must sail ere night. 220
- Jacopo: That's sudden. Shall I not behold my father?
- Marina: You will.
- Jacopo: Where?
- Marina: Here, or in the ducal chamber –
He said not which. I would that you could bear
Your exile as he bears it.

48: Compare *Don Juan* II, 12, 5-8:

*I recollect Great Britain's Coast looks white,
But almost every other Country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical Existence. –*

- Jacopo: Blame him not.
I sometimes murmur for a moment; but
He could not now act otherwise. A show
Of feeling or compassion on his part
Would have but drawn upon his aged head
Suspicion from The Ten, and upon mine
Accumulated ills.
- Marina: Accumulated! 230
What pangs are those they have spared you?
- Jacopo: That of leaving
Venice without beholding him or you,
Which might have been forbidden now, as 'twas
Upon my former exile.
- Marina: That is true,
And thus far I am also the State's debtor,
And shall be more so when I see us both
Floating on the free waves – away – away –
Be it to the earth's end, from this abhorred,
Unjust, and –
- Jacopo: Curse it not. If I am silent,
Who dares accuse my Country?
- Marina: Men and Angels! 240
The blood of myriads reeking up to Heaven,
The groans of slaves in chains, and men in dungeons,
Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires, and subjects,
Held in the bondage of ten bald-heads; and
Though last, not least, *thy silence! Couldst thou say*
Aught in its favour, who would praise like thee?
- Jacopo: Let us address us then, since so it must be,
To our departure. Who comes here?

Enter Loredano attended by familiars.

- Loredano: (*to the familiars*): Retire,
But leave the torch.

Exeunt the two familiars.

- Jacopo: Most welcome, noble Signor.
I did not deem this poor place could have drawn
Such presence hither. 250
- Loredano: 'Tis not the first time
I have visited these places.
- Marina: Nor would be
The last, were all men's merits well rewarded.
Came you here to insult us, or remain
As spy upon us, or as hostage for us?
- Loredano: Neither are of my office, noble Lady!
I am sent hither to your husband, to
Announce The Ten's decree.

Marina: That tenderness
 Has been anticipated: it is known.

Loredano: As how?

Marina: I have informed him, not so gently, 260
 Doubtless, as your nice feelings would prescribe,
 The indulgence of your colleagues; but he knew it.
 If you come for our thanks, take them, and hence!
 The dungeon gloom is deep enough without you,
 And full of reptiles, not less loathsome, though
 Their sting is honester.

Jacopo: I pray you, calm you:
 What can avail such words?

Marina: To let him know
 That he is known.

Loredano: Let the fair dame preserve
 Her sex's privilege.

Marina: I have some sons, sir,
 Will one day thank you better.

Loredano: You do well 270
 To nurse them wisely. Foscari – you know
 Your sentence, then?

Jacopo: Return to Candia?

Loredano: For life.

Jacopo: Not long.

Loredano: I said – for *life*.

Jacopo: And I
 Repeat – not long.

Loredano: A year's imprisonment
 In Canea – afterwards the freedom of
 The whole isle.

Jacopo: Both the same to me: the after
 Freedom as is the first imprisonment.
 Is't true my wife accompanies me?

Loredano: Yes,
 If she so wills it.

Marina: Who obtained that justice?

Loredano: One who wars not with women.

Marina: But oppresses 280
 Men: howsoever let him have *my* thanks
 For the only boon I would have asked or taken
 From him or such as he is.

Loredano: He receives them
 As they are offered.

Marina: May they thrive with him
 So much! no more.

Jacopo: Is this, sir, your whole mission?
 Because we have brief time for preparation,
 And you perceive your presence doth disquiet
 This lady, of a house noble as yours.

Marina: Nobler!

- Loredano: How nobler?
 Marina: As more generous! 290
 We say the “generous steed” to express the purity
 Of his high blood. Thus much I’ve learnt, although
 Venetian (who see few steeds save of bronze),
 From those Venetians who have skirred⁴⁹ the coasts
 Of Egypt and her neighbour Araby:
 And why not say as soon the “*generous man?*”
 If race be aught, it is in qualities
 More than in years; and mine, which is as old
 As yours, is better in its product, nay –
 Look not so stern – but get you back, and pore
 Upon your genealogic tree’s most green 300
 Of leaves and most mature of fruits, and there
 Blush to find ancestors, who would have blushed
 For such a son – thou cold inveterate hater!
- Jacopo: Again, Marina!
 Marina: Again! *still*, Marina.
 See you not, he comes here to glut his hate
 With a last look upon our misery?
 Let him partake it!
- Jacopo: That were difficult.
 Marina: Nothing more easy. He partakes it now –
 Aye, he may veil beneath a marble brow
 And sneering lip the pang, but he partakes it. 310
 A few brief words of truth shame the Devil’s servants
 No less than Master; I have probed his soul
 A moment, as the Eternal hire, ere long,
 Will search it always. See how he shrinks from me!
 With death, and chains, and exile in his hand,
 To scatter o’er his kind as he thinks fit;
 They are his weapons, not his armour, for
 I have pierced him to the core of his cold heart.
 I care not for his frowns! We can but die,
 And he but live, for him the very worst 320
 Of destinies: each day secures him more
 His tempter’s.
- Jacopo: This is mere insanity.
 Marina: It may be so; and *who* hath made us *mad*?
 Loredano: Let her go on; it irks not me.
 Marina: That’s false!
 You came here to enjoy a heartless triumph
 Of cold looks upon manifold griefs! You came
 To be sued to in vain – to mark our tears,
 And hoard our groans – to gaze upon the wreck
 Which you have made a Prince’s son – my husband;
 In short, to trample on the fallen – an office 330
 The hangman shrinks from, as all men from him!

49: See *Macbeth*, V iii 35: ... *skirr the country round* ...

How have you sped? We are wretched, Signor, as
Your plots could make, and vengeance could desire us,
And how feel you?

Loredano: As rocks.

Marina: By thunder blasted:

They feel not, but no less are shivered.
Come, Foscari; now let us go, and leave this felon,
The sole fit habitant of such a cell,
Which he has peopled often, but ne'er fitly
Till he himself shall brood in it alone.

Enter the Doge.

Jacopo: My father!

Doge (*embracing him*): Jacopo! my son – my son! 340

Jacopo: My father still! How long it is since I
Have heard thee name my name – *our* name!

Doge: My boy!

Couldst thou but know –

Jacopo: I rarely, sir, have murmured.

Doge: I feel too much thou hast not.

Marina: Doge, look there!

She points to Loredano.

Doge: I see the man – what mean'st thou?

Marina: Caution!

Loredano: Being

The virtue which this noble lady most
May practise, she doth well to recommend it.

Marina: Wretch! 'tis no virtue, but the policy
Of those who fain must deal perforce with vice:
As such I recommend it, as I would 350
To one whose foot was on an adder's path.

Doge: Daughter, it is superfluous; I have long
Known Loredano.

Loredano: You may know him better.

Marina: Yes; *worse* he could not.

Jacopo: Father, let not these
Our parting hours be lost in listening to
Reproaches, which boot nothing. Is it – is it,
Indeed, our last of meetings?

Doge: You behold

These white hairs!

Jacopo: And I feel, besides, that mine
Will never be so white. Embrace me, father!
I loved you ever – never more than now. 360

Look to my children – to your last child's children:
Let them be all to you which he was once,
And never be to you what I am now.

- May I not see *them* also?
- Marina: No – not *here*.
- Jacopo: They might behold their parent any where.
- Marina: I would that they beheld their father in
 A place which would not mingle fear with love,
 To freeze their young blood⁵⁰ in its natural current.
 They have fed well, slept soft, and knew not that
 Their sire was a mere hunted outlaw. Well, 370
 I know his fate may one day be their heritage,
 But let it only be their *heritage*,
 And not their present fee. Their senses, though
 Alive to love, are yet awake to terror;
 And these vile damps, too, and yon *thick green wave*
 Which floats above the place where we now stand –
 A cell so far below the water's level,
 Sending its pestilence through every crevice,
 Might strike them: *this is not their atmosphere*,
 However you – and you – and most of all, 380
 As worthiest you, sir, noble Loredano!
 May breathe it without prejudice.
- Jacopo: I had not
 Reflected upon this, but acquiesce.
 I shall depart, then, without meeting them?
- Doge: Not so: they shall await you in my chamber.
- Jacopo: And must I leave them – *all*?
- Loredano: You must.
- Jacopo: Not one?
- Loredano: They are the State's.
- Marina: I thought they had been mine.
- Loredano: They are, in all maternal things.
- Marina: That is,
 In all things painful. If they're sick, they will
 Be left to me to tend them; should they die, 390
 To me to bury and to mourn; but if
 They live, they'll make you soldiers, senators,
 Slaves, exiles – what you will; or if they are
 Females with portions, brides and *bribes* for nobles!
 Behold the State's care for its sons and mothers!
- Loredano: The hour approaches, and the wind is fair.
- Jacopo: How know you that here, where the genial wind
 Ne'er blows in all its blustering freedom?
- Loredano: 'Twas so
 When I came here. The galley floats within
 A bow-shot of the Riva di Schiavoni.⁵¹ 400
- Jacopo: Father! I pray you to precede me, and
 Prepare my children to behold their father.
- Doge: Be firm, my son!

50: Echoes *Hamlet*, I v 16: ... *harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood* ...

51: The Slavs' Embankment, adjacent to the Doges' Palace.

Jacopo: I will do my endeavour.
 Marina: Farewell! at least to this detested dungeon,
 And him to whose good offices you owe
 In part your past imprisonment.

Loredano: And present
 Liberation.

Doge: He speaks truth.

Jacopo: No doubt! but 'tis
 Exchange of chains for heavier chains I owe him.
 He knows this, or he had not sought to change them,
 But I reproach not.

Loredano: The time narrows, Signor. 410

Jacopo: Alas! I little thought so lingeringly
 To leave abodes like this: but when I feel
 That every step I take, even from this cell,
 Is one away from Venice, I look back
 Even on these dull damp walls, and –

Doge: Boy! no tears.

Marina: Let them flow on: he wept not on the rack
 To shame him, and they cannot shame him now.
 They will relieve his heart – that too kind heart –
 And I will find an hour to wipe away
 Those tears, or add my own. I could weep now, 420
 But would not gratify yon wretch so far.
 Let us proceed. Doge, lead the way.

Loredano (*to the familiar*): The torch, there!

Marina: Yes, light us on, as to a funeral pyre,
 With Loredano mourning like an heir.

Doge: My son, you are feeble; take this hand.

Jacopo: Alas!
 Must youth support itself on age, and I
 Who ought to be the prop of yours?⁵²

Loredano: Take mine.

Marina: Touch it not, Foscari; 'twill sting you. Signor,
 Stand off! be sure, that if a grasp of yours
 Would raise us from the gulf wherein we are plunged, 430
 No hand of ours would stretch itself to meet it.
 Come, Foscari, take the hand the altar gave you;
 It could not save, but will support you ever.

Exeunt.

52: Compare the image of the daughter suckling the father at CHP IV sts. 148-51.

ACT IV Scene I. – A hall in the Doge’s Palace

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

Barbarigo: And have you confidence in such a project?
 Loredano: I have.
 Barbarigo: ’Tis hard upon his years.
 Loredano: Say rather
 Kind to relieve him from the cares of State.
 Barbarigo: ’Twill break his heart.
 Loredano: Age has no heart to break.
 He has seen his son’s half broken, and, except
 A start of feeling in his dungeon, never
 Swerved.
 Barbarigo: In his countenance, I grant you, never;
 But I have seen him sometimes in a calm
 So desolate, that the most clamorous grief
 Had nought to envy him within. Where is he? 10
 Loredano: In his own portion of the palace, with
 His son, and the whole race of Foscaris.
 Barbarigo: Bidding farewell.
 Loredano: At last! as, soon, he shall
 Bid to his Dukedom.
 Barbarigo: When embarks the son?
 Loredano: Forthwith – when this long leave is taken. ’Tis
 Time to admonish them again.
 Barbarigo: Forbear;
 Retrench not from their moments.
 Loredano: Not I, now
 We have higher business for our own. This day
 Shall be the last of the old Doge’s reign,
 As the first of his son’s last banishment,⁵³ 20
 And that is vengeance.
 Barbarigo: In my mind, too deep.
 Loredano: ’Tis moderate – not even life for life, the rule
 Denounced of retribution from all time;
 They owe me still my father’s and my uncle’s.
 Barbarigo: Did not the Doge deny this strongly?
 Loredano: Doubtless.
 Barbarigo: And did not this shake your suspicion?
 Loredano: No.
 Barbarigo: But if this deposition should take place
 By our united influence in the Council,
 It must be done with all the deference
 Due to his years, his station, and his deeds. 30
 Loredano: As much of ceremony as you will,
 So that the thing be done. You may, for aught

53: To maintain unity of time, B. has the son banished and the father deposed and dead within twenty-four hours. In history several months separated the events: see appendices.

I care, depute the Council on their knees,
 (Like Barbarossa to the Pope), to beg him
 To have the courtesy to abdicate.

Barbarigo: What if he will not?

Loredano: We'll elect another,
 And make him null.

Barbarigo: But will the laws uphold us?

Loredano: What laws? – The Ten are laws;⁵⁴ and if they were not,
 I will be legislator in this business.

Barbarigo: At your own peril?

Loredano: There is none, I tell you, 40
 Our powers are such.

Barbarigo: But he has twice already
 Solicited permission to retire,
 And twice it was refused.

Loredano: The better reason
 To grant it the third time.

Barbarigo: Unasked?

Loredano: It shows
 The impression of his former instances:
 If they were from his heart, he may be thankful;
 If not, 'twill punish his hypocrisy.
 Come, they are met by this time; let us join them,
 And be *thou* fixed in purpose for this once. 50
 I have prepared such arguments as will not
 Fail to move them, and to remove him: since
 Their thoughts, their objects, have been sounded, do not
 You, with your wonted scruples, teach us pause,
 And all will prosper.

Barbarigo: Could I but be certain
 This is no prelude to such persecution
 Of the sire as has fallen upon the son,
 I would support you.

Loredano: He is safe, I tell you;
 His fourscore years and five may linger on
 As long as he can drag them: 'tis his throne
 Alone is aimed at.

Barbarigo: But discarded Princes 60
 Are seldom long of life.

Loredano: And men of eighty
 More seldom still.

Barbarigo: And why not wait these few years?

Loredano: Because we have waited long enough and he
 Lived longer than enough. Hence! in to council!

Exeunt Loredano and Barbarigo. Enter Memmo and a senator.

Senator: A summons to The Ten! why so?

54: The Ten did not have the legal power to depose a Doge, but that did not stop them.

Jacopo: Ah, Father! though I must and will depart,
 Yet – yet – I pray you to obtain for me
 That I once more return unto my home,
 Howe'er remote the period. Let there be
 A point of time, as beacon to my heart,
 With any penalty annexed they please,
 But let me still return. 100

Doge: Son Jacopo,
 Go and obey our Country's will: 'tis not
 For us to look beyond.

Jacopo: But still I must
 Look back. I pray you think of me.

Doge: Alas!
 You ever were my dearest offspring, when
 They were more numerous, nor can be less so
 Now you are last; but did the State demand
 The exile of the disinterred ashes
 Of your three goodly brothers, now in earth,
 And their desponding shades came flitting round
 To impede the act, I must no less obey
 A duty, paramount to every duty. 110



Foscari, by Francesco Hayez.

Marina: My husband! let us on: this but prolongs
 Our sorrow.

Jacopo: But we are not summoned yet;
 The galley's sails are not unfurled – who knows?
 The wind may change.

Marina: And if it do, it will not
 Change their hearts, or your lot: the galley's oars
 Will quickly clear the harbour. 120

Jacopo: O, ye Elements!

Where are your storms?
 Marina: In human breasts. Alas!
 Will nothing calm you?

Jacopo: Never yet did mariner
 Put up to patron saint such prayers for prosperous
 And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,
 Ye tutelar saints of my own city! Which
 Ye love not with more holy love than I,
 To lash up from the deep the Adrian waves,
 And waken Auster,⁵⁶ sovereign of the Tempest! 130
 Till the sea dash me back on my own shore
 A broken corse upon the barren Lido,
 Where I may mingle with the sands which skirt
 The land I love, and never shall see more!

Marina: And wish you this with *me* beside you?⁵⁷

Jacopo: No –
 No – not for thee, too good, too kind! May'st thou
 Live long to be a mother to those children
 Thy fond fidelity for a time deprives
 Of such support! But for myself alone,
 May all the winds of Heaven howl down the Gulf, 140
 And tear the vessel, till the mariners,
 Appalled, turn their despairing eyes on me,
 As the Phenicians did on Jonah,⁵⁸ then
 Cast me out from amongst them, as an offering
 To appease the waves. The billow which destroys me
 Will be more merciful than man, and bear me
 Dead, but *still bear* me to a native grave,
 From fishers' hands, upon the desolate strand,
 Which, of its thousand wrecks, hath ne'er received
 One lacerated like the heart which then 150
 Will be. But wherefore breaks it not? Why live I?

Marina: To man thyself, I trust, with time, to master
 Such useless passion. Until now thou wert
 A sufferer, but not a loud one: why,
 What is this to the things thou hast borne in silence –
 Imprisonment and actual torture?

Jacopo: Double, Triple, and Tenfold torture! But you are right,
 It must be borne. Father, your blessing.

Doge: Would
 It could avail thee! but no less thou hast it.

Jacopo: Forgive –

Doge: What?

Jacopo: My poor mother, for my birth, 160
 And me for having lived, and you yourself
 (As I forgive you), for the gift of life,
 Which you bestowed upon me as my sire.

56: Auster – the South Wind.

57: Marina sees something strange and perverted in Jacopo's uncontrollable "patriotism".

58: The nationality of the mariners who throw Jonah overboard (Jonah 1) is not specified.

Marina: What hast thou done?
 Jacopo: Nothing, I cannot charge
 My memory with much save sorrow: but
 I have been so beyond the common lot
 Chastened and visited, I needs must think
 That I was wicked. If it be so, may
 What I have undergone here keep me from
 A like hereafter!

Marina: Fear not: *that's* reserved 170
 For your oppressors.

Jacopo: Let me hope not.
 Marina: Hope not?
 Jacopo: I cannot wish them *all* they have inflicted.
 Marina: *All!* the consummate fiends! A thousandfold
 May the worm which never dieth feed upon them!
 Jacopo: They may repent.
 Marina: And if they do, Heaven will not
 Accept the tardy penitence of demons.

Enter an officer and guards.

Officer: Signor! the boat is at the shore – the wind
 Is rising – we are ready to attend you.
 Jacopo: And I to be attended. Once more, Father,
 Your hand!

Doge: Take it. Alas! how thine own trembles! 180
 Jacopo: No – you mistake; 'tis yours that shakes, my father.
 Farewell!

Doge: Farewell! Is there aught else?
 Jacopo: No – nothing. (*to the officer*) Lend me your arm, good Signor.
 Officer: You turn pale –
 Let me support you – paler – ho! some aid there!
 Some water!

Marina: Ah, he is dying!
 Jacopo: Now, I'm ready –
 My eyes swim strangely – where's the door?
 Marina: Away! Let me support him – my best love! Oh, God!
 How faintly beats this heart – this pulse!
 Jacopo: The light!
 Is it the light? – I am faint.

Officer presents him with water.

He will be better,
 Perhaps, in the air.

Jacopo: I doubt not. Father – wife – 190
 Your hands!

Marina: There's death in that damp, clammy grasp.
 Oh, God! My Foscari, how fare you?
 Jacopo: Well!

He dies.

Officer: He's gone!
 Doge: He's free.
 Marina: No – no, he is not dead;
 There must be life yet in that heart – he could not
 Thus leave me.
 Doge: Daughter!
 Marina: Hold thy peace, old man!
 I am no daughter now – thou hast no son.
 Oh, Foscari!
 Officer: We must remove the body.
 Marina: Touch it not, dungeon miscreants! your base office
 Ends with his life, and goes not beyond murder,
 Even by your murderous laws. Leave his remains 200
 To those who know to honour them.
 Officer: I must
 Inform the Signory, and learn their pleasure.
 Doge: Inform the Signory from *me*, the Doge,
 They have no further power upon those ashes:
 While he lived, he was theirs, as fits a subject
 Now he is *mine* – my broken-hearted boy!

Exit officer.

Marina: And I must live!
 Doge: Your children live, Marina.
 Marina: My children! true – they live, and I must live
 To bring them up to serve the State, and die
 As died their father. Oh! what best of blessings 210
 Were barrenness in Venice! Would my mother
 Had been so!
 Doge: My unhappy children!
 Marina: What!
 You feel it then at last – *you!* – where is now
 The Stoic of the State?
 Doge (*throwing himself down by the body*): Here!
 Marina: Aye, weep on!
 I thought you had no tears – you hoarded them
 Until they are useless; but weep on! he never
 Shall weep more – never, never more.

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

Loredano: What's here?
 Marina: Ah! the Devil come to insult the dead! Avaunt,
 Incarnate Lucifer! 'tis holy ground.
 A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it 220
 A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of torment!

- Barbarigo: Lady, we knew not of this sad event,
But passed here merely on our path from council.
- Marina: Pass on.
- Loredano: We sought the Doge.
- Marina: (*pointing to the Doge, who is still on the ground by his son's
body*). He's busy, look,
About the business you provided for him.
Are ye content?
- Barbarigo: We will not interrupt
A parent's sorrows.
- Marina: No, ye only make them,
Then leave them.
- Doge (*rising*): Sirs, I am ready.
- Barbarigo: No – not now.
- Loredano: Yet 'twas important.
- Doge: If 'twas so, I can
Only repeat – I am ready.
- Barbarigo: It shall not be 230
Just now, though Venice tottered o'er the deep
Like a frail vessel. I respect your griefs.
- Doge: I thank you. If the tidings which you bring
Are evil, you may say hem; nothing further
Can touch me more than him thou look'st on there;
If they be good, say on; you need not *fear*
That they can *comfort* me.
- Barbarigo: I would they could!
Doge: I spoke not to *you*, but to Loredano.
He understands me.
- Marina: Ah! I thought it would be so.
- Doge: What mean you?
- Marina: Lo! there is the blood beginning 240
To flow through the dead lips of Foscari
The body bleeds in presence of the assassin.
Thou cowardly murderer by law, behold (*to Loredano*)
How Death itself bears witness to thy deeds!
- Doge: My child! this is a phantasy of grief.
Bear hence the body (*to his attendants*). Signors, if it please you,
Within an hour I'll hear you.

*Exeunt Doge, Marina, and attendants with the body. Manent Loredano and
Barbarigo.*

- Barbarigo: He must not
Be troubled now.
- Loredano: He said himself that nought
Could give him trouble farther.
- Barbarigo: These are words;
But Grief is lonely, and the breaking in 250
Upon it barbarous.
- Loredano: Sorrow preys upon

Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
 From its sad visions of the other world,
 Than calling it at moments back to this.
 The busy have no time for tears.

Barbarigo: And therefore
 You would deprive this old man of all business?

Loredano: The thing's decreed. The Giunta and The Ten
 Have made it law – who shall oppose that law?

Barbarigo: Humanity!

Loredano: Because his son is dead?

Barbarigo: And yet unburied.

Loredano: Had we known this when 260
 The act was passing, it might have suspended
 Its passage, but impedes it not – once passed.

Barbarigo: I'll not consent.

Loredano: You have consented to
 All that's essential – leave the rest to me.

Barbarigo: Why press his abdication now?

Loredano: The feelings
 Of private passion may not interrupt
 The public benefit; and what the State
 Decides today must not give way before
 Tomorrow for a natural accident.

Barbarigo: You have a son.

Loredano: I *have* – and *had* a father. 270

Barbarigo: Still so inexorable?

Loredano: Still.

Barbarigo: But let him
 Inter his son before we press upon him
 This edict.

Loredano: Let him call up into life
 My sire and uncle – I consent. Men may,
 Even aged men, be, or appear to be,
 Sires of a hundred sons, but cannot kindle
 An atom of their ancestors from earth.
 The victims are not equal; he has seen
 His sons expire by natural deaths, and I
 My sires by violent and mysterious maladies. 280
 I used no poison, bribed no subtle master
 Of the destructive art of healing, to
 Shorten the path to the eternal cure.
 His sons – and he had four – are dead, without
 My dabbling in vile drugs.

Barbarigo: And art thou sure
 He dealt in such?

Loredano: Most sure.

Barbarigo: And yet he seems
 All openness.

Loredano: And so he seemed not long

- Ago to Carmagnuola.⁵⁹
- Barbarigo: The attainted
And foreign traitor?
- Loredano: Even so: when *he*,
After the very night in which The Ten 290
(Joined with the Doge), decided his destruction,
Met the great Duke at daybreak with a jest,
Demanding whether he should augur him
“The good day or good night?” his Doge-ship answered,
“That he in truth had passed a night of vigil,
In which”, (he added with a gracious smile),
“There often has been question about you.”⁶⁰
’Twas true; the question was the death resolved
Of Carmagnuola, eight months ere he died;
And the old Doge, who knew him doomed, smiled on him 300
With deadly cozenage, eight long months beforehand –
Eight months of such hypocrisy as is
Learnt but in eighty years. Brave Carmagnuola
Is dead; so is young Foscari and his brethren –
I never *smiled* on *them*.
- Barbarigo: Was Carmagnuola
Your friend?
- Loredano: He was the safeguard of the city.
In early life its foe, but in his manhood,
Its saviour first, then victim.
- Barbarigo: Ah! that seems
The penalty of saving cities. He
Whom we now act against not only saved 310
Our own, but added others to her sway.
- Loredano: The Romans (and we ape them) gave a crown
To him who took a city: and they gave
A crown to him who saved a citizen
In battle: the rewards are equal. Now,
If we should measure forth the cities taken
By the Doge Foscari, with citizens
Destroyed by him, or *through* him, the account
Were fearfully against him, although narrowed
To private havoc, such as between him 320
And my dead father.
- Barbarigo: Are you then thus fixed?
- Loredano: Why, what should change me?
- Barbarigo: That which changes me.
But you, I know, are marble to retain
A feud. But when all is accomplished, when
The old man is deposed, his name degraded,
His sons all dead, his family depressed,

59: Francesco Bussone, known as Carmagnola (sic: c.1382-1432), was a condottiere who began in the service of the Viscontis at Milan, changed sides and fought for the Venetians, displeased them by his delaying tactics, was imprisoned, and beheaded.

60: BYRON’S NOTE: An historical fact.

And you and yours triumphant, shall you sleep?
 Loredano: More soundly.
 Barbarigo: That's an error, and you'll find it
 Ere you sleep with your fathers.
 Loredano: They sleep not
 In their accelerated graves, nor will 330
 Till Foscari fills his. Each night I see them
 Stalk frowning round my couch, and, pointing towards
 The ducal palace, marshal me to vengeance.
 Barbarigo: Fancy's distemperature! There is no passion
 More spectral or fantastical than Hate,
 Not even its opposite, Love, so peoples air
 With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.

Enter an officer.

Loredano: Where go you, sirrah?
 Officer: By the ducal order
 To forward the preparatory rites
 For the late Foscari's interment.
 Barbarigo: Their 340
 Vault has been often opened of late years.
 Loredano: 'Twill be full soon, and may be closed for ever
 Officer: May I pass on?
 Loredano: You may.
 Barbarigo: How bears the Doge
 This last calamity?
 Officer: With desperate firmness.
 In presence of another he says little,
 But I perceive his lips move now and then;
 And once or twice I heard him, from the adjoining
 Apartment, mutter forth the words "My son!"
 Scarce audibly. I must proceed.

Exit officer.

Barbarigo: This stroke
 Will move all Venice in his favour.
 Loredano: Right! 350
 We must be speedy: let us call together
 The delegates appointed to convey
 The Council's resolution.
 Barbarigo: I protest
 Against it at this moment.
 Loredano: As you please –
 I'll take their voices on it ne'ertheless,
 And see whose most may sway them, yours or mine.

Exeunt Barbarigo and Loredano.

ACT V Scene I. – *The Dog's apartment.*

The Doge and attendants.

Attendant: My Lord, the deputation is in waiting;
 But add, that if another hour would better
 Accord with your will, they will make it theirs.
 Doge: To me all hours are like. Let them approach.

Exit attendant.

Officer: Prince! I have done your bidding.
 Doge: What command?
 Officer: A melancholy one – to call the attendance
 Of –
 Doge: True – true – true: I crave your pardon, I
 Begin to fail in apprehension, and
 Wax very old – old almost as my years.
 Till now I fought them off, but they begin
 To overtake me. 10

Enter the deputation, consisting of six of the Signory and the Chief of the Ten.

Noble men, your pleasure!

Chief of the Ten: In the first place, the Council doth condole
 With the Doge on his late and private grief.
 Doge: No more – no more of that.⁶¹
 Chief of the Ten: Will not the Duke
 Accept the homage of respect?
 Doge: I do
 Accept it as 'tis given – proceed.
 Chief of the Ten: The Ten,
 With a selected *giunta* from the Senate
 Of twenty-five of the best born patricians,
 Having deliberated on the state
 Of the Republic, and the o'erwhelming cares 20
 Which, at this moment, doubly must oppress
 Your years, so long devoted to your country.
 Have judged it fitting, with all reverence,
 Now to solicit from your wisdom (which
 Upon reflection must accord in this),
 The resignation of the ducal ring,
 Which you have worn so long and venerably:
 And to prove that they are not ungrateful, nor
 Cold to your years and services, they add
 An appanage⁶² of twenty hundred golden 30
 Ducats, to make retirement not less splendid

61: This line makes up half of the only speech uttered by George III in *TVOJ*: “What? What? / “Pye come again! – No more – no more of that!” (735-6).

62: *appanage* – both a necessary adjunct, and a maintenance grant.

Than should become a Sovereign's retreat.
Doge: Did I hear rightly?
Chief of the Ten: Need I say again?
Doge: No – Have you done?
Chief of the Ten: I have spoken. Twenty four
Hours are accorded you to give an answer.
Doge: I shall not need so many seconds.
Chief of the Ten: We
Will now retire.
Doge: Stay! four and twenty hours
Will alter nothing which I have to say.
Chief of the Ten: Speak!
Doge: When I twice before reiterated
My wish to abdicate, it was refused me: 40
And not alone refused, but ye exacted
An oath from me that I would never more
Renew this instance. I have sworn to die
In full exertion of the functions, which
My country called me here to exercise,
According to my honour and my conscience –
I cannot break my oath.
Chief of the Ten: Reduce us not
To the alternative of a decree,
Instead of your compliance.
Doge: Providence 50
Prolongs my days to prove and chasten me;
But ye have no right to reproach my length
Of days, since every hour has been the country's.
I am ready to lay down my life for her,
As I have laid down dearer things than life:
But for my dignity – I hold it of
The whole Republic: when the general will
Is manifest, then you shall all be answered.
Chief of the Ten: We grieve for such an answer; but it cannot
Avail you aught.
Doge: I can submit to all things,
But nothing will advance; no, not a moment. 60
What you decree – decree.
Chief of the Ten: With this, then, must we
Return to those who sent us?
Doge: You have heard me.
Chief of the Ten: With all due reverence we retire.

Exeunt the Deputation, &c. Enter an attendant.

Attendant: My Lord,
The noble dame Marina craves an audience.
Doge: My time is hers.

Enter Marina.

Marina: My Lord, if I intrude –
Perhaps you fain would be alone?

Doge: Alone!
Alone, come all the world around me, I
Am now and evermore. But we will bear it.

Marina: We will, and for the sake of those who are,
Endeavour – Oh, my husband!

Doge: Give it way: 70
I cannot comfort thee.

Marina: He might have lived,
So formed for gentle privacy of life,
So loving, so beloved; the native of
Another land, and who so blest and blessing
As my poor Foscari? Nothing was wanting
Unto his happiness and mine save not
To be Venetian.

Doge: Or a Prince's son.

Marina: Yes; all things which conduce to other men's
Imperfect happiness or high ambition,
By some strange destiny, to him proved deadly. 80
The country and the people whom he loved,
The Prince of whom he was the elder born,
And –

Doge: Soon may be a Prince no longer.

Marina: How?

Doge: They have taken my son from me, and now aim
At my too long worn diadem and ring.
Let them resume the gewgaws!

Marina: Oh, the tyrants!
In such an hour too!

Doge: 'Tis the fittest time;
An hour ago I should have felt it.

Marina: And
Will you not now resent it? Oh, for vengeance!
But he, who, had he been enough protected, 90
Might have repaid protection in this moment,
Cannot assist his father.

Doge: Nor should do so
Against his country, had he a thousand lives
Instead of that –

Marina: They tortured from him. This
May be pure patriotism. I am a woman:
To me my husband and my children were
Country and home. I loved *him* – how I loved him!
I have seen him pass through such an ordeal as
The old martyrs would have shrunk from: he is gone,
And I, who would have given my blood for him, 100
Have nought to give but tears! But could I compass
The retribution of his wrongs! Well, well!

I have sons, who shall be men.
 Doge: Your grief distracts you.
 Marina: I thought I could have borne it, when I saw him
 Bowed down by such oppression; yes, I thought
 That I would rather look upon his corse
 Than his prolonged captivity – I am punished
 For that thought now. Would I were in his grave!
 Doge: I must look on him once more,
 I must look on him once more,
 Marina: Come with me!
 Doge: Is he –
 Marina: Our bridal bed is now his bier. 110
 Doge: And he is in his shroud!
 Marina: Come, come, old man!

Exeunt the Doge and Marina. Enter Barbarigo and Loredano.

Barbarigo (*to an attendant*): Where is the Doge?
 Attendant: This instant retired hence,
 With the illustrious lady his son's widow.
 Loredano: Where?
 Attendant: To the chamber where the body lies.
 Barbarigo: Let us return, then.
 Loredano: You forget, you cannot.
 We have the implicit order of the Giunta
 To await their coming here, and join them in
 Their office: they'll be here soon after us.
 Barbarigo: And will they press their answer on the Doge?
 Loredano: 'Twas his own wish that all should be done promptly. 120
 He answered quickly, and must so be answered;
 His dignity is looked to, his estate
 Cared for – what would he more?
 Barbarigo: Die in his robes:
 He could not have lived long; but I have done
 My best to save his honours, and opposed
 This proposition to the last, though vainly.
 Why would the general vote compel me hither?
 Loredano: 'Twas fit that some one of such different thoughts
 From ours should be a witness, lest false tongues
 Should whisper that a harsh majority 130
 Dreaded to have its acts beheld by others.
 Barbarigo: And not less, I must needs think, for the sake
 Of humbling me for my vain opposition.
 You are ingenious, Loredano, in
 Your modes of vengeance, nay, poetical,
 A very Ovid in the art of *hating*;⁶³
 'Tis thus (although a secondary object,
 Yet hate has microscopic eyes), to you

63: Refers to Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* – *The Art of Love*.

I owe, by way of foil to the more zealous,
This undesired association in
Your Giunta's duties. 140

Loredano: How – *my* Giunta!

Barbarigo: *Yours!*

They speak your language, watch your nod, approve
Your plans, and do your work. Are they not yours?

Loredano: You talk unwarily. 'Twere best they hear not
This from you.

Barbarigo: Oh! they'll hear as much one day
From louder tongues than mine; they have gone beyond
Even their exorbitance of power: and when
This happens in the most contemned and abject
States, stung humanity will rise to check it.

Loredano: You talk but idly.

Barbarigo: That remains for proof. 150
Here come our colleagues.

Enter the Deputation as before.

Chief of the Ten: Is the Duke aware
We seek his presence?

Attendant: He shall be informed.

Exit attendant.

Barbarigo: The Duke is with his son.

Chief of the Ten. If it be so,
We will remit him till the rites are over.
Let us return. 'Tis time enough tomorrow.

Loredano: (*aside to Barbarigo*): Now the rich man's hell-fire upon your
tongue,

Unquenched, unquenchable! I'll have it torn
From its vile babbling roots, till you shall utter
Nothing but sobs through blood, for this! Sage Signors,
(*aloud to the others*): I pray ye be not hasty.

Barbarigo: But be human! 160

Loredano: See, the Duke comes!

Enter the Doge.

Doge: I have obeyed your summons.

Chief of the Ten: We come once more to urge our request.

Doge: And I to answer.

Chief of the Ten: What?

Doge: My only answer.

You have heard it.

Chief of the Ten: Hear *you* then the last decree,
Definitive and absolute!

Doge: To the point –

To the point! I know of old the forms of office,
 And gentle preludes to strong acts. Go on!

Chief of the Ten: You are no longer Doge; you are released
 From your imperial oath as Sovereign;
 Your ducal robes must be put off; but for
 Your services, the State allots the appanage
 Already mentioned in our former congress. 170
 Three days are left you to remove from hence,
 Under the penalty to see confiscated
 All your own private fortune.

Doge: That last clause,
 I am proud to say, would not enrich the treasury.

Chief of the Ten: Your answer, Duke!

Loredano: Your answer, Francis Foscari!

Doge: If I could have foreseen that my old age
 Was prejudicial to the State, the Chief
 Of the Republic never would have shown
 Himself so far ungrateful, as to place
 His own high dignity before his country; 180
 But this *life* having been so many years
 Not useless to that country, I would fain
 Have consecrated my last moments to her.
 But the decree being rendered, I obey.

Chief of the Ten: If you would have the three days named extended,
 We willingly will lengthen them to eight,
 As sign of our esteem.

Doge: Not eight hours, Signor,
 Not even eight minutes – there's the ducal ring, 190

Taking off his ring and cap.

And there the ducal diadem! And so
 The Adriatic's free to wed another.⁶⁴

Chief of the Ten: Yet go not forth so quickly.

Doge: I am old, sir,
 And even to move but slowly must begin
 To move betimes. Methinks I see amongst you
 A face I know not. Senator! your name,
 You, by your garb, Chief of the Forty!

Memmo: I am the son of Marco Memmo.

Doge: Ah!
 Your father was my friend.⁶⁵ But *sons* and *fathers*!
 What, ho! my servants there!

Attendant: My Prince!

Doge: No Prince – 200
 There are the princes of the Prince!

⁶⁴: The equivalent of a coronation was a ceremony in which the Doge flung a ring into the Adriatic, as a symbolic wedding.

⁶⁵: This dialogue is from the chronicle: see appendices. But the following four words are B.'s addition.

Pointing to The Ten's Deputation.

Prepare

Chief of the Ten: To part from hence upon the instant.
 Why
 So rashly? 'twill give scandal.

Doge: Answer that;

To The Ten.

It is your province. Sirs, bestir yourselves:
(to the servants) There is one burthen which I beg you bear
 With care, although 'tis past all farther harm
 But I will look to that myself.

Barbarigo: He means
 The body of his son.

Doge: And call Marina,
 My daughter!

Enter Marina.

Doge: Get thee ready, we must mourn
 Elsewhere.

Marina: And everywhere.

Doge: True; but in freedom, 210
 Without these jealous spies upon the great.
 Signors, you may depart: what would you more?
 We are going: do you fear that we shall bear
 The palace with us? Its old walls, ten times
 As old as I am, and I'm very old,
 Have served you, so have I, and I and they
 Could tell a tale; but I invoke them not
 To fall upon you! else they would, as erst
 The pillars of stone Dagon's temple on
 The Israelite and his Philistine foes.⁶⁶ 220
 Such power I do believe there might exist
 In such a curse as mine, provoked by such
 As you; but I curse not. Adieu, good Signors!
 May the next Duke be better than the present!

Loredano: The present Duke is Paschal Malipiero.

Doge: Not till I pass the threshold of these doors.

Loredano: Saint Mark's great bell is soon about to toll
 For his inauguration.

Doge: Earth and Heaven!
 Ye will reverberate this peal; and I
 Live to hear this! the first Doge who e'er heard 230
 Such sound for his successor: happier he,
 My attained predecessor, stern Faliero –

66: Refers to Samson pulling down the Temple of Dagon on the Philistine: see Judges 16, 30.

This insult at the least was spared him.
 Loredano: What!
 Do you regret a traitor?
 Doge: No – I merely
 Envy the dead.
 Chief of the Ten: My Lord, if you indeed
 Are bent upon this rash abandonment
 Of the State's palace, at the least retire
 By the private staircase, which conducts you towards
 The landing-place of the canal.⁶⁷
 Doge: No. I
 Will now descend the stairs by which I mounted 240
 To sovereignty – the Giants' Stairs,⁶⁸ on whose
 Broad eminence I was invested Duke.
 My services have called me up those steps,
 The malice of my foes will drive me down them.
 There five and thirty years ago was I
 Installed, and traversed these same halls, from which
 I never thought to be divorced except
 A corse – a corse, it might be, fighting for them –
 But not pushed hence by fellow-citizens.
 But come; my son and I will go together – 250
 He to his grave, and I to pray for mine.
 Chief of the Ten: What! thus in public?
 Doge: I was publicly
 Elected, and so will I be deposed.
 Marina! art thou willing?
 Marina: Here's my arm!
 Doge: And here my *staff*: thus propped will I go forth.
 Chief of the Ten: It must not be – the people will perceive it.
 Doge: The people! There's no people, you well know it,
 Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.
 There is a populace, perhaps, whose looks
 May shame you; but they dare not groan nor curse you, 260
 Save with their hearts and eyes.
 Chief of the Ten: You speak in passion,
 Else –
 Doge: You have reason. I have spoken much
 More than my wont: it is a foible which
 Was not of mine, but more excuses you,
 Inasmuch as it shows, that I approach
 A dotage which may justify this deed
 Of yours, although the law does not, nor will.
 Farewell, sirs!
 Barbarigo: You shall not depart without
 An escort fitting past and present rank.
 We will accompany, with due respect, 270

⁶⁷: In the chronicle it is a secretary who suggests that Foscari leave by a hidden exit.

⁶⁸: Foscari died in 1456. Jacopo Sansovino, who designed the Giants' Staircase, was born in 1467.

- Marina: Signors, your pardon: this is mockery.⁶⁹ 320
 Juggle no more with that poor remnant, which,
 A moment since, while yet it had a soul,
 (A soul by whom you have increased your Empire,
 And made your power as proud as was his glory),
 You banished from his palace and tore down
 From his high place, with such relentless coldness;
 And now, when he can neither know these honours,
 Nor would accept them if he could, you, Signors,
 Purpose, with idle and superfluous pomp,
 To make a pageant over what you trampled. 330
 A princely funeral will be your reproach,
 And not his honour.⁷⁰
- Chief of the Ten: Lady, we revoke not
 Our purposes so readily.
- Marina: I know it,
 As far as touches torturing the living.
 I thought the dead had been beyond even you,
 Though (some, no doubt) consigned to powers which may
 Resemble that you exercise on earth.
 Leave him to me; you would have done so for
 His dregs of life, which you have kindly shortened:
 It is my last of duties, and may prove 340
 A dreary comfort in my desolation.
 Grief is fantastical, and loves the dead,
 And the apparel of the grave.
- Chief of the Ten: Do you
 Pretend still to this office?
- Marina: I do, Signor.
 Though his possessions have been all consumed
 In the State's service, I have still my dowry,

69: In the chronicles it is Foscari's widow who tries to stop the state funeral, but she is not a character in the play.

70: Compare *TVOJ*, sts. 9-10:

*He died – his death made no great stir on earth;
 His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
 Of Velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears – save those shed by collusion –
 For these things may be bought at their true worth;
 Of Elegy there was the due infusion,
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks and banners,
 Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,*

*Formed a sepulchral melodrame; of all
 The fools who flocked to swell or see the show,
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe;
 There throbbed not there a thought which pierced the pall,
 And when the gorgeous Coffin was laid low
 It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold. –*

Which shall be consecrated to his rites,
 And those of ... (*she stops with agitation*)

Chief of the Ten: Best retain it for your children.

Marina: Aye, they are fatherless, I thank you.

Chief of the Ten: We
 Cannot comply with your request. His relics 350
 Shall be exposed with wonted pomp, and followed
 Unto their home by the new Doge, not clad
 As Doge, but simply as a senator.

Marina: I have heard of murderers, who have interred
 Their victims; but ne'er heard, until this hour,
 Of so much splendour in hypocrisy
 O'er those they slew. I've heard of widows' tears
 Alas! I have shed some – always thanks to you!
 I've heard of *heirs* in sables – you have left none
 To the deceased, so you would act the part 360
 Of such. Well, sirs, your will be done! as one day,
 I trust, Heaven's will be done too!

Chief of the Ten: Know you, Lady,
 To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech?

Marina: I know the former better than yourselves;
 The latter – like yourselves; and can face both.
 Wish you more funerals?

Barbarigo: Heed not her rash words;
 Her circumstances must excuse her bearing.

Chief of the Ten: We will not note them down.

Barbarigo (*turning to Loredano, who is writing upon his tablets*): What art
 thou writing,
 With such an earnest brow, upon thy tablets?

Loredano (*pointing to the Doge's body*):
 That *he* has paid me!⁷¹

Chief of the Ten: What debt did he owe you? 370

Loredano: A long and just one; Nature's debt and *mine*.⁷²

Curtain falls.

71: BYRON'S NOTE: "L'ha pagata." An historical fact. See the History of Venice, by P. Daru, page 411, vol. 2d.

72: See appendix: "In his accounting books (for he was in commerce, as almost all patricians were in that era), he [*Loredano*] had with his own hand listed the Doge among the number of his debtors, '... for the deaths', he had written, '... of my father and my uncle'. Opposite this entry he had left a page blank, on which to record the recovery of this debt, and in fact, after the Doge's death, did actually write 'He has paid me' ('L'ha pagata')." B. had written two extra lines in the Ms. in case Gifford should think this too obscure for those who did not know the story:

Chief of the Ten to Lord Loredano: For what has he repaid thee?
 Loredano: For my father's
 And father's brother's death – his son's and own!

APPENDIX I: EXTRAIT DE L'HISTOIRE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE DE VENISE PAR P. DARÙ DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE. TOM. II.⁷³

Depuis trente ans, la république n'avait pas déposé les armes. Elle avait acquis les provinces de Brescia, de Bergame, de Crème, et la principauté de Ravenne.

Mais ces guerres continuelles faisaient beaucoup de malheureux et de mécontents. Le doge François Foscari, à qui on ne pouvait pardonner d'en avoir été le promoteur, manifesta une seconde fois, en 1442, et probablement avec plus de sincérité que la première, l'intention d'abdiquer sa dignité. Le conseil s'y refusa encore. On avait exigé de lui le serment de ne plus quitter le dogat. Il était déjà avancé dans la vieillesse, conservant cependant beaucoup de force de tête et de caractère, et jouissant de la gloire d'avoir vu la république étendre au loin les limites de ses domaines pendant son administration.

Au milieu de ces prospérités, de grands chagrins vinrent mettre à l'épreuve la fermeté de son âme.

Son fils, Jacques Foscari, fut accusé, en 1445, d'avoir reçu des présents de quelques princes ou seigneurs étrangers, notamment, disait-on, du duc de Milan, Philippe Visconti. C'était non-seulement une bassesse, mais une infraction des lois positives de la république.

Le conseil des dix traita cette affaire comme s'il se fut agi d'un délit commis par un particulier obscur. L'accusé fut amené devant ses juges, devant le doge, qui ne crut pas pouvoir s'abstenir de présider le tribunal. Là, il fut interrogé, appliqué à la question,⁷⁴ déclaré coupable, et il entendit, de la bouche de son père, l'arrêt qui le condamnait à un bannissement perpétuel, et le reléguait à Naples de Romanie, pour y finir ses jours.

Embarqué sur une galère pour se rendre au lieu de son exil, il tomba malade à Trieste. Les sollicitations du doge obtinrent, non sans difficulté, qu'on lui assignât une autre résidence. Enfin le conseil des dix lui permit de se retirer à Trévise, en lui imposant l'obligation d'y rester sous peine de mort, et de se présenter tous les jours devant le gouverneur.

Il y était depuis cinq ans, lorsqu'un des chefs du conseil des dix fut assassiné. Les soupçons se portèrent sur lui: un de ses domestiques qu'on avait vu à Venise fut arrêté et subit la torture. Les bourreaux ne purent lui arracher aucun aveu. Ce terrible tribunal se fit amener le maître, le soumit aux mêmes épreuves; il résista à tous les tourments, ne cessant d'attester son innocence;⁷⁵ mais on ne vit

⁷³: This set is item 59 in the 1827 sale catalogue of B.'s library. Hobhouse buys it for £1 16s.

⁷⁴: E datagli la corda per avere da lui la verità; chiamato il consiglio de dieci colla giunta, nel quale fù messer lo doge, fu sentenziato. (Marin Sanuto, *Vite de' Duchi*, F. Foscari.)

⁷⁵: E fù tormentato nè mai confessò cosa alcuna, pure parve al consiglio de' dieci di confinarlo in vita alla Canea. (Ibid.) Voici le texte du jugement: "Cum Jacobus Foscari per occasionem percussioneis et mortis Hermolai Donati fuit retentus et examinatus, et propter significationes, testificationes, et scripturas quæ habentur contra eum, clare apparet ipsum esse reum criminis prædicti, sed propter incantationes et verba quæ sibi reperta sunt, de quibus existit indictia manifesta,

dans cette constance que de l'obstination; de ce qu'il taisait le fait, on conclut que ce fait existait; on attribua sa fermeté à la magie, et on le relégua à la Canée. De cette terre lointaine, le banni, digne alors de quelque pitié, ne cessait d'écrire à son père, à ses amis, pour obtenir quelque adoucissement à sa déportation. N'obtenant rien et sachant que la terreur qu'inspirait le conseil des dix ne lui permettait pas d'espérer de trouver dans Venise une seule voix qui s'élevât en sa faveur, il fit une lettre pour le nouveau duc de Milan, par laquelle, au nom des bons offices que Sforce avait reçus du chef de la république, il implorait son intervention en faveur d'un innocent, du fils du doge.

Cette lettre, selon quelques historiens, fut confiée à un marchand, qui avait promis de la faire parvenir au duc; mais qui, trop averti de ce qu'il avait à craindre en se rendant l'intermédiaire d'une pareille correspondance, se hâta, en débarquant à Venise, de la remettre au chef du tribunal. Une autre version, qui paraît plus sûre, rapporte que la lettre fut surprise par un espion, attaché au pas de l'exilé.⁷⁶

Ce fut un nouveau délit dont on eut à punir Jacques Foscari. Réclamer la protection d'un prince étranger était un crime, dans un sujet de la république. Une galère partit sur-le-champ pour l'amener dans les prisons de Venise. À son arrivée il fut soumis à l'estrapade.⁷⁷ C'était une singulière destinée, pour le citoyen d'une république et pour le fils d'un prince, d'être trois fois dans sa vie appliqué à la question. Cette fois la torture était d'autant plus odieuse, qu'elle n'avait point d'objet, le fait qu'on avait à lui reprocher, étant incontestable.

Quand on demanda à l'accusé, dans les intervalles que les bourreaux lui accordaient, pourquoi il avait écrit la lettre qu'on lui produisait, il répondit que c'était précisément parce qu'il ne doutait pas qu'elle ne tombât entre les mains du tribunal, que toute autre voie lui avait été fermée pour faire parvenir ses réclamations, qu'il s'attendait bien qu'on le ferait amener à Venise; mais qu'il avait tout risqué pour avoir la consolation de voir sa femme, son père, et sa mère encore une fois.

Sur cette naïve déclaration, on confirma sa sentence d'exil; mais on l'aggrava, en y ajoutant qu'il serait retenu en prison pendant un

videtur propter obstinatam mentem suam, non esse possibile extrahere ab ipso illam veritatem, quæ clara est per scripturas et per testificationes, quoniam in fune aliquam nec vocem, nec gemitum, sed solum intra dentes voces ipse videtur et auditur infra se loqui, etc. ... Tamen non est standum in istis terminis, propter honorem statûs nostri et pro multis respectibus, præsertim quod regimen nostrum occupatur in hac re et qui interdictum est amplius progredere: vadit pars quod dictus Jacobus Foscari, propter ea quæ habentur de illo, mittatur in confinium in civitate Canæ, etc. Notice sur le procès de Jacques Foscari dans un volume, intitulé, *Raccolta di memorie storiche e annedote, per formar la Storia dell'eccellentissimo consiglio di X della sua prima istituzione sino a' giorni nostri, con le diverse variazioni e riforme nelle varie epoche successe.* (Archives de Venise.)

76: La notice citée ci-dessus qui rapporte les actes de cette procédure.

77: Ebbe prima per sapere la verità trenta squassi di corda. (Marin Sanuto, *Vite de' Duchi, F. Foscari.*)

an. Cette rigueur, dont on usait envers un malheureux, était sans doute odieuse; mais cette politique, qui défendait à tous les citoyens de faire intervenir les étrangers dans les affaires intérieures de la république, était sage. Elle était chez eux une maxime de gouvernement et une maxime inflexible. L'historien Paul Morosini⁷⁸ a conté que l'empereur Frédéric III, pendant qu'il était l'hôte des Vénitiens, demanda comme une faveur particulière, l'admission d'un citoyen dans le grand conseil, et la grâce d'un ancien gouverneur de Candie, gendre du doge et banni pour sa mauvaise administration, sans pouvoir obtenir ni l'une ni l'autre.

Cependant, on ne put refuser au condamné la permission de voir sa femme, ses enfants, ses parents, qu'il allait quitter pour toujours. Cette dernière entrevue même fut accompagnée de cruauté, par la sévère circonspection, qui retenait les épanchements de la douleur paternelle et conjugale. Ce ne fut point dans l'intérieur de leur appartement, ce fut dans une des grandes salles du palais, qu'une femme, accompagnée de ses quatre fils, vint faire les derniers adieux à son mari, qu'un père octogénaire et la dogaresse accablée d'infirmités, jouirent un moment de la triste consolation de mêler leurs larmes à celles de leur exilé. Il se jeta à leurs genoux en leur tendant des mains disloquées par la torture, pour les supplier de solliciter quelque adoucissement à la sentence qui venait d'être prononcée contre lui. Son père eut le courage de lui répondre: «Non, mon fils, respectez votre arrêt, et obéissez sans murmure à la seigneurie». ⁷⁹ À ces mots il se sépara de l'infortuné, qui fut sur-le-champ embarqué pour Candie.

L'antiquité vit avec autant d'horreur que d'admiration un père condamnant sa fils évidemment coupables. Elle hésita pour qualifier de vertu sublime ou de férocité cet effort qui paraît au-dessus de la nature humaine;⁸⁰ mais ici, où la première faute n'était qu'une faiblesse, où la seconde n'était pas prouvée, où la troisième n'avait rien de criminel, comment concevoir la constance d'un père, qui voit torturer trois fois son fils unique, qui l'entend condamner sans preuves et qui n'éclate pas en plaintes; qui ne l'aborde que pour lui montrer un visage plus austère qu'attendri, et qui, au moment de s'en séparer pour jamais, lui interdit les murmures et jusqu'à l'espérance?

78: *Historia di Venezia*, lib. 23.

79: Marin Sanuto, dans sa chronique, *Vite de' Duchi*, se sert ici sans en avoir eu l'intention d'une expression assez énergique: "Il doge era vecchio in decrepita età e caminava con una mazzetta: E quando gli andò parlogli molto costantemente che pareva che non fosse suo figliuolo, licet fosse figliuolo unico, e Jacopo disse, messer padre, vi prego che procuriate per me, acciocchè io torni a casa mia. Il doge disse: Jacopo, va e obbedisei a quello che vuole la terra, e non cercar più oltre."

80: Cela fut un acte que l'on ne sauroit ny suffisamment louer, ny assez blâmer: car, où c'étoit une excellence de vertu, qui rendoit ainsi son cœur impassible, où une violence de passion qui le rendoit insensible, dont ne l'une ni l'autre n'est chose petite, ains surpassant l'ordinaire d'humaine nature et tenant ou de la divinité ou de la bestialité. Mais il est plus raisonnable que le jugement des hommes s'accorde à sa gloire, que la foiblesse des jugeans fasse des croire sa vertu. Mais pour lors quand il se fut retiré, tout le monde demeura sur la place, comme transy d'horreur et de frayeur, par un long temps sans mot dire, pour avoir veu ce qui avait été fait. (Plutarque, Valerius Publicola.)

Comment expliquer une si cruelle circonspection, si ce n'est en avouant, à notre honte, que la tyrannie peut obtenir de l'espèce humaine les mêmes efforts que la vertu? La servitude aurait-elle son héroïne comme la liberté?

Quelque temps après ce jugement, on découvrit le véritable auteur de l'assassinat, dont Jacques Foscari portait la peine; mais il n'était plus temps de réparer cette atroce injustice, le malheureux était mort dans sa prison.

Il me reste à raconter la suite des malheurs du père. L'histoire les attribue à l'impatience qu'avaient ses ennemis et ses rivaux de voir vaquer sa place. Elle accuse formellement Jacques Loredan, l'un des chefs du conseil des dix, de s'être livré contre ce vieillard aux conseils d'une haine héréditaire, et qui depuis long-temps divisait leurs maisons.⁸¹

François Foscari avait essayé de la faire cesser, en offrant sa fille à l'illustre amiral Pierre Loredan, pour on de ses fils. L'alliance avait été rejetée, et l'inimitié des deux familles s'en était accrue. Dans tous les conseils, dans toutes les affaires, le doge trouvait toujours les Loredan prêts à combattre ses propositions ou ses intérêts. Il lui échappa un jour de dire qu'il ne se croirait réellement prince, que lorsque Pierre Loredan aurait cesse de vivre. Cet amiral mourut quelque temps après d'une incommodité assez prompte qu'on ne put expliquer. Il n'en fallut pas davantage aux malveillants pour insinuer que François Foscari, ayant désiré cette mort, pouvait bien l'avoir hâtée.

Ces bruits s'accréditèrent encore lorsqu'on vit aussi périr subitement Marc Loredan, frère de Pierre, et cela dans le moment ou, en sa qualité d'avogador, il instruisait un procès contre André Donato, gendre du doge, accusé de péculat. On écrivit sur la tombe de l'amiral qu'il avait été enlevé à la patrie par le poison.

Il n'y avait aucune preuve, aucun indice contre François Foscari, aucune raison même de le soupçonner. Quand sa vie entière n'aurait pas démenti une imputation aussi odieuse, il savait que son rang ne lui promettait ni l'impunité ni même l'indulgence. La mort tragique de l'un de ses prédécesseurs l'en avertissait, et il n'avait que trop d'exemples domestiques du soin que le conseil des dix prenait d'humilier le chef de la république. Cependant, Jacques Loredan, fils de Pierre, croyait ou feignait de croire avoir à venger les pertes de sa famille.⁸² Dans ses livres de comptes (car il faisait le commerce, comme a cette époque presque tous les patriciens), il avait inscrit de sa propre main le doge au nombre de ses débiteurs, pour la mort, y

81: Je suis principalement dans ce récit une relation manuscrite de la déposition de François Foscari qui est dans le volume intitulé, *Raccolta di memorie storiche e annedote, per formar la Storia dell' eccellentissimo consiglio di X.* (Archives de Venise.)

82: *Hasce tamen injurias quamvis imaginarias non tam ad animum revocaverat Jacobus Lauredanus defunctorum nepos, quam in abeccdarium vindictam opportuna.* (Palazzi Fasti Ducales.)

était-il dit, de mon père et de mon oncle.⁸³ De l'autre côté du registre, il avait laissé une page en blanc, pour y faire mention du recouvrement de cette dette, et en effet, après la perte du doge, il écrivit sur son registre: il me l'a payée, l'ha pagata.

Jacques Loredan fut élu membre du conseil des dix, en devint un des trois chefs, et se promit bien de profiter de cette occasion pour accomplir la vengeance qu'il méditait.

Le doge en sortant de la terrible épreuve qu'il venait de subir, pendant le procès de son fils, s'était retirée au fond de son palais, incapable de se livrer aux affaires, consumée de chagrins, accablée de vieillesse, il ne se montrait plus en public, ni même dans les conseils. Cette retraite, si facile à expliquer dans un vieillard octogénaire si malheureux, déplut aux decemvirs, qui voulurent y voir un murmure contre leurs arrêts.

Loredan commença par se plaindre devant ses collègues du tort que les infirmités du doge, son absence des conseils, apportaient à l'expédition des affaires, il finit par hasarder et réussit à faire agréer la proposition de le déposer. Ce n'était pas la première fois que Venise avait pour prince un homme dans la caducité; l'usage et les lois y avaient pourvu; dans ces circonstances le doge était suppléé par le plus ancien du conseil. Ici, cela ne suffisait pas aux ennemis de Foscari. Pour donner plus de solennité à la délibération, le conseil des dix demanda une adjonction de vingt-cinq sénateurs; mais comme on n'en énonçait pas l'objet, et que le grand conseil était loin de le soupçonner, il se trouva que Marc Foscari, frère du doge, leur fut donné pour l'un des adjoints. Au lieu de l'admettre à la délibération, ou de réclamer contre ce choix, on enferma ce sénateur dans une chambre séparée, et on lui fit jurer de ne jamais parler de cette exclusion qu'il éprouvait, en lui déclarant qu'il y allait de sa vie; ce qui n'empêcha pas qu'on n'inscrivit son nom au bas du décret comme s'il y eût pris part.⁸⁴

Quand on en vint à la délibération, Loredan la provoqua en ces termes.⁸⁵ «Si l'utilité publique doit imposer silence à tous les intérêts privés, je ne doute pas que nous ne prenions aujourd'hui une mesure, que la patrie réclame que nous lui devons. Les états ne peuvent se maintenir dans un ordre de choses immuable: vous n'avez qu'à voir comme le notre est changé, et combien il le serait davantage s'il n'y avait une autorité assez ferme pour y porter remède. J'ai honte de vous faire remarquer la confusion qui règne dans les conseils, le désordre des délibérations, l'encombrement des affaires, et la légèreté avec laquelle les plus importantes sont décidées; la licence de notre jeunesse, le peu d'assiduité des magistrats, l'introduction de nouveautés dangereuses. Quel est l'effet de ces désordres? de compromettre notre considération. Quelle en est la cause? l'absence

83: Ibid. et l'Histoire Vénétienne de Vianolo.

84: Il faut cependant remarquer que dans la notice où l'on raconte ce fait, la délibération est rapportée, que les vingt-cinq adjoints y sont nommés, et que le nom de Marc Foscari ne s'y trouve pas.

85: Cette harangue se lit dans la notice citée ci-dessus.

d'un chef capable de modérer les uns, de diriger les autres, de donner l'exemple a tous, et de maintenir la force des lois.»

«Ou est le temps ou nos décrets étaient aussitôt exécutés que rendus? Ou François Carrare se trouvait investi dans Padoue, avant de pouvoir être seulement informée que nous voulions lui faire la guerre? nous avons vu tout le contraire dans la dernière guerre contre le duc de Milan. Malheureuse la république qui est sans chef!»

« Je ne vous rappelle pas tous ces inconvénients et leurs suites déplorables, pour vous affliger, pour vous effrayer, mais pour vous faire souvenir que vous êtes les maîtres, les conservateurs de cet état, fondée par vos pères, et de la liberté que nous devons a leurs travaux, a leurs institutions. Ici, le mal indique le remède. Nous n'avons point de chef, il nous en faut un. Notre prince est notre ouvrage, nous avons donc le droit de juger son mérite quand il s'agit de l'élire, et son incapacité quand elle se manifeste. J'ajouterai que le peuple, encore bien qu'il n'ait pas le droit de prononcer sur les actions des ses maîtres, apprendra ce changement avec transport. C'est la providence, je n'en doute pas, qui lui inspire elle-même ces dispositions, pour vous avertir que la république réclame cette résolution, et que le sort de l'état est en vos mains.»

Ce discours n'éprouva que de timides contradictions; cependant, la délibération dura huit jours. L'assemblée, ne se jugeant pas aussi sûre de l'approbation universelle que l'orateur voulait le lui faire croire, désirait que le doge donnât lui-même sa démission. Il avait déjà proposée deux fois, et on n'avait pas voulu l'accepter.

Aucune loi ne portait que le prince fut révocable: il était au contraire a vie, et les exemples qu'on pouvait citer de plusieurs doges déposés, prouvaient que de telles révolutions avaient toujours été le résultat d'un mouvement populaire.

Mais d'ailleurs, si le doge pouvait être déposé, ce n'était pas assurément par un tribunal composé d'un petit nombre de membres, institué pour punir les crimes, et nullement investi du droit de révoquer ce que le corps souverain de l'état avait fait.

Cependant, le tribunal arrêta que les six conseillers de la seigneurie, et les chefs du conseil des dix, se transporteraiènt auprès du doge pour lui signifier, que l'excellentissime conseil avait jugé convenable qu'il abdiquât one dignité, dont son age ne lui permettait plus de remplir les fonctions. On lui donnait 1500 ducats d'or pour son entretien et vingt-quatre heures pour se décider.⁸⁶

Foscari répondit sur-le-champ avec beaucoup de gravité, que deux fois il avait voulu se démettre de sa charge; qu'au lieu de le lui permettre, on avait exigé de lui le serment de ne plus réitérer cette demande; que la providence avait prolongé ses jours pour l'éprouver et pour l'affliger, que cependant on n'était pas en droit de reprocher sa longue vie a un homme qui avait employé quatre-vingt-quatre ans au service de la république; qu'il était prêt encore a lui sacrifier sa vie; mais que, pour sa dignité, il la tenait de la république entière, et qu'il

86: Ce Décret est rapporté textuellement dans la notice.

se réservait de répondre sur ce sujet, quand la volonté générale se serait légalement manifestée.

Le lendemain, à l'heure indiquée, les conseillers et les chefs des dix se présentèrent. Il ne voulut pas leur donner d'autre réponse. Le conseil s'assembla sur-le-champ, lui envoya demander encore une fois sa résolution, séance tenante, et, la réponse ayant été la même, on prononça que le doge était relevé de son serment et déposé de sa dignité, on lui assignait une pension de 1500 ducats d'or, en lui enjoignant de sortir du palais dans huit jours, sous peine de voir tous ses biens confisqués.⁸⁷

Le lendemain, ce décret fut porté au doge, et ce fut Jacques Loredan qui eut la cruelle joie de le lui présenter. Il répondit: «Si j'avais pu prévoir que ma vieillesse fut préjudiciable à l'état, le chef de la république ne se serait pas montré assez ingrat, pour préférer sa dignité à la patrie; mais cette vie lui ayant été utile pendant tant d'années, je voulais lui en consacrer jusqu'au dernier moment. Le décret est rendu, je m'y conformerai.» Après avoir parlé ainsi, il se dépouilla des marques de sa dignité, remit l'anneau ducal, qui fut brisée en sa présence, et dès le jour suivant il quitta ce palais, qu'il avait habité pendant trente-cinq ans, accompagné de son frère, de ses parents, et de ses amis. Un secrétaire, qui se trouva sur le perron, l'invita à descendre par un escalier dérobé, afin d'éviter la foule du peuple, qui s'était rassemblé dans les cours, mais il s'y refusa, disant qu'il voulait descendre par où il était monté; et quand il fut au bas de l'escalier des géants, il se retourna, appuyée sur sa béquille, vers le palais en proférant ces paroles: «Mes services m'y avaient appelé, la malice de mes ennemis m'en fait sortir.»

La foule qui s'ouvrait sur son passage, et qui avait peut-être désirée sa mort, était émue de respect et d'attendrissement.⁸⁸ Rentré dans sa maison, il recommanda à sa famille d'oublier les injures de ses ennemis. Personne dans les divers corps de l'état ne se crut en droit de s'étonner, qu'un prince inamovible eut été déposé sans qu'on lui reprochât rien; que l'état eut perdu son chef, à l'insu du sénat et du corps souverain lui-même. Le peuple seul laissa échapper quelques regrets: une proclamation du conseil des dix prescrivit le silence le plus absolu sur cette affaire, sous peine de mort.

Avant de donner un successeur à François Foscari, une nouvelle loi fut rendue, qui défendait au doge d'ouvrir et de lire, autrement qu'en présence de ses conseillers, les dépêches des ambassadeurs de la république, et les lettres des princes étrangers.⁸⁹

Les électeurs entrèrent au conclave et nommèrent au dogat Paschal Malipier le 30 Octobre, 1457. La cloche de Saint-Marc, qui annonçait à Venise son nouveau prince, vint frapper l'oreille de

87: La notice rapporte aussi ce décret.

88: On lit dans la notice ces propres mots: "Se fosse stato in loro potere volontieri lo avrebbero restituito".

89: Hist. di Venetia, di Paolo Morosini, lib.24.

François Foscari; cette fois sa fermeté l'abandonna, il éprouva un tel saisissement, qu'il mourut le lendemain.⁹⁰

La république arrêta qu'on lui rendrait les mêmes honneurs funèbres que s'il fut mort dans l'exercice de sa dignité; mais lorsqu'on se présenta pour enlever ses testes, sa veuve, qui de son nom était Marine Nani, déclara qu'elle ne le souffrirait point; qu'on ne devait pas traiter en prince après sa mort celui que vivant on avait dépouillé de la couronne, et que, lui qu'il avait consumé ses biens au service de l'état, elle saurait consacrer sa dot à lui faire rendre les derniers honneurs.⁹¹ On ne tint aucun compte de cette résistance, et malgré les protestations de l'ancienne dogaresse, le corps fut enlevé, revêtu des ornements ducaux, exposée en public, et les obsèques furent célébrées avec la pompe accoutumée. Le nouveau doge assista au convoi en robe de sénateur.

La pitié qu'avait inspirée la malheur de ce vieillard, ne fut pas tout-à-fait stérile. Un an après, on osa dire que le conseil de dix avait outrepassé ses pouvoirs, et il lui fut défendu par une loi du grand conseil de s'ingérer à l'avenir de juger le prince, à moins que ce ne fut pour cause de félonie.⁹²

Un acte d'autorité tel que la déposition d'un doge inamovible de sa nature, aurait pu exciter un soulèvement général, ou au moins occasionner une division dans une république autrement constituée que Venise. Mais depuis trois ans, il existait dans celle-ci une magistrature, on plutôt une autorité, devant laquelle tout devait se taire.

**APPENDIX II: TRANSLATION OF APPENDIX I
EXTRACT FROM THE *HISTORY OF VENICE* BY P. DARÙ OF THE
FRENCH ACADEMY, VOLUME II.**

For thirty years, the Republic had not laid down its arms. It had acquired the provinces of Brescia, Bergamo, Cremona, and the principality of Ravenna.

But these continual wars created much misery and dissatisfaction. The Doge Francesco Foscari, whose role in promoting the conflicts no-one could forgive, expressed in 1442, for the second time, and probably with more sincerity than he had the first time, the intention of abdicating from his position. The Council again refused him. An oath not to quit was exacted from him. He was already advanced in years, though retaining much mental power and character, and rejoicing in having seen the glory of the Republic extended, during his administration, to the furthest limits of its domains.

In the midst of all this prosperity, great unhappiness came to test the strength of his spirit.

In 1445 his son, Jacopo Foscari, was accused of having received gifts from various foreign princes or lords, especially, it was said, from Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan. This was not merely a baseness, but a positive infraction of the Republic's laws.

90: Hist. di Pietro Justiniani, lib.8.

91: Hist. d'Egnatio, liv.6 cap.7.

92: Ce décret est du 25 Octobre, 1458. La notice le rapporte.

The Council of Ten treated this matter as if annoyed by a minor crime committed by some obscure party. The accused was brought before the judges, before the Doge, who did not consider himself able to abstain from presiding at the tribunal. There he was interrogated, put to the Question,⁹³ pronounced guilty, and heard from the mouth of his own father a sentence which condemned him to perpetual banishment, and sent him to Napoli di Romania for the remainder of his days.

Embarked in a galley for his place of exile, he fell ill at Trieste. The pleas of the Doge obtained, not without difficulty, his assignment to another residence. At length the Council of Ten allowed him to retire to Treviso, imposing on him the condition that he must remain there under pain of death, and to present himself daily before the governor.

He was there five years, until one of the Chiefs of the Council of Ten was assassinated. Suspicion fell on him; one of his servants was seen in Venice and put to the torture. The executioners could force no confession from him. This terrible tribunal sent for the master, and made him undergo the same process; he resisted all the torments, never ceasing to proclaim his innocence;⁹⁴ but his constancy was only read as obstinacy; the more he stayed silent, the more the fact was concluded; his firmness was attributed to magic, and he was exiled to Crete. From this distant land the banished one, worthy now of some measure of pity, wrote ceaselessly to his father and friends with a view to getting some curtailment of his sentence. Obtaining nothing, and aware that the terror inspired by the Council of Ten allowed him to hope for no Venetian voice to be raised on his behalf, he sent a letter to the new Duke of Milan, through which, in the name of the good offices which Sforza had obtained from the Chief of the Republic, he implored his intervention in favour of an innocent man, the son of the Doge.

According to some historians this letter was confided to a merchant, who had promised to convey it to the Duke; but who, too frightened by what he had to fear by becoming intermediary in such an exchange, hastened, upon disembarking at Venice, to hand it over to the Chief of the Tribunal. Another version, perhaps more reliable, has it that the letter was discovered by a spy who was shadowing the exile.⁹⁵

Now there was a new misdemeanour for which Jacopo Foscari could be punished. Claiming protection from a foreign prince was a crime in a servant of the Republic. A galley set out at once to bring him to the prisons of Venice. Upon his

93: He was subjected to the cord to get the truth from him; called before the Council of Ten, together with the giunta, he was *sentenced*. (Marin Sanuto, *Lives of the Doges*, F. Foscari.)

94: He was tortured but confessed nothing, then by the Council of Ten he was imprisoned for life in Canea [Crete] (Ibid.) Here is the text of the judgement: "Upon the occasion of the assault upon and death of Ermolai Donati, Jacopo Foscari was arrested and examined, and from the evidence, the witnesses, and the writings they had against him, it seemed clear that he had had warning of the crime; but by spells and words which he was heard to use, it was seen (of which clear signs existed), that through the obstinacy of his soul, it would not be possible to extract that truth from him which was clear from the written and oral testimony, whereas despite the cord, neither by word, nor groan, but solely from what he was seen and heard to say between his teeth and under his breath, etc. ... However, things could not be allowed to remain in this state, for the honour of our state and above all for many other interests that our country had in this matter, which was preventing its progress, it was quickly decreed that the said Jacopo Foscari, on account of all the evidence against him, should be sent to confinement in the town of Cania, etc." – Account of the trial of Jacopo Foscari, in a volume entitled, *Account of recollections, stories and anecdotes, towards a narration of the most excellent Council of Ten from its first foundation down to our own times, with the different variations and reforms of the various succeeding epochs* (Archives of Venice). [THE LATIN IS ROUGH. – P.C.]

95: The account noted below records the details of this procedure.

arrival he was put to the *strappado*.⁹⁶ This was a strange destiny, for the citizen of a republic and the sin of a prince, to be three times in his life put to the Question. This time the torture was more odious still, in that it was without point, his guilt in the crime with which he was accused being incontestable.

When the accused was asked, in the intervals which his torturers allowed him, why he had written the letter which he was shown, he answered that it was precisely because he had not doubted that it would fall into the hands of the Tribunal, that he had been denied all other methods of clearing his name, that he had fully expected to be brought back to Venice, but that he had risked all in order to have the consolation of seeing his wife, his father, and his mother once again.

Upon his making this naïve declaration, the sentence of exile on him was confirmed; but made worse by the addition, that he should be imprisoned for one year. Such rigour, used against a malefactor, was doubtless hateful; but the policy which forbade all citizens to bring foreigners into the Republic's internal affairs, was wise. It was amongst them a maxim of government which was inflexible. The historian Paolo Morosini⁹⁷ has told how the Emperor Frederick III, while he was the Venetians' host, asked as a particular favour the admission of a citizen on to the Grand Council, and forgiveness for an old governor of Crete, a relative of the Doge who had been banished for bad administration, without being granted either.

Meanwhile, they could not deny the condemned man permission to see his wife, his children, his parents, whom he was about to leave for ever. Even this concession was accompanied by cruelty, in the severe conditions imposed on these outpourings of paternal and conjugal grief. It was not in their domestic apartments, but in one of the great halls of the Palace, that a wife, accompanied by their four sons, came to bid her last farewells to her husband, and that an octogenarian father and the *dogeresse* bowed down with infirmities, enjoyed a moment of sad consolation, in mingling their tears with those of the exiled one. He threw himself at their feet, extending the hands dislocated by torture, supplicating them to seek some mollification to the sentence which had just been pronounced against him. His father had courage enough to reply, "No, my son – obey the sentence, and obey the Signory without murmur".⁹⁸ With these words he abandoned the wretch, who was at once sent to Crete.

Antiquity viewed a father condemning his son with a mixture of horror and admiration, even when that son was guilty. It was uncertain whether to describe that seemingly superhuman effort as sublime virtue, or as ferocity.⁹⁹ But here, where the

96: In order to obtain the truth from him, he was racked thirty times. (Marin Sanuto, *Lives of the Doges*, F. Foscari.)

97: *Story of Venice*, Book 23.

98: Marin Sanuto, in his chronicle, *Lives of the Doges*, makes use here, unintentionally, of a vivid expression: "The Doge was old and in a decrepit state, and walked with a staff: and when the other said that he did not seem to be his son, still less his only son, Jacopo said, "My lord father, I pray that you will procure permission for me to return to my home", the Doge said, "Jacopo, be obedient to the state's demands, and ask nothing else."

99: [The passage is from Plutarch, and refers to Lucius Junius Brutus and the executions of his two sons:] "He had done a deed which it is difficult for one either to praise or blame sufficiently. For either the loftiness of his virtue made his spirit incapable of suffering, or else the magnitude of his suffering made it insensible to pain. In neither case was his act a trivial one, or natural to a man, but either god-like or brutish. However, it is right that our verdict should accord with the reputation of the man, rather than that his virtue should be discredited through weakness in the judge. [CUT: *For the Romans think that the work of Romulus in building the city was not so great as that of Brutus in founding and establishing its form of government.*] After [Brutus] had left the forum at this time, for a long while consternation, horror, and silence prevailed among all who remained, as they thought of what had been done." (Plutarch's Life of Valerius Agricola.)

first fault had been but a weakness, where the second had not been proven, and where the third had nothing criminal about it, how to understand the constancy of a father, who thrice watched his only son being tortured, who heard him condemned thrice without proof, and who did not break out in weeping; who never faced him except to show him a countenance more austere than tender, and who, at the moment of perpetual separation, forbade him not just to murmur, but even to hope? How to explain so cruel a circumspection, without admitting, to our shame, that tyranny can call forth from human nature efforts as mighty as virtue? Does servitude have its heroism, just as liberty does?

Some time after this judgement, the real instigator of the assassination was found, for whose offence Jacopo Foscari had been punished; but there was not time to repair this injustice, for the unhappy man had died in prison.

It remains to me to tell of the misfortunes of the father. The story attributes these to the impatience felt by his enemies to replace him. Giacomo Loredano, one of the Chiefs of the Council of Ten, is accused of harbouring against the old man a hereditary hatred, which had divided their houses for centuries.¹⁰⁰

Francesco Foscari had tried to put a stop to this by offering his daughter to one of the sons of the famous admiral Pietro Loredano. This alliance had been rejected, and thus the antagonism between the two families had increased. In all councils and affairs the Doge always found the Loredanos ready to oppose his proposals and interests. He was once heard to say that he would never truly think himself prince until Pietro Loredano had ceased to live. The admiral died shortly after, of a sudden and inexplicable malady. Ill-disposed people were not slow to insinuate that Francesco Foscari, desiring his death, could very well have hastened it.

These rumours gained credit when Marco Loredano, Pietro's brother, also died suddenly, and that at the very moment when he was, as advocate, preparing a prosecution for peculation against Andrea Donato, a relative of the Doge. It was written on the admiral's tomb that he had been taken away from his fatherland by poison.

There was no evidence, nothing to indicate Francesco Foscari, no reason even to suspect him. Though his entire life would not have contradicted such an odious imputation, he knew that his rank allowed him neither impunity nor indulgence. The tragic death of one of his predecessors showed this to be true, and there were only too many examples of the lengths to which the Council of Ten would go in order to humiliate the head of the Republic.

Meanwhile, Giacomo Loredano, the son of Pietro, believed, or pretended to believe, that it was his duty to revenge his family's losses.¹⁰¹ In his accounting books (for he was in commerce, as almost all patricians were in that era), he had with his own hand listed the Doge among the number of his debtors, "... for the deaths", he had written, "... of my father and my uncle".¹⁰² Opposite this entry he had left a page blank, on which to record the recovery of this debt, and in fact, after the Doge's death, did actually write "He has paid me" ("L'ha pagata").

100: In this narration I mainly follow a manuscript record of the deposition of Francesco Foscari in the volume entitled, *Account of recollections, stories and anecdotes, towards a narration of the most excellent Council of Ten* (Archives of Venice).

101: "Nevertheless, this injury, however imaginary, worked so powerfully on the soul of Giacomo Loredano, nephew of the deceased, that he thought of nothing but revenge." (Palazzi Fasti Ducales.)

102: Ibid. and Vianolo's *Venetian History*.

Giacomo Loredano was elected to the Council of Ten, became one of its three Chiefs, and promised himself to profit by this by accomplishing the vengeance he had meditated.

The Doge, in emerging from the terrible ordeal to which he had just been submitted, during the trial of his son, retired into the depths of his palace: unable to concentrate on affairs, broken with age, he did not show himself in public, nor even in Council. This retreat, readily explicable in such an unhappy octogenarian, was displeasing to the Ten, who claimed to see in it a gesture of displeasure against their administration.

Loredano commenced by protesting to his colleagues of the wrong which the Doge's infirmities and his absence from the Council, affected the dispatch of his affairs. He ended by risking, and obtaining an agreement on, a proposal to depose him. This was not the first time that Venice had been ruled by a decrepit man; custom and law had foreseen the contingency; in these circumstances, the Doge was to be pleaded with by the oldest Council members. But in this case it was not enough for Foscari's enemies. To give their deliberations greater solemnity, the Council of Ten demanded a meeting of twenty-five senators; but as the object of the meeting was not announced in advance, and as the Grand Council was far from suspecting it, Marco Foscari, the Doge's brother, was among those summoned. Rather than either admit him to their proceeding or to exclude him from it, this senator was kept in a separate chamber, and made to swear never to speak of his exclusion, on pain of death: this did not prevent his signature being appended to the secret decree, as if he had been present.¹⁰³

When it came to the motion, Loredano proposed it in these terms:¹⁰⁴ "If the public good should come before all private interest, I do not doubt that we shall today adopt a measure which the motherland places on us as a duty. States can not maintain themselves in an immutable order; you have only to see how ours has changed, and how much more it would change, were there insufficient authority to provide a remedy. It shames me to remark to you upon the confusion which reigns in its councils, the disorder in its deliberations, the mismanagement of its affairs, and the frivolity with which its most important decisions are made; the license of our youth, the idleness of our magistrates, and the introduction of dangerous novelties. What is the effect of these disorders? – the compromise of our decision-making. What is the cause? – the absence of a Chief able to moderate the one, to direct the other, to give an example to all, and to maintain the power of the law."

"When was the last time that one of our decrees was no sooner passed than executed? Was it when Francesco Carrara found, as soon as he was invested in Padua, that it was our intention to make war on him? But it was the opposite during the last war, with the Duke of Milan. Woe to the Republic without a Chief!"

"I do not draw your attention to these weaknesses and their deplorable consequences in order to disturb you, or to make you afraid, but to remind you that you are the masters, the preservers of this state founded by your fathers, and of the freedom which we owe to their labour, and their institutions. In this case, the cure is dictated by the malady. As we have no Chief, we must create one. Our Prince is our own creation, and we have both the right to judge of his merits when we elect him, and of his weaknesses whenever they show themselves. I would add that the people, though they have not the right to pronounce upon the actions of their masters, will

103: It must however be said, that in the account where this is told, the decision is recorded, and that the name of Marco Foscari is not to be found there.

104: This harangue may be read in the account cited below.

perceive such a change with rapture. I doubt not that it is Providence which inspires these feelings, admonishing you that the Republic claims this resolution of you, and that the destiny of the state is in your hands”.

This speech brought forth only the most timid objections; even so, deliberation lasted eight days. The assembly, by no means as confident of universal approbation as the orator had wished them to be, wished the Doge to offer his own resignation. He had already done so twice, but the state had not accepted his offer.

No law allowed for the Doge’s removal; he was, on the contrary, elected for life, and any examples which could be cited of Doges deposed, proved that such revolutions were always the result of popular movements.

But on the other hand, if the Doge could be deposed, it was most assuredly not by a tribunal made up of a small number of members, created for the punishment of crimes, and in no way invested with the right to revoke such things as had been decreed by the sovereign state.

Nevertheless, the tribunal ordered that six councillors from the Signory, and the chief councillors of the six, should betake themselves to the Doge in order to signify to him that the *excellantissime* Council had judged it right that he should abdicate from a dignity of which his age no longer enabled him to fulfil the functions. He was given 1,500 ducats for his maintenance, and twenty-four hours to reach his decision.¹⁰⁵

Foscari replied at once with much gravity, that he had twice offered to relinquish his office, and that rather than allow him to, an oath had been extracted from him never to repeat the request; that Providence had lengthened his days in order to test him and to afflict him, that meanwhile no-one had the right to reproach with longevity a man who had given eighty-four years to the service of the Republic, that he was still prepared to sacrifice his life; but that, as far as his own dignity was concerned, he answered to the whole republic, and that he reserved his answer on this subject until the general will had been legally shown in a way that accorded with the law.

On the day following, at the time appointed, the councillors and leaders of the Ten presented themselves. He had no desire to give them any other answer. The Council declared itself to be in sitting there and then, once again demanded a decision from him: and, his answer being the same, the Doge was declared to be relieved of his oath and removed from his dignity. He was awarded a pension of 1,500 ducats, and instructed to quit the palace in eight days, under penalty of having all his goods confiscated.¹⁰⁶

The day after, this decree was taken to the Doge, and it was Giacomo Loredano who enjoyed the cruel pleasure of presenting it to him. He responded, “Had I been able to foresee that my old age would be prejudicial to the state, the Chief of the Republic would not have been so ungrateful as to value his dignity over that of his motherland; but this life having been of good to her for so many years, I wished to dedicate it to her until my final moment. The decree has been given, and I shall obey it”. Having said this, he divested himself of the marks of his rank, gave up the ducal ring, which was broken in his presence, and before the end of the following day he left the palace in which he had lived for thirty-five years, accompanied by his brother, by his relatives, and by his friends. A secretary, finding him on the steps, invited him to descend by a concealed staircase, to avoid the crowd which had assembled in the

105: The text of this decree is to be found in the account.

106: The account also reproduces this decree.

courtyard, but he refused, saying he wished to descend in the way he had ascended; and when he was at the foot of the Giants' Staircase, he turned towards the palace, leaning on his stick, and said, "My services called me thither, the malice of my enemies forces me forth".

The crowd which had opened to allow him through, and which had perhaps desired his death, were seized with respect and attentiveness.¹⁰⁷ Returned to his house, he told his family to forget his injuries, and his enemies. No-one in the entire varied body of the state could not feel astonished that a prince whose tenure was lifelong, had been deposed without being accused in any way, and that the state had been deprived of its head without the knowledge of the senate or of the sovereign body itself. Only the people gave voice to a few regrets: but a ruling from the Council of Ten ordered absolute silence about the matter, on pain of death.

Before the appointment of a successor to Francesco Foscari, a new law was passed, forbidding the doge to open or read dispatches from the ambassadors of the Republic, and letters from foreign princes, other than in the presence of his Councillors.¹⁰⁸

The electors went into conclave and on October 30 1457 elected Pasquale Malipier to the Dogeship. The bell of St Mark's, announcing to Venice its new prince, reached the ear of Francesco Foscari; this time his strength failed him, he had a seizure, and died the next day.¹⁰⁹

The Republic decreed that he should have the funeral honours which would have been his had he died in office; but when they came to take his remains away, his widow, whose name was Marine Nani, declared that she would in no way endure it; that they should not after his death treat as a prince one from whom, while he lived, the crown had been snatched, and that, as he had exhausted his means, she would give up her own dowry to furnish him with the final honours.¹¹⁰ No notice was paid of this resistance, and despite the objections of the aged *dogeressa*, the body was taken, dressed again in its ducal robes, displayed in public, and buried with the accustomed ceremonial. The new Doge took part in the procession, dressed as a senator.

The pity which the sufferings of this old man had inspired was not altogether without effect. One year later, sufficient courage was summoned to declare that the Council of Ten had overreached its powers, and the Grand Council passed a law forbidding it in future from meddling with or passing judgement on a prince, at least in any cases other than those involving felony.¹¹¹

Such an authoritarian act as the deposition of a Doge, whose office was by its very nature one of life-tenure, might have led to a general uprising, or at the very least occasioned a division, in a republic otherwise constituted than Venice. But for three years there existed there a magistracy, or rather an authority, before which all had to be silent.

107: We read in the account these very words: "If they had had their way they would have restored him to power".

108: Paolo Morosini's *History of Venice*, Bk.24.

109: *History* of Pietro Justiniani, Bk.8.

110: d'Egnatio's *History*, Bk.6 ch.7.

111: This decree is dated October 25 1458. The account reproduces it.

APPENDIX III
EXTRAIT DE L'HISTOIRE DES REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES DU
MOYEN AGE. PAR J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. TOM. X.¹¹²

LE Doge de Venise, qui avait prévenu par ce traité une guerre non moins dangereuse que celle qu'il avait terminée presque en même temps par le traité de Lodi, était alors parvenu a une extrême vieillesse. François Foscari occupait cette première dignité de l'état des le 15 Avril, 1423. Quoiqu'il fût déjà âgé de plus de cinquante-un ans à l'époque de son élection, il était cependant le plus jeune des quarante-un électeurs. Il avait eu beaucoup de peine à parvenir au rang qu'il convoitait, et son élection avait été conduite avec beaucoup d'adresse. Pendant plusieurs tours de scrutin ses amis les plus zélés s'étaient abstenus de lui donner leur suffrage, pour que les autres ne le considérassent pas comme un concurrent redoutable.¹¹³ Le conseil des dix craignait son crédit parmi la noblesse pauvre, parce qu'il avait cherché à se la rendre favorable, tandis qu'il était procureur de Saint-Marc, en faisant employer plus de trente mille ducats à doter des jeunes filles de bonne maison, ou à établir de jeunes gentilshommes. On craignait encore sa nombreuse famille, car alors il était père de quatre enfans, et marié de nouveau; enfin on redoutait son ambition et son goût pour la guerre. L'opinion que ses adversaires s'étaient formée de lui fut vérifiée par les événemens; pendant trente-quatre ans que Foscari fut à la tête de la république, elle ne cessa point de combattre. Si les hostilités étaient suspendues durant quelques mois, c'était pour recommencer bientôt avec plus de vigueur. Ce fut l'époque où Venise étendit son empire sur Brescia, Bergame, Ravenne, et Crème; où elle fonda sa domination de Lombardie, et parut sans cesse sur le point d'asservir toute cette province. Profond, courageux, inébranlable, Foscari communiqua aux conseils son propre caractère, et ses talens lui firent obtenir plus d'influence sur la république, que n'en avaient exercé la plupart de ses prédécesseurs. Mais si son ambition avait eu pour but l'agrandissement de sa famille, elle fut cruellement trompée: trois de ses fils moururent dans les huit années qui suivirent son élection; le quatrième, Jacob, par lequel la maison Foscari s'est perpétuée, fut victime de la jalousie du conseil des dix, et empoisonna par ses malheurs les jours de son père.¹¹⁴

En effet, le conseil des dix, redoublant de défiance envers le chef de l'état, lorsqu'il le voyait plus fort par ses talens et sa popularité, veillait sans cesse sur Foscari, pour le punir de son crédit et de sa gloire. Au mois de Février 1445 Michel Bevilacqua, Florentin, exilé à Venise, accusa en secret Jacques Foscari auprès des inquisiteurs d'état, d'avoir reçu de due Philippe Visconti, des présens d'argent et de bijoux, par les mains des gens de sa maison. Telle était l'odieuse procédure adoptée à Venise, que sur cette accusation secrète, le fils

112: This history does not appear in any of the sales catalogues of B.'s library; but it does appear as item 364 in the sale following the 1827 sale ("The Library of a Gentleman, Deceased").

113: Marin Sanuto, *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia*, p.967.

114: *Ibid.* p.968.

du doge, du représentant de la majesté de la république, fut mis a la torture. On lui arracha par l'estrapade l'aveu des charges portées contre lui; il fut relégué pour le reste de ses jours à Napoli de Romanie, avec obligation de se présenter chaque matin au commandant de la place. Cependant, le vaisseau qui le portait ayant touché à Trieste, Jacob, grièvement malade des suites de la torture, et plus encore de l'humiliation qu'il avait éprouvée, demanda en grâce au conseil des dix de n'être pas envoyée plus loin. Il obtint cette faveur, par une délibération du 28 Décembre, 1446; il fut rappelée a Trévisé, et il eut la liberté d'habiter tout le Trévisan indifféremment.¹¹⁵

Il vivait en paix a Trévisé; et la fille de Leonard Contarini, qu'il avait épousée le 10 Février, 1441, était venue le joindre dans son exil, lorsque le 5 Novembre, 1450, Almore Donato, chef du conseil des dix, fut assassiné. Les deux autres inquisiteurs d'état, Triadano Gritti et Antonio Venieri, portèrent leurs soupçons sur Jacob Foscarì, parce-qu'un domestique a lui, nommée Olivier, avait été vu ce soir-la même a Venise, et avait des premiers donne la nouvelle de cet assassinat. Olivier fut mis à la torture, mais il nia jusqu'à la fin, avec un courage inébranlable, le crime dont on l'accusait, quoique ses juges eussent la barbarie de lui faire donner jusqu'à quatre-vingts tours d'estrapade. Cependant, comme Jacob Foscarì avait de puissans motifs d'inimitié contre le conseil des dix qui l'avait condamné, et qui témoignait de la haine au doge son père, on essaya de mettre à son tour Jacob a la torture, et l'on prolongea contre lui ces affreux tourmens, sans réussir a en tirer aucune confession. Malgré sa dénégation, le conseil des dix le condamna à être transporte a la Canée, et accorda one récompense a son délateur. Mais les horribles douleurs que Jacob Foscarì avait éprouvées, avaient troublé sa raison, ses persécuteurs, touchés de ce dernier malheur, permirent qu'on le ramenât a Venise le 26 Mai, 1451. Il embrassa son père, il puisa dans ses exhortations quelque courage et quelque calme, et il fut reconduit immédiatement a la Canée.¹¹⁶ Sur ces entrefaites, Nicolas Erizzo, homme déjà noté pour un précédent crime, confessa, en mourant, que c'était lui qui avait tué Almore Donato.¹¹⁷

Le malheureux doge, François Foscarì, avait déjà cherché à plusieurs reprises, à abdiquer une dignité si funeste a lui-même et à sa famille. Il lui semblait que, redescendu au rang de simple citoyen, comme il n'inspirerait plus de crainte ou de jalousie, on n'accablerait plus son fils par ces effroyables persécutions. Abattu par la mort de ses premiers enfans, il avait voulu, des le 26 Juin, 1433, déposer une dignité, durant l'exercice de laquelle sa patrie avait été tourmentée par la guerre, par la peste, et par des malheurs de tout genre.¹¹⁸ Il renouvela cette proposition après les jugemens rendus contre son fils; mais le conseil des dix le retenait forcement sur le trône, comme il retenait son fils dans les fers.

115: Marin Sanuto, p.968.

116: Marin Sanuto, p.1138. – M.Ant.Sabellico. Deca III. L. VI. f.187.

117: Ibid. p.1139.

118: Ibid. p.1032.

En vain Jacob Foscari, obligé de se présenter chaque jour au gouverneur de la Canée, réclamait contre l'injustice de sa dernière sentence, sur laquelle la confession d'Erizzo ne laissait plus de doutes. En vain il demandait grâce au farouche conseil des dix; il ne pouvait obtenir aucune réponse. Le désir de revoir son père et sa mère, arrivés tous deux au dernier terme de la vieillesse, le désir de revoir une patrie dont la cruauté ne méritait pas un si tendre amour, se changèrent en lui en une vraie fureur. Ne pouvant retourner à Venise pour y vivre libre, il voulut du moins y aller chercher un supplice. Il écrivit au duc de Milan à la fin de Mai, 1456, pour implorer sa protection auprès du sénat: et sachant qu'une telle lettre serait considérée comme un crime, il l'exposa lui-même dans un lieu où il était sûr qu'elle serait saisie par les espions qui l'entouraient. En effet, la lettre étant déférée au conseil des dix, on l'envoya chercher aussitôt, et il fut reconduit à Venise le 19 Juillet, 1456.¹¹⁹

Jacob Foscari ne nia point sa lettre, il raconta en même temps dans quel but il l'avait écrite, et comment il l'avait fait tomber entre les mains de son délateur. Malgré ces aveux, Foscari fut remis à la torture, et on lui donna trente tours d'estrapade, pour voir s'il confirmerait ensuite ses dépositions. Quand on le détacha de la corde, on le trouva déchiré par ces horribles secousses. Les juges permirent alors à son père, à sa mère, à sa femme, et à ses fils, d'aller le voir dans sa prison. Le vieux Foscari, appuyée sur un bâton, ne se traîna qu'avec peine, dans la chambre où son fils unique était pansé de ses blessures. Ce fils demandait encore la grâce de mourir dans sa maison. «Retourne à ton exil, mon fils, puisque ta patrie l'ordonne, » lui dit le doge «et soumets-toi à sa volonté. » Mais en rentrant dans son palais, ce malheureux vieillard s'évanouit, épuisé par la violence qu'il s'était faite. Jacob devait encore passer une année en prison à la Canée, avant qu'on lui rendit la même liberté limitée à laquelle il était réduit avant cet événement; mais à peine fut-il débarqué sur cette terre d'exil, qu'il y mourut de douleur.¹²⁰

Dès-lors, et pendant quinze mois, le vieux doge, accablé d'années et de chagrins, ne recouvra plus la force de son corps ou celle de son âme; il n'assistait plus à aucun des conseils, et il ne pouvait plus remplir aucune des fonctions de sa dignité. Il était entré dans sa quatre-vingt-sixième année, et si le conseil des dix avait été susceptible de quelque pitié, il aurait attendu en silence la fin, sans doute prochaine, d'une carrière marquée par tant de gloire et tant de malheurs. Mais le chef du conseil des dix était alors Jacques Loredano, fils de Marc, et neveu de Pierre, le grand amiral, qui toute leur vie avaient été les ennemis acharnés du vieux doge. Ils avaient transmis leur haine à leurs enfans, et cette vieille rancune n'était pas encore satisfaite.¹²¹ À l'instigation de Loredano, Jérôme Barbarigo, inquisiteur d'état, proposa au conseil des dix, au mois d'Octobre 1457, de soumettre Foscari à une nouvelle humiliation. Dès que ce

119: Marin Sanuto, p.1162.

120: Marin Sanuto, p.1163. – Navagiero Stor. Venez. p.1118.

121: Vettor Sandi Storia civile Veneziana, P. II. L. VIII. p. 715.-717.

magistrat ne pouvait plus remplir ses fonctions, Barbarigo demanda qu'on nommât un autre doge. Le conseil, qui avait refusé par deux fois l'abdication de Foscari, parée que la constitution ne pouvait la permettre, hésita avant de se mettre en contradiction avec ses propres décrets. Les discussions dans le conseil et la junte, se prolongèrent pendant huit jours, jusque fort avant dans la nuit. Cependant, on vit entrer dans l'assemblée Marco Foscari, procureur de Saint-Marc, et frère du doge, pour qu'il fut lié par le redoutable serment du secret, et qu'il ne put arrêter les menées de ses ennemis. Enfin, le conseil se rendit auprès du doge, et lui demanda d'abdiquer volontairement un emploi qu'il ne pouvait plus exercer. « J'ai jurée, » répondit le vieillard, « de remplir jusqu'à ma mort, selon mon honneur et ma conscience, les fonctions auxquelles ma patrie m'a appelée. Je ne puis me délier moi-même de mon serment; qu'un ordre des conseils dispose de moi, je m'y soumettrai, mais je ne le devancerai pas. » Alors une nouvelle délibération du conseil délia François Foscari de son serment ducal, lui assura une pension de deux mille ducats pour le reste de sa vie, et lui ordonna d'évacuer en trois jours le palais, et de déposer les ornemens de sa dignité. Le doge ayant remarqué parmi les conseillers qui lui portèrent cet ordre, un chef de la quarantie qu'il ne connaissait pas, demanda son nom: « Je suis le fils de Marco Memmo, » lui dit le conseiller – « Ah! ton père c'était mon ami, » lui dit le vieux doge, en soupirant. Il donna aussitôt des ordres pour qu'on transportât ses effets dans une maison à lui; et le lendemain 23 Octobre on le vit, se soutenant à peine, et appuyé sur son vieux frère, redescendre ces mêmes escaliers sur lesquels, trente-quatre ans auparavant, on l'avait vu installée avec tant de pompe, et traverser ces mêmes salles où la république avait reçu ses sermens. Le peuple entier parut indigné de tant de dureté exercée contre un vieillard qu'il respectait et qu'il aimait; mais le conseil des dix fit publier une défense de parler de cette révolution, sous peine d'être traduit devant les inquisiteurs d'état. Le 20 Octobre, Pasqual Malipieri, procureur de Saint-Marc, fut élu pour successeur de Foscari; celui-ci n'eut pas néanmoins l'humiliation de vivre sujet, là où il avait régné. En entendant le son des cloches, qui sonnaient en actions de grâces pour cette élection, il mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine.¹²²

« Le doge, blessée de trouver constamment un contradicteur et un censeur si amer dans son frère, lui dit un jour en plein conseil: « Messire Augustin, vous faites tout votre possible pour hâter ma mort; vous vous flattez de me succéder; mais, si les autres vous connaissent aussi bien que, je vous connais, ils n'auront garde de vous élire. » Là-dessus il se leva, ému de colère, rentra dans son

122: Marin Sanuto, *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia*, p.1164. – *Chronicon Eugubinum*, T.XXI, p.992. – *Christoforo da Soldo Istoria Bresciana*, T. XXI, p.891. – *Navagiero, Storia Veneziana*, T.XXIII, p.1120. – M A.Sabellico. *Deca III, L.VIII. f.201.*

appartement, et mourut quelques jours après. Ce frère, contre lequel il s'était emporté, fut précisément le successeur qu'on lui donna. C'était un mérite dont on aimait à tenir compte; surtout à un parent, de s'être mis en opposition avec le chef de la république.¹²³ – Daru, Histoire de Venise, vol.ii. sec.xi. p.533.

**APPENDIX IV: TRANSLATION OF APPENDIX III
EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS IN THE
MIDDLE AGES, BY J.C.L.SISMONDI, VOL. X.**

The Doge of Venice, who had by this treaty prevented a war no less dangerous than the one he had at the same time prevented by the Treaty of Lodi, had by then arrived at an extreme old age. Francesco Foscari had occupied this highest of ranks since April 15 1423. Even though he was over fifty-one years old at the time of his election, he was still the youngest of the forty-one electors. He had taken great pains to reach the rank which he had coveted, and his election was conducted with great skill. During several rounds of voting his closest friends refrained from offering him their support, because the others did not think him a suitable candidate.¹²⁴ The Council of Ten feared his credit amongst the poor noblemen, for he had curried favour with them, being Procurator of St Mark, and giving more than thirty thousand ducats dowries for young girls from good houses, or to give young gentlemen a start in life. His numerous family also inspired fear, for he had four children, and had married a second time; but in truth, they feared his ambition, and his taste for warfare. The opinion which his enemies had formed of him was born out by events: for in the thirty-four years that Foscari was head of the Republic, she never ceased fighting. If hostilities were ever suspended for a few months, it was in order to recommence them with renewed vigour. It was during this period that Venice extended her sway over Brescia, Bergamo, Ravenna, and Cremona; in which she laid the foundations for her domination of Lombardy, and appeared constantly to be on the brink of assimilating all of that region. Deep-revolving, courageous, and inexhaustible, Foscari imparted his own character to matters, and his abilities enabled him to obtain more influence over the Republic than any of his predecessors. But if his ambition possessed as its end the aggrandisement of his family, his ambition was cruelly misled: three of his sons died in the eight years following his election, and the fourth, Jacopo, through whom the House of Foscari should have been perpetuated, fell victim to the jealousy of the Council of Ten, and his misfortunes poisoned the life of his father.¹²⁵

What happened was that the Council of Ten, consumed with dislike of the Head of State, as they observed his strength increase through his talent and his popularity, watched Foscari without ceasing, to punish him for his success and his glory. In February 1445, Michele Bevilacqua, a Florentine exiled at Venice, secretly accused Jacopo Foscari, before the state inquisitors, of having received from Duke Filippo Visconti presents of silver and jewels, through the hands of some of his household. The detestable procedure adopted at Venice was such that upon this secret accusation, the son of the Doge, son of the representative of the majesty of the Republic, was

123: The Venetians appear to have had a particular turn for breaking the hearts of their Doges: the above is another instance of the kind in the Doge Marco Barbarigo; he was succeeded by his brother Agostino Barbarigo, whose chief merit is above-mentioned.

124: Marin Sanuto, *Lives of the Doges of Venice*, p.967.

125: Ibid. p.968.

tortured. The charges made against him were put to him on the rack; he was deported for the rest of his days to Napoli di Romania, on condition that he report each day to the commandant of that place. However, the vessel taking him there stopping off at Trieste, Jacopo, seriously ill as a result of the torture, and still more from the humiliation he had undergone, begged the Council to force him to proceed no further. This favour was granted, and, by an order of December 28 1446, he was recalled to Treviso, where he was given freedom to live where he wished.¹²⁶

He lived peacefully at Treviso; and the daughter of Leonardo Contarini, whom he had married on February 10 1441, had come to join him in his exile, when, on November 5 1450, Almorò Donato, Chief of the Council of Ten, was assassinated. Two other state inquisitors, Tradano Gritti and Antonio Venieri, were suspicions of Jacopo Foscari, because one of his servants, named Oliviero, had been seen that very evening at Venice, and had been one of the first to report the assassination. Oliviero was put to the torture, but he denied up to the end, with unshakable courage, the crime of which he was accused, even though his judges were barbarous enough to submit him twenty-four times to the rack. Meanwhile, since Jacopo Foscari had strong motives of enmity against the Council of Ten which had condemned him, and which showed hatred against the Doge his father, he too was put to the torture, and that frightful ordeal was prolonged, without bringing any confession from him. Despite his denials the Council of Ten banished him to Crete, and gave his informer a reward. But the horrible sufferings which Jacopo Foscari had undergone had affected his reason, so his persecutors, touched by this last misfortune, permitted him on May 26 1451 to be kept at Venice. He embraced his father, taking a little courage and a little calm from his exhortations, and was removed at once to Crete.¹²⁷ While these things were occurring, Niccolò Erizzo, a man already sentenced for a different crime, confessed at his death that it had been he who murdered Almorò Donato.

The unhappy Doge, Francesco Foscari, had already tried several times to abdicate from a dignity which had become such a tragic burden to himself and his family. It seemed to him that, if he descended to the rank of a simple citizen, in which he would inspire neither fear nor jealousy, his son would no longer have such terrible persecutions inflicted upon him. Devastated by the deaths of his older children, he had wished, since June 26 1433, to relinquish a rank during his exercise of which his motherland had been tormented by war, by plague, and by ills of every sort. He renewed this proposal after the judgements passed against his son, but the Council of Ten kept him on the throne by force, just as they had kept his son in irons.

In vain did Jacopo, obliged to report each day to the governor of Crete, protest against the injustice of his sentence, about which Erizzo's confession had left no doubts. In vain did he ask for grace of the ferocious Council of Ten; he received no answer from them. The desire to see again his mother and father, who were both in the extremity of their old age, the desire again to see a motherland, the cruelty of which did not deserve so tender a love, in him became a veritable insanity. Being unable to return to Venice to live a free man, he wished at least to find a scaffold there. At the end of May 1456 he wrote to the Duke of Milan, to implore his protection against the Senate; and, knowing that such a letter would be thought of as a crime, he left it in a place where it was certain to be discovered by the spies who surrounded him. And indeed, this letter being shown to the Council of Ten, he was brought back to Venice on July 19 1456.

126: Marin Sanuto, p.968.

127: Marin Sanuto, p.1138. – M.Ant.Sabellico. Deca III. L. VI. f.187.

Jacopo Foscari did not deny the letter, but said at the same time for what reason he had written it, and how he had caused it to fall into the hands of his betrayer. Despite these confessions, Foscari was tortured again, and given thirty applications of the rack, to make sure that he confirmed his statements. When his bonds were removed, he was discovered to be torn apart by horrible dislocations. The judges then allowed his father, his mother, his wife, and his sons, to go and see him in prison. Old Foscari, supporting himself on a stick, was only able with difficulty to enter the room in which his only son was being treated for his injuries. The son asked once more to be given grace to die in his own home. "Return to your exile, my son, since your motherland has so ordered," the Doge said to him, "and submit yourself to her will". But upon returning to his own house this wretched old man fainted, exhausted by the violence which he had done to himself. Jacopo was condemned to spend another year imprisoned on Crete, before again being granted the same restricted freedom he had possessed before these events; but scarcely had he set foot upon this land of exile than he died of misery.

For fifteen months after this the old Doge, broken with years and grief, was unable to recover the strength either of his body or of his mind; he attended none of the council meetings, and was able to fulfil none of the obligations of his position. He was now in his eighty-sixth year, and if the Council of Ten had been in any way susceptible to compassion, they would have awaited in silence the end, undoubtedly close, of a career marked by so much glory and so much suffering. But the Chief of the Council of Ten was at that time Giacomo Loredano, son of Marco, and nephew of Pietro, the great admiral, who had for all their lives been the most implacable enemies of the old Doge. They had passed their hatred on to their children, and this ancient detestation was not yet satisfied.¹²⁸ At Loredano's instigation, Geronimo Barbarigo, the state inquisitor, proposed to the Council of Ten, in October 1457, to put Francesco Foscari to a new humiliation. As this magistrate could not carry out his functions, Barbarigo demanded that another Doge should be nominated. The Council, which had twice rejected Foscari's request to abdicate, because the constitution did not permit it, hesitated before thus contradicting itself with its own decree. The discussions in the Council, and in the Giunta, prolonged themselves over an eight-day period, and lasted well into the night. At the same time, Marco Foscari, the procurator of St Mark's, the Doge's brother, was summoned to the Council, bound by an oath of secrecy so that he could not stop the intrigues of his enemies. Finally the Council went to the Doge and demanded that he abdicate voluntarily a power which he could no longer exercise. "I have sworn," replied the old man, "to hold until death, according to my honour and my conscience, the functions to which my country has called me. I cannot free myself from my own oath; if an order from Council so commands me, I shall submit to it, but I shall not initiate such a proceeding myself". So another decree of the Council freed Francesco Foscari from his ducal oath, guaranteed him a pension of ten thousand ducats for the remainder of his life, and ordered him to quit the palace within three days, and to relinquish his insignia of office. The Doge having remarked, among the councillors who conveyed this order to him, a chief of The Forty whom he did not know, asked his name. "I am the son of Marco Memmo," said the councillor. "Ah! your father was my friend," sighed the old Doge. Then he ordered that his possessions should be moved to one of his houses; and on the next day, October 23, he was seen, staying on his feet with difficulty, and supported by his elderly brother, re-descending the same staircase on which, thirty-four years previously, he had been installed with

128: Vettor Sandi, *Storia civile Veneziana* (1769), P.II. L.VIII. pp.715.-17.

such pomp, and crossing the same chambers in which the Republic had received his speeches. All people were outraged at such an indignity inflicted on one whom they respected and loved; but the Council of Ten published a decree forbidding talk of this revolution, upon pain of being brought before the state inquisitors. On 20 October, Pasquale Malipieri, the procurator of St Mark, was elected Foscari's successor: but this latter did not have the indignity of living as a subject, where he had once reigned. While awaiting the sound of the bells, which would ring out in celebration of the election, he died suddenly of a haemorrhage caused by a vein bursting in his breast.¹²⁹

“The Doge, feeling injured in always finding so severe a critic and censor in his own brother, said one day to him in full council, ‘Messire Augustino, you are doing everything in your power to hasten my death; you hope to succeed me; but, if others knew you as well as I know you, they would hesitate before electing you’. On this he rose, suffused with anger, retired to his apartment, and died a few days later. This brother, against whom he had expressed such a thing, was precisely the successor found for him. This is a virtue which should be noted, for a relative, especially, to set himself up against the head of a republic”.¹³⁰ – Darù, History of Venice, Vol.II, section xi, p.53.

APPENDIX V

In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon “Italy”,¹³¹ I perceive the expression of “Rome of the Ocean” applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the “Two Foscari”.¹³² My publisher can vouch for me that the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August. I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public. I am the more anxious to do this as I am informed (for I have seen but few of the specimens, and those accidentally) that there have been lately brought against me charges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous sort of threatening intimation of the same kind, apparently with the intent of extorting money. To such charges I have no answer to make. One of them is ludicrous enough. I am reproached for having formed the description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking.¹³³ Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso “to have copied the minutest details of the Siege of Jerusalem from the

129: Marin Sanuto, *Lives of the Doges of Venice*, p.1164. – Chronicon Eugubinum, T.XXI, p.992. – Christoforo da Soldo *Istoria Bresciana*, T. XXI, p.891. – Navagiero, *Storia Veneziana*, T.XXIII, p.1120. – M.A.Sabellico. *Deca III, L.VIII*. f.201.

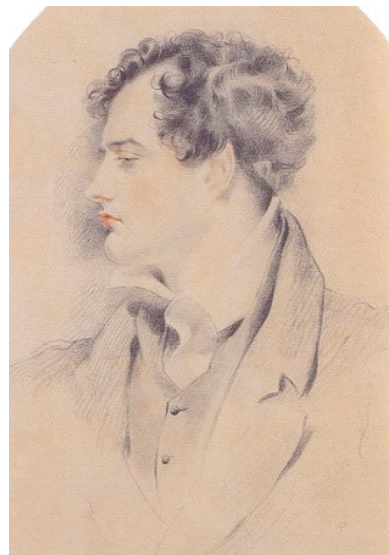
130: The Venetians appear to have had a particular turn for breaking the hearts of their Doges: the above is another instance of the kind in the Doge Marco Barbarigo; he was succeeded by his brother Agostino Barbarigo, whose chief merit is above-mentioned.

131: *Italy*, by Lady Morgan (Sydney Owenson), 2 vols 1821. B.'s praise should be seen in the context of what the *Quarterly* had written of the book: “this woman is utterly *incorrigible*; secondly, we hope that her indelicacy, ignorance, vanity, and malignity, are *inimitable*, and that, therefore, her example is very little dangerous, – and thirdly, though every page teems with errors of all kinds, from the most disgusting down to the most ludicrous, they are smothered in such Bœotian dulness, that they can do no harm”.

132: Above, III i 154.

133: The article related to *Don Juan II*, and was in *The Monthly Magazine*, August 1 1821, pp.19-21.

Chronicles.”¹³⁴ In *me* it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope’s* character,¹³⁵ the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing *mine*: this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I “received five hundred pounds for writing advertisements for Day and Martin’s patent blacking!” This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received. It states also “that a person has been trying to make acquaintance with Mr. Townsend, a gentleman of the law, who was with me on business in Venice three years ago, for the purpose of obtaining any defamatory particulars of my life from this occasional visitor.” Mr. Townsend is welcome to say what he knows. I mention these particulars merely to show the world in general what the *literary* lower world contains, and their way of setting to work. Another charge made, I am told, in the “Literary Gazette” is, that I wrote the notes to “Queen Mab”,¹³⁶ a work which I never saw till some time after its publication, and which I recollect showing to Mr. Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than their real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other publications.



Poor Southey too in a very *unheroic* preface to his English *Hexameters* (as he thinks them),¹³⁷ has been prattling about “a Satanic School”¹³⁸ and recommending it to the “notice of the legislature”.¹³⁹ Poor fellow! it is sad work to see him reduced to cry upon a Government to help him against a few verses. The real sin of “the Satanic

134: Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Ch. 58.

135: *A Letter to **** * (John Murray Esqr) on the Rev. W. L. Bowles’ Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope*. Written 7-10 February 1821. Published by John Murray 31 March 1821.

136: Shelley published *Queen Mab* in 1813. Its radical notes caused it to be much pirated.

137: Southey’s *A Vision of Judgement*, written in hexameters.

138: “The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.” – *A Vision of Judgement*, Preface, III.

139: “Let the rulers of the state look to this, in time!” – *A Vision of Judgement*, Preface, III.

School” in his eyes – which see *green* in the Sunset¹⁴⁰ (I have seen the same in the Moon owing to its structure of Cheese), is their having impiously and diabolically laughed at the Laureate. What would he have people do? It is for his *friends* to *weep* over him – the rest of the world treat him only too mildly when they limit their notice to contempt. However, he is *right* about the “*green hues*” &c., for I have seen them frequently this very summer and so may anyone else who will observe the sky – at least an Italian sky at that time especially with green spectacles of the same colours. There *are* distinct and even lively green tints after sunset – I have pointed them out to others very lately. He has all the merit of the discovery however, and God knows he has need of that or any other to help him through the Slough of Apostasy – a thing (to drop the metaphor) which the English never forgive – nor forget, because it is the venal resource of the meanest of Mankind.

Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler,¹⁴¹ because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the “legislature to look to it”, as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the “Satanic School.” This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles,¹⁴² Marmontel and Diderot¹⁴³ were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious – the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution – (the first, I mean) – what was it occasioned by? The *puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts – acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat,¹⁴⁴ and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults;¹⁴⁵ these are but the advancing waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he

140: ... *in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight: / Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters / Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.* – *A Vision of Judgement*, Part I.

141: *Wat Tyler* was the revolutionary tragedy written by Southey in 1794, and pirated, to his discomfiture, in 1817.

142: Voltaire and Rousseau, often linked incongruously, were both Frenchmen who had to live in Switzerland.

143: Jean-François Marmontel (1723-99), and Denis Diderot (1713-84), encyclopedistes.

144: B. only came into the Barony of Rochdale through the death of a cousin. At his birth no-one could have anticipated that he would inherit a title from his great-uncle.

145: A reference to the 1819 Peterloo massacre and other events.

abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*?¹⁴⁶ One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like motes in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes – unless, indeed, they are persecuted – *that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

Mr. S., with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated “death-bed repentance” of the objects of his dislike;¹⁴⁷ and indulges himself in a pleasant “Vision of Judgment”, in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.’s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a “death-bed” to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the “diabolical pride” which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn him.¹⁴⁸ Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary) that I, “in my degree”, have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only act of my life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own,¹⁴⁹ did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey’s calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others:¹⁵⁰ they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What his “death-bed” may be, it is not my

146: Southey’s *The Life of Wesley and the Rise and Progress of Methodism* (1820), was not well received by Methodists.

147: “The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract.” – *A Vision of Judgement*, Preface, III.

148: “... though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.” – *A Vision of Judgement*, Preface, III.

149: B. refers to when he “lent” money to Coleridge (Southey’s brother-in-law).

150: B. to Hobhouse, November 11 1818: *The Son of a Bitch on his return from Switzerland two years ago – said that Shelley and I “had formed a League of Incest and practised our precepts with &c.” – he lied like a rascal – for they were not Sisters – one being Godwin’s daughter by Mary Wollstonecraft – and the other the daughter of the present Mrs G[odwin] by a former husband. – The Attack contains no allusion to the cause – but – some good verses – and all political and poetical. – He lied in another sense – for there was no promiscuous intercourse – my commerce being limited to the carnal knowledge of the Miss C[lairmont] – I had nothing to do with the offspring of Mary Wollstonecraft – which Mary was a former love of Southey’s – which might have taught him to respect the fame of her daughter. (BLJ VI 76).*

province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third,¹⁵¹ and the Elegy on Martin the regicide,¹⁵² all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of “Gebir”,¹⁵³ whose friendship for Robert Southey, will, it seems, “be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten”. I for one neither envy him “the friendship”, nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson’s fortune in the third and fourth generation.¹⁵⁴ This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in “English Bards”) Porson¹⁵⁵ said “would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then”. For the present, I leave him.

151: *A Vision of Judgement*.

152: Southey’s *Lines on Marten the Regicide* was published in 1797, and commemorates the imprisonment of Henry Marten, who sat in judgement on Charles I and was imprisoned in Chepstow Castle.

153: B. quotes from Walter Savage Landor’s 1798 poem *Gebir* in the preface to *TVOJ*.

154: Peter Thelusson was born in France, of a Genevese family, and as a London merchant he acquired an enormous fortune. He died on July 21 1797, and when his will was opened, its provisions excited amazement. To his wife and children he left £100,000; and the residue of his property, amounting to upwards of £600,000, he committed to trustees, to accumulate during the lives of his three sons, and the lives of their sons, and when sons and grandsons were all dead, then the entire property was to be transferred to his eldest great-grandson. Should no heir exist, the accumulated property was to be conveyed to the sinking fund for the reduction of the national debt. Various calculations were made as to the probable result of the accumulation. According to the lowest computation, it was reckoned that, at the end of seventy years, it would amount to £19,000,000. Some estimated the result at far higher figures, and saw, in the fulfilment of the bequest, a national disaster. The will was generally stigmatised as absurd and illegal. The Thelusson family resolved to test its legality, and raised the question in Chancery. Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in 1799, pronounced the will valid, and on appeal to the Lords, his decision was unanimously affirmed. The will, though within the letter of the law, was certainly adverse to its spirit, and an act was passed by parliament in 1800, rendering null all bequests for the purposes of accumulation for longer than twenty years after the testator’s death.

155: Richard Porson, Cambridge Professor of Greek.