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A steam voyage up the Rhine

Hugo, Victor

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Part XV.

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PART XV.

THE FIGURE OF RHETORIC MOST IN FAVOUR AMONG THE POWERS
THAT BE.

THE cock crowed again, and this time the sound proceeded from the barnyard of the castle. The bird, whose voice had dissolved the enchanted palace with its nocturnal hunters, had perhaps pecked crumbs from the blessed hands of the beautiful Bauldour.

Oh! power of love! generous energy of the heart! glorious expansion of sentiment and passion! Scarcely had Pecopin beheld his beloved home, when the fresh and dazzling image of his bride seemed to shine out before him. The woes of the past, the illusions, the mysterious and diabolical abyss of visions through which he had passed, vanished in a moment from his remembrance.

Of a surety it was not thus, with a haughty mien and flashing eye, that the crowned priest, alluded to by the *speculum historiale*, emerged from among the phantoms, after having visited the splendid interior of the brazen dragon. And since this redoubtable spectre has just appeared to the writer of this story, he must needs vent his imprecations on, as well as stigmatise, this double-faced impostor,

whose eyes were directed at once toward light and darkness; and who divided his allegiance between God and Sylvan II., and the devil, in combination with Gerbert the magician. Towards traitors and hypocrites, hatred becomes a virtue. Every well-thinking Parisian owes a stone to Perinet Leclerq, a Spaniard to Count Julian, a Christian to Judas, all men living to Lucifer. Let us not forget that God places day by the side of night, good near evil, the angels of light confronting the power of darkness. The austere teaching of providence results from this sublime and eternal antithesis. The Eternal Voice cries aloud eternally, "Choose!"

In the eleventh century, he opposed to the cabalistic priest Gerbert the pure and erudite Emuldu. The magician became Pope, the holy sage a physician, so that men were enabled to examine, by the self-same light, the fair science attired in robes of black, the black art in robes of honour. Meanwhile, Pecopin had sheathed his sword, and was proceeding towards the castle, the windows of which, glittering in the sunshine, seemed to exchange smiles with the dawning day.

As he neared the bridge, a voice behind him whispered, "Sir knight of Sonneck! say, have I kept my promise?"