IZOLDA: A MAGYAR ROMANCE

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Izolda: A Magyar Romance by J. W. Fuller

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J. W. FULLER

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CAPTAIN J. W. FULLER

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PREFACE.

The greater number of those who peruse the following pages will doubtless suspect the author of no higher motive than to weave a pleasing tale, which would serve to while away a few leisure hours for the reader; and perhaps success to a questionable extent in that regard is the utmost he has attained. But he has hopes that at least a few of the more thoughtfully inclined may here find food for reflection, and may, in the social and economic condition of the Hungarian peasantry of the sixteenth century, which he has attempted to portray, and in the disturbances such conditions gave rise to, find some points of similarity to the questions which agitate the public mind in the English speaking countries of the world, even now.

The political oligarchy with all its attendant evils and abuses, is fortunately no longer to be feared in this enlightened age; though the death throes of the Boer system in South Africa, scarcely yet ceased, warn us that the gulf between the centuries of the past and the present is neither so great nor so fixed as we generally believe. But a financial oligarchy would prove just as hateful as the political. Yea, even more so, since political emancipation, with the educational, intellectual and religious liberty which follow in its train, renders man the more sensitive to

oppression of whatever nature. That there is in the English speaking world, at this dawning of the twentieth century, danger along this line, many will be found to affirm, and some—not a few—to declare that the evil is already established in our midst.

That any such outbreak of terrorism, amid blood, fire and fiendish horrors, as distracted Hungary during the Peasant uprising, were possible in our highly civilized communities, most of us would unhesitatingly deny. Yet must we not upon more mature reflection admit that on more than one occasion of recent date when organized labor, in its attempts to right real or fancied wrongs, has been brought into conflict with organized capital, overt acts have been committed by some firebrands, which have brought us unpleasantly near to flagrant anarchy: so close indeed that we have started back appalled and shuddering at the glimpse afforded us into the leering countenance of that hideous demon?

The writer, however, makes no claim of having discovered any panacea for such an evil: indeed, he doubts if any—other than as it rests upon a closer application of the Golden Rule by mankind in general, —can be found. He therefore refrains from moralizing, but leaves what he has written to the indulgence of his readers.

J. W. F.

London, Canada.

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IZOLDA.

PROLOGUE.

I.

"Legends of Visegrad? Yes, truly, gracious lady and noble sir, they are many; but none is all so sad and yet so sweet as this, which I now make known to you.

"Far and away to the northward, as you doubtless know full well, the mighty Danube flows not southward as in this region, but straight eastward. There, where the grand and lofty pile of Esztergom raises its great dome, at one time dwelt Nickolas Gerhard. No simple tiller of the soil was he, but one of large estate; though then, as now, the nobles held all land and let it out on terms not lax to those of meaner birth, who to live must labor sore and return in taxes and other exactions the far larger part of all they reaped. But Nickolas had from the good prelate of Esztergom, upon the upper side of the great water, a goodly tract of many broad acres, which lay along the river even as far as Visegrad. This he let again in smaller parcels to the poorer peasant folk, and made fair profit from their labors,