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ANNA HAMMER;



A TALE OF

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LIFE.

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Translated from the German of *Femme*, J. D. H.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.



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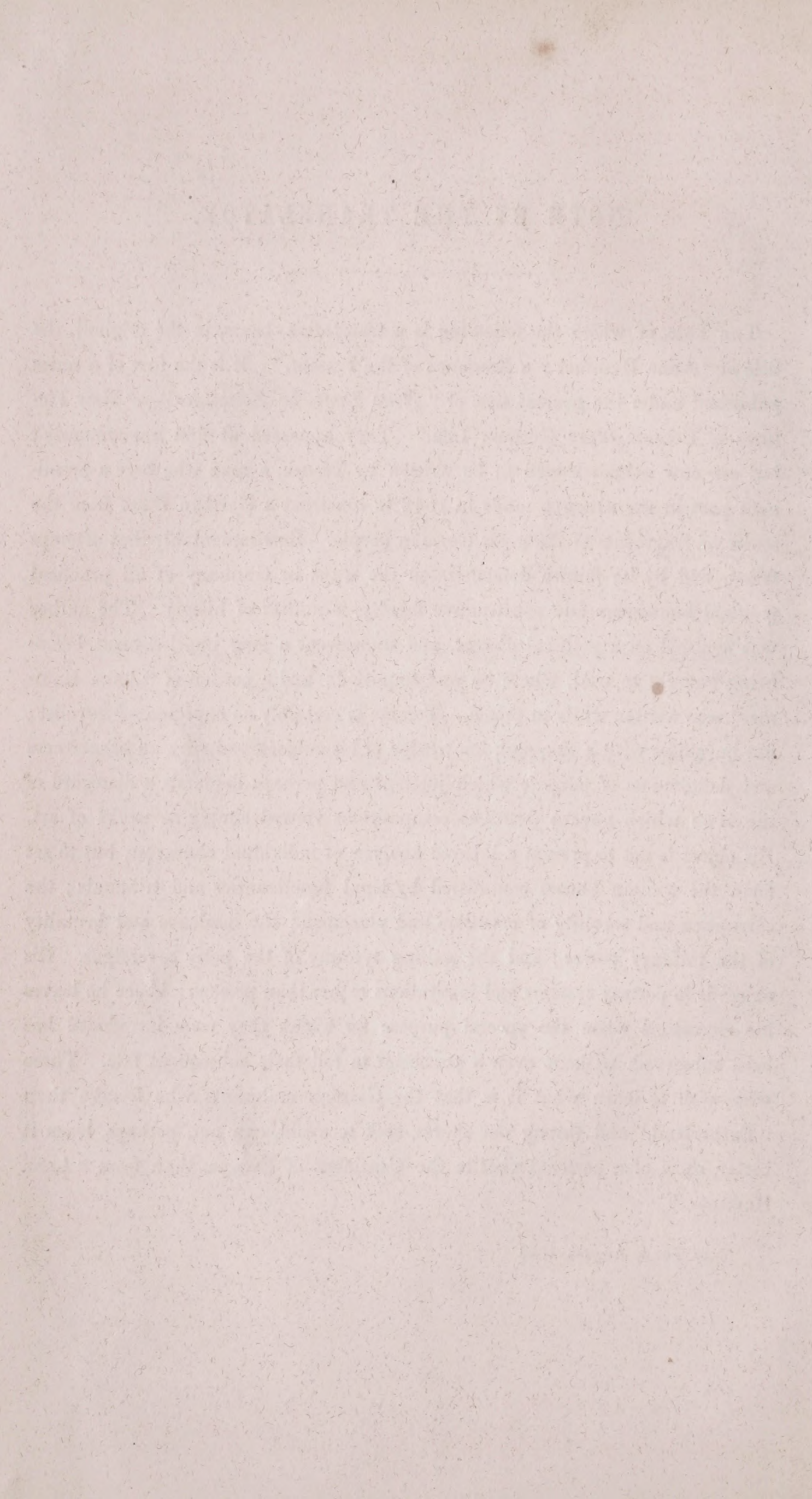
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NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE Tale, of which the following is a translation, bears, in the original, the title of "Anna Hammer ; a Romance of the Present." It is the first of a series published under the general title of "*Neue Deutsche Zeitbilder*"—"New Pictures of Contemporary German Life." They appeared at first anonymously ; but are now acknowledged to be written by TEMME, a man who bore a prominent part in the attempt made in 1848 to construct a German State from the scattered fragments of the great German people. How lamentably that attempt failed, and by its failure demonstrated the want in Germany of all practical political knowledge and constructive faculty, is matter of history. The author was arrested on a political charge, and underwent a long imprisonment before being brought to trial, where he was acquitted ; and a portion of "Anna Hammer" was written while in prison. Temme is certainly no experienced novelist ; but he writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and with an earnestness and definiteness of purpose which justifies and perhaps demands a disregard of the laws which govern fictitious compositions viewed simply as works of art. His object is not to present a labored analysis of individual character, but to set forth the wanton abuses committed by legal functionaries and tribunals ; the corruption and servility of courtiers and placemen ; the insolence and brutality of the military power ; and the galling tyranny of the petty sovereigns. His object is to portray systems and institutions rather than persons ; hence he leaves his characters when the special purpose for which they were introduced has been subserved, without even a postscript to tell their subsequent fate. Those who wish to learn what it is that the German emigrants who forsake their "Fatherland," and throng our shores, seek to avoid, can not, perhaps, learn it better, short of a personal visit to the Continent of Europe, than from "Anna Hammer."

NEW YORK, August, 1852



ANNA HAMMER.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN GARRISON.

THREE cavalry officers were sitting together, in a little German town, one warm April afternoon. They were sitting in the public room of the humble inn, the only one in the place. Two of them had flung themselves down by the table; one had his legs crossed, the other had them stretched out at full length before him. The third officer sat by the window. All three were smoking; two of them had cigars, the other an enormous meerschaum. All three were silent; one was playing with the spur on the foot crossed over the other, turning it around so as to make it rattle; the second had his eyes fixed upon the great bowl of his pipe, and at the clouds which he was puffing out of it; the third was looking out of the window at the clouds which the wind drove across the heavens.

A weary life is that of a cavalry officer in this small garrison. One hour a day they practice in the riding course; for another hour they exercise the recruits; for a quarter of an hour they inspect the stalls—and then their service for the day is over. All the rest of the day, with its whole mass of hours, now lies before them, unoccupied, with a most leaden heaviness. There is but a single squadron there, and to that there are attached only five officers. They have known each other since they were cadets. The subjects of horses, and dogs, and women, and the army-list, have been exhausted. The nearest garrison is too far away for an off-hand visit. They can have no social intercourse with the sub-officers—the dignity of the service would not allow that. There is little society in the town itself. The quiet, narrow, and frequently narrow-minded family circles of the citizens and minor functionaries avoid all intimacy with the officers. They meet them at the inn, at the bowling-alley, in the *essino*, when there is one; but when on the public walks, with their wives and families, they meet them unwillingly; at home not at all. A few noble families perhaps reside in the neighborhood; but they are not at all fond of receiving visitors; and those of them who were hospitable once, are now no longer so; they have been too hospitable of old, and have no longer the means to be so. Invitations come now and then to the chase; but there is no hunting in April.

Our three officers, all lieutenants, all young

men, of pleasing appearance, with strongly-marked countenances, had already sat there a long time immovable and speechless. The postman entered the room, laid the last newspaper from the capital upon the table, and departed as silently as he had entered. The officers remained immovable and speechless as before. At last one of them leaned over, reached out for the paper, slowly, almost mechanically; the two others took no notice. The first glanced over the items of the day, but began at the bottom, with the notices and advertisements. In a few minutes he had reached the end—that is, the beginning, and threw the sheet carelessly back upon the table.

“No news!” said he, yawning, and began once more to twirl the rattling spur with his finger.

“As usual,” said his neighbor.

The third remained motionless.

They continued sitting for a long time, without moving or speaking, till the cigars were smoked up, and the meerschaum would burn no longer. New cigars were then lighted, and the meerschaum was filled again. The officers then rose and walked back and forth a few steps up and down the room.

“Tiresome!” said one.

“Cursed tiresome!” answered another. The third looked wearily at his boots.

Down they sat again in their old places, as speechless as before.

The sun meanwhile was setting. The clouds sweeping over the heavens shone in its last beams, and piled themselves up in strange and fantastic forms; colored with the most gorgeous hues. It began to grow dark in the room; the clouds from the great meerschaum were no longer visible. The ennui increased.

A servant, a sort of tapster, brought in a couple of smoky tallow candles, and placed them on the table. The ennui did not diminish. The tread of horses was heard without. It came up the street, and approached the inn. The faces of the officers grew animated.

“Can the Captain have returned already?” cried one, half astonished.

“Impossible!” exclaimed another; “if he were to ride like the devil he couldn’t be here for an hour!”

“But there are two horses; an officer’s, and that of his servant; I know by the sound.”

The third officer looked at the speaker. “It

isn't the Captain," said he, positively; "the Captain's horse goes more lightly. The officer's horse that is coming there has a heavier pace."

They got up, and went to the window. Two horsemen came riding slowly up the street. One rode in advance, the other followed a few paces behind.

"By God, an officer with his servant!" said one of the lieutenants.

The other nodded assent.

"Who can he be?—where can he be going to?"

None of them could divine. The foremost horseman stopped before the house.

"Is this an inn?" he asked through the door.

The host, the waiter, and the hostler rushed out. "At your command," they replied, submissively.

The officer's servant had meanwhile rode up, and sprung from his horse. The officer also dismounted. The hostler tried to take hold of the bridle, but the officer pushed him back so rudely that he tumbled over. "You blockhead! what do you mean by touching my horse?"

The officer's servant took the horse's bridle, giving the hostler who was getting up, a kick behind.

"Will his Honor stop here?" asked the host, deferentially.

The officer made no reply, but patted his horse on the shoulders and neck. He then turned round to the host, saying, briefly and imperiously: "A room!"

The three officers within looked at each other in great amazement.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" asked one.

Nobody knew him.

"He wears the uniform of our regiment," remarked another.

"That is inexplicable," said the third, shaking his head.

"There's nothing fine about his horse; a common roadster."

"A likely idea that he would knock up his better horses! They have come a long distance; the horses show that."

The door opened. "Will you be good enough to walk in here, for a short time?" said the landlord. "Your room up-stairs will be ready immediately. You will find some gentlemen here, comrades of yours."

The new-comer entered. A tall, slender, but vigorous form, with features almost too finely cut; or, at least, too delicately to correspond with the haughtiness which his whole appearance expressed.

He saluted the company courteously. "Ha! Comrades!" said he. "I have the honor to introduce myself—the Prince von Amberg. I have been appointed to your regiment—to this squadron. I entreat your friendship as comrades."

The oldest of the officers present before, returned the introduction: "Von der Gruben—von Martini—my own name, Count Engelhart.

It gives us pleasure to welcome a brave comrade."

They all shook hands.

"May I ask," said the Prince von Amberg, "where the Captain is, so that I can report myself to him? The service takes precedence of every thing."

"The Captain is on an expedition in the neighborhood, to visit an acquaintance," replied Count Engelhart. "We expect him back in an hour. I am the senior lieutenant in the squadron," he added, laughing.

"I report myself provisionally to you," rejoined the Prince.

They bowed ceremoniously, but with a suppressed laugh.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for half an hour: I feel the necessity of making my toilet, after a ride of four days on the stretch—*à revoir*." He disappeared.

The other officers looked thoughtfully after him. But they paced up and down the room in a manner somewhat more animated.

"What can have brought him here?" said Herr von der Gruben, thoughtfully.

"His fate!" replied von Martini, with ironical pathos.

But the former started suddenly from his meditations. "The devil! his commission is older than mine! A step lost! I'm always unlucky!"

Count Engelhart looked at him, with a sympathizing shrug of the shoulders: "My dear fellow, he won't stand in the way of your promotion. Don't you be alarmed. The Prince, of one of the first families, won't disturb the career of Lieutenant von Martini."

"My nobility is as old as his," broke in Herr von der Gruben.

"Very well. But really, comrades, I am curious. What has brought the Prince von Amberg to this garrison? him, who is the ornament of the capital, the very top of the cream of the corps of officers, the darling of the noblest ladies, the one absolutely indispensable to the court circle, connected even with the sovereign!"

"A whim, perhaps?"

"One doesn't give up all the pleasures of the capital, all the enjoyments of high life, all the advantage of the court, for the sake of a whim, and bury one-self in a little town, with sheep-feeders and swine-keepers, instead of assemblies; muddy lanes, instead of streets; dung-heaps instead of parks; pot-houses instead of hotels; a reeking peasants' dance, instead of perfumed balls and soirées; a gingerbread fair instead of the Corso. There is some other cause for the thing."

"Something just occurs to me," interrupted von Martini. "Do you remember the report in the newspaper not long ago? Some young gentlemen of the highest families indulged in some excess or other in a public place, which reached the highest ears, and made no favorable impression. The matter was only hinted at. May

not the Prince have had something to do with it?"

"Pooh! you're verdant," rejoined Count Engelhart. "Do you suppose the Prince is banished here, and for such a bagatelle! Unless I am mistaken, it took place in a public garden; the prudish dames, and virtuous daughters of some of the citizens got scandalized. But would an officer and a man of family be banished for that?"

"Why not? his Royal Highness may have had a weak moment."

"The old Gentleman may, moreover, begin to grow whimsical now and then," added Herr von der Gruben, not without some anxiety in his tone.

"That may all be. But till I have proof of it, I won't believe in such an affront to the officers and nobles in a body. Meanwhile, what's the use of hammering our brains about it? We shall know about it before long. Let us order wine to do honor to our new comrade. He brings some variety to our miserable existence. And do you, Martini, brew us a bowl—you understand it; and do you look out for better lights."

The ingredients for a bowl of champagne-cardinal, were ordered, produced, and artistically mixed. Brighter lights were also provided.

Their new comrade returned shortly after, in complete uniform, as he must report himself officially to the Captain on his return. Count Engelhart filled the glasses; one was handed to the Prince.

"Your good health! To your welcome! To our good comradeship, Prince!"

They touched glasses.

"Not Prince," said the new-comer, "Comrade! a true comrade, who craves your friendship!"

They emptied their glasses, and shook each other by the hand.

"Your bowl is excellent. I see you know how to live here."

"We must get along as well as we can."

The glasses were again filled, and again emptied, and filled again.

"You must be curious to know what brought me among you," said the Prince von Amberg; "I must not say, what gave me the good-fortune to be stationed in this garrison—you must excuse my sincerity—I should be a liar if I were to speak of good-fortune here."

"We are all agreed on that!" interrupted Count Engelhart.

The Prince continued: "I am sentenced here, banished, exiled, as you would call it."

"We thought so."

"And just for a mere bagatelle."

Herr von Martini glanced triumphantly at the Count.

"Just for a mere bagatelle. Perhaps you have heard of the affair. It's hardly worth the trouble of speaking about. The melancholy, or, if you please, the ridiculous thing about it is the sheer prudery which begins to be the

fashion at court. This monstrous, baseless hypocrisy—Pshaw! I'm glad to get out of the misery a while, and so I congratulate myself that I am with you. Let us pledge each other!"

They touched glasses, emptied them, and filled them once more.

"So my conjecture was correct," said Herr von Martini; "that affair in the public garden was the occasion of your banishment."

The Prince looked at him in astonishment. "That of which the paper spoke?" he asked. "Bah! that was only laughed at. What would the world come to, if young men of family, officers, had no longer the privilege of saying a few words that folks call improper, to a pretty little burgher-girl in a public garden, accompanied of course with some pantomime or other? What would become of the difference of ranks? Thank heaven, they only laughed at that joke! Why, the pious old ladies at court snickered behind their prayer-books, as we described to them the flight and consternation that our joke caused among the dames of the bourgeoisie. The old Gentleman said nothing to that."

"I was sure of it," said Count Engelhart, casting in his turn a look of superiority upon Herr von Martini, who would not acknowledge himself beaten: "We heard," said he to the Prince, "of some other affair; and I remember that your name was mentioned. The late masked ball—"

The Prince interrupted him with a loud laugh:

"Oh, yes, that was the best fun of all. Did you hear about it? Didn't we do the thing up superbly—Count Conti and I? While we were paying our respects to the theatrical-princess upon her divan, we fastened up her robes and petticoats with fine needles, in such a manner that when the good-natured, stupid President led her out to dance, she sailed up to the line of dancers, trussed up perhaps a little too high, and she would have remained a long time comfortably in their midst, had not the noble company of ladies taken to precipitate flight. 'Pon honor, it was the richest scene—can't be described."

The remembrance of it threw him into a hearty fit of laughter.

After a pause, he went on: "However, this joke might have cost us dear. His Royal Highness was at first terribly provoked. In his own immediate presence—a celebrated artiste! But he soon listened to reason. The lady merely belonged to the theatre, and luckily none of the princesses were by. The affair all blew over. There was no need of saying any thing more about it at court. My misfortune is quite another affair."

"You really make us curious," said Count Engelhart, motioning the narrator to empty his glass.

The Prince continued: "It can be told in few words. The head governess and old Lady von Bierthaler were sitting in church, just behind the princely family, talking all sorts of scandal, pretending all the while to be deeply

engaged in their prayer-books. I stood behind them and saw that the governess, in her eagerness, was holding her book wrong side up. So I just leaned over her and said, 'My gracious lady, you are reading wrong side up!' I must have spoken somewhat too loudly, for the Hereditary Princess, looked around at us. When service was over, you ought to have heard the tempest. The old lady, in order to justify herself to the Princess, fell foul of me without mercy, declared that I was an impertinent fellow, always wanting to fasten something on her; and after she had in her zeal persuaded herself that it was so, she demanded satisfaction forthwith of his Royal Highness; and so it was. The pious gentlemen about the old fellow spoke of sacrilege and desecration of divine service and of the church, and so—I have the honor to be your regimental comrade."

The auditors of the Prince were astounded: "Was that all? Impossible."

"That was all. My transference was made out the same day; and I was forbidden the court. I had the tailor sent for immediately to fit me with the uniform of your—now our—regiment; I took leave of my commanding officer, and set off on my journey here, accompanied only by my servant. On this account no announcement of my entry into the squadron has yet arrived."

"You describe a very sad state of things," began Herr von der Gruben, after a pause. "Can they have come to such a pass? We must be sacrificed for the prayer-book and devotees. My tidings and my anticipations have not deceived me. I tell you, my friends, the army is on the brink of ruin, if this nuisance of praying is not done away with. It's growing fearfully. Thank Heaven, our regiment is yet free from it!"

"My good brother," said Count Engelhart, in a mocking tone, "don't take it up so lamentably. You've got a bad habit of being maudlin after the third glass."

A carriage now came rapidly up the street. It stopped before the inn. The weather had meanwhile become stormy. Rain and snow, mingled together, were falling. April was showing her caprices. A stranger entered the apartment. He was a man below the medium height, of middle age, wrapped up in a thick traveling-cloak as a protection from the cool evening air. Laying aside his mantle, he walked up and down the room, casting many a look toward the group of officers.

They took no notice of him.

Herr von der Gruben was talking with great earnestness: "I say, this praying is the curse of the army. The business of war is a rough one, and it don't agree with the soft, sleek, sighing nature of a devotee. From my soul I hate the fellows who come upon the parade-ground from church, and can't get away from parade quick enough, to get hold of the Bible, prayer-book, and hymn-book at home, and then drink a glass of water and give thanks to the dear God

for the great enjoyment he has vouchsafed 'em. Devil take 'em!"

"That's what I like!" exclaimed Count Engelhart, ironically.

"Gruben's right," said Herr von Martini. "Sugar-and-water, tea, and praying weaken a fellow. It is'nt fit for a soldier."

"Hurrah then for wine, women, and singing," broke in the Prince Amberg, who was tired of the conversation.

At that moment the door opened, and the traveler who had just arrived went out. He had ordered to be shown to a private chamber. Immediately afterward two other persons entered the room.

"You are a wizard, comrade," said Count Engelhart to the Prince, after looking at the new-comers.

The first of these was a young man of some nineteen or twenty years. He was tall, thin, and narrow-shouldered; he walked somewhat stooping, as though his chest was affected. His pale complexion denoted rather an invalid than a man in full health. His look was not exactly anxious, but the expression was any thing but that of self-confidence, which one is so well pleased to see in the face of a young man of eighteen or twenty years. He wore an overcoat which was quite too thin for the season, and which afforded no adequate protection against the storm of the evening. In spite of the storm his neck was bare. An ordinary student's knapsack hung over his shoulder, in his left hand he carried a harp, but one finger held his cap, which he had taken from his head the moment he entered the door.

With his right hand he drew, somewhat awkwardly, as it seemed, a young girl behind him, into the room. She was small and apparently of a delicate figure; but one could not be certain of this. She had on, over a cotton dress, an upper garment somewhat like a mantle, which concealed the outlines of her form; her shoulders and breast were also covered by a shawl tied behind her back. Besides this her neck was carefully protected by a black silk handkerchief tied around it. Her hair was covered by a large bonnet, likewise of a cotton stuff, of a not altogether fashionable shape, which at first hid her face also. But as she came more into the light, one could make out a very regular, pretty, and blooming countenance, to which a pair of saucy coral lips, slightly parted, and sparkling, almost provocative black eyes, gave a charm all the greater, since the stature of the little creature, and the whole configuration of her features left it doubtful, whether one was looking at a child of thirteen or fourteen, or a maiden of fifteen or sixteen. This doubt was not resolved when she had laid down a basket which she carried upon her arm, removed the shawl wrapped around her breast and shoulders, and even, on account of the comfortable warmth of the room, divested herself of her upper garment. The outlines indeed now appeared, the roundness of the breast and body, delicate and enchanting, as can

only be seen in a maiden who has reached her development, but if one cast a glance at the size of this singularly small and delicate creature, he would recognize beyond all possibility of mistake the undeveloped features belonging to childhood, in advance of which appeared to be only the lively eye; and he would involuntarily fall back upon the opinion that he saw before him a mere child, whose heart could never have been stirred by the feelings and presentiments of a maiden. In either case he would have felt that he saw a vision so lovely and charming as is seldom presented by this period of doubtful development. This charm was still further heightened when the girl had taken off the great ugly hat, and a mass of the most beautiful chestnut hair fell down in front, which she rapidly brushed off from her snowy forehead, so that it flowed in a picturesque manner over her back and shoulders.

Both of the new-comers, as soon as they entered, had withdrawn into a corner of the room opposite to the group of officers, the young man having cast a sly glance at them, and the girl, apparently not having noticed them at all. They laid down their bundles upon the chairs, speaking together in a low tone. The subject of their conversation could scarcely be mistaken though no word could be distinguished. While the young man brushed away from his face the hair wet with snow and rain, and the girl wiped her face with a white handkerchief, they exchanged words of the most tender sympathy and anxiety. This was apparent when the girl took off from her neck the black kerchief, and handed it to the young man. He was unwilling to take it, and she pressed it upon him. She grew so earnest, that without being conscious of it, she spoke in a louder tone.

"You have already caught cold, in your light coat," said the girl; "and besides, the handkerchief is yours, I ought not to have taken it from you."

"But you are hoarse," he replied, "and it is not so very warm here. You will perspire when you get warm, and there is a draft when the door is opened."

"But, Bernard, I entreat you to think of yourself, and on your poor sister," she spoke these words in such a moving, supplicatory tone, that he seemed no longer able to resist, but took the handkerchief and tied it about his own neck. He did not appear to have done this properly, for she sprang quickly up, made him sit down upon a chair, arranged and tied the handkerchief about his neck, dextrously, and tenderly.

The conversation of the officers had ceased since the entrance of this pair. The Prince was especially charmed by the appearance of the girl. He followed her every motion; his new comrades were scarcely less attracted.

The landlord came into the room immediately afterward. He went up to the officers. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "for letting the strangers come in here. I had, at the moment, no other room for them. But one will

soon be ready for them, and I will send them away immediately."

Count Engelhart gave him by a nod to understand that the explanation was satisfactory. But Prince Amberg answered the host:

"Let them stay here; they seem to be musicians, and the little girl isn't bad-looking."

"It shall be as you order."

"What do you say, gentlemen?" said the Prince turning to his comrades, with a laugh; "we sha'n't be embarrassed!"

They agreed, with a laugh.

"Why else have you conjured them up? But witchcraft without enjoyment, is means without an end. You are right. The girl isn't bad-looking. And we have the music into the bargain."

The young man, after a short whispered conversation with the girl, went up to the landlord and asked, bashfully: "May we ask for some tea, and some bread-and-butter?"

"How much tea?" asked the host in a tone of importance.

The young man was not prepared for this question, and seemed to be searching for an answer.

"I ask you whether you want one cup, or two cups, or half a cup."

Herr von Martini laughed at the latter part of the question.

The young man was embarrassed. He turned his eyes inquiringly to the girl. She had observed the impertinence in the landlord's question, and the laugh of the officers. Her eyes flashed, but it was the anger of an offended child. In a corresponding tone she said to her brother, decisively: "One cup of tea, and two plates of bread-and-butter."

"I will order it," answered the landlord.

The young man then went back to the girl, and the landlord left the room.

"The child is no fool," remarked the Prince.

Herr von Martini arose, saying: "I must feel of her mouth." He went up to the strangers.

"Do you play upon that instrument?" said he, addressing the girl.

"Both of us do," she replied in an indifferent tone, while she folded up her shawl.

"Perhaps you will play something for us," he continued.

"I am too tired," was the brief, and somewhat petulant reply.

"A glass of wine will strengthen you."

"No; I thank you." The shawl was by this time folded; she laid it on the top of the basket, turning her back upon the officer.

"Wouldn't money set you a-going?" asked he, half-jokingly, half-angrily, for his comrades coughed derisively.

The young girl turned suddenly round to him. "We are no wandering harpers, who play for money," she said, looking keenly at him for a moment, and then busying herself again with her basket.

Martini stood irresolute.

"Routed!" cried Prince von Amberg, with a laugh. "We must send reinforcements."

He approached, with a full glass in his hand. He seated himself beside the girl. "My dear child," said he, in a kind and friendly tone, "you are cold and tired. A glass of wine will do you good. Accept it from me."

She looked at him in surprise. It seemed doubtful whether she was offended at the familiarity of his address, or pleased with his friendly tone. At last she replied, coldly, "I thank you, sir. I don't drink wine."

"But this is cardinal," said von Martini, in a tone of banter.

"I don't drink cardinal either."

"Just hear me, my child," said the Prince. "I offer you the glass out of pure kindness, for your own sake. I have no selfish object—how could I have? Take it, and drink, at your leisure, as much or as little as you please."

She looked hesitatingly at him. Her eye glanced from the glass to her brother, who was sitting at a little distance, without having taken any part in the conversation.

The Prince seemed to divine her thought. At all events he perceived his advantage. "Martini," he called to that officer, "bring the young man a glass. He needs strengthening quite as much."

This decided the question. The girl took the glass from the hand of the Prince, and began to sip. Martini brought a glass to her companion, who also drank. The Prince remained sitting by the side of the girl.

"Have you been making a long journey?" asked he.

"We have come fifteen miles to-day."

"On foot?" he inquired, in a tone of astonishment.

"Certainly. Yesterday we came twenty miles." She seemed pleased that the Prince was astonished.

"And yet you are so lively!" exclaimed he. "You are a fine girl. From how far have you come?"

"We have been traveling six days; and have gone fifteen or twenty miles a day. We have thirty miles more to go; and then we shall be at home."

"You and your companion?"

"My brother."

"Is your brother too tired to play us something?"

"Oh, my dear sir, don't ask him. He wouldn't refuse you, for he can not deny any one a request. But he is very tired, and is not at all well."

"Very well, my good, affectionate sister. But why do you and your sick brother make so weary a journey on foot, and creep along so with the heavy instrument?"

"Good heavens! how could we travel any otherwise? We have no carriage; and the post is too expensive for us, too. Besides, traveling on foot is not so very unpleasant. We can see every thing better; and we often come

across people with whom we can talk about the country and other things?"

"And the instrument?"

"Yes, indeed, that is heavy. But we couldn't leave it behind. It was left us by our father. My father was a musician. He gave it to me when he died. It was almost all that he had to leave. He had given us children lessons upon it together. I was then very small. How often has he placed my little fingers correctly upon it."

Tears rose involuntarily in her dark eyes; she wiped them off with her handkerchief. After a pause she continued: "We could not leave it behind, could we? Besides, it has done us good by the way. When we were not too tired, we have often played upon it, and so cheered each other up. But you must not think that my brother carries it all the time. I often relieve him of it."

"My child, you excite my interest; you have a noble heart," exclaimed the Prince Amberg, with emotion apparently so true and genuine, that the little stranger was evidently affected. She looked up into the eyes of the handsome man with a clear, satisfied glance.

"Let us pledge each other," continued the Prince, bringing his own glass. "We will countermand your tea. You are my guests this evening—you and your brother. And in the morning perhaps we can come across a convenient carriage for those seven leagues, or so, since we have no seven-league boots." He touched her glass with his own. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Anna."

"And how old are you, my dear Anna?"

"I was fifteen years a few days ago."

"Fifteen years! why, my pretty Anna, perhaps you are a little offended because I have been treating you as though you were a mere child."

She blushed, but made no answer. For a while she sat looking straight before her, as though she were meditating. Then she cast a glance upon her brother, as though she would ask him a question. But he did not notice her. She turned suddenly, in a confiding manner, to the Prince: "You wished, just now," said she, "that I should play. Shall I? But you must excuse me from singing. I am a little hoarse, and my brother would be so anxious about me."

"You charm me, my dear little friend," replied the Prince. And, in fact, his eyes shone with a quiet, but unpleasing delight.

"What would you wish? Something gay, or something melancholy?"

"Whichever you please."

"I will play you a march, composed by my father."

She touched the strings of the instrument with a hand delicate and practiced, but with a strength which no one would have expected from the delicate fingers of the girl. It was an inspiring, impetuous, and at the close stormy march that she played. The Prince appeared to listen with unusual attention.

Herr von der Gruben, in the mean while entered into conversation with the brother. "Your little sister manifests great capacity," said he, with the tone of a connoisseur, and a patron of the Arts. "Admirable talents—tolerably good school—you must have her further instructed."

The wine, of which Martini had given him a number of glasses, had inspired the young man with some courage. "Certainly," he answered, "my sister has fine talents. Our father, who is now dead, remarked that. He himself taught her, and I have assisted him. But we can do no more. We are poor."

"You should take your sister to the capital."

"We are poor, sir."

"But in the capital there are patrons of music."

"We have no acquaintances at all. We know nobody there. Besides, it would be hard for us to be again separated from our sister."

"Then you have been separated?"

"For two years."

"And where are you now going with her?"

"To our mother, and to another sister. We are all going to live together; we are very glad of that."

"Tell us about it," said Herr von der Gruben.

"You are quite right. Family life is the root of all life. Every other is empty and vacant. Alas! it is not the lot of us rude soldiers. While we are yet children, we are torn away from home, and never return. From the military school, to the greensward of the battle-field, we have only the empty husks of life. Tell us about that blissful life of yours—living all together. It interests me."

"Our life is not exactly a happy one," replied the young man. "On the contrary, it has been sad and gloomy. Once, indeed, we were happy. But hostile fate robbed us of our happiness all too soon."

"Tell us about it. Tell us about it."

"My story will be short. There were three of us, brothers and sisters. My older sister was married to a most noble and excellent man. Her good fortune was ours. Then came a terrible misfortune over her—"

He stopped short, and remained silent.

"Well," said Herr von der Gruben, in an encouraging tone.

The young man opened his lips to go on.

"Bernard!" exclaimed suddenly the warning voice of his sister. She had just before ceased to play. Her first glance fell, even amid the flatteries of the Prince, upon her brother. Her quick ear seemed to have caught his words; or perhaps she foreboded what he had said and was about to say.

The brother started, and closed his half-opened lips.

Herr von der Gruben was now actually curious, although he had hitherto only feigned to be so. "You were going to say further," said he.

Martini was also aroused by the exclamation of the girl. He drew near the young man.

The youth had by this time collected himself, and proceeded: "My brother-in-law was lost to my poor sister. She had no longer a husband. Spare me a more particular recital. It would affect me and the child. This affliction, and the lamentations of his daughter, brought our father to his grave; but it bound those of us who remained still more firmly together. My bed-ridden old mother, my poor sister and her child, and I live together. My sister embroiders; I draw patterns for embroiderers and manufacturers. But, alas! a while ago my sister also fell sick; and I am now bringing our younger sister, who has been living with a distant relative. She will take charge of our little household, and wait upon our poor old mother, who can not leave her bed."

"Very sad, very lamentable, isn't it, my dear Gruben," said Herr von Martini, stroking his mustache. He then took his glass, and touched those of von der Gruben and the stranger.

Engelhart sat behind the bowl without moving, and kept on smoking his meerschaum.

The girl looked before her in silence. She had heard her brother's words. Prince Amberg sought in vain to arouse her. At last he begged her to resume playing.

"A livelier one, my dear child; it will divert your thoughts; something about meeting again. You will soon recover your spirits. You seem to me to be a maiden of a brave, stout heart."

Had he learned so soon how to influence her? She again touched the chords. The tones were soft and gentle; then gay, sportive, joyful; then again more calm; then all at once exulting, stormy, tempestuous. It was plain that it was no lesson which she had learned, but that they came from the very heart and soul of the maiden. It was gay and joyous pictures from her own life which she wrought out in tones which she conjured with skill, but yet with feeling, from the harp-strings. Now she rejoiced in the intimacy of the family circle; then she was dancing with her sportive playfellows amidst the meadows—hunting for bright flowers, or chasing the still brighter butterflies. Now she was listening to her mother's wondrous stories of fairies and princesses, of knights and kings; and then again she was teasing the curly-pated lads in the garden. So infinitely simple, yet so immeasurably rich is the life of a child.

All at once the music became more slow, the tones grew softly plaintive—they became almost inaudible—they were perceived by the imagination rather than by the ear. Then they suddenly rose, like a hurricane, howling, bearing all before it. One would have thought that the chords must break, that the hand of the child must become over-wearied. But the sounds became stronger and stronger; the fingers swept the strings more and more boldly. A shrill, terrible cry! Was it a discord? Was it the breaking of a string? Was it the shattering of the whole instrument?

She ceased. She leant the harp against her shoulder, and her face upon the harp. Her

hands rested wearily on her bosom. Her face was suffused with a deep red. Her eyes gleamed with a dark fire. Her bosom heaved and swelled. Her heart palpitated visibly.

The Prince sat close by her side. His eyes too sparkled; but they were fixed upon the modest bosom of the girl.

The girl's brother had arisen from his seat, and approached her. He looked anxiously at her. "You are fatigued, Anna," he said, in a tone of kind reproach; "I should have entreated you—"

"Oh, suffer me," she besought him; "suffer me, good Bernard. I was so happy!"

She motioned him away, and he went back to his seat. She then looked toward the Prince. She shrank back from the glow in his eyes. She did not comprehend her own terror, nor did she understand that glow. She was perplexed.

"I promised you something lively," said she.

"You did, indeed," said he, musing.

"Excuse me. So many remembrances carried me away."

She then played a merry fantasia.

The Prince nodded to Martini; his eyes were directed to the brother, then to the bowl, and then to the girl. Martini understood him. He took the stranger by the arm, and led him to the table.

"Your pretty sister's health! Let us drink it!"

They touched glasses; the young man must empty his.

"Here's hoping you may find all your friends well and hearty!"

The young man drank that eagerly from a replenished glass.

"You and yours must have experienced very strange fortunes. Let a sympathizing friend hear about them."

The young artist had meanwhile finished playing. The gay, bantering tone of the Prince had restored all her lively humor. "Have I kept my promise?" she asked of the Prince.

He was still in a reverie. "You have," said he; "but your recollections were more beautiful. Those wonderful tones have penetrated my heart. They will long remain there."

She laughed. "The childish recollections of a child!"

"No, not they; but the joys and the sorrows of the maiden: the sorrow of the forsaken; the grief, the misery of the sister; the agony of the daughter!"

He took her hand. She, busy with the images which he sought to re-awaken, suffered him to do so.

"That terrible discord, that awful shriek; was it not a shriek of agony at the death of a father?"

"It was," she replied.

He placed his arm upon her slender form. She did not notice it, lost in thoughts of her dead father.

"And now, my poor child, you are without any protector. Your poor brother—himself needing assistance—"

"He is so good. Day and night does he work for his poor mother and sister, who could not exist without him. He has overtaken himself; that is the occasion of his illness.

"Listen to me, my child; I will be another brother to you. Confide in me."

She looked at him with a dubious expression.

He continued, in a tone of encouragement: "You seem to form a noble family, who must be provided for. I have an excellent old aunt, a kind-hearted old lady, with whom I will place you. She will take care of you, and you will cheer the remnant of her days with your admirable art. What do you think of that?"

She shook her curls doubtfully: "But my old mother, and my poor sick sister?—No, I can not leave them again."

"They shall be provided for. Do you think we would leave them in want? They shall forthwith see better times; and your poor brother shall not be obliged to work day and night for them, and ruin his health. He shall be enabled to work for his own education."

She looked at him with an expression of growing confidence.

His language grew more persuasive: "Agree to it, my little angel. To-morrow will I write to my aunt. She lives at no great distance. In a week her carriage can be here for you. How happy will she be—how happy shall I be, if we can but make you happy."

She looked gratefully at him. He wound his arm more boldly and firmly around her. Perhaps she now perceived it; but how could she repulse the noble disinterested benefactor, who offered to be a brother to her? Yet she endeavored gently to disengage her hand from his. He released it, in order to place in it her wine-glass. "Let us drink to the success of our plan." Their glasses touched. He emptied his; she must do the same.

But she began to grow very weary. The exertion of the walk, the unpleasant weather of the evening, her playing, the reminiscences of her childhood so powerfully and vehemently aroused, the sudden alternation of so many different feelings, the wine—to which she was altogether unaccustomed—all combined to occasion a state of complete physical and mental exhaustion. Every thing seemed to swim around her; and she felt an irresistible longing for repose and sleep.

She looked around for her brother. Prince Amberg watched her glance, which served as his cue. It might perhaps even serve his turn to excite that wish.

"You long for repose and solitude. I see it in your weary eyes."

"Oh, yes; and my brother needs rest too."

"He does not seem to do so. See how earnest he is. My comrades appear to have entertained him pleasantly. Unless I am mistaken, they are talking about Art."

"He is an enthusiast about Art."

"Well, then, let him have a half hour's enthusiasm. I will see that a chamber is prepared for you."

He left the room. In a few minutes he returned, saying: "Your room is ready; the chambermaid is waiting outside with a light, to conduct you to it. Don't disturb your brother. He will sleep close by you. Every thing is cared for. Now good-night, my little innocent—till morning."

He reached out his hand to take leave. But suddenly, as though something had just come into his mind, he continued: "But I must see where they have put you—I'll go with you to your room."

In her longing for rest and sleep, she only half heard the words. They left the room together. The brother did not observe it.

"Ah, yes, my very excellent young friend," Herr von Martini was saying, "great and sublime models are the very nurse—the source and origin of art—so you must really go to the capital—you must indeed. What's the use of your genius, your soul, your imagination, if you can't drink at this fountain of artistic life?"

"But I still maintain," eagerly replied the young man, who seemed to have entirely laid aside all his awkwardness, "I do assure you that the only true and proper life of Art dwells in the breast of the Artist. From out of his own self only can the Artist create any thing great. How, otherwise, could those Artists who have created those same great and exalted models, how else could they have produced them? for they, surely, had not, in like manner, great and exalted masters before them. A great master may perhaps draw after him a train of scholars; but he will not create great masters."

"Ah, yes, very fine indeed! what is your name? I've really forgotten."

"Hammer—Bernard Hammer."

"Yes, my dear Herr Hammer—there you're wrong. Just think of the schools of painting. Does a great master ever stand alone in his own time and country? Masters beget masters."

"The inward, the creative energy produces masters. The older masters merely aid, by their example, to awaken, more speedily and vigorously, the life of the younger ones."

"To awaken, to fructify! The unfruitful life is a dead life. Sleep is the brother of death. I repeat it—you must go to the capital."

Bernard Hammer sighed.

"At the capital you will find youths of your own age, of similar tastes, and striving in like manner. One awakens, inspires, impels the other. The works of the great masters, in the noble galleries, present themselves for emulation. And patrons of Art, will there offer you their assistance."

"But the means of going there, and of making one's self known?" asked young Hammer, in a somewhat melancholy tone. "One acquires patrons only after a long time of endeavor and of endurance. In the mean while, how many fail!"

"But not the bold ones. *Fortuna audaces juvat*—Fortune favors the bold!"

"But my poor relations?" Bernard looked

around for his sister. He started as he missed her. "Anna!" cried he, involuntarily.

"You're looking for your sister. She's probably gone to bed."

"But the officer who was sitting by her has gone too."

"Oh, he's gone to see the Captain, to report himself. He's just entered the service. Don't be alarmed. Your sister will be well taken care of here. This is a very careful inn. Fine people, and especially a most excellent landlady. Let us talk further. I take a great interest in Art. I'm a bit of an amateur myself."

"Yes, like that monarch who could sell his pictures only to the Jewish money-lender of the court," broke in von der Gruben, with a laugh.

"Ah, what story's that? Let's hear it, Gruben," cried Count Engelhart, who, apparently, had not heard a word of the conversation, but had been thinking, in the most uninterrupted quietude of his meerschaum.

"The story is a very simple one," answered Herr von der Gruben. "William the First of Prussia thought he was an artist, and painted the portraits of his generals and ministers. When he had got a good part of them done, he summoned the money-lender. 'Aaron,' said he, 'you know how to appraise every thing, what do you think these portraits are worth apiece?' The Jew was anxious to play the courtier. 'Twenty Fredericks d'or apiece, your Majesty, between you and I.'—'You shall have them for that,' exclaimed the King. An exclamation of discontent was choked on the lips of the Jew by a forced smile. 'Your Majesty is most gracious to poor Aaron.' He paid the money, and sent away the pictures. They were shockingly done—mere caricatures."

"An expensive piece of flattery."

"A Jew completely overreached."

"Hold your peace. If the King was cunning, the Jew was no fool. He took the pictures around to the ministers and generals. 'Would your Excellency like to have your Excellency's portrait? Painted by his Most Gracious Majesty's own hand—between ourselves, are worth fifty Fredericks d'or apiece. At your service for forty—can't let them go a penny less.'—'Why, Jew, you are crazy. Be off with you!' The Jew went off. The next day the portraits were lying in his shop window, among rubbish of all sorts; under each of them was written the name of the original. Every one ran there in great astonishment, and laughed and shouted, and hurra'd at the daubs. The next day the Jew had his forty Fredericks d'or apiece for them."

They all laughed; but poor Bernard Hammer's was only a half-laugh. He was thinking about his absent sister.

"That puts me in mind of another story," said Martini. "There lived at Vienna, a few years ago, a poor daub of a painter. Times went hard with him. At last he hit on an odd expedient. He painted a great number of male half-lengths, in Hungarian costume. He fin-

ished them entirely—all but the mustache. Next winter he took his collection to Pressburg, to Pesth and Ofen, to Debreczin. He advertised himself as a portrait painter, who only required one short sitting. That took with the restless Hungarians. They came, they sat. The painter chose one of his pictures. All he had to do was to add the peculiar cut and hang of the mustache—and the portrait was finished—a most speaking likeness—for—

“For,” chimed in Count Engelhart, “in Hungary the national resemblance is so great, that every body has the same features as every body else; only each wears the mustache in his own fashion.”

“You’ve hit it exactly, brother.”

A smothered cry was heard. It appeared to proceed from above, from within the house.

Young Hammer sprang up. “What was that?” he exclaimed, turning pale.

“What should it be? The servants are quarreling.”

“No, no. I’m anxious about it.”

“Just a common quarrel between the servants and the maids. Sit down again.”

The young man was sitting down, in a hesitating manner, when a fearful scream was heard—“Help! Help!” It was a woman’s voice, and came from the upper story of the inn.

“My sister!” cried Bernard Hammer; and with a single bound he was at the door, and out of the room.

Several people came running to the spot—the landlord and landlady, and several inmates of the inn. They looked up the stairs, but seemed undecided whether they should go up. Young Hammer burst through them. In three strides he was at the top of the stairs. A door was flung violently open. His sister rushed out with a terrified face, as pale as a corpse. “Villain! Monster! Save me!” she exclaimed.

Behind her, out of the same door, walked Prince Amberg. He seemed perfectly composed, only his fine features seemed a little pale and excited. A haughty, supercilious smile played upon his lips.

Anna Hammer flung herself into her brother’s arms. “Save me, Bernard,” she cried. “The villain, the wretch, the fiend!” She trembled fearfully.

Prince Amberg was on the point of passing, but Bernard Hammer let go his hold of his sister, and sprang upon him. “Sir,” exclaimed he, “what have you been doing to my sister? What have you been attempting with the child? Give an account of yourself! Give me satisfaction.”

The Prince laughed. “Satisfaction! Ask the little strumpet herself what she wants.”

“Strumpet! Sir, you don’t stir from the spot.” He seized the Prince by the breast with a powerful hand. The Prince tried to free himself. His uniform was torn. Bernard Hammer received a blow in the face. But it seemed as though superhuman strength had suddenly sprung up in the youth. He seized

the Prince with both hands, and shook him till the strong man became almost insensible. He then flung him to the floor.

By this time the other officers had followed young Hammer. They rushed up the stairs, and dragged him off from the gasping Prince.

“Boor! clown!” cried von Gruben and Martini, striking him with their fists.

“Don’t befoul yourself; leave him to the men,” said Count Engelhart, pointing to a group of soldiers who had gathered at the foot of the stairs.

“You are right, comrade; the fellow is like a mad dog. He can not disgrace the uniform I wear.”

The officers seized the young man, and with their united strength, flung him down the stairs.

“There, lads! There you have the vagabond player, who would assault your officers.”

The soldiers laid hold of their prey, and bore him, with loud shouts, from the house, closing the door behind them. The officers went back into the room, to their bowl of cardinal; the Prince previously changing his uniform in haste. The inmates of the inn stood looking at each other in silence.

Anna Hammer was, for a few moments, in a state of complete exhaustion. She came to herself, as her brother was hurled down the stairs. With a shriek she flew after him. But she came too late; the soldiers were already out of doors with their victim. In vain she shook the street door, which was held fast from without. From outside arose a wild tumult; curses, shrieks, dragging, thrusting.

The strength of the young girl began to fail, notwithstanding her terrible agony. The door would not yield to her efforts. She turned in despair to the host and hostess:

“For God’s sake, save my poor brother; the savages will abuse him, he is so weak, so ill.”

The landlord shrugged his shoulders. “What can we do against the soldiers?” said he.

“For the sake of my poor old mother,” besought the girl. “For my sister’s sake! He is our sole support. Without him we are lost. And he is so good, so noble!”

The landlady went away, she seemed to be unable to endure the lamentation of the girl.

The landlord again shrugged his shoulders. “The soldiery are too strong. The officers themselves sometimes can do nothing with them.”

The uproar without had augmented. Screams and outcries were intermingled. The thronging and tumult increased. Nothing could be clearly distinguished. All at once amidst the confusion the voice of young Hammer was heard crying in a piercing tone of the utmost, extremest agony. “Help! Help! They are murdering me!”

Immediately there was a dull, heavy fall upon the pavement, then a wild hurrah from many voices. All was then still, as though death had swept over the street.

"They have murdered him!" screamed the girl. "They have murdered my brother!"

She rushed into the room in which were the officers. "Save him! Save him! Oh, for heaven's sake, save my poor brother!"

"Young 'un," said Martini, with a quiet sneer, "I don't think you are wanted here."

At that moment the sound of a post-horn rang gayly before the house, and a carriage halted at the door.

"Another extra-post, at so late an hour! This seems to be a day of adventures," yawned Count Engelhart.

Directly afterward the street door was heard to open, and in a few moments the door of the room also opened. A lady, in an elegant traveling-dress, entered, preceded by the landlord. She was tall, and rather full than slender. Her complexion was fresh, and her eyes lively. Her whole demeanor and motions were those of the best society.

As she entered, Prince Amberg sprang up in surprise. "Madame von Horberg—my gracious Lady—what an unexpected pleasure!"

"You here, my Prince! What an unlooked-for meeting!"

Anna Hammer had started up at the arrival of the lady. The idea of a last possible help rushed through her mind, when she saw that the Prince was acquainted with the lady. She came quickly up to her, and embraced her knees. "Oh, my gracious Lady," she implored, "have pity on my poor brother; do speak a word to the gentlemen for him, that they save him from the hands of the soldiers!"

"Won't the little toad be off?" said Prince Amberg, advancing; and then, addressing the lady, he added: "A singing-girl, an impudent vagabond, who with her brother have been committing scandal here!"

"Oh, fie!" said the lady, pushing the child in disgust from her, with her foot, not with her hand.

Anna Hammer arose to her feet. Feelings the most woeful and bitter thronged through her young heart. But from that moment she was no longer a child. The last hour had ripened her into a woman. She cast a look of contempt upon the lady and the officers, and left the room in silence. She crossed the vacant hall, and passed through the open door into the street. Here all was still. No living being was to be seen. A cold wind swept across. She looked around. A gleam of moonlight which pierced the driving clouds, showed her a dark body lying sideways along the street. She drew near; it was her brother; he was covered with blood; he did not move. She flung herself upon him. He still breathed.

Poor, unfortunate sister!

At the same instant an officer came riding up. He stopped before the inn; dismounted, gave his horse to the servant who followed him, and went into the house.

In the apartment sat Prince Amberg in the intimate conversation of old acquaintanceship

with the lady. When the newly-arrived officer entered, he sprang up hastily, buckled on his sabre in a moment, placed his helmet on his head, and stepped in front of the officer, in the complete uniform of the service. "Captain, I have the honor to report myself—Prince Amberg—transferred to your squadron."

CHAPTER II.

THE EJECTMENT.

It was early on a bright morning. The laborers at the farm-house had long been gone a-field, with plow, harrow, and horses. The maids had cleaned up the hall, kitchen, and threshing-floor, and were busy, some of them in the garden, digging and planting, some of them by the kitchen-fire, in the wash-house, or in the chambers where the winter stores were collected, ready to be assorted. The cows in the great stall were already milked, and had been freshly foddered. The farmer had early exchanged his jerkin for his coat, and had taken hat and stick and gone out, and was not yet returned.

The good dame was going about the extensive farm-buildings to see that every thing was in order. She was a tall, stout, healthy woman. Her years might be at the end of the thirties, or the beginning of the forties. She was still fresh-looking, and her countenance might even yet be denominated handsome. Although they no longer had the fine, delicate loveliness of youth, which nature has certainly not made the exclusive possession of the so-called upper classes, yet the features were regular, and still bore traces of former beauty. A deep gravity lay upon her forehead, and her eyes had an unquiet expression.

First she looked into the kitchen, at the hearth, the pots and kettles, the supply of wood for the day; at the potatoes which were peeled for dinner, and at the shining plates and platters. Then she went, followed by the kitchen-maid, into the meat-room close by, and gave out meat and seasoning for dinner. From thence she went into the milk-room, looked at and counted over the milk-pans, which stood there in orderly rows, hardly to be taken in at a look. Those which had just been brought in she examined, in addition to counting them. Her look expressed satisfaction; but when she went out, and cast behind a look at the whole array, at the numerous brown pans with their snowy contents, the gravity upon her brow deepened into sorrow. From the milk-room she went into the spacious threshing-floor. It was so clean and neat, that one might have found a needle which had been dropped upon it. Upon both sides of it were stalls; for the horses on the right, on the left for the cows. She went to the former, in the first place. It was almost empty, for the horses were at work in the fields. Only a few brood-mares, with their young foals, were lying

upon the clean white straw, and caressing their colts by their sides. Thence she turned to the opposite cow-stalls. Here it looked more animated and gay. In long rows were standing at their cribs the brown, white, black, and spotted animals, smooth, shining, and well-fed, enjoying the fragrant hay. The good dame knew each of them separately. She went up to each one and stroked it; but she had no friendly word as formerly, but went in silence from one to the other. Pleasure at their sleek and plump appearance contended in her eyes for the mastery with a great grief and dejection.

Above the stalls was a series of chambers, in which were stores of hemp, flax and yarn; and, more than every thing else, a great stock of snowy linen, from the heavy goods for domestic use, to the finest damask. The woman stood for a long while upon the threshold, looking around and feasting her eyes; but she turned suddenly aside, went back into the kitchen, and out into the court.

The court was large, broad, and spacious. On one side were the buildings; in the centre of which, and separated from them by a moderate space, was the main structure, built of brick of a dark-red color, and covered with tiles of a bright red. On the east and south sides were espaliers, but the leaves not being yet grown, they were of a gray color, with bare tendrils. The windows were furnished with bright-green blinds. On two sides of the house were sheds for wagons, sledges, plows, and the other utensils of a farm, and near by were wash-house, bake-house, and other smaller buildings. Opposite the main building, in a pleasant garden, was another and smaller dwelling-house, almost pleasanter than the farm-house itself. This was the infirmary. It was at this time untenanted. The present possessors of the farm would occupy it, at some future day, when they should have resigned the estate to the more vigorous hands of one of their children. But any one who looked upon the robust dame would have been convinced that it would be a long time before this would happen.

Directly in the rear of the infirmary commenced a thick forest, which surrounded the farm on three sides; the garden and plowed fields, and meadows lay beyond the house, and stretched away as far as the eye could penetrate. The shrubbery in the forest had already begun to put on its green attire; the higher beeches also showed in places their delicate and tender leaves; but the tall oaks still stood gray and naked in the air.

Not far from the dwelling-house, upon a somewhat elevated spot in the court, stood a long table of white polished fir-wood. By the side of it were green benches; an elm-tree spread its long thick boughs above it. Close by was a group of walnut-trees, a couple of chestnuts, with the white and red flowers just budding, and five or six ancient oaks, which seemed to have bidden defiance to the storms of centuries, had seen many an edifice rise and fall upon the spot,

and many a generation grow up and sink into the grave.

The warm rays of the spring sun greeted pleasantly the good dame, as she stepped out into the court. A gentle breeze bore to her the fresh odor of the shrubbery, and of the young leaves of the trees. A multitude of birds were twittering and chattering, and rejoicing every where among the trees. The woodpecker was tapping away upon the dry branches of the oak. The larks hovered and sang above the house, high up in the air.

The good woman at first looked around her to see if all was in proper order. She seemed satisfied. She then inhaled pleasantly the fresh breeze of morning, and watched the joyous labor of the birds.

Two children came out of the garden of the infirmary. A boy of six or seven years old, drew a wagon in which sat a little girl, of some three years. Both children were the very pictures of health and happiness. The boy ran shouting toward the woman, the wagon rattling on behind. He came up to her with a joyous "Good-morning, mother! Take hold of my hands!" She pressed his hands, and then stooped over the child in the wagon, kissed her, and then took her up and set her on the ground.

"You have got up early this morning, my children," said she.

"Yes, we have, mother," said the child, unconcernedly. "Father said yesterday that this might be the last day we should be here, and I thought I would draw little Maggy around a bit."

"You are a good boy. But your father, perhaps, was not in earnest. We shall stay here to-day, and many days more, I hope."

"That's fine. Then I shall get my own little bit of land, and a piece off the meadow for myself; and I can raise the calf and the colt, that my father has given me."

"That you can, and you shall."

"And I my chickens," said the little girl.

"Yes," my little Maggy.

The mother went with the children into the infirmary garden. She seated herself upon a bench in an arbor; and took the girl upon her lap, while the boy remained standing before her. She looked thoughtfully around upon the substantial farm-house, and upon the pleasant infirmary building before her.

"You are so still to-day, mother; do you want any thing?" said the boy.

"No, my child; it will soon pass away."

A neighbor came in through the gate of the court. He looked about upon all sides; when he perceived the woman, he went up to her.

"Good-morning, neighbor," said he. How goes it?"

"Good-morning, neighbor. How should it go?"

"I don't see any signs of change. Isn't the Commission coming?"

"I think not."

"Is your husband at home?"

"He has gone out."

"Do you really suppose that the gentlemen won't come. Don't flatter yourself. These are evil times."

"Oh, they can not surely come."

"Don't think that neighbor. Any thing can happen nowadays."

"Hark ye neighbor; why do you tell me such unwelcome things? Misfortune will come soon enough at all events. There is no need of calling it."

"Ah, neighbor, don't be angry with me. My intention was good. It's well to be prepared when evil lights upon one. And, believe me, the times are bad enough now. The poor are sorely oppressed; the great lords have all the power; justice is no longer to be found upon earth; for the people there is no such thing. The nobles and the officers are too strong."

"But we have the law yet, neighbor. And rich and poor, high and low, must go by the law."

"It should be so, it should be so. But what's the use of the law, when we haven't honest judges. When the stewards bully us, and the collectors cheat us, there's nobody dares to look into the matter."

"But there are superior officers, who are above stewards and collectors."

"Ah, but it's a great and a long chain. Hawks don't pick out hawks' eyes. Each one needs the other. The collector invites the bailiff to dinner, and makes him presents. The bailiff sends the best horses in the stall to the president. The president is a good friend of the minister's. And the nobles are good friends of them all."

The woman arose. "It's breakfast time, neighbor Littlejohn; come in with me. My husband will not be long away."

They went toward the house. When they were within a few steps of it, two carriages drove up to the court. In each of them were several gentlemen. Upon the box of one of them sat a couple of gendarmes; upon the other were two constables.

"There they are already," said neighbor Littlejohn. "Compose yourself."

A passionate expression shot across the face of the woman for an instant; but she composed herself. She took little Margaret in her arms, and remained standing before the door, waiting for what was to happen.

The gendarmes and the constables sprang down from the box. The gentlemen alighted from their carriages. One of them a little fat, thickset man approached the woman.

"I am come upon a very unpleasant business to day, Mrs. Oberhage," said he, with a sort of friendliness which was not at all pleasant.

The woman stood still, and made no reply.

"But one's duty, Mrs. Oberhage. Believe me, it is often very unpleasant; but never has it been so unpleasant for me as it is to-day."

The woman made no answer.

"Believe me, this is a very unhappy day for me."

"You have never brought any happy news to us, Herr Justice," said the woman, bitterly.

One of the other gentlemen now came up. He was a tall, thin, and haughty-looking person with two decorations upon his breast. The Justice wore but one, in his button-hole.

"I think, Herr Justice, we may as well begin our business."

"Oh, gentlemen," said the woman, quietly rather than with excitement; "I hope you will wait. My husband has gone out, and our lawyer is not here. I hope that they will both be here presently."

"What are they to us?" interrupted the Commissioner, carelessly. "The matter is decided; there's nothing more to be done."

"The affair is not decided. The day is not yet ended," answered the woman eagerly.

"I quite understand your feelings, my good woman; but don't make any useless delay. Let us go into the house, Herr Justice, and begin."

"Do be perfectly composed my dear Mrs. Oberhage," said the Justice, with the most engaging friendliness.

The gentlemen went into the house, followed by the constables, the gendarmes remaining without.

From the house rushed a young girl, of some eighteen or nineteen years. She was tall and slender; she had regular and pleasing features, blue eyes, and light hair. Her whole aspect was pervaded by a quiet and somewhat pensive beauty. She wore the ordinary garb of the young country women of the district; but either it was made of finer material than usual, or some peculiarity in the shape, which could hardly be defined, or there was something peculiar in the carriage of the maiden; some or all of these gave her a somewhat ideal aspect. She grew red and pale by turns, as she hastened up to the woman, and flung both arms around her, hiding her face in her bosom.

"Is it then true, mother?" she asked. "Are they here? Is all lost?"

"Silly child, what should be lost?" replied the woman coolly, and even sternly, casting a glance of displeasure at the witnesses around.

"But they are here, mother!" sobbed the girl; "and father is away. He is not with us in this distressing time!"

"Your father will soon be back. Collect yourself before these strangers. We must not give these villains a malicious pleasure," she said gently pushing the girl from her. "Go to the foreman," she continued, "he is out behind the barn. Tell him to ride to the town at once, and fetch your father. He will find him with the lawyer. He must take a horse from the nearest field. He must not go the nearest way through the meadow, but take the high-road; perhaps he may meet him there."

She gave these directions with perfect calmness. The daughter went.

Meanwhile several neighbors had arrived from different directions. The warmest sympo

was depicted upon all their faces, mingled with feelings of wrath, excitement, and bitterness. These feelings were loudly expressed, notwithstanding the presence of the gendarmes and the constables.

"And so they are in earnest, neighbor," said an old farmer. "They're going to drive you by force from house and home."

"Not yet, neighbor Hartmann!" said the woman, with great apparent calmness. "You know that we have just sent off another petition. We must consider nothing lost, so long as all is not lost."

"Yes, maybe; yes, maybe. But don't be too confident. This is a bad world. Just look at that false Justice, and that proud Commissioner. They two have brought all this misfortune upon you, and they're not ashamed to come here, to tickle their eyes with the sight of your lamentation."

"Not with our lamentation!" responded the woman, with a tone and expression than which a queen could not have manifested a nobler or prouder. "It is true," she added, "that these two men have done all in their power to drive us from this farm, where I and my husband, and my fathers, for more than two hundred years, have lived and labored."

"Yes, yes," said the old farmer; "the little Justice there said ten years ago, that there were papers in his office that would make it all over with you, if he should only bring them up."

"So he told my husband, to try to make him buy these papers. And when my husband would have nothing to do with him, he told me the same."

"And when you sent him about his business, he laid heads together with the Commissioner, who had just come from the capital, and was sent to the Chamber."

"That's a scoundrelly fellow, good neighbor Oberhage. He don't care for any body. He only cares for the revenues, and taxes, and imposts, and dues. There isn't a farm in the district that he hasn't loaded with great burdens. Day and night is he searching among the ancient registers and archives to find out new claims for the revenue, and to oppress the poor farmers. He brought forward some old documents showing that your farm really belonged to the Sovereign—to the treasury. The fat Justice has put him up to that."

"That the farm had once belonged to the Sovereign," said the woman, correcting him, "more than two hundred years ago; but my fathers bought it honorably from the government. My grandfather had the papers in his own possession. At his death they could not be found. My father was absent when my grandfather died, so the Court took charge of the documents which he left, and sealed them up. The papers got into the Court at that time, and we have never seen them since. They said that they were not with the documents under seal, or that they had been lost."

"That cunning Justice knows well enough where they are."

"But who can prove it? We charged him with it. He laughed, and threatened to bring an action for damages. And then they commenced the suit against us. The old papers held valid, and to the ancient laws which the government itself had made, they betook themselves, and turned and twisted, till they decided that the farm belonged to the government."

"The poor people can no longer get their rights any where. Justice cries out to heaven. All the judges care for is to please the nobles and the government, to get some order or other, or an increase of salary, or a better post."

"But I have one hope left," said the woman. "We have just sent a petition to the Sovereign. We have set forth clearly and expressly the injustice which the Court and the Chamber has done us. We have told him all: how the Justice tried to make a bargain with us for the information he had got; how he has stolen our papers; how he has conspired with the Commissioner; and how they two have gone to work together, and have got up witnesses to ruin us. We expect the decision every moment. If there is a spark of justice left in the heart of the Prince, he will not suffer us to be driven away from the farm."

"My poor woman, don't put any trust in that."

"I may trust in that; for I trust in God and in good men."

"In good men! Good men have likewise a heart for the poor peasantry. But where will you find a heart up there for the poor peasant?"

The woman was called into the house by a maid. She went, taking the two children with her.

"Shall we look quietly upon such injustice?" asked one of the peasants.

"They can drive us all from house and home," said another.

"That's what those fine gentlemen up there would do," said a third. "Just as they govern the country all alone, and poor folks mustn't say a word, so they would like at last to get all our property. The whole country must belong only to the treasury and the nobles, and we must be bondmen and serfs, as in old times. They only endure us, because otherwise there would not be any body to pay taxes."

"And so," interrupted another, "they make the laws for themselves only, in such a way that they can get every thing to themselves, and at last we shall have nothing left."

"In other countries," suggested another, "it is not so. There they have Diets, where the burghers and the peasants have seats, and a voice as good as that of the nobles, or of the king himself. So I've read in the newspapers. They can't make any laws unless the peasants give their consent to them. So it is in Norway. The peasant there counts for something."

"So it is in Belgium, and in Switzerland, and in Holland, and in France, and almost every where in other countries. Only in our country and in Russia is it that the peasants have no rights."

"In former times," said old Hartmann, "it wasn't any other wise with us. The free peasantry sat in the Diet with prelates and knights, and burghers; and if the sovereign wanted taxes or money any way, he had to ask all the orders for it; and in granting it, the peasants had a vote as much as any body else. Therefore the lords dared not touch our rights, for they always wanted taxes."

"And why haven't we our rights any longer?"

"The French took them from us, and gave them to the rulers whom they set over us, or left over us. And so the princes were bound to them. And when afterwards the French were driven out of the country, the princes kept what they had given to them. The people drove out the oppressor; but they were still oppressed for all that."

"Let us demand back our rights and privileges."

"Just do so, if you wish to walk off to prison. That's the law, which they have made up there for us. Three men can not even come together, to talk over political affairs as they call it, that is, the affairs of our own district. They call it insurrection or treason, and lock a man up for it. Have you forgotten how, a few years ago, some men came together, who wished well to the people, who wished to teach us our rights, and who wished to bring it about that we should get our rights again, and all by fair and peaceful means? What has become of those men? They have been condemned to death, and shut up in prison for life, where they can see neither sun nor moon as long as they live; and their families are living in sorrow, and want, and misery."

The conversation ceased. The peasants looked down, lost in thought.

Two men now came into the court, wearing the ordinary dress of the peasantry. Both were of robust figures, of some forty or fifty years. They came within the circle of the peasants, and were received with a silent shake of the hand. The elder looked around; his eyes rested upon the coaches, the gendarmes, and the constables. No emotion was visible upon his iron visage.

"They have come sooner than I expected," said he.

"They're never behind time, when there's any thing to be got," was the reply.

The woman came out from the house. She still had the younger child in her arms; the boy followed behind her. Her eyes were directed anxiously toward the town. The new-comers went up to her.

"Have you come alone, father?" she asked of the elder.

"My brother has come with me."

"Good-day, sister-in-law." The companion of the former speaker shook hands with the woman.

"Good-day, brother-in-law.—And the lawyer?"

"The lawyer, will come soon. He had not time at the moment."

"And the answer to our petition to the Prince?" The anxiety with which she awaited the reply, was evident.

"It had not yet arrived."

"Then there is hope yet."

"No, I think not," answered the man hesitatingly; and then he went on with a firmer voice. "Just listen, mother, we must compose ourselves. We must be ready for the worst. I've been a-talking the matter over with our lawyer. The Commission is here to put into execution the legal decision, so the lawyer says. We can't do aught against it. We can't count on the answer from the Prince to-day, even if we can count upon it at all. We must—the word must out—we must away from the farm to-day. What's ours we can take with us."

"Must we indeed? and to-day! this very hour!"

"We must. This very hour."

"And without house and home! without a shelter!—Oh, in God's name!"

"Not without a shelter. My brother will take us in. He's come with me to fetch us. We shan't starve—we nor the children. We're strong yet."

The woman looked down in silence; she pressed the child to her breast.

The husband continued, "Maybe a decision 'll come from the capital that will put us all back again; and then we will come again into full possession."

"I can't yet give up all hope," said the woman. "People can't be so wicked as that. It isn't possible that they can take away from us every thing that has been ours, lawfully and without dispute, for hundreds and hundreds of years. There can be no God in Heaven, if justice is so abused."

"Who's in there?" said the man, pointing to the house.

"Commissioner von Eilenthal and the Justice. They have some gentlemen with them. One of them they call the Administrator. The farm is to be put into his hands; he will take charge of it. They're writing down every thing in the house—making an inventory, they call it."

The officials now came out into the courtyard. They approached the farmer and his wife.

"Oh, there you are, Oberhage," said the Justice, with unaltered friendliness. "Your good woman has been telling you that we've been at work."

"Oh, yes, Herr Justice, and fine work it is for you!"

"Duty—hard, unpleasant duty, my dear friend."

"It's a duty that pays, Herr Justice," said the woman. "It's brought you your order already, and the increase of salary will soon follow."

"Oh, my dear woman! Don't you think it. We poor officers have to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow.—But what I was going

to say, Oberhage—you know that you will have to leave the farm to-day. You have had the official notification."

"I know it."

"I would like to ask you to be as quick as you can. Whatever belongs to you, you can take with you. But, you understand, only what belongs to you—what's your own property."

"I know, Herr Justice : nothing that's in the inventory. The lawyer has explained it to me."

"You are an intelligent man."

"Herr Justice," interposed the woman, "we have sent a petition to the Prince. The answer may come any minute. Till it comes, we surely need not leave."

"But, my dear Mrs. Oberhage, remember the legal sentence. You have gone through all the procedure. Justice must now take its course."

"Justice!" exclaimed the woman, bitterly. "But we won't speak of that, sir. But the Prince has the power of deciding whether or no he will have our property. He can't take the farm. He can't want stolen property. You must surely wait for his decision. You are his officers. The farm won't run away from you."

"Woman," interposed Commissioner von Eilenthal, in a haughty tone, "indulge in no vain delusions. I can tell you the decision which you will receive from the cabinet. I am perfectly aware what it is. The Deputy has transmitted your petition to the Minister, the Minister sent it to the Chamber for a report. The report I drew up myself."

"Then our fate is decided," said the farmer.

"Your own good sense informs you rightly. Justice must take her free course."

"It is an ill time for poor folk," said the woman. "Our persecutors are set as judges over us, and they thrust themselves in between the ruler and the people, so that he can't even hear their just complaints. They only are listened to, we never."

"My good woman, the officer has done only his duty."

"Yes, yes, Herr Commissioner; we know all that already. Every one looks out for himself. Maybe you'll soon have reached your own object. You've made enough poor folks poorer to enter the Ministry before long, or to be made President. That's what you've been trying for."

The Commissioner turned to the Justice : "Let us proceed with our business."

They went farther back up the court; counted and estimated the oaks and the other trees that stood there; and then passed to the other side of the house. The farmer turned to the neighbors, who had then arrived. He asked them to assist him in removing the things that belonged to him; to lend him their horses and wagons and harness, as the lawyer had told him that the wagons and horses on the farm were no longer his property, but belonged to

the inventory. The most willing assistance was promised.

At that moment some one came riding hastily up from the town. The eyes of the woman lighted up with joy, but only for a moment. The pallor of anxious expectation soon took the place of joy. "The lawyer," said she; "what can he bring?"

She thought, she felt, that the final decision of their fate had now arrived. All felt thus with her.

The lawyer dismounted from his horse. His grave features bore the impress of sorrow. He turned to the farmer: "You had scarcely gone, Oberhage, when the post arrived. It brought the long-expected decision."

All crowded around him in silence. Not a breath was audible. The decision was adverse. By the report of the Chamber, the case must be decided.

"Then all is lost!" said he who had been the owner of the farm.

The woman pressed the child in her arms closer to her breast; took the boy by the hand, and went quietly toward the house.

The neighbors dispersed to bring their horses and wagons.

But more bitter moments were in store for these unfortunates. Up to that very day the woman had entertained no doubt as to the result of the petition. Her husband, though he had little confidence, could not bring himself to overthrow her hopes. The departure from the farm thus took place almost without preparation. Of the things that were strictly their own property, few had been selected, none were packed up. The farmer and his wife went about the business in silence, the elder daughter assisting. Her tears fell wherever they went or stood. The mother did not weep; the farmer seemed to gain strength from the strength of the wife.

While they were busy a soft step, almost inaudible, approached the kitchen. Some one entered. It was a large, well-clothed man, with thick, pendulous cheeks, a small nose, broad chin, with enormous spectacles before his small, scarcely perceptible eyes. He was dressed in black from head to foot, with the exception of a broad band about his short neck. He cleared his throat as he came in, and then said, with an unctuous voice, "The Lord bless you!"

The peasant went up to him, and said, courteously, "I thank you, Herr Pastor." The daughter went to him and kissed his hand, and left the room. The wife looked at him, gave a slight nod with her head, without stopping in her work.

"I heard," said the Pastor, "that the Commissioner had arrived to eject you from the farm."

"It's so," replied the farmer.

"I have come to express my regrets. You must bear your lot like Christians. This suit, which has lasted several years, must have long led you to expect it."

The lips of the woman quivered, as though

she had a bitter answer on her tongue. An appealing look from her husband fell upon her, and she was silent.

The Pastor went on: "The Lord often leads his own into tribulation. But in every loss the true Christian thinks, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' You, my dear friends, must think so too; and then you will not lack heavenly consolation. Moreover, you should reflect that your case was decided according to the laws of your country."

The woman, notwithstanding the look of her husband, could no longer restrain herself. "Herr Pastor," she said, shortly and decidedly, "I pray you spare us these speeches of consolation."

The small eyes of the clergyman shot fire. "Woman, woman," he said, in his unctuous, admonitory tone, "you were always proud and stiff-necked. We must humble ourselves before the Lord."

The farmer interrupted him: "Herr Pastor, do not chide us to-day."

"Well, well, I came here for quite a different purpose. You know that during the past year you have given more to the clergy than formerly. You have added to the assessment."

"Not, Herr Pastor, as a charge upon the farm, but as a voluntary offering from my wife and myself."

"I know it; and that's just the reason why I have come. I wish to ask you, before you leave, to give me a written statement that during the last year you have given so much more from the farm; and that, had you remained here, you would have continued so to do."

"Herr Priest, I should then be laying a new burden upon the farm."

"My good friend, were you not going to continue your contributions, if you had remained master of the farm?"

"That might have been the case."

"Then you can subscribe the statement with a good conscience."

"I can not do it."

"Why, only reflect. You'll only be certifying to the truth."

"I can not do it, Herr Pastor."

"But just consider, and don't be obstinate. The matter is very simple. You yourself have this very moment said, that if you had remained master of the farm, you would have continued your payments as during the last year. Why can't you give that in writing? I desire nothing more."

"Herr Pastor, do not urge me."

The Pastor wished to bring forward new grounds of persuasion. The woman interposed: "Herr Pastor, short and good; we will not cheat any body—not even our enemies. So don't give yourself any further trouble."

The clergyman was in a quandary. He was evidently searching for words, when the voices of the officials approaching, grew loud close by the door. He perceived that at present he could not attain his object. He therefore left the

kitchen, perhaps intending to return. At this moment the daughter came in, followed by the Commissioner, the Justice, and the Lawyer.

The girl was very pale; alarm was depicted on her countenance. She went quickly up to her mother, as though she had something important to communicate; she seemed at first to be at a loss for words. But after a pause she said:

"Mother, you sent me to the linen-chamber, to fetch the linen, to go on the wagon."

"Well, and what then?" asked the woman, eagerly.

"The gentlemen have taken away the key, and will not let the linen go."

"Who has done that? Who won't let it?" cried the woman passionately, reddening with anger. It was evident that her Holy of Holies had been invaded.

"The Justice."

"Ah, Herr Justice! My linen? What have you to do with my linen?"

"My dear Mrs. Oberhage, I told you before that you can take from the farm only your own property, only your personal effects."

"Isn't the linen my property?"

"Not at all."

"And whose is it then?"

"It belongs to the farm."

"The woman burst into a laugh—the laugh of a sudden, fierce anger.

"My linen, for which I, and my mother, and my grandmother, and my great-grandmother, and this girl here, too, have spun the yarn—which we have woven and bleached, to which have cleaved drops of our sweat, thousands and thousands of times—and they, Herr Justice, they belong to your farm—they belong to you—or to the Commissioner there, do they?"

She looked from one of the officials to the other; and then continued, growing more calm, but yet scornfully: "Think of something else; but, my masters, you don't get my linen!"

"It is your treasure, your pride, Mrs. Oberhage," replied the Justice, with his unvarying friendliness of tone; "every body knows that; but it can't be helped. I am very sorry. But the linen belongs to the farm, and not to you."

The anger of the woman threatened to break loose again, when the lawyer came forward, saying. "His Honor the Justice is right, I am sorry to say. The stock of linen, in as far as it does not appear needful for the personal use of yourself and your children, pertains in law to the appurtenances of the farm. You must acknowledge that."

The woman cast a look upon her husband. There too she found no help. He looked in silence, with his face turned from her.

"Take it then," said she resolutely. She endeavored to conceal a tremor which almost mastered her, and turned to her occupation. This went on rapidly, with the assistance of her daughter, the weeping servants, and the neighbors.

The wagons stood before the door, ready to

set off, loaded with the effects of the ejected family. The neighbors stood around in silence, with sincere sympathy and restrained indignation in their strong countenances. The servants, laborers, and maids, small and great; boys who had just been taken upon the farm, old men bowed with age, who had perhaps labored there for three generations, stood side by side alike speechless, but with unrestrained grief in their faces. The members of the Commission were sitting at the long table under the elm-trees, taking their breakfasts; and the gendarmes and constables were close by.

The farmer, his wife, and children, remained within the house. They were waited for; and after a while they came out. First came the husband, then his wife, with the youngest child in her arms, and leading the boy; the elder daughter came last. In the mien of the parents and of the daughter was expressed the dignity of quiet submission to a hard fate.

The husband and wife cast a searching glance at the wagons which stood there. They appeared to find every thing in order; and approached the wagon in which seats for them had been prepared. The woman took the child from her arms, and placed her upon the ground. She did this, apparently, in order to be able to take leave.

The husband and wife went up first to their neighbors, and then to the servants, and gave their hands to each of them, one by one. Not a word was uttered. The daughter bade farewell only to the servants.

The boy was meanwhile gazing around upon the group. The little girl was calling to a brood of chickens that were picking up their food close by. A chicken, as white as snow, with a tuft upon its head, came tamely up to her. She took it in her hands, and began to play with it. All at once something seemed to strike the boy. He ran up to his mother, who had got through the sad task of bidding farewell.

"Are we going quite away now, mother?" he inquired.

"Yes, my child, and are not coming back again."

"Then we must take my colt and my calf with us, mustn't we? You promised me, early this morning, that I might raise them."

"I did promise you, my child; but they don't belong to us now."

The boy already manifested the strong mind of his mother. Scarce a feature of his face moved.

"Will they stay on the farm, mother?"

"Yes, they will stay here."

He ran up to the laborers, and begged them to take care of his calf and his colt, and not to let them want any thing. He then came quietly back to his mother. But now arose another struggle.

"But I will take my white chicken with me, mother," said the little girl, pressing the creature to her breast.

"Does the chicken belong to the inventory,

too?" asked the mother of the lawyer, who was standing close by among the neighbors.

"Oh, but, Mrs. Oberhage, such a trifle—"

"Does the chicken belong to the inventory?"

"Yes."

"Child, we must leave the chicken here. I'll give you another one."

"I won't leave my chicken. I'll take my white chicken with me!" wept the child.

The little fat Justice who had witnessed the transaction, arose: "Mrs. Oberhage, let the child take the chicken with her. With the consent of his Honor the Commissioner, I'll present it to you."

The child sprang up with joy, and danced the chicken up and down in her little hands.

The woman stood for a moment, struggling violently with herself. She looked at the joyous child. She looked upon the house and farm which she must leave. But quickly making her decision, she went up to the child, took the chicken from her arms, and let it go. Then turning to the Justice, she said:

"Herr Justice, sorry as I am for the sake of the innocent child, I can accept no present from you or from the Commissioner."

She could scarcely finish the sentence. The strength of the strong woman seemed suddenly to give way. Passionate tears flowed from her eyes. She took the weeping child in her arms, pressed her to her heart, and concealed her own tears in the child's golden locks. In a few moments, the mother gave the child to her elder daughter.

She then took her husband by the hand, saying, "One more walk."

She led him into the little garden by the infirmary, and sat down upon the bank, where she had sat that morning with the children. He seated himself by her side.

"Let me cry it out here," she said, "where those people can't see it; and then my heart will be easy again."

"Ease your heart, mother," he replied.

She laid her arms upon his shoulder, and rested her face upon his bosom. He embraced her. The strong grief within broke out into a violent flood of bitter tears. After a long pause, she raised herself up erect again.

"Christopher," said she—she had not for years called him by that name before—"Christopher, thou art not angry with me, for crying like a little spoiled child?"

"I am pleased with thee, as I always am, Catharine—I can hardly keep from crying myself."

"It was too much for me. It is true I had often thought of this day. But it is harder than I had feared."

"The Lord will give us elsewhere what he has taken from us here."

She shook her head. "He can not give us again what he has taken from us here. My fathers were born and died here. My father and my mother were carried from this farm to the church-yard. With pain have I here borne

to thee our children. Here have we closed the dying eyes of three of them. O, Christopher! and must strange men now occupy these places—these places which joy and sorrow have made a sanctuary for us?"

The grief of the woman had in it something great and exalting. It lent her expressions which were as strange to her condition in life, as to her lips.

She continued: "And all our toil, all our pains, has only been for other people. The bitter sweat of my old mother, and mine, and thine, they will not benefit our children. We thought that we were wearying ourselves for our own children—and now we have been toiling only for these bloodsuckers."

Her husband had no comfort to offer her.

In her grief, she still went on: "There it is—the great lovely house; there stands the green wood; there lie the fields and meadows. How often have I thought I could see our boy ruling here, a stout man, with his wife by his side, as we were twenty years ago. And this little cottage which we have built and arranged so conveniently for our old age—who will live here? We shall lay down our heads elsewhere, in anxiety and care."

"Do not make thy heart heavy again, Catharine."

"It is lighter now. It must down, that which lay so heavy upon it. Now let us go. The people will miss us."

She took out her handkerchief, and wiped her eyes, so that no one should see that she had been weeping. She then went with a firm step, back to the wagons, her husband by her side.

It was the dinner hour. About this time, a half-score of poor people, old men and women, came every day to the farm, where they had for years received their food. They had just made their customary appearance. They stood on one side with sad and downcast looks. The woman looked at them. It was her last trial in what had once been her home. She went up to these people.

"I can no longer give you your dinners," she said; "there is another master here now."

An old man hobbled up upon two crutches: "We have come here to-day to thank you, and to pray God that he would repay you what you and your husband, and your children, and your forefathers upon this farm have done for the poor. We have heard of the injustice which has been done to you; but man's injustice is Heaven's blessing. Farewell; go in peace to your new home. The Lord bless you evermore."

He hobbled back on his crutches to the group of mendicants who stood with hands folded, in prayer. The woman gave each of them something.

"The Lord be with you, also," said she. She went to the wagon. She said not another word. The children were already seated; and she likewise took her seat, her husband following her. His brother, who rode with them was

the last. She took the child to her bosom, covered her face with her shawl, so that no one could see it. The wagon drove slowly from the farm.

A servant on horseback rode in past the departing wagon. He handed a letter, sealed with a large seal, to the Commissioner von Eilenthal.

The haughty man opened it eagerly, and read. The Justice looked inquisitively over his shoulder.

"Ah, I offer you my humble congratulations, Herr President. I rejoice that I am the first to wish you joy. I commend myself to your further favor."

The mendicants before the house raised, in slow and solemn tones, the hymn from the Psalm-book:

O soul of mine, be not distressed
How this vain world's course doth tend,
Let not those things disturb thy breast,
Which thou canst not comprehend.
Humble spirit, quiet, still,
Think—"Tis the Almighty's will."

And doth the world upon thee frown;
Art thou now thy kindred's jest;
Or doth the oppressor tread thee down;
Still maintain in God thy trust.
Rest, O spirit, calm and still,
Think—"Tis the Almighty's will."

Is thy poor spirit sad within;
Naught but sorrow, woe, and grief;
And knowest thou only care and pain.
Here throughout thine earthly life;
Rest, O spirit, calm and still,
Think—"Tis the Almighty's will."

God shall have pity on his own,
When the cross hath made them strong
He to that rest shall lead them on,
Which they have awaited long.
Rest, O spirit, calm and still,
Think—"Tis the Almighty's will."

The sun shines forth when storms are past,
Joy followeth in Sorrow's train,
Anguish turns to peace at last,
And heavenly bliss replaces pain.
Rest, O spirit, calm and still,
Think—"Tis the Almighty's will."

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT COURT.

THE Court had been spending some days in the charming retreat in the country. Here it was customary to pass a considerable time every spring.

It was early in the morning.

His Royal Highness the sovereign lived a very regular life. He retired to rest the moment the clock struck ten; at five in the morning he arose, and for years he had been accustomed to this regularity; and now in his old age it had become absolutely essential to him. All who belonged to his immediate suite, or who were in close attendance upon his person, were obliged to conform to this mode of life. The remainder of the Court did not trouble themselves much about it; and, in fact, did not trouble themselves much about his Royal Highness at all, especially when his grandson, the Crown Prince, was there. His only son was dead long ago; and so also was his consort.

Soon after arising, the old lord took a simple breakfast, which was soon dispatched. Then, while they were at the country residence, he used to go out walking for an hour in the park, which lay immediately adjacent to the castle. This was the hour when he gave audience to those who had petitions to present; for he had the praiseworthy custom of listening to any one of his subjects—though only when they were introduced into his presence.

It was not yet five o'clock in the morning. In the elegant ante-chamber before the cabinet of the sovereign, an old man was sitting alone, in a large, comfortable arm-chair. He was very carefully dressed, in a black dress-coat, black silk knee-breeches, white silk hose, shoes with little silver-buckles, and a white cravat. Three orders ornamented his breast. The old man sat with his slender little body negligently leaning; one arm being upon a marble-table, near which his chair was placed, the other rested upon the arm of the chair; his cunning face rested upon his hand.

In the apartment it was as still as death. It seemed as though all in the castle, with the exception of the old man in the arm-chair, were dead, and he was keeping watch over the corpses.

A gentle knock was heard upon the outer door. The old man whispered as quiet a "Come in." The door opened slowly, carefully, almost inaudibly; and a lackey, in full livery, entered. Treading almost on tiptoe, he came up to the old man.

"The woman is there again," he whispered.

"Not to-day!" said the old man, in a discontented tone, but yet in a whisper.

"She won't be put off any longer."

"Not to-day!"

"I would not send her away again."

"Not to-day, I say."

"She humbly begs you, Herr Treefrog."

"Insufferable!"

"And you have such a kind, generous heart."

"Eh, what's that?"

"The whole country knows it, and knows you—"

"Hum—hum—"

"Do take pity on the poor woman."

"Let her come in. I will ask her about it. But she mustn't make any noise."

The lackey went out. In a short time a woman of the humbler classes entered. She was poorly but cleanly clad. Her whole appearance bespoke famine and distress.

"What do you wish?—but speak low."

"Ah, Herr Chamberlain—"

"My name's Treefrog."

In his youth the monarch, who had been fond of a jest, might have even been styled genial. Among the evidences of this geniality, one was, that he selected for his suite only those who bore odd names. The old Chamberlain was a remnant of those genial humors. He never liked to be addressed as Chamberlain; perhaps he thought the title did not comport with the

orders which had been conferred on him by his master and by a couple of insignificant reigning princes.

"Dear Herr Treefrog, I have already been waiting for three days. I am starving, and my poor children at home are starving."

"What do you want of his Royal Highness?"

"Mercy for my husband."

"And what's the matter with your husband?"

"Ah, dear Herr Treefrog, we are so poor. A year and a half ago my husband fell sick; I had lain sick a whole year. Our little business was all up. One don't find kind people in a large city. Those who would do something for the poor, haven't any thing themselves. We were in great distress. To be sure, we had water to drink, but we hadn't any thing in the world to eat. We had been starving for three days. Then my poor husband was led away by distress and the Evil One. He took a basket of potatoes from the cellar of a rich and hard-hearted man. We could then keep alive for a week and a half."

"So, a thief!"

"It was found out. He was taken up. His confession, his prayers, our terrible sufferings, the misery of my poor starving children, helped him not at all. They sentenced him to hard labor in the House of Correction."

"And now you wish to have him pardoned?"

"Ah, do assist me, dear Herr Treefrog. If I could only speak to his Highness, and lay before him our hard case."

"That's out of the question. You must go to the Minister of Justice."

"We have done that already. He has put us off."

"Then you must pray to God. His Highness suffers justice to take its course."

"So they all say. All say, 'Justice must take its course,' when a poor man is concerned. Nobody thinks on the misery of a poor man. His Highness won't think so. He is pious and God-fearing, and the dear God is the father of the poor also."

"I tell you, woman, his Highness doesn't interfere with affairs of justice. They belong to the Minister of Justice. I can't admit you; it would do you no good."

The outer door opened again, almost inaudibly. A tall stout man in a court-dress, with many orders upon his breast, walked in on tiptoe.

"Is his Highness up?"

The Chamberlain, shaking his head negatively, arose from the chair, bowed to the newcomer, and walked carelessly to a sofa. The stout gentleman came up to him, and said:

"Thank you, thank you, old Treefrog. I'll find myself a seat."

He pushed the chair a little forward, and seated himself in it. The Chamberlain went to the door, opened it, and then turned to the woman, who was still standing there, weeping.

"There, go!" said he, shortly and imperiously.

The woman obeyed. With heavier heart never went one from royal ante-chamber. The Chamberlain laid himself quietly back in his arm-chair again.

"What does the woman want?" asked the gentleman.

"Pardon for a thief, her husband."

"Pooh! those low people grow impudent. Fine weather out-doors, my dear Treefrog. I hope his Highness will get up in a good humor."

"God grant it! He's been very peevish for some time."

"It's age, my old friend."

"And it's youth, too."

"Youth!"

"His Highness, the young Crown Prince," replied the Chamberlain, in a malicious tone.

"Oh, yes; youth usually troubles age, more than age does youth. That's the way of the world;" and the stout gentleman laughed.

"A topsy-turvy world, your Grace. Youth wants bustle; age wants quiet."

"Very true, mine ancient philosopher."

"You may find his Highness very complaisant to-day, Herr Prince."

"How so, my honored patron?" said the Prince, somewhat touched.

"I heard something like it."

"Has the old fellow been blabbing again?"

"He hasn't spoken a word since the Crown Prince has been here again."

The Prince was disturbed. He arose, and walked up and down the chamber. Though he walked very lightly, the Chamberlain said to him maliciously:

"For God's sake, your Grace, slowly; don't disturb his Highness's precious slumber."

"You are right, old sinner. How do you know what I want of his Highness?"

"I?"

"You! Why do you suppose I wish to find him complaisant to-day?"

"I suspected so."

"Old fellow, I don't think we two need have any more secrets from each other."

"Really, I only suspect. You must acknowledge that the matter is very simple and natural. You wish a regiment for your nephew. His Highness has promised it to the senior Colonel. The Colonel is a worthy, brave soldier, and has served his country faithfully for thirty years. He is the pride of the army. He has a large family. Your nephew is a young man."

"Without any merit at all," interrupted the Prince; "yet he has gone at once, like a pill, right through every grade in the army; has mounted—by his family only—and—what have you got to say more?"

"That the regiment is to be disposed of till to-morrow morning."

"Right, my old friend. You are as honorable as you are cunning."

"Well!"

"Why, you'll stand by me."

"Well! That would be a great honor. But what need have you of my assistance? The rich, powerful Prince Brodi; the omnipotent favorite of the reigning monarch, who's as much at home in the cabinet of his master as in his own house?"

"Listen to me. Each of us knows when he stands in need of the other. You may want my support some time."

"Perfectly right, your Grace. But why didn't you speak to me before about the matter?"

"My brave old friend!" cried the Prince, pressing the hand of the Chamberlain.

A silver bell tinkled, but only a single stroke. The Chamberlain was at a single step in the chamber from which the sound came.

"The old scoundrel!" murmured Prince Brodi after him.

In about ten minutes the Chamberlain came back. The pair continued their conversation in a whisper.

"All right," said the Chamberlain. "His Highness has rested excellently, and has got up in a very gracious humor. It's all right about the regiment. It will go. But one good turn deserves another."

"Well."

"That little garden with the summer-house, behind the park—"

"You would like that?"

"The old Gentleman is not more close-fisted toward any body than toward me; especially for the last two years. He counts up to me, on the most trifling occasions, what the Crown Prince costs him."

"You would like to have the garden?"

"Not for myself; but for my poor sick daughter-in-law. It would strengthen her to reside there in summer."

"One good turn deserves another, my old friend."

"I thank your Grace most humbly."

"But, any way, the Crown Prince keeps a most scandalous establishment."

"The Horberg is there again."

"The rebel's wife?"

"How can his Highness endure her?"

"No representations or expostulations do any good. It is the misfortune of grandfathers that, having been too severe with their sons, the grandsons make them pay for it."

"It is unfortunate that the young lord has such a terrible influence over his Highness."

"I am sorry for the poor Princess."

"Which one?"

"I mean the Princess Royal, his consort. His sister, the Princess Amelia—"

"Well! what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You rogue, you mean to—"

"Hold my tongue."

"And nothing else?"

"How does your Grace like the rich American?"

"That Mr. Bushby?"

"Keep your eye on him."

"How so?"

"He is a saucy fellow, with an insolent disposition."

The bell in the cabinet tinkled again. The Chamberlain hastened in; but returned in a moment.

"His Highness orders to promenade," cried he, in a loud voice.

Prince Brodi, the daily attendant of the monarch in his morning walk, went into the cabinet.

"The old villain!" muttered the Chamberlain behind him as he entered.

The park, which lay behind the castle, and in which the monarch was now taking his walk with Prince Brodi, spread out into a wide extent. Parterres, fish-ponds, elevations planted with grapes, woods, thick hedges of box, alternated, with pleasant intermixture, apparently wild, and yet tastefully ordered. The whole was surrounded by a high wall, in which were two or three small gates. Immediately beyond the wall was a thick wood, crossed in different directions by a number of highways.

Upon one of these highways an elegant traveling carriage drove slowly along, drawn by two very stout but swift bay horses. A man wearing a beard, with a Jewish cast of features, almost hidden by a huge coachman's coat, sat upon the box. The carriage itself was closed, so that no one could see into it. It stopped at the edge of the wood. The door opened, and a little man, also of Jewish aspect, very richly dressed, got out, leaving the door open.

"Turn 'bout, Abraham," said he, in a Jewish jargon to the driver.

The driver turned, so that the coach and horses were again directed toward the quarter whence they had come.

"Shtop."

The carriage halted. The little man walked about it. He looked narrowly about it on all sides, as though he wished to assure himself that there was nothing lacking or broken. With like care he inspected the harness, and the build of the stout horses.

"Look sharp, Abraham, when I come back."

"Don't you be afraid, Moses."

"The inshtant I get up, do you drive off; but not shoener, do you hear, not shoener."

"What for would I shoener?" replied the driver, sharply, in the same jargon.

"Not till I am quite safe in the carriage, till you see, till you hear that I've shut to the door. You musht hear it. You musht look out with your ears, for you mushtn't take your eyes off from the horses."

"Don't you be afraid, you fool."

"And one time more. Don't you get down from the box; leave the door open, too, so that I can jump in as soon as I come back."

The driver made no further reply.

"Oh, one time more. Dear Abraham, will the horses hold out—nine leagues—without resting? Won't the carriage get broken too?"

"Be off, you stupid blockhead, and leave me to look out for the horses and carriage."

The little man looked at his watch.

"Just five. It's exactly the time. Just one time more—look out, dear Abraham, I beg you."

He hastened away, at a sort of sneaking run, or, if the reader prefers, a running sneak, to a little gate in the park wall, close by the road. He looked carefully about him on all sides. He could perceive nobody. He drew out a key, and hastily unlocked the door with it. He opened it gently, only wide enough for him to slip through. He was instantly in the park, closing the door behind him.

But although he thought himself unobserved, there was a person there, who had followed all his movements with a watchful eye.

At the moment when the coachman was turning the carriage around, at a little distance from the spot, a man emerged from the thicket of the wood. He was a very striking figure. Far exceeding the usual height of men, he was extremely meagre. Large bones, broad shoulders, a muscular arm, and a large sinewy hand, denoted unusual vigor. A singular costume suited well this striking figure. He wore a short brown jacket, of the color and coarse material of the cowls of the mendicant monks; short brown leather breeches; gray linen gaiters, reaching up to the breeches; and large stout shoes. His head was covered with an old battered gray hat, the broad brim of which no longer denoted whether it had formerly been three-cornered or round. A wallet hung across his shoulders from which peeped an old brown or almost black fiddle. It was a difficult matter to decide upon the age of the man. His thick coarse hair was of that kind of mouse-color, which does not usually change even in the extremest old age. His countenance was terribly furrowed; but though the furrows were deep, the outlines were firm, and rigid as iron. The eyes were keen. However closely one might examine the personage, he would yet remain doubtful whether he had before him a man of fifty, sixty, or seventy years.

This man emerging from the thicket of the wood was in the act of leaping across the ditch bordering the road, when he perceived the carriage and the two Jews not far from him. Assuring himself by a rapid glance that he was unobserved, he drew hastily back into the thicket. Hidden by the close foliage, he watched with the deepest attention the movements of the men, who were at too great a distance for him to be able to distinguish their words. When one of these men had disappeared in the park, he crept slowly back, and having described a semicircle, so as not to be observed, he came out from the wood at a point not far from the park, and where he could not be observed by the coachman in the road. Here he was close by the little door through which one of the men had entered the park. Having reflected for a moment, he crept up to the door, and attempted to open it. It was locked. He turned back, skirting the wall

rapidly, but so noiselessly that the keenest ear close by on the other side would never have heard him. He paused at a spot where a close thicket was visible on the other side of the wall. The bough of a tree reached over and hung down so low that the tall man could easily reach it with his hand. He examined the bough closely, its length and strength; then he examined the wall, its height, and separate, and somewhat prominent stones. Suddenly he seized the bough with both hands, and at the same moment placed his foot against the wall, giving his body a powerful swing. Before a spectator could have divined the purpose of his movements, he was seated in the tree on the other side of the wall. It was as though a monstrous brown cat had made a spring. In a moment after, he was down; and nothing but a low crackling of the twigs betrayed that he had let himself down.

He stood in a dense thicket that grew close up to the wall. All was still around him. Only a few birds sang and twittered above him in the trees. He made his way carefully through the entangled branches, till he came to a narrow winding path. He followed this, in the direction toward the gate through which the man with the Jewish countenance had gone.

He kept close by the wall. After a while he reached the gate, and here he found himself in a broad carriage road which traversed the park in manifold windings, apparently leading from the castle and then back again. Just opposite the door was an open plot. Broad alleys stretched away to the right, beyond which the beams of the morning sun were mirrored in the peaceful waters of a small lake. To the left the thicket from which he had emerged extended itself still further. Not a man or any other living being was to be seen; nothing was heard except the birds overhead.

For a moment he stood uncertain in which direction to turn; at last he decided in favor of the thicket. With cat-like activity and watchfulness he crept along through it toward an elevated spot which he had remarked. He reached it. It was a part of the thicket in which he was. Upon its summit stood, in a regular triangle, three tall slender firs. Behind these, the thicket grew less dense, and he was on the point of stepping out into the open space, when he heard a crackling not far from him, as though somebody was walking near. He stood still, and held his breath, looking about on every side, but he was so far in the thicket that he could discover nothing. He could perceive only the boughs and the leaves, and towering above him, at no great distance, the three tall firs, among whose branches rustled the morning breeze.

This would have been a critical situation for almost any one else. There was no question that somebody was close at hand, for the ear, now again become attentive, could plainly distinguish the footsteps of a man not far off. The tall man with the brown jacket and black fiddle seemed, however, to be accustomed to such situations. Without taking much time for reflection,

he made a circuit toward the corner. He needed in fact to make no very extended circuit. It seemed as though the boughs bent away before him of their own accord. The tread of his large foot was so light that the black moss seemed scarcely to be moved under it. Any one who was awaiting him with the most anxious solicitude would scarcely have heard his approach. In a few minutes he found himself within a few paces of the person approaching. It was the man with the Jewish countenance.

The little man was walking up and down, now slowly, now more quickly, but always lightly and carefully. He was in a narrow footpath which ran through the thicket across the crown of the height, and under the three firs. He seemed to be waiting here for somebody, for he looked incessantly around on both sides of the path. He seemed, from the irregularity of his pace, to have grown somewhat impatient.

He remained standing for a short time under the three firs. Here his eye not only commanded a further extent of the path, but also looked over a portion of the thicket into the park. Some portions of this presented very picturesque grouping. The windings of the carriage road, covered with white gravel; the alleys, crossing each other in every direction, were of poplar, elms, and chestnuts with their red blossoms; two considerable bodies of water were bordered with tall reeds, with elegant swan-houses in the centre; there were grottoes, temples, a ruin, lofty pyramids of yew; and far in the background rose the turrets of the castle; the whole surrounded by a high, dark wood.

The eyes of the little man perceived nothing of all this. He appeared to be there only for a single object—the person for whom he was waiting. His impatience increased, and soon began to find vent in single words, uttered in a low tone.

“Five minutes beyond the time already,” said he, looking at his watch. “Am I the man whom he dares to keep waiting. He is not to be trusted. But I have him. Yes, I have him fast.”

He commenced walking up and down again, then once more stood still.

“A beautiful shtroke of business. Good profit. A made man. Where can he be shtopping? But what he has cost me already!”

He went on, and the long man in the brown jacket seized the moment, and crept behind one of the fir-trees. The other stood still under that very tree.

“He is imprudent,” he continued soliloquizing, “but am I not so too? Have I not been so? I am lost if he betrays me. But I have him, yes, I have him.”

“Mosey!” said at that moment the deep voice of the man in the brown jacket, right at his ear, while a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He fell to the ground, as if he had been all at once completely crushed. As he fell, his eye rested upon the tall man.

“Geigen—” he exclaimed, astounded, but did not complete the word.

"Speak out the whole word," said the tall man with a quiet mocking laugh.

The little man, however, had recovered himself as speedily as he had been terrified. He had already risen up again, brushed his clothes, and said, yet in a half doubtful tone:

"How the gentleman frightened me!"

"Speak out the word, Mosey, the whole word."

"What should I shpeak out? what word? what does the gentleman want?"

"Speak out the word, Mosey—Geigenfritz."

"What does the gentleman want? What is that word to me?"

"Old rogue! Old Moses Amschel, what is the word to you? What is Geigenfritz to you! Your old friend!"

"I know no Geigenfritz. I know no Moses Amschel. The gentleman is mishtaken. And now be off with you! Do you hear?"

He had now become quite bold and saucy. The long man looked at him with a laugh of mocking sympathy.

"Mosey, shall I reckon up for you in how many houses of correction and workhouses I have seen you? You have now become a rich and respectable man. I have heard all about it. You do a great banking business. Great lords dine with you, and princes' names stand in your ledger. I believe you are a baron. You live in the midst of luxury, but yet you remain still just Moses Amschel, my old comrade. I knew you at once, and that scoundrel of a brother of yours, who is out there on the road with the carriage and horses."

The little man had now grown alarmed. His sudden boldness as suddenly forsook him. He tried to collect himself, but his voice was again quavering, as he forced out the words:

"The gentleman is mishtaken. Leave me. I've business here. I'll have you arrested."

The other laughed. "I have no doubt that you have business here. But as to having me arrested—Your business will hardly bear daylight; and something particular might come of my arrest."

It seemed as though some truth was couched in these words, which so suddenly enlightened the little man, that the effect upon him was most crushing. For a moment he stood irresolute, looking anxiously about on all sides. He then looked inquiringly into the eyes of the brown man, while his right hand was clutched in his bosom, as though he wished to draw something out. He withdrew his hand, letting his arm fall by his side. His eyes fell too, and he said, in a low voice:

"Well, then, Geigenfritz! leave me just now. Wait out by the carriage with my brother. I'll be back shoon. Then we'll shpeak further."

"No, no, old sinner. You said you had business here. We have before now done business together."

"But there's nothing for you to-day."

"My dear brother, you haven't to decide about that."

"Don't shpoil my business, Geigenfritz."

"And what's your business about to-day?"

"You shall know by-and-by."

"So I intend, forthwith."

"Impossible!"

"All I have to do is to stay."

Moses Amschel could see that it was so. He became very anxious.

"I shwear to you, you'll shpoil my business if you don't go. Nothing can be done about it in your presence; nothing at all."

"We'll see about that."

The firm determination of Geigenfritz to remain seemed invincible. Moses Amschel walked up and down wringing his hands, and gazing with all the force of his eyes across the thicket into the park. At once he stood stock-still in the utmost terror. The other followed the glance of his eye. A man came running at the top of his speed along the alley and up the ascent where they were both standing.

"Go, for God's sake, leave me," begged Moses Amschel.

"You scoundrel! That's the Crown Prince coming there—what have you to do with him?"

"Go, I entreat you, go!"

"Not a step till I know what you have to do with him."

"By-and-by. I can't get away from you. Go."

"Not a step."

"I have business with him."

"What kind of business?"

"Business, business. You shall see by-and-by."

"What kind of business?"

"Well then, business about jewels. But go now! Away, away!"

"You are right. You can't escape me."

Geigenfritz disappeared in the thicket. Moses Amschel had just time to breathe when the person who had been running stood before him. It was a young man of a slender and elegant form, with a handsome but extremely dissipated countenance. His rich dress was in disorder.

"Who was here, Jew?"

"Not a man—who should be with me? Why should I bring any body with me?"

"I heard voices. Who was with you?"

"No one, your Highness."

"Do not you call my name, Jew, and speak the truth."

"May God shtrike me dead, if any one was with me?"

The young man looked carefully about on all sides. He then drew from his breast a red silk handkerchief, in which something was wrapped up, and gave it to the other.

"Here, Jew; now be off!"

Moses Amschel was unrolling the handkerchief, in order to look at the contents.

"Villain—I won't cheat you. In three months!"

He was about to go, but turned back again.

"But to America, to New York! Not to London! Do you hear?"

"I know."

The other hastened back at full speed, as he had come. Moses Amschel unrolled the cloth, threw a glance into it, rolled it carefully up again, and stole cautiously to the door which had admitted him into the park. He opened it hastily, and as hastily closed it behind him. But as he was hurrying up to his carriage, he found himself suddenly detained by Geigenfritz, who sprang up from a ditch close by his side.

"What for do you frighten me? I am not going to run away from you."

"Because you can't. Now, comrade, share—halves!"

"Are you mad!"

"Not I, but you are, if you imagine you are not in my power here."

Moses Amschel looked about him, but he could see only the powerful figure of the tall man, who held him so firmly that he could scarcely stir. The carriage was indeed standing at a short distance; but the horses were as skittish as they were spirited, and the driver could not leave them.

"Show it," ordered Geigenfritz.

Resistance was impossible. He drew forth the cloth, hesitatingly; still more hesitatingly he unrolled it. A diamond ornament gleamed forth. The eyes of the little man sparkled keenly, in spite of his affright.

"Rogue! who stole that?"

"Shtole! you talk nonsensh!"

"What is it worth?"

"What should it be worth? a couple of hundred dollars."

"Do you think I am a child?"

"Well, then, a couple of thousands."

"That's worth more than a million!"

"You scare me!"

"But it's all the same—halves!"

"I must sell it first. You shall have your share of the prosheeds."

"Of the proceeds! You don't trick me. We'll share it on the spot."

"How can that be done?"

"Very easily. I'll break the diadem into two halves. You shall have one, and I the other. Give it here."

Moses Amschel was terribly alarmed. He held the ornament nervously with both hands—little good it did him. The broad hand of the tall man loosed his hold, finger by finger, as though in sport. But the Jew still held on to the ornament, with the feeble remnant of his strength. Suddenly a broad knife gleamed over the shoulder of Geigenfritz, and cut him quickly and deeply across the whole hand with which he held the diadem. Involuntarily he loosed his hold of that and of the little man. Moses Amschel and the coachman Abraham—who had beheld the situation of his brother from the box, had stolen up at the right moment and given the lucky cut—sprang away with a laugh, one into the carriage, the other upon the box, and drove off at full gallop.

The day was as pleasant as the early morn-

ing had promised. The hour of ten had already been struck by the castle clock. The military and civil reports of generals, ministers, and cabinet councils were finished. At this period of the day, when the sovereign had been awake for five hours, the court proper, the Princesses, the Crown Prince, when he was present, and all that pertained to their retinue, were wont to emerge from their slumbers, and after a hasty morning toilet, to take their breakfast together, in fine weather, in the park or on the castle terrace. Of the generals, ministers, and cabinet councilors, some were in the habit of making their appearance here, to pay their respects, and to learn and tell the news. The sovereign himself was sometimes present, when he was in good humor.

Prince Brodi, Home Minister, and Herr Von Altenhof, Minister for Foreign Affairs, had betaken themselves to the terrace as soon as their reports were concluded. They were the first and only persons present. The breakfast-table was already laid out. The court was waited for. They wondered that, the time being past, no one made his appearance. The diplomatist shook his wise head significantly, but without saying a word. The Prince, less reticent, spoke out his thoughts.

"All owing to the return of the Crown Prince, or rather, to his journey."

"How am I to understand you, Prince?"

"We live more soberly when the Prince is not here: then every thing goes on smoothly. Every hour, every minute has what belongs to it. The day is day, and the night is night. But since the return of the Prince, day is turned into night, and night not indeed exactly into day, but into the ruin of the day. And whence does his Highness bring these customs? From his royal travels!"

"You are bitter!"

"Am I wrong? There's where it comes from."

"I can not affirm that you are—on the contrary I agree with you, in a measure. Our court is a pattern of exemplary, regular habits. The like is perhaps presented in no other court. The Prince travels much, and so I agree with you that his travels contribute to the irregularities which have crept into our life at court, since his return. I only wonder at the great kindness and complaisance with which our royal master adapts himself to the change, even at the sacrifice of a portion of his usual habits."

"I do not wonder at it. The old gentleman comprehends himself and his time. Every body should do that."

"In my opinion a sovereign prince might have the privilege of fashioning and guiding his own time."

"We are getting into our old dispute."

"I see no connection."

"It is a new variation of the question of the absolute right of princes, and the rights of the people."

"I alluded very remotely to that, and touch-

ing the question in hand, you must acknowledge that I am right in our ancient contest. You will acknowledge that the sovereign should stand in a position to decide upon his own mode of life, and that it would be a complete reversal of all relations if he should submit these arrangements to his children and subjects."

"I don't admit that at all. Should I assent to that, however, it would make nothing as to our old contest."

"I am curious to hear why."

"My friend, we are both old. We pertain no longer to the new world. Therefore it is hard for us to yield to the rights of this new young world: to forget that youth was once ours, and we its. The world advances always and unceasingly: the world as well as time. The world is time. It is vain to wish to hold it back. It is just as idle to wish to recall the past. As you can not make the future past, just so little—I might rather say, still less—can you make the past future, or even present. This is the whole simple mystery of our life, and of our perplexities and our contests."

"I do not understand you."

"Just because you are old. Because you wish to make the past the future or the present. Because you are willing to recognize only age, which is the past, and not youth, which belongs to the present and the future. My friend, have not we had the prerogative of our youth; and did we not carry it through—carry it through, though by a hard struggle? Was not the victory ours?"

"And so, all this turmoil of the Crown Prince—this night-revelry, this playing and drinking and cursing, you would—"

He stopped short, for in his eagerness not to allow his opponent to gain the victory, he had forgotten himself. Correcting himself, he went on: "And so you would call this life of the Crown Prince, which you yourself condemn, a justifiable one?"

"I am far enough from that. I have spoken only of the rights of youth, not of the rights of the excesses of youth. Meanwhile, this is only one side of the question. Perhaps a more important and striking one is the other. You gentlemen absolutists—"

"Don't you rather belong to them?" laughed the diplomatist.

The Prince joined in the laugh, in a fashion of his own. "It is a great error of the world," said he, "that they seldom apprehend rightly, and on the right occasions, the distinction between theory and practice. So you gentlemen absolutists, when you talk of princes and subjects, proceed simply and solely from the relation of a master to his family, or a father to his children. These are illustrations, not ideas, and very gray and misty illustrations have they become, having color and life no longer."

"Then they once had life and color!" interrupted the other; "these illustrations once were applicable to the relations of prince and people. Why is it that they have just now lost their applicability?"

"True indeed: They once had life, color, and applicability; for a wonderfully long time; but as they have now already grown misty, so, believe me, the time is not very far distant when we shall see nothing more in them than the bare white plaster wall upon which those beautiful frescoes were once painted. And why is it that these illustrations have lost their applicability, and must soon become obsolete?—Ask the world's history. The world's history will perhaps tell you also why they could have so long existed and maintained their place; it will perhaps also inform you wherefore its creative, impelling, moving spirit has not, now for a long time, fructified and inspired the life of the people."

"What says the monarch to such principles, Prince?"

"You know that I never speak to him about them.—I am only a theorizer," he added, in an explanatory tone.

"And the Minister of Police?" asked the Foreign Minister, with a laugh.

The Prince maintained his serious aspect. "It is just your misfortune," he rejoined, "that you think you can keep under the young vigorous spirit of the times, by arrest and imprisonment, by chains and fetters, by shooting and beheading. Your opponents compare you to a stupid surgeon, who cuts off the arm of a patient when his finger aches, but the comparison is not a just one; it is too mild. You are like a foolish boy who voluntarily hurts his finger against a wall, and then gets into a passion against the poor finger, the hand, and arm, and has the whole chopped off. But you are raging against nobody but your own selves, galling nobody but yourselves, and just preparing your own overthrow, which can not be far off."

"The old vaticination again."

"The truth is always old, and yet young evermore. Therefore it alone is always in the right, and the punishment follows close at hand, or rather is present at once, when that right is not recognized."

"Prince—I wish to ask a serious question."

"Well, what?"

"Are you really in earnest in these speeches? I have heard them often and often from your mouth, and yet you are one of the most zealous among all of us, servants of princely absolutism."

"I might simply repeat to you the distinction between theory and practice. But why should I not be so? I like to deal in distinctions, or, if you prefer, in contrarities."

"You evade the question. Let me put it from another side. I will acknowledge that your ideas could not give another form to the government of the present sovereign regnant. To use your own phrase, 'the rights of youth' could not there gain recognition. But the monarch is old. Why do you not endeavor to pave the way for the reign that is to follow? Your duty to the dynasty is not surely limited to the grandfather. You speak so warmly yourself in favor of youth."

"I do not know whether the Crown Prince be young or not."

"I do not understand you."

"Here comes the Seneschal von Hassenberg. Ask him," rejoined the Prince, with a sneer.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs laughed also, but more diplomatically. The Seneschal was a large, well-built gentleman, with a countenance which had a perpetual air of ceremony.

"What are you laughing at, gentlemen?" he asked, while still at some distance.

"I was to ask you whether the Crown Prince belongs to the young people, or not?"

"You're lucky that you need ask about that. My poor body makes demonstration of that, day by day, or rather, night by night. I am undone if this goes on a week longer. I fall away perceptibly. And then the pecuniary damage. Would you believe it, that I have been obliged to order new clothing throughout, because I have grown so thin that my old suits won't fit any longer?"

"Pad out, pad out, my friend."

"I don't understand your Serene Highness."

"Why don't you have the old suits padded out?"

"I did think about that. But, think of the young wags about court, should such a thing get wind—his Highness the Crown Prince at the head of them."

"See there, Altenhoff, our friend Hassenberg is of my opinion. He is afraid of the young wags—not of the old people."

"What opinion, your Serene Highness?"

"That we must have a revolution," answered the Prince, raising his voice, intentionally.

The Seneschal sprang back in terror: "I—a revolutionist! For the sake of Heaven!"

"You would surely assist it."

"Prince, do lay aside such dangerous jests—I beg you most sincerely."

"Jesting aside, a revolution is a very curious thing. Those who think themselves furthest from it, are the nearest to it; and those who think they are keeping it back most effectually, they oftenest are urging it forward."

"Let us speak of something else, gentlemen; the Crown Prince is close behind."

"You see," said Prince Brodi, turning to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, "that I was right here, too: that Herr von Hassenberg would deny youth to the Crown Prince. He said that the Crown Prince was following close behind him; and von Hassenberg, his care for his toilet notwithstanding, no longer makes pretensions to youth."

"We are used to your raillery," said the Seneschal, more anxiously than angrily. "But, seriously, let this drop. Here comes the Crown Prince."

They advanced respectfully to meet the heir-apparent, who now emerged from the castle-gate, in order to pay their respects to him. The Crown Prince appeared to be in high good-humor.

"Ah, Papa Brodi," cried he, gayly, taking

the Prince confidentially by the arm, and leading him aside. "I have a great and important petition for you to-day."

"At your Highness's service," replied the Prince, in his ordinary tone, from which one could never be sure whether he was in earnest, or jesting—whether he were well or maliciously disposed.

"You must provide me with an adjutant."

"Are you no longer satisfied with Herr von Wangenheim?"

"Oh, well enough; but I must have a second adjutant."

"I suspect how it is," said the Prince, slyly.

"Hardly."

"Will your Highness wager?"

"Not with you. You know every thing. I believe you are deep in the black art. But let us hear whether you are on the right track."

"Without doubt. You wish to have Prince Amberg recalled to court."

"The devil!"

"Have I hit it?"

"But how—but how did you know, Brodi?"

"Nothing in the world more simple. You should advise the beautiful Madame von Horberg, to have more care in future, in the court saloons, over her gestures and pantomime."

"The lady is lively."

"She was quite too much so yesterday."

"You'll stand by me?"

"Who would turn away from the beams of the rising sun?"

"Don't be spiteful. Now to the business."

They returned to the terrace. The sovereign had meanwhile arrived there; a tall, and yet fine figure, though somewhat bowed by age, with a grave though benevolent countenance. With him came the Princess Amelia, a tender, delicate creature, whose features expressed an unusual degree of kindness and goodness, conjoined with a certain grave earnestness.

The Crown Prince hastened at once up to his grandfather, kissed his hand, and cheek, and then fell back respectfully, nodding a good-morning to his sister. She answered him with a glance full of mournful thought. The monarch was silent; and no one present ventured to accost him. Glances were interchanged from one to the other.

"Nothing new from the capital?" inquired the sovereign, after a while.

"Nothing at all, may it please your Highness," replied the Seneschal.

The Crown Prince seemed to have been waiting only for the first word. He now broke in eagerly:

"It's just as tiresome there as here."

The Seneschal was astounded. The Prince Brodi laughed maliciously to himself. The Princess Amelia threw a glance, half-beseeking, half-reproachful toward her brother. The monarch looked quietly upon him.

"My dear George," said he, "outward weariness comes only from inner vacancy."

"Not always, most gracious Sire," replied

the Prince. "The spirit may become exhausted, the heart wearied; one then needs some outward excitement, and longs for that."

"I know it. You speak well."

"I speak what I feel, and my feeling is true. But suffer me, your Highness, to prove my proposition. A great and mighty void comes before the noblest sentiments and passions of man. The young heart yearns for something, what it knows not. All within it has become void and empty. Outward impulse is wanting—the impulse of a heart harmonizing, feeling, and throbbing with his own. So arises a yearning for love and friendship; so arise the bonds of love and friendship."

"Rascal!" murmured Prince Brodi.

"You are a perpetual contradiction to yourself," said the monarch, in a half-kindly tone.

"Reconcile the contradiction, my kindest grandfather," said the young man, in an imploring tone. "I stand, in sooth, alone at court. I have no youthful friend. I do not deny it, I do oftentimes experience a sense of weariness, now that I no longer find Prince Amberg here."

"Do not speak of him."

"He has done wrong, it is true. He is thoughtless."

"He has no piety."

"He has more than many a one who makes more pretense to it before your Highness and before the world. I know him. I have grown up with him. He is high-spirited."

"His last rude act does not manifest that."

"It is a heavy charge that they have again brought against him. But it is unjust. I went to the Minister of War yesterday. He is slandered, foully slandered."

"The charge rests on the testimony of a person—a foreigner—of whom the Ambassador gives the highest character. He was in part an eyewitness of this rudeness, this violence, from the results of which the maltreated young man is now ill—perhaps hopelessly."

"He was provoked by a vagabond strumpet and an impudent blockhead. The inquiry shows that—the testimony of all the officers of the squadron."

"The accuser has offered to swear to his charges—he has proceeded upon the evidence of law-abiding citizens."

"These law-abiding citizens can swear to no definite acts, as the proceedings before the Minister of War demonstrate. The affirmation of an unknown stranger will not, I hope, weigh against the word of honor of your Highness's officers and nobles."

"Is the matter really so?"

"The Minister of War will report to your Highness respecting it."

"The transaction is still a rude one, unworthy of an officer."

"If I may be allowed a remark," said the Prince Brodi, "this singing-girl and her fine brother are near relations of the notorious demagogue, Vorhöff."

The monarch at once assumed an attitude of attention. Prince Brodi went on:

"For some time past, many suspicious persons have been wandering again about the country, under disguises of all sorts, but belonging, for the most part, undoubtedly to the cultivated classes. The Minister of Police is already on the look-out."

"Put me in mind of this at the audience to-morrow," said the monarch. "Remind me also of Prince Amberg. We will see what can be done."

He rose, beckoned to the Prince, and walked with him up and down the terrace.

"In fact," said he, "can the return of Prince Amberg be for the good of the Crown Prince? He is thoughtless, indeed, but a little rude."

"And," added Brodie, sarcastically, "if the foster-brother of the Prince is accustomed to take the stripes which the Prince deserves, then will his Highness, the Crown Prince, get rid of many a one."

"You are right," said the monarch; and his lips curved into a smile, involuntarily; the first, perhaps, for a long while. After a pause, he resumed:

"I have something to tell you. I will give the regiment to your nephew to-morrow. Don't let me hear too many expressions of gratitude about it. You know I don't like that."

"As your Highness pleases; and therefore not a word of my thanks."

"I had thought of old Colonel Rudolph, but I heard something about him that did not please me. Treefrog says that he is lacking in true piety. And if a person is not pious, he can not be trustworthy."

"Is that an insinuation against me?"

"No, my old friend. You are an altogether special instance of a true man. Old true friendship has proved you an hundred times. Of you I am convinced that you have a disinterested love for me. You have never asked any thing of me. The disinterested man is always true."

"And, Treefrog, most gracious Sire?"

"Treefrog is disinterested, too."

"Then grant me a petition to-day."

"Speak."

"It is for Treefrog; but he knows nothing about it. I have learned from third hands that the air of the city does not agree with his poor sick daughter-in-law. She must go into the country in order to recover her health, and to preserve her poor children. She yearns toward her father-in-law. But here in the court is no place for an invalid. Behind the park lies a worthless little garden with a ruined summer-house. Treefrog would not grudge the cost of rebuilding it. It would improve the aspect of the park; should your Highness be so gracious as to make it over to him, say by way of lease?"

"Why didn't the old fool speak about it?"

"Shall I expedite the documents?"

"But I reserve to myself to surprise the old fellow with it."

Eager voices here recalled the attention of

both to the company whom they had left. This had been increased by a number of persons—Madame von Bierthaler, the first lady of the bed-chamber, a fat old lady; by Mademoiselle von Ostfeld, maid of honor to the Crown Princess, a very lean, elderly maiden; and by a chamberlain, a common sort of personage, of middle age. They all formed a close group, talking very earnestly. In the countenances of all, disturbance and anxiety were very legible. The eyes of the court lady were red with weeping; the lady of the bed-chamber glowed, as though in anger; the Princess Amelia trembled violently in every limb. Something unusual had happened. The monarch, followed by Prince Brodi, advanced toward the group, with steps more rapid than his wont.

“What’s the matter?” said he.

The heads of all turned with affright toward each other. The lady of the bed-chamber recovered herself first.

“The diadem of the Crown Princess is gone!” said she.

“Stolen!” exclaimed the Crown Prince.

The Princess Amelia, at these words, shrunk back in horror.

“The diadem?” asked the monarch, in great alarm. “The heir-loom of the princesses regnant—of my sainted spouse, of my mother?”

“Stolen!” repeated the Crown Prince. “Tell us all about it, Mademoiselle von Ostfeld.”

“Tell it,” ordered the monarch; “but briefly.”

Mademoiselle von Ostfeld advanced, and said, in a choking voice: “Her Highness left the salon at about two o’clock last night. She wore the jewel in honor of the ambassador to whom the entertainment of yesterday was given. Her Highness was much fatigued, and desired to retire at once. I and the tire-woman, Bedeau, helped to disrobe her. This was in her dressing-room. I myself took the diadem from her Highness’s hair, and put it in the casket which stood upon the toilet-table. Usually her Highness herself locks this casket, and takes it with her into her sleeping-room, when she is about to retire, where she locks it up in the case close by her bedside. The key to this case her Highness carries about her person. Last evening she could not readily find it. As I have said, her Highness was very much fatigued last evening, and thought that the casket might stand in her dressing-room till morning. It was left there, and her Highness retired. The tire-woman accompanied her Highness into her bed-chamber, and I remained in the mean time in the dressing-room. We then left the apartment together. We left the door ajar; the tire-woman sleeps close by it; and my own apartment is very near. In the morning when I awoke, I went, the first thing, into the dressing-room to put every thing in order. The tire-woman was already busy there; her Highness was still asleep. While arranging the toilet-table, I lifted the casket. It seemed to me unusually light. I opened it; to my horror it was empty. Poor

Bedeau was still more terrified than I was. We awoke her Highness at once. Her affright was not less than ours. The jewels are missing. They must be stolen.”

The monarch grew extremely pale. “A thief in the castle, in the immediate vicinity of the Crown Princess—what villainous, impious impudence!”

All, with the exception of Prince Brodi, seemed to have lost their senses.

“How many doors are there to the dressing-room?” he asked.

“Three: one leads to her Highness’s sleeping-room; the second to Bedeau’s bedroom; the third into the corridor.”

“Were none of them fastened?”

“Only the last.”

“On the inside, or on the outside?”

“On the inside. The key was in the lock, as usual, the evening before.”

“And this morning too?”

“This morning too; when we discovered the loss, we looked at once to the door. Nobody could have got into the chamber from the corridor.”

“There are two doors besides this?”

“The one leads to the sleeping-room of the Princess—”

“No one could come through that either.”

“The other leads into Bedeau’s bedroom.”

“Bedeau is honest.—How many doors are there to her room?”

“Two: the one I have mentioned, and one leading into the corridor. This was locked, as well as that leading from the dressing-room into the corridor. I passed, as usual through Bedeau’s apartment into the dressing-room. It was locked. At my knock, she opened it. I heard her turn the key inside. She assures me that the key was in the lock all night.”

“No light upon the matter, no explanation!” said the Prince, thoughtfully. “And the windows?” he went on after a while.

“They were all fastened.”

“This is a shocking affair,” said the monarch, who had listened with the utmost attention.

“We must, at all events, come nearer to the matter,” said the Prince. “Will your Highness suffer me to inspect the place?”

“At once, dear Brodi. You are right.”

They went in silence into the castle, and the apartments where the crime had been committed. The Princess Amelia remained behind. The situation of things was very easy to comprehend. The condition of the apartments was just as the lady-in-waiting had described it. The locks on the doors were examined. They had not been tampered with. The apartments were in a side wing of the building, upon the somewhat elevated ground-floor. The windows looked upon the park. There were three of them in the dressing-room; which were all narrowly examined. They were all shut fast; and no indication could be discovered that they had been opened. They proceeded to the tire-woman’s bedroom. It was close by, opposite to the Princess’s sleeping-

apartment, and had two windows, which were found fast, like the others.

The enigma grew more and more inexplicable. The old tire-woman stood beside the bed wringing her hands and weeping, unable to utter a word. There was no need that she should do so for her own vindication. Forty years of faithful service, with the deceased consort of the monarch and with the Crown Princess, spoke loudly enough for her.

A fearful silence rested upon all present. Prince Brodi examined every thing again. He made the round of the apartments a second and a third time, examining every spot and grain of dust on the tables, windows, and doors. He suddenly remained standing in astonishment. It was by a window in the tire-woman's apartment. He looked at the sill and panes, and then again at panes and sill.

"Do you sleep soundly, Madame Bedeau?"

"I do now, sometimes, especially when I go late to bed. Her Highness is sometimes obliged to ring two or three times when she requires me during the night."

"Did you hear no noise last night?"

"None at all."

"And yet!" said the Prince; who then went on to disclose what he had found. A faint trace of white sand, scarcely discernible, appeared on the window-sill. He pointed out its outlines with his finger, in silence.

"The track of a foot!" exclaimed the monarch, in astonishment.

"A very small foot," added the first lady-in-waiting.

"A dress-boot," remarked the Seneschal.

"An aristocratic foot!" added the Crown Prince.

"The sand comes from the footpath in the garden," remarked another.

"Right," said the Prince. "But the darkness is not yet cleared up; the mystery is still unexplained. The window is shut fast—fastened, like the others."

The window was again narrowly examined. They looked, felt, tried; they endeavored to raise, to shake it; but the window still remained shut. All at once the old tire-woman, who had anxiously followed the examination and conversation, shrieked out:

"Good heavens, the ventilator—let me look!"

She hurried to the window: all made way for her. She touched a single pane in the lower part of the window. It was a pane which could be opened separately from the others. It was opened and closed by a little bolt on the inside, constructed in so workman-like a manner, that it would escape the observation of the keenest observer who was not previously aware of it. This bolt was drawn; and the pane opened, the moment the woman pressed on the right spot.

The key to the enigma was found. An arm thrust through the open pane could easily reach the window-bolt, and so open the whole window. There was an abundance of tracks on the outside, under the window, upon the espaliers that

surmounted the wall. No doubt could be entertained, that some one from without, unknown to the soundly-sleeping tire-woman, had climbed up, and committed the robbery.

"There is now but a single thing to be cleared up; who is the impudent author of this desperate crime?"

No reply was made to these words, which were uttered with an almost solemn emphasis. The gravity of the monarch grew more and more deep and painful. He slowly withdrew leaving a brief order to Prince Brodi to come also. All followed him in silence. The Seneschal said in a low tone to the Prince:

"What do you think of this affair?"

"I think that somebody must have done it," replied the Prince so gravely that the Seneschal seemed for a long time to be meditating on the significance of the words.

The valet of the Crown Prince was standing in the corridor. There was a look of perfect indifference in his cunning eyes, but the forefinger of his left hand was held across his chin. It seemed to have been a concerted signal between his master and himself. The Crown Prince remained standing, and called the servant up to him.

"Jean," said he, "smooth the wrinkles of this coat collar, and fit it better another time—" then asked in a low tone: "What's the matter?"

Jean smoothed the coat collar, and replied, almost without moving his lips, and in a voice audible to the Prince only:

"Colonel Reuter."

"In my cabinet," rejoined the Prince, in a tone equally low.

He went from the corridor upon the terrace, from the terrace into the hall by the entrance, from the hall back to the terrace, as though some thought had suddenly struck him, returned into the castle, went up the stairs, to his own apartments. He walked up and down his cabinet, in an agitated manner, till the valet opened the door, and the person who had been announced came in.

Colonel von Reuter was a man above the middle height, well built, measured and yet easy in his movements. His countenance was striking; he had a high, broad, arched forehead, aquiline nose, a small mouth, almost hidden by a carefully arranged mustache, a broad round chin. His eyes were not very deeply sunk, but were overhung by a heavy projecting forehead, and shaded by thick black eyebrows, so that all that could be made out was that they were small and dark; their actual color could not be distinguished. The whole countenance was overspread with a remarkable paleness, which at first sight produced an impression almost startling, for the features being firm and rigid, and the hair of a raven black, but entirely destitute of gloss, reminded one involuntarily of graves and coffins. When the first impression was over, however, the features, which were not destitute of regularity though not precisely handsome, seemed interesting, captivating even; for they indicated

an unmistakably deep mind, reflection, a conscious strength of will, and, perhaps as the result of all these, a calm repose, a quiet inward satisfaction. Only at intervals one could fancy that he could see a sudden fiery gleam shoot from those dark eyes, as though in the very heart of hearts of the man there was raging a contest of hostile elements, or as though he would search the subject which he was considering to the very bottom.

He wore no uniform, but had on a simple citizen's coat, without any orders. He advanced toward the Crown Prince with a silent, low bow. The uneasiness of the Prince was not lessened by the entrance of the colonel; on the contrary, his appearance appeared to make a somewhat unpleasant impression upon him. Meanwhile he attempted to control himself, and extended his hand to him with a tolerable apparent degree of carelessness.

Colonel Reuter took the hand respectfully, bowed over it, but did not kiss it, as strict etiquette perhaps required. He threw a keen, inquiring glance at the Prince.

"Welcome, Colonel," said the Prince.

"Your Highness seems to be moved," remarked the Colonel, in a clear and quiet tone, corresponding precisely to the gravity of his mien.

"Tired out."

"Something weighs heavy upon you, my Prince."

"I don't know. But what do you bring?"

"You will not find it agreeable."

"Let me hear it."

"My Prince, political catastrophes are at hand; or, I might rather say, a single great catastrophe is at hand."

"And not a favorable one?"

"My intelligence will not sound favorably to you. Europe is about to undergo a great and radical change. The old system is about to fall; it has for a long time been tottering. The system of the dynasties—"

"Do you not look upon it too gloomily, my dear Colonel?"

"I look upon things as they are."

"A thing is often one thing, and soon quite another again."

"It seems to be one thing, and is another; but I look upon things as they are, not as they seem; for I trace them up to their original causes; and from their nature, progress, and development, to their relations and consequences."

"Well, then, about the system of dynasties?"

"It has outlived its time. The divine order of things is about to enter upon a new phase. The consciousness of the people is aroused. It has slumbered for centuries. It is awakened."

"By a few restless individuals."

"Your Highness, you have much too clear a judgment to believe in this twaddle of ministers and chamberlains, who will not see and can not. The masses themselves, the people, are enkindled."

"Who are the people? Define that idea for

me; show to me practically, comprehensibly, who constitute the people."

"The millions of citizens whom to-day you call your subjects. Who are the people in England, in Norway, in Switzerland, in North America? Freemen. The freemen are the people. And the history of freemen—the history of the people—enkindles the people; enkindles and creates ever more freemen, even in Germany. The state of the case, my Prince, is just this: either in England and Norway (I lay less stress on Switzerland) freedom and popular rights must be abolished, or freedom and popular rights throughout all Europe—and first and foremost in France and Germany, perhaps also in Italy—will break out for themselves a sudden and fearful path."

"In spite of the League of the Sovereigns? In spite of the Confederation of the German Princes? In spite of the Holy Alliance?"

"What is the use of fire-insurance against a hail-storm, my Prince?"

"I don't understand you."

"Pardon me; the illustration was lame and trifling. In calculating your leagues and alliances, one factor is wanting—the people—and always again the people."

"Just as in the fire-insurance, to return to your illustration, the fire has not entered into the contract."

"You set aside my illustration, but not my proposition. All leagues which thrones and dynasties form among themselves, can protect thrones and dynasties only when the people are in the bond; for without people there can be no ruler; as the people make their rulers, so it is the people only who can support and uphold their rulers. And of just this are the people becoming more and more conscious; and here lies the danger for the thrones."

"And this, Colonel, you denominate the divine order of things?"

"I see in every thing—even in the smallest—the ruling hand and providence of God. He has deemed it necessary, in his wisdom, to suffer for centuries single chosen families to bear rule, and to subject the people to them. If his wisdom now sees fit to subject families to the people, we must conform ourselves, humbly and submissively, to his supreme will."

"You delight in such mystical views."

"This is no mysticism. I could demonstrate to you that it flows from the course and current of history; but I will limit myself to matters of fact. All Europe is fermenting. In France a fearful storm must before long break out. Bayonets can not long uphold the rotten throne. In Italy the volcano is choked but scantily, and with difficulty. In Poland exasperation and conspiracies increase day by day. In Germany the ground is undermined further and deeper continually. Even in Russia smoulders, just now, under-ground, the fire of Revolution."

"Are these dreams or tidings?"

"Tidings. You know my travels and my connections. Believe me, my Prince, I tell you

only facts. The great net of conspiracy is woven over almost all Europe—a conspiracy, secret, noiseless, but only so much the more dangerous.”

“We must not fear the danger; and then it does not exist. The thrones are still standing, and will stand for a long while yet.”

“But we must not despise the danger either.”

“Agreed. We must destroy it,” replied the Prince; and then added, with some uneasiness, which he vainly sought to hide; “and what means have you for destroying it?”

“Your Highness, let us think the matter over a little together. To-day I would limit myself to my communications. Will your Highness allow me to take my leave?”

“When do you report yourself officially?”

“To-morrow morning at parade.”

He went out. Whether or not satisfied with the result of the conversation, who could read in his rigid features?

At the same moment, in a distant and solitary portion of the castle park, a person was walking slowly up and down. He was a handsome young man, of a proud, free, lofty bearing, with a bold, open look, in which, nevertheless, lay something of melancholy. He seemed to be in deep thought, so that he scarcely noticed that after a while a tall, odd-looking figure had come opposite him. When he perceived this figure he said, without any surprise, but with an expression of earnestness:

“Well, Geigenfritz, what have you brought me?”

“Nothing at all, sir,” was the short reply of the adventurer.

“No trace?”

“Sir, I enjoy, as you are aware, a great many acquaintances, and I see many things, hidden and not hidden; but I haven’t yet found him.”

“Not even a trace of him?” the young man said, repeating his question.

“Not even a trace.”

“Where have you been?”

“In the north and in the south, in the east, and—to speak the truth—I’ve been in the west, but not all over it. There are two spots where I have not reached, where he may possibly be. But I promised you tidings here to-day, and I must keep my word. I’m off to-morrow, and shall finish my search. But you must not be too sanguine.”

“And what is your opinion of the affair?”

“Let me keep that to myself till we meet again. But how does it look to you?”

“As to you.”

“Nothing at all then?”

“Nothing.”

He was preparing to go away.

“When shall we see each other again, and where?” asked the young man.

“Ah, yes!” He looked for a space searchingly, and with a peculiar expression, into the eyes of the young man. Then he went on, shaking his head gently. “We can’t see each

other again here; but I’ll come across you. Don’t trouble yourself about that. I can’t tell you the when and the where to-day. Now do me a favor.”

“Well.”

“Help me over the wall. I can hardly do it with one hand.”

The young man looked at the hands of the brown individual. The left was wrapped up in a handkerchief.”

“You are wounded.”

“All my own fault. A rascal, whom I wished to hold, cut my hand. I shouldn’t have meddled with him. I knew it beforehand.”

“Perhaps you had been dreaming again?” asked the young man, in a jesting tone.

“I don’t dream; but I see much the more.”

“The old story again. Your seer’s eye seemed to light upon me before.”

“It lit upon you.”

“And what did it see?”

“Help me over the wall.”

They were standing by the wall which surrounded the park. Geigenfritz laid hold of a branch of a tree with his sound hand, in order to swing himself up. The young man aided him with a powerful arm. He was over in a moment.

“You’d like to know what I saw,” said he, then. “Hearken. You’ll have some luck to-day that you don’t think of: whether it will bring you luck is quite another question.”

With a sudden leap the brown individual disappeared. The young man turned thoughtfully back. The words which the other had spoken seemed to affect him sensibly. Whether on account of the prophetic intelligence, or on account of the delay of the expected tidings, who knows?

By the fish-ponds he was met by Colonel von Reuter.

“I knew that I should meet you here.”

“Meet me, Colonel!”

“I saw you going into the park half an hour ago. You are uneasy, Master Bushby.”

“I was not aware of it, Colonel,” was the somewhat cool reply.

“Your efforts are useless.” He uttered the words with a special emphasis.

Bushby started, but looked with a clear, quiet gaze into the face of the Colonel.

“Are you any way concerned in my secrets, Colonel?”

If he hoped to disconcert the Colonel, he was disappointed. He replied to him calmly, and with a friendly expression:

“I only took an interest in your fate, and in that of another person dear to you.”

The young man was now almost disconcerted. But he tried to appear indifferent. On the other hand it was easy to see that he had no particular sympathy with the Colonel.

“You have been traveling, Colonel,” remarked he, drily.

“I have been traveling, and during my travels I have learned many secret histories; and

many a persecution of past times, many a stern fortune, many a fearful penalty for the noblest sentiments, and for the holiest endeavors, have I become acquainted with."

He laid a special emphasis upon each of his words. The young man looked suspiciously at him. He seemed to be anxious to divine what object the Colonel had in speaking thus. In an indifferent tone he rejoined :

"People usually learn many things in traveling."

"Young man," said the Colonel, in an emphatic and friendly tone. "You do not trust me. It is not my fault. I certainly have no right to demand your confidence. Yet I have more right than you think, perhaps, to warn you. You stand here upon dangerous ground."

He looked at the American with a peculiar, sharp, piercing look, and left him without speaking another word. All the blood rushed involuntarily in a moment from the face of the young man. After a moment's reflection, he said to himself.

"What does this mysterious man desire? But why should I be alarmed? I understand his habit of putting persons in anxiety."

But he was not quieted. He paced about for some time, now with long strides, now with short ones, back and forth from the water. In his countenance, which he had little power to disguise, might be plainly seen that he was in a state of great inward commotion. Single words which he uttered aloud also betrayed this.

"He said," exclaimed he to himself, "that we should not meet here again; and the other spoke in a tone of warning. Two mysterious personages. But the adventurous fiddler, at least, means honestly, and however much of fancy there may be—how much dreaming in his second sight—I can not accuse him of an untruth. What he dreams comes to pass. What more have I to do here? The abyss of the fearful mystery remains sealed up. Two persons only are in possession of the key. They are inaccessible. But still he said that my efforts were useless. But how? He may be the third. I know him well enough. He pretends that he knows something. Yet, indeed, he may know it. His manifold connections; his sway over ordinary men. But if he be in the secret, he is closer than the others—and—more cunning. And now she—"

He quickened his pace, in his rising excitement. Every motion betrayed that there was a storm and a struggle within him. At last he remained standing. Then he spoke, with a tone of determination :

"And so away! It must be so. Perhaps in this decision lies the fortune of which the old man spoke—dubious—yes, dubious indeed."

He went on toward the castle with a firm stride. He crossed the vacant terrace into the interior of the building; then up the broad staircase which led to the apartments of the Princess Amelia. He entered the ante-chamber of the Princess. A servant was there, of whom he inquired whether the Princess was alone. He

was informed that a lady-of-honor was with her. The answer seemed to clear up the step which he meditated.

"Announce me," said he.

The servant went in to announce him; and in a few moments he was introduced into the boudoir of the Princess. The Princess Amelia was alone. The lady-of-honor was in the adjoining apartment. The Princess seemed to have been weeping. Her features indicated sorrow, her eyes were red."

"Princess," said he, "I come to take my leave of you."

"You are about to travel?"

"I must leave this place. A stern fate compels me."

"You will leave us altogether?" she asked, in evident alarm.

"It is a sacred duty that calls me hence."

She went with tottering steps into the adjoining apartment, and spake a few words to the lady there. He heard her then leave the room by another door. The Princess returned. She went to the window at first, and turned her face from him. It appeared that she must collect herself, and gather strength before she could speak further to him. After a short time she approached him.

"Bushby," said she, "must you leave us?"

"I must," he answered. The reply came from a heavy heart.

"Shall you," she asked, and the question came from a heart still more weighed down, "shall you leave Europe?"

"I know not whither my fate will lead me."

She was silent. He too did not speak. A long pause ensued. It was not a pause of embarrassment; it was a moment of deep anguish. She looked, with eyes blinded with tears, upon the flowers of spring on the table which stood close by her. He waged a severe, painful contest with himself. He found words first.

"Princess Amelia," said he, "many unquiet days await me, perhaps many gloomy hours. But one star there will be to conduct me through the deepest night of life. One image will console me in the bitterest hour of sorrow. One thought will uphold me even in the moment of my departure from this world. Thou art that star, that image, that thought."

He began to speak, with a forced calmness; but with the very first words, his hardly suppressed emotion burst forth. He seized the hand of the Princess, and pressed it to his heart. She trembled, withdrew her hand, and covered her face with both her hands. He made a vain attempt to speak. Suddenly he collected himself :

"Princess," said he, "forgive me."

She held out her hand to him. The word "farewell" hung upon her lips, but she did not utter it. All at once she withdrew the hand she had extended to him, and tottered to the vase of flowers which stood by the chair. It contained two half-withered roses, which were exactly alike. She took one of them, and came back to him. She placed the rose in his hand.

"It is the most precious thing I possess," said she. "Let it be ever sacred to you."

He took the rose, trembling. Her heart now appeared to have decided.

"My noble friend," she said, "think with this rose on your friend, who from this day forth is again desolate. You are the first man whom I have ever known thoroughly—you will be the last. Oh, how much do I owe you. Never, never, can I forget you. But should ever the flower of gratitude become less blooming in my heart, then"—she took the second rose from the vase, and continued—"then shall the rose from the grave of my mother, remind me what I owe to my distant friend."

"This rose," said he, "shall never leave my heart. It is the dear pledge of two hours which can never be forgotten; the sweetest and the most painful of my life. O Amelia, upon that night when we stood by the grave of your mother, too early taken away, and plucked this rose, while your spirit lay so infinitely clear and pure before me, upon that night struck the happiest hour of my life. To-day—I have before now lived through fearful hours of sorrow—the heart-rending sorrows of a noble mother—but this day has struck the most painful hour of my life."

She had covered her tearful eyes with her hand.

"Farewell," said he, in a slow and whispered tone.

He went toward the door, then turned back again. She stood motionless as though charmed to the spot, with her face still hidden. He went up to her, and knelt before her. Tears forced their way from his eyes. She did not move. He rose. All at once she rushed to him:

"Edward," she cried, "do not forsake me."

"God in heaven; Amelia!"

He embraced her with both arms. She wound her own about him, and hid her face upon his bosom, while a flood of tears gushed from her eyes. Their lips met: They enjoyed the blissful moment of the utterance of pure and chaste affection.

"Our covenant is made forever," said he.

"Never, never will we part."

"I could never have existed without thee."

"I should have had only my mother's grave, and but to die there, hadst thou forsaken me."

"But, Amelia," said he, turning pale, "you do not know me. The stranger, the unknown, has stolen into thy guileless heart."

"I know thy heart. I love thee. That is enough for me. I will follow wherever thou leadest me, through the whole earth, through life. Let us go this very day. I am thine."

She uttered these words with the inspiration of the most devoted love. He was still perplexed.

"Amelia, thou knowest not who I am. A gloomy fate follows me."

"Thou art a noble man who loves me."

The magic of love constrained him. "My whole life belongs to thee. Thou art not deceived in me."

"Then take me away from this place. Let me this very day belong to thee alone."

"Flee?"

The sorrow in which he had found her, uprose again in her. "Yes, flee!" she exclaimed. "This court is fearful, horrible, to me. Ask me nothing to-day. I can not remain a moment longer here without thee. Thou wast here the sole anchor of my life."

"And thine old grandfather?"

"He has ever been indifferent toward me."

"But a secret flight, Amelia. The honor of a princely house."

"My brother is the head of it. My brother—" she checked herself, and then, after a brief pause, continued: "My brother does not love me. It will be more pleasant to him when I am away, and it will to me also be more pleasant far away from here, in the new world of America, by thy side, by the side of thy noble mother, in whom I shall find my own mother again."

He made no further opposition.

"When shall we set off?" she asked.

"This evening."

"I will have every thing ready."

"At ten o'clock I will be at the third gate in the park wall."

"I will be waiting there."

They separated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANISHMENT.

AT the western extremity of a pleasant little village, lying in the midst of level fields, where the straw-thatched houses came to an end, stood a little apart a solitary house. It was situated in a garden, planted with vegetables, and set out with cherry-trees. The house had a pleasant, cheery aspect. It was two stories high, and with clean white walls, bright windows, and red roof, was visible for a considerable distance over the lowly roofs of the hamlet, across the gardens, and the full waving corn-fields. The wearied traveler, when his eyes rested upon it, thought involuntarily of rest and refreshment; images of repose from the ills of life came over the wanderer, and to the unfortunate the white walls and red roof of the house seemed to speak of consolation and peace.

But it was not altogether rest, peace, and consolation that abode within that habitation.

Before the door, within the shadow of a pear-tree, an aged woman, poorly but cleanly clad, sat in an arm-chair, propped up by cushions. Her aspect denoted age sorely tried, feeble, and near to its end. Her eyes were weary, her features languid, her hands meagre. In her countenance might be read the expression of heavy sorrow in the past, and of a still longing for the future, perhaps for the eternal rest. Her hands lay folded upon her bosom, her eyes were directed across field and meadow toward the blue expanse of heaven.

As so often happens upon this earth of ours, close by the portals of death stood the rose-crowned cradle of life.

At her feet was playing a stout rosy child of some five years old. Like the aged woman, he was poorly but cleanly clad. The childish features were not yet disturbed by sorrow; joy, gayety, and gladness only abode there. His desires went not beyond the object nearest at hand; and that he always had, for that only which he had seemed to him the nearest and dearest: at the present moment, this was the flowers with which he was playing.

"Grandmother," said the child, after he had for some time looked meditatively upon the flowers, and in a half interrogatory tone, "Grandmother, mamma says the flowers are alive, just like you and I."

"Certainly they are alive. Every thing is alive which the Lord has made," answered the aged woman.

"Then it must hurt them when I pick them, or fling them about."

"They do not feel pain, for they have never done any thing wrong; they are like the angels in heaven, who also feel no pain. Pain is something evil, and those only feel evil who do evil. The angels and the flowers do nothing evil; they only do good to men."

"But the angels are glad when I am good. Can the flowers feel glad too?"

"The flowers may perhaps feel gladness. Have you never seen how thankfully they lift up their blossoms, and how beautifully and joyously they smell when the dear God sends them a warm rain from heaven?"

The boy sat looking fixedly, thinking upon the words of his grandmother.

A young woman came to them from the house. She was slenderly and delicately formed. A long mournful story of grief and sorrow was legible in her countenance. She looked mournfully and uneasily toward the road which ran by the little garden. Then she turned in an affectionate manner to the old woman.

"Do you feel better, dear mother?"

"The joy of seeing them again so soon strengthens me wonderfully. It seems as though the heavens were about to bestow upon me once more strength to taste the fullness of earthly joy, in order to call me away to eternal bliss."

"Heaven will preserve you to us for a long while yet. What should we do without you? How often have you, by your clear, calm spirit, been my stay and support? To what arm should I flee, with whom should I seek joy and relief, should sorrow again beat upon my poor head?"

"The Lord will grant you better days. He mingles a portion of sorrow in the cup of every man. Thine seems to have been all exhausted."

"The sorrows of mankind are never exhausted."

"Do not be ungrateful, my daughter. Has he not, in a wonderful manner, granted us help and deliverance in our sorest need? Can he not now give thy fate an altogether different turn?"

"What, without restoring to me my poor husband?"

"Can he not do even that?"

"Not without a miracle."

"Men call the unsearchable ways of the Lord miracles. Who shall prescribe these to him? Has not the Lord already wrought miracles for us? Works he not for us miracles, daily and hourly? This house, this garden, this chair, these soft cushions upon which I sit, these garments which we wear, are they not miracles? A few weeks ago we had them not; and had any one then promised them to you, would you not have answered him incredulously, 'Miracles do not come to pass now!'"

"It is true, mother. My brother did not return, my sister did not come; day after day we waited in vain. No tidings from them reached us. You lay in pain and anguish upon a sick bed. Daily I grew weaker. My strength diminished, and a severe illness threatened to cast me also upon a bed of sickness. I was hardly able to creep to the fire to prepare warm food for you. The very last poor remnant of our money was spent. Our furniture, our clothing had been sold. I was already a-hungered; that poor child was crying for bread—for mere dry bread. Still my brother and sister came not, nor any tidings of them. It was terrible. Then came all at once the letter from that unknown man—still unknown to us, even as to his name and residence. Our necessities were relieved. He sent us money—more than we shall need for a long time. He assigned to us this house and garden, wherein we were to do just as though it were our own property. He told us not to be discomposed at our sister's prolonged absence; promising that she would soon return in happiness to our arms; and to-day, in a few hours, we expect her. And Heaven has again bestowed health upon you, and strength upon me."

"Yet notwithstanding all this, do you still despair, Joanna?" asked the mother, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You live in a world of wonders; you feel so near you the delivering hand of the Lord, and yet do you doubt whether it can again grant you help?"

"No, mother! In calmness and lowliness will I await whatever he may be suspending over us."

"Do that, my daughter, and you will thus make easier my departure from this world. I feel that we must soon part—and in this also must you submit yourself to the will of Heaven."

The young woman went thoughtfully into the garden, toward the road which ran by, down which she looked anxiously. Her heart throbbed in expectation, joyful and yet anxious. The child had followed her with a garland which he had woven from the flowers. She scarcely observed him, so anxiously were her eyes directed down the highway.

After a while a carriage was seen approaching. She opened the garden-gate, and went out to meet it. It drew nearer. With a beating heart she hastened toward it. It was her brother and sister, who sprang from the carriage

into her arms, with countenances beaming with joy.

"Joanna, dear, dear sister!"

"Bernard, Anna, have I you again!"

"And how well you are looking again!"

"And how pleasantly you are living here."

"But our mother, our poor mother; how anxious she must have been about us."

"And do you think I have been less so?"

"No, no. But let us go to her."

The little Anna flew rather than walked to her old mother. She embraced her knees, and flung herself into her arms.

"Mother, dear, dear mother!"

The old woman pressed the lovely child to her heart with a quiet but fervent love: "I thank heaven for granting me the joy of once more seeing you."

Then she made her stand up, and looked at her for a long time with a speechless but vivid joy shining from her face.

"For two years, I have not seen you, my dear child. You have grown in stature; but what is better, you have grown noble and generous. I see it in your clear look. Keep your heart ever pure—it is the best mirror."

The younger woman came in with her brother. He embraced his mother with tender veneration.

"You have suffered much, my son."

"For me, mother," said the girl.

"The Lord will recompense it to him."

"He has already repaid me, in seeing you here so well and so free from care. I think myself happy that I have been the instrument in his hand."

"Tell us all about it," said the young woman. "Satisfy our curiosity. We know only of Bernard's illness; and that a generous man has taken care of you, and when he knew from you of our situation, of us also."

"A generous man is he indeed, that Balischewski. I owe my life to him."

"I might have been your murderess."

"Tell us calmly, and in order," the mother admonished them.

"The story will be but brief," said the young man, with a glance at his sister, which assured her that her feelings should be spared. "We were on our return, about four weeks ago, and had reached a little village. It unfortunately happened, that in an inn where we stopped, we encountered some rude officers. They misbehaved toward Anna, and I very naturally took my sister's part, and was injured by them and their soldiers."

"The brutes," cried Anna, interrupting him, "almost killed my poor brother. I found him motionless and scarcely breathing, where they had left him, probably thinking that he was dead. I tried, with my feeble strength, to raise him. It was in vain. I could only raise up his head; and that only caused the blood to flow more freely from the wounds which the barbarians had inflicted upon him. I called for help, as loudly as I could; but that too was useless.

I ran to the houses, and knocked at the bolted doors and the closed shutters. It was all in vain. Nobody had courage to come out into the street, even to make me an answer. They were afraid of the anger of the soldiers. I ran back in despair to my poor brother. He had already begun to grow cold. The blood flowed from his wounds, and I flung myself upon him to die with him. Then came our deliverer. He had come to the inn in the village that evening, a traveler like ourselves. Being fatigued, he had retired early to rest. The noise in the street awoke him, and my cry for help called him out. His coachman followed him. Together we bore my almost dead brother back to the inn; but how dreadful for me even to think of it—the landlord refused to admit us; the officers had forbidden him to do so, he said. Whether this were or were not so, we were obliged to turn back. With difficulty, we found out the residence of a surgeon, and there we went. He dressed the wounds, but would not let us stay with him, for he too was afraid of the violence of the soldiery. Nobody in the place would take us in. We could not leave my dying brother in the cold, wet street. Our noble deliverer ordered his carriage, and in this we placed our still unconscious brother. We drove slowly to the town-gate. We had to drive for a full hour upon the highway, till at last we found a road-side inn where we could be received."

"Poor, poor Bernard!"

"Poor unfortunate Anna!"

"I will not describe to you my agony and anguish. For two days my brother's life was in danger. I never left his side. The stranger—no, no, not stranger, for he was to us more than a friend, he was a father—Balischewski did not abandon us. On the third day, Bernard recovered his consciousness. The physician pronounced him out of danger. How rejoiced I was. Balischewski had called two physicians, who prescribed for our brother. He took care that we had all that we needed. I must tell him about you. He promised to send you tidings of us, and to see to it that you did not suffer want. I told him your circumstances, not till afterward, and when urged to do so, but I must do so, I must indeed; for I could not abandon you to despair."

"Good, kind Anna, we owe you our lives; our mother and I. Without the assistance which that noble friend gave us, we must have perished."

"Ah, he was so kind. He thought of every thing. I am indebted to him for my harp; he brought it from the town where I had left it."

"And who is this excellent man?"

"We know nothing of him, excepting his name," answered Bernard. "He never speaks of himself, and avoids all questionings. We have never even learned his residence. From his name, he would seem to be a Pole. But from some conversation with a police-officer, who asked for his permit, I imagine that he has

an English passport, or, at least, is under the protection of the English ambassador."

"He promised also," said Anna, "to see to it, at the capital, that the officers should be punished."

"When I was out of danger," continued Bernard, "he could stay with us only a few days. When he took his leave, he gave me to understand, as I thought, that he was acquainted with Vorhöff."

"With my husband!" exclaimed the young woman, with sparkling eyes. "What did he say of him? Speak, I pray you!"

"Only a few words, and very obscurely. 'Tell your sister,' said he, 'that her husband is not yet lost to her!'"

"Did he say that? What more? what more?"

"'Let her take courage,' he added; but nothing further. I entreated him, for your sake, to explain himself more clearly. He merely replied: 'Do not ask me. I must say nothing more to you.' I believe that he is a member of a great and widely-spread confederacy which has been secretly formed among the people throughout Europe, in behalf of liberty. I infer this from some words which he let fall."

"Not lost! Oh God in heaven! if he have but spoken truly."

"Behold, Joanna," said the aged mother, "how the gate of miracles seems about to open. Trust thou only in the Lord. Here have I received my children again, whom we thought lost. Come to me, my poor Bernard, my son who hast suffered so much, and whose sorrows have thus brought gladness to us all. Thou wert right; thou wast the instrument in the hand of the Lord."

The young man bent over the hand of his mother, and kissed it. She examined with anxious care the scars which the wounds on his head had left behind them. She inquired about his general health, and especially about the pain in his breast, and rejoiced with a deep though quiet joy, when she learned that he was far better than before his maltreatment, and, in particular, that there was a remarkable mitigation of the pain in his chest.

Madame Vorhöff, meanwhile, gave herself up to a half-yearning, half-painful joy. Leading her child by the hand, with her sister by her side, she wandered through the garden, dreaming of past days, of joy and of sorrow, of care and grief, but also of love and enjoyment and exultation, and sending her thoughts forward into the broad, boundless future, full of fears and hopes, full of anxiety and longing. At one moment her eyes fell tearfully upon her boy; at another, they swept hopefully across the fields away into the infinite blue distance. After a while she left them. She must be alone, as she always must when her heart had received an unwonted impression.

Anna Hammer went back with the boy to her mother, who was sitting alone, for Bernard

had also gone out to attend to some business. The aged woman appeared to have been wishing for the return of the girl, and that they might be alone together. She pressed her to her heart, and kissed her tenderly. Then she said to her:

"Sit down by my feet, Anna, and listen to me."

The girl did as her mother directed. The child played around at a little distance.

"Anna," proceeded the aged mother, "my days are numbered—perhaps only a few hours remain. My dearest wish in this life was to see thee again. This wish has been this day fulfilled. Joanna and Bernard were the children of my joys and of my hopes. You were but an infant when fortune forsook us: you were the child of my grief and of my care. Therefore my heart always clings so closely to you, and thence the yearning to bestow once more upon you a mother's blessing before I should leave this world."

The girl kissed her hand, without speaking.

"I do not wish to give you any admonition. Your heart is pure; your soul is full of the fear of God; you have a strong, free spirit. These qualities of nature will not suffer you to depart from the path of virtue. But one request, one last request, I would make of you. Your sister is feeble. The heavy woes of her heart, exertions, and deprivations, have early undermined her health. Your brother was always delicate. Neither can give much support to the other. Do you take upon yourself the charge of them; remain true to them, in faithful, sincere, sisterly affection; never leave them, even in the worst of times. Promise me that."

"Oh, mother!" said the weeping girl, "could you ever have doubted that I would be other than a true sister to them? How could I have a pure heart?—how could I have the fear of God, could I ever abandon my sister and my brother?"

"I did not doubt; but the prayer of a dying mother takes fast hold of a young heart. Now it is well."

"And you will remain a long, long time with us yet," said the girl, resuming a more cheerful aspect.

The aged woman shook her head.

"My hour is come," said she, with a foreboding intonation in her voice. After a pause, she proceeded: "Tell the boy about his father. The minds of children early receive those impressions which direct their course through life. Their hearts and spirits must gather strength from great and noble examples; the influence is doubled when these examples can be taken from those belonging immediately to them. The remembrance of his father must ever be preserved lively and vigorous in the child's heart. I can no longer do this; I am too old. The heart of his mother overflows when she but mentions to her orphan the name of his father. You must tell him of the deeds and the sorrows of that man who was put to so stern a proof."

The child had been listening. Although the image of his little aunt had entirely disappeared from his recollection during her two years' absence, yet his mother and grandmother had so often spoken to him of her, that he quickly made himself at home with her. He looked up imploringly at her, and said :

"Tell me about my father, aunt Anna. Is he soon coming back to us?"

"Let us hope that he will do so, my good little Paul."

"Where is he now, aunt? Mamma says that she doesn't know."

"I don't know either. We suppose that wicked men have put him in prison, and won't let him come to your mamma and you."

"Why won't they let him?"

"Ah, my dear Paul, that's a sad story."

"Tell it to me; but don't cry, as my mamma does."

"Listen to me. We live in a beautiful country which is called Germany. In this country live many thousands and thousands of brave men. A good many princes live here, too, and govern these brave men. Many years ago, an enemy came into this country; a powerful emperor, who ruled over France. This emperor attacked the German princes, and conquered them, and made them his subjects. This lasted full seven years. The enemy was proud and cruel, and the German princes, and the people, too, had to bear a great deal from him, a great many plagues and troubles, and oppressions and wrongs. But the German people quietly collected their strength, and when the oppression of the foreigner became too severe, the people joined with the princes, and fell upon the foreigner, and drove him out of the country, and set themselves free—the people and the princes."

She broke off with a laugh. "I'm telling the child about things that he can't understand, mother."

"Just go on, and tell him still more, and tell him every day. You are giving him food for reflection. What he doesn't understand to-day, he'll understand to-morrow; and will, sooner or later, create a clear and lasting image within him."

The child had listened to the narration, in fact, with the most fixed attention. She continued :

"The German princes, too, had often oppressed the people before that time. They had not given them what belonged to them. But now when the people stood by them, and put them on their thrones again, the princes solemnly promised that the people should not be oppressed any more, that they should be free, and should have all their rights back again. But what men promise in need they don't always hold to when the need has passed away. So it happened in Germany. When the German princes were again seated on their thrones, they thought nothing more of what they had promised; and they oppressed the people even more than the foreign Frenchman had done."

"That was wicked in them!" exclaimed the boy, eagerly.

"Don't you see how he understands you?" said the mother.

"Just so the people thought. Then arose some German men, and said so aloud. Among them was your father, Paul. He had been among those who had driven the foreign enemy out of the country, and had seated the princes again upon their thrones. He had met the enemy in many battles, and his face and breast bore many scars from the swords and bullets of the enemy. He, and many friends with him, came forward and said: 'Have we shed our blood, and broken the foreign chains, that our own princes should put us in new chains? Have we made the princes free, that they should make us slaves?' They demanded aloud that the people should have their old rights—which had been promised to them besides—given to them again; that they should be made free again. They asked the people to stand by them, and ask the princes to do what was right. But the princes would not listen to their prayers, and threatened to throw them into prison, as disturbers of the people, unless they kept silence. But these men would not keep silence, for they were striving for their own and the people's rights. They only became more careful, in order not to provoke force before the time, and met in secret to take counsel how they might get again the rights of the people. And so thousands of the noblest men and youths of Germany joined themselves together, and labored in secret. They were betrayed; the police fell upon them, and carried them off to prison. They were accused as traitors. The judges sentenced many of them to death, and others to be always shut up in dark prisons."

The girl was silent, affected by her own narration.

"Did they sentence my father, too?" inquired the boy.

"Yes, my poor child: they sentenced him to death at first; but finally they changed it to imprisonment as long as he lived."

"But mamma says that he is alive yet."

"That we don't know. Your mother, your grandmother, and none of us have seen him since the evening when the gendarmes suddenly came, tore him from our midst, and dragged him away. That was an awful hour for us!"

"Where was I then!"

"You, my child, were not then born. You have never seen your father; and his eyes have never looked upon you."

"But I will see my father," said the boy, with an air of determination, as though it rested solely upon his own will.

"Think thus always," said the grandmother, "always think that you shall see your father, and your father you, and that will make you glad when you have grown up to be a fine brave man."

"When I get to be large, I will look up my father, and bring him back to my mother."

"See Anna, see the boy's spirit. Oh, cherish it."

The young woman came back from the house. Her countenance bore an expression of inward quiet. She also sat down at her mother's feet, twining one arm around her younger sister, and with the other drawing the boy to her bosom. After a few minutes came the young man to them. They formed a pleasant and cheerful group.

"We are all together again now," said Madame Vorhöff. "One is absent; but as he is with us in spirit, and we with him, so let us hope that the time is not far distant when we shall all be again united with him. And so let us, with gratitude to God, enjoy our present happiness. I have already formed a plan for the conduct of our quiet life, for the present. A miraculous assistance has brought us to this abode. We are sheltered from our most pressing anxieties. What we are able to earn by our industry we can lay by for evil times, which we must not venture to overlook."

"You must spare yourself," put in the little Anna. "You stand in need of rest. Bernard and I will work for you. I have already laid my plans too."

"You!" laughed the elder sister in a kindly manner. "Let us hear them, my wise Anna."

"I shall get up in the morning at about five o'clock, sweep the house and get breakfast ready. About eight o'clock I shall awake our mother and you, and we will breakfast together. Then I shall betake myself to my kitchen department, to get dinner ready; and you and our mother and Paul can walk about in the garden. After dinner I shall sit down with you, and we will sew and knit and embroider, till it is time for me to go and prepare our little supper. After supper I will fetch my harp and Bernard and I shall play and sing. Ah, it will be a grand way of living."

"And so you are going to take all the work upon yourself, and I must have no share in it?"

"You may knit, when you get quite well."

"And Bernard?"

"He may draw a couple of hours a day. But he needs rest too."

"You've forgotten only a few things, certainly. Who is to take care of our little garden? and who is to teach little Paul his primer?"

"The little fellow shan't suffer, I'll take the care of the little garden upon myself too. I can get through with making ready the breakfast by six o'clock, and then I shall have two hours left for the garden. Bernard and I will share between us the teaching of Paul his primer."

"My plan is a little different. You shall have charge of the kitchen; but the garden we will share in common. Working in the garden will contribute greatly to my regaining my strength."

"I beg for a share in that, by-and-by," interrupted Bernard, "when cherry-picking time comes. That must be my business."

"Agreed. Paul's primer, I shall take en-

tirely upon myself. But you can in the meantime give him lessons on the harp."

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed Anna and the boy.

"Bernard shall draw only for his own improvement. No more embroidery patterns and such-like work. He has neglected his own art, and must betake himself to it again. This summer he shall spend here in the fresh country air, so that his chest can get quite strong again. In the winter he shall go to the capital, to the Academy. I have reckoned it up, and if we are industrious we can earn enough so that he can stay a half-year in the capital. In the second half-year his art must support him."

"And the Herr Brother will get to be a famous artist!" said Anna, in a tone of comical pathos.

They had chatted themselves into a merry mood. But the eyes of the aged mother appeared to grow the more troubled, the more those of her children lightened up. But yet she appeared to be doing violence to herself, in concealing that which disturbed her, so as not to hinder their joy. But all at once an involuntary spasm passed over her whole body; her children sprang up in terror, and pressed around her with pale countenances.

"Mother, what is the matter with you?"

She attempted to smile, but her eyes moved in a manner that showed it to be beyond her power to do so.

"It was nothing, my children. Go on with your conversation. I shall be better soon."

But their happiness has come to a sudden end. Misfortune often comes suddenly and overwhelmingly upon the joys of mankind; and the purer was the joy, the more overwhelming is the sorrow. Is it that there is an envious hostile power which often holds sway, and sets at naught that which the good genius of humanity has but just arranged? Or is it the ruling hand of divine Providence, ever working good and wisdom, that sends upon us pain and sorrow, in order to bring about our highest development?

While they were yet anxiously looking upon their mother, and occupying themselves about her so suddenly changed condition, a girl ran hastily into the garden from the village, dressed in the ordinary attire of a respectable peasant. She was almost breathless when she came up with the family group. She did not observe their anxious countenances, and appeared to be in great anxiety herself.

"Madame," said she hastily, and without further preparation, to the elder daughter, "make haste and leave this place, all, all of you together. They are about to arrest you."

The terror arose to agony. "Whom are they about to arrest?" asked Madame Vorhöff, who did not appear to have fully understood what she had been told.

"You, all of you. The magistrate is there with a notary and two gendarmes."

"Us! It can not be so, my child!"

"It is only too true. They have just stopped

at the inn. I heard myself how the magistrate told my father that he had orders to arrest the whole family. He has brought a carriage with him to take you away. You seem to be noble, unfortunate women. So I ran here to give you warning."

Madame Vorhöff wrung her hands, looking all the while at her mother, whose features had assumed an expression as though death were near, very near. Bernard walked about undecidedly. The younger sister had seized convulsively the hand of her mother.

The aged woman raised her drooping head. "I anticipated," said she "what has now come to pass. Do not flee. Follow your fate boldly; trust in God. He will lead you, through struggle and sorrow, to victory and gladness."

Her voice was once more clear and firm. She spoke in a tone almost prophetic. Madame Vorhöff had now regained full possession of herself.

"We will not flee, mother," said she. "We will not forsake you. We are conscious of no crime, no guilt. We will remain, come what may."

Then turning to the daughter of the inn-keeper, she proceeded: "We thank you, my child, for your friendly sympathy. We are innocent. Our fate must be accomplished."

The girl left the garden with slow steps, and weeping. In a few minutes came the magistrate with his attendants. He was followed by an ordinary wagon, with straw strewn over the bottom.

"Which is Madame Vorhöff?" he asked, as he entered the disturbed family circle.

"I am, sir."

"Follow me."

He went with her into the house, followed by the notary. She conducted him into the sitting-room.

"Your husband is the writer Vorhöff?"

"He is, sir."

"He was some years ago implicated in some political affairs?"

"He was, sir."

"He was condemned to death for an attempted murder of the Prince, and for high-treason?"

"For high-treason. My husband is no murderer."

"Never mind that. His punishment was commuted by the monarch to imprisonment for life."

"Does he yet live? answer me that question, I entreat you."

"It does not form part of my commission. How do you support yourself?"

"By the industry of myself and my sister, and brother. We embroider and design. The proceeds of our labor give us our poor support."

"How much rent do you pay for this house and garden?"

The woman hesitated.

"Well?"

"Sir, I can not tell you that."

"And why not. You are embarrassed. What has that to do with the rent?"

"I do not know why I should conceal the truth. A stranger rented this house for us, and pays the rent."

"Ah! Who is this stranger?"

"I know only his name. It is Balischewski?"

"His country? His residence? His occupation?"

"I do not know them."

"Speak the truth."

"Sir, I am not accustomed to falsehood!"

"Madame, you would not have me believe that a person who is a total stranger to you, whose occupation and residence you do not know, would pay for you a rent which must be something considerable."

"Yet so it is."

"Enough of that, Madame. I can only be sorry for you, Madame, that you have in any way become involved with this stranger. Your husband is under sentence for treason. The State is empowered by law to punish you and your children with imprisonment for life, and to banish your immediate kindred from the country. The government has hitherto treated you with forbearance. It has permitted a free and undisturbed residence in the country to you and yours. But instead of gratefully recognizing this forbearance, you have entered into dangerous connections."

"Good Heavens, sir! Is it then a crime for the poor to accept a kindness, that restores them to life?"

"Certainly, under some circumstances. Insurrectionary and treasonable projects have again made their appearance in the country. That stranger who calls himself Balischewski is very probably a member of that secret association, which has for its object the overthrow of all existing institutions. Your connection with him makes you in like manner suspected. In short, I am commissioned by the Minister of Police to announce to you, that you and your family can no longer be suffered to remain in the country; and I have also orders to see that you are transported this day across the frontier."

"How, sir! What crime have we committed? We live here as quietly, perhaps, as any person in the whole country. We do not concern ourselves about politics or the government."

"You have heard what has been announced to you."

"But, sir, you will not be so cruel."

"My will has nothing to do in the matter. I am simply an instrument of the Ministry, and have only to carry their orders into execution."

"I am sure that the Ministry would recede from this terrible procedure, if they were apprised of our innocence."

"Madame, you are mistaken as to the state of affairs. You are not innocent. According to your own confession you are guilty, and amenable to the laws."

"I have had no announcement of any such legal position."

"I beg you, Madame, to prepare for your journey. My time is limited."

"Upon the spot?"

"The conveyance waits without."

"And whither are you about to convey us?"

"Across the frontiers—the nearest frontiers."

"And then, what is to be our fate on the other side of the line."

"I do not know. There you will be left to shift for yourselves."

"And what if they will not admit us there? What if they expel us again?"

"The authorities on this side will not suffer you to re-pass."

The woman was in a perplexity of thought, from which she could find no way of egress.

"Make haste, I beg of you," said the magistrate, hurrying her.

The door opened. The little Anna came in, with a countenance greatly troubled. Silently, with quivering lips, and eyes from which all brightness was gone, she flung herself upon the breast of her elder sister.

"Oh, God!" cried the sister forebodingly, "Our mother is dead!"

"She is dead," sobbed the girl.

"Madame," said the officer, in the unconcerned voice proper to his functions, "I am sorry that you have experienced this two-fold blow of misfortune; but I must beg of you to set out at once."

"But, sir, it is our mother, who has just departed."

"I will see to the burial."

"By strange hands!" she said, with a shudder.

"Let there be no delay, I ask you for the last time."

"Oh God, Oh God, thy trials are severe indeed!" sighed the poor woman.

Let us throw a veil over their parting from the house, the garden, and the corpse of their mother.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN PRISON.

ON the frontiers of the country of which we have been speaking, upon a high hill, apart from all others, stands a large, strong, ancient structure. Built without any attempt at regularity, it presents in one place a long front, in another little buildings at the front and sides, in another projecting balconies and round towers; but almost every where appear a number of small low windows, having massy frames, and usually provided with strong iron gratings. The style of the architecture, and still more these precautions, showed that the building was a prison, one of those institutions which, with perpetual warning, give most melancholy evidence of the destructive passions, and the still more destructive weaknesses of mankind, and of the inadequacy of all public and private undertakings, having for their object the elevation and development of the human race.

The prison of which we speak consisted of a number of parts. The main portion was the prison itself, the gloomy abode of the victims of those passions and weaknesses; but there were also other necessary buildings. Joined to the prison, on one side, were buildings of a better and somewhat more modern structure, which served for the residence of the Commandant and of the principal officers of the institution. Opposite to and apart from these, upon a rocky projection stood a large, low, round tower, with walls of enormous thickness, having three rows of windows, the lowest of which was scarcely above the level of the rock upon which the tower was built.

The whole group of buildings was surrounded by a strong, high wall, but this tower was situated partly outside of it. The walls came up to this tower in such a manner, that it stood half within and half without them. The outer half formed a line almost coincident with the edge of the crag upon which the tower stood, and which sunk sheer and perpendicularly down into a deep chasm overgrown with brambles. In the centre, opposite to an inner drawbridge, was a wooden gallery, designed for a sentinel stationed there. Through the walls, a single large strong door led into the interior. It was furnished with loopholes, several towers, and small sally-ports, so that the whole structure, upon its high steep rock, had the appearance of a fortress. It had, in fact, formerly served for the protection of the frontiers, and was usually called the Fortress by its garrison and the inhabitants of the surrounding country. It was also under military regulations, and had a military Commandant to whom all the civil functionaries were subordinate.

In the small, gloomy cells of the main edifice dwelt, from year to year, little pleasure, except alas, the pleasure often to be derived from the gratification of malice; but all the more abode there care and grief, sorrow, misery, and despair. Yet the inmates of the fortress were accustomed to look with the deepest horror and dread upon the low, round tower. No one approached it. The rock upon which it was built was separated from the hill upon which the other portion of the structure stood, by a cleft of considerable width, so that the only communication was by a narrow drawbridge; all approach to it was prevented by sentinels who paced back and forth in front of the tower; every one who had occasion to pass it, went by with a hasty step and terrified look, as though they expected to encounter some frightful apparition, or be scared by some horrid sound from within the gloomy structure.

This was the consequence of the deep, impenetrable mystery which had for a long time shrouded this tower, its secrets, and the persons and fates of its inmates. Nothing was known about them; men could only imagine and suspect, and what they imagined and suspected was vague and undefined, and was spoken of in a whisper. The Commandant was the only one who seemed to know who were in the tower

and why they were there. But the Commandant, so said the officers, communicated only with the Minister of War in relation to this tower, and the Minister communicated directly with the Sovereign.

Two old under-officers, gray, reserved, and gloomy as the Commandant himself, were, besides him, the only persons who entered this tower; they served as guards over the prisoners. No other person could say that he had ever entered this fearful sepulchre. It was said that the Commandant sometimes visited the tower by night, but nothing certain was known about it.

In a cell in the third or upper story of this tower, a man was lying alone. The cell was small and low. Its height was not more than seven feet, its length ten, and its breadth five feet. Within it were a wooden bedstead, a stool, and a small bench. The stool was vacant; upon the bench stood a water-jug; upon the bedstead lay a sack of straw; upon the sack lay the man.

It was evening, and it was dark in the cell. Outside of the narrow window, of which, however, the breadth exceeded the height, was a strong close grating of iron; beyond this, taking up the whole width and length of the window, was a metal plate sloping upward, so that the opening was at a right angle with the window. Little daylight was thus ever admitted; only as much as came in above the top of the plate. As soon as the sun went down a long, deep darkness reigned in the cell, while it was yet light or twilight without.

The man was lying outstretched and immovable upon the sack of straw. He was not asleep, but seemed sunk in deep thought.

A sound was audible in the passage before the cell. At first it was indistinct. After a while the slow and heavy steps of a man could be distinguished. They ceased in front of the cell. The man upon the bed either did not hear them, or paid no attention to them.

Opposite the window of the cell was a little door, beside which, in the wall, was an opening, having an iron shutter on the outside. A key was placed in the shutter—the key was turned, and a clear light from a lantern, protected by a strong wire network, was thrown into the cell.

Every object within the cell might now be distinguished more clearly. They were what have been enumerated. It seemed as though one was looking into a grave in which—horrible thought—a person, buried alive, was wearing away in agony his last fearful hours.

Behind the lantern was visible the face of a soldier, furrowed by wrinkles and the scars of battle.

“Get up,” ordered the soldier.

The man on the bed arose.

“Advance,” was the further command.

The man, who had remained standing beside the bed, came close up to the opening, into the full light of the lantern.

He was tall, very thin, but with strongly built limbs. The face was of a corpse-like paleness,

the cheeks hollow and shrunken, the lips livid and shriveled, the forehead high and broad, the eyes dark and brilliant. A carefully arranged beard, black and glossy, like the hair and eyes, covered the chin. The aspect of the man was that of a soldier.

The soldier without, examined him from head to foot with the most minute attention.

“Turn round,” was the third order.

The man turned his back.

“That will do,” said the soldier, with the tone of an order, as he drew back the lantern, and was on the point of closing the shutter of the aperture. The customary evening visitation was over; a closer examination seemed unnecessary, since from this cell no escape was possible. All that was needed was the assurance that the prisoner was still alive.

The man in the cell turned round toward the soldier. “Herr Under-officer,” said he, in a deep and sonorous voice, “it has been very warm to-day; I have no more water for drinking.”

“To-morrow,” answered the officer, coolly, without suffering himself to be disturbed in his occupation. He closed the shutter, and soon his slow, heavy step, receding in the distance, could be no longer heard.

The life of the prisoner was simple and uniform. Early in the morning the officer brought him a jug of fresh water and a loaf of bread; and at the same time removed what had been left overnight. At noon the same officer brought him his dinner in a pewter bowl, to which was fastened a pewter spoon. In the evening the visitation which we have described, took place. All communication took place through the opening beside the door. These were all the incidents in the life of the prisoner—one day was like each other. Three times a day he saw the officer; and besides him he saw no one. Once a year the Commandant of the fortress, followed by the two under-officers, all in full uniform, entered the cell. It was apparently the day of general visitation.

Thus for five years and longer had he lived in the cell. He was entirely cut off from communication with the world without. He had no book, no writing, not a sheet of paper, save that the Bible lay in the cell. When the sun had gone down no light illumined the darkness. The officer said not a word beyond his brief orders; he never gave a word of answer to the questions or to the imploring entreaties which the prisoner, during the first period of his confinement, had made respecting his friends. In subsequent years the prisoner also was silent. The lips of the Commandant were always silent as the grave.

The prisoner was utterly ignorant of the place of his captivity. He had been brought there by night, and since then had never left his cell. The metal plate before his window did not even permit him a view of the vault of heaven.

For five long years he had not even known whether, besides himself, a single living person inhabited the prison in which he was confined.

But a little while before, on one still night, he thought he heard the sound of a voice far below him. He listened—the cry seemed to be repeated. He arose from his hard bed, threw himself upon the floor of the cell, and laid his ear close to the planks. He heard nothing, and returned to his bed. Again he heard the same sound. It sounded like a moan of distress. He sprang up again, listened, with his ear to the floor. It was gone again. He went to the window, placed his ear to it, and thought that he again perceived the sound; but he could distinguish nothing. He did not dare to open the window, for he had been forbidden to do so after dusk, under the penalty of corporal punishment. The tower was surrounded day and night by guards who, like all other sentinels throughout the fortress, from sunset to sunrise, kept each other on the *qui vive* by a loud “Who’s there?” repeated every five minutes.

The prisoner went back to his bed; but sleep and rest had vanished. For a long time he thought he heard the sound, now louder, now more faintly. It was not till toward morning that he fell asleep.

He was restless all the day following. The sound never passed from his memory; but had he actually heard it? or did he only imagine that he had done so? did it exist save in his fancy? He waited longingly for the gloom of night to come. Evening came, the still hour of night followed, and with it returned the painful sound far below him. He had made preparations during the day, had left the window ajar, so that it could be opened without noise. He opened it, and held his ear close to the window-plate. He could not accurately distinguish the sound, but it was a human voice that he heard; of that he was convinced. He thought that it must certainly proceed from the same building in which he himself was. And as it seemed to come from below him, and in a perpendicular direction, he concluded that he himself occupied an upper story of the edifice. No farther discoveries could he make without danger of being discovered in his attempt. But he was fully convinced that he had heard the moaning of a fellow-prisoner.

Imagination, the longing for companionship and sympathy, were all powerfully aroused in him. Every other idea was repressed, and he thought only how he might approach and sympathize with his fellow-prisoner—his suffering fellow-prisoner. One must have been himself an inmate of a lonely and silent cell to be able to appreciate that irresistible longing for companionship and sympathy.

It was manifestly impossible to communicate by speech with the person whose voice he had now heard for two nights. Under his window, and thus nearer than he himself was to the window of the prisoner, a sentinel stood day and night. Any sound would be heard, reported, and punished; and any further communication be made forever impossible.

Inarticulate signs, therefore, only remained.

But how should he find, and how apply them. He even did not know where he was. Still less was he acquainted with the environs of his residence; and, least of all, with the situation of the place where his fellow-prisoner was confined. He had before concluded from the steps and voices of the sentinels, which sounded far below him, that he was at some considerable height from the ground. When he was brought to his present abode he had been conveyed upstairs and down-stairs. He now inferred from the sounds from beneath, made by his fellow-prisoner, which had grown distinctly audible, that there were cells below his own. Every thing further was shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

But what means of expressing his sympathy were at his command? He had no writing materials, and had nothing which would serve as such; and had he possessed them, how could he convey them to the person with whom he wished to correspond? Was not the sentinel always in the way?

But nothing makes a person more sharp-sighted and inventive than the solitude of imprisonment.

On the third night he heard the same sound, listened to it attentively, and compared the quarter from which it came with that from which proceeded the steps and voice of the sentinel beneath his window. He found a difference between the two. The former not only came from a greater distance below than the other, but from a direction more directly under him. The sentinel must be at least ten or fifteen paces from the wall from within which the moaning came. Something might be ventured, especially in the obscurity of the night. There might even be some object between his fellow-prisoner and the sentinel, which would prevent observation. At last he thought of a material for writing. Some years before a storm had blown down a bit of slate, probably from the roof, which had been caught by the projecting plate outside his window, where it had remained unobserved. He now recollected it, and took possession of it. It was smooth and thin. From one side of it he broke off a bit, which he rubbed on the iron plate of the door till it was round and pointed at one end, like a pencil. With this he could write legibly on the slate.

Here were writing materials. Now for the rest. The problem was how to convey the tablet, with the thoughts intrusted to it, to the hands of his fellow-prisoner. This was certainly a difficult problem. Nothing could be done through the under-officer, and no one else came near him. The attempt could be made only through the window. It was evident from the direction from which the sound came, that the cell of the unknown lay directly beneath his own. That this cell had a window might be assumed, and that this might be exactly under his own was at all events probable, both in regard to the presumable symmetry of the building, and from the direction of the sound. If the bit of slate were let down by a thread from his own window, it might

very probably reach the window of the prisoner below. The thread was soon provided. The first thought was to use the sack for that purpose; but this was immediately abandoned, for this being changed every month, the defect in it would inevitably be detected. A stocking—that universal resource in times of need—unraveled, furnished ten times as much thread as was necessary for the purpose.

The most apparent way of letting down the slate was over the edge of the sloping plate before the window. But this demanded consideration. As the upper edge of the plate projected several feet from the wall, the slate let down over it would of course hang at the same distance, and it would be scarcely possible for the person below to lay hold of it, even should he by chance perceive it. And besides, there would be imminent danger that it could not be done without being discovered by the sentinel. Some other mode must be invented; and this was soon effected. Time and the weather had effected an opening in the bottom of the plate, close by the wall, through which the slate could be passed, after it was a little reduced in size.

As soon as it was dark, the prisoner made his first attempt. In the first place, he let the slate down only a few inches, in order to be sure that it was not perceived by the sentinel. He did not vary from his usual pace. The danger of discovery, owing to the dark color of the slate and of the thread, was really inconsiderable.

This first night he ventured to do no more, but postponed the execution of his plan till the following night. Upon the slate he wrote, "Who is it that moans below? A sympathizing fellow-prisoner inquires. An answer to-morrow night, by this means." He dared write no more, in order not to expose himself too much if the stone should fall into treacherous hands.

Slowly and carefully did he let down the slate with its writing, on the following night; he had tied the pencil to it. If his reckoning was correct, it must fall exactly within the window-plate of his unknown fellow-prisoner. The noise thus occasioned, though so slight as not to be perceived by the sentinel at the distance of ten paces, would yet be loud enough to be heard by the prisoner in his lonely cell. The moaning had been silent for the two last nights.

Slowly, inch by inch, he suffered the thread to glide through his fingers, listening intently for the least irregularity in the measured tread of the sentinel. His heart beat as the tablet descended inch by inch. Every breath of wind which blew the stone ever so lightly against the wall, making a slight noise, which might betray the whole project, sent a painful thrill through his heart.

All at once the thread would no longer descend. The slate must somehow be hanging, or must have caught against something. He paused and thought. According to his calculation it could not have reached its destination, which must be considerably lower. It could scarcely have gone half-way; and though he had no means

of estimating the distance except the sense of hearing, yet he could not certainly be so widely astray. A number of possibilities presented themselves to his mind in rapid succession. Could there be a projecting moulding, or a gallery, or something of the sort between? Could any thing have been interposed with the express purpose of preventing all communication between the upper and the lower cells? Could any one have arrested the tablet? How very probably might there be an opening in the centre of the building just where he imagined that the slate was, and a sentinel or watchman be stationed there. This last possibility, the worst of them all, he rejected at once, since he could not perceive the slightest movement in the thread, which he still held in his hand. Then occurred another apprehension, which, if well-founded, involved the utter failure of his attempt to enter into correspondence with his fellow-prisoner. Since the stone had stopped midway, there was nothing more natural than that between the story in which he was confined, and that in which his fellow-prisoner was, there might be another story, with still another range of cells; and as the cell and window with which he wished to open a correspondence lay directly beneath his own, so this middle cell, with its window and projecting plate, lay directly between, and would consequently interpose a perpetual obstacle between him and the window beneath.

This apprehension was at the first moment extremely disheartening. But yet hope and courage did not fail him. Carefully, feeling and listening with the utmost attention, he drew back the thread a half-inch, then an inch. There was no opposition. Here was one comforting certainty; the tablet was not detained either by human hand or by any other obstacle. Slowly he let it sink again, and with the same result as before. It stopped when it reached the same spot where it had been before arrested. The same result followed every repetition.

There was now, therefore, only a single possibility of success. It might be that his missive rested just upon the edge of some projection midway. It then occurred to him to give the thread such a swing as might cause the slate to clear this edge. This was certainly not a little perilous. It must almost inevitably be accompanied with more or less noise, which might lead to instant detection. Still it must be ventured.

In the first, place he drew the slate up again to see if he could discover any marks by which he might guess at the nature of the objects upon which it had rested. Nothing could be seen. Then he let it down again carefully and slowly, in a perpendicular line. As soon as it must have almost reached the obstacle, he gave it a slight sling sideways, by moving the thread with his fingers, like the pendulum of a clock; at first almost imperceptibly, but by-and-by greater, yet still with the utmost caution.

It was crowned with success. From the length of thread which had slipped through his

fingers, he ascertained that the obstacle was passed. He had not heard a sound. He suffered the thread to glide on; the vibratory motion still continued. If his supposition was correct, that he had passed a window-plate of the middle story, and that the window-plate which was the aim of his attempt was directly underneath, as he had been able to evade the middle one by swinging the thread, so the lower one could only be reached by a similar deflection of the line. The result corresponded with his wish and his expectation. The tablet rested, and rested in the very direction in which, according to his calculation, it should have done.

He listened and felt, with the most eager attention, as before. But there was no sound, no motion. He waited a long time without stirring. The clock in the tower had twice announced the beginning of a new quarter of an hour, but still there was no sound, no motion. The bit of slate remained as quietly below as though in a grave. He drew the thread up and down, in order to give a rattling motion to the stone, and thus by the slight noise to excite the observation of the inmate of the cell. He did it at first gently, then more strongly; but it was all in vain. He waited for two, for three hours, till the summer night was almost ended. When the first gleam of morning revealed the sky, he drew up the thread and the bit of slate. There was no alteration in it perceptible.

He was disappointed, but not disheartened. His unknown fellow-prisoner might have been asleep, or he might have been sick, or his attention might have been occupied by other objects; a multitude of occurrences might have called off his attention.

On the subsequent evening, he resumed his task, but with no better success. The same took place on the second, third, and fourth evenings. He was anxious, but still he did not despair. He still watched, hoping and persisting all through the long nights. He had time enough during the day to make up for the lost sleep.

On the fifth night, after he had been for several hours on the watch, gently rattling the stone every now and then, he all at once felt the thread in his hand move. A thrill, half of joy, half of apprehension shot through him. He held fast to the thread. It was pulled from below. He could not doubt that the slate was in somebody's hands. He let go the thread, and it fell into the unknown depths below. He now had leisure to think of what an accidental, treacherous discovery would cost him. This consideration came, after it was too late indeed, most vividly before him. But he still hoped for a fortunate result of this communication with a human being, from which he had been so long debarred; for intelligence from the world without; for news of his country, of his friends and comrades, perhaps even of his own family. For years this narrow, gloomy cell had been his whole world; beyond it nothing existed for him. Life, events, had nothing else to offer

him than the daily round of what took place in his cell. Should the result be what he longed for, he would come back again from the grave into life—a dreary life indeed; but the dreariest life is not so horrible as a conscious apparent death.

For a long time he listened, wrought up to the utmost intensity, for some sound; but he heard nothing, and with his hopes raised, he betook himself to his bed.

The evening following was the one upon which we beheld him stretched out upon his bed, abandoned to thought and meditation, to remembrance and imagination. He had waited with the utmost longing for the hour of the visit of the under-officer. When he had come and gone, and he was more safe from surprise, the prisoner hastened to his post at the window. He had provided a second thread, to which he had fastened a bit of mortar, to give it sufficient weight to receive the desired direction. This he passed through the aperture in the window-plate, slowly, carefully, and silently, as on the previous evenings. He felt it pass the obstacle in the midst; it descended lower, and rested, beyond all doubt, in the place of its destination. In a few moments, the thread moved, and he perceived that something heavier was attached to it. The mortar must have been detached, and the bit of slate attached in its stead. He pulled upon the thread; it yielded, and he drew it up without hindrance, and in fact the slate was there. With a beating heart, he drew it through the opening in the window-plate. It was in his cell—in his own possession.

How impatiently he cursed the deep darkness which would not permit him to read the answer: for that he had an answer in his hands, he did not doubt. Had he, for but a half-minute, been able to recall only the tenth part of the light which the officer had not long before poured so brightly into his cell! As anxiously as though he was keeping guard over a priceless treasure, he laid the bit of slate under his bed, so as not to efface a letter of the writing.

He then flung himself upon the bed, but unquietly, and not to sleep. There was a tumult within his breast. He closed his eyes, opened them, and closed them again. He became more quiet; he dreamed of the past and of the future. When he again opened his eyes, it seemed to him as though the sky had grown light. He sprang up, and rushed to the window. It was certainly light without. He then bethought himself, of what in his excitement he had not considered, that it must be the beams of the moon, which had now risen, that kindly illumined his night. He drew forth the slate in triumph. The light, though scanty, sufficed to enable him to read it.

The slate was written over. He could have pressed the lines to his lips. A feeling thrilled through him, like that with which one receives the first lines written to him by his beloved. His grave was now opened, even though it were

to let in but a single feeble ray of life. He read :

“An unfortunate man, who has been for years deprived of liberty and of human society, was at last thrown upon an agonizing sick-bed. The paroxysms of fever wrung out from him moanings which he blesses, since they reached a sympathetic ear. Oh, that they may have brought him a friend in the Unknown; may the mode of communication which they have opened not be closed, until perhaps some good fortune shall open to both the doors of their prison. I am sentenced to imprisonment for life. They call me a traitor. My name is Vorhöff.”

“Oh God, Most High!” exclaimed the prisoner. “Vorhöff, Vorhöff!” My friend, the companion of my misery! But he too lives! He too—for life! What a discovery!”

The pale face of the man exhibited the most contrary emotions—surprise, joy, grief, bewilderment. He could not refrain from giving vent to his feelings. “Bless thee, moon,” he cried. “I hail thee as warmly as ever lover did!” He answered the missive on the spot.

“Vorhöff, my friend, my brother, it is thy Horberg, the companion of thy efforts, of thy endeavors, of thy sufferings, whom also the walls of thy prison shut up in eternal night. I was condemned to death, but they graciously commuted my punishment to solitary confinement for life—graciously! Probably your own story also. We have been so nigh to each other for years, perhaps, without knowing it. I have been here for more than five years. So close together, only separated by a little space. What a melancholy pleasure lies in that thought. Answer me soon—immediately. The moonlight will suffice to do so. For five years I know nothing that has taken place in the world. How goes it there? What is said? What is done? How fares our country? our friends? my unfortunate wife?”

He again attached the bit of slate to the thread, pushed it through the aperture, and suffered it to glide down. He ventured to do this, notwithstanding the moonlight, as he trusted that the dark color of the slate and of the thread would escape the eyes of the sentinel. The stone reached its destination, and the movement of the thread showed him that his friend was waiting for it, and had loosed it—why should not he have been filled with the same longing, and have watched with a like unchanging eye, awaiting the new message? After a longer pause he felt that an answer had been attached to the thread, the end of which he had kept in his hand; he drew it up, and it came uneffaced into his hand. He read :

“We share the same terrible fate. I was sentenced to death, and received the same mitigation as you. For five years have I been here, and, as I supposed, the sole human being, besides our keepers. Where we are I know not. The world without has no existence for me. I hoped to learn from you something about my wife, from whose side I was torn a few months after our union; of my child whom she then bore under

her heart; and of the fate of our associates. It was a brief, anxious hope, but it gave me support. Thou, my dear Horberg, art no longer alone. Thou hast me; thou hast once more found a sympathizing heart. We can once more interchange our affection—the sole joy of the unfortunate; and perhaps also our hopes, if thou remainest still the man of bold hope. Answer me again soon.”

He read these words with a feeling of infinite sadness. How short had been the joy of his hope. The old gloomy night was again around him—the night of long years. The grave, the unsealing of which he had expected to hear, was again closed up for long years, perhaps—nay, probably—forever. He might indeed be a man of bold and cheerful hope; but where was there a gleam of light to which hope could turn? He could not that day return another answer to his friend. He laid himself in sorrow down upon his hard and lonely bed.

At that moment he heard a step without, in the passage before his cell. The step was different from the usual pace of the under-officer, which he knew as well as he did the voice of the man. It was lighter and more deliberate.

Not only was the step unknown to him, but the fact was something unusual. During the whole period of his imprisonment, he had never heard a sound by night in the passage. This step paused first before his cell. A deep silence reigned in the passage as well as in the cell. He did not stir, in order that he might miss no part of this unwonted occurrence. What could this nocturnal visit denote? Who could it be? to whom could it relate? These questions thronged through his mind, as he listened to a slight sound, as though a key were placed in the lock of his door. Directly afterward the door was opened, and the gleam of a little dark lantern shone into the cell. The lantern was borne by a tall, stout man, in the full uniform of a superior officer. It was the Commandant of the fortress. He was without attendants. He closed the door through which he had entered, and then called out in a half whisper: “Captain von Horberg.”

The prisoner had never during his imprisonment been before addressed by his name. It was as though with his liberty he had lost his name. In many prisons, in fact, the prisoners bear no name at all, being known only by the number by which they are entered on the list, or that of the cell which they inhabit. Furthermore, the Commandant had never before entered the cell, except at the time of the annual general inspection of the prison, and then he had always been attended by his subordinates.

Still vainly thinking over the occasion and purport of this unusual visit, the prisoner slowly arose from his bed, and stood in erect military attitude before the Commandant.

“Captain von Horberg,” he continued, “I have come by the direct command of his Highness.”

There lay a world of possibilities for the prisoner in those words—of favorable or unfavorable

possibilities. He trembled through his whole frame. He could return no answer.

The Commandant proceeded, in a suppressed voice: "I am ordered to say to you that his Highness will release you from confinement, upon certain conditions."

It was necessary for Captain von Horberg to summon up all his powers in order not to betray the whirlwind of feelings which he was too proud to manifest in presence of the stranger.

"Name the conditions," said he, in a voice which in spite of all his efforts was faltering rather than firm.

"The conditions are only two. First, you must forever lay aside your own name, and pledge your word of honor never to impart to any person your real name, condition, or history. You can assume whatever name you please. Secondly, you will be taken immediately from your prison, under guard, on board a ship to be designated by his Highness, and conveyed to an island in the South Sea, and you will pledge your word of honor, on no condition whatever to leave that island."

"You have no further conditions to propose to me?" asked the Captain.

"No."

"And the reason of this offer?"

"I only know my orders—which I have executed."

"And my—" the Captain hesitated to utter the words which were upon his tongue; but he was impelled to free his heart, upon which they pressed.—"And my wife," he hastily added, "will she accompany me?"

The Commandant was silent.

"Answer me, sir."

"She will not accompany you," was the reply, emphatically uttered.

"Does she live?"

"She lives."

"And will she not accompany me! can she not? and why can she not?"

"She will not accompany you."

"Sir, your answer shows me that you have something to conceal. Do not be unfeeling toward an unfortunate prisoner. Speak out what you have upon your heart respecting the fate of me and mine."

The Commandant made no direct reply. "Do you accept the conditions?" he asked.

"I can not give you a decision till you have answered my question. You can not but appreciate in what a terrible condition your silence must place me."

"Sir, I request you to give me your decision."

"I am unable to do so."

"Captain," said the Commandant after a while, with more feeling than could have been looked for from his dark and rigid countenance, "you were a brave and excellent officer. You won a name for yourself in the war of liberation. The army speak of you with esteem, till the devil blinded your eyes, and made you a traitor. In re-

membrance of that time, I entreat you to agree to the conditions, and not to throw away from you the freedom which your sovereign proffers to you."

"Sir, the fate of my wife is known to you—it must be known to you. I can not give you my decision until you make me acquainted with it."

"It will avail you nothing," said the Commandant, shaking his head.

"I must know it."

The Commandant looked down undecidedly; at last, he said, "Well, then, your liberation is at the desire of your wife."

"And the conditions also?"

"The conditions also. But ask me no farther. Upon my word of honor I shall make you no farther answer."

"And she will not accompany me!" exclaimed Captain von Horberg, while a fearful suspicion arose within him.

"I have already told you so!"

The Captain could no longer contain himself. He abandoned himself to the suspicion which possessed him. His wife, indeed, desired his freedom; but she would not share it with him; she only desired it at the price of his name, his existence. For what would he be without his name, without his history, upon a solitary island in the far-off Southern Ocean? What would he be, when he had vanished, without leaving a trace, from the civilized world? It was not compassion which opened his dungeon; and if it were compassion, this compassion was only a specious veil, by which the voice of conscience was to be deadened; or—terrible thought—the covering which was intended to conceal disgrace. He paced up and down the cell with long and rapid strides.

"Make your decision, sir," pressed the Commandant.

Horberg strode up in front of him. One more question seemed to be on his tongue; but he suppressed it.

"I remain," said he, decidedly.

Surprise and astonishment were depicted upon the countenance of the old officer.

"Sir," said he, "do not come to a hasty decision. There is no other way for you to leave this cell than the one which has been pointed out to you. You are in the prime of life."

"I remain, sir," was the decided answer of Captain von Horberg. And then, with averted face, he added, in a whisper, to himself, "I can not owe my liberation to my dishonor; the thought would kill me."

"Captain von Horberg, I entreat you—"

"Sir, you pledged your word of honor, and I respected it. I now give you my word of honor: I remain, under the conditions prescribed. It is the word of honor of a man; respect it."

The Commandant departed in silence. He locked the door of the cell behind him, and his steps died away along the passage.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

It was a Sunday afternoon. A profound stillness reigned in the lonely hut of the day-laborer, which was scarcely broken by the buzzing of a fly. The laborer was lying upon a bench, in his shirt-sleeves, but otherwise dressed. His Sunday coat hung on the back of a chair behind him. He was smoking an old brown pipe, and gazing vacantly up at the ceiling of the room. His wife sat not far from him at an open window, looking out into a little yard, where a hen and her chickens were busily searching for their food.

Nothing can exceed the quietude and contentment of an industrious laborer, who earns his week's wages, and has besides something laid up for a rainy day. Sunday is to him a day of rest, and nothing more. He gets up early, for that is his custom. He walks around his little place, whether it be his own property or not, in order to look to every thing; and besides, he must recover, by motion and the fresh air, the pliability of his limbs, which have grown stiff by his week's labor. He enjoys his breakfast hugely, which is somewhat better than on week-days. His wife then gives him his Sunday-clothes, and he dresses himself for church slowly, quietly, deliberately. Still he is ready sooner than his busy wife, or than the children, who are running about in all directions, can be called together by the mother, by alternate begging and scolding, and be fitted out in Sunday guise—that is, with shoes and stockings, which they never wear during the week, with better jackets, and clean shirts and collars. When he is entirely ready, all except his Sunday-coat, of which he is very careful, and never puts on till he is fairly on the way to church, he lights his pipe, and sits down to smoke and await his family in the warm sunshine which pours itself over the street. There he sits till the family are all ready to set out for church. While they are calling him, his wife brings out to him his Sunday-coat, so that he need not go back into the house to fetch it. Surely Sunday is a day of rest for the man who has toiled all the week long for his wife and children, from morning till late at night. Slowly and quietly they loiter along to church, with the acquaintances whom they encounter by the way. They merely salute each other, and then are silent. To-day, every thing which is not obliged to be in motion rests—the tongue not excepted. At church the sermon is listened to sometimes with the half-attention of complete relaxation from effort, oftentimes with a half-somnolent doze. As soon as service is over, the good woman hastens homeward to get dinner ready. The husband has at last grown a little more easy in his coat. People have had a long enough rest in church. Acquaintances are now greeted in a livelier manner; conversation arises about this and that; about friends and neighbors, about work and wages; about the weather, the crops, and such

like. When the husband gets home, dinner is eaten. It is, to be sure, simple, as it always is; but eating at leisure, and in the society of his family, gives it a double zest. All the week long he has taken his solitary dinner hastily out in the fields, from a little dish, which one of the children has brought him. To-day he eats it at home, in his family. After dinner, his children go out into the fields, or to visit their acquaintances. He stays at home with his wife. He lays himself down upon the bench and sleeps. His wife makes him a cup of coffee, or fetches a pot of beer from the village. When his nap is over, he drinks the coffee with his wife, or the beer by himself. Then he lights his pipe, and stretches himself out again upon the bench, and smokes, and thinks, or more frequently, smokes without thinking, till evening. His wife, meanwhile, sits at the window, and reckons up what she has saved the past week, and plans new savings for the week upon which they have entered.

Such is the Sunday life of the industrious day-laborer of Germany; of him, that is, who has reached the most favorable position which his class can hope for; whose good fortune has given him a good employer.

It was a beautiful warm summer afternoon the air was clear and still; not a leaf stirred on the tree before the little cottage of the laborer. The fragrance of the newly-cut hay in the neighboring meadows came gratefully into the windows. The peasant enjoyed it not; he was wrapped in the smoke from his pipe. His wife inhaled the fragrance with a sort of Sunday satisfaction. Her calculating eye glanced over the chickens into the distant space.

It was a charming landscape. The cottage lay on the slope of a hill overgrown with thick laurel-bushes, lofty old oaks, and beeches. At the distance of a hundred paces, on the right, was a splendid residence—a large chateau, with shining white walls and blue slate roof, surrounded with spacious out-buildings, and, at some little distance, by several small dwellings for the workpeople and laborers. The rear of the mansion abutted upon the ruins, in a state of partial preservation, of an ancient feudal castle, whose walls and towers extended up the hill-side, and were lost in the thick woods.

Far and near, no other building was to be seen. The village and church lay on the other side of the hill. So much the more smiling and kindly lay the broad fields. Pastures, meadows, and plowed fields, enlivened by fine cattle, by the waving of corn, the many-colored array of herbs and meadow flowers; and, spread over all, the quiet of a Sunday afternoon in summer: all these alternated with each other, up to the range of blue hills which, in the distant background, bounded the whole scene.

The eyes of the laborer's wife were not directed toward this charming alternation of landscape; her soul did not drink in the still beauty of nature, which lay spread out before her. Her glance rested upon something quite different;

and as it seemed with more than usual interest

She turned round into the room, toward her husband. "What can master be about to-day?" she said interrogatively. "Strange persons keep coming every moment; they come one by one on foot, and pass through the back garden door into the house."

She received no answer. The laborer kept on smoking with the most impassive quietness.

"There comes another one. He takes just the same way."

No answer.

"And there's another still! But, my good man, do just get up."

The man remained lying quietly.

"There come two together. They are looking carefully around on all sides, before they go through the gate. Husband, ain't you a bit curious?"

"What are the men to me?" replied he, listlessly. "They ain't coming to see me."

"But they are coming to our master."

He made no reply.

"Husband, how can you keep on lying there so quietly?"

"Wife, let me have a little quiet."

"There comes running our master's servant. He's coming straight toward our house. He looks this way. What can he want?"

She arose in great agitation. Her husband did not suffer himself to be disturbed.

The servant ran hastily into the house.

"Frederick, the master ordered me to tell you that you must come to the house. There is work to do, and he has let almost all the people go to the village. You must help us.

"It's Sunday," said the laborer, without suffering himself to be discomposed.

"So I told master; but he told me to say to you that he would give you double wages; and that you would get drink-money from the strange gentlemen."

The laborer did not change his posture; he merely took the pipe from his mouth, as though to assist him in reflecting upon the proposition.

"I'd go, husband," said the wife; but she only ventured the suggestion in a whisper.

"But, wife, it's Sunday."

"But the pay, husband."

"If you think best, wife."

He raised himself slowly, stretching himself more than once. As if half asleep, he reached out for his Sunday coat. But before he put it on, he asked the servant, in an indifferent tone,

"Hard work?"

"You may put on your coat."

He put it on with an air of discontent. The two men left the house in silence. The servant hastened onward toward the mansion; the laborer followed slowly. As he went along he snuffed up the fresh scent of the newly mown hay, but not to regale himself, but in an experimentalizing meditation respecting the weather and the consequent labor of the week. When he had gone about half the distance, he stopped, looked

up to the sky in every direction, and turned back with somewhat quicker steps toward his own dwelling. He went up to the window, and spoke to his wife within the house:

"Keep a good look-out, wife. There's going to be a storm."

Without waiting for an answer, he slowly took the way to the mansion, without stopping again. The servant was waiting for him at the door, and conducted him into the servants' room. The master of the house entered a few minutes afterward.

The owner of the estate was not a nobleman. He was a burgher who had bought the property many years before at an auction sale. He was a man of some forty-five years of age, of a portly but active figure; and a bachelor.

"Frederick," said he to the laborer, "you are a trusty fellow, and know how to hold your tongue. You are not to see or hear any thing here."

"You can trust me, sir," he answered in a tone as though the remark and the reply would explain themselves.

The master nodded his head in assent.

"Now then," he continued, "shut the doors of the house, and look out for the entrance. If any body comes, ring the bell in the hall; I shall hear it; but don't you speak to any body till I come."

With these injunctions he left the pair together, and crossed the hall into the chambers on the other side, passed through some of these, and entered a room in the rear of the house. Some fifteen persons were seated here about a round table. They were men of every time of life short of extreme old age. Almost all of them were stout and vigorous, from the oldest, who might have been some fifty-five years of age, down to the youngest, of whom several were still of youthful appearance. There was a striking variety in their attire. There were but few of them who were not distinguished by something peculiar in their style of dress. Some of them wore broad sack-like overcoats; others had close-fitting coats with a great deal of braiding and lacing; others had on light unornamented German coats. Some wore their hair very short; others had it combed together into a high peak, while others wore it hanging in long locks over their shoulders. Some had long beards, while the lips and chins of others were closely shorn. Their hats and caps were laid aside. The table around which they sat was covered with books, papers, and charts.

The company, when the master of the house entered, were engaged in animated conversation. All the dialects of Germany were assembled, from the soft Hanoverian and Brunswick, and the sharp East-Prussian, to the broad hard Swabian, and the still broader and harder Swiss. Even that easily recognizable dialect was not wanting in which strangers from the East of Europe are accustomed to pronounce German.

The master of the house came into their midst; he took a seat in silence, and his arrival occa-

sioned no interruption or change in the conversation. But shortly after, one of the older men said, in a loud voice :

"I think, brothers, we ought to begin our day's work."

Tokens of approbation were given from several quarters.

"Let Brother Schrader take the chair to-day," said a more youthful voice.

"Agreed," responded several voices.

A tall spare man, with pale and expressive features, took a hammer which lay in the middle of the table. He struck a blow with it upon the table. A breathless silence reigned through the room.

"Fellow-burghers," said the President, in a full, earnest voice, "the occasion and objects of our present meeting are known to you all. We are here, in accordance with the decision of our last meeting, to deliberate upon the welfare of our country, and to take counsel respecting the serious occurrences which have recently taken place. Since we last met the times have grown more critical, and the events of more importance. I hope also that the end to be attained—the liberation of our country—is also considerably nearer accomplishment. So much by way of a brief introduction, for time seems to press. Let every delegate report concerning the district assigned him, and then let us proceed to deliberate as to what further is to be done."

An old man of calm aspect, who sat on the right of the President, was the next to speak.

"I have little," he said, "to communicate from my district. The cold Northeast produces colder blood. The great mass of our people lack the German culture, and still more, the German heartiness. The country-people are hardly at all accessible; the inhabitants of the smaller towns scarcely more so. In the capital of my district, as is well known, are the more active elements. We are continually attracting to ourselves many noble spirits, especially among the young. We are extending ourselves among the larger and medium towns of the province. We are gaining ground, though slowly, even in the lesser towns, and here and there in the country. Should a blow be decided upon immediately, my district must not yet be counted upon."

He ceased. No one made any reply to him. A second took the floor.

"I have had the largest circle to visit, and perhaps the least to report. The German population of Austria sleep the sleep of political death, under the magic wand of Metternich. In Hungary there is indeed an efficient opposition; but it has no vital interest for Germany. It can not be denied that the government takes pains to secure the material prosperity of the state. A political uprising is not, for a long time yet, to be expected."

"Nevertheless," broke in a third, a short under-sized man, with flashing eyes and black hair. "Nevertheless," he said in a sharp foreign dialect, "don't altogether despise the East.

Trust me, it may perhaps be the first to bring you the political morning, the morning-flush of liberty. In my unhappy land foreign absolutism knows no longer any limit. Violence and arbitrary power proceed daily more shamelessly. You know the details. The German press even can no longer wholly keep silence. The result is very simple. Our cause daily gains more adherents. The confederates daily band themselves more closely together. Oppression produces every day a more pressing necessity for freedom; or, I might say, a more eager desire for liberation. A spark, and the magazine is blown into the air. The first occasion will find us in revolt and struggle. Our organization goes on—the more secretly the more vigorously. You may count upon us: we count upon you."

A general "bravo," followed his fiery words. A pale youth with light flowing locks, dressed in a tight German frock, with the collar of his shirt turned down, was the fourth who spoke. He began slowly, and in a pathetic tone:

"Saxony is also prepared for a stern and bloody contest with the tyrants. Her brave people, longing only for freedom, burn with desire to break the slavish fetters, and to throw them off. Since 1819, her sons who have returned from the German Universities, have fed her people with the milk of freedom, by word and by writing, in town and in country. In the Saxon land an hundred thousand stand ready—they only await the call—the signal—to break loose and begin the bloody work. I am commissioned from all sides, to greet you, brothers, and to lay it to your hearts, that you do not delay too long the contest with our oppressors. I believe that the time has now come when we can again win our freedom. Our princes slumber in the security of absolutism; the armies are no longer inured to battle. The common soldiers, moreover, belong to the people; and the spirit of the officers is only the pale ghost of Rosbach and Jena. When the people are every where on fire, and brave men and youths are ready to put themselves at their head, why should we longer hesitate and delay?"

A considerable portion of those present, especially the younger ones, applauded the speaker. But many sat in silence, looking thoughtfully before them.

"I too," said another hollow-eyed and long-haired young man, "give my vote that we should no longer delay. The death-hour of tyrants has struck; in my opinion it should have struck long ago. In every German district must the men and youth—"

"My friends," interrupted the President Schrader, "let us not forget that at the present moment, we must first present our reports. What is to be done, can be considered afterward."

The young man adapted himself to this moderate and friendly admonition, and went on less vehemently:

"In my district, likewise, a large and well appointed body stands ready for the contest.

The idea of liberty has every where penetrated among the people. The leaders have brought this about through unions, which they have established throughout the whole land, and by writings which have been spread from village to village and from house to house. I do not venture too much, when I affirm that there are in the country a hundred thousand men and youths, who await only the word to fall upon the tyrants. The signal must be given, or the people will grow impatient."

"And on the Rhine?" asked the President of a grave man who had just entered the circle.

As the person addressed was about to reply, three distinct strokes of a bell were heard within the house, not far from the room where they were sitting. All listened. The master of the house quietly arose, and begged them not to be alarmed, as the bell merely called him out; and left the room. After a brief interval the man who had been addressed by the President replied:

"The Rhine, as you know, my friends, beholds upon its banks many of the German stock, and in manifold and various political positions and circumstances. I feel bound, as the matter relates to the highest and holiest interests—to the welfare of our fatherland—not to speak in general phrases, but to set before you a picture clear, precise, and as accurate as may be. For this purpose I must make some distinctions, and must refer to many things that have occurred at an earlier period."

During the pause which he here made, the master of the house returned. In his countenance might be read, if not exactly anxiety, at least a certain disquietude. The speaker perceived this, and was silent. All eyes were turned upon the master of the house.

"A very unusual, not to say important piece of intelligence has been communicated to me," said he. "A detachment of cavalry thirty strong, headed by an officer, has halted before the door.

"What is their object?" asked the President.

"I directed my people to call me, if any strange person approached the house, and to speak to no one till I came. I was desirous of informing you of the visit, before I did any thing further."

These tidings made a very different impression upon different members of the company. A few of them stood perfectly composed, the greater part consulted in a state of great excitement, and many faces, particularly of those who had spoken the most boldly, showed unmistakable traces of the utmost consternation. A few of them began to fumble after their equipments, involuntarily, it would seem.

"Soldiers? Cavalry?" said they to each other. "What can this mean. Have we been betrayed? Have we been followed?"

The host wished to quiet them. "There is no special danger, at all events," said he.

He was interrupted by a nod from Schrader.

"Let them go, Goltz," said he in a whisper

to him." Balischewski, Dorwitz, and I will stay."

The host nodded acquiescence, and turned again to the others.

"There is no particular danger," he went on with what he had been saying. "The house is connected with the ruins by a covered way; and an opening from the ruins leads directly into the thickest of the wood, which cavalry at least can not penetrate. In case of need I have still another way of escape. So we are safe even in case the house should be beset and surrounded. Meanwhile I leave it to you to decide whether to break up our deliberations, for to-day, and to withdraw seasonably and quietly, so that should there be danger afterward, we need not have to make our escape in hurry and confusion."

"I would also add," continued Schrader, "another reason: That we have been disturbed once to-day, and under present circumstances, shall not be able to resume the discussion in a manner perfectly deliberate and worthy of our object. My proposal is that we separate at once, and if we do not learn that this house is watched, that we resume our business here, to-morrow at the same hour as we assembled to-day. Should this house be surrounded to-morrow, our next meeting shall be called in the usual manner."

The arguments were conclusive, and no opposition was made. The master of the house opened a secret door hidden by the tapestry, through which he conducted his guests along a tolerably spacious arched passage, lighted from above by openings in the form of shot-holes, which admitted a somewhat scanty light. From the passage they passed into the cellar in the ruins, where a strong double door, securely fastened, led into the deepest and densest part of the thicket, which covered the entire hill on the slope of which the ruins lay. Here he left his guests, gave the necessary key to Schrader, and returned quietly to the chateau.

The servant here came to meet him.

"I have delayed the officer, as you ordered me. I told him you were unwell, and could not be disturbed; that you had sent all your people away, except me and another, and had ordered me to keep the door shut, and to admit nobody unless you gave permission. I asked him what he wanted, that I might come and tell you."

"Well, what then?"

"He merely wished permission to search the court, outbuildings and stalls. He would not disturb you, and only desired admission for himself and a single under-officer. The men should stay without. I promised to come and tell you."

"Did he say nothing of the object of the proposed search?"

"Nothing."

"That's singular. However, let him in. Let him go any where he pleases, only not into this room and my other chamber. The pretext of my illness will be a sufficient excuse. But don't show any embarrassment."

The servant went out. In a short time the three trusty confederates, Schrader, Balischewski the Polish delegate, and Dorwitz the delegate from the Rhine, returned to the room, through the tapestried door.

"First and foremost, friend Goltz, how is it about the military?" asked Schrader.

Goltz gave him the required information.

"What do you imagine to be the object of this singular visit?"

"I am not clear about that. There are always soldiers here about the borders, but none have ever before come near my house. I have not the slightest acquaintance with the officers. Nothing special, to my knowledge, has taken place in the neighborhood. I've exercised all my faculties about it, to no purpose."

"Never mind. Are we safe here?"

"Perfectly so."

"Then to our work. I owe you an explanation why I am glad of what has happened. The reason is simply this, that there are too many enthusiasts and weaklings in our Society. I have long perceived that it will be difficult to bring these men to a satisfactory decision. We four must agree beforehand among ourselves; thus only can we deal with them, and make our preponderance over them available."

"You are right," answered Dorwitz. "It is a great misfortune for the cause of our country, that there is among us far more good-will than judgment and discretion, and that real strength which is founded upon judgment and discretion. We have at command much beautiful enthusiasm; bold and even desperate enthusiasts; but on the whole it does more harm than good."

"You Germans are singular beings," said the Pole, Balischewski, "you think that even country and liberty are only to be saved by calm, cold calculation and speculation, and so you condemn enthusiasm. But what is love of one's country, what is love of liberty, if not enthusiasm? No one who is not inspired by the idea of country and liberty, will ever save his country; and a people who are not inspired by this idea will never become a nation—will never become free."

"That is in favor of our side of the argument," replied Schrader. "The inspiration of country and of liberty has not yet penetrated into all the strata of the German people. The masses are not capable of conceiving of it. They must be prepared for it, in the first place, must be made accessible to it; and this, owing to the peculiar character of the German people, can not be done by the enthusiasm of individuals. You Poles, like the French, have blood quick and excitable enough to be aroused by the enthusiasm and example of individuals, and thus to be urged on to action. There is, to speak candidly, friend Balischewski, just enough of the imitative faculty in you for that. All that—at least to any practical extent, goes just for nothing with the German. The German is of a more phlegmatic temperament. He is not excited by example. It sets him rather to thinking and calculating.

The idea thus gets fast hold of him; and the idea, not bare example, impels him to action. Do not, my friend, disparage the German for that; on the contrary, for my own part, I discover a great advantage in this character. The actions of the German, thus occasioned, are hardy fruits—the fruits of sincere conviction, and of unmistakable confidence founded upon convictions; they are not the transitory result of an intoxication suddenly arising and from the mere force of example, as suddenly disappearing. I might illustrate this by a comparison between our strong old Rhine wines, and the fleeting foam of champagne, but I do not affect such figures."

"Meanwhile, I have something to add," said Dorwitz. "The difference between the character of the Germans, on the one hand, and that of the Poles and French, on the other, has been, on the whole correctly pointed out. We are not so easily inspired by example, as by our own inner convictions. But yet we must acknowledge, that in all our efforts, since the War of Liberation, we have lacked in great and exalted examples. No great man, no man whose name has won a decided significance in our country, has come forward with enthusiasm for his fatherland, not even in word or writing, much less in actual deeds. Our great men hold themselves too much back. They are, so to speak, too German; and that is a crime in them."

"I hardly think this can be admitted," replied Schrader. "I do not deny that there has been this holding back; but may it not be the result of a perfectly correct calculation?"

"Calculation, again!" laughed the Pole.

"Certainly; but a calculation which here seems perfectly indispensable. If the character of the Germans is as I have described it, in which description you agree, and if the ideas of Freedom and nationality have not yet come home to the consciousness of the great mass of the people, what is the use of enthusiasm, of the most brilliant examples of single individuals, however high they may stand, or however renowned the names they bear? It would be as useless as powder that flashes in the pan of a gun. I repeat, the German people must be prepared, must be made receptive of the idea. The masses at present are not prepared."

"Schrader," said Goltz, "seems to me to be so far right, that he just defends that which we have all been doing for some years past. Our efforts have been directed to indoctrinating the people, in a variety of ways, with a sense of the annihilation of their rights, of their enslavement, of their oppression by princes and by aristocracy, bureaucracy, and priesthood; and by these means, certainly not rapid ones, to inspire them with the idea of freedom. We have indeed one great example in our eye, one great event, I mean, which has startled the world. But such an event we shall not reproduce by our calculated and calculating preparations; for the events of history are always and evermore other than the cool human understanding has counted upon. But a great event always impels the spirit and

oftentimes even a whole people, centuries in advance at once."

"Not always," said Schrader, shaking his head. "But, meanwhile, let us not dispute without some definite aim. Let us advise what is to be done immediately—for the immediate present will be very grave and eventful."

They took their seats. At the same moment the servant came to the door, and announced that the military had drawn off; the officer having merely cast an eye into the barns, stables, and wagon-houses, and left, without saying a word. After this interruption, Schrader continued:

"According to all the symptoms of the times; according to the intelligence in the public prints; and according to the reports of our trusty friends in foreign countries, a great catastrophe is impending, which if it does not at once give us our liberty, will, nevertheless, bring us considerably nearer to it. The general historical evidence of this fact is the fearful height to which the insolence of absolutism and the oppression of the people has now arisen in almost all Europe. It can not long remain at its highest point; what has gone up must come down: the rule is that it falls, and when it falls its plunge is the more sudden and overwhelming, the loftier was its elevation. The suppression of the liberties of the people of Europe has reached, not its highest, perhaps, but a very high point. The position of our own country we are all acquainted with. The Diet of the Confederacy, the Carlsbad Resolutions, the Central Commission of Inquiry, the restraints upon writing, upon speech, upon associations, hold Germany in a servitude such as our history has never before known. The life of the people is bound by the princes in iron fetters. Metternich and the Holy Alliance triumph in the success of their efforts. But, alas! as has been said already, the mass of the people is not aware of this success, and does not feel the fearful weight of its fetters. This is the state of affairs in our own country. The history of the nations of Europe is of the same tendency. A political unity pervades the whole. The French people are one of the most powerful members of this body. For a long time it has given the impulse to the political development of the other nations. In France absolutism has now reached its highest point. Its downfall is therefore most imminent. The blindness of the King and of his Minister, Polignac, is as complete as it is incomprehensible. Even foreign absolute monarchs warn them, seeing, perhaps, that it will bring about a state of affairs in that kingdom which must exert an influence beyond the limits of France. These warnings are unheeded. According to the representations of our agents, the most extreme measures are soon to be put in execution. The newly elected Chamber, which has not yet met, is to be dissolved, and a new election is to be ordered, in order to secure a more subservient Chamber; a new ordonnance respecting the press will then be promulgated. But in France the people are awake to their

freedom. The leaders are selected, and have made preparations. The organization is most remarkable. On the day when the proposed ordonnances make their appearance, the popular tempest will break forth. The victory is not a matter of doubt. I will pass rapidly over the minor European states, and come to England, which, next to France, exerts the greatest influence over the history of Europe, and particularly over that of Germany. Italy groans under the bondage of Austria. Spain can not free herself from the yoke of a tyrant, as insolent as he is weak and treacherous, who has by means of the Pragmatic Sanction committed another breach of faith. Portugal lies in the agonies of death beneath a new Atilla. The easily excitable, fiery spirit of these nations may awake at any moment. It will awake when aroused by another movement in Europe. The stern spirit of the times has even laid its hold upon haughty Albion. Wellington's selfish and contemptible administration has gladly given a disgraceful impulse to absolutism throughout Europe. In England, also, absolutism has attained the highest point which it can reach there. The Opposition is straining every nerve, and a complete change of administration, and of the system of government, is impending. Our agents send in the most satisfactory accounts. The dissolution of George the Fourth is not far off. His successor, the Duke of Clarence, favors the Liberal party. With his accession the power of Wellington is broken, and the Holy Alliance has lost its strongest support. If a decisive stroke is made simultaneously upon the Continent, a great advance will be made in the cause of freedom, perhaps still more: and, this blow struck, as I said—"

"Why not your victory?" eagerly asked the Pole, Balischewski. "I assure you, my friends, of victory," he went on, "for you, for ourselves; for Poland, my fatherland, and for Germany, your fatherland. I have heretofore been obliged to be silent concerning many things, which I can and must confide to this trusted circle. The conspiracy has spread throughout all Poland, and has reached far into Russia. It is fully organized; the leaders are in the closest communication with each other; the people are armed; connections have been formed with foreign countries, with the Liberal party in France and in England. It is fitting that the bomb of Revolution should first be exploded in Paris, but at the same instant a blow in Warsaw will be struck; and my people will conquer, for they will contend for their nationality, for their honor—they will conquer their tyrants. Do you arise at the same time in Germany, and victory can not be doubtful: but this time the Polish weapons will prove invincible, even without the aid of Germany."

"Here is the most pressing question," remarked Schrader; "whether the German people can and should rise, immediately upon the insurrection which must, necessarily, soon occur in Paris."

"They must! They must!" cried the Pole. "For this once, lay aside your cool calculations."

"I, too," said Dorwitz, "am of the opinion that we have borne the fetters of the tyrants long enough to be now able to throw them off. That a terrible and bloody revolution is at hand in Europe, who can doubt? It will rage all around Germany. Why should the German people alone remain quiet in their chains?"

"Because their time has not yet come," replied Schrader, with emphasis.

"The bell in the hall is ringing," said the host, leaving the room.

He remained out for some time, and the conversation stood still during his absence. A certain surprise and disquiet which his countenance, on his return, expressed, did not suffer them to go on in the discussion. A curiosity had been awakened in his guests, which he went on to satisfy.

"The rising storm," said he, "has brought us a new visit, which can not be got rid of, like the last. A gentleman and lady ask to be received until the storm is over."

"And why should you be disturbed at that? for your eyes certainly betray some anxiety."

"Not exactly anxiety, though I will not deny that a somewhat uncomfortable suspicion has come over me."

"Of what sort?"

"In connection with the recent visit of the military, the thought has come involuntarily into my mind about the theft of the diamonds and flight of the princess, in the neighboring state."

"Do you know any thing special of this scandalous piece of court history?"

"It is enveloped in the most profound mystery; and I know only the facts which every body knows. The jewels of the Crown Princess, worth more than a million, have been stolen in a most incomprehensible manner. At the same time, the Princess Amelia has disappeared, and with her a young American, who has had for some time access to the court circles; and no trace of her has yet been discovered."

"The affair is not then so incomprehensible, after all," remarked Dorwitz.

"That's a mere chance—an accidental coincidence," interrupted the Pole, Balischewski, with his usual earnestness. The culprit must be sought in quite another direction. Some very suspicious fellows were seen near the castle early on the morning of the theft."

"A third version, still, would be the most probable," remarked Schrader, with his customary reserved decision. "In the mean while, Goltz, how did you light upon this combination?"

"Who can give an account of his vague suspicions?"

"Have you seen your visitors?"

"No! They come by extra-post, in an elegant traveling carriage. I have had them shown to a chamber, and given into the charge of my intelligent servant."

"It is nevertheless very singular, that the officer should have just searched the stalls and coach-houses only, as though he was in quest of an equipage. Do any of you know the fugitive Princess?"

No one had ever seen her.

"Any one is secure with you, at all events?" asked Schrader, in a somewhat anxious tone.

"I pledge myself for all."

"Then let us return to our deliberations."

The conversation which had been interrupted was then continued, while the tempest which had in the mean time risen black and heavy in the heavens, began to discharge itself in wind, rain, and thunder. Schrader was the first to speak.

"The blow will doubtless," he said, "be struck in Paris immediately. The people will be successful. Whether they will know how to use their victory is another question. Judging from the intelligence I have received, there is too much reason to apprehend that they will become the sacrifice of an intrigue, of which the secret snares have been already laid. There will then be simply a change of rulers, not of the government. Meanwhile, at all events, a successful revolution will have been effected. The revolution will also break out in Poland. If it is not successful, there will at least be a long and determined struggle. This twofold example will very probably arouse other nations. The question for us is: What shall Germany do? What position shall Germany hold to these struggles, in the midst of these struggles?"

"Can you designate that as a matter of question?" cried Dorwitz. "I agree with Balischewski: this time Germany must not calculate—she must act. Let us, for once, run the risk. Should Poland be at first successful, must she not in the end be irretrievably lost by the three-fold enemies, the Holy Alliance, unless Germany rises at the same time?"

"I fear she must. But my own fatherland is higher and dearer to me than Poland. Moreover Poland can not free Germany, but the liberation of Germany involves that of Poland. What would Germany gain, at the present time, by such an insurrection? Let us not deceive ourselves in the matter. I have already said, and you have agreed with me, that the German people, as a whole, or a majority of them, or even a considerable minority, are not yet ripe for freedom. There can therefore be no revolution, there can only be riots and tumults. The spirit is there, but it is asleep. It must in the first place, to a considerable extent at least, be awakened. Besides, leaders are wanting. You have granted me that. Name to me a single great man of whom you can yourselves anticipate that he could place himself at the head of a revolution. Furthermore, matters have not reached that point of despotism, of which we have been speaking. Absolutism has certainly attained a giddy height, but has not reached its summit. The German people must be still

more enslaved, before they will overthrow absolutism, before it win for itself an enduring freedom. You look at me with astonishment, my friends. Ask the Pole if in his country the follies, the violence, the wantonness, the barbarity of the oppressor have not cut more deeply into the flesh of the people, than in the German States."

The Pole nodded a silent assent.

"The German people, also, must suffer more, in order to become entirely free. The Holy Alliance and its supporters and servants will soon look out for that. Then first can we attain what we now lack. I mean unity. It is either the great crime or the great misfortune of the German people that, by means of the interests, the contentions, and dissensions of their princes, they have suffered themselves to be split up into as many parts and fragments, as there are and have been princes and princely families, with various conflicting interests in their afflicted country. A German people exists only in name. The various stocks are no longer children of one father and one mother; they are no longer brother-races; they stand confronting each other like a number of hostile, or indifferent tribes. While such a state of things exists, no revolution from which any good results can come is possible in Germany. There can be no freedom of the people in Europe, without a combination of the different nations; and how can a German freedom gain a vigorous life, without a union of the Germanic races? Cast your eyes over Germany, and answer these questions for yourselves. Will Prussia hasten to the aid of Austria, should an effort for freedom be made in Vienna? Or, on the other hand, would Austria go to Berlin to help Prussia? Will the Bavarians aid the Saxons; the Wurtemburghers assist the Hanoverians; or will even the Hessians help the Brunswickers, should any one of these wish to break their chains? You imagine, perhaps, that such support is not indispensable, that a combination would be sufficient, by virtue of which, whenever a single German state should rise, all the others should rise at the same time, and win their freedom. This would, I admit, be sufficient, and it is just this that we have been for years paving the way for, and striving to reach. But to how many illusions have we here exposed ourselves! How far have we succeeded, with all our efforts; and how far can we succeed? Is it at all possible to bring about, at the same moment, thirty revolutions, great and small? Is it possible, among such diverse conditions and relations of rulers and of ruled? You would have hardly three revolutions ready on the same day, in all Germany, though you had every thing never so fairly and smoothly arranged, from North to South, from East to West. Think of just this point: That something more than the simple willing it is necessary to make a revolution. Time and opportunity are necessary, favor and occasion, fate and fortune, wind and weather even. And if you could not effect three, to say

nothing of thirty, revolutions in Germany at the same time, what would be the fate of those that were attempted? They would be crushed at once. The princes are more united than the people. And even though they were before deadly enemies, when it came to be a question of opposition to the people, they would unite like one man. Those whom the revolutions had spared, would rush to the support of those who were attacked, and would draw their people along with them, before they would have time to reflect whither and against whom they were going. And so, summoned or unsummoned, each German prince would fight for the German princes, but the German people would fight against the German people. A civil war would arise in Germany, in which one people would fight against the freedom of another, and against its own, till finally, throughout all Germany the young freedom would be again destroyed, and the German people reduced again to subjection, reduced to slavery with their own blood. This would be the fate of Germany, should you now undertake these German revolutions. No, no, you must wait until a single revolution throughout all Germany is possible; and this will only be possible, when the German people have grown together, almost like a single man, against their tyrants. That this can be the case, the German people must be much more and much longer outraged and enslaved."

He ceased, and his auditors remained sitting in silence and in earnest thought. His words appeared to have expressed a truth which they could not deny, and which made a deep impression upon them. Dorwitz was the first to break the silence.

"Your views," said he, "are all the more gloomy, that they postpone the freedom of Germany to an almost unapproachable distance. What you say of the obstacle that exists, in the want of union among the states, seems to me to be incontrovertible—at least I have at the present moment no argument to oppose to it. I must furthermore confess, that our poor country seems to me to be, on this account, in a condition extremely unpropitious. But how, without a revolution, shall this very want of union between the German States be obviated?"

"I, too," replied Schrader, "am not clear upon that point. In the mean while I fall back upon our enemies themselves. The German princes hold together only when it is against the people. For the rest, each one of them looks in the first place merely at the interests of his own dynasty. Now, let us trust to the law of nature, that holds good in the water and on land, among fishes, quadrupeds, and men—that the greater devours the less; and we may then trust our princes that in this point they will work most effectually for our freedom. Common sufferings and a common oppression will have the strongest tendency to make us one people—a people consciously one."

"Friends," said Goltz, "I have listened with the utmost attention to your remarks. They

have produced this impression upon my mind: You seem to me to be contradictory in your measures. If you did not wish a revolution to take place for a couple of generations, why have you been endeavoring all the while to effect a revolution? Why have you already entered into organizations?"

"Shall I remind you, friend Goltz, of the Scriptural parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins? How often in the world's history do events occur that put to shame all human calculation? Such are possible in the history of Germany. Ought they to find us unprepared? Aside from such, we gain one thing certainly by our preparation and organization, and that is a firmer and stronger union among the people. And, to be sincere, this is my sole immediate object in all my efforts. But this object is a very important one, and one which we should at no moment overlook. And it was to direct your special attention to this point that I was induced to call our present meeting. The elements which are at our disposal, even those young enthusiasts—unpracticed and unacquainted with the world and with life as they are—can be of great service to this object. They are brave, and in them glows a noble fire that will always animate and warm the people. Animation, training, preparation—that is our purpose."

"And if," asked Balischewski, "if the bloody battle of revolution should forthwith go on around your Germany, what would then be your purpose? To look on? To fold your hands upon your bosom?"

"To look on, to sympathize, and to strengthen."

"Miserable egotists! To look on when your brothers are led to the scaffold. To suffer a noble nation to be annihilated, just to furnish you an example, from which you can deduce a dubious moral for your own use and advantage!"

"Brother Pole, there lies in what I have said, something very dispiriting for you and for your poor people; but do not therefore be unjust toward us. Consider the whole course of history. You will every where see that one people has apparently served simply as a means for the good of another people; but this has been only apparent. All nations constitute but one whole. Every separate people is but a part of the whole; and what any one offers as a sacrifice, it sacrifices for that whole—for itself inclusively. In universal history, no people can be looked upon as a means to accomplish the ends of another people. Every people contributes its part to the development of the entire human race. If in the contest which is to ensue, Poland is to see the remainder of her national life destroyed, this will not take place merely for the honor and advantage of Germany—not merely that Germany alone may take an example, and gather strength therefrom for her own liberation. No; it will take place that Poland herself may also, and so much the sooner and more vigorously, arise again to freedom and

nationality; and indeed, by means of Germany. Yes, you will be overcome in the contest that awaits you; I fear it; I am sure of it. You will be overcome just on account of the weakness of Germany—perhaps the treachery; but you will be overcome, because it is necessary for your own selves. And so fight; in the name of God and freedom, fight the terrible battle which will enrich your fields with the blood of your noblest men and youths."

"We will fight the battle."

"And we," said Dorwitz, "shall we not take part in the battle for freedom, fought by the nations around us?"

"We shall not. Our plan must be to hold back, should isolated conflicts arise even in our own fatherland—to hold back the people themselves—useless blood must not be shed;—let us labor for that in our meeting on the morrow."

"Taking all into consideration," said Goltz, "we are nowise prepared for an immediate contest; and a new revolution is at hand in Europe, in France in particular. Those hundreds of thousands, who stand ready for the contest, according to the reports of our enthusiastic friends, in the districts of Germany, would, in case of an actual contest, shrink to a little handful; and this little handful, drifting about without plan or guidance, would harm rather than profit the good cause. I am therefore in favor of Schrader's views."

"So much the more," said Dorwitz, "must it be our endeavor to furnish capable leaders to the people. But whence are they to be taken?"

"We must search them out," answered Schrader; "among the people themselves must we search them out and train them. This too is an important part of our calling. How have we, who form a portion, though a concealed one, of the leaders arrived at our position? Those men sought and found, and trained us, with whom we for a long time worked in common, whose fate is now, alas, the dungeon, if their bones have not already mouldered: Arnstein, Vorhöff, Horberg. Germany is not poor in available strength. Even among the men and youths who composed our meeting to-day, will there be found many a capable head, many a strong guiding arm, when time brings the hour of peril. We must only bring them out. And so," he concluded, "our determination, as to the chief matter, is formed."

"You mentioned," said Dorwitz, "the names of three very noble men. Have you never learned any thing certain of their fate?"

"I know nothing at all; I only know the scandalous life of the wife of poor Horberg."

"I accidentally discovered Vorhöff's family," said Balischewski. "They are provided for."

"It is my endeavor," added Goltz, "to alleviate the fate of these three noble men, as you well know. In the morning I shall receive definite information in respect to the measures which I have taken. Hitherto, I am sorry to say, they have been without results. I have introduced agents into almost all the prisons

and fortresses of Germany. But no traces of them have as yet been found."

"Certainly," remarked Schrader, "Such men of the people are more dangerous to tyrants than armies. They will use every means to keep every trace of them from the sight of the people, should they be alive, especially. But, farewell till morning, my friends. The storm is nearly over. The new freshness of tree and field invites me into the open air. Dorwitz will accompany me. We will meet again in the morning. But, friend Goltz, one thing:—take care that your new visitors yonder do not fall into the hands of their pursuers. I have a presentiment, and I feel that I must take a special interest in the lovers, for it may perhaps be they.—Farewell."

He went out with Dorwitz; Balischewski accompanied them, but only to escort them, and then returned. He was to remain with his friend Goltz.

The master of the house went to his apartment, the windows of which overlooked the court. Here the stranger postillion was busy harnessing the horses to the traveling carriage, in which the last arrived guests had come. The storm had entirely passed, and the skies had already begun to clear up. The postillion went slowly about his work. A tall, slender young man, in a traveling dress, which bespoke something more than an ordinary traveler, came out from the house, and appeared to be hurrying the postillion. The young man went back into the house. It seemed somewhat singular to the master of the house that a couple, who from the appearance of the young man seemed to belong to the upper classes, should be traveling without attendants. While he was pondering this in his mind, his servant came into the room, his face expressing some apprehension.

"Sir," said he, "the military are coming again, riding up to the house on various sides—by the garden, behind the barns, and up to the main entrance. It seems as though they wished to surround the whole house."

"Do the strangers know it?" asked the master quickly.

"I think not."

Goltz paced up and down the room, seeming unable to come to any definite conclusion. At this moment the stranger entered the room with quick steps, and a countenance expressing, if not exactly alarm, a considerable uneasiness. He went directly up to Goltz.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "for speaking to you without much circumlocution. I have the honor to address the master of this house?"

Goltz bowed in assent, but without speaking.

"I have just perceived," continued the young man, "that your house is surrounded by the military. The reason of this is altogether unknown to me. But in the mean time, the lady with whom I am travelling and myself are very peculiarly situated. It would occasion us great inconvenience to encounter the military. Might

I beg of you, if it is at all in your power, to give us a place of concealment?"

Goltz appeared instantly to have made the decision against which he had been struggling the moment before. He replied in a lighter tone.

"Do not be at all alarmed. You are here perfectly safe from discovery. Only have the kindness to conduct the lady hither. The servant will bring your luggage, in order to remove all traces of your presence.

"But our carriage?"

"Have you any thing in it?"

"Every thing is above."

"The carriage is safe then, under my charge."

The stranger was about to say something, but seemed suddenly to have made up his mind that it was unnecessary; and left the room, followed by the servant. In a few minutes he returned with his fair companion upon his arm. If the young man was of elegant appearance and manners, his companion was not less a beautiful young woman, tall, and with an imposing air of self possession in her whole demeanor.

Goltz conducted them from the apartment into the room in which the meeting had just been held. There he stopped for a moment to reflect, casting an inquiring look upon the couple. It seemed as though he was debating whether he should intrust a secret of no small importance respecting his house to a stranger, of whose very name he was ignorant. His scruples seemed at last to be removed—partially at least. He opened the door in the hangings, and then the iron door behind it; and conducted his guests into the vaulted passage, but no further. Excusing himself for being unable to give them better accommodations, but at the same time assuring them that there was no possible danger of detection, he asked them to wait there until his return. The servant brought their traveling apparatus, and such conveniences as were practicable were provided. Shutting the door behind him, Goltz, accompanied by the servant left them, and returned to the sitting-room. The door was pushed violently open, and Balischewski entered.

"An adventure!" cried he in a jesting tone.

"We are surrounded by the military."

"I know that already. Our friends—?"

"Are in safety. I am, as you know, always safe with my passport. But your guests?"

"Are likewise safe."

The servant, according to order, had opened the doors, and admitted the military. The officer in command was conducted, at his request, to the master of the house.

"I know but too well, sir," said Goltz, by way of salutation to the officer, "that we live in a country in which the inviolability of one's house is not very much regarded. But I hope you will have the kindness to account for this, to say the least, very singular and unexpected entrance into my dwelling."

"Sir," answered the officer, not without politeness, "the soldier has simply to obey his orders. Here are mine."

He handed a paper to Goltz, who read it, and handed it back, saying: "Your orders are perfectly regular, and you must act in accordance with them. I shall demand satisfaction from your superiors. What do you wish of me?"

"Sir, I am in pursuit of two fugitives, a gentleman and a lady. I have certain intelligence that they have been admitted here. I beg of you to deliver the fugitives to me; otherwise you will impose upon me the unpleasant necessity of making a strict search for them."

"Sir," replied Goltz, somewhat excited, "if I have given reception and shelter within my house to any body, you may rely upon it, it has been done in perfect accordance with the law of the land; and furthermore, you may rest assured that a man of honor will not turn traitor to the rites of hospitality. You can perform your function?"

"My function?" exclaimed the officer, in an offended tone; but he perceived instantly that occasion had been given, to say the least, for the provocation; and went on in a more moderate tone: "My duty compels me to proceed to the step which I have already signified. But allow me previously to say a few words to convince you that my entrance into your house was not without the most immediate and urgent reason. The persons of whom I am in pursuit are traveling in a carriage with extra horses. Their traces have been followed to this house. Not only is the carriage itself a witness, which is now standing in the court; but not far from your mansion is the dwelling of one of your laborers. His wife testifies that she saw the travelers enter your house."

He stopped, and looked inquiringly at Goltz, who asked him:

"Are you waiting for an answer?"

"You will acknowledge that this circumstance speaks against you."

"Against me, sir! You assume a tone as though I was under examination by you."

"You will at least allow me to put to you the question, Who came to you in that carriage?"

"Sir, it is my pleasure to answer you that question. Then learn, that in that carriage there came to me—a visitor."

The officer bit his lip slightly, and continued:

"Still further, sir, the same woman informs me that you have this day received visits from several persons who have entered the house secretly by the back door. The woman was particularly struck by that."

"I have had visitors, sir. The woman saw perfectly correctly."

"You see, sir, that I have received accurate information—I beg you again, to spare me a search which is very disagreeable to me."

"It is no fault of mine."

"Then you compel me—"

"I compel you, sir?"

"I am very sorry, but I must begin."

"You see, that I have been for some time aware of that."

"May I ask you to do me the favor to accompany me?"

"My servant will conduct you. John, the keys hang there on the wall. Conduct the Major wherever he orders you."

The officer gave an angry look, but again checked himself. He then went out with the servant.

"Goltz," said Balischewski, "I would like to say something to you."

"Say on."

"Friend Goltz," went on the Pole, with his sharp Polish accent, "if you had treated me as you did that officer there, I would have run my dagger through your body!"

"Friend Balischewski," replied Goltz, "had you come on the same business as that officer did, I should have treated you as I did him, even if you had run your dagger through my body."

"Very right. But why does he suffer himself to be used for a police-officer?"

"He will suffer himself to be used like any other bailiff. Our princes are on the high road to turn their soldiers into the servitors of the olden time. On the one hand, they overwhelm them with outward pomp, so as, on the other hand, to make mere machinery of them to carry out their arbitrary ends. They are thus in the direct way to induce them to barter true inward honor, for outward display; and in place of honor to implant in them a thorough unscrupulousness."

"Just as in Russia. But yet the Russian soldiers fight well."

"Are you Poles afraid of them?"

"No; by Heaven, we are not. In the long run no mere machines can hold good against enthusiasm and spirit."

"Well! But yet I beg you not to confound our soldiers altogether with the Russians. There is a soul in our soldiers, in the Russian none. In our soldiers it is repressed and suppressed. This will some time be fearfully avenged, as will be every repression of the human soul."

The military had, in the mean time, taken possession of the interior of the building, while they searched through it, chamber by chamber, closet by closet.

"Where have you bestowed the fugitives?" asked the Pole.

"In the secret passage. But I have not, however, shown them the way out. In spite of my own and Schrader's suspicions in respect to them, some scruple restrained me from intrusting to them entirely the whole secret of my house. They are, however, safe, at all events. My conduct toward the Major has had this effect at least, it has made him ashamed of his business. He will not, therefore, even in the presence of the servant, make so strict a search. I am confident that he will not even discover the tapestry door. But if he should discover that, he will not, at all events, see the iron door. My old John will lead him away by a curious turning to the cellar."

"You are confident of that?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, the way by the ruins remains to me to conduct them away."

"I am satisfied."

The officer, after a while, returned with the servant. He had discovered nothing, and was offended. He took his leave with a very few words, and soon left the place, with his whole troop. Goltz went to set his guests at liberty from their restraint. He told them what had taken place, and informed them of the direction which the military had taken. The countenances of both cleared up.

"Our passage is clear," said the young man, with an unmistakable lightening of the heart. The lady assented in a not less joyful tone.

The directions for their departure were soon given, and they departed.

As soon as the carriage had rolled out of the gates, Balischewski, who had preserved an unbroken silence ever since the couple had emerged from the passage, broke out into a laugh, almost malicious.

"Friend Goltz," said he, "do you know whom you have been harboring, and whom you have saved? Oh, that you should so honor the rites of friendship, and reward virtue! Your guests were Madame von Horberg, and her *friend*, Number Two, the Prince Amberg!"

"The devil!"

CHAPTER VII.

STILL LIFE.

IN front of a lonely, quiet farm-house appeared a pleasant yet grave picture. A young and beautiful girl was sitting in an open arbor; she was half maiden, half child; near her was a child, a boy of some five years. The boy was lively, blooming, and pretty. The happiness of childhood, entire, gay, unbounded, and untroubled, spoke in his countenance, whenever he succeeded in spelling out in the picture-book upon which he was poring, the name of the object, which the picture had already informed him, and as laboriously putting it together by letters. Learning, like his whole existence, was still to him a merry sport. For the girl, one might have wished that her existence might ever remain as it now was, so fair, so pure, and so innocent was her whole aspect. But a trace of sadness upon the youthful features, and the black mourning dress which she wore, indicated that the grave realities of life had already begun to press heavily upon her. It was evidently with sorrowful remembrances and mournful thoughts, that her beautiful eyes were fixed upon the landscape which lay spread out before her.

It was a lovely landscape. Two ranges of lofty hills bounded a narrow valley. The hills were clothed, from base to summit with a dense forest, from which, here and there gray rocks projected in singular forms, now seeming as though they were on the point of toppling down,

and now as though they would fling their summits up to the skies. Through the centre of the valley, over bright pebbles, flowed a rapid brook, whose soft rippling was lost among the alders and willows which shaded its banks. It had its source but a few hundred paces distant, in numerous springs on the sides of the hills, which uniting inclosed the valley. Its brief course ran through the narrow green fields which formed the valley at the foot of these hills. Only where the farm-house stood, had the skill and labor of human hands encroached upon the meadows, and formed a delightful garden on both sides of the clear water. A few hundred paces below the house the brook reached the goal of its brief career. Here the two ranges of hills came closer together; their sides and summits were bare of wood, and showed only stern and naked rocks. Between these the brook took its way, and emptied itself into a stream which flowed so close by them, that it washed their feet. The cliffs formed a sort of high rocky defile just at the mouth of the brook, through which in the distant background, were visible the ruins of an old castle.

Thus, in the midst of this long narrow dale, lay the still and solitary farm-house. It was in the centre of the garden, and was the only house in the valley. The road leading into the dale was only a footpath. Close by the mouth of the defile there was a deep, narrow cleft in one of the cliffs. Through this the path ran from the highway beyond, following the left bank of the brook up to the garden gate. The house was upon the right bank of the brook. At the gate a bridge crossed the brook, and from this a broad, straight path led up to the house. An open arbor covered the whole length of the path; roses and honey-suckles peeped through the bars of the lattice. Along both sides seats were placed, between which the most beautiful domestic and exotic flowers grew in pots of white porcelain. The whole air was filled with their fragrance.

In this arbor the maiden and child were sitting. Around them all was still and peaceful. No sound from without penetrated this narrow valley, and no sound arose from within. But it was not the silence of the grave that reigned there; it was the solemn stillness of morning prayer, to which all nature, in this narrow circuit, was devoting itself. The beams of the morning sun fell not here upon death and destruction, but encountered every where a beautiful, strong, and fresh, but solemn life.

The maiden herself was grave also. Yet, if she thought upon death and the grave, upon mourning and sorrow, upon the other hand there stood before her mind pictures of the future; and how could pictures of the future of a young girl be altogether without gladness—without the blissful anticipation of a life of happiness?

She had been sitting in grave thought for a long while, and the boy had been long engrossed with the letters and pictures, when from the

house came out a young man, with slow and gentle steps, as though he was unwilling to interrupt the solemnity of the morning, or perhaps not wishing to disturb the rest of some beloved person within the house. He greeted the couple in a friendly manner, which the maiden returned with a kind of grateful respect, and the boy with a bold, childish shake of the hand. He told the girl that he had to take a walk beyond the valley, and might possibly not return before noon, or perhaps he might be back earlier. He left the garden, and took his way by the foot-path toward the cliff.

The girl abandoned herself once more to her fancies and her dreams; and the boy betook himself again to his play of learning.

"*C-o-f-f-i-n—coffin,*" he spelled out. "Anna, didn't they put my grandmother in a coffin?"

"Yes, my child," replied Anna Hammer.

"What did grandmother die for?"

"Every body has got to die."

"What has every body got to die for?"

"Because the dear God has made it so."

Anna Hammer, like many a wiser one, might well have pondered over the question which a child sometimes asks, about the whys and wherefores of things. She had at least no answer to give upon the spot. From the house came a pale woman, likewise in deep mourning.

"Mother," asked the boy, "what must every body die for?"

The woman who had known such sore trials, had an answer to give.

"That they may find peace," said she, "which in this life they vainly seek."

The boy did not understand her, but he had new materials for further quiet thought.

"Anna," said Madame Vorhöff to her sister, "I come to you to make a request."

"What is it, dear Joanna?"

"Your harp has rested quietly ever since the death of our poor mother. Resume it again. Surprise the Princess with one of your heart-full fantasies. It will do her good, and will make your heart lighter, and mine, and those of us all; and the sainted one who has gone above, will rejoice if our hearts are lightened."

"It will be hard for me, Joanna; but if you wish it, it shall be done. But I am afraid that I shall be able to draw only mournful tones from the instrument."

"Sadness which is imparted, lightens the heart of the one who imparts it, and enlarges that of the listener. To-day, then, after dinner."

"After dinner."

Edward Bushby and the Princess Amelia had successfully effected their flight. They traveled about for several days, under various names, and in different circumstances, through a number of the German States; then they passed the frontiers of the Netherlands and of France; and, when all traces of them were lost, returned to Germany. Bushby's plans did not yet allow him to leave the German States. His purpose was to take up here, for a while, a quiet and

secret residence. Such an abode he found in this narrow valley, where we have now found Madame Vorhöff, her child, and sister. It lay deep among the hills, in a district scantily peopled, and unknown to travelers, and remote from all intercourse with the State to which the Princess belonged.

Geigenfritz had encountered the unfortunate woman and her family, wandering about in a foreign country, a prey to want, without shelter, friend, or acquaintance. The adventurer took them with him. He took them to a secluded hamlet, where he soon left them, for his roving life made a long stay in any one place impossible to him. He promised soon to return. In a few days he fulfilled his promise.

"I am going to take you," said he to the woman, "to an unknown friend of your husband, and to a noble lady whose protector he is. Your child and your sister will stay with you. Are you content?"

The sorrowing woman expressed her most hearty thanks.

"The friend of your brother-in-law has looked out for you, young man, in a different manner," said he, to Bernard Hammer. "This," said he, handing him a roll of money, "he sends to you with directions to betake yourself to any Academy of Painting you choose, and get instruction in Art."

Bernard Hammer also thanked him with a full heart. They asked the name of their unknown benefactor; but Geigenfritz might not inform them.

The brother and sister separated. The parting was less painful in their improved circumstances. Bernard took his way to one of the most celebrated German Academies. Madame Vorhöff, Anne, and the boy followed the strange man to the narrow valley with the rocky entrance.

"You will meet only with the gentleman and lady," said he to them on the way. "You will call the gentleman Herr Edward, and the lady Amelia. She will be your companion, and you will be her friend."

It was a pleasant afternoon when they passed through the deep cleft into the dell. Anxiously did Madame Vorhöff, followed by Anna and the boy, go behind that singular man into the quiet valley, along the murmuring brook, into the garden, through the arbor, and within the house. An unbroken stillness reigned around. No living being was visible. At this moment, in fact, there was, with the exception of the new-comers, no human being in the valley. The garden was shut, as well as the house. Geigenfritz took out the key, and opened the door.

"We are here first," said he. "Your new friends will arrive soon. In the mean while, put yourselves to rights."

He conducted them through the apartments of the house, giving his directions for their conduct, rather in the form of advice.

"This apartment," said he, "designating the pleasantest one in the house," will be the lady's

sitting-room. In this other the lady will sleep; it will also be your sleeping apartment, Madame Vorhöff: the lady wishes to share it with you. Here, close by, Anna and the boy will sleep. On the other side of the hall yonder, will be the gentleman's bedroom. The room in front will be the sitting room of the company, or, if you please, of the family."

Geigenfritz spoke and made arrangements as though he were no vagabond, but the head-chamberlain in a noble house. The house was already furnished with convenient, and in part elegant furniture. A servant made her appearance a few minutes after, a slender, modest girl, who treated Geigenfritz with great respect, almost with veneration. With her help Madame Vorhöff executed the directions given by Geigenfritz: Anna and the boy giving their assistance. All was ready when, conducted by him, Edward Bushby approached the dwelling, leading by the hand the Princess Amelia.

With great delicacy, as well for the Princess as for Madame Vorhöff, he first addressed the latter, entreated them to be friends, and then asked her to conduct the Princess over the house and garden and grounds.

In a few days it was as though a family of brothers and sisters inhabited that narrow valley. The life they led was that of an affectionate family, among whom one, on account of loftiness of culture and depth of feeling, unconsciously took the precedence. In this case it was the Princess, of whose rank the sisters were ignorant.

Anna and the boy were the first to wake in the morning. The new-risen, quickening sun always found them in the arbor in front of the house. Then came Edward, and took his seat by them, or sometimes made a short excursion in their company through the valley or up the hills. Afterward Madame Vorhöff joined them, but only for a short time, when she went back to give the first morning greeting to her friend. The Princess, however much she attempted it, could not altogether lay aside the aristocratic habits of court life. She was the last to make her appearance in that morning circle.

On warm and pleasant mornings breakfast was taken in the arbor. Then the lady made a brief toilet, when walking, reading, conversation, and music, by Edward and the Princess, filled up the time till, at the aristocratic hour of five, dinner reunited them. Then conversation, stories, walking, or music, occupied them again.

It was a simple mode of life; but, among brothers and sisters and friends, the simplest mode of life is the most most beautiful and most delightful.

Madame Vorhöff had returned to the house. Anna Hammer fell again into her musings. Some one tapped gently upon her shoulder. She looked up, and saw Geigenfritz standing behind her. The long, ungainly figure had as usual crept up without being perceived.

"Dreaming again, my little girl?" asked he, in a tone of friendly jest.

She smiled with a kind of sad friendliness.

"Something serious will come out of the dream," he continued, with a significant emphasis.

"Are you prophesying again, Geigenfritz?" inquired the girl.

The tall man had not been contented till all the inhabitants of the valley had learned to address him as Geigenfritz, and in the most familiar manner. He had even taught the servant girl to do so. Nobody, in fact, knew whether he had any other name.

"Herr Edward has perhaps been chattering," replied he, laughing at the question of the girl, "but you'd better believe, my pretty little miss, that you'll soon have no more time for dreaming. If I'm not much mistaken, there'll soon be a bit of work for you to do. You'll find out about it when the time comes. Is Herr Edward at home?"

"He went out a while ago."

"Where?"

"Out of the valley; but I don't know where."

"When is he coming back?"

"Perhaps not till noon."

The hard features of the man expressed some uneasiness. In a little while he went away, without saying any thing further. This was his custom.

He had scarcely gone, when the Princess and Madame Vorhöff came out to breakfast. A friendly dignity marked her whole appearance. Every body involuntarily did homage to her. Anna arose, went up to her and kissed her hand. The boy wished her good-morning with a reverential kiss of the hand. She kissed him on the cheek.

"Where is our friend, Edward?" asked the Princess. "Contrary to his custom, he is absent."

Anna informed her that he left the valley early in the morning.

The Princess blushed, and made no further inquiries. She gazed in silence at the hills, and away above the woody summits into the deep blue heavens. She seemed occupied by many thoughts and reminiscences. All at once she tore herself from them, perhaps, with a degree of violence.

"My dear Paul," inquired she of the boy, "has Anna told you a story to-day?"

"Not a story, but a tale," replied the boy.

"And what difference is there, my wise little man, between a story and a tale?"

"Anna says they are brother and sister."

"Well, which is the brother, and which the sister, and what is the difference between them?"

The boy looked at little Anna, with an inquiring glance. She cast back at him a look half of inquiry, and half of encouragement; but still he made no reply. Anna had to answer for him.

"The story, I told you, always happens about the house, always where one can tell it to little children. But the tale—"

"Yes, but the tale," broke in the boy, recol-

lecting, after a fashion, "is only about old castles, and rocks, and dark holes."

"Pretty nearly right," said Anna, a little embarrassed.

"I perceive," said the Princess kindly to Anna, "you are a little scholar. Of the two, which do you call the brother, and which the sister?"

"I would call the story the brother and the tale the sister," answered Anna, "for while the tale remains quiet and secluded in the place that belongs to it, the story runs boldly over the whole world, and is here and there and every where."

"That is not without acuteness," said the Princess; "but yet you will agree that the story is more tender, and fragrant, more feminine, and maidenly than the tale, which always comes to meet you with a terrible and perhaps bloody look; or else is somewhat pert or frivolous, so that you have before you, you think, the picture of a wild boy."

"It is not always so," replied Anna. "I know tales as charming and fragrant as the most tender woman."

"When you are good enough to relate them next time, my dearest, you will have two attentive listeners in Paul and me. But to-day, Paul, I would like you to tell me Aunt Anna's tale over again."

"The tale," said the boy, beginning his narration at once, "was of the White Lady and the Black one. Both of these ladies live in king's castles. The White Lady is as white as snow from head to foot. People don't see her always, and where she is when she is not seen, nobody knows. Anna thinks maybe she's in her coffin, and only comes out when a king or a king's child is going to die, then she walks about in the long dark passages in the king's castle, but makes no noise, nobody can hear her. But every time she does so, then a king or a king's child must die."

"And the Black Lady?" asked the Princess.

"The Black Lady," continued the boy, "is all black, from head to foot; but her face is—no—her face is—Aunt Anna, I've forgot; how is her face?"

"Before her face," said Anna, prompting him, "she wears a thick black veil."

"Yes! But on her veil, and on her black clothes, and on her hands and feet, are dark spots of blood. She lives in kings' castles, just as the White Lady does. But nobody sees her except in the castles of bad kings: for kings are sometimes bad people—very bad—Anna says."

"Alas, she is quite right," said the Princess, with a heavy sigh.

"And they can do a great many bad things, and make many people very unhappy," added the boy, confidently; and then went on with the tale: "When nobody sees her, then she lives away down under the castle, down under the ground, where she is kept fast by good angels. But when a bad king comes, then the good angels weep, and cover their faces; and then the Black Lady, with the blood spots on her, flies up from out of the earth and comes into the castle, and

sets herself down close behind the king; and there people can see her sitting day and night by him, and whispering bad things into his ear, so that he often screams out to himself, especially in the night when he is all alone with her, and she is sitting on his bed. She is a very bad woman that Black Lady, Anna says. When she comes to a king she never goes away from him till the time comes when he must die. Sometimes she cuts his head off. But when he is dead, then she takes him with her away down under the castle, where she has her bloody bed, and there she tortures and torments him."

The boy ended his tale. The beams of the sun were falling perpendicularly and hot when Edward returned. The Princess looked at him with a modest curiosity. He understood her glance, and she understood the answer of his eyes.

"May I ask you, ladies," he said, "to bestow special care upon your toilets to-day. We have a visit to make in the neighborhood."

The Princess and Madame Vorhöff went into the house. Edward Bushby paced up and down the banks of the stream in a joyful restlessness. Geigenfritz came again into the garden. He walked directly up to Bushby.

"Sir," said he, "I have somewhat unpleasant news to tell you."

"To-day! just to-day!"

"Colonel Reuter is in the neighborhood."

The young man turned pale. His joy was changed to anxiety. "Have you seen him yourself?" he asked.

"In the little town three leagues off. He passed the night there."

"Is he alone?"

"All alone, except a coachman and servant. He comes from the capital. I couldn't find out where he is going."

"Has he set off again?"

"I left the place early—by sunrise. They said he wouldn't set out before ten o'clock."

"It is now—"

"Almost eleven."

Bushby began to grow more composed. "In fact," said he, "it is foolish to be troubled because this man is in the neighborhood. He has never shown himself my enemy. On the contrary, he has always manifested a sort of kindness toward me."

"Don't trust him. Just think on his connection with the Crown Prince."

"Yet, on the other hand, he certainly stood in more intimate relations with my father."

"Perhaps as his betrayer."

"I will condemn no one without proof."

"How will you prove any thing about a man of whose whole business nobody knows even the least thing?"

Bushby laughed. "What do people know about your business, friend Geigenfritz?"

"That's quite another matter. You know me, and trust me. That's enough. The rest may think what they please about me. I don't blame them for it, and I can't blame them either."

"You are right," continued Bushby, earnestly. "I don't see, as I said, any reason for anxiety; but we will be on our guard, as though there were danger. We are provided against any accident which does not take us too much by surprise. And you will guard us from surprise."

"I will not stir from my watch post up yonder to-day." He pointed to the highest point of the hills which surrounded the valley, and went on: "I overlook from thence the country upon three sides for a long distance. On the fourth is our cave. If you want me, whistle, as usual."

He then took his departure. Bushby continued his walk for a while. His restlessness soon became one of pleasure. The Princess came from the house, fully dressed. She wore but one color—white—the color of the lily, of innocence, of virginity. This color wonderfully heightened her serene and lofty beauty, which was the beauty of innocence and of virginity, pure and white as the lily, only interlaced with the most delicate veins of the rose. She leaned upon his arm, with a blush of joy and happiness. He too was stirred with happiness, but his own happiness made him distrustful.

"Amelia," he said, "do you take this step without regret, without a single anxious glance at the future?"

She took his hand, and laid it upon her heart, with the words, "Let this joyful throbbing of my heart be your answer."

"You go from a life of luxury and freedom from care into one of anxiety and disquiet. I do not know what may be my fate the next hour, when my purposes in Europe will be accomplished, when I shall again see my mother, and when I can again conduct you to her."

"I know all that. You have told me that frequently. I give you only the one answer. Your fate is my fate; your anxiety, your care, is my anxiety, my care."

"It will be," he continued, "a gloomy and monotonous life, which in that distant quarter of the world awaits me and my poor mother, and you too, if I am forced to return without having attained my object."

"Then my mission will begin, to cheer your anxious life, and to soften the last days of your mother, and mine."

"And from what a height do you descend. From a rare height of rank, of splendor, of brilliancy, of pomp, you descend into the midst of ordinary middle life, that has no splendor, no pomp, no rank to proffer you."

"My friend, you have spoken the truth. I have indeed hitherto stood upon a height, but it was not the height of life. I stood without and above life, and you will conduct me back into life—to the true means of the true life. You have spoken rightly. Through you have I first learned to know what life is. Through you shall I become wholly united to life, more closely, firmly, and forever. This is my future, that shall henceforth be my pomp and my pride."

She seated herself upon a simple bench by

his side, shut in by the luxuriant boughs of the trees; a chestnut, in full blossom, spread its shadowy branches above them. The alders on the banks of the brook opened here and there, and gave glimpses of the water rippling gently over the bright pebbles. The hill in front of them lay quietly, with its thick woody crown, beneath the beams of the sun, which was now approaching mid-heavens.

The hands of the happy couple were closely joined, as were their hearts. They abandoned themselves to blissful feelings—to images of the past and of the future. The Princess, after a while, resumed the thread of the discourse:

"It is the misfortune of princes," said she, "that they are kept at such a distance from mankind, from life. I only saw court ladies and court gentlemen; I never saw human beings; I never came in contact with the life of human beings. I was kept at a distance from my suffering parents, who were early taken from me. You were the first human being with whom I could speak a word, exchange a glance. Your heart was the first human heart in which my own was mirrored back. Therefore my heart soon throbbed responsive to yours. Always among uniforms and robes, beneath which stirred only puppets, but no human hearts, I could not but be cold and impassive. Then came you to me, with your free, fresh nature and heart, fresh from the mighty natural scenery of a free country. You taught me to know the life of a human being, for you knew what true life was, and were yourself a human being. From you I learnt what are the sorrows of the poor, and the woes of the persecuted, and the miseries of the people deprived of their freedom and oppressed. Could I avoid becoming yours, more and more? You taught me freedom, and I became your slave," she said, with a smile and a pressure of her soft hand.

"My mistress," he said, correcting her, and kissing her hand.

"My seclusion from the world," the Princess went on to say, "was at times laughable, and yet it was so sad and tiresome. I could never set my foot in the streets of the capital. Only in certain prescribed hours could I ride out, through prescribed streets, in the pompous carriage of state, with a pompous lady-in-waiting by me, with a pompous coachman, and servants before and behind on the carriage. I envied the gay and happy promenaders in their lively thronging whirl along the streets, under the bright, clear sunshine. One day an irrepressible longing came over me to go and mingle with them. My windows looked directly out upon the bridge across the broad, beautiful stream. It was a bright Sunday morning. Thousands of people were moving in gay crowds here and there upon the bridge; all quiet and happy. I could no longer endure to stay in my cold, lofty, lonely chamber, and by my closed windows. I called my companion, 'Let us put on our hats and shawls, and take a

walk,' said I to her. I was a child of some fourteen years. The court-lady stared in astonishment: 'Where, your Highness?' she asked. 'Upon the bridge.' She was astounded. 'I do not know if it is allowable,' said she. 'Who will hinder us?' I asked. 'Court etiquette; I do not think that the Princesses of this House may mix with the people in the streets.' 'The people! You always talk just as though that were a term of reproach! But I am not afraid to go on the bridge,' said I, with perhaps a tone of childish bravado. 'That may be; but I will go and ask the Head Governess.' She went and asked the Governess. The Governess said that such a case had never before been presented to her, where a princess wished to take a walk upon a bridge. She must ask the Court Marshal. The case had never occurred within the experience of the Marshal. He must examine the precedents. He consulted the books on the weighty subject of court etiquette, the annals of life at court. There was no instance on record where a princess had gone out to walk on the bridge. He called the Council of State together, to deliberate on the matter, for he was a very scrupulous person, and was very unwilling to refuse me a special request. The Council decided, that whereas there was no instance to be found, I must not go a-walking upon the bridge. It would have been of no avail to lay the matter before my grandfather, after the Council of State had decided it. Yet on many a bright Sunday morning did I stand viewing with a longing feeling, from my solitary, barred window, the gay stir and movement of the people on the bridge. Two years later a neighboring potentate paid us a visit. He was a friendly, jovial old man, and a declared enemy to etiquette. He made me his companion, and was fond of passing an hour in my apartment. There came a warm, bright Sunday morning, like that when I first stood by my window. My longing woke again vividly within me. I told him my wish, and what had come of it. He laughed heartily. 'Put on your hat and shawl, and your wish shall be gratified at once. I will make it all right with the Head Governess, with the Court Marshal, and all the rest of them.' I put on my hat and shawl, and taking his arm, went over from the castle upon the bridge. It was the first time that my foot had touched its stones; it was the first time that I had ever been among human beings like myself, rejoicing among the rejoicing ones; the first time I had ever been among the people; it was the first time I had ever been truly happy. I never was so again, till I became so on your heart. Our neighbor went away, and never again have my feet visited the streets, the bridge."

"Henceforth," replied Edward, "you shall always dwell among human beings, among loving human-beings. You shall abide in the midst of human life; may it ever be a happy one to you."

"At your side life will always be happy to me."

"I, too, hope that happiness will always be with our life. And does not our hope have a high guarantee when I consider the peculiarity of our connection? You, the daughter of a throne, perhaps yourself destined to a throne, descend voluntarily to the cottage of a subject. You reach out your hand to the son of him who would have attacked the throne of your father. Fate proceeds often in a singular manner. Most commonly it delights in separating and destroying. To us it manifests itself, on the contrary, as a gentle reconciler. Should we not look upon this as a happy omen?"

"We should, indeed," replied the Princess; and then added, in a low tone of entreaty, "You have often promised to relate to me your own story, and that of your father, at some favorable time. May I not ask to hear it now?"

"Be it so," he answered, after a moment's reflection. "There must now be no secrets between us. You know the name of my family. My parents early brought their rank and wealth to the court of your grandfather. There my father attracted the attention of the monarch by the philosophical and enthusiastic nature that was characteristic of him in his youth, and which bound your grandfather to him. My father, though considerably the younger, was likewise attracted by the simple and upright character of the monarch. A sort of friendship sprung up between them, such as could exist amid such differences of age, temperament, views, and station. The monarch listened to the subject when he spoke of the happiness of the people and the virtue which befitted the rulers, and even, by-and-by, when he gave utterance to what were styled 'amiable fancies' about popular liberty and the duties of the rulers, with all the more sympathy since these and such like fancies were doubly new and interesting coming from aristocratic lips. A free and united German people! This had not only been from early childhood the imagination of my father, but it was the dream of the boy, the life of the youth, and the most earnest endeavor of the man. For this end he lived, for this end he would have died, could it have been attained by his death. His immediate effort was to win over your grandfather to that design. His prominent position among the princes of Germany would further the fulfillment of those promises which had been solemnly made by those princes to their subjects in times of peril and danger, and the fulfillment of which had been as vainly awaited as those promises had been solemnly made. These continual 'fancies' of my father could not fail to have an influence upon the sound judgment of your grandfather. His acute penetration and sincere purpose almost brought him to acquiescence. What the monarch had hitherto called 'fancies,' soon appeared to him in the garb of lofty truth; what he had looked upon as a philosophical dream, presented itself to him as the fulfillment of a sacred duty to his people, and at the same time to the whole German people. He even began to prompt his Council to decisive

measures. Then the Camarilla began to approach him. If up to this time they had looked upon the efforts of my father with cool contempt, these efforts all at once became in their view so much the more dangerous and odious. Aristocracy, bureaucracy, and priestcraft joined for a fearful contest against my father. They were victorious. Spare me the particulars. Where did ever a powerful Camarilla fail of success when they wished to enslave the people? A wall of separation was built up between my father and the monarch. It was an easy slander to represent to the prince who was seated upon the isolated position of a throne, that the man who was striving for the weal and freedom of the people was a traitor against the throne, a turbulent person, the head of an insurrectionary party who were plotting in secret. My father was banished from court, and he owed it to his intimate relations with the monarch that he was not indicted for high treason—he who had done nothing except to arouse the feeling and purpose of justice in the bosom of the prince. He exiled himself from the country, but he could not banish from his heart the love of his German fatherland. Other hearts in the German States were beating for the welfare of their country; my father connected himself with these. They established an extensive association for the union of Germany and her liberation from the shameful chains of tyranny, and for the acquisition of the solemnly-promised and chartered rights of the people. The association was detected by the servants of the princes. Thousands of noble men and youths were thrown into chains and dungeons. To demand the rights of the people was styled rebellion and high-treason. Prosecutions on an immense scale were instituted. Sentences of death, or imprisonment for life, were the lot of many, too many.”

“And your father?” asked the Princess.

“He was condemned to death by the courts of your grandfather.”

“And then?”

“You do not venture to speak the words, completion—execution. I can not utter it. Whether the sentence was carried into effect, whether it was completed or not, we know not. It is this that has brought me, under a feigned name, to the court of your grandfather—this, the terrible uncertainty as to the fate of a dear father, a beloved husband; the burning desire of the son, of the wife, to learn his fate.”

“What have you learned?”

“Nothing!” After a pause, he continued: “I had early left my father’s house. It was perhaps a peculiarity of my father, that he was unwilling that I should breathe the enslaved German air, and so he sent me at an early age to Geneva to be educated. There I was to remain till my eighteenth year. Then I was to travel over Europe, but must never touch upon Germany or Russia. When I was twenty years old, I entered upon my travels in Africa and America. By the command of my father, which was utterly opposed to my own wish, this jour-

ney was to continue for four years without interruption. I was to form my own plan of travel. I could give intelligence of myself when I pleased; but I must expect no intelligence from my parents even while my course of travel was undecided. I was to travel under the assumed name of Bushby. Perhaps my father had arranged all this in provident foresight of what was to occur, so that I might be entangled in no movement from which a favorable issue might not be anticipated.

“I entered on my travels. For four whole years I journeyed about in distant parts of the earth, with all the eagerness and freedom from care natural to youth, delighting myself in every thing new and lovely; but receiving no tidings of my country, my parents, or friends. At the beginning of the fourth year, I returned to Europe. I learned the fearful fate of my father—so much the more fearful, for its obscurity and uncertainty. I found my mother in despair, withdrawn from the world, buried in one of our lonely castles.

“In the United States of North America, in a warm, healthy and charming district, I had become acquainted with a noble family of German emigrants. There, in the New World, among new men, I placed my mother. I sold some of our German estates, and in an American valley purchased with the proceeds a large and fertile estate. There I have left the mournful woman. I was impelled back to Germany to seek some trace of my father. I promised my mother to search two whole years; and here I now stand in the same uncertainty as on the day when I left her.”

“It is terrible,” said the Princess, with a deep sigh, “that it should be my kindred, my own nearest kindred, who have brought about this fearful fate of your father. Oh, may I be enabled to make some reparation to you and to your noble mother!”

“I have already told you,” said Edward, “that in our union I behold the reconciling hand of heaven; and the hour of that union is now striking,” he added. “I have made a confidant of the priest of a neighboring village, a noble, venerable old man. He is ready to bless our union. At this hour he awaits us. Madame Vorhöff will accompany us as witness, and that strange man who is so truly devoted to me.”

He had risen up. She hung trembling to his arm, and looked at him inquiringly and imploringly. She could not speak. The decisive hour had come—decisive, irrevocably decisive of the fate of her whole life. She was about to enter upon the path that led to that decision. Once more she gazed upon the man to whom she was about to intrust, with her whole heart, forever and irrevocably, her fate; as if she would ask if he loved her as fervently as she loved him; as if she would implore that she might ever remain his beloved wife. With a gentle sigh, she flung herself into his arms.

He understood her. “My Amelia,” he said, “my wife forever!”

He clasped her in his strong arms, and pressed her to his beating heart.

She went into the house, prepared herself for the walk, and summoned Madame Vorhöff to accompany her. They left the valley. At the outlet of it, Geigenfritz joined them. A nod gave Edward to understand that he had seen nothing suspicious. They proceeded slowly and quietly on their way. The cleft in the hills admitted them into another valley, broader and more open, but not less beautiful than that from which they came. In this lay a pleasant little hamlet, beyond which on the declivity of the hill, the simple village church stood alone. To this they directed their steps.

They entered the narrow, quiet church-porch. The aged priest was already kneeling before the altar. He arose as they entered. The pair knelt down before the altar. Geigenfritz and Madame Vorhöff took their places behind them.

The priest recited the prayers of the Church over the bridal pair, exchanged their rings, and blessed as man and wife, before God and the world, Count Edward Constantine von Arnstein and the Princess Amelia Sidonia Alexandrina von

The sacred ceremony was ended. For a long while the bride rested on the arm of the bridegroom; but no longer inquiringly and imploringly, but believingly, trustingly.

The priest was thanked in a few simple and hearty words. A kiss fell upon the lips of Madame Vorhöff, who was about to salute the hand of the daughter of the Prince; a warm shake of the hand greeted the unmoved Geigenfritz.

Quietly as they had come, they returned to the quiet valley. Count Edward von Arnstein led his bride into the house. Once more she flung herself upon his breast with the perfect devotion of love and confidence. She then begged him to lead her to her favorite spot in the valley.

The garden in which the solitary farm-house stood stretched back to the centre of the hill, which here formed its rear wall. It then lost itself in a dense thicket, with which the hill was clothed. Not far from the upper end was a rocky projection, overgrown with wild roses and acacias. A singular arching of the rock formed a little grotto, from which a person, himself concealed by the bushes, could have a view of the entire valley, and through the opening in the rock, of the country beyond. One could follow the course of the clear brook which ran through the valley almost from its source to where it disappeared in the stream which ran beyond the precipice. This stream could also be seen rolling its silvery waters by the rocks which shut in the narrow valley. Under the arch of the precipice, in the distant background, the gray old ruins of the castle were seen lifting up their hoary heads. This was the favorite spot of the newly wedded pair. Here they had dreamed many a fair and happy dream of life. To this spot Count Arnstein led his bride.

"My dear friend," she asked him, "let me think upon my dead mother, for an hour, and pray."

He answered by a pressure of her hand, and left her rapt in the pious thoughts of a daughter upon a departed mother, and in sacred prayer to heaven. As he returned to the house Anna Hammer met him with her harp.

"My sister sent me," said she pointing to the grotto.

"She is at prayer," replied the Count.

"I will accompany her prayers with solemn music," said the girl.

She took her seat by the foot of the hill, below the grotto. It was a noble and solemn melody which she then sounded forth. There were tones of supplication, of lowliness before God, and of elevation to God. The heart of the Count was likewise opened, and he yielded himself up to their influence. Just then he heard some one approaching.

"Good day, Master Bushby."

It was Colonel von Reuter, who, cold and calm, and pale as an apparition from the tomb, stood before him.

"Colonel!" exclaimed the Count, more in surprise and alarm than displeasure.

"Master Bushby, you are aware that I wish you well. You are seeking your father."

"Colonel, how did you know—"

"That I should find you here.—Do not trouble yourself about that. Your father is—"

"Does he live?" the young man eagerly interrupted him, scarcely knowing whether he should reproach himself for being carried away by his feelings, and thus betraying himself to the strange man before him; or whether he should not trust to him at once, in order to attain a final certainty concerning the fate of his father.

"The Count von Arnstein lives, and is in one of the fortresses of that country whose brightest jewel, Master Bushby, is now in your possession; my pledged word of honor, forbids me to tell you the name of the fortress."

Colonel Reuter spoke these words in his usual tone, half cold, half solemn.

In vain Count Arnstein sought to discover their significance from the tone in which they were uttered. Still more vain was his attempt to read it in the countenance of the man, which was as incommunicative as he was disposed to have it appear. The features were as cold and impassive as stone—and all overshadowed by his strong projecting brows. The Count in the mean while, had fully recovered his self-possession.

"Sir," said he quietly, "I do not know what design has brought you to me. I will acknowledge, though your own penetration must already have told you as much, that your enigmatical character has given me no great inclination toward you."

"That was very unjust in you, Master Bushby; for, in truth, I only wish you well."

"I will accord a good intention to you, Colonel. May I then entreat you to impart

more to me; and, as far as your duty permits, to give me more definite information respecting my father."

"I am very sorry, Master Bushby, that this is entirely out of the question—excuse me from telling you the reasons—but there is one thing—there might perhaps be a disposition to exchange the Count von Arnstein for the Princess Amelia."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Count; interrupting the ice-cold Colonel. A fearful agony thrilled through him; his hands were clenched, as though he would make a deadly attack upon a demon that was before him. But he soon collected himself. "Sir," he continued, more calmly, "you appear to forget that you are not speaking to a scoundrel!"

"Do you not perceive," replied the Colonel, no less coolly than before, "Master Bushby, that the proposition does not emanate from me?"

He then took his departure, with calm and measured steps, without uttering another word. The sound of the harp rang out more strongly than before. The notes uprose as though they would bear the soul, in infinite prayer and love, up to the Supreme Source of all love and of all life. Then they ceased.

The Count turned his steps toward the girl who had been playing. He beckoned her to follow. With her he ascended the path leading to the grotto. They reached the front of the rock in silence. The Princess was not to be seen; they searched about the grotto to the right and the left, and all about the rocky spur. There was no trace of her to be discovered. The Count called her by name, but received no answer. He called out again and again, more and more loudly; but still no answer. He looked throughout the valley, upon every side, and in every corner, all of which lay before his eyes from the elevation on which he stood; there was nothing to be seen. He looked up to the wall of the hill which overhung the grotto, steep and overgrown; all was still, all void.

"Amelia! Amelia! Where can she be?"

He hastened to the house. She was not there; she had not been there.

They went along the brook, in the arbor and the walks of the garden. But they found her not. They hurried through the whole valley; through all the windings and recesses of the hills. But all was still and empty.

A horrid apprehension seized upon them. In the mind of the Count it assumed a definite form, and connected itself with the appearance of Colonel Reuter. To the sisters it was wholly inexplicable. The Count hastened from the valley. At its outlet he encountered Geigenfritz.

"She is gone!" he exclaimed.

"And *he* was here!"

"A half-hour ago."

"How long has she been gone? and how?"

The Count told him the circumstances, as they were hastening onward.

"I have watched the three sides of the valley,"

said the old adventurer, "and have seen nothing suspicious. She must have been suddenly surprised in the grotto. They must have stopped her mouth, and hurried her over the crest of the hill. Just that quarter is concealed from my view."

They directed their steps to that quarter. There were new hills and new recesses. But all were empty; no human beings, and no traces of the lost one.

Whither should they now turn? They took their course to the nearest highway. It was empty, as far as the eye could reach. They separated, and went in different directions.

It was late in the evening when they met again at the farm-house in the narrow valley. The Count had discovered no traces of his lost bride. Geigenfritz said:

"She has been carried away. Two leagues off, a close traveling carriage passed on the highway. It was surrounded by about twenty horsemen in gray mantles; but under the mantles, a foreign uniform was perceived which the people here had never before seen. Carriage and horsemen hurried on to the frontiers."

A brief Still Life had it been in the narrow valley.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAIR.

It was fair-day in a village near the frontier. The fair was held in a broad plain, surrounded with shrubbery near the village. A gay, busy, noisy stir of life prevailed there. Booths in great numbers were erected; they stood in long straight rows, in crooked rows, and in narrow corners. Spacious tents with flaunting flags, banners, and streamers surrounded the plain. In the booths wares of all sorts were displayed before the eyes of those desirous of purchasing or of examining—wares of all kinds from the gingerbread and confectionery and wooden and leaden toys for children, up to fine cloths and clothing for the grown-up world. For kitchen and cellar, for house and stall, for garden and field, for master and servant, for mistress and maid, for great and small, for laboring man and noble dame, for all needs and every wish, for body and soul, might here be sought, asked for, and found sometimes, if not always and every thing. The sellers in the booths were crying up their wares. The lookers and buyers thronged up and down in and between the booths, examining, and chaffering, and buying, and praising, and finding fault; they pressed and pushed, went back and forth, forming a snarl that would neither be loosed or cut. In the tents were seated long rows and jolly groups of feasters and carousers, behind full flasks, shining glasses, and brimming goblets. The farm-laborer was there, in his blue linen frock, with his fat and rosy-cheeked sweetheart; and the nobleman of the neighborhood, with his meagre, pale, long-armed, short-breathed noble

maiden. Every body was there whose rank lay between these two extremes: the citizen, rich and poor; the merchant and the mechanic; the farmers, great and small; the pompous village magistrate, and the humble tinker. Official functionaries were not wanting, from the judge and magistrate down to the assistants of the supernumerary, of the messenger, and of the office-warmer. There was no lack of sharpers and thieves and pickpockets, and of chevaliers of industry of both sexes.

For this yearly fair was a famous one, far and wide, and from far and wide every body attended it.

We have omitted to mention the numerous gambling-booths which were built and squatted down; wherever a place could be found, a little aside from the trading-booths. We had also forgotten the countless musicians, who in bands and troops and singly, with horn and clarionette, with bass-viol and fiddle, with cithern and harp and barrel-organ traversed the plain from end to end. We had also omitted the gipsies and gipsy-women who, with the black hair and red cloaks, with red lips and mischievous glance, were gliding like party-colored serpents, up and down and among the moving crowd, on all sides and in every direction.

We had forgotten, finally, and may the muse of German history of the Nineteenth Century—the era of the German war of liberation—pardon us for so doing—we had forgotten the numerous gendarmes and police-officers, with their—but we forbear, what need is there of describing the officers of police? They are every where, and whoever has breathed German air knows them—to his cost.

The crowd was stirring or was quiet, was noisy or was still; but no one observed the still and quiet ones. They saw and heard only the pressing and thronging, the moving and pushing, the noise and crying, the laughing and uproar.

The more quiet elements had for the greater part withdrawn themselves under the shadow of a row of green arbors which stood behind the booths and tents, in and by the dense thickets upon the skirts of the plain, which were gayly and not seldom romantically decked out. The road ran close by these arbors.

It was past noon. The long summer afternoon had for some time been begun. The intensity of the sun's beams had begun to be mitigated, and the shadows of the trees grew refreshing. It began to grow quiet in the great dancing-tent in the middle of the scene.

Along the highway, drawn at a quick post-trot by four stout horses, rolled an elegant carriage. The bearded coachman guided the prancing and champing animals, from his lofty seat, with a safety and dignity which perhaps is not always found upon a lofty throne. Two servants in rich liveries looked with the superciliousness peculiar to flunkies, from the steps behind the carriage, upon the crowd, which gave way upon both sides with a kind of respectful deference. In the carriage was seated a gentleman, not tall, but so thick that he almost filled the back seat of the car-

riage with his own proper person, and so fat that the organs through which intelligence reaches mankind, were almost hidden and covered by flesh and fat. The mouth, however, by no means a small one, was quite visible. His dress was distinguished by an elaborate costliness. His bosom was ornamented by a number of brilliant pins; heavy golden chains crossed and recrossed over his gay vest; from his broad watch chain depended golden keys, and seals, and rings; the long ribbon of some order or other adorned his left breast; his fingers—for he wore no gloves on his great thick hands—were covered by a mass of rings. By him, but forced quite into the background by the volume of his enormous body, sat a charming young girl, in rich and tasteful attire. Upon the other seat was an elderly lady, apparently a poor relation, a companion of the younger one.

The carriage stopped near the arbors. A simple, gentle *b-r-r-r* from the coachman suddenly stopped the rapid course of the horses, who stood like the front of an army on parade. Proud of his power and of the obedience of his horses, the coachman looked at the crowd. Prouder still looked the master in the carriage—the master of such a coachman and of such horses. The flunkies jumped down from the steps, and lifted and dragged the fat gentleman from the carriage; the young lady sprang lightly down, just touching the arm of the servant; the elder lady followed. While one of the servants went forward, to make way, and the other brought up the rear, the little company betook themselves to the arbors, the fat gentleman wheezing and coughing. A spacious arbor with a double entrance was found empty, and they took possession of it. One of the servants went back to the carriage to give the necessary orders; the other remained in attendance.

The fat gentleman looked about him with great satisfaction. There was a smirk of contentment upon his mouth, and what of his little eyes was visible was lighted up with inward complacency.

"Did you see, 'Rieke,'" said he to the young lady—and his voice was somewhat thin and reedy—"did you see how the horses behaved? Noble—magnificent. It made a great sensation among the people."

"It's a pretty turn-out, dear father," replied the lady.

"Cost a pretty bit of money.—But fine, fine here—the very best booth empty.—Just as if it was put up for us. 'Rieke, I've an idea that we shall have a lucky day of it."

"I hope so, dear father."

"Every thing looks like it: the swallows flew high this morning early."

The elder lady laughed somewhat stiffly. "You can't get rid of your belief in such superstitions, cousin," said she.

"Superstition, cousin," replied the gentleman. "What is superstition? What's the difference between your belief and superstition? Or don't you believe any thing at all?"

The cousin was silent. She was perhaps not willing to revive an old contest, of whose fruitlessness she had often been convinced. The fat gentleman did not persist in a dispute which might have fatigued him.

"Where can the Justice and his son be stopping?" inquired he, looking about him.

Nobody made any answer. The daughter sighed.

"He was to be here at four exactly. But meanwhile," he added with a lickerish smirk, "we won't put off refreshment for body and soul."

The servant was directed to order coffee, wine, and pastry. They looked out upon the gay stir and throng of the fair. The arbors commanded almost the whole extent of the plain. In the distant groups nothing could be distinguished but men, women, and tents. But several nearer masses and groups were observable, and, in the immediate neighborhood, several persons were seen emerging from these groups.

Two students came out from the throng. Two old-German youths, with long light hair, bare neck, and open breasts, with narrow coats and wide nether garments, with large spurs on their small boots, with riding-whips, without horses and no gloves, with fine bright spectacles over their dull lack-lustre eyes, with high cheekbones and hollow cheeks. They approached the arbor in which sat the fat gentleman and his ladies.

Their glance fell upon the daughter.

"A pretty girl, brother."

"A pretty German girl, brother; let us present her the offering of the regard of German youths."

They passed through the second entrance to the arbor, and took their seats. They flung silent but reverential German looks toward the maiden. She blushed. The father wriggled about uneasily on his seat.

"Fatal," said he.

A young fellow and a girl approached from different directions, and met before the booth. Their eyes saluted each other, and they shook hands.

"There you be, Christy," said she.

"I've been a-looking for you, Lizzy," he answered.

They went together into the thicket behind the booth, and stood there.

"I've got to be off in the morning, Lizzy," he said in a sorrowful tone.

"For five years," she replied still more sorrowfully.

"It's a long while, but it 'll get over with. You won't forget me?"

"I forget you! But 'll you keep true to me?"

"I will. It's too bad that a fellow has to be made a soldier of!"

"And what for? There isn't any war."

"Just to tickle the great lords and their officers. We might have been married, if they hadn't drafted me."

"We'd got every thing ready for the wedding. And now you must go and be a soldier; and who knows if we shall ever see each other again?"

"You'll have got somebody else, when I come back."

"No. Don't say so. But you'll see a many other girls, and at last won't come back at all. You'll like it better in those strange countries a great way off."

"I've bought you a little silver cross; wear that, so that you won't forget me."

"I've got a silver heart for you. Always keep it with you, and think of me."

The pair went on, and their words were lost in the distance.

The daughter of the fat gentleman looked with a sad glance, sometimes down, and sometimes up to the clear blue heavens. The gentleman himself drank his wine with great satisfaction.

"There German tyranny again rends the hearts of a German couple," said one of the students, glancing toward the daughter of the fat gentleman, to see whether she paid any attention to what he was saying.

A large-limbed, broad-shouldered, burly farmer approached, with a tall, well-built, young country-fellow. Their dress and deportment indicated that they belonged to the more wealthy and respectable class of countrymen. The hard, brown features of the old man wore a displeased look, while the more delicate countenance of the young man seemed troubled.

The fat gentleman in the arbor called out to the old man.

"Good-day Schulze;* what's the matter? Doesn't your produce go well?"

"Much obliged, Herr Councilor. But one sometimes has troubles, even on fair-day."

"If your eye offends you, Schulze—"

"It isn't my eye; it's my own blood."

"But there's blood in one's eye, Schulze."

"I mean it's this youngster here, Herr Councilor."

"Oh! I understand. He's thinking of the girl again, is he? Yes, children make us a deal of trouble sometimes. But really, Schulze, what have you against the girl? Let your son marry her, for heaven's sake."

"Sir!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment. The eyes of the young man sparkled.

"Well, what!" went on the Councilor. "You're a well-to-do man; you've got a pretty farm, and well stocked; and the expense of a daughter-in-law is nothing to you. The lad is your only son. The girl is a good, nice body. He loves her, and she loves him; and her parents are good, honest people."

"But the daughter of a cotter?" exclaimed the old man, in some excitement.

"It's no disgrace to be poor, and the cotter is as good as a farmer, like you."

"Sir, nobody on my farm has ever married any body but a Schulze; and so it shall still be. Heaven preserve you, Herr Counselor."

* Schulze, a petty local magistrate.

"Stupid fellow!" said the fat Councilor, stuffing a large piece of pastry into his mouth. "'Rieke, these rich farmers are a proud set of people. There isn't a more aristocratic person in the world than a well-off farmer. I do believe he'd rather kill his son than let him marry the cotter's daughter."

The girl sighed, and looked down upon the ground, and up to the skies, and finally, with an anxious expression, at the crowd in the fair.

One of the students said, with emphasis, "There is much wanting before the German people can become one united people."

A handsome young man, with a decidedly aristocratic air, made his way through the crowd, looked keenly toward the arbor, toward which he then turned his course. The girl's face became crimsoned, and her coffee-cup almost fell from her trembling hand. The face of the fat Councilor grew of a dusky red.

"Fatal! cursed!" he muttered between his teeth. "I had hoped for a lucky day here to-day."

"Your most humble servant, Councilor, and ladies," said the young man.

"Your servant, Baron," replied the Councilor, half morosely, half obsequiously.

The daughter had not yet dared to raise her eyes from the ground. The young man took no notice of either the ill-humor or the embarrassment of which he seemed to be the occasion.

"Are you enjoying yourselves?" he asked, with an air of self-possession.

"Miserably!" answered the Councilor.

"And you, mademoiselle?"

"It is very warm."

An addition was now made to the company. Two gentlemen entered.

"Ah, good-day, my dear Councilor," said one of them, extending his hand.

"Welcome, brother Schrader," he replied, with much cordiality.

Schrader introduced his companion and the Councilor to each other. "My friend, the manor-holder, Goltz—my old friend, the manor-holder Councilor Althoff and family. The Cræsus of the land-owners in the district."

The appellation was very satisfactory to Councilor Althoff; but he replied, of course, with a modest disclaimer:

"My brother Schrader likes to joke now and then."

He turned somewhat grimly to the young man who had entered a few minutes before: "Baron von Katen, Assessor of Finance;" and continued the conversation with Goltz.

"I think I have heard from Schrader that you have a large property. Of how many acres does it consist?"

"About two thousand acres of plowed land, three hundred of meadow, and eight thousand of woodland."

The Councilor felt his respect increase for his new acquaintance. "The deuce!" said he.

"Yes, yes, my dear brother Councilor," said Schrader. "By the side of such men we are

mere squatters. His main property is in West Prussia. There he has a principality, in comparison with which the estate he has been speaking of is but a peasant's garden-plot."

The Councilor engaged the owner of the principality in an earnest conversation about husbandry. Schrader seemed to have anticipated this; for he at once addressed himself with equal earnestness, though not quite so loudly, to the young people.

"And how goes it with you, Mademoiselle Frederica?" he asked of the young lady, with a significant side-look at the Councilor.

"My father is inexorable," was the reply, in a sentimental tone. The young man sighed too.

"Pooh! Never give it up so?"

"We will never be separated."

"Never."

"Well, let me try my luck to-day. You go out and look at the fair. Take your aunt with you; and don't come back too soon."

He said all this in a tone so kindly, yet so decisive, that even the aunt ventured no opposition. The young folks, casting a grateful look at Schrader, left the arbor with rapid steps, accompanied by the aunt. The Councilor did not remark this till they were out of sight. He seemed discomposed, stopped short in the midst of a sentence, and sprang up in an agitated manner. A beggar woman, ragged and hungry, with a couple of hungry and ragged children, came up to him, and begged for alms.

"Pack off to the devil with you!" he exclaimed, pushing her away.

But Schrader held him back. "My good friend," said he, "don't forget the poor, and let them go; I sent them out; they're going to make a purchase for me."

He took a florin from his purse, and showed it to the somewhat offended Councilor. "Double it," said he; "you're richer than I am."

The Councilor, with a growl and a muttered curse, drew out his purse; and when he saw that Goltz had likewise put a florin into the hand of Schrader, he added a couple of florins to the sum; with an air of self-satisfaction Schrader handed over the sum to the poor woman.

A burly gendarme had in the mean while entered the arbor.

"Gentlemen, begging is not allowed. Here, you good-for-nothing, follow me to prison," said he, endeavoring to get possession of the money.

"Shall we allow this?" asked Schrader of the Councilor.

The dignity of the Councilor seemed to be wounded. All the wrath he had been for the last few minutes choking within himself, he now let loose on the poor gendarme.

"Master gendarme," he exclaimed, "I am master of my own purse. I shall do with my money what I please. Don't you undertake to meddle with my money."

"Sir," replied the gendarme, not much less irritated, "don't offer any resistance. I am acting in the name of the law. Begging is not allowed."

"I act here in the name of the law," rejoined the Councilor. "This is within my district—I am superintendent of police here. It's my business to order here."

"You may give orders to your landlady, but not to the gendarmes."

This loud dispute drew the attention of the bystanders. The sergeant of gendarmes came up.

"I beg your pardon, Herr Councilor," said he. "This gendarme has been stationed here only three days, and does not understand the circumstances."

He then took the gendarme aside.

"But I was right," said the latter.

"Certainly you were," replied the sergeant. "But you acted stupidly in opposing the richest and most powerful man in the district. You might have free quarters every day at his house, if you'd ride over and tickle him by asking if he had any commands."

The gendarme retired much edified. He had become acquainted with the "circumstances."

"The impudent fellow!" growled the Councilor, who had, nevertheless, grown more composed, and was only growling and fuming to himself.

"Never mind him," said Schrader. "Get angry about something worth the while. How stands it with your daughter and Herr von Katen?"

"Really," exclaimed the stout man, getting into a new passion; "you're right. Here's something a man ought to be angry about. How could you vex me by sending them off together?"

"Vex you? I supposed that I was soon to be able to congratulate you. The pair were so cozy together when I came in, and in your own presence, and here, too, among so many thousands of people, where they could not possibly have met by accident."

"Brother, don't talk about it; you'll drive me crazy."

"God forbid! But tell me, does the wedding take place soon?"

"Wedding!—I tell you there's nothing to take place between those two."

"Nothing? Pshaw! Why, he'll soon be Financial Councilor; for this very day he has been appointed Assistant in the Finance Ministry; and by-and-by he will be Privy Councilor of Finance, and then Finance Minister. And then about her. Why, you would not be very unwilling to hear people address your daughter as 'Your Excellency?'"

"I tell you there'll nothing come of it. I don't want any thing to do with those poor nobles. They must be always creeping to get up in the world, for there's nothing solid behind."

"Well, but when a man's got something solid, safe, and fast, it seems to me that it might be a very pleasant thing to make one's appearance among folks as the father-in-law of a Minister, and to enjoy what heaven has bestowed upon

one. And it isn't such a bad thing for such a father-in-law to be made much of by all the first nobles at court; and to be the patron of great and small; for it's to the Minister of Finance, he who holds the purse, that every body has to go begging—the other Ministers and the Prince himself very often."

"But I've already promised the girl to somebody else."

"But the girl may unfortunately like this young man better than she does that other: and the young man, again, loves the girl."

"You don't know any thing about such matters. You are a bachelor. You know nothing about love. What's the truth about these two? She would like to be a baroness; and he would like to have my money. That's all the love there is."

"So that's what you mean by love! It seems to me that I have read something quite different from this in the eyes of that couple. Moreover, I don't blame the girl if she would like to be a 'Gracious Lady.' Why shouldn't she have ambition? her father has always been ambitious. Very likely she thinks of her father at the same time. For when the son-in-law is in high favor, what's to hinder the father-in-law from being appointed Privy Commissioner, and decorated with a Commandant's cross, or even be made a noble of—especially when he's rich; for they always like to see rich people at court?"

The fat Councilor fidgeted very uneasily upon his chair. He drank sometimes in long draughts, sometimes in short eager ones, winked with his eyes, whistled, and, in short, went through all the movements which, in many people, denote a violent struggle within them. At last, he broke out with:

"That's enough; I've given my word."

"Have you, indeed? and to whom? To that shabby Justice, to that rascally plebeian, to whose son a farmer wouldn't give his daughter. Pshaw! There's a great difference between young Master Freddy, the rude son of this disgusting fellow, and the Assessor of Finance, the aristocratic son of one of the first houses in the country. There's a very great difference for the poor girl, and for the father-in-law."

"Do be still! What can I do? A man must keep his word."

"Pooh!"

"What's the use of talking when it's too late?" The Councilor spoke these words in a tone rather apologetic than angry.

"Too late! When is it ever too late to amend a foolish action?"

"I expect the old man and his son every moment. I have appointed to meet them here, and they must be here soon. The betrothal is to be celebrated to-day. We are going to surprise the young folk."

"A fine surprise for your poor daughter, to be dragged to a fair like a piece of ——. God forgive me for the expression that I was about to apply to such an admirable and beautiful

maiden! But, my old friend, I can't help reproaching you from my very heart for bringing your daughter to the fair, like an article of merchandise. May God forgive you!"

The Councilor grew more and more uneasy.

A servant came up to Schrader, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"We are called for," said Schrader to Goltz.

"We will be back in half an hour," said he, turning to the Councilor.

Both then went out.

The Councilor sat alone for a few minutes. His servant had attended the ladies. The two German students had also been gone for some time. He did not appear to like being alone, and kept looking impatiently and uneasily upon every side. This did not last long, for company soon came in.

Through the crowd came steering up to him a person who, in many particulars might have passed for his brother upon a diminished scale, as was shown, in not the most advantageous manner, by his being only a little less broad and fat though considerably smaller than the Councilor. He was dressed in an elaborate but tasteless style, and was overladen with jewelry. The order upon the little man's coat depended from so long and ugly a ribbon that the very peasants pointed at it with a grin. When he saw the Councilor at a distance, his face cleared up into an expression which he intended to be one of friendly respect, but which amounted only to a grimace. When he came up to his large, fat friend it was laughable to see how he fell upon him with a shake of the hand and an embrace, and time after time denominated him his most cherished, most honored, and dearest friend. Any one who was unaware of the relations between them would have thought the old proverb, "who would marry the daughter must flatter the mother," had here an analogous counterpart, though in a form not always to be looked for. The Councilor was at last obliged to push the man unceremoniously away from him.

"Well then sit down you old simpleton," said he half-offended, "and tell us where you've been. I've been waiting for you more than an hour."

"I must certainly beg your pardon most earnestly, my most honored friend. But one is'nt always master of his own time, especially we poor officers. You rich landholders are better off. Ah, I have always expressed it as my most decided wish: If I could only be a landholder!"

He interrupted himself with his usual laugh at his own wit, and then went on:

"There was every thing in the world to be seen to before I could set out: here was a secretary, there was a constable wanting directions; here was a petitioner who must be heard; and then I had to stop ever so long on the frontier—"

"What! Did they make any difficulty with you?"

"Good heavens! with me! But I had some

arrangements to make there too.—I can tell you about it," he added, mysteriously, "in confidence. They are on the track of a very dangerous state criminal, who, they say, is dodging about the frontiers here. In fact—a thing which never in my life happened to me but twice before—there's a large reward offered for his apprehension."

"What do they say he has been doing?"

"Heaven knows. But though I keep the new goings-on at court in my eye, and see a little behind the veil that hides them from the masses, yet it is necessary that I should speak the least possible about it." He said this in a most mysterious manner.

"You make me curious."

"Let us say nothing about it. Such things should be talked about only when two friends are sitting alone together in a chamber with the door locked."

"But, my good friend, I miss your son. Where have you left him?"

"We had the honor to meet Mademoiselle, your daughter, and there was no keeping my lad back. He made a straight flight to her side. He's a regular limb. You'll have great sport with him. A little blunt and plain-spoken, but honest and frank; and then, what's the great thing, what a grip he has on the money-bag. He's no spendthrift or squanderer."

"Hum, hum," said the other somewhat dubiously.

A very odd-looking couple here attracted the attention of the little fat man. By a booth at no great distance stood an old sub-officer of gigantic stature, very meagre, but uncommonly large boned, with some half dozen orders and decorations upon his smoothly buttoned uniform; by his side stood a woman of the middle class, proportionately tall, but very fat, with a thoroughly sub-officerish countenance, and dressed in very gay attire, much over-ornamented. Either of them alone would have been striking, but the two together secured involuntary attention.

"Ho, ho," said the little fat man, after looking at them for a while. "There's old Sub-officer Long, from the fortress, and the venerable Mademoiselle Blewstone."

"They come here every year to make purchases," said the Councilor, indifferently.

"I know it; but I must step out and speak to them. The sub-officer is the old Commandant's right hand, and Mademoiselle is his left hand."

He laughed, and continued: "Yes, yes; his left hand. Don't that make you think of a left-handed wedding. Twenty years ago she was his washerwoman in the regiment. She went through all his campaigns with him"—he laughed again—"and now she's the old bachelor's housekeeper. You know I'm Justiciary up there—that puts a couple of hundred dollars a year into my pocket, and nothing to do for it—especially when one keeps on the Commandant's right side."

"And yet," said the Councilor, in an almost

chilling tone, "it is not a pleasant post any way. I couldn't be up there for a single moment. I feel frozen always when I only see from a distance the cold rocks and the long walls and gray towers. I'm glad I am not your fellow-countryman."

"Yes, yes, it isn't quite right up there. There are many terrible secrets hidden in the holes and cellars."

"And all sorts of things, and plenty of them at that, which never come to light."

"We mustn't speak about that.—Here's to our lucky meeting again, my dear old friend!"

The little fat man went up to the odd-looking couple, in company with whom he was after a while lost among the crowd.

The Councilor was again sitting alone, all alone in that great arbor. He seemed to grow dissatisfied again. He cast a glance at the living mass without the arbor, and at the empty space within it. This look became almost one of anxiety as it penetrated into the dusky background of thick shrubbery. He turned his eyes suddenly away, and suffered them to sweep over the distance, but they fell upon the fortress, that with its long walls and gray towers, rising steeply above the cold rocks, lay directly before him, at some distance indeed, but still quite near enough to furnish to a busy imagination outlines for the gloomiest pictures of prison life—its solitude, its privations, its agonies.

The Councilor shuddered so that the chair creaked under him. He gulped down a glass of wine, and shuddered only the more. He turned his eyes, by a strong effort away from the rocks and its sombre buildings, and involuntarily they pierced again into the solitary gloom of the arbor; he wished to direct them upon the animated plain, but they glided past, and became fastened upon the unwelcome rocks.

"It's scandalous to leave me here alone," said he, pettishly.

A small female figure stood before him, slender, yet plump-looking, with eyes and hair as black as a coal, red pouting lips, and a complexion which was not certainly white, and yet was not exactly yellow or brown; but it was so clear and transparent that the quick fiery blood could be seen coursing through. Her full bosom was barely covered by a bright red handkerchief.

"All alone, my rich gentleman, with the pretty gold trinkets," said she to the surprised and almost frightened Councilor with a dash of roguish familiarity, looking around her at the same time. "I want to play something for you—a merry tune," sweeping her hands over the strings of her guitar.

The Councilor made a motion for her to leave. "Be off with you," said he, gruffly.

"Don't you like to hear music, my rich gentleman? Would you rather I should tell you your fortune?"

The eyes of the Councilor opened wide.

"Can you tell what's going to happen?" asked he.

"To be sure I can. I can read men's fortunes from their hand, from their face, from the stars. Reach here your hand, my rich gentleman with the beautiful orders."

She spoke in a solemn, insinuating tone.

The Councilor fidgeted uneasily upon his seat. He peered about the arbor with a look in which might be read the question, "Shall I venture it for once? I'm alone here—nobody will ever know it." He looked inquiringly into the great dark eyes of the girl, as though he would read there whether she would prophesy good or bad fortune to him.

"Only try it," said she, in a wheedling tone. "I'll tell you your fortune. You've always had good fortune, but a man always wants more luck. I'll tell you your fortune, my rich gentleman."

"But the bad fortune too," said he rather to himself than to the girl.

"One shouldn't think about the bad fortune; yet it will come."

She took his hand; he suffered her to do so, half willingly, half unwillingly. She looked closely at it, counted and measured the lines and furrows; looked searchingly into his face, and then again at his hand. He permitted it all without opposition, and with visible anxiety.

"You have had much good-fortune, sir."

He said nothing.

"You have become a rich man by your own industry."

Still he kept silence.

"You have no crimes to reproach yourself with."

He grew impatient. "You were to speak to me of the future," said he, in an undertone.

"You have true friends," she went on quietly.

He made no reply.

She too was silent. A pause ensued. She looked at him with an air of embarrassment. The drops of sweat stood on his brow. Why would she speak only of the past? Why would she not speak of the future? Why was she silent? And why did she look at him with such perplexity?

"You were to speak to me of the future;" he said again.

"What will you give me, sir?" she asked, with a crafty smile.

"That's it, is it, you serpent?" thought he to himself, and breathed more freely; but he had not courage enough to utter it aloud. He drew out a well-filled purse, and selected a piece of money, which he gave to the girl.

"Beware," said the gipsy, then, "of the first man that comes to you. He will bring you bad luck."

She disappeared, laughing. Just then a young man approached the arbor. He had an awkward aspect, and his whole appearance was rather rude and rough. At the same moment the full purse was snatched from the Councilor by a sudden, violent grasp from behind.

"The devil! seize the scoundrel!" he exclaimed with all his might; but a tall man in

a green jacket and yellow breeches, with a bright red neckerchief and a white straw hat, disappeared as swiftly as an arrow through the rear entrance of the arbor, leaping over tables, and flinging the chairs aside in his flight. The young man was standing before the bereaved gentleman.

"What's broke there, old gentleman?" he inquired, laughing aloud. "You screamed out like a savage."

It may be well imagined that the Councilor was in no very rose-water humor. Bewildered at the bold robbery, vexed at the loss, which was considerable, the loud laugh and pert speech of the young man could naturally only increase his vexation. It seemed as though his wrath was on the point of bursting out, when he threw a look of keen distress upon the young man who stood there. Doubtless the prophecy of the gipsy occurred to him, that the first man who approached him should bring him bad luck. He recoiled a few steps involuntarily.

"Well, old gentleman, what's broke now?" said the young man, repeating his question.

Whether it was that the pain of the loss actually endured got the better of the apprehension of an imaginary misfortune, or whether the Councilor had suddenly convinced himself that the one who had seized his purse, and not the young man before him, was the first person who had approached him:—whatever the cause might be, he went up to the latter, and answered in a sorrowful tone:

"My purse! There goes an impudent thief with my purse! spring after him, Frederick; get my property back again. The rascal has got a white hat, and a bright green jacket, and my purse, my full purse!"

The young man remained perfectly still, laughing all the while. "Old gentleman, said he, "why should I go running like a fool after the fellow? There are a hundred rascals here, with white hats and green jackets. My bones are worth more to me than your purse."

"Frederick, you are a heartless fellow. Now run for 'Rieke's sake, for the sake of my daughter, for the sake of your—"

He stopped short. The prophecy of the gipsy again shot across his mind, and at the same time the conviction that he saw the young man before he did the robber.

"My betrothed?" asked the young man. "Seriously, my dear Councilor, don't say a word about your purse. Who can hunt out among the thousands of men and thieves the unknown rascal? Don't make yourself ridiculous; and don't say a word about the matter. That's the only reasonable course. And now let's talk about my betrothed. My father said something about to-day."

"I thought, Fritz, you were coming back here with the girl," replied the Councilor evasively. "Your father said he left you behind in her company."

"Oh, she had company already, and sighed, and turned her eyes away from me so often that

I couldn't stand it. When we are once married, I'll put a stop to this sighing and turning the eyes away. I thought it would be more sensible to have a talk with you about the betrothal, the wedding, her setting out, and all that. There's something substantial about that."

"Hum, hum, Fritz! Harkye, a more impudent scoundrel I never came across in all my life. The fellow took my purse right among all these people, in broad daylight—my full purse right out of my own hands."

"He couldn't have done any thing with an empty purse, father-in-law," said Fritz. "What do you think? How long had we better put the wedding off? I've been living alone now for more than six months on the farm that my father has let me have; and you know, old gentleman, that it is not good for a man to be alone."

"Hum, hum, Fritz—"

Schrader and Goltz now returned. The Councilor was relieved from an embarrassment by no means trifling. These two did not return alone. His daughter and cousin were in their company. The Baron von Katen had absented himself. The Councilor's daughter seemed agitated, and cast perplexed and anxious looks at her father. The cousin, too, looked shyly at the fat gentleman. Something must have happened which could not be concealed from him; but which they yet feared to tell him.

Schrader, with his usual coolness, commenced the conversation. "My good brother Councilor," said he, "I've brought you something agreeable; but I've also got something unpleasant to impart to you."

"Something unpleasant again, so soon!" sighed the Councilor.

"The agreeable thing I have brought you is, in the first place, your lovely daughter; in the second place, your lovely cousin; in the third place, my lovely friend Goltz; and in the fourth place, my own self."

"And the unpleasant thing—let us hear what that is."

"Are you so inquisitive about that, my friend? It seems to me, after such a fine and lovely four-leaved clover as that—and you know a four-leaved clover brings good luck—I know that you put faith in such signs—and, in fact, the Spirit of Nature, which, in the long run, presides over good and ill fortune, manifests to mankind by natural signs, and frequently by the most simple, in a wonderful manner, their future fortune and misfortunes—this can only arise from the fact that mankind have a perception—"

"But, for Heaven's sake, Schrader, come to the end!"

"To the unpleasant tidings, you mean. No, brother, the unpleasant is not the end of all things. For my own self, I belong to those people who believe in Heaven and in eternal bliss."

"You will drive me to desperation. You know how you can torment me with such threatening announcements of misfortune. 'Rieke, I beg of you, do you speak out."

The girl looked beseechingly at Schrader, who continued:

"Well, well, for your daughter's sake, then. But do you be thankful for her. The whole story is a mere joke. Your daughter has had her gold cross stolen at the fair."

"Stolen! stolen again, already! The cross! the gold cross! off from her bosom!"

"Well, and what does it all amount to? One cross the less in your family. How can you be so annoyed about it? Without a cross, people have sorrows and miseries enough in life."

"'Rieke! 'Rieke! How was it possible? The cross that I presented to you—presented at your baptism—the memento of your sainted mother!"

The fat gentleman was really very much affected by the intelligence, and the drops of sweat poured from his forehead. The tones of his voice sounded hollow; his eyes wandered about unsteadily. A sort of inward discomposure manifested itself in him, together with a distress, of which he was rarely thought to be capable.

His daughter was much affected. "Forgive me, father," said she, "for causing you this sorrow. I knew how dear this memorial of my mother was to you."

"What is there to forgive?" said Schrader. "What could you do, when in the crowd an impudent scoundrel snatched the cross and chain from your neck?"

"You, too, my child. Ah, the boldness of the thieves is great. This is an unlucky day, a terribly unlucky day for me. Let us break up at once, and go back home."

"But, my friend, how can the loss of a few dollars affect you so?"

"The few dollars, the paltry few dollars—what do I care for them? Oh, you do not know—you do not know! Let us go home."

"But, devil take it," broke in Schrader, decidedly, "don't act like an old woman. At all events, wait and see whether this jewel of all the world won't come back again."

"How can it come back? Will you never be done with your jesting?"

"I am not jesting. The Baron von Katen started at once after the scoundrel. A trusty fellow who was in my company went with him. Perhaps they'll catch the rascal yet—very probably, for von Katen is a nimble lad, and his comrade isn't afraid of the devil himself!"

"The Baron von Katen gone after the thief. Good heavens! if he only brings back the cross to me! You don't know—you don't know."

He looked up, as if imploringly to heaven. He then cast a glance, half-contemptuous half-angry, at the aspirant, Fritz, who was sitting by, with a somewhat stupid countenance. He seemed to call to mind the young fellow's refusal to follow the thief who had carried off the purse. At length his eye pierced among the crowd, as though he might at any moment detect the person who was bringing back the purse.

It was quite a different person who pressed forward. It was the little fat Justice Friedel, followed by the couple whom he had gone to seek—the sub-officer and the housekeeper of the Commandant of the fortress.

It was a spectacle in every way exciting to the risible muscles to see the three pressing and forcing their way onward. First came the fat little Justice, sweating and coughing, and breaking his way with a thick bamboo cane, almost as tall as himself. By his side, as though tied to him, the tall housekeeper, with her resplendent party-colored garments and yellow bonnet; her face as red as that of a market-woman, a full head above that of her companion; and aiding him, with her hands, in breaking his way, dealing out pushes now to the right, now to the left, right above his head. Behind these two, in all the conscious dignity of an old soldier, was the grizzly sub-officer, magnificent with his white mustache and the orders upon his breast, looking with vast contempt on the "civil" crowd that parted before the puffs and pushes of the Commissioner and the housekeeper, now scolding and cursing, now laughing and pointing with their fingers.

The countenance of the Justice wore a sort of sourish-sweet expression. The sweetness belonged to the housekeeper, with whom he was conversing. Whether the sourness was owing to the attention of the public, or to the fact that the tall dame, and consequently her military attendant, would not be separated from him, so that he was obliged, against his will, to present them before his distinguished and elegant acquaintances—who can say?

Perplexed he certainly was when he came into the arbor; and, leading the tall woman behind the chairs of the company into the other division of the booth, he said to her, in a somewhat subdued tone: "Here, my dear Madame Blewstone, sit down here and rest yourself; and you, too, my worthy sub-officer! Let us crack a bottle together."

The Councilor looked still more angry and wrathful. There was a constraint upon the whole company. Even the rough son of the Justice seemed to labor under some embarrassment. But Schrader's eyes sparkled as he perceived who the persons were that had accompanied the Justice. He was the first to break the silence.

"Bad times, Herr Justice; every where crimes, murder, robbery, and theft. And it's no better yonder in your country."

"Alas, no; the courts can't any longer get through the thick mass of indictments."

"I believe that," laughed Schrader, pointing to the thick figure of the Justice. "Thick indictments and thick judges. It may well be a difficult matter to get through."

"You love to be joking always," replied the Justice. "In the meanwhile, it is true that crime gets the upper hand every day; and we have the greatest difficulty with the impudent populace. You can tell us a bit of a story up

there about that, Herr Sub-officer," he added, turning to that personage.

"I never come into contact with these common rascals," said the officer, with great gravity.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, there are other criminals than mere common rascals."

The sub-officer made no reply.

"Are the prisons in your country as full and overflowing as they are with us?" asked Schrader, in an indifferent tone, rather of the Justice than of the sub-officer.

"Ah, every where, every where," replied the Justice; "there's no more room any where."

"There's room enough with us yet," remarked the housekeeper of the Commandant of the fortress.

"There won't be much a great while longer," growled the sub-officer.

"Couldn't a few persons get good accommodations in your tower?" inquired the housekeeper of him.

Schrader drew nearer to the officer and the woman. He pointed to the prison structure which lay in the full brightness of the sun which was approaching its setting.

"Is the tower there also occupied?" he asked.

"Which one do you mean?"

"The low round one to the right, upon the edge of the steep rock."

The sub-officer merely nodded. But Madame Blewstone replied briskly:

"Why not? to be sure it is."

"A very pleasant, secure residence. They only place great criminals there; do they?"

The sub-officer nodded his head again. The woman had fallen into conversation with the Justice.

"Nobody but robbers and such like?" asked Schrader.

The sub-officer shook his head.

"Are there many persons in the tower?"

"Not just now."

"How long have you served up there?"

"About twenty years."

"In that time you've seen a good many people coming and going."

"Not many."

"Those who come to you don't very often go away again."

"Just so."

"There are a good many state criminals with you, I suppose."

"Very likely."

"Do they receive better treatment than other prisoners?"

"Why should they?" asked the functionary in surprise. It was the first time that he had receded from his dignified sub-official indifference,

"I should suppose—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the housekeeper, "to be sure there's a difference. You can't treat a count just as you would a common scoundrel."

"My good woman, you don't know any thing about the matter," said the officer, resuming all his former dignity.

The dame was affronted. "I don't know any thing about it! Yes, look ye! Who is it then that has charge of the lady?"

"My good woman!" exclaimed the sub-officer, in a tone so threatening as to take from the excited woman all power of speech.

"Then you have ladies also in custody up there?" remarked Schrader.

Neither made any reply.

"There are, like enough, a good many secrets hidden up there," he said, turning to the housekeeper.

Schrader seemed to have abandoned the attempt upon the taciturnity of the sub-officer, and to have made up his mind to try his fortune with the lady. So he went on to attack her feminine weak side—a secret.

She nodded her head as the officer had done before.

"You could tell many singular things."

"Maybe I could."

"How many persons, in their troubles, have had recourse to you and your tender heart!"

"Like enough."

"And you must have tried to alleviate many a woe."

"We must do what humanity bids, as far as we are able."

"You can do a great deal with the brave old Commandant."

"He knows that in me he has a trusty person."

"Indeed he does; and one to whom he can confide the most important secrets."

"That he can."

"Female prisoners, up there—prisoners of state, I mean—and so of good family and of education—I suppose are put under your sole charge."

"How so?" She did not appear to understand him.

"I suppose you are the only female companion with whom they can converse."

She was silent.

"There are no officers' wives there?"

"No, only the wives of the sub-officers and soldiers."

"The ladies who are confined there, must often be anxious to impart their sorrows to a sympathizing heart."

She made no reply.

He despaired of gaining any further information. Fortune was against him. The Commandant's housekeeper was as incommunicative as the sub-officer.

Baron von Katen drew near, with sparkling eyes and countenance beaming with joy. He was followed by a long, lean, large-boned man, in a brown jacket, leather breeches, broad-brimmed gray hat, with an old brown fiddle under his arm. In short, by Geigenfritz.

The Councilor's daughter sprang up from her seat when she perceived the young man. Her

eyes also sparkled when she caught the gleam of his. The Councilor opened his mouth somewhat between fear and hope, at the sight of the new-comers. The Baron went directly up to the maiden, and almost bowed his knee before her as he presented to her the recovered cross with the silver chain.

"This is the happiest day of my life," said he, with a tender look.

The Councilor leaped up too—in very truth, the fat man leaped up. He seemed to have grown young again. He had all at once become a new man. He took the cross from his daughter's hand, and pressed it to his lips. He then kissed his daughter, who was glowing with happiness, and gratefully pressed the hand of the young man.

"Sir, God will repay you for this."

"And you too!" said Schrader, who had approached.

"What can I do?" asked the Councilor, in a low tone, as he fastened the cross again upon the fair neck of his daughter.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said the girl.

"For the cross or the theft?" asked Schrader.

The Baron was obliged to relate how he had succeeded in getting possession of the stolen treasure. He briefly told, that he and Geigenfritz had followed the thief, of whom they never lost sight, into the the thicket; had seized him, flung him down, and taken the cross away from him. Renewed thanks followed this explanation.

"Did you give the thief a regular cudgeling?" asked young Master Frederick.

The Baron looked haughtily at him, without making any reply.

Geigenfritz also, who had remained quietly in the back ground, had now to come forward, to receive his share of thanks.

"I will see that you are rewarded," said the Councilor to him.

"Leave that to me," interrupted Schrader. "Let every body attend to his own."

Geigenfritz now turned to young Frederick. "He who cudgels, will get cudgeled back again. Remember the Priest's wood, my young master."

The young gentleman seemed to have been reminded of some unpleasant history. He looked sheepishly but maliciously at the fiddler—but said nothing. The Councilor, however, had his attention excited.

"What was that about the Priest's wood?" he asked.

"Nothing particular. I understand fortune-telling a little," answered Geigenfritz, very gravely.

The Councilor shuddered too. He also looked somewhat shyly at the fiddler. With a deep voice Geigenfritz went on:

"I could also tell you a good many things, Herr Councilor Althoff."

"Do you know me, my friend?"

"Inside, outside, and by heart. Your most secret thoughts are not hidden from me."

The Councilor turned pale, and was disquieted. "No one but God knows my thoughts."

"Don't fall into temptation, Herr Councilor. Think of the cross that will again be in your house."

The Councilor started, and grew still more discomposed. A question hung on the tip of his tongue, but he appeared not to have courage to utter it.

"Remember what that gipsy told you, hardly half an hour ago."

"What! what! What do you know about that?"

"That what she foretold to you has not yet come to pass."

"What is it that has not yet come to pass?"

"The thief was not the first person that came near you."

"Man!" exclaimed the Councilor, "do you understand magic?"

"I can tell you much more, Herr Councilor."

"Speak out! No, no, don't speak out! But what do you know about the cross?"

"I know about the cross just what you know about it, Herr Councilor," he continued slowly, almost solemnly: "That cross was given you by your sainted wife. It was in a peculiar hour. Something had taken place that should not have taken place. You swore, when you accepted the cross, that it should never take place again, and you have kept your word. You swore that to your noble wife, and your noble wife was grateful to you for it as long as she lived. At the same time you besought the dear God that he would suffer that cross to be a sign that it should be well with you and yours; and when that cross should leave your house, it should be a token that some great and severe misfortune impended over you and your family. And had it not been for that brave young fellow there"—pointing to the Baron—"that misfortune would have burst upon you and your family."

The Councilor gazed with fixed eyes at the soothsayer.

"Was it so, Councilor?"

"It was so."

"Now, sir," the tall brown man concluded, in a louder voice, "do not then expose your daughter to be beaten."

These words stood apparently in no connection with the history of the cross, but they must certainly have had some deep significance for the Councilor; for he sank back upon his chair, and covered his face with both hands.

Geigenfritz went into the back part of the arbor, the guests in which he had been for some time watching with a keen glance. He here took a position opposite the sub-officer, looked at him for a while in silence, and then said to him, "Good-day, comrade Long!"

The sub-officer and his companion had been witnesses of the circumstances which had just transpired; and they had made a deep impression upon him, and had left behind a sort of reverence for the man of supernatural knowledge. But that a fortune-teller in a brown

jacket and leather breeches, should dare to address a sub-officer with six orders, and call him comrade, was too much for him. At the same time he was somewhat uneasy in his mind that a man who was utterly unknown to him, and who had made known secrets so deeply hidden, should know his name.

"Do you know my name?" he asked, more in fear than in anger.

Geigenfritz burst out into a jovial laugh. "Why, shouldn't I know my old comrade Long, who has smelt so much powder-smoke by my side, and with whom I have so often shared the straw in my bivouac? Look at me, old friend."

"Thunder and rain, Corporal—"

"Just so—your old Corporal."

"Now I know you again, my old comrade-heart—Bren—"

"Brennessel!"

"Brennessel, or something like it—it's all the same thing. We were always true comrades. How could it happen that I didn't know you again at once?"

"Never mind that. How goes it with you this ever so long?"

"How should it go. One grows old. But you—what are you about?"

"I have been invalided."

"Well, and what more. How goes it with you?"

"As it always goes with an invalided soldier. He gets his florin a month, and may make much of it. But much he can't make of it. There's not much left for him but begging or stealing. But now he mustn't either beg or steal. Many a one goes hungry, just because in his better days he has fought and bled for his country and his king. But in the meantime the officers and the generals don't go hungry. It's gone somewhat better with me than all that. I neither beg nor steal. I play on the fiddle."

"A soldier with half a dozen orders—for you have at least as many as I have—a corporal, to have to play on the fiddle!"

"Unless I liked to starve better. So it is, my old friend. A man can't live on *fol-de-lol* and Princes' thanks. But you keep wearing the uniform."

"Always. I dare say I shall wear it to my dying day. I stop now up there in that nest on the rock. The duties are not very severe."

"A turnkey! oh, the devil!" exclaimed Geigenfritz, somewhat contemptuously.

The sub-officer was evidently abashed. He answered not a word. But the Commandant's housekeeper could not refrain from standing up for the honor of her master's fortress.

"Herr Corporal," said she, perhaps more tartly than she was herself aware of, "our Adjutant-colonel commands a battalion of regular troops, and neither turnkeys nor vagabonds, if they do now and then condescend to let themselves down and talk with vagabonds."

"Your most obedient servant, my most charming lady," said Geigenfritz, making his best bow.

Sub-officer Long understood the usages of

society. In the tone of a military introduction or announcement, which you will, he said: "Mamsell Blewstone, housekeeper of the Herr Commandant of the fortress, my good friend—*ci-devant* corporal, Brennessel, possessor of several orders, my ancient friend and comrade."

The lady bowed, but still somewhat distantly; Geigenfritz repeated his obeisance, but more gravely than at first.

Schrader had ordered wine to be brought to them.

"Well, old field-comrades, pledge and drink to your mutual adventures, fights, wounds, and scars."

They touched glasses and drank.

"Allow me the honor, Mamsell Blewstone."

"The honor is on my side, Herr Corporal."

The old friendship was renewed, the new one was formed. Wine and the remembrance of past events shared together, are powerful incentives to friendship.

"We were a pair of true friends, Mamsell Blewstone. Your health."

"Much obliged, Herr Corporal."

"That Brennessel was always a regular limb, my good woman. Long life to him!"

"Long life to you, Herr Corporal!"

"This Long, Mamsell Blewstone, was always a model of courage. The Captain recommended him especially to me. 'Brennessel,' said he to me, 'when there's any fighting to be done, commend me to Long. But he's too eager; he always wants to be at the enemy. I wouldn't lose such a brave sub-officer for my life.' Long life to my old friend Long, Mamsell."

"Ah, Mamsell, a thousand devils couldn't have held Brennessel back when we were going into action. He was always the first—always the fastest. And when the balls were whistling about him the maddest, then was he always the merriest. Zounds! I've just thought of something!"

He paused thoughtfully, and suddenly grew grave.

"Hark ye, friend," he resumed, "you were always the first and the last in the bullet-shower, and no bullet has ever in all your life wounded you. Sabre-cuts and lance-punches enough you've had, but no bullet has ever touched you. How happened that?"

Geigenfritz too grew grave.

"There are reasons for that," said he, mysteriously.

"Old comrade, let's talk about that. Neither of us, perhaps, will ever go to war again. All the regiment used to say that you were bullet-proof. Was there any thing in it?"

"Let us drink, comrade," said Geigenfritz, none the less mysteriously.

"You old numskull—let us talk about that."

"What's the use? We shall never want it again."

"There certainly are men that are bullet-proof," remarked the housekeeper, with an air of importance. "The Adjutant-colonel knew one when he was young."

"To be sure there are such men," replied Geigenfritz.

"A pretty art."

"A beautiful art!"

They looked about them, and drew up together closely.

"If one only understood that art. But Mamsell, let us talk about something else."

"Do you understand any thing about that art, Herr Corporal?" she asked, drawing still closer to him.

"There was once a time when I busied myself about such matters. I'll tell you about it some other time, for I hope often to have the pleasure of seeing you again. But now I must learn more particularly how it goes with my old friend, whom I haven't seen for so many years. Now, friend Long, what about your service up there?"

"Well enough now, for I have an easy post in the tower."

"In the round tower, that springs up there to the right?" pointing to the fortress.

"In that same."

"What is your business there? But wait: before you answer me, I must see about another bottle. This is empty."

He arose, and went up to Schrader, and whispered softly to him, "Get the old woman away. I'm on the track; and now, wine."

Returning to his company, he said, "The old gentleman stands treat to-day. That'll do our old soldier-throats good. Meanwhile I've earned it, and you shall have your revenge when I come to see you at your old nest. Now don't be offended, Mamsell Blewstone, at my talking about the 'nest.' We call every fortress so."

"I know that. I've been in the wars too, with the Herr Adjutant-colonel."

Schrader placed a couple of full bottles upon the table.

"Mamsell Blewstone," said he, "here in the arbor is a very pleasant acquaintance of yours, whom you probably don't recollect."

The lady was perplexed.

"The Councilor," continued Schrader, "has been telling us that you were acquainted in the family of the deceased Presidentess von Katen. The son of that lady is here, and would be very glad to speak with you."

The good dame turned pale. "Ah, yes, I was acquainted in the family of the gracious Lady Presidentess. Where is the dear lad, sir?"

"Follow me."

He went with her into the front portion of the arbor, where her acquaintance with the Baron was renewed.

The two old soldiers were alone.

"Let us drink first. There.—Now tell me about your service up there."

"Thank God, it isn't very severe. I've only a couple of prisoners in the tower to look after. One gets through that in a little while."

"In what does your oversight consist?"

"Well, in the morning I take them bread and water; at noon their dinner, and at evening I visit their cells."

"Is that all?"

"Besides, I go the rounds of the sentinels now and then, and report to the Commandant. That's all."

"Really, old friend, that's a very fair service, if you haven't too many prisoners to attend to."

"There ain't many of them."

"How many?"

"Number One and Number Two."

"No more?"

"No more for some years."

"I thought the whole tower was full of prisoners."

The sub-officer laughed, as it seemed, at the simplicity of his *quondam* comrade.

"Perhaps it's only the very worst criminals who are in the tower."

"So the Commandant says. Nobody can go into the tower but the Commandant, I, and sub-officer Lewald. We are his confidants."

"What has Lewald to do in the tower?"

"Why, nothing," said Long, in some perplexity.

"Perhaps you take turns in service."

"No we don't."

"Well, what has he got to do in the tower?"

"Let us drink, old comrade."

"There's some secret in the wind. It's brave in you, old friend, to keep it to yourself."

"So it is."

"Just tell us what your two prisoners have done."

"I never troubled myself about it."

"Have they never told you any thing about their lives?"

"They can't speak a word to me."

"How! have you never talked with them?"

"Never."

"Then perhaps you don't even know their names."

"Number One, and Number Two."

"What does that mean?"

"With us every one is known merely by his number."

"What kind of people are they?"

"Don't bother me."

"Pooh! After all, they're only common rogues; and you, as I told you, in your old age, have got to be only a common turnkey—with all your orders and decorations. I'd rather have my fiddle."

"Ho, ho, comrade! Don't be so stuck-up with your old fiddle. 'Turnkey'!"

"Who must take victuals and drink to rogues?"

"But who has got an officer under his command?"

"A fine officer, no doubt."

"In his day there was no better officer rode before his squadron."

"You old rogue, you're bragging."

"May God strike me dead if I am."

"Very well, that's one of them. But you can't make any thing out of Number Two. There's some catch about him."

The sub-officer laughed. "In his time he used to be a learned doctor," said he.

"And Number Three?"

"There ain't no Number Three in the tower."

"But, my good friend. I can't understand what your comrade Lewald has to do in the tower."

"What's that to me? I assure you that there is no Number Three."

"Then perhaps Number Three is dead or removed to another prison, and Lewald has charge of Number Four."

"Neither of all these."

"Is there any Number Five or Six or Seven there?"

"Missed fire again, old sharpshooter!"

"Deuce take it! Then Number Nought is there."

"You rogue! You're a witch-master!" exclaimed the sub-officer in surprise.

"Have you just found that out, you old rascal. I will tell you something more. Your Number One and Number Two are a couple of dangerous fellows; but Number Nought is still more dangerous; and on that account Lewald has only him to look out for."

"Well, well, that isn't so bad."

"And unless I am mistaken, Number Nought is of higher rank than the other two."

"Pooh! A Count isn't much more than a Baron."

"And you don't know what these people have done?"

"I don't bother myself about that."

"It's a miserable life those poor fellows lead. Don't they even come out into the open air?"

"Never set foot outside of their cells."

"Not year in and year out?"

"Not year out and year in."

"And the woman that's there?"

"I know of no women."

"Yet I rather suspect there is. Was there not a noble lady brought there one night not long ago?"

"I've never seen her."

"But wasn't one brought there?"

"I don't know any thing about it."

"But your comrades know, don't they?"

"I don't know any thing about it."

"Quite too great an honor for me, my worshipful gentlemen!" cried Mamsell Blewstone with a loud and delighted voice, taking her leave with many courtesies. She came back to where the two old soldiers were sitting.

"Neighbor, it's time that we take leave."

"Another glass first, my dear Mamsell Blewstone."

"Very much obliged, but you know, Herr Corporal, that in the fortress, every thing goes to the hour. If the Herr Commandant has only got the keys, we must remain out of doors all night."

"Don't say that, my dear Madame. The Commandant won't be so strict with you. You are his right hand."

"In service he makes no difference. He is just as strict with one as with another."

"Oh yes; but with a difference. You must have a great deal of trouble with him."

"Yes, yes, he is sometimes very obstinate—as old age always makes people."

"Look out then, and make one hand wash the other."

"All-in-all, the service with him is no light one. I myself am no longer so young as I was. It's oftentimes very hard for a single person."

Geigenfritz's eyes flashed, as though an idea had suddenly come into his head. He, however, repressed every outward sign of emotion.

"God forbid, my dear Mamsell, that you should have to complain already! In the full vigor of your age too! Only look at us two old fellows; and yet we don't have to make any complaints."

"Thank God, I'm pretty strong yet; but I'm not so active as I was when I was younger."

"Perhaps you have taken too much work upon yourself, and charge yourself with too many things. I know that this is the case with careful and faithful housekeepers. That their masters may not be cheated by strangers, they keep taking more and more upon themselves, until finally they break down."

"You have just hit it. Just so is it with me. But one can't let one's master be robbed and cheated."

"You should get some trustworthy person to help you."

"If I could only find such a person. But I never go out of the fortress; and nobody comes into it."

"Have you nobody among your relations?"

"Ah! I haven't heard any thing from my relations for a long time. They live more than five hundred miles from here."

"If a trusty person was all, perhaps I could advise you."

"Let us hear, then."

"But perhaps it would amount to nothing. The Commandant would not permit a perfect stranger to come into the fortress."

"Oh, as far as that goes, let me look out for that. The Herr Adjutant-colonel has himself often advised me to get some help. Just speak out."

"But it won't do. The child that I was thinking of is yet quite too young; though she is certainly stout and capable."

"Well, well, let me hear."

"It is my little grand-daughter, a girl of not quite fifteen years old. She—"

"Your grand-daughter!" laughed out Sub-officer Long; "and fifteen years old! Comrade, twenty years ago you wasn't married. You are an old boy!"

"It's all very simple, and perfectly natural, my old friend. The child is my step-child."

"Oh, then—"

"You will like the child, Mamsell; she is willing, obedient, and trusty. And if the Herr Commandant makes no objections—"

"Leave that to me."

"Then you have only to set the time when I shall bring her for you to see."

The housekeeper reflected. Geigenfritz went on:

"I don't care about wages. I am sure that, under your care and instruction, the girl will learn things, and that's worth more than wages."

"Harkye, Herr Corporal: when can you bring the child to me?"

"Very soon."

"On Monday?"

"Yes, on Monday."

"Let her bring her things with her. Then she can stay right on up there."

"Won't the Herr Commandant—"

"No, he won't. I'll be your security for that. All's settled, then. On Monday. And then we'll talk more about the art of being bullet-proof."

"It's all settled."

"But, neighbor, it's high time to break up now."

"One more glass at parting, my most respected Mamsell. Your health!"

"Thank you kindly."

Sub-officer Long and Mamsell Blewstone took their leave, and departed. Geigenfritz and Schrader went out in front of the arbor.

"They are there," said Geigenfritz, pointing to the fortress.

"Who?"

"All three: Count Arnstein, Captain Horberg, and Vorhöff."

"Are you certain?"

"As good as certain."

"And the Princess?"

"Likely enough; but I'm not sure."

"So my intelligence indicates."

"We shall perhaps find out more accurately. I've provided a place for Anna Hammer."

"Where?"

"Up there with the big housekeeper. She is to be her assistant—and ours."

"You are a true devil's helper!"

"Your most obedient servant."

The Councilor here joined them, saying, to Schrader:

"I've been thinking the matter over."

"What matter?"

"About the girl. I won't give her to that clownish fellow with the cudgel."

"There spoke a noble father. The rest will take care of itself."

his back bent for a long time, when they bore his corpse to the bed of state, from thence to the lofty catafalco, and from thence to the deep burial vault. And very likely, too, during those years which he had lived, he had known more of sorrow and grief than of joy and happiness. In common with the other princes of Germany, he had endured foreign oppression. It was harder and more grievous for him to bear it than for many others; for a voice within kept whispering to him that it was a guilty misery; that for a prince to endure oppression from a foreign master, was invariably the result of the suppression of the liberties of the people by their own ruler; and that a prince who rested for support upon a free people, since he himself would not rule over slaves, could never become the slave of another. An inward voice had kept uttering this to him during the period of his foreign oppression; and it cried this out to him when the German people had flung off the foreign yoke. But this voice, unfortunately, could not force its way to his will; for though his understanding was clear and his disposition kindly, his will was feeble, and he was always under the guidance of a clique who knew how to lead and mislead him. But yet this inward voice could never be silenced; and its summons drove all satisfaction from his bosom. In his family, also, he experienced only sorrow. It was a heavy grief and a bitter sorrow; and the grief was only so much the heavier, that he had no friendly or kindred heart to which he might complain; and so the bitterness of his sorrow became still more corroding.

Alas for the prince who lacks both a friend and a free people;—and he will be without a friend who is without a free people; and he will lack a free people, if he has no friend.

The Crown Prince, after the death of his grandfather, had assumed the government.

An heir apparent rarely resembles his father; still more rarely his grandfather. They are not wont to follow the example of their fathers; they go directly counter to that of their grandfathers. This, however, relates only to the external aspect of their governments. The inner spirit of an absolute government is always the same. Alas for the blindness of that spirit!

How should it be otherwise with the government of princes who look upon their country and their people as their own property, than it is with the conduct of people in respect to their property in general? The son always makes a use of his property different from that of the father; and the grandson makes a use different from that of the grandfather.

No sooner had the new ruler declared to his people that it would be his highest glory to tread in the footsteps of his revered grandfather, now resting in God, than he dismissed the councilors and confidants of that grandfather, and recalled those persons whom his predecessor had thought it necessary to banish from intercourse with his grandson; and appointed those his ministers and

CHAPTER IX.

TIDINGS FROM LIFE.

THE monarch was dead. Who shall say whether the natural course of age put a period to his existence, or whether the shocks of fortune hurried him to the grave before his time? Well, he had numbered a long course of years, and his hair had been white, his eye dim, and

confidants, whom his grandfather would not admit into his councils.

The new government was speedily in operation. The country was astonished, awaited, feared, hoped, grieved: but it was silent: the press was under a censorship.

The customary period of strict public mourning had elapsed. A day of general rejoicing was appointed. The oath of allegiance had been taken by the local authorities in the principal places in the country. The superior functionaries were summoned to the capital for the same purpose.

The military and the civil superintendents of the fortress—the Commandant and the Director—were summoned. As there was much to be seen and heard upon such an occasion, Madame Blewstone, the Commandant's housekeeper, did not fail to appoint herself one of her master's suite, in order, as she said, that his wants and conveniencies might be properly cared for.

The day for taking the oath had come, and the carriage of the Commandant, which was to take the three to the city stood harnessed in the court-yard. The Director was ready to set out. The housekeeper was in the carriage with her gear in order, and her necessaries and conveniences packed for the journey. But the Commandant kept them waiting for him. Old soldiers are usually very quick and punctual, or extremely slow and irregular. The Commandant now and then belonged to the latter class. He had such an infinity of orders and directions to give, that the Director's servant, who had been sent to inquire, and had now come back with tidings, assured them that there would be no getting off for half an hour.

The Director thereupon went quietly about his business.

Prisons and penitentiaries, beyond all other institutions, afford the most abundant materials for the observation and study of human nature. Every order and calling which can conduce to humane ends, may there find materials for its activity.

The office of the Director of this prison was rich in appliances for the knowledge of the human heart. He made it a point to have every prisoner who was committed brought before him in the first place, and also to be personally present at every interview which was granted between the prisoner and the relatives or friends who came to visit them. He was perfectly acquainted with every convict and with his history.

A prisoner who had just been received was announced, at the moment when the servant brought intelligence of the delay in setting out. The Director ordered the new-comer to be ushered in. He was a young man of not unpleasing exterior, and apparently of good family. He appeared downcast and sorrowful.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the Director, in a kindly tone.

"From the prison at the capital."

"What is your offense?"

"They say that I have committed a theft."

"They say!" Young man, none are confined here but criminals who have been convicted, and are therefore sent here for punishment. We have nothing to do with those who are merely charged with an offense."

"I assure you, Herr Director, that I am innocent."

"I hear that story every day from the most hardened offenders, but never from the penitent and less guilty. You will understand that this story does not prepossess me in favor of the person that comes with it to me."

"I must hold to my assertion. I have not been convicted."

"Not convicted! How is that?"

The Director broke open the documents which accompanied the prisoner. He glanced hastily over them at first, then with more attention, and, at last, with increased interest. From the papers he looked at the prisoner, and from the prisoner to the papers; and then became very thoughtful. The prisoner followed his every movement with great anxiety.

"You must be convinced, sir, that I have not been convicted, and so am not committed."

"Your case is certainly very singular. You are, by special order, to remain here until further notice. But, from the fact that you have not been convicted, it does not follow that you are innocent."

"But, sir, I should suppose, on the contrary, that so long as a person has not been convicted, he should be considered to be innocent."

"Perhaps not always. There are strong grounds of suspicion against you."

"Will you denominate the most innocent circumstances, added to the grossest falsehoods of some secret enemy, grounds of suspicion? Against these balance one single circumstance. If I had stolen the Princess's jewels—an ornament of such immense value, and which would have assured me an almost princely, at all events a perfectly easy life, in a distant country—would I have remained in the capital, a quietly laboring artisan, without being able to enjoy the fruits of my crimes, and in danger of detection at any moment?"

"We often find, especially in very grave offenses, an inconceivable blindness and carelessness. You must acknowledge the weight of the grounds of suspicion that lie against you: You are a jeweler. You had before made some repairs in the stolen ornament; you had been in the cabinet of the Princess. Early on the morning of the theft you were seen in the park. Since the theft you have spent more money than before."

"Have you read my defense?"

"You certainly explain every thing naturally enough."

"Why will you allow weight to the facts upon only one side of the case?"

"We can not debate the matter. My object was to become better acquainted with you, in order to labor for your good, as far as lies in my power."

The Director called an inspector to take the prisoner away.

"The prisoner," said he, "is put in special custody. He will be kept apart, and must speak with no one; do you hear? with no one."

"It shall be done."

The prisoner was taken away. Any one who had seen the look which he cast toward heaven, as he was forced to encounter his dreadful fate, would have sworn that he was innocent.

A father was now announced, who wished to visit his son who was in confinement. The Director ordered the son to be brought, in the first place, and then the father to be admitted. The culprit made his appearance. He was a stout, rough-looking lad.

"Your father wishes to speak with you."

"I don't care!"

"Have you no better feelings, upon seeing, for the first time your old father, whom you have made miserable?"

The fellow said nothing, but looked very unconcerned. The father entered—a countryman with white hair and an anxious countenance. He held out his hand to his son, looking at him at first with a half-averted face, but soon with the full, strong glance of paternal love also. At the first entrance of the old man, the prisoner looked down to the ground; but he soon looked at the old man with an impudent stare. For a while both stood in silence. The father seemed to be waiting for the son to say something; who seemed obstinately bent on not speaking.

"My son," said the old man at last, with a sorrowful voice, "what a shame you have brought upon your brothers and sisters, and what a misfortune upon yourself."

The culprit tossed his head insolently.

"My son a thief! All my long life I've lived honestly. All your brothers are fine fellows, and your sisters have all married honest men. You only, the youngest, whom I have loved more than all of them, to fall into such a way, and to bring such shame upon us!"

"If you've only come to jaw at me, father, you'd better have staid at home."

"I would speak to your conscience, my child."

"The chaplain here does that."

"But the chaplain has not the love of a father toward his lost child."

"If I was lost to you, you might have let me be where I was."

The Director interposed. "Old man," said he, "break off this conversation that can only pierce your heart; but do not despair; come back again in four weeks; and, in the mean time, trust in God and in time. And you, young man, look within your own self, and during this four weeks, have the image of your old father before your eyes, day and night." He then dismissed them both.

Two country people were now announced, a man and his wife, who wished to visit their daughter who was in prison. The girl had

been in the institution for nearly a year. During that time she had not seen her parents.

The Director directed the parents to be admitted. They were a couple of aged peasants, dressed simply but neatly. The features of the man were strong, though an unquiet expectation was visible in them. The woman's eyes were full of tears. The looks of both were fixed immovably upon the door through which the daughter was to enter.

The door opened, and a young girl came in, wearing the gray clothing of the institution. The shapeless garments could not hide her delicate figure. Gnawing grief, and the unhealthy atmosphere of a prison had not extinguished the soft brightness of her eyes, nor destroyed the pure transparency of her complexion.

She did not know, nor even anticipate, that she was to meet her parents. When she saw them, she stood astounded upon the threshold of the door; and then by a sudden impulse covered her face with both hands, turned around, and was about to rush away, as though she was not worthy to look upon the face of her father and mother, or as if she could not bear their observation.

The mother sprang to her, caught her in her arms, and pressed her to her mother-heart. The girl flung her arms about her mother. Neither could speak a word. The old man looked up toward heaven.

"Mother, mother! O my poor mother!" sobbed out the girl at last.

She tore herself from her mother, and approaching her father held out her hand. He took it and pressed it, looking into her eyes. The expression of his countenance grew softer.

"Father, mother," exclaimed the daughter, "can you forgive the shame and sorrow I have brought upon your old age?"

"My child," said the mother, "We are not come to reproach you. You have erred; but if you repent, the Lord will forgive you; and shall not your parents do likewise?"

"Herr Director," cried Madame Blewstone, coming into the room, dressed out for the approaching ceremonial, as probably she had never before in her life been dressed out—for she had never experienced the delight of dressing herself out for her own wedding—"Herr Director, the Herr Commandant is now ready."

"My good people," said the Director to the parents of the prisoner, "your daughter conducts herself so well, that I hope to be able to procure her pardon before the year is out."

He then gave orders to a keeper to let the girl remain alone with her parents for another hour; and then took his departure, with Madame Blewstone.

The Commandant was already seated in the carriage, from which he was giving directions to the head-officer, who stood upon the steps. The same proceeding went on, while the Director was getting in, on the part of the housekeeper toward Anna Hammer, her assistant in her household duties. This accomplished, the good

dame squeezed her bulky person into the carriage, which then drove off; the gate of the fortress closing behind it.

Anna Hammer had been introduced into the fortress by Geigenfritz as his grand-daughter. On this occasion the housekeeper had fetched a couple of bottles of wine from the Commandant's cellar, and had invited her friend, the sub-officer Long. The two old soldiers conversed about old times and military adventures, and the housekeeper talked with Geigenfritz about the art of becoming bullet-proof. Geigenfritz, on this occasion let out many secrets thereanent, without being able to gain any in return. He took his leave, wishing himself better fortune another time, and commending Anna Hammer to the kind care of her new protectress.

Anna Hammer, by her character, gay and spirited, brisk and clever, serviceable and trustworthy, soon gained the entire approbation as well of the housekeeper as of Sub-officer Long.

The housekeeper and the sub-officer appeared to be almost inseparable. If she was not with the Commandant, or doing something for him, and if he was not on duty, one might reckon upon finding him in her company, puffing away at his short pipe, and looking straight before him. He did not speak a great deal, and she was not very talkative. All that was necessary for them seemed to be to bestow their company upon each other. Formerly he had performed various trifling services for her, and she had been used to do a good many like offices for him in return; but now Anna performed these services for both of them.

In particular she soon performed one very essential service for him. The fortress served the purposes of a prison of a twofold character. Primarily and according to its original destination, it was erected as a place of punishment for offenders from the common ranks of life. These, and the buildings designed for them, were under the charge of the Director and the keepers immediately subject to him. But besides these, and by way of exception, prisoners of state were admitted, who were under exclusive military supervision, and thus immediately in the charge of the Commandant, who as chief officer had command of the whole fortress. The structures in which these state prisoners were confined lay outside of the others, were separated from them, and had separate entrances. They were connected with the residence of the Commandant. To these pertained the low round tower. Separate from the buildings of the two prisons were the barracks of the garrison. No one was permitted to enter that part of the fortress in which were the state prisoners and the Commandant's residence, without permission from that officer, or in case of his absence, that of his deputy. No one occupied this, except the Commandant with his household and assistants, and the sub-officers Long and Lewald, who officiated as keepers of the prisoners of state. This part of the fortress had its own special guard, which was set every day.

Sub-officer Lewald did not appear to be on very intimate terms with his comrade Long, nor with Madame Blewstone. He passed the greater part of his time in the watch-room.

These two functionaries had charge of the round tower. Whether Lewald had other duties, Anna Hammer could not determine. Long, at all events, had nothing else to do. Inside, the tower was divided into two parts, a northern and a southern one. Each half had its own entrance, and its own staircase, and stories. Whether they were connected by doors within, Anna Hammer could not learn. The duties in the tower were divided between the two sub-officers, so that one had charge of the northern and the other of the southern portion.

Long had seen many years of life, and much active service. These had somewhat bent his knees and stiffened his limbs; and any alleviation of his duties was therefore doubly acceptable to him. It was particularly difficult for him to mount the stairs, especially when he had any thing to carry.

Now he had to mount two pair of stairs twice a day, once to carry up bread and water, the other time to take his dinner to a prisoner in the tower, Colonel von Horberg. He used to lament, in the presence of Anna, over this grievance. One day, after a twice-repeated complaint of this kind, he was about to take for the third time his weary way, when he saw the kindly and serviceable Anna Hammer standing waiting for him, with the bread and water-jug.

"What's the meaning of this, my child?" he asked, with his accustomed seriousness.

"It's so troublesome for you to carry it, dear Herr Long, that I wished to help you."

"Ho, ho, my little lambkin, that won't do. Nobody must go into the tower without orders from the Commandant. Have you any such to show?"

"But, my dear Herr Long, I am only going in with you."

"No matter for that. You mustn't. Give it here."

"But, dear Herr Long, the Commandant would surely not object to me. Hasn't he given Mamsell Blewstone leave to take me into the house?"

"No matter. I must not do it. Nobody else must go into the tower."

"But, dear Herr Long, what if Mamsell Blewstone would only help you to carry them sometimes?"

He stood and reflected, but could not come to any clear decision. "That would be quite another matter," said he.

The girl would not give the matter up.

"But, dear Herr Long," repeated she, with a persistent obstinacy, which of itself was almost sufficient to make him hesitate; "the Commandant has not given permission for Mamsell Blewstone to go with you into the tower either, and if you would take her with you, you couldn't refuse me too."

Either this logic convinced him, or he yielded

to the wish to have the weary mounting of the stairs lightened. At any rate he yielded, with a great deal of fretting and grumbling. The girl was suffered to accompany him, and went with him every day from that time.

But she could not accompany him on his way to the second prisoner Vorhöff, who was confined below in the tower. Long here was so inexorably strict, that it seemed that he wished by this means to quiet the reproaches of his conscience for his compliance with respect to the first prisoner.

Geigenfritz, when he introduced Anna into the fortress, made her aware of the object of her abode there, and had furnished her with particular instructions. She was to furnish him with the most accurate information possible of the place where Count Arnstein, Captain Horberg, her brother-in-law Vorhöff, and, no less, the Princess Amelia, the wife of Count Edward von Arnstein, were imprisoned, if in the fortress. She was to endeavor to gain access to them, and to consult with them respecting the plans for their liberation. Her sister had given her a letter for Vorhöff, and Schrader another for Horberg. Geigenfritz had visited her twice during her residence in the fortress, and both times he had brought her a new letter from Schrader to Horberg.

Up to this time she had neither been able to deliver either of the letters, or to speak with one of the prisoners. Not even the name of either of the prisoners was known, for they passed by numbers, not by their names. This was the case when engaged on duty, and in private conversation. Anna did not dare to ask any questions, for fear of arousing suspicion.

On the present day—the day when the oath of allegiance was to be administered—many, very many, things were to happen. The Commandant was away, and the housekeeper with him. Sub-officer Long was sick, and had kept his bed for three days. Lewald performed his duties for him, and Anna had never accompanied him into the tower.

To-day she would do something toward her project, perhaps in a great measure accomplish it. To-day she would venture much; but if she won she would win much too. Hitherto she had been to but a single prisoner, and to but one cell. Who the prisoner was she did not know. She merely guessed, or rather suspected. It was not her brother-in-law; it could not be the old Count Arnstein, for the man whom she had seen was in the full vigor of his years. It could, therefore, only be Captain von Horberg, for she not been told of a fourth prisoner. Yet what assurance had she that there were not other prisoners of whom she knew nothing, confined in those great gloomy buildings? What assurance, in particular, had she that the scanty and unsatisfactory information which Geigenfritz had gleaned at the fair, and had communicated to her, concerned just those persons of whom they were in search? How frequently do not our hopes and wishes deceive us.

That there was a second prisoner in the very tower in which the supposed Horberg was confined, and below his cell, she knew from the fact that Long had the charge over him. According to Geigenfritz's supposition this was her brother-in-law. But beyond this, she knew nothing at all. She did not even know the position of his cell, for Long had never taken her with him when he went to the prisoner, and without the sub-officer she had hitherto never ventured to approach the tower.

That in the same tower, but in the other division of it, there was a third prisoner, who was under charge of the sub-officer Lewald, appeared partly from the information Geigenfritz had imparted to her, and was in part confirmed by the conversation between Long and the housekeeper. But further than this she had hitherto been able to learn nothing about him.

This was all that she knew.

Of the Princess she had been unable to discover the slightest trace. She had closely watched all the steps of the housekeeper, but had never seen her set her foot into any other building than that occupied by the Commandant, in which she resided. She indeed went every day into the upper story of this, where Anna could not follow her; but in this was the Commandant's sitting-room; and there was nothing to indicate that the extensive apartments of that story served as a residence, voluntary or involuntary, for any other person.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the Commandant's carriage drove off. Bread and water had already been carried to the prisoners, and nobody troubled themselves any further about them, unless something special happened, till noon, when their dinner was taken to them. She had, therefore, full four hours' time for the execution of her project. But there were also many obstacles to overcome. She set about the work with her naturally hopeful spirit.

Her plan was, in the first place, to seek out her brother-in-law. Family affection attached her to him first of all. From him she would go to Horberg, and afterward she would endeavor to discover the Count. She was anxious not to leave her design half accomplished—she wished not merely to ask and receive intelligence from them, but to give them also the letters intrusted to her for them. It was only natural that the prisoners should long for nothing more earnestly than for tidings and tokens of love from their friends. Besides, might not the letters contain important intelligence which they did not wish to intrust to her orally? In her visits with Long she had convinced herself, by the closest inspection, that the door and trap opening into Horberg's cell were closed so fast and closely that it would not be possible to introduce even a needle. That the openings to her brother-in-law's cell were of the same character, was fairly presumable. She must, therefore, find out some other means of giving them the letters. Only one method presented itself as possible—a

very doubtful and perilous one certainly, but all her reflection could not show her another; and so this must be boldly attempted. She must endeavor to get possession of the keys either of the doors or the little traps of the cells.

Sub-officer Long had fastened to a great iron ring all the keys of the cells confided to his charge. He always carried them with him, as though they were sacred relics. At night they lay by his bed, so that the first almost unconscious grasp of his hand was fastened upon them. Though during his illness his comrade Lewald performed his duties for him, yet Long would only intrust the keys to him during the time that they were absolutely indispensable. Lewald was obliged to fetch them himself every time that he used them, and when he had used them, to lay them again in their place.

Now in what manner should she get them into her possession, without exciting the observation of the sick soldier. The project was not of easy execution. Anna Hammer could form no definite plan for this purpose, and was forced to throw herself upon her good fortune. To take them away for a moment without being detected, would not have been impossible, but it was just as possible, indeed it was certain, that Long, while she was away, would look around for the keys, and miss them: and if he missed them, every thing was lost.

Anna Hammer confided in her good-fortune. She cheered up her own heart, which threatened to become a little heavy, closed up the house-keeper's room, and betook herself to the chamber of Sub-officer Long. The sick soldier lay upon his bed in a burning fever. His face glowed, and his eyes sparkled with a sickly brightness, from the fire of the fever, but they had not lost the power of vision, and as he tossed about on his bed, they fell continually upon the mysterious keys, which lay spread out on their heavy ring upon a chair close by his bed.

"Are they gone?" asked he of the girl as she entered.

"The carriage drove off from the door a few minutes ago. Do you want any thing, Herr Long?"

"I'm terribly hot. Reach me the water."

She gave him the toast-water that was standing upon a table. He drank, and gave it back to her.

"Sit down there."

She took her seat upon the foot of the bed. But a single step from her, at the head of the bed, lay the keys upon a chair. She needed only to stretch out her hand, to get possession of them. But he needed only to reach out his hand from the bed, or to alter the direction of his eyes, to discover the loss. Vainly and ever vainly did she puzzle her little head. One minute passed after another. She became almost in an agony. Should he die—old man as he was—the thought all at once came into her mind, then all difficulties would be out of the way; but she grew uncomfortable at the thought,

and shuddered amid the deathlike stillness that surrounded her.

The physician of the establishment came in to visit the sick man. He found his condition worse than it was the day before; the fever was higher. He shook his head.

"What has been doing here?" he asked.

Anna answered him that the patient had been kept quiet, and had implicitly followed the directions that had been left; and that nothing particular had occurred. The sick man confirmed the statement.

But the physician knew whom he had to deal with. "I know all about it already," said he. "Mamsell Blewstone, before she set out, was with you, with ever so many directions and things to attend to; and the consequences are plain enough before us."

This could not be denied.

"Your case is critical, my dear Long," said the physician. "The mistake that has been made must be made up for. I must order for you the most absolute quiet, you must not speak another word to-day. I make you, my little one, responsible for it that nobody is admitted to the patient, and that nobody speaks a word to him to-day. I will come again in the afternoon."

He went away. He had spoken and given his directions in the most decided manner. Anna had not lost a single word of them. She looked at them from two sides. All became suddenly plain to her little head. The means were found. She could not fail of getting the keys. The sick soldier himself came to her assistance.

"Go about your work, and leave me alone," said he to her, when the physician had gone. "The doctor was right. I must have quiet. Put the medicine and the water here upon the chair; and don't let any body in to me."

Old soldier as he was, he was afraid of death when presented to him upon a sick bed.

Anna did as she was directed. Then she said, and her voice was even more tremulous than she feared it would have been:

"But the keys?"

"Lewald will come and get them."

"But nobody must come to you."

"Lewald won't disturb me."

"The doctor made no exception, and you always say that the doctor must be obeyed, like an officer on a field of battle."

"Well, what shall we do?"

"It seems to me that you must make an exception to-day, and give the keys to Herr Lewald. I will take them to him."

He grew restless. "Let Lewald have the keys?"

"But you must let him have them at noon."

"But you—" He looked thoughtfully at the girl.

"Well," said she, laughing. "They won't be too heavy for me."

She took the bunch of keys up and balanced them in her hand. It seemed as though he became easier when he saw the keys in the hand

of the girl. At last, he made no further objections.

"I will take them," said she.

He was silent for a moment. Then, after a struggle he said:

"Take them, in God's name!"

He turned over with his face to the wall. The girl left the room with the keys.

The first obstacle was surmounted. For three or four hours was she mistress of the means of communicating with the prisoners. She was also safe from detection; for she believed that she might be assured that Lewald would not go to his comrade before noon. It was now necessary to get into the tower in some unnoticed and unsuspected manner.

This tower stood at a distance of about fifty paces from the residence of the Commandant. Between them lay a wide space surrounded by buildings. This space itself was open, and the way from the Commandant's house to the tower lay directly across it. Before the Commandant's door, a sentinel was posted. Another sentinel was posted before each of the two doors of the tower, which stood open during the day. To get into the tower without being seen, was impossible. There was nothing left but to endeavor to effect an entrance without exciting suspicion. Anna Hammer had already formed her plan. That very useful and treacherous domestic animal, the cat, was to assist her in carrying it into execution. But her design was one in which the end sanctifies the means.

Among the household goods of the house-keeper was a young kitten. It was a cunning, playful creature. The girl was accustomed to play with it in her solitary and unoccupied hours. She had no other playfellow in the fortress, and the heart must have something to rest upon—especially the heart of a young maiden. The creature was much attached to her, and followed her about, as a dog does his master—or as an old general does absolutism—only in a more kindly manner.

With the letters and the keys in her pocket, and the kitten in her arms, Anna Hammer went out of the door of the Commandant's residence into the court. She looked about in the warm sunbeams, and stroked and fondled the kitten, as carelessly and innocently, to all appearance, as though there was no such thing as a sentinel, nor any thing else, in the court, or in the whole world. She sauntered from one side of the court to the other; now setting the kitten down upon the stones, and letting it catch her; now taking it up again in her arms, and stroking it; then letting it go, to chase it and be chased by it; and dancing and leaping about with it. The old mustached sentinels before the house and tower looked with grim pleasure upon the good-natured innocent girl and her pretty playfellow. Any body else, indeed, would have been equally pleased, but there was nobody else in the court.

Without exciting any observation she came close up to the tower. Livelier grew the chasing and springing, the catching and seizing.

Anna ran into the tower, the kitten sprang after her; she ran out again, the creature hung upon her dress.

Again she sprang into the tower, through the door which led to Horberg's cell; the kitten ran in with her. She stood still in the gloomy hall, beyond the door. She took the kitten in her arms. Her heart throbbed; she listened: she could hear only the beating of her heart, and the quiet, measured step of the sentinels. Should she venture it? She did venture.

The hall of the tower was small, and full of turns and corners. A few steps from the entrance, she found herself at the foot of a winding stone staircase, leading to the upper story. To the right of the stairs ran a passage, narrow and dark, like the hall, having no light except what it gained from the doorway, upon which account, in fact, it was that the door was left standing open by day.

In this passage must be the cell of Vorhöff; for there was no other outlet, and she knew that the second of the prisoners under the charge of Long, was confined in the lower passage. But the position of the cell was entirely unknown to her, for she had never been in the passage except when she had accompanied Long; and she could go with him only up the stairs.

Anna Hammer kept fast hold of her kitten, in order to be sure that it should not escape; then she began to jump, and step about, to coax and call, in order that the sentinel outside might suppose nothing else than that the girl was hunting for her cat in the dark tower, or was chasing back and forth with it. In the mean while—for the girl had not formed her plan of campaign without forethought—the clock of the fortress struck nine, the hour for relieving guard. Directly upon the last stroke, the recall sounded; two fresh sentinels took their post before the doors of the tower. They knew nothing about the girl's being within the tower. She remained in silence.

Cautiously she crept further into the passage. There were in it six doors upon the outer side, all in a row. By the side of each door was a closed trap. The construction was the same as above. Her brother-in-law must be behind one of these doors. She began her more careful investigations at the last of these. She knocked gently upon the door, and then listened. There was no stir within: she knocked again, and then placed her ear against the strong iron-knobbed door. There was no answer, no sound, no movement within. She knocked louder, and called softly the name of Vorhöff, then his Christian name, Adolph. It was all in vain. This cell was empty. She went to the next cell, and repeated the same procedure. In vain. This cell too was unoccupied. She gained the same conviction from the third, fourth, and fifth cells. There was only the sixth one left. If the person she sought was to be found in this passage, it could only be in this cell. It was the one nearest the entrance of the tower, at

a distance from it of scarcely three paces, and thus as near as possible to the sentinel, who, with the least attention, must hear the slightest movement. Knocking, speaking, or any loud sound, would betray her. The opening of the door, or even of the trap, was not to be thought of. The sentinel, in his short, regular rounds, went a little further off; but the distance was too small, and the return too immediate.

Great anxiety and apprehension fell upon the maiden. She scarcely dared to breathe. All her courage seemed suddenly to have deserted her in this posture of affairs, of which she had not previously thought. Who can blame this tender child, thus left all alone to herself? It is rather a matter for admiration that she was able, upon the spur of the moment, to form another plan. Horberg's cell was well known to her. She could get access to him without any disturbance. Perhaps he could give her some tidings of the abode of her brother-in-law. At all events, he could aid her with his counsel.

Lightly she mounted the stairs, and gained the well-known cell. Almost inaudibly she drew the keys from her pocket. She compared each of them with the shape and size of the key-hole of the trap by the side of the door, and selected what she supposed to be the right one. Again, as she took hold of the key to open the trap, the poor child was seized with the same anxiety—an anxiety that fell upon her suddenly and almost without object, and threatened all the more to unnerve her. Her breath almost failed her, her heart throbbed; but once again she nerved herself.

She took the key, with a firm and decided hand, and placed it in the key-hole. It fitted. She turned it, and the lock opened more easily than she anticipated. The trap stood open.

She heard a rustling from within; but no one approached the opening. It seemed as though the occupant of the cell had merely raised himself up or turned around, surprised perhaps at the sudden and quite unusual opening of the trap. But he did not approach.

"Herr von Horberg!" said the girl, in a low and scarcely audible voice, but to utter which she had to summon up all her courage.

The occupant of the cell sprang suddenly up, and in an instant stood by the opened trap. His face was close to that of the girl. The beams of the clear mid-day sun, uninterrupted by the window-plate fell brightly into the cell.

Anna Hammer had seen Captain Von Horberg; but he had never seen her. When she had accompanied the sub-officer, she had been obliged to stand directly behind him; and Horberg, who could not suppose that there was another human being by his door, had no inducement to direct his view toward the dark space behind the old soldier.

She had only caught a passing sight of him. She had scarcely seen more of him than the black hair and beard. With a peculiar curiosity she had often looked toward the man, who had excited her interest from the hard fate

of his sad, solitary imprisonment. Her heart had been filled with sympathy for him, and this interest and sympathy must of necessity have been greatly augmented in case it were actually Horberg whom she saw, and recognized as the friend and companion in suffering of her brother-in-law. But she had never been able to obtain a more accurate view of his features. To-day, for the first time, she saw his countenance. All at once she saw, close before her eyes, the visage, pale and hollow, yet noble; the finely-cut aquiline nose; the high, broad forehead; the sparkling eyes turned full upon her—a countenance to which the black hair and beard; framed in, as it were, by the sides of the opening by prison-door gave a peculiar and almost ideal charm. This image made an impression upon the maiden which for a moment constricted her heart in a manner which she had never before felt.

Captain Von Horberg was perhaps no less surprised when—already surprised by the altogether unwonted visit, and by the calling of his name, and the soft voice which uttered it—he saw suddenly the lovely and charming countenance of the maiden hardly arrived at her bloom, who trembling, pale, anxious, and perplexed, stood before him, and who appeared so much the more lovely and charming, the more perplexed and embarrassed she grew.

She had doubtless determined what she would say to him, when she should stand before him; but now when she actually was in his presence, she had not a single word. The natural exhaustion which followed her violent excitement was not calculated to relieve the embarrassment into which the peculiarity of her situation, and more especially the presence of the stranger, had unavoidably plunged her. In her confusion she pressed the kitten still more closely to her, and grew still more confused, as she thought what a singular appearance she presented, bestowing these tokens of affection upon the symbol of falsehood.

"What have you brought for me?" asked Captain von Horberg, softening his deep voice to a tone of gentle kindness.

Even this friendly question did not at once give back to her the power of speech. Again he asked of her:

"What have you brought me, my child?"

All at once the immediate object which had brought her to him was clear before her mind.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I am seeking for my brother-in-law Vorhöff, your friend, your fellow-prisoner. I have a message for him and for you, from your friend Schrader."

If he had already looked upon her with a curious regard, now all his thoughts and attention were directed to her as one is wont to do to some mysterious apparition that stands in the act of unfolding the volume of some great and important fate.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Vorhöff's sister-in-law."

"How came you here?"

"Of that afterwards. I hope I shall often come to you. Now I seek but one thing of you. Do you know any thing about Vorhöff? Is he here? Where is he kept?"

"He is here."

"And where?"

"In this building just below me, in the lower story."

"Exactly below you?"

"The window of my cell lies directly over his."

She reflected. Horberg's cell was the corner one, on the right side of the tower. Then, unfortunately, the door close to the entrance of the tower, a few paces from the sentinel, was actually the one that led to her brother-in-law's cell.

"What shall I do?" she said, half audibly, to herself.

"You seem to be in some perplexity," said he. "Tell me what embarrasses you; perhaps I may be able to assist you, if not by actions, at any rate with my advice."

"I know now, from your description, the cell of my poor brother-in-law. It is close by the door that leads into the tower, and by this door stands a sentinel."

"Does the sentinel stand inside of the tower?"

"Outside of it, in the court."

"Have you the key of his cell?"

"That of his and of yours."

"The keys of the doors, or only those of the side-traps?"

"Those of the doors also."

"I have an idea. Perhaps I can give you some assistance. Have you courage?"

She had now fully recovered her presence of mind, and her full joyous courage. At this question she looked at him with her peculiar brisk laugh. He understood the answer involved in that.

"You are right, my bold little one," said he. "Without courage greater than that of a child, without a most extraordinary boldness, you would never have been here. Then listen to my proposition. Give me the key to his cell, and do you go out into the court before the tower, in which you say we are, and find some means to absorb the attention of the sentinel standing there. In the meantime I will open Vorhöff's cell. Then do you come back. Reflect upon this project."

She reflected—she had already reflected upon every word he had spoken. But her determination was not at once formed. Her reflections presented the picture of one danger after another. Horberg, her brother-in-law, she herself, all of them, would be exposed to the most fearful consequences, should the bold step proposed to her be discovered. And how easy, how probable, was the discovery. Most of all, she was deterred by the thought, in the event of being detected, of her deep and annihilating confusion in presence of the housekeeper and the old sub-officer, who had received her with all confidence; but she could not hide from herself how sorely she had already abused this confidence; and that

it was for the very purpose of abusing it that she had gained that confidence.

Anna Hammer was not to be justified. She did not even justify herself; she could only summon up, in order to silence the voice of conscience, the misery of her brother-in-law, the woes of her sister. But the contest within her could not by this means be composed. The heart of the child, of the woman, has a ready resource in such cases. Anna's overburdened heart found relief in a flood of tears.

Captain von Horberg, in increasing astonishment, had kept his eyes fixed upon her.

"Will you not trust me?" asked he, in a tone of sympathy. "Do you fear an abuse of the momentary liberty which you would bestow upon me? The word of honor of a friend of Vorhöff should be a sufficient pledge to you that you have nothing to fear."

He had previously doubted her courage; now he doubted her confidence in his word of honor—the last thing, perhaps, besides his friendship for her brother-in-law, that remained to him of all the ties that bound him to life. Could she any longer delay? Quickly she stifled the weak voice of conscience. Quickly was her determination formed.

Without uttering a word, she sought the well known key to the door of the cell. And as rapidly as the decision had been formed, she unlocked it.

"Come with me," said she, with the full courage of a firm decision, and of unswerving confidence.

He took her hand in silence, as, for the first time in five years, he stepped outside of his cell.

What feelings must have stormed through him, as he saw behind him the narrow space in which for so many days, so many nights, so many hours, he had been caged up, like a wild beast, given up to all the fearful thoughts, all the consuming feelings which impotence and hopelessness can induce in the human soul. And yet, what had he now gained? Was he set at liberty? It was only a dream that bore him from one prison cell to another, just to plunge him back, in a few minutes, into that old narrow space, into the old impotence and the old hopelessness.

He trembled and hung tottering—he the strong vigorous man—on the hand of the weak girl, who yet walked firmly and confidently by his side.

She led him through the gloomy passage to the winding stair at its further end. Carefully and lightly they descended the steps. They reached the foot of them, and stood in the little hall close by the door that led into the court. The door was open, and for the first time in five years the eye of Horberg beheld something besides the walls of his cell and a narrow stripe of the heavens. But this could be only for a second, for the next moment the sentinel might stand in or before the door. By a quick stride he was behind the stairs in the dusky hall. Anna Hammer gave him the keys, and pointed with her

hand to the door which was to be opened. She then sprang through the door of the tower, out into the court.

Here she was again the unconcerned girl, playing merrily, prettily, and deceitfully with her pretty, merry, and deceitful playfellow. She flung the kitten down from her arms, and gambled about with it. In her haste she had be-thought herself of no other means of occupying the attention of the sentinel. She sprang close up to the soldier, and hindered him from approaching the door of the tower; she chased the cat between his legs till he was almost dum-founded. He seemed, like the lion, to be no friend to the feline race. She begged his pardon, laughing aloud, both to hide her inward agony, and also to drown the noise which she fancied she heard from the tower at that instant. She asked him what o'clock it was, and when he had given her the information, said she thought she should have time to play awhile longer, and once more chased the cat into the tower.

She went into the cell of her brother, which stood open, thoughtfully leaving the door ajar behind her.

The two friends were locked in each other's arms, their eyes suffused with tears, but with smiles upon their lips. They had not exchanged a word.

"Anna!" was the first word that was uttered. The pale, sunken prisoner, in whom Anna, almost with terror, recognized her brother-in-law Vorhöff, uttered the name, when he became aware of the presence of the girl. He tore himself from the arms of his friend, and flung himself into those of his sister.

She clung weeping to him; but in the midst of her tears, in the midst of her pain, and her joy she still remained the same thoughtful and careful being.

"Speak low, for heaven's sake," she whispered.

"Anna, my dear Anna, how came you here? How fares my wife? How is my Joanna?"

"She sent me! Oh that she were here in my place."

"How is she? speak."

"She is now well. Friends have cared for her. She lives, as we all do, only in thoughts of you. Your son, too, is well. He's a fine merry fellow."

"A son! my son!—His name?"

"Paul."

"Oh tell me, tell me of all of them."

Anna drew out the letters, and gave to her brother-in-law the one belonging to him.

"Here," said she, "Joanna and Schrader have written every thing to you. I have letters for you too," said she to Captain von Horberg. "Attribute it to my confusion, that I forgot it till this moment."

She gave to him the letters destined for him. The papers were speedily torn open. Vorhöff's eyes sparkled with joy as he read the letter of his faithful wife. The brow of the other grew dark. He read but a few lines, then folded the

writing together, saying with icy coldness to Vorhöff:

"Let me share in your joy, and afterward I will share with you."

Vorhöff looked inquiringly at him. He did not understand him. Even the pallid countenance and those almost lustreless eyes, afforded no more accurate comprehension to him who was so taken up with his own momentary happiness. But Anna Hammer understood the unfortunate man. She knew only too well the cause of his distress, and even then felt the thrust of the foot with which the wife of Horberg had pushed her from herself.

Horberg repeated: "Read aloud the letter of your wife. You may venture to do so. It will perhaps do me good."

"It will also be a pleasure to me," replied Vorhöff, "to share my joy with you."

He read:—

"My dearly beloved Adolph—after many years of entire and terrible uncertainty, the first ray of hope now dawns upon us, that you are still alive, and that my thoughts—though only through this leaf of paper—may again mingle with thine. After we for so long have learned nothing, absolutely nothing, of your fate, and were ignorant whether you were alive or dead, came the tidings to us, indefinite, and unassured, that you were detained in secret and solitary imprisonment in the fortress on the borders. Anna, the brave girl, has undertaken to accept service in the fortress, which may afford her the opportunity of learning something of your fate, and perhaps of transmitting to you these lines from thy beloved Joanna, who loves thee in death, and in death is true to thee; who would forget all woe, all sorrow, all misery, could she once more be so happy as to see thee again—thee, her sole and ever beloved. Shortly after thy separation from me the Lord bestowed upon us a boy. Our Paul, thy Paul, is a stout hearty child. He will grow up the image of his father. Farewell, I could write to thee only of my unending love, and that thou knowest—of that art convinced. Anna will tell you every thing else—God willing. Oh, may he mercifully so order it that these lines may reach thee. Ever, ever,
"Thy JOANNA."

He was not able to read the letter to the end. First his voice began to tremble, then his whole frame. Then the feelings of joy and sorrow, of happiness and distress, grew so overpowering in him that he was forced to lay the letter aside; he covered his face with his hands, and threw himself sobbing upon his bed.

Anna placed herself before him. She took his hand in hers, and kissed the tears from his eyes. Horberg took up the letter, and read it aloud to the end.

Vorhöff's tears flowed more and more quietly. But the agony in Horberg's breast, on the other hand, grew more burning and consuming. Every word of love in the letter of the true wife was a stab, a laceration, in his heart, which had for a

long time been harrowed up by mistrust and suspicion. He laid the letter aside when he had read it, and paced hastily up and down the narrow room.

Vorhöff took up the letter and read it silently to himself, and pressed it to his lips. Then he bethought himself of the presence of his friend.

"Forgive me, my friend. I was so happy! Now let us share between us thy intelligence."

Captain von Horberg measured the narrow cell with great strides. At last he stopped short.

"There it is," said he, drawing forth the crumpled letter.

Anna, who knew or divined the contents, stationed herself tremblingly at the window, and looked up at the blue patch of sky which the dusky glass had not, with sparing sympathy, shut out from the occupant of the cell.

The Captain read :

"My dear and noble friend—I write to you with a very heavy heart. Should this letter come into your hands, you will learn the sad tale of the history of our country, by means of the trusty bearer. I must trouble your heart from another quarter. I must do so—the duty of a friend compels me—however painful its fulfillment may be. Horberg, my friend, erase from your heart the name of your wife, to whom you have given your love and your name. She is not worthy of you; she is a paramour—the paramour of the Crown Prince—perhaps of another also. I must imagine that you are as sundered from the world as she is from you. I can not endure, it rends my very heart, that a noble man should continue to cling to a wife who is unworthy of him, who has betrayed him. Do not curse me if I have destroyed the fairest, and perhaps the last dream of your life. I must this time do it. I owe it to you, I owe it to our friendship. God be with you and strengthen you!

"Thy SCHRADER."

The Captain had read with a firm, but almost unmodulated voice. When he had read the letter, he calmly folded it up, and put it away about his person.

"Farewell!" said he; "I must be alone. Fare you well, too, thou kindly angel, with these fearful tidings from life!"

He reached out his hand to the weeping maiden.

He gave his hand to Vorhöff, and was about to depart. He looked around to Anna, with a sign that she should conduct him back to his solitary cell. Vorhöff held him back.

"Not so," said he. "Do not go at this moment, not in this fearful state of mind."

Anna took his hand, and looked imploringly at him.

"First accept life and its tidings more fully," said Vorhöff. "Here are several other letters. They are from Schrader. Let us read them."

Horberg remained. He took his seat beside

his friend upon the straw-bed, in silence. There were two other letters which Anna had given to her brother-in-law. Geigenfritz had brought them at different times. Both were from Schrader. Vorhöff opened them in order to read them aloud, in the order of their dates.

At this moment no one of the three thought of their situation and of the danger of discovery. They were busy with their happiness and their sorrow. Anna only sometimes threw an anxious glance at the door which stood ajar, or listened for any sound from without. Vorhöff read out the letters. The first ran thus :

"My friends—I write to you all—I know not which of you these lines will reach. May they reach you all! The bearer of this letter will tell you, if you have not before learned it, the present unfortunate condition of our native land. She will inform you that all your and our efforts have been and are fruitless; that the Absolutism of the rulers has established itself ever more and more firmly, and with its iron power presses ever more and more heavily upon our poor people. It is every where in Germany just as it was when you were dragged off to prison. But no! It is otherwise; and your and our efforts have not been altogether fruitless. The seed of liberty once sown, can not die utterly, can not altogether dry up and rot in the soil in which it has once been cast. It must needs strike roots, even though slowly and for a long time under the earth, must spread, and at last grow up into the daylight, put forth stem, and fruit, and flowers. This seed have we sown; it has struck its roots down among the people; it grows on, though yet for a time under the earth. But it can not remain there much longer. It must come powerfully forth to the light of day every where among the German people, in the German land. Events are assuming shape and order. Soon, very soon, will the storm dash, the waves will beat on the steps of Absolutism, and shatter every throne. Will it overthrow them, overthrow them soon? I doubt it; many of our friends hope it. At any rate, something may perhaps take place for you, for your liberation—perhaps only—only perhaps a long way off. I say it without hope, for nothing is more hard-hearted than to give false hopes to a hopeless captive. Perhaps in the space of a month the storm will rage through Germany. Consider whether any thing and what can be done for your liberation. Consult with the bearer of these lines; she has as much penetration as courage. Above all things, keep up your own courage; think always that the time must necessarily come when your country will stand in need of you.

"Your SCHRADER."

"The second letter!" said Horberg. He had remained cold and unmoved. As yet there was no space in his heart for any thing except for the agony of his wife's unfaithfulness.

Vorhöff read the second letter :

"Events press. The blow will fall in France in a few days. All is ready. The stroke will follow in Germany. Absolutism herself has wrought for it. The example abroad will not make it more sharp-sighted, but only the more blinded. I still doubt whether we shall be successful; but hold yourself in readiness for any event. Consider whether you are not to be set at liberty. The old monarch in our little country is dead. His grandson—the Crown Prince—has assumed the government. He is laboring almost frantically for our object. Farewell.

"YOUR SCHRADER."

The conclusion of this letter restored a little emotion to Horberg; but he soon fell again into his former apathy. Vorhöff was more disquieted.

"Set free! See them again!" he said. "But how will this be possible without violence, unless the revolution is successful, completely successful? And of that he doubts. Even he!"

He looked toward the girl. "Anna," he said, "hast thou reflected upon our liberation? Is it possible? But tell us first, brave girl, how thou hast succeeded in forcing thy way to us, and in bringing us together."

"Not now," replied she, resuming her entire considerateness. "I hope I shall often see you again. But I have yet other duties. What intelligence have you of Count von Arnstein? I must find him too."

"Arnstein! Alas, I have no knowledge of him. Neither does Horberg know any thing of him."

Horberg confirmed this by a nod of the head.

"Yet he must be here," said the girl, confidently, "and most likely in this very tower. Do you know any thing of a lady who has been brought here within a short time?"

"Not a syllable. Who is she?"

"The Princess Amelia, the daughter-in-law of the old Count Arnstein."

Horberg himself was aroused. Vorhöff's curiosity for a moment repressed the interest in his own affairs.

"The Princess!" he exclaimed. "Arnstein's daughter-in-law! Tell us!"

The girl listened.

"Not now," she said all at once. "The bell on the castle tower is about to strike eleven. At that moment the new watch will be set. During the noise I can shut the door without being heard. We must separate."

Something of the old fire gleamed in Horberg's eyes. "Noble maiden," said he. "Boldness and penetration! Let us go!"

The bell sounded without, and the friends separated. Horberg had become a new man again. "Tidings from life have already come to us. Life itself will also come again to us," said he.

Horberg and Anna went out together. Covered by the sound of the ringing which was echoed in the vacant court, Anna closed the door of Vorhöff's cell without danger. She

then conducted her companion up the steps into his own cell. He kissed the maiden at parting from her.

"Thou hast brought to me the heaviest tidings of all my life. Thou art now conducting me back to my dungeon. Yet thou art my angel," said he, closing the door.

Her lips burned with the kiss. Her heart dreamed of the pale, unfortunate man. But she retained all her faculties.

She had still two objects to fulfill, objects which were the more sacred to her, as they concerned her benefactor, Count Edward Arnstein. She would restore to him his father and his bride. To these objects must she devote herself to-day. Her previous success had given her additional courage. She had yet a full hour before her. She coolly thought over every thing. In the first place she carried the keys to Lewald. She had no further use for them. They had served their purpose; and a longer possession might betray her. Then she went back into the tower. Now she went directly in. If her long stay in the tower had not excited the jealousy of the sentinels, she had no suspicions against herself to fear. If they stopped her and questioned her, some harmless pretext might be easily invented; and no keys or any thing suspicious would be found upon her.

The guards at the tower let her pass without hindrance. She knew that no one else occupied that part of the tower in which Vorhöff and Horberg were confined. She therefore went into the other part of the tower, through the door leading into it. The inner arrangement was the same as that of the other part. It likewise consisted of three stories, in each of which the cells were situated upon a dark passage. A winding stair led into the upper passages. She began her investigations in the lower passage. Though she was primarily in search of the old Count Arnstein, yet she was also determined upon finding the Princess Amelia. She listened at every single door; knocked gently, then listened again; then knocked again louder; called low, and then more loudly, the name of Arnstein. She received no answer. She could hear no sound, no movement within was perceptible. She went into the second story, and repeated her efforts, but with no more success.

She then betook herself to the third story. At the first two doors she knocked and listened in vain. She listened at the third door, but heard nothing. She knocked gently at it. It seemed as though she heard something move within. Her heart beat again. She listened, and thought she heard the movement within the cell more perceptibly. She knocked again, but louder; and could plainly distinguish that there was somebody within. It sounded as though he was raising himself up. Directly after all was still again. The prisoner was probably also listening.

Anna collected all her courage. She called out gently the name of Arnstein, with her lips close to the door. A rain she repeated the call.

"Who calls me?" asked a voice from within—a deep, manly voice.

Heavy footsteps came up the winding stairs. Anna flew away from the door. A nameless agony seized her. Who could it be coming up but Sub-officer Lewald? It was not quite noon; but the soldier might have determined first to attend to his own prisoner, in order to go to those of his comrade at the right time.

What could she do? How should she act? Should she hide herself? She might hide herself under the stairs, in case of need; but she would be lost if discovered. And even if the soldier did not discover her, in what danger would she be should the prisoner thoughtlessly inform the soldier that somebody had been at his door. She perceived that she must openly meet the officer. She must run the risk, and throw herself upon her good luck once more.

She judged rightly. Lewald came into the passage, with the keys in one hand, and the tin basin with the requisite food in the other.

She came up to him with the utmost possible unconcern. He was almost startled when he saw her.

"Ho, ho, little busy-body, what are you about here?" he asked, rather in astonishment than in anger. Every body liked the good-natured maiden.

"I had a bit of leisure, and so I took the opportunity to-day of looking about the fortress. I wanted to see if there was a fine prospect from this tower."

She spoke very loudly on purpose, so that the prisoner might hear her words.

"Ho, ho, little Inquisitive," cried the sub-officer. "People must look for fine views outside. Nobody must come into this passage except by orders from the Herr Commandant. March out, and don't let me catch you here again, if we are to remain friends."

She went out. Her investigations were over for the day.

CHAPTER X.

THE BAILIFF.

ON the high-road leading to the capital, and distant from it about three miles, was situated a large and extensive building. From the style of architecture, it might be referred to the middle of the seventeenth century. It was still in good preservation. But the present possessors did not appear to have bestowed equal care and attention upon all parts of it. It consisted of a large central building, and two wings nearly of the same dimensions. A flight of steps led up to each of these portions. The chief attention was evidently bestowed upon the right wing, the exterior of which was fresh, clean, and neat. In the broad, high windows were great mirror-like panes of glass. The steps of the flight of stairs were of sandstone, sharply hewn, regularly laid, and accurately fitted. The railings were of cast-iron, of ornamental and artistic form, and

painted of a shining black. A wide door, of a bright brown wood, led into the interior. The decided elegance of the interior was prefigured by the tastefully arranged curtains, of heavy silken stuff, behind the windows, and by the rare plants and flowers which ornamented the window-sills. The front of the central building showed less freshness and elegance. The left wing had a somewhat naked and bare aspect.

The proprietor appeared to occupy the right wing. The central building would seem to have been appropriated for the residence of the assistants, or if the proprietor belonged to the magistracy, to the subordinates, and for offices. The left wing might be the residence of the domestics, or was, perhaps, altogether uninhabited, and devoted to storehouses for provisions and such purposes. Such was the exterior appearance of the establishment.

A broad avenue of poplars led up to the house from the highway, terminating at the principal gate of the court, directly opposite the steps in front of the central building. The court was spacious, and formed a quadrangle, on the two longer sides of which were rows of outbuildings and stalls.

In the rear of the edifice was an extensive park-like garden, of which only the portions near the house were under cultivation. In the forest portions of it, lying further back, as well as in the parts behind the shrubbery, every thing appeared to be running to waste. The hand of the gardener arranging, clearing-up, selecting and pruning, had not been present here for a long time. For years, perhaps, these parts of the garden had scarcely been visited by a human foot. The rank briars in the shrubbery, the tall grass in the alleys and foot-paths, the partially demolished railings to the bridges across the brooks and ditches, the entrances to the arbors almost grown up, the fallen pavilions, and many similiar tokens, would at least justify the conclusion of such a want of visitation.

Buildings and parks, broad fields, pastures, meadows, and forests lying around, together with the large and wealthy villages in the neighborhood, had formerly been the patrimony of the Counts von Arnstein. Here was the original seat of the family. This property was a family entail, from which fact it underwent a singular fate. The old Count Arnstein had, long before the process for high-treason was brought against him, disposed of his whole property, partly to his wife, and partly by transfer to his son. He was induced to do this by a forethought which should never be neglected by men who in the commotions of their times stand opposed to Absolutism. But in regard to this estate, which was called Rosenstein, he had not thought a similar precaution necessary. As a family entail, it would, moreover, in any case, fall to his son, from whom, according to law, it could under no circumstances and under no pretext be taken. In this opinion he had, to be sure, reckoned upon the integrity of the courts of law. Here he had miscalculated. After he had been convicted of high-treason, and

the confiscation of all his property had consequently been decreed, the estate of Rosenstein, without any further proceedings was taken possession of by the Treasury. The unfortunate wife of the Count had indeed protested against the seizure, in the name of her absent son, but no notice was taken of the protest. The estate was declared to be a royal domain, was incorporated with the neighboring royal domains; and, as it presented many advantages for that purpose, the seat of the royal bailiwick was removed thither.

The Government showed itself here, after its fashion, very gracious and merciful. It indemnified the servants of the Count who were upon the estate at the time of the seizure. A residence was even allowed in the house to the old castellan. This was granted to him in the left wing of the chateau. There was plenty of room there; since in this neglected and almost ruined part, no one lived but himself.

In the central building were the offices and residences of the subordinates of the Bailiff. The Bailiff and his family occupied the right wing.

The Bailiff, Baron von Lilienthal sat by the window of the sitting-room on the lower floor of his elegant and spacious official residence. He was a tall, meagre man, with a dark complexion, black eyes and hair. The peasants said of him, that his heart was as black as was his hair, and eyes, and the black coat which he usually wore. He was smoking his morning pipe, and as he inhaled the pleasant favor of the fine Turkish tobacco, his eyes glanced, now at display of flowers which were standing upon the window seat by him, now upon the stir and business in the court of the chateau, which lay before him; and then beyond that upon the lane which led to the high-road, along the high-road itself, and still further beyond, into the blue distance. Who can describe, or even imagine, the thoughts that, perhaps, directing his view, or directed by it, passed through his ever-busy, ever-calculating, ever-planning head? Of a soothing or satisfactory kind they could not be; for the look of the man was gloomy, and denoted nothing of the inner repose of one who can look with satisfaction about him, back upon his past life, and forward to the future.

Some one knocked gently at the door. The Bailiff heard it, but he paid no attention to it; or rather he did bestow attention upon it—his countenance showed that he knew well enough who it was that knocked, but that his position in respect to the person did not permit an immediate admission of him, but demanded a repetition of the humble request. After a little while the knocking was repeated, but no more urgently or louder.

"Come in!" said the Bailiff, gruffly.

"A little dried up manikin opened the door very softly, and only just wide enough to give him the needful space to creep in. This individual, with his long-drawn, pale countenance, his short, thick nose, his grey eyes, his smoothly-combed gray hair, his thin legs, long fingers, and his long, old-fashioned black-coat, had most

thoroughly the aspect of a subaltern official, whose servility to his superiors was made of the same stuff as his harshness and arrogance to his inferiors.

"A most respectful good-morning," Herr Bailiff."

The Bailiff gave him a very negligent nod of the head, after he had turned slowly around toward him.

The little man stood with body bent and head turned toward the Bailiff, saying nothing, but apparently waiting for permission to speak.

"The order of the day?" asked the Bailiff.

Who can tell how this man of Absolutism came by this phrase of constitutional, parliamentary life, by which he understood the order of business for the day? The hypocritical playing with constitutional forms and expressions had not yet been begun in Germany. In this question of the Bailiff lay the command for the little withered man to speak.

"There is but one thing on the docket to-day," he replied; "but the affair may occupy the whole day. It's the collection of the ground-taxes in arrears from the contumacious farmers."

"Has the corps of assistance arrived?"

"Ever since yesterday evening. Twenty dragoons—picked men, who will inspire proper respect for the laws. The sergeant, who announced himself to me late last evening, seems a very determined man."

"Very well. In fact, I don't like this military support. The Chamber should not have sent them to us. They corrupt the popular mind for the future. Our mere authority, our moral power over the people, is no longer sufficient. We shall always, or at least still more frequently than heretofore, be obliged to have recourse to such military aid."

"I beg your gracious pardon, Herr Bailiff, if I venture to say that I am of a different opinion in this matter."

"Well, let us hear."

"The peasant, gracious sir, has respect for moral power only when and because he knows that physical power stands behind it; and hence it is very well that this should sometimes appear. This enlarges the moral power."

"That's your opinion," said the Bailiff, somewhat slightly.

The subaltern seemed to have fallen upon a theme which, in spite of his servility, he was unwilling to abandon so summarily. "The peasant," he went on to say, "is usually a rude material being, who respects the law only because there are constables and executors in the world—"

"Every body is so!" interrupted the Bailiff. "Meanwhile what is the use of debating the matter? Have you, Herr Actuary, taken care that all is ready on your part?"

"At your service."

"Very well: you can go."

The servant of the Bailiff entered, and handed him a document.

"Stop; it's something official," said the

Bailiff to the Actuary, while he was opening the missive. His brow grew dark while he read it.

"These priests are very presuming," said he angrily, after he had read the paper through.

The Actuary bowed in token of assent.

"We've got more work to-day. The new preacher is to be installed."

"That, with all deference, can hardly be done to-day. Will not the gracious Herr put a check upon the demands of the clergy?"

"It is no longer a demand of theirs; it is the order of the Ministry. As the troops are now here, according to the opinion of the Superintendent, this opportunity should be embraced for the installation of the pastor."

"The spiritual lord thinks he can not get quickly enough into possession of his fat benefice," remarked the Actuary somewhat spitefully. He added with a chuckle of satisfaction: "Well, that will make a pretty piece of work and excitement among the people to-day. First, the execution for the taxes, for which the suit has been going on and accumulating costs for years; and now the installation of the clergyman whom the congregation do not want, and against whom they have for years protested. There will be something to do."

"Have every thing ready beforehand in the church and the parsonage. Give information also to the church elders, the schoolmaster, the sexton, and whoever else belong to the church."

"And the congregation?"

"The elders represent the congregation."

"Must not some other members of the congregation be made acquainted? There must be some kind of service held."

"We must not accord too many rights to the people. Whoever wishes to attend the celebration, can do so of himself."

"Has the Herr Bailiff any further orders?"

A motion of the hand dismissed the Actuary. The wife of the Bailiff now came in through a side door. She was a tall, haughty-looking lady, in a gay silk morning-gown. Her whole figure might lay claim, even yet, to beauty.

The features of the gloomy-looking man did not clear up at the sight of the lady.

"You came back late from the capital yesterday!" said she, in a tone half of inquiry, half of reproach.

"There was a military concert in the court garden, and there were many nobles there," was the reply.

He walked up and down the apartment. She went up to the window and arranged the flowers. It seemed as though each had something in mind against the other, but did not dare to bring it forward.

"We are to have company from the capital this evening," said the lady, after a while.

"So soon again!"

"How long since you began to dislike company?"

The Bailiff was silent for a moment, and paced the apartment with long strides. Then

all at once he came up to the lady, and said with emphasis: "Ever since they have cost me more than I can pay."

"Only see!" rejoined the lady, not without scorn. "And how long has society for your wife and daughters cost you more than your own?"

"How long? You are right. It would be hard to fix upon the beginning. It has always cost more."

"Your gambling and hunting comrades, your drinking-bouts, public and private, have they cost so little?"

"I have never been extravagant. I have always—"

The lady laughed.

"Never," he repeated. "I have always lived simply, and only kept up the establishment which my rank and my position in society required. But your extravagance—yours and your daughters', passes all bounds. This wastefulness in clothing, in equipages, in attendance, this eternal going to the capital, this attending concerts, balls, banquets—"

"Did I marry you just to renounce all claims and pretensions to a position in the highest circles? just to shut myself up with you in a gloomy old house in the woods; just to abandon every thing? And do you wish to condemn your daughters to such a fate?"

"Who talks about any such thing? There is a difference between perfect seclusion and the most enormous extravagance. But let us talk without reproaches and without passion. I have for a long time been determined to explain our condition to you. It is my duty. Wife, we are deeply in debt."

He looked at her with his gloomy eyes, as though he was unwilling to lose any of the impression, which he thought these words must make upon her. Her eyes met his with perfect coolness.

"It isn't my fault," said she, shrugging her shoulders.

"Perhaps it's my fault?" he asked fiercely.

"So I think."

"You think! Is this the reward of my five-and-twenty years'—"

"My dear husband, Frederick the Great once said to a sergeant who complained to him of poverty, 'Why, did I tie you to the manger, you ass?' For almost twenty years you have had the bailiffship—the richest in the land. Why have you exercised it in such a manner that we are in debt?"

"The reproach is bitter, very bitter, when I reflect upon what I have done for your sake. Woman, do you think that I can lay my head down quietly at night? that I am not full of anxiety, day and night, lest complaints and visitations should come, that—let me speak the word out—that might bring me to the scaffold?"

"Who would fear the canaille?" she said, scornfully. "Only have courage, and they will be afraid of you."

"In these times of commotion? In Paris the

revolution has already broken out. The popular feeling, increasing every where and all about us, grows perilous."

"And do you believe in such fancies, cobwebs of the brain?"

"If the consciousness of the people is aroused, it will not stop at dreaming."

"It will stop at dreaming with us; put yourself at ease about that. But let us break off this talk, and let me come back to my petition. Captain von Kessel will visit us to-day. I mention this to you, in order to unite my request with this intelligence."

He sighed. "Another request so soon!"

"The Captain is paying his addresses to our Albertine. The *parti* is certainly not brilliant, he is no longer young, at most he can only get to be a lieutenant-colonel some day or other, and his means are inconsiderable. Albertine, on account of her figure and education, could make much higher pretensions. Nevertheless I am in favor of the match, and for the following reasons: The Baron von Wittlich, who is so immensely rich, has for some time been very attentive to our Otilie. Otilie is not pretty, and she is already four-and-twenty years old. The old, somewhat simple Baron von Wittlich is almost blindly devoted to the will of his friend and countryman, Kessel. If Kessel marries our Albertine, the match between Wittlich and Otilie is as good as made. You can see the advantages of the connection."

"Well!"

"Well? The consequence is very simple. Kessel, an old acquaintance, I might invite here to-day. But to invite Wittlich, without having more company with us, would betray the object too plainly; and you know that when a man sees such a design he is repelled. We must before long have a good deal of company with us. For this purpose, again, several arrangements, repairs, and such like, are requisite. I particularly wish that the park, which has been wholly neglected, should be put in order. The Baron Wittlich has been in England, and prides himself on possessing a taste in matters relating to parks. If our park is put in order, Otilie can ramble about in it with him. There are in it very pleasant and private spots; the summer evenings are beautiful; Otilie is wide-awake, and he is simple. You will perceive—"

"That all this will cost me a heavy sum of money. Parties—one will not answer the purpose—you seem already to have counted upon a whole series of them; repairs to the house; probably new furniture; and finally a complete re-ordering the great park, which has been neglected for years;—have you ever calculated what all this will cost?"

"As far as the park goes, you give yourself unnecessary alarm. You have peasants enough within your jurisdiction; have them drafted. The expense will be limited to barely a single gardener from the capital."

"Grant that; still the sum which you ask of me remains very large; for the present it is

utterly out of my reach. I shall be obliged to borrow. And, to tell the truth, I am afraid, from many symptoms, that my credit is gone too."

"Coward! if you are afraid of that, all is surely lost. It is with credit as it is with courage. You lose it only when you are afraid."

"Under a thousand dollars—"

"You can get that!"

"Impossible."

"Shame on you to utter the word, when it comes just to a trifling sacrifice for the good of your child—of both your children. What is to become of your two unprovided daughters, if your affairs are really as desperate as you represent them?"

"They are so."

"Very well; then your duty as a father demands doubly that you should seize the opportunity to establish the fortune of your daughters, and thereby, at the same time—do not overlook that—thereby secure our own existence."

He made no reply, and seemed to have no further suggestion to make.

"Then it stands as we have settled," said she, in a peremptory tone, and left the room.

"Settled?" said he to himself in astonishment. "What have I settled with her? But, perhaps, there is no other way."

A servant announced a stranger, who wished to speak with the Herr Bailiff.

"His name?"

"He would not give it. He will tell it only to your Worship."

"I can not admit him unless he previously sends up his name."

The servant went out; but returned in a few moments.

"The stranger will not be put off," he said. "He says that he has come from the capital, and upon business of great importance."

"Let him in," said the Bailiff, after an uneasy delay.

The stranger entered. A long nose, a pair of sharp, piercing eyes, a noiseless tread, gave him a striking appearance. He bowed to the Bailiff without speaking, and remained quietly standing till the servant had left the room and closed the door after him. Then he advanced.

"Herr Bailiff, I have the honor to present myself. I am Commissioner of Police, Adler, from the capital."

"Your wish?"

"The police are in pursuit of a very dangerous offender. This offender is residing in your house."

"Sir, in my house?"

"In this building, at all events."

"I beg you to express yourself more precisely. In this building have I my official residence. In my official residence there is, there can be, no criminal; for that I pledge myself. The remainder of the building belongs to the Sovereign."

"I beg your pardon; you are perfectly right

The criminal has been entertained by the former castellan of the Count Arnstein."

"I am entirely ignorant of the fact."

"So it is reported at the capital. I have in charge to arrest the person, and am come to seek your assistance."

"What is the name of the person?"

"I regret that I am unable to inform you."

"That is singular."

"So run my orders."

"What is the person's crime?"

"That also I can not inform you. It has not even been imparted to me."

The Bailiff looked distrustfully at the stranger. He remarked thus, and drew out his medal, and showed it to the Bailiff.

"My recognition-medal, as Police-Commissary," said he. "You can not be unacquainted with it."

"Certainly not. Meanwhile, you will acknowledge that the peculiarity of the case justifies, nay, compels me to ask of you an immediate and special warrant against the prisoner."

"Most fully. I will do myself the honor to furnish this to you."

He drew a paper from his pocket, and read:

"The Police-Commissioner, Adler, is charged by me with the arrest of the man below described, wherever the same may be found. All functionaries of the country are directed to give assistance to the aforesaid Adler."

"Do you wish to see the signature of the Minister?"

"I should wish so to do."

By a sudden turn the police-officer held the paper before the eyes of the Bailiff, who cast a quick but keen glance over it. A peculiar expression manifested itself at the same moment in both their faces, which the most keen-sighted observer of mankind could not more closely define.

"The description?" asked the Bailiff, half-interrogatively, half-imperatively.

The Commissary of Police read as follows:

"Age: about twenty-five years. Figure: tall and slender. Nose: aquiline. Eyes: blue. Mouth: ordinary. Hair: red. Particular tokens: wears a black plaster over the left eye."

He went on to explain:

"You will have the goodness to notice that the red hair is a wig, and the plaster all a sham."

"In what manner do you desire my assistance?"

"I know nothing of the criminal except his description and residence; but of his way of life, and of the interior construction of that portion of the building where he resorts, I have no intelligence at all. I pray you to inform me of these, so that we may be able to form our plans together."

The Bailiff replied, after some consideration:

"You will perceive that, as I too have been until the present moment wholly ignorant of the criminal, I must for my part insist upon further information. You will further acknowledge that

the affair must be conducted with the utmost foresight and discretion."

"When can I wait upon you again?"

"In two hours."

The Commissary of police withdrew.

The Bailiff looked after him with a peculiarly uneasy expression. As soon as he was at a moderate distance in the court, he sprang hastily to the bell.

"The Actuary! Let him come this instant!" he ordered the servant. Then turning around he said to himself: "The thousand dollars for the visitors from the capital are found."

"Dear Holstein, have you lately noticed any thing suspicious about the old castellan?"

"I don't know any thing. I don't have much to do with the man or his family; but any thing suspicious must have come under my observation. The people live very quiet and retired."

"Of how many members does the family consist?"

"The old man lives alone with his daughter, a widow, an invalid, and without children. For a short time there has been a nephew with him, a—"

"Well!"

"Likewise a very retiring person."

"His appearance? His age?"

"Somewhere about twenty or twenty-five years old, a tall figure, but not ill-grown."

"What more?"

"Red hair—"

"Ha! and a black plaster over his eye?"

"Right! The Herr Bailiff seems to have seen him already."

"How does the young man get his living?"

"They say he is a student, and lost his eye in a duel. In order to strengthen his other eye by the free air, he is stopping here with his uncle."

"And how does he pass his time?"

"He is almost always at home; only he spends the noon and evening hours in the park. There he passes most of the time in the thick shrubbery, for there the light and air are the most beneficial. My children see him frequently near the ruined Chinese pavilion, very frequently in it."

"About noon, you say?"

"Usually from twelve o'clock till three, when the heat is greatest. The air is the coolest under the thick trees and by the brook."

"Dear Holstein, the man is a great criminal, and the police are in chase of him."

"Oh, awful!"

"Why so?"

"The poor castellan. Are we to arrest him too?"

Face of subaltern has seldom worn a more maliciously joyous expression than did that of the Actuary Holstein at that moment.

"Has there any thing come to the office?" he asked.

"Not that. I have received intelligence in another manner. There must be something peculiar in the affair; there seems to be a secret hidden in it."

"Eh, eh, a secret?"

"My dear Holstein, can I trust to you entirely?"

"As you would your own self, I would answer, if such an answer would not sound presumptuous."

"A few minutes ago, a criminal Commissary from the capital was here, with a special charge from the Ministry to arrest this man. He desired my assistance, and I demanded his credentials. It was singular that no public advertisement pointed out the man designated as a dangerous criminal; then I was still more struck by the mysterious demeanor of the Commissary, especially by his unwillingness to show me his documents. Naturally I became still more attentive, and judge of my surprise when I learned a quite unexpected explication of the secret; in spite of the politic care of the policeman, I discovered by a hasty glance at the papers, that a reward of three hundred *louis d'ors* was offered for the apprehension of the criminal."

"Three hundred—"

"*Louis d'ors*. The scoundrel wishes to cheat the servants of the office of what—at least the half of it—is undoubtedly due for their assistance in the affair."

"What has the gracious Herr decided upon?" asked the Actuary, with kindling eyes.

"We must now come to a decision, dear Holstein—you and I."

"Your most obsequious servant."

"I have appointed the fellow to be back in a couple of hours, in order to arrange further with him. In the mean time, do you give your advice."

"The case appears to me very simple. First of all, there must be no noise made about it."

"Right! The affair must, as far as possible, be kept between ourselves now as well as in future. You must, for your part, undertake the independent conduct and execution of the business; and your name only must appear. I should be compromised by any direct intermixture with the affair, for the police-officer has conferred with me. I will at once pay you the sum fixed upon as your share, so that your portion will be sure at any rate."

"Your most humble servant."

"What next?"

"I will give orders to your two Jägers. The man is alone. They will be sufficient. It is a single beast—and a sick one at that—that they are to hunt in a close thicket, with which they are well acquainted. It can not escape them."

"Admirable! The Jägers are perfectly trustworthy and secret."

"Your honor shall have a covered carriage in readiness. I will at once get ready the report to the Minister. In the report I will say that I received intelligence, by accident, of the dangerous criminal who is herewith sent; and I had not failed, since his flight was to be suspected, to apprehend him as speedily as possible, without venturing to wait for a special higher order. We will pack up the man, with

the report and the Jägers, in the carriage, and he will be in the Minister's ante-chamber when the Herr Commissioner is flattering himself that he is to be caught here."

"And I will fix the time with him this evening."

"Under the pretext that the execution and the installation of the clergymen will not permit an earlier hour."

"Do you make all the preparations forthwith."

"On the spot."

The Actuary withdrew, with a countenance in which satisfaction was plainly visible. "A hundred *louis d'ors* of the three hundred belong to me," he said to himself.

But the Bailiff reckoned differently: "One *louis d'or* must be paid to each of the Jägers: eighteen are quite enough for the little dried-up scoundrel; so there will be two hundred and eighty for me."

He had scarcely completed his very simple calculation, when several voices were heard before the door, speaking together loudly and with apparent eagerness. He could definitely distinguish only that of his servant, who seemed to be opposing the others. After the discussion had lasted for a while, the door was all at once flung violently open. Within the doorway stood the servant, with five peasants in front of him. The servant was vainly endeavoring to close the door again, and the peasants were striving to gain admittance. The stout arms of the country-people tossed and hustled him aside after a brief struggle, like a ball of feathers. The peasants, taking off their hats, advanced, into the chamber of the Bailiff; one of them went in front, the others followed, two and two.

They had forced their way in so suddenly, that the Bailiff had no time to form a definite plan for his conduct, still less to summon his servants to his aid. His conduct toward the peasants, of whose object, in connection with the execution of the day, he could not entertain the slightest doubt, might certainly present some difficulties. He had indeed heretofore expressed himself to the Actuary in the usual absolutist phrases, that the people were to be looked on merely as the *misera contribuens plebs*—as the "masses," who are only to be counted as tax-payers; that they must be kept in unconditional subjection, and that no rights must be accorded to them. But for a short time past—since the July revolution had broken out in Paris, which had occasioned a great movement throughout all Germany, a movement all the more critical because merely preliminary—the practical tendency of his propositions had seemed to him more and more dubious, the more he was forced to acknowledge to himself that if ever law should yield to violence, his own position would be any thing but tenable. In Germany, in the summer of 1830, though she but feebly used the sword of retribution, the Nemesis stood at least in a threatening attitude, and displayed the sword to the vision of many a

German villain, so that he grew pale and trembled; though he afterward became only so much the more impudent and haughty. The Bailiff von Lilienthal was meanwhile too much of an aristocrat, and at the same time bureaucrat, not to get rid of this idea for the present.

He placed himself directly in front of the peasants who were entering, and accosted them in a loud voice, and gave his dark eye its most threatening expression.

"Those who wish any thing from me must announce themselves in the office-room yonder; you know that of old."

"Herr Bailiff," said the foremost of the peasants, in a quiet, almost apprehensive tone, "we have been in the office-room, and asked for a hearing from you. But they refused to call you."

"Very correctly, for the office-hour has not yet struck. The moment it strikes I shall be there. Here I grant you no audience."

He pointed with his hand to the door, to signify to the peasants that they must withdraw; and then turned his back upon them. The peasants, however, remained quietly standing, and their speaker again accosted him:

"Herr Bailiff," said he, "when the office-hour strikes, the execution is to begin; and then it will be too late for what we have to say to you. You must give us a hearing in this place."

"I must? I must? Which of you can order me? Here in my own apartment! Away from here on the instant!"

"Herr Bailiff, we demand that you should hear us, and it is your duty to hear us."

"Not in my private apartments. Here I am master, as you are in your own chambers. I will make use of my house-right, if you do not withdraw instantly."

"Herr Bailiff, you are a magistrate; you must listen to the people; for that purpose you are paid by the State."

"By us!" cried one of the peasants. "We poor peasants have to pay the taxes, and the high salaries of the magistrates!"

"I hear no one in this apartment," repeated the Bailiff; "I will use force to maintain my house-right."

"Do not do that," replied the first speaker. "The whole village is close at hand. Force might do no good."

"I will hear you in the office-room."

"Here too. It amounts to the same thing."

"Speak."

"Herr Bailiff, we come to you as deputies of the whole community. I speak in the name of the community. This village, so long as men's memory runs—and longer; as far back as the oldest records reach—has belonged to the Counts of Arnstein. The administration of the estate was always a generous administration, especially that of the last Count. The peasantry were not here pinched and sucked. We received all possible alleviations. As long as we can call to mind, we have not paid the whole of the land-tax to the State. The proprietor bore half of them, and credited it to us in our payments to

him. The Count assured us, by way of covenant, that he did not wish that the poor peasant should alone bear all the taxes, and doubled, for the rich proprietors. That was just and right. We must pay our heavy dues to the proprietors of our blood and our produce, of money and corn, we must work for them with hand and team. And besides this, we must also pay the state-taxes: land-taxes, poll-taxes, road-taxes, village-taxes, war-taxes, university-taxes, and whatever else they call them. The noblemen and the proprietors contribute nothing to this: those who also possess almost all the land, and enjoy all, or the greater portion, of the benefit of all the taxes. We poor peasants, and the citizens in the towns it is, and we alone, who have to support the State, and the nobles into the bargain. That this was unjust, our Count saw; and therefore he was willing at least to bear the half of the land-tax with us. This lasted till the Treasury took possession of the estate. Since then, we have had to pay the land-tax alone. You, Herr Bailiff, or your officer, will not allow the sum in our payments. We have brought suits. We have lost our suits. We have been adjudged to pay up all the back payments of the last years. The process of execution will proceed against us to-day."

"Well, and what will you have, in opposition to the legal decision?" interrupted the Bailiff.

The speaker continued: "The legal decision is an unjust one. It has been made by dependent judges. The Treasury has no claim at all against us. There is a rightful owner to this estate, and that is the young Count von Arnstein. We are held to labor and pay to him only. But even if this were not so, it is at all events bound by the agreement which the Count made with us."

"I can not understand," said the Bailiff, "why you always return to grounds which decisions, made according to law, have long since set aside."

"According to laws which have been perverted by the judges—according to laws which give no rights to the people. We rest upon the natural law, according to which every person in the State, the great as well as the small, must have rights. The times are about to change, Herr Bailiff. We humble people can not longer be kept in ignorance. The French have just driven away their king, who would also give his people no rights. The German is as good as the Frenchman, Herr Bailiff."

"You threaten rebellion—"

"We do not threaten. We are come to you with a quiet and peaceful petition, that you would delay the present execution, and once more lay our rights before the Ministry."

"The execution will proceed to-day—in an hour," said the Bailiff, with great decision.

"Herr Bailiff, it will not proceed," said the peasant, with equal decision.

"We shall see."

"Are you going to control us with your

couple of men? The whole village stand as one man. Don't cause any misfortune."

"I do my duty. You bring down the misfortune upon yourselves."

"Herr Bailiff, think upon yourself. You have made yourself many enemies here—with or without good cause—you may best judge yourself of that."

"I can only laugh at such impudent threats."

"He laughs best who laughs last."

"You have your answer."

"We have warned you, Herr Bailiff. The community is the more excited, because it is said that the new preacher is to be forcibly instituted to-day."

"That will take place."

"That too is unjust. For centuries the congregation has elected and called its own preacher."

"The patronage belongs to the estate. The possessors can not alienate it."

"We will not here inquire into that. It is natural and reasonable that the congregation itself, and not a third party, should give itself a preacher, for he should be their pastor. But the congregation must object, when just the man is forced upon them whose hypocrisy, avarice, covetousness, and falsehood have made him obnoxious to all the congregations with whom he has hitherto been."

"The Upper Consistory know him only as a pious man."

"Because he is a hypocrite—a canting hypocrite. They are determined not to know any thing else of him. But once more, Herr Bailiff, abstain to-day from force. There will be bloodshed, and the blood will fall upon you."

"Ridiculous!"

"We have done our duty. We can no longer restrain the members of the congregation; for the peasants will not permit their rights to be taken from them."

The peasant would have said more; but his companions prevented him. With repressed wrath they said, "Come, neighbor, there's no use of *talking* here."

They departed. The Bailiff looked after them with an aspect by no means so satisfied as that with which he had not long before counted up in his own mind the three hundred *louis d'ors*.

In the remotest portion of the Park belonging to the estate, a tall, slender young man was walking slowly, and with his head bent down.

His animated eye—only one was visible, the other being covered by a broad black patch—had a troubled expression. He was walking in a broad alley shaded by linden trees; on both sides of which was a tangled wilderness. The trees which bordered the avenue, seemed not yet to have forgotten the early care of the gardener, which they had known for many years. Their trunks rose up straight and tall, and their branches were formed into round and well-formed heads. This made the wildness and neglect of the remainder the more apparent. Dry

twigs which had fallen down, lay every where in the avenue, under, above, and amongst which grew up rank weeds, wild grass, and black moss. The thicket on both sides had become an almost impenetrable mass of thorns, underbrush, and bushes of all sorts. A narrow path which wound its way through, was hardly passable. It led to a brook which crept slowly along, for its current was obstructed by the broad and dense growth of reeds which reached almost to the middle. A bridge had formerly crossed the brook; a loose plank, which had perhaps recently been placed there, now joined its banks. On the other side, between two lofty overshadowing elms, stood a pavilion of Chinese architecture, in the taste of the preceding century. This was in a ruinous condition; the steps of the flights of stairs which led up to it from two sides, were full of holes, and apparently so rotten that one would scarcely venture to trust himself upon them.

The young man—Count Edward von Arnstein—paced slowly up the alley of lindens. His eye might perhaps be cognizant of the desolation and confusion within as well as without the avenue.

The chateau had formerly been the almost invariable summer residence of his parents. Here, too, he had passed the earliest years of his childhood. Remembrances of that time, partly obscure, but partly of a more vivid character, passed through his mind. The Chinese pavilion, and that part of the park which lay about it, had been his favorite resort. Here he had many a time sat with his parents, and listened to their conversation. Here had he taken leave of them, when he set out for Geneva. Here had he seen them together for the last time, upon their native soil. Every thing was now different from what it then was: the avenue, the thicket, the brook, the pavilion. The entire park was then smooth and level, carefully tended and arranged; so also at that time did life lie for him and before his eyes, leveled and arranged. The park was now a wilderness; and was his life less so? He had received no tidings of his father or of his wife. Both were lost for him. What had he to carry back to his sorrowful mother? Only his own self, and that too with a life from which that great loss had gnawed away the innermost core.

All his efforts to discover his bride, who had so suddenly disappeared, had been unavailing; not the slightest trace of her could he find. Nor could it long be concealed from him, that he himself was the object of a secret but only so much more zealous pursuit, the source and occasion of which he could not doubt. But how great soever might be the danger in which he stood, he could not altogether abandon his search. In order to carry this on the more effectually, he made himself known to the castellan at the chateau, who had for many years been the faithful servant of his parents. Gladly did the old man receive him. Here in the vicinity of the capital, upon an estate which was now a royal domain, and disguised as he was, for still greater

security, he thought no one would suppose that he would take up his residence under the immediate eye of the enemy who was in pursuit of him. Moreover, he was here in the most favorable place for receiving intelligence from those dear ones he had lost. Schrader and Geigenfritz, who were both working for and with him, were the only ones who knew of his abode.

He had received no intelligence from them for a week; and he was now waiting with painful anxiety for more. They knew that they might find him near the pavilion every day about noon. He was thus awaiting them to-day.

He had been walking up and down but a short time, before he perceived the well-known figure of Geigenfritz. The brown man wound his way laboriously through the thick bushes; but still so carefully and noiselessly that the Count, even when close by him, could not hear, but only see him. Geigenfritz had also perceived the Count, and motioned him to go up to the pavilion.

Thither they both took their way. They mounted the steps to the pavilion each by a different flight of stairs. The structure was built upon high ground, and had a spacious chamber above. To this two doors gave access, one from each of the two flights of stairs. The openings at the sides were furnished with shutters. These were so much broken, and had so many holes and cracks, that sufficient light found its way through. The interior of this airy, foreign-looking building was as ruinous as its exterior. The boards of the floor were loose, and through the wide cracks one could look into the space below, which had formerly served as a store-room for garden-tools.

As soon as he had entered the chamber, Geigenfritz carefully closed the two doors.

"What do you bring?" asked the Count.

"Good news, Herr Edward."

"Let me hear it."

"But you must be patient, and let me tell it properly and in order. You know I'm an old man, that one mustn't put out of his track, unless he wants to confuse him."

"No preface, I beg you."

"There you are, impatient already. Hark you: you know how I placed little Anna in the fortress."

"I know."

"You know, too, that little Anna had been in the fortress for several weeks, and we could find out nothing further."

"I know that. Go on."

"A few days ago the little one at last made a discovery. I've been in possession of it for four days."

"And you are here only to-day!"

"Very natural. I was close by three days ago; but then I had the honor to be followed, just as you have been followed—very probably as the accomplice of Master Edward Bushby, of blessed memory—and a number of gendarmes

were upon my somewhat broad and long tracks. So I couldn't come to you till to-day."

"Go on with your tidings."

"A little bit of interesting news to begin with. Perhaps you don't know that a reward of three hundred *louis d'ors* is offered, not exactly for your head, but for your person."

"I can very well imagine it. But come to the matter in hand."

"The matter in hand—about the reward, I mean—is, for the matter of that, made known to trusty policemen only. They think they have been very careful. I got wind of it by accident. I've just come from the capital. But of that more by-and-by."

"I beg you," said the Count, impatiently, "to come to the point at last."

"I'm just there now. Only hark you. Those we are looking for are in the fortress."

"Who? All? Amelia, too?" the Count burst forth.

"Patience, I beg you. The child has seen and spoken with two of them: Horberg and Vorhöff. But these are not so much to you. One she has spoken with, but has not seen: your father."

"My father? She has spoken with him. He is there? In the fortress? He, then, is alive?"

"Be quiet, be quiet. He is alive; he is there; she has spoken with him."

"What is he doing?"

"He is wanting to get out."

"And Amelia?"

"I am sorry," said the adventurer, in a suddenly altered tone—a tone which expressed sincere and hearty sympathy: "I am sorry that I can not give you the least tidings of the Princess. You must contain yourself and be patient."

The young man, with his hands clasped over his face, paced up and down over the creaking rotten boards. The old man followed him with sympathizing looks.

"Go on," said the Count, after a long pause. "Tell me about my father."

"It grieves me, sir, that I can report but little of him. The girl could barely ask his name through the door of his prison, and inform him that you were alive, and striving for his liberation. But I have other news, Herr Edward; news from the capital, which will interest you."

The young man listened, notwithstanding the deep grief which rested upon his spirit.

The other informed him—soon regaining his good spirits: "I have never, in all my life, thought much of the French; and when I was a young man, I used to be vexed at the fashions that came from Paris. You will also agree with me, Herr Edward—for as a learned gentleman you know it better than I do—that the French have heretofore done deuced little good here in Germany. But this Paris revolution isn't such a bad thing for Germany. You should see how the people in all the German districts are all alive since they have heard of this insurrection

in Paris, and of the expulsion of the King. They talk every where about the rights of the people, about liberty, about the thrones of tyrants, and such-like things. That pleased me vastly, and I have been stirring the fire. But I was best pleased of all, in the capital last night. Uneasiness every where in the streets; crowds rushing about and singing songs of liberty: others singing *percats* to the new Minister, Herr von Eilenthal, and the gracious Frau von Horberg—though in a somewhat low voice; the *obligato* will soon follow; other groups standing quietly and looking on; but the passers-by are only the more excited: in the midst of all, a shouting, yelling, and whistling mass of vagabonds. But the cause may gain somewhat. The occasion is a good one. And there will something be done, this very evening, Herr Edward."

"This evening!" and the Count became more attentive.

"I was best pleased of all when I visited our old friends. They knew you well."

"I do not understand you."

"I was with the two citizens whom, years ago, you protected against the insolence of some of the inferior officers. From them I learned that they had purposely endured and supported the doings of the mob; and that the revolution was to break out this very evening."

"The revolution."

"That's what the people call it. They have got every thing ready. The masses will collect about the castle this evening; and there they will present a few humble requests to his Highness. Such, for example, as one for a Constitution, one for the dismissal of the Minister von Eilenthal, as well as for that of that second mother of the people, Frau von Horberg—and so on."

"To-day, do you say? this evening?" asked the Count, with greater eagerness.

"Yes, yes, this evening. But, hold a moment. Who's that there?"

The eyes of this singular personage had the habit of always roving about in every direction. Even when he, to all appearances, was taking notice only of what was passing directly before him, his eyes were examining other objects, far and near, now on this side, and now on that. So was he now, during this conversation with the Count Arnstein, perhaps involuntarily and without any design, perpetually walking up to this window and that, and while he was most earnestly speaking in the room, his keen eye was peering most eagerly through the openings and cracks, out into the thicket, in almost every direction.

He had uttered those words in a tone of surprise which he seldom made use of. Coolly, and without in the least changing his position or look, he added:

"Herr Edward, which way do you usually take when you come to the pavilion?"

"The same by which I now came."

"That from the avenue, over the plank that crosses the brook?"

"The same."

"And by what way do you return?"

"By the same. But why do you ask?"

"Why? Just come here; but carefully, not too close to the window, so that you may not be seen from without. There, look toward the plank, there, to the right, down in the bushes."

"I see nothing."

"Look sharp: right by the other side of the brook; close by the plank."

"I see nothing. The thicket is very close there."

"Close and dark: right. But don't you see something sparkle in the dark thicket there?"

"I see nothing but the bushes."

"Your eyes are good, I know very well; but mine, though at least three times as old as yours, are still better, I think. There in the thicket, is a fellow lying hid, in a green coat with yellow buttons; and unless I am mistaken, with a gun."

"Can you make that out?"

"A few moments ago more clearly than just now. I am sorry my eyes were too late to see the man coming; but the motion of the bushes, probably just after he came, caught my eye. Meanwhile, what do you think about the matter, Herr Edward?"

"Why should I puzzle my head about it? It is some inquisitive fellow, who wants to watch me because I come here every day at this hour; perhaps one of the people about the Bailiff's house."

"Quite right. But did it never occur to you, that there's a reward of three hundred yellow *louis d'ors* set upon you, which certain personages would be very glad to earn?"

"The police could apprehend me in the house, far more easily and surely than here. And besides, what would be the use of a lying wait in secret?"

"Sir, you know that I have presentiments sometimes. And now—"

"And now?" said Arnstein, with a laugh.

Geigenfritz made no further answer. He looked down upon the broken floor of the room, kneeled down upon one knee, removed a board to one side, peeped through the opening into the space below, and then said, as he arose again:

"That'll do. The height isn't much; there is a hole in the cellar through which one can crawl. Wait here a moment, I'll be back with you directly; but do you keep still, so that they shan't see you from without."

"What are you going to do?"

"I must see what that fellow out there wants."

"Don't be a fool."

"Leave me alone for that."

He hastily enlarged the opening he had made by removing the boards, and in an instant slipped through; his height stood him in play then; the leap which it was necessary for him to take, in order to reach the ground in the space below, amounted to but a few feet. This was made so lightly that the Count did not hear it, though

he was immediately above him. Having reached the ground, he crept up to a tolerably large hole in the wooden wall, and looked through, peering into the wood in every direction. No suspicious object met his eye. From the thicket by the bridge, and consequently from the observation of the person who was concealed there, he was hidden by a mass of thick tall grass, which grew close up to the hole. Through this he crept; and having gained the open air, he raised himself up just high enough to get the direction of the bridge, and then he crept on—through the grass, through the bushes, by the path, then again through grass and bushes nimbly and silently, like a great brown monster, accustomed only to creeping and lying in wait—until he reached the brook. He had not taken exactly the direction of the bridge, but came upon the stream at a distance of some five-and-twenty or thirty paces from the bridge. Here he was concealed by the high growth of reeds. He crept along the brook a few paces until he found a narrow place, made almost dry by the heat of summer. He was on the other side by a single bound. Here he crept along again, slowly, gently, almost inaudibly, till he was close behind the thicket in which was hidden the man who fancied himself pursuer, but who was in fact the pursued.

Here Geigenfritz paused, and keenly examined every thing about him. His eyes had not deceived him. A man actually lay hidden in the thicket, dressed in a green Jäger's livery, with yellow buttons, a rifle under his arm, with his eyes fixed upon the pavilion. The fellow had not perceived the approach of Geigenfritz, for he lay quietly there, without changing the direction of his eyes.

Geigenfritz formed his plans at once. The thicket in which the Jäger was hidden was open only on one side, that towards the bridge, so that the concealed person could, without any obstruction seize upon any one who approached from the bridge. This side must be gained, without being perceived by the Jäger. Before Geigenfritz betook himself thither, he drew from the great pocket of his brown jacket a long cord wound up in many coils. This he arranged and laid smoothly, and then crept up a few steps toward the opening in the thicket. All at once he sprang upright, lifting himself up to an almost gigantic height, and at the same instant threw himself with all his bulk upon the Jäger, around whose body he wound his cord.

"Help! Help!" the Jäger attempted to cry. But the sounds only half escaped from his mouth which was in a moment stopped by Geigenfritz.

"And so, comrade, you've got assistance near by?" asked Geigenfritz, after he had tied his captive's hands behind his back, and with another cord, which he produced with equal speed, had tied the legs of the Jäger, and thus at once rendered him altogether powerless.

He then took up the rifle of the Jäger, and said to him, coolly and quietly:

"If you bother me, comrade, I'll crack your brain-pan with the butt."

Cocking the gun, he took his station, near the bridge, on the watch. Without any great exertion of his acuteness he had inferred from the Jäger's cry for help, that he was not alone. He was just as little in doubt that they were in pursuit of a single prey, who he suspected must be the Count. Under the circumstances, it was clear to him also, that nothing could be more dangerous than to fly. Any step might throw him directly into the hands of a concealed pursuer; so that he must remain where he was till the Jäger's comrade should come to his assistance.

These cogitations had barely passed through his mind, and his thoughts were certainly none of the slowest, when some one came running through the thicket from the opposite side of the pavilion. It was another Jäger, in a livery similar to that of the one whom he had overpowered. He ran directly up to the bridge.

Geigenfritz had anticipated this; and his plan was already formed. Concealed in the bushes, he could hardly be discovered by the Jäger, particularly in his rapid course, until after the latter had crossed the bridge. The bushes came close to the bridge; and the moment that the Jäger was in the act of stepping over, he would attack him. If the fellow saw him before, the threat of his rifle, and if need were, the use of it, should do his business. And so with the musket on his arm, Geigenfritz took his post, on the watch.

But at this point it turned out differently from what he had anticipated.

The Jäger ran up to the bridge without stopping; but just as he was in the act of putting his foot upon it, he heard a sound behind him; he stopped, and turned around. From the pavilion stairs the Count Arnstein was running directly to the bridge. He had perceived the second Jäger, and hastened to the assistance of Geigenfritz, whom he supposed to be engaged in a contest with more than one opponent.

The plan of the Jäger also seemed to be formed, as soon as he perceived the Count. He cocked his musket, and stood still.

When the Count had come up within ten paces of him, the Jäger cried, "Stop, or I'll fire!" crying out at the same moment evidently to his comrade, "Hallo, here!"

The Count stopped short in surprise. It was, in truth, a critical position. A single step forward, and the fellow might send a bullet through his head. He looked doubtfully around. There was no object near, behind which he might take shelter. Geigenfritz, for whom he was perhaps looking, was nowhere to be seen. He directed his glance toward the Jäger. Should he spring upon him? should he rush upon the shot? should he run the risk that the bullet would miss him, or would not pierce his skull?

It had indeed turned out differently from what Geigenfritz calculated; but a change of circumstances seldom found him at a loss. On the con-

trary, he was prompt to avail himself of them. The moment the Jäger had turned away from the direction in which he was, and had aimed his piece at the Count, Geigenfritz flung down his own rifle, and in one bound was upon the bridge, and in another was by the side of the Jäger. One blow from his heavy fist upon the neck of the Jäger, tumbled him to the ground before he had any suspicion of the danger that threatened him from behind.

"Now be perfectly quiet, my dear fellow," said Geigenfritz, in a friendly tone to the Jäger, who was lying upon the ground; and at the same time he took the rifle from his hand and flung it in the grass.

The prostrate Jäger put the best face he could on this joking. What else could he do? That it was vain to offer any resistance to the gigantic power of the brown man, he was fully aware from the weight of the hand that held him down. And besides, the Count was also there.

The Count had by this time come up.

"What shall we do with the fellow?" asked Geigenfritz. "The other lies over there with his mouth stopped," he added, pointing to the thicket, beyond the bridge.

"I should think the best thing would be to bind this fellow, too," answered the Count, "and then for us to be off, but to leave a note at the chateau, telling them of the fate of these two fellows, so that they may come to no harm here."

"It will be time enough to attend to the latter part of the business by-and-by," replied Geigenfritz, as he proceeded with the utmost composure to tie together the arms and legs of the Jäger, whom he then addressed as follows:

"Now, comrade, I'm going to be your father confessor—But in the first place, sir," he added, turning to the Count, "just take care of that rifle there, and that other one lying in the bushes yonder. One must look out for every accident."

The Count brought the two pieces. One he kept himself, the other he laid down by the side of Geigenfritz, so that he could lay his hand upon it in an instant.

"Now, comrade, how many of you rascals are lying here on the watch?"

The Jäger made no reply.

"Oh, perhaps that word 'rascal' don't meet your approbation. How many assistants, then, have you in your noble hunting expedition to-day?"

The Jäger maintained an obstinate silence.

"Comrade, don't take upon yourself the thankless part of a martyr. Look ye, friend; I suspect that it touches the life of that gentleman there, and very likely mine too; and I think our two lives are worth more than yours. You had better make up your mind that I am not joking."

He drew out, as he spoke, a long knife. The look of the Jäger grew less bold. The arguments of the man in whose power he lay, might perhaps have somewhat enlightened him. He could reckon upon no assistance, for he had just heard

that his comrade lay yonder bound and gagged.

"What do you want of me?"

"How many are there of you here?"

"My comrade and I?"

"Nobody else?—I'll run you through as sure as a third makes his appearance."

"Nobody else."

"What do you want here?"

The man thought for a moment, and then said:

"That gentleman there," pointing to the Count.

"I thought so. And what was to be done with him?"

"The Herr Actuary ordered us to apprehend him."

"And then what?"

"To deliver him over to the Herr Actuary."

"And what then?"

"He was to be taken in a carriage to the capital."

"Oho! We can get there without you and your carriage. Look out sharper next time. Now good-day to you," said Geigenfritz rising from his knees, for he had been kneeling by the side of the Jäger.

"Let us go," said he to the Count. "It's better in all cases to make sure," he added as he took up both rifles, and flung them into the water.

They departed. Geigenfritz strode on with his long legs; the Count could hardly keep up with him. He directed his steps along the linden-alley, but in a direction opposite to the chateau.

"Where are you leading me?" asked the Count.

"Perhaps you want to go back to the chateau, so as to get caught by another rascal," he said, in a tone which betrayed some ill-humor.

"I would like to return to the chateau, but for quite another purpose," replied the Count; "to take leave of the noble castellan."

"Sir," went on Geigenfritz angrily, "there's nothing right with you to-day. What the devil brought you to-day right under the muzzle of that rascal's gun?"

"Perhaps I ought to have left you alone in danger—in your contest with two."

"Herr Edward, in future don't you trouble yourself about me, unless you want me once for all to keep my hands out of your affairs."

The more gravely Geigenfritz spoke, the more was the Count compelled to laugh.

"Let well enough be, old fellow. Don't vex yourself any more. Vexation seems to have dulled your senses, otherwise I shouldn't be the first to see our friend Schrader coming there."

"That's what one gets of it," muttered Geigenfritz.

Schrader was in fact turning into the avenue in the direction of the Chinese pavilion. They called out to him, and went up to him.

"I began to be afraid," said Schrader to the Count, "that I shouldn't hit upon you. There's a great commotion in your village. The people

are thronging in a mass to the chateau. It came into my mind that you might be in some way connected with it. But my apprehensions, as I see, were not called for. You must away with me. I bring decisive intelligence."

"Of what kind?"

"That those of whom we are in search are alive, your father also; and that all three of them are confined in the fortress, our friend Geigenfritz has already told you."

"I have learned that from him. And my wife—"

"We have, I am sorry to say, no tidings of her as yet. But I do not despair of learning something of her fate very soon. I have just come from the fortress; every thing is ready there for a *coup de main*."

"For the liberation of the prisoners?"

"For their liberation—and to-morrow. Little Anna Hammer—as bold as she is cunning—at the instigation of that rascal there," pointing to Geigenfritz, "managed to get possession of a wax impression of the key to the outer gates of the fortress. She gave it to me. A false key was then to be made, which will be ready to-day. To-morrow is the Commandant's birth-day; it is to be celebrated in the fortress; and old soldiers are accustomed to drink like, like—old soldiers. To-morrow evening we make an attack. The garrison, at this moment, consists of barely three hundred men, among whom are the sick and invalided. The false key will open the gate for us. By the aid of our friends, I have collected five hundred determined men, all armed. Surprised by these the feeble garrison—drunk and sleepy too—can not make a long resistance. The prisoners will soon be ours."

The Count had listened thoughtfully.

"I am sorry," he replied, when Schrader had finished speaking, "that, for my own part, I can not enter into your plan."

"I have come to conduct you. You are expected."

"I must set myself most decidedly against it."

"Against the liberation of your father! Really I do not understand you."

"Your plan appears to me to be very ill-conceived. To attack a fortress with an irregular body of men, unaccustomed to fighting, is always hazardous. The slightest circumstance which has not been calculated upon, may frustrate it; and it seems to me that there are many circumstances upon which you have not calculated."

"I think not. We know the locality perfectly, and have calculated for every thing. I have not thought it necessary to give you more than the most general outlines."

"Apart from this—but more especially in connection with the doubtful chance of success—I should be unwilling that hundreds should be ruined thereby. The liberation of the poor prisoners must be effected in some other way than by a doubtful, and at all events a bloody contest."

"According to our plans, very little blood will flow in the surprise."

"It is still the same. Should but a single human life be sacrificed, I should never forgive myself."

"Friend, don't be sentimental. No victory is without a fight; and no fight without bloodshed. According to your ideas, an oppressed people must remain slaves forever."

"We will not dispute about that at present. I will only ask you to reflect upon the endless persecutions of the men who lend us their aid. We shall save ourselves in foreign countries: they will remain."

"This scrupulousness does you honor; but it is unnecessary. My people are mainly smugglers, for the admirable tariff system of the German governments, has multiplied them upon the frontiers. They spring up in the night from the holes and forests, in which they disappear in the morning, and leave no traces behind."

"And then think on poor Anna Hammer. How could I expose that devoted, self-sacrificing child to the danger in which your plan must leave her. I adjure you, dear Schrader, to desist from your unfortunate project."

"It is too late. Every thing is prepared. The prisoners too."

"And they have consented?"

"So the girl says."

"Then they don't know the danger—the real state of the case. That noble child has deceived them. Once more I adjure you to abandon your plan."

"It is too late, my dear Arnstein."

"Postpone it, at least, for a single day."

"What can one day do?"

"Much! I have another plan. A more sure one, I hope; at all events a bloodless one. The trial of it must be delayed till to-morrow."

"Can you impart to me your plan?"

"I grieve that I can not."

"Count Arnstein, have I deserved your suspicion?"

"My honor forbids me to impart it to you. Trust in me."

"I do trust in you. Do our plans cross each other? Would the execution of mine, prevent the success of yours?"

"The one does not stand in the way of the other."

"Then mine can not be abandoned. If the one fails the other may succeed. Both will not fail. I shall return. Whither do you go?"

"To the capital."

"To the capital!"

"There is a revolution there to-day," interposed Geigenfritz, as if by way of explanation.

"You will not surely take any part in that?"

"Tell us more plainly what you mean by that question."

"The time for German revolutions, or rather for a German revolution, has not yet come. Even for France, I am afraid the Three Days of July have arrived too early. Intrigue has conquered. In the Duke of Orleans another person, a somewhat different form, but no different system of government, will mount the throne

In Germany the prospect for a revolution is still less consolatory; at present it is utterly impossible. We can expect nothing but the street-riots, the street-brawls of the street population. So it is also in our own capital. No man who can and will reserve himself for his country and for freedom, should take part in these *émeutes*. This is the purport of my question."

"You need not fear for me in this respect. I will not throw myself into any purposeless street-riot. My project proceeds upon its own separate course. If I make use of the plank which is already placed there, to help myself over the water, it will seem only natural, even from your own point of view."

"I understand that perfectly."

"Then, farewell!"

"Where shall we meet again?"

The Count reflected.

"In what direction will you go if your plan succeeds?" he asked.

"To Paris."

"Let us meet then to-morrow at the fortress, or in Paris in a week. If your plan miscarries, every thing remains as before, and I will come to you. One thing more: Order relays of post-horses for me to-morrow, in your own name, at the stations between here and Paris."

"It shall be done."

"Where will you go, Geigenfritz?"

"Sir," answered the long man, who for some minutes had been more attentive than before, and was pricking up his ears as though listening to something at a distance; "that depends upon what is going on at the chateau down there."

Although the three speakers, during this conversation, had been going further and further from the chateau, they had heard a noise more and more plainly, which came from the direction of the chateau. It was a confused mixture of cries and shouts, and through it all, a sound as though weapons were clashing together.

"I rather think," continued Geigenfritz, after he had stood still a few seconds in order to hear the better, "that there is something for me to do there, Herr Schrader; order your relays of horses for two. Herr Edward, please God, I will be with you at the capital this evening."

With these words, Geigenfritz left the other two, who, in like manner, soon separated. Geigenfritz hastened with long steps and great leaps, through paths and avenues, over bushes and weeds, toward the chateau, by the most direct way.

Here was a great commotion among the country-people. Some four or five hundred men were gathered in the court-yard—the whole community, old and young, masters and servants. The men were armed with rifles, muskets, sabres, pikes, sickles, and axes; the women and children stood in the back-ground.

The chateau was beleaguered. The doors were shut, the window-shutters closed, and the flight of steps before the residence of the Bailiff was occupied by twenty dragoons. Between the dragoons and the country-people, just at the

moment, was an empty space. In this space were standing the sergeant in command and the spokesmen of the peasants. They seemed to be speaking to the sergeant; but the shouting of the by-standers drowned their words.

"Down with the soldiers!"—"Pull them from their horses!"—"Storm the house!" resounded from every side.

"We will have our rights!"—"Away with the bloodsucker!"—"Drive out the whole office!" screamed other voices; while sabres, and axes, and pikes were clashed together in a threatening manner.

The spokesmen in the midst admonished them to be peaceable and orderly. But this only availed for a moment.

"Set fire to it!" cried other voices. "Burn down the whole nest, and the rats in it!"

"You see," said one of the spokesmen to the sergeant, "that the impatience increases. The more impatient the people grow, the more uncontrollable they become. Do not refuse us entrance any longer. Only we four will go in to the Bailiff, to lay before him our reasonable representations. At the present moment we can answer for order and moderation. In a few moments we shall no longer be able to do so. You and your men will be the first upon whom their vengeance will be wreaked."

"The soldier must expect that, upon such a post," said the sergeant.

"But then the building and its occupants can no longer be saved. You must confess that you will destroy here, instead of protecting, if you delay longer."

A subordinate officer here rode up to the sergeant, and spoke to him in a low tone. The second sub-officer of the command was summoned, and the three seemed to be holding a council of war.

"The deputation can pass," said the sergeant, after a brief space for reflection.

The deputation were admitted into the chateau. One of them, from the steps, admonished the people to be quiet till they returned. A momentary silence ensued.

In about ten minutes the deputation came back, some with perplexed countenances, some laughing.

"The whole brood has flown away," said one of them; "they have all made off with themselves by the back-door: the Bailiff, the Actuary, the beadle, the constables, and all."

"Into the office! Burn the papers! the register, the tax-books, the lying protocols!"

"No violence!" exclaimed the orator, from the stairs. "Don't let it be said of us that we acted like robbers and incendiaries. We want only our rights."

The crowd stood hesitating and perplexed.

"It goes all over the country, just as it does here," said Geigenfritz, to some respectable-looking peasants, near whom he had posted himself. "Every where the officials oppress the people."

"And that must no longer be borne. The

French have got their liberty; and we'll have our liberty and our rights, too."

"The country must rise," continued Geigenfritz. "There was a rising in the capital last night—I came from there; to-day I met armed reinforcements coming from all quarters. The Ministers must be obliged no longer to oppress the people; or they must be driven away. The whole country must march upon the capital; there is the seat of the evil."

"The man is right. The Ministers must be dismissed; they are the cause of all—these evil advisers of the monarch."

"To the capital! to the capital!" cried voices more loudly.

"The alarm-bells must be rung from village to village, in every parish," said Geigenfritz. "Every body must go."

"To the belfry!" shouted the voices. "Ring the alarm-bell!"

"Send messengers to all the neighborhood!" cried others.

"Away, away to the capital!"

The soldiers were soon alone in the broad court. There was nothing more for them to do. The sergeant gave the word of command:

"Forward! march!"

He had kept possession of the field of battle. Geigenfritz watched them all passing by—peasants and soldiers, women and children.

"That's a reinforcement!" he said; and then added: "Pooh! the people are like children, or like butter, or what you will, soft and leadable, and kneadable, and good-natured to a fault. And they want to make a revolution!" Here he drew in his upper lip contemptuously. "But who will be hard-hearted any way?" he added, after a pause, with a sort of ironical expression.

He turned his steps to the park, in the direction of the Chinese pavilion.

"Pack of blockheads!" muttered he, as he went; "and yet too good to be the sacrifice to such a tumult as this."

He cut the cords which bound the first of the two Jägers, saying, "Do you be a Good Samaritan to your comrade there, as I have been to you;" and disappeared, before the man could bethink himself what had happened.

CHAPTER XI.

A REVOLUTION, OR NOT?

TREEFROG, the First Chamberlain of the reigning monarch, was pensioned chamberlain of his former Majesty of blessed memory. By the express commands of his late master he retained his full salary by way of pension, and his official residence in the castle. Further than this, there was nothing of his former greatness now remaining to him. With the loss of his employment, he had lost his influence.

It was evening. He was sitting in his well-lighted chamber, furnished with a magnificence

hardly less than princely. Why should his apartment be furnished with less than princely splendor? Had he not ruled the land more than did the reigning monarch?

Habitudes of almost half a century could not at once be laid aside. Treefrog was sitting in his apartment in full dress, as in former days he had sat in his master's ante-chamber. He sat there in his black dress-coat, silk breeches, silk stockings, white neckcloth and white vest. Nor were the little buckles on his shoes and the orders on his breast wanting.

But the old dignity, the old manner was gone. His gray head fell wearily upon his breast, and his eyes had a troubled expression. He was alone in his splendid apartment. It was quite still there, except that the striking, sometimes harmonious and sometimes otherwise, of various timepieces might be heard—which, costly presents and witnesses of former homage, hung and stood in every direction about the room.

From the distance, through the closed windows, pierced the sounds—sometimes louder, sometimes fainter, of human voices, sometimes single, sometimes combined. They appeared to come from the street; but they could not be accurately distinguished, for the apartment of the Chamberlain lay upon an inner court of the castle.

A low and gentle knock was heard at the door, which was opened before the Chamberlain had time to say, Come in.

Another old man entered—likewise a fallen great man, since he was no longer a servant of a master—Prince Brodi.

"Good evening, old comrade."

"Good evening your Highness. I had already given up the hope of seeing you to-day. You come late."

"Do you think it so dangerous here in the castle?"

"I fear the people as little yourself."

"Ay, ay, my friend, who told you I did not fear the people? I fear the people only; the people alone; the people ever and always."

"You're jesting again."

"God keep me from such jesting."

"Do you really believe that this crying and singing and shouting down there in the street, can overthrow the throne up here in the castle?"

"Perhaps not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor in a week, nor in two months; but whether it will in ten years, or no, that question I would not answer so unconditionally in the negative. Just recall to memory your experience of this court. Is it to-day what it was fifty years ago?"

"Alas, it is quite a different thing."

"Alas!—Is it then become better or worse?"

"Worse, your Highness, much worse, and it grows worse every day. I dare not tell you the heathenish way the household goes on. The worst persons rule, from the Frau von Horberg down to the Chamberlain. The deserving men, who have grown gray in service, have been dismissed, one after another. New faces—and

villainous faces too—follow each other, from all the ends of the earth. So much money has already been expended in the brief time of this new government, that one might well suppose there would not be a single kreutzer left in the coffers."

"Look you, the world will say that you and I have fallen into second childhood, and are, moreover, a couple of displaced courtiers; that every thing would look black to us, even if it were white—"

"All the world say so, your Highness; I have not heard a single other voice."

"Oh! all the world, you suppose."

"Every body: I see a great many people."

"Well, old fellow, if all the world say so, if the people perceive this bad government, if the government, of the throne actually stands upon a basis so evil, how can you suppose that it will not some time or other be shaken, and overthrown some fair night?"

"Thrones do not fall so easily, your Highness. They are under the protection of a higher power."

"Oh, yes. 'By the grace of God!' You have profited, I see, by the lessons of our late sovereign, of blessed memory. He had a believing spirit. It is a fine phrase: 'By the grace of God,' but only so long as the world believes it. The belief of Princes in it, alone, amounts to nothing."

The old Chamberlain laughed, for the first time. "I should suppose," said he, "that the people must believe in it, as long as Princes wish to have them. They have every thing to make that faith a living one: Soldiers, police, courts of justice, and so forth."

"Very true, my worthy friend, and our princes have used these aids to a saving belief with great dexterity and power; but we have a proverb, vulgar, but unfortunately a true one—'The pitcher went to the well so often that it broke at last.'—Do you understand that?"

"By the pitcher do you mean these aids to faith, as you call them?"

"You've hit it."

"Then who is to break this pitcher?"

"Who breaks the pitchers that go to the wells? Sometimes it's age; sometimes it's the one who carries the pitcher; sometimes—there are instances of this—it's the water itself."

"But the Princes will not set their armies and officials upon themselves."

"Who knows?"

"You spoke of age also. I do not understand that. If by the water you understand the people, you must grant to me, who have had more to do with water and pitchers than you have, that the innocent water has never done any harm to pitchers."

"Then take all three factors of the breakage together. Pitchers do now and then break in this world. If I had the faculty of speaking words of deep wisdom, like Colonel Reuter, I would say, 'That's just what they are made for.'"

"For my part, just keep away from me with your people. These blackguards will never cause the throne to totter."

"Be not so confident, old friend. Those who can make a throne and maintain it, can also, some time or other break it in pieces."

"What do you mean by that?"

The old Chamberlain did not comprehend him.

"You must know," asked the Prince, "who made the throne, don't you?"

"Who should make it? The ruler sits upon the throne in accordance with the law of the land."

"Upon the throne that has been made ready for him. But who made it ready for him?"

"Why, the law of the land?"

"Spoken like a German professor of jurisprudence—he could not have spoken more sapiently. But who made the law of the land?"

"Why, I suppose the original ruler, who formed the State."

"Admirably answered again. But you can't knead bread without dough. How then could a prince, without something further, knead a State together?"

"He had his subjects."

"Subjects! Right! Subjects make the State. It is they who make the people, and thus also the throne. And if, some fair day they should cease to be subjects, it might happen that the throne would stand upon a somewhat tottering foundation. Yet I do not suppose you understand that?"

A quick, loud step was loudly heard in the corridor before the apartment of the Chamberlain. It paused before the door, which, a moment after, without any previous announcement from the visitor, was flung open.

The little Chamberlain, as pensioned functionary, doubly sensitive respecting his dignity, sprang up angrily. The words, "Impudent fellow!" were upon his lips. He suppressed them, however, when he recognized the one who entered; but he cast a by no means friendly look upon him. It was the adjutant of the monarch.

Without any further words, the officer advanced to Prince Brodi, saying:

"I was looking for your Highness."

"Ah, Herr von Wangenheim," replied the Prince; "You are a courtier as fortunate as you are admirable."

"If the second part of this compliment does not hit the mark closer than the first, I can not be very grateful to your Highness for the whole."

"Do you not call it fortunate to find me here?"

"Most certainly. I am very happy, especially as I have pressing orders."

"Look you! This good fortune of yours is the simple consequence of your delicate, admirable feeling, that said to you, 'You will find the two banished friends together in this asylum.'"

"Your Highness is mistaken. I went to your hotel before I came here."

"Ah, excuse me for the error. One grows old. Old age is stupid. It is a false saying, that youth excuses error. But you have not been fortunate in following my traces? I am very sorry. You have not suffered any misfortune, I hope?"

"I was only in a little peril of my life. The masses of the people, who have hitherto been scattering about the streets, have been concentrating for half an hour before the castle. All the entrances are taken possession of. The court is filled with the shouting, raging crowd. I could get into the streets only through a rear-gate, and was recognized at once. At first they only insulted me, then they threatened me; finally, some wished to seize, but others held them back. The contest which took place about this saved me."

"Did they treat the Prince's adjutant so?"

"Do the *canaille* make any difference? But vengeance will be forthcoming. I hope the Prince will suffer us at once to pour the grape-shot into the mob, and drive them asunder."

"Then you do not perceive any danger?"

"Danger! Pooh! Danger from such a miserable mob scraped together."

"But the people, they say, are armed to-day. As early as yesterday many bodies had provided themselves with weapons."

"These masses, even though armed, will make no stand against our military."

"I am glad to find your courage so good."

"Will you have the kindness to speak further on this matter. I am ordered by the Prince to invite you to a conference to which his Highness has summoned all his generals and ministers in his cabinet. They are already assembled, and are only waiting for you."

"You were to invite me to it?"

"For this purpose I have been seeking for your Highness."

"For me. Is there not some mistake?"

"Your Highness will hardly suspect me of a mistake in so simple a matter. May I beg to be allowed to conduct you at once to his Majesty?"

"His Majesty has but to command. Friend Treefrog, adieu. Perhaps you'll be in active service again. Wonderful times these. Don't you see what the people can do?"

He departed in company with the Adjutant. The broad stairs and long corridors conducted them to the cabinet of the Sovereign.

The heads of the civil and military administration were gathered about the Prince. Among them were a few of the pensioned-off councilors of the deceased monarch.

The low, gentle, whispering stillness proper to a royal saloon, reigned even in this time of peril; though it might have been that this peril was not universally acknowledged in the cabinet, at least not in its extent and nearness. The chief functionaries surrounded the Prince in respectful order.

An old general was speaking. The good man was giving utterance to well-meant commonplace phrases about the happiness of princes in

faithful and obedient subjects, and the misery of the people when they would not recognize that their own happiness consisted in the blind obedience of subjects. He was somewhat tiresome, and nobody paid any special attention to him; every body seemed to be meditating what share he would contribute to the general consultation. The Prince himself looked on with an air which plainly showed that his thoughts were very differently employed than with the words of the speaker.

Prince Brodi, who with the Adjutant, had entered unperceived, had time during the speech for consideration and observation.

After his keen eye had run over those present, he said to himself:

"A bad sign! No young men here! Only old men in their stead! One sees here only dry, withered forms, old, worn-out faces, and venerable gray heads. No youth; no freshness! Does life, as the times, then belong to the old? He only for whom and for whose throne we must act, is young. And yet, how old! How bent is his back; how worn-out his pale countenance; how aged and dead his nerves! The dry hair on his temples can no longer hold its place! And yet these make claims upon life! They wish to give direction to their times! They wish to govern! Pshaw!"

The old General had finished his speech. The Adjutant approached the Sovereign, to announce the execution of the orders he had received, and the arrival of Prince Brodi.

Prince Brodi followed him. The monarch extended his hand condescendingly to his old servant, who bowed over it and kissed it.

"You are punctual, my old friend," said the Sovereign. "I thank you for it. My Council apprehend that there is danger; and I was of the opinion that in the hour of danger I could not dispense with advice so often proved as yours."

"I beg your Highness's pardon," interrupted a tall, meagre, haughty-looking man. He was the youngest of all the Councilors present, both in respect of age and of length of service. But the favor of the new ruler had quickly made President von Eilenthal First Minister. He broke in, almost interrupting the Sovereign, more quickly than, perhaps, court etiquette would warrant. But, nevertheless, this seemed scarcely to be noticed. "I beg your Highness's pardon, but I must, for my own part, be allowed most respectfully to remark, that I have not acknowledged any danger, and have not expressed myself to that purport."

"That is so, dear Eilenthal. But others were so much the more of the contrary opinion. What is your view of this disturbance, my dear Brodi?"

"Will your Highness do me the favor to make me *au fait*. The affairs of the day pass so remote from me in my retirement, that I have barely received a very general and meagre account of them."

"Old scoundrel!" said the monarch, in a low

voice. But he said aloud: "The disquiet of the populace of the capital, some evenings ago, can not have escaped you. It passed off. But this evening it threatens to become more serious. The people, *en masse*, surround the castle, and have taken possession of the public buildings."

"Begging your Highness's gracious pardon," interrupted an old general, "not taken possession of."

The monarch was about to go on, but seemed suddenly to have thought of something else, and said, in a manner almost familiar, to the officer:

"Step forward, dear General; you as commandant know the state of affairs most accurately."

The Commandant of the capital came forward. "The troops in the capital," said he, "at this moment, number something more than five thousand: a little over four thousand infantry, and a thousand cavalry. Besides these, there is the artillery, and a portion of the engineers. Two thousand of the infantry hold the castle, and prevent all entrance. Three thousand men are consigned to their barracks. The arsenal is occupied by the artillery. The ordinary sentries are posted and doubled. All the troops are furnished with sufficient munitions. Opposed to them stand the insurgents, some twelve thousand strong; almost all of them are armed, though great numbers of them only with axes, bills, sickles, and such like implements. A great part of them are well-organized; they are divided into companies and battalions, with rifles, muskets, and side-arms; and as a great portion of them have served in the army, they are well-disciplined. The organized corps are up to this time scattered through the whole city, wherever there are public buildings, that is. They have not taken possession of these; they surround them, especially the arsenal and barracks. Perhaps a thousand men are posted in the castle square. What their object is, there has been scarcely time to learn. It seems sometimes almost as though they wished to prevent the excesses of the numerous mob collected in the square. But, on the whole, a great portion of the movement appears to proceed from a single point, and to be directed by a careful and provident hand. This is precisely what must arouse our anxiety."

"And what is the question to be considered now?" asked Prince Brodi.

"At the present moment the question is, whether the military shall make a sortie from the barracks, clear the streets, and so force their way to the castle; and then here, in conjunction with the troops in the castle, and with the support of the artillery, which has been summoned, extinguish the *émeute* by a single decisive blow.

"It seems to me," said Prince Brodi, "that the most immediate question is, what is the ground and aim of the rising?"

Herr von Eilenthal, the First Minister, replied: "You may seek for the ground simply in those unlucky Three Days of July in Paris;

in the corrupting example which they set; and in that desire of imitation which characterizes the German people, and perhaps, in a particular manner, the masses in the German capitals."

"Very true, very true!" interposed the monarch.

"And the object?" asked Prince Brodi.

"Does the feather-brained populace ever know any thing of an object?" said the Minister.

"Do not forget, your Excellency," remarked Prince Brodi, "that we have just heard, and from the most authentic source, of an organization, and of a careful and provident leading of the insurrection. Any one who acts with such circumspection, has also a definite and conscious object."

The First Minister was somewhat confused. The monarch looked inquiringly, and with an ill-concealed expression of anxiety upon those who surrounded him. No one made any answer to the old courtier.

"I must repeat my question," said he, quietly: "Has no one been with your Highness, to present any definite wish or petition?"

"No one!"

"Have there been no propositions, no grievances laid before the Ministry of State?"

"The people," replied Herr von Eilenthal are always uneasy, always have grievances. Who pays any attention to them? If they are to be considered as symptoms of insurrection and revolution, we must declare insurrection and revolution to be a permanent state."

"That is precisely what I fear."

"What does your Highness fear?"

"That insurrection and revolution will be permanent so long as the petitions and grievances of the people remain unheard. But this is no part of to-day's business. I must beg pardon, then, for returning to my question. The point of it is this: Whether there have been no definite requests of the people expressed, in connection with the present disturbances. Have no definite and reiterated cries ever been heard among the insurgents?"

"They cry out all together," replied Herr von Eilenthal. "They cry out for the Rights of the People and the Constitution."

The more confused the Minister grew, the more pitiless became the persistence of the old Prince.

"The mass of the people are not wont to deal with such abstractions," said he. "They always keep closer to something concrete, that for them represents the abstract. The case is very singular."

One of the generals spoke, though in some perturbation: "They call out some names in particular, which seem to be unpopular," he said.

The Monarch listened. Prince Brodi seemed surprised.

"Might I be allowed to ask whom?" said the latter.

"My own has been named," said the First

Minister, turning to the Monarch. "The most faithful servants of princes have always the misfortune, in times of disquiet, to be the first who are persecuted."

"That is one name. The others?"

No one made any answer to the cunning old courtier. It seemed as though all were fearful of the position into which he wished to entrap them. They cast their eyes down in confusion, without venturing to look at each other. A painful silence took place. Two pairs of eyes only flashed around: those of Prince Brodi, with a glance of assumed and somewhat malicious calmness; and those of the Monarch with anxiety and at the same time with suspicion.

The Commandant of the capital seemed to possess the most courage. After a pause, he said, in a firm voice: "The populace desire the banishment of Madame von Horberg."

The features of the Monarch quivered eagerly. Prince Brodi turned to him with the most imperceptible calmness, and asked:

"What does your Highness think of doing?"

"I have asked you for your counsel."

"My counsel is very simple."

A breathless silence followed these words. The old man was something more than a mere courtier. For a long course of years he had enjoyed the unreserved confidence of the deceased Monarch. Many of those present had been accustomed to look upon his sayings as oracles. He had, in fact, always manifested a keen, profound, and forecasting mind. His demeanor was now that of conscious but not arrogant superiority. Even the Monarch awaited his words with anxiety.

"The people must never be permitted to come into the presence of their rulers with proscription lists."

The Monarch breathed more freely; so also did Herr von Eilenthal.

"And your counsel?"

"In truth, your Highness, on the whole, it does not yet seem to me to be time to form a definite conclusion. The insurrection is conducted upon a plan. It has therefore, I repeat it, a definite object. This should be announced before a decision is formed. It has been already proclaimed. Let the magistrates of the city be sent for—that is my sole advice for the moment."

"The city magistrates fled an hour ago," interposed the Minister of Police.

"That is of importance," said Prince Brodi.

"Why am I now told of this for the first time?" asked the Monarch.

"I attached no importance to this," said the Minister, apologetically.

"Allow me to inquire what was the occasion of this flight."

"The populace wished to compel them to present, in an audience, to his Highness, these so-called wishes of the people."

"Wishes, then. And the magistrates did not choose to present them. Hum, hum."

"They may have been crazy enough for that,"

said the Minister, somewhat scornfully. "I do not know."

"Let the most respectable, peaceful citizens be sent for," continued Prince Brodi, "and invited here into the castle. Let them be informed that we wish to confer with them. Two things will be gained by this. In the first place, the people will at once be quieted for a time—natural curiosity soon fetters the masses; then the principal citizens, received here with respect and confidence, will on their return admonish the populace to be quiet, not without effect. I hope, by this means, that the whole *émeute* may be suppressed."

The Monarch looked inquiringly at his First Minister.

"Would not such a step betray weakness?" suggested Herr von Eilenthal.

He was interrupted by the arrival of an officer who entered with so quick and noisy a step, that all involuntarily looked at him.

"I announce," said the officer to the Monarch, "that intelligence has this moment reached the guards below, from every quarter, that the armed masses of the people, have almost at the same moment abandoned the barracks which they had surrounded, and are rushing toward the castle."

"At the same time?" inquired the Commandant.

"At about the same time."

In fact the beat of the approaching drums was now heard from different quarters.

"A critical symptom," said Prince Brodi. "A new proof of circumspect direction, and consequently of a definite plan."

The Commandant interposed, in a military manner. "I do not look upon the affair as at all critical. On the contrary, by this procedure, we shall surround the mob. There are two thousand men in the castle. I will order the regiments from every quarter to march up and encircle the castle square. The artillery is wholly in our hands. I will have all the avenues to the square commanded by cannon. And thus I can perceive no danger at all."

"How do the people in the neighborhood of the castle comport themselves?" asked Brodi, of the officer.

"They have been perceptibly more quiet for a quarter of an hour."

The old Prince shook his head.

"What is your opinion?" asked the Monarch, who had not failed to observe this motion.

"Will your Highness have the gracious kindness to send for some of the principle citizens—the banker Wendland and Horn the furrier, for example? The Minister may be able to add some other names."

The confident words of the Commandant had speedily elicited other voices.

"Send for the tailors and glovers!" murmured one of the generals, half aloud. The First Minister said:

"I am opposed to any such negotiation; I am utterly opposed to any negotiation at all, so long as the power is in our own hands. The

weak treat, the strong prescribe laws. We stand, your Highness, at this moment, at a decisive point. It amounts to this: Whether you will recognize your people, in respect to you and your throne, as a power with which you can negotiate, or whether you will maintain your own sovereign authority. It must now be decided whether Prince or People shall occupy the throne."

The eyes of the Crown Councilors sparkled at these words, uttered with great energy. They would have cried out Bravo, had age and station permitted it. The Monarch was the most affected of all. There was no more sign of care or anxiety upon his countenance. A passionate flush colored his sunken cheeks, heretofore so pale.

"The mob shall never sit upon the throne of my fathers!" he exclaimed, with determination.

A murmur of applause ran through the hall. Herr von Eilenthal took the hand of the Monarch and kissed it.

"Take your measures," continued the Sovereign, turning to the Commandant. "Away, and give your orders. But only, before force is used, give them notice to disperse, by three taps on the drum."

The Commandant took his leave.

"I will have no unnecessary bloodshed," continued the Prince. "I love my subjects. We must spare the misguided; but must show no signs of weakness. Respect for the law must be maintained."

The Crown Councilors bowed, in token of assent. Prince Brodi had withdrawn into a window; he seemed to feel that both he and his counsel were superfluous.

The windows of the royal cabinet looked out into the open castle court. They were in the second story, and were furnished with thick curtains. It might be owing to this that in the apartment little was heard of the tumult in the square below. In fact, however, at least while Brodi had been present, there had been but little uproar there. For a few minutes it had even been almost silent below; only in the distance the beating of drums was heard, which seemed to come nearer and nearer. In the square it grew continually more and more quiet. All at once arose a shout from thousands and thousands of throats, sounding from all over the square, and spreading into the adjacent streets. It sounded like a shout of joy and jubilation. Those in the royal cabinet became attentive. At that moment a servant entered, with the announcement:

"A deputation of citizens is at the gate of the castle, who pray for an audience from your Highness. The officer on guard asks for orders whether they shall be admitted or rejected."

The eyes of the Monarch glanced inquiringly past Herr von Eilenthal to Prince Brodi.

"I adhere to my humble opinion. No negotiation!" said the First Minister.

Prince Brodi advanced. "I adjure your Highness not to refuse the deputation."

"We can hear them," remarked the old Minister of Justice. "Listening is not negotiation."

This expedient of the lawyer seemed to be a very acceptable one to the Prince.

"The deputation is admitted," ordered he. But his eye rested at the same time inquiringly upon the First Minister, who bowed in sign that he should make no opposition.

The servant withdrew.

In a few minutes the deputation made their appearance. At their head was a clergyman of venerable aspect. He was followed by individuals of the middle class; strong, robust men, from among the strong bone and sinew of the people. At their entrance, the attendants of the Prince arranged themselves in a respectful half-circle about the Monarch, who stood in all the pride of conscious supremacy.

"You come late to me, gentlemen," said he, "if you come in the name of the citizens."

The clergyman replied.

"We come," said he, with gravity and dignity, "in the name and at the instance of the faithful citizens of your Highness's capital. The citizens of the capital have always represented the sentiments of the whole people. Hence we think we do not err when we say that we appear here before the steps of the throne also in the name of the whole people."

"And what does the country which you represent desire of me?" asked the Prince, in a tone not free from irony.

"Your Highness, among the German people, as also in the country which honors your Highness as its sovereign, wishes have for a long time been expressed, especially in relation to the promises which the princes themselves made to the people, after the people, in the war of liberation, offered up their fortunes and their lives to secure for those princes their thrones. These wishes grew so much the louder, the less intention the people saw of fulfilling these promises. In the present times they have risen to discontent, to a discontent which, unless soon appeased, gives reason to apprehend an insurrection. In the capital we stand, if not in the midst, yet on the verge of such an insurrection. The discontent is general. It has penetrated to the lowest strata of the population. It finds vent for itself in various ways. The excited masses seize upon those most nearly at hand. They proscribe names; but thereby they attack the system. The more considerate portion desire simply their rights, the fulfillment of promises. They desire that the rights of the people should be recognized, and for this purpose that the German Act of Confederation be at last made a reality for the German people. We approach your Highness with the petition, that you bestow, as speedily as may be, a Constitution upon your land. If your Highness is graciously pleased to make your people happy by the promise of this, every other cry will in a moment cease; all those threatening masses will in a moment disperse; and this agitation in the

country will end in a general jubilee and blessing upon the ruler."

The speaker then modestly retired a step.

"Have you finished?" asked the Prince, haughtily.

The clergyman bowed his head in silence.

"I have quietly suffered you to speak yourself out," replied the Prince, "that I might learn what your wishes are. My answer is short. To you, a clergyman, it can not be unknown that all authority springs from God. From God I received my throne as a charge intrusted to me; and to him only am I accountable. I have duties only to him and to my own conscience. Among those duties is the suppression of every insurrection. It is my duty, at the proper time, and when it is conducive to the welfare of my subjects, to fulfill the promises in which my grandfather, who now rests in God, bore a part. With insurgents I can not treat; I can only punish them. Tell this to those who sent you."

Having uttered these words, he, in like manner, fell back into the circle of his councilors.

The clergyman stepped quickly forward again.

"It is true," said he, "that Providence has set thrones and princes in a lofty station; but thrones are nevertheless the work of human hands; and princes are men; and men are ever liable to error. Least of all may any single man undertake to say that he has found out the truth. The truth—that which mankind must recognize as the truth—the Spirit of God, so far as it can penetrate into man, and can stream forth again from him, can be found only in that which all in common recognize as the truth—all save those who of set purpose shut themselves up from it. Among the entire German people only one conviction prevails: that what has been promised should be fulfilled—should have been fulfilled long ago. Hearken, your Highness, to the petition of your people!"

"I know nothing of any petition," replied the Prince, "that is presented with threats, or is borne upon the banners of insurrection. You are dismissed!" added he, with a motion of the hand.

"Your Highness," said one of the citizens, who had up to this time stood modestly and respectfully behind the clergyman, "do not suffer us to go thus. Put confidence in a plain citizen. It will be a great misfortune if you send us away with such an answer. Secure to the country what is right and just, and for which they have waited so long. Earn the gratitude of all of us. Spare bloodshed. We can never know what will come to pass when once an insurrection has broken out."

"You hear, gentlemen," said the Prince, turning to his Councilors. "They threaten me in my own chamber." Then turning to the deputies, he said briefly and authoritatively: "You have my answer. I will never yield to rebellion."

Once more the clergyman advanced, and bent his knee before the Monarch. "I have never before bent my knee save to God in prayer,"

said he, in a solemn voice. "If at this moment I throw myself at your feet, my gracious Prince, it is only to save many men. My Prince, listen to the better voice in your breast; do not let loose the struggle of brother with brother. Do not suffer the blood of citizens to flow."

"What ridiculous folly!" interrupted the Prince. "The people would compel me to give up my rights; the mob would attack me in my own palace, and then reproach me with having provoked the contest. Send your rebellious crowds home to their wives and children, where they belong. Do you understand, Master Priest, you Servant of Peace? Away with you!"

Hitherto he had been cool and composed. But he spoke the last words with great warmth. He appeared—as often happens in passionate but weak natures—to have wrought himself up to anger by his own words, without any exterior excitement, for he went on with increasing anger:

"I have heretofore been good-natured; I have exercised consideration. The people do not deserve this; punishment befits them. I have the power; they shall feel it."

He turned to one of the generals. "Let the Commandant delay no longer. Make haste, and carry him my orders. Let him advance with all his forces. Let him not spare. I command it."

His words poured out rapidly. Anger had driven the last drops of blood from his countenance. He trembled violently.

His councilors trembled with him. They did not anticipate that it was time to tremble for him.

The clergyman arose from his knees; the deputation withdrew. The Prince walked up and down his cabinet, with long and eager strides. His council made way for him almost fearfully. No one spoke a word. The lips of the Prince quivered as though he was talking passionately to himself. The Councilors did not venture to look at each other, still less to speak together. They stood immovable, with pale faces and eyes without expression. The anger of princes has a magical effect upon their servants. The eyes of Prince Brodi only moved; he passed in review one face after another; and then looked at the hour, with great indifference; but he also said nothing. Nothing was heard in the room but the steps of the Prince. Below, in the castle square, also, the stillness was not yet interrupted.

All at once there seemed to be more movement before the castle. A noise arose as though a great pressure had arisen, and many voices were speaking earnestly all together. This lasted for some minutes. Through the closely-drawn curtains of the windows nothing could be distinguished. It was probable that at that moment the deputation of the citizens had returned from the castle, and there was a crowding around them to learn the answer they brought. This was the more probable, because directly afterward cries and exclamations, from many thousand voices, ever waxing louder and louder, starting from the castle gate, filled the whole

broad square. It seemed as though all the passions of the people assembled below—hate, wrath, rage, vengeance—had finally broke loose in that fearful cry.

The lips of the Monarch quivered still more eagerly. A fire gleamed from his eyes that had not shone in them before for a long time. He moderated his steps that he might listen.

The outcries below were succeeded by a stillness; then by the sound of single loud voices, sounding like the word of command given by officers in front of the ranks of battalions and regiments. The regular tramp of large masses was then audible; it approached the walls.

The Prince grew impatient. His strides became fiercer. He turned suddenly to the Adjutant, saying:

“Repeat my orders, Wangenheim. Let the troops advance forthwith. Let them do their duty at once. They must have arrived long ago.”

The Adjutant hurried out. He had hardly left the chamber when the beat of drums in the distance, from several directions grew loud. It rapidly approached the castle square. The sounds were repeated from the square, close by the castle walls, accompanied by the word of command in loud tones. At the same time the tramp of horses was heard approaching.

A fearful tumult now arose from all parts of the square; the peal of drums, the signals of horns, the shrill sound of trumpets, the rattling of arms, the stamping and neighing of horses, the orders of the officers, the shouts of thousands of voices, all caused such a fearful din, that the windows of the Prince’s cabinet shook with it.

The Prince hastened up to the window. He flung the curtains asunder, to look out into the square. It was an unpleasant spectacle which the blank window-panes presented in the great square in front of the castle.

The heavens were hung with a drapery of black clouds. The evening was dark, but thousands of pitch torches flung their red light over the square. The light which they cast around was ominous. Like terrible giants were seen in the light the gables and roofs of the houses upon the square, in none of which was visible the faintest gleam of light. Fearfully also gleamed in the light the throng upon the square. The whole space was sown over with men. The circuit, till far toward the middle, was occupied by regular masses and files of armed men: on the side opposite the castle by the military, partly cavalry, partly infantry; and on the side toward the castle by denser and more numerous bodies of citizens. The centre was occupied by that unlucky class, always cowardly, yet always running into danger and destruction, the slaves of curiosity, who are found in the midst of the most trifling concourse and of the bloodiest revolution.

Just as the Prince opened the window-curtains, the cavalry were advancing in a quick trot toward the centre of the square. Their brandished sabres shone in the light of the pitch torches. The tumult which arose among the

defenseless masses, who were mostly women and children, is indescribable. All endeavored to escape the sharpness of the ringing sabres and the hoofs of the horses; all fled on all sides, without order, without reflection, into the thickest of the press, into the sharpest of the ringing, under the heaviest hoofs. The cries of the miserable wretches pierced the ear. Nevertheless, in spite of all their confusion, in spite of the crowding and thrusting, in spite of falling and tumbling, in spite of wounds and death, the square was in a few minutes occupied only by the armed men of the military and the people.

They stood fronting each other—the files of the soldiers on the one side, those of the citizens, the people, on the other. A narrow space of a few steps separated them—the inhabitants of one country, one people, fathers, sons, brothers, friends, neighbors. A bloody civil war seemed now about to break out.

A momentary stillness prevailed—a stillness almost like that of death. It was silent also in the cabinet of the Prince. The loud, eager breathing of the Monarch was heard: the “father of the country” whose “children” were threatening each other with death without.

“Ha!” exclaimed the Monarch, holding his breath.

“Fire!” was the order given without, in a loud, clear voice.

“Fire!” responded another word of command.

The fearful crash of musketry shook the palace of the Prince.

“For God’s sake, your Highness,” cried the Minister von Eilenthal, in an anxious voice, hastening up, “do not expose your valuable life. How easily might any treacherous bullet pass through these panes—”

The poor man seemed so deeply anxious for the life of his master that he could not finish the sentence. He flung his person between the window and the Prince, whom he dragged away into the middle of the room.

A fearful cry from the square followed the murderous fire. In one place rose a loud hurrah, in others, shrieks of rage, and fury, and vengeance. Then again was that fearful, deadly stillness. Only in the distance might be heard the shouts of single voices, probably from those who had previously escaped from the square.

Suddenly with these was mingled the heavy peals of the alarm-bells from all the steeples of the capital piercing through the air. They commenced ringing at the same moment, as though the time had been agreed upon to a second. The impression made was thus far deeper.

The eyes of the Prince lighted up anew at the crackling of the salvo of musketry. He broke loose from the Minister, without regarding the anxiety of the latter.

“At last!” he exclaimed, and the steps with which he paced the apartment became again more rapid and impetuous. But at the ringing of the alarm-bells, he paused.

“They are summoning assistance!” he said,

turning pale for a moment. "My brave soldiers will give them a pleasant greeting."

Adjutant von Wangenheim returned. He announced: "The salvo has had its effect. Whole battalions of the rebels, if their hordes may be so called, have abandoned the square. In a short time the castle will be free."

"Bravely done!" replied the Prince. "Report to me every five minutes."

The Adjutant again withdrew. From the square might be distinguished the loud and confused commands of the officers, the marching of companies, the loading of arms.

Again the Prince paced the chamber. His servants stood constrained and silent. It was something more than etiquette that enchained them. It was the anxious expectation of the next miserable moment—miserable for one side or for the other; in one way or the other. Prince Brodi himself had yielded to the anxious suspense, so general, and so thoroughly humane in its character. For an instant he had looked upon the First Minister, as the latter pulled the Prince away from the window, with a sort of sneering smile, and seemed to have some still more sneering remark upon the tip of his tongue; but he held his peace, and quietly kept his place at the window.

Another volley pealed without, less violent than the previous one. The windows of the apartment rattled less violently. Again succeeded an outcry, shrieks, and shouts, and then again the same awful stillness.

"The conflict begins to abate," the First Minister ventured to remark, in a low tone.

"The insurgents were hastily banded together," replied the Prince.

The Adjutant re-entered.

"All goes well," he announced. "The square in front of the castle, may, at this moment, be considered as cleared. The rebels had no other choice than to fall into the hands of the troops in the square or of those in the castle. They have retreated in the direction of the castle garden, where they seem disposed to concentrate."

"But there," interposed the Prince, eagerly, "they fall into the cannons' mouth. Nowhere can the batteries have fairer play than there. Convey orders to the Commandant to bring up the artillery at once—at once."

The Adjutant hastened back.

"At last! at last!" said the Prince. "How speedily such an insurrection can be suppressed by good troops; how foolish we were to be afraid of it."

"Your Highness will bear me witness," replied the Minister von Eilenthal, "that I have always expressed myself in the most decided manner against any compliance."

"That you have; but certainly my generals—"

"Will your Highness pardon me," interposed humbly the Minister of War. "None of your Highness's officers have ever doubted the fidelity and courage of the troops. Of their own fidelity and spirit, of course, I say nothing."

The noise of the contest had in the meantime certainly withdrawn from the castle square. Only in the distance, and from another direction single shots and cries were heard; but the tolling of the alarm-bells continued, and sounded so much the more fearfully, the stiller it grew in the vicinity of the castle.

The Adjutant re-entered, sooner than was expected, and with hasty steps. His countenance manifested little satisfaction.

"What do you bring?" asked the Prince.

"I have to announce that all at once the armed peasantry are pressing into the city at every gate, and hastening to the scene of contest."

"Pooh!" said the Prince "it's the starving mob from the gardens in the suburbs. The alarm-bells have been ringing barely half an hour."

"Will your Highness pardon me. The reports from the gates say otherwise. No attack had been apprehended from without. The gates had been left weakly guarded, in order to concentrate all the disposable force here; but a stronger force would not have been sufficient to have defended the gates. The country people of the entire vicinity of the capital seem to have risen. The residents of villages at a distance of fifteen and twenty miles have been observed."

The Prince grew thoughtful. "The insurrection," said he "is certainly more premeditated, and more deeply rooted than we had supposed."

He looked inquiringly at his Council. No one made any reply, perhaps because he had put no direct question.

"Gentlemen do not answer me. Do you perceive any danger?"

"For my own part, not at all," replied Herr von Eilenthal. "However prepared beforehand the insurgents may be, they are still unorganized masses, without any unity of design or of operations."

"And," added one of the generals, "as your Highness will graciously consider, opposed to regular troops."

"And, moreover," appended the Minister of War, "without any proper or sufficient *materiel*, while the troops have an abundance of arms and munitions of every description."

The heart of the Prince began to grow lighter.

"Right," said he, eagerly, "they are entirely destitute of artillery. But where is ours stopping? Hasten back, Wangenheim: the batteries must advance with all speed. The Commandant must at once develop all his forces."

The Adjutant withdrew.

Almost at the same moment, another officer entered in breathless haste.

"I am dispatched by the Commandant," he announced to the Prince.

"How do affairs stand?"

"Well. The Commandant has determined upon, and partly carried into execution, the following dispositions: The insurgents have concentrated upon the side of the castle toward the gardens. They are there shut up. In front and on the right, the troops are opposed to

them. In their rear, they have the garrison of the castle, which will attack them in a few moments, as soon as the artillery arrives, which we expect every minute. This will take the insurgents upon the left flank. But it is to be hoped, the General thinks, that they will not risk an engagement, which would destroy them to the last man."

"And the reinforcements from the country?" asked the Prince.

"They are cut off from the main body of the rebels. A second detachment of the artillery is ordered against them. They will be driven asunder without any difficulty."

"Let every thing be carried into execution immediately; and then report further."

The officer left the room.

At that moment the heavy rumbling of wheels was heard, from different quarters, approaching the castle.

"The cannon!" exclaimed the Prince, with great eagerness. "They will rout the mob."

Prince Brodi had remained up to this time standing almost motionless at the window, without taking any part in the conversation. He now advanced to the monarch, with a dignity which was not to have been anticipated from his usual cold, sneering demeanor.

"Your Highness," said he, "will bear me witness that I have been a faithful servant to your Highness's grandfather, of blessed memory. He called me his friend."

"You have been so; and my friend also."

"Then will you grant me a very few words?"

"Speak."

"Your Highness, those men who are at this moment to become food for your cannon, are fathers, brothers, sons, of families; they are the fathers, sons, and brothers of those who are to direct the fiery storm upon them; and, your Highness, they are your children—the children of the country intrusted by God to your charge."

"Well, what then?"

"Have compassion upon them."

"What would you have? Let them lay down their arms. Let them go to their homes. I do not attack them; they attack me. Would you have my soldiers take to flight before them?"

"Promise them pardon, and a just hearing of their wishes."

"To rebels? Yield to their threats! Never! I do not understand you, Brodi."

"Allow them in the morning, if every thing becomes quiet again, to present their petition to you by a deputation."

"Never! The victory is now mine. The rebellion must be extirpated, root and branch. Your proposition would renew it. There must be an entire change. I have been too complaisant. The people have had quite too many privileges. Things must be conducted in a different manner altogether. The insurrection must be crushed; discontent must be suppressed; the laws must be written in blood!"

The door of the apartment was flung wide

open, and an officer rushed in with a visage as pale as that of a corpse.

"What is the matter?" asked the Prince.

"Most gracious Sovereign, the artillery refuse to do their duty; they fraternize with the people."

"What!" cried the Prince, stamping so furiously upon the floor, as to threaten to overturn the costly vases which were placed upon their stands. "The artillery! Direct the troops upon them. Slaughter the forsworn traitors."

His voice trembled; his countenance was inflamed. He turned to his generals:

"Hasten, gentlemen; carry my orders into execution. Let the traitors be shot down at their own guns. Drive them by force into the conflict."

"Will your Highness pardon me?" said the officer. "I am obliged to add that the batteries stand ready for action. An attack upon them, under present circumstances, seems impossible. The artillery demand a cessation of the conflict, and the withdrawal of the troops; otherwise they threaten to make common cause with the people."

"What say you, gentlemen?" said the Prince, turning again to his officers.

Two aged generals advanced.

"The troops will listen to reason," said one of them. "The attempt must be made."

"It is useless," said the officer who had made the report. "The people have completely surrounded them; they will let nobody pass. I made my way here at peril of my life."

"We must break a passage by force," cried the Prince.

"I must agree with the Captain," replied the old General, shaking his head. "In our present circumstances, force is utterly impossible."

"What do you advise then, gentlemen?"

The color had completely vanished from the countenance of the Prince. His visage grew paler and paler every moment.

All about him were silent. No one knew what to advise.

"Speak!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Our dependence was placed upon the artillery," said at last one of the generals. "Without this, the troops, in their present position, and with their numerical weakness, can effect nothing; against it, they are lost."

A second general confirmed this. "We must treat!" added he.

"With the people! the rebels!"

"No negotiations!" broke in the Minister von Eilenthal once more. "I adjure your Highness to reflect upon the fearful weakness of treating at this moment."

"What do you advise, Brodi?"

"A negotiation, at this moment, is too late," said the old courtier, decidedly.

Another officer rushed in, with more confusion, if possible, than the previous one.

"Another herald of bad news, so soon!" exclaimed the Prince. "What do you bring?"

"The General orders me to report that the second regiment has gone over to the rebels."

"That too! Gentlemen, is it possible? And the officers. What sort of officers have I in my army?"

"The officers who left their regiments are in the power of the people."

"What is to be done, gentlemen? Advise me," said the Prince, wiping the sweat-drops from his forehead.

The advisers of the Prince looked at one another.

"Force or submission," said at last one of the generals. "There is no third course. Either trust to fortune and dare the uttermost, or—"

"Or," interrupted Herr von Eilenthal, "fling down the throne at the feet of the people. This alternative never! There is only one thing: either conquer in the struggle or fall with honor."

"But is victory still possible, gentlemen?" asked the Prince. "Speak out. Can this handful of faithful troops maintain the contest?"

The old General who had last spoken advanced with a firm step.

"I know of but one means," said he. "Let your Highness put yourself at the head of the troops. I shall have the honor to accompany you."

"For the sake of Heaven," broke in the Minister von Eilenthal, "your Highness will not expose yourself to the bayonet, to murder, to assassination!"

"The appearance of their Sovereign," replied the General, "will bring the most abandoned to their senses. I do not believe that this people are capable of assassination."

"What, then, would you have me do, Eilenthal?" asked the Prince.

"Rather fly to some neighboring court. What further is to be done may be considered when the elements here have become quiet again."

"A flight is scarcely practicable," remarked the officer who had last entered; "at least, it is in the highest degree perilous. The castle is beset round and round. All the city gates are in the hands of the people."

"Then give me your advice, gentlemen," said the Prince.

The door of the cabinet was opened quickly but noiselessly. A dark, fixed, and gloomy figure entered.

"Ha! Reuter!" exclaimed the Prince, rushing eagerly up to the new comer. "Welcome in the hour of danger. Advise, aid me. I am destitute of counsel."

Colonel von Reuter advanced toward the Prince, with a silent and reverential obeisance.

"Without counsel, my Prince?" asked he in a clear but solemn tone. The counsel of the Lord is ever with princes. Only sincerely interrogate your own nature, and you will receive a better answer—the counsel of safety."

"The question is—Resistance or submission."

"And to which does the voice within you ad-

vice? Follow the human impulse which rules there."

The Prince breathed more freely. He was about to speak, when Herr von Eilenthal stepped before him.

"I warn your Highness once more, that submission at the present moment would ruin you forever. It would annihilate the idea of royal supremacy. It would bring out into recognized existence that phantom, the spectre of popular sovereignty. Your Highness will throw down your throne, if you yield."

"The people," calmly resumed Colonel von Reuter, "the people ask, as far as I know, only a Constitution. This demand is just; it is grounded in the very nature of the people and of the State. To yield to a claim of right and justice never brings shame."

The bosom of the Prince heaved and swelled.

"Moreover," continued the Colonel, "the bare promise of a Constitution contains nothing binding. It deprives the throne of your Highness of none of its rights. The framing of a Constitution is a far more important and protracted matter. The earlier the promise is given, so much the more general may be the terms in which it is conveyed."

"Go on, dear Colonel. What is your advice?"

"My advice is simply as follows: Your Highness shall at once, and on the spot, issue a proclamation promising the country that on the day following, a commission shall be appointed, of men to whom the people will not refuse their confidence, charged with the task of drawing up and presenting, with as little delay as possible, a Constitution, which shall thereupon be made public, in which satisfactory provisions shall be made for the rights of the people. Let one of the members of your Highness's Council here assembled, announce the contents of this proclamation from the balcony of the castle; and at the same time let it be printed and circulated in the city. I know the people. They will be satisfied, and rejoice."

"Do you mean that this should be done at once?"

"There is not a moment to be lost. The truce between the contending parties, concluded tacitly, almost involuntarily, may at any moment come to an end; and then it would be too late. The people would force their way into the castle, and your Highness would be exposed to personal humiliation, or compelled to a doubtful flight."

The decision of the Prince appeared to have been already formed.

"Eilenthal!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Herr von Eilenthal came forward with modesty,

"Will not your Highness have the goodness to charge the Minister of Justice with this?" he asked, in a tone not without feeling.

The Prince turned to the Minister of Justice, and said:

"Do you prepare the proclamation at once?"

The Minister obeyed the order. In a few minutes the proclamation was prepared. The Prince read it over and affixed his signature to it rapidly and apparently without any discomposure.

"Now to the balcony," said the Colonel to the Council who were present.

They went out, Colonel von Reuter with them. The Prince remained in his cabinet alone.

The spacious apartment was brilliantly lighted up. The thick window-curtains were again closely drawn. All seemed quiet without. The hostile parties remained standing opposite to each other, awaiting a decision which was either to plunge fathers, sons, and brothers once more into a bloody, murderous conflict, or unite them again as fathers, sons, and brothers.

In the apartment stood the Prince, solitary and alone. He had rested his left arm upon the marble cover of a table; the right arm hung relaxed and wearily by his side; a deep stillness surrounded him. We call it the stillness of death, because it is such as abides in the sepulchres of the dead, and because also, it reminds the living of death and the grave.

Were images of death awakened in the breast of the Prince? If the thought of death fills the human mind with images and ideas of peace and quiet, then the Prince was not thinking of death, for his eyes shot forth dark and gloomy glances; glances which seemed to wish to strike and annihilate. Was he thinking of his country, of his people? of the impotence and humiliation of the hours that had just past, and of recompense and vengeance in the future?—Who can say?

The door of the brilliant apartment was gently opened, and a gloomy-looking man approached the solitary Prince. The Monarch started in such alarm at the sight, that he was forced almost to sustain himself by the marble table. He motioned the intruder back; but that personage advanced toward the terrified Prince, with calm and measured steps.

"Prince," said he, in an equally calm and measured voice, "I demand my father of you, and the two noble men who are imprisoned with him, and a still dearer person besides."

The Prince stretched out his hand to a silver bell which stood on the table near him.

"Do not summon assistance, Prince. I present my demand as a petition. If I chose to threaten, to use force, no human help could save you from my threats and from my anger."

The Prince set down the bell again.

"Who admitted you?"

"Do not ask me of that. Grant me my petition; my just demand."

"What do you wish of me?"

"My father, my friend, and my wife."

The Prince writhed. He made another movement to take the bell, but a stealthy glance at the person who stood before him showed him an eye perfectly calm but gravely threatening. He drew back his hand. Perhaps he was con-

vinced that he had nothing to fear; or perhaps he feared the presence of a third person; or perhaps his own rising courage gave him strength. At all events he replied in a tone of decision:

"I command you to leave me at once."

The dark-looking man remained standing very quietly.

"Prince," said he, "it has cost me a severe struggle to make my way here, at this time. Pursued by your orders, this was the only moment that remained to me. I myself have entertained many thoughts and many projects, which I have been forced to conquer. Love and friendship bade me so to do, and my own good right. Prince, a single word would cost me a severe struggle, should you force me to utter it:—but here again, love, friendship, and my own good right demand it of me."

The cheeks of the Prince grew whiter than the white marble by his side; his eyes had a glassy glare, like those of the dead. He might have been taken for a corpse, had not the life within been betrayed by a fearful trembling through his whole body. He seemed to wish to speak, but his tongue refused the office.

But once more he collected himself with an almost superhuman effort, but it was his last.

"Out with the word!" he exclaimed scornfully.

"My Prince," said quietly the man before him, "should I at this moment give the people proofs respecting the disappearance of the diamonds—"

"You will not!"

The Prince uttered these words with a loud shriek. His eyes were sunken deeply into their sockets; a bloody foam stood upon his lips; his hands grasped convulsively the table by his side; but the terrible excitement had bereft him of strength. He seemed about to fall to the floor. The dark man took him in his arms, and bore him to a sofa. The terrible effect of his words reacted upon himself.

"I will not do it," said he. "I will not be dishonorable; but do you be human."

The Prince recovered himself.

"Reach me the writing materials," said he, in a feeble voice.

The other handed them to him.

"Where is my wife?" he asked.

"In the same fortress that holds your father."

"I confide in you."

The Prince wrote a document and sealed it with his own signet-ring. He handed what he had written to the man, who read it over. It was an order to the Commandant of the fortress to deliver to the bearer, the Count von Arnstein, the Princess Amelia, and to set at liberty the prisoners, the Count Arnstein, Horberg, and Vorhöff.

Count Edward von Arnstein withdrew with the paper.

The Prince sank back upon the sofa, and covered his face with both hands.

From without, in the castle square, arose the shouts of the people. It seemed as though they

would never end; but ever again and again broke out anew the cry :

“Long live Prince George !”

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIBERATION.

THE little fat Justice Friedel, Justiciary of the Fortress, walked up and down the apartment of the Commandant, hemming and coughing. He was alone. The Justiciary Friedel was a lively man, and was wont to talk to himself pretty loudly. This he was now doing.

“Ah, ah, a rascally business, but well performed, it will win me new laurels. Besides, my old comrade Eilenthal is now First Minister. Yes, yes, one must always keep on good terms with people, even when they are nobodies; one don't know what they'll get to be. How often have I told Frederick one must step politely out of the way for a man one don't know; one don't know what he is or will be. But the rough lad wouldn't learn his lesson, and so he didn't get the rich girl. But where are my thoughts running to? Yes, yes, something can be made to-day. We must look sharply about, and circumspectly, and the whole plot will get out into daylight. I'll write protocols in abundance myself. There is no writer of protocols in the way, and the soldiers don't know much about law. The cause will take care of itself. And the influence, and the trophies! especially with the military. The military treasury won't haggle; it has the funds, to be sure.”

The little man rubbed his hands with great satisfaction.

The Commandant entered.

“I wish you a most respectful good-morning, Herr Lieutenant-colonel. A sorry story this—very disagreeable.”

“A scandalous, humiliating plot,” replied the officer. “My honor, my head is at stake. But they can not deceive me; an old soldier is awake by day and by night.”

“The Herr Lieutenant-colonel has the credit of it, at least, throughout the country.”

“God be thanked. But, Herr Justice, let us at once proceed to business. I have had you summoned that you may draw up for me the account of the whole affair, so that I shall be able to report particularly to the Minister of War. The former report has been already dispatched. But every body, even the Monarch himself, is very eager for minute details.”

“At your command, Herr Lieutenant-colonel. Will you do me the honor to give me the outlines of the previous report, so that I may have a secure basis for inquiry.”

“I will do so. Yesterday was my birth-day, which the garrison are in the habit of celebrating. At such a time I do not mind a cask of wine or so. The people were merry and jolly, but I remained, according to my ancient habit, only the more sober. Last evening, in particu-

lar, I felt an unusual uneasiness; I felt as I used to do on a battle day. I myself made the rounds all over the fortress, at a late hour, and kept watch by a window, while every body was asleep. Late in the night I thought I perceived some men creeping about by the wall. I looked more sharply. I have good eyes, in spite of my age, and grew more and more convinced that a whole company was gathered close in front of the fortress. Without making any noise, I went to the separate posts, then to the gate, and then to the barracks. I aroused all, but commanded the utmost silence, and stationed myself on the watch at the gate. It was not long before a key was turned gently around in the keyhole of the gate. Aha, just then the bolt was pushed forward from within, and the alarm given. The attempt to open the gate or to force it was in vain. The scoundrels sprang up and made off, and when some shots were sent after them from the portholes, betook themselves to a hasty flight. That is the whole story of the attempted surprise.”

“And what was the object of it?”

“Wait a moment. A capable officer must have his eyes every where. When I was taking my rounds to make my people on the alert, I perceived all at once, creeping about near the round tower, the little form of a girl who has been for a short time with my housekeeper. The wench tried to hide herself from me, but I caught her. She would not tell why she was creeping about so late at night. I took her to Blewstone, and what did we find on her? Why, the keys to the cells in the tower. She was asked what she meant to do with them, and how she got them. She gave no answer. She stood still, and only wept. Not a word escaped her. Now do your office, Herr Justice.”

“At your service, Herr Lieutenant-colonel. We will have the traitors before us at once.”

He gave orders to an attendant, who was waiting without, to bring in the girl. In a few minutes Anna Hammer entered, accompanied by Sub-officer Long, and followed by Madame Blewstone. A silent displeasure sat upon the countenance of the sub-officer; a fierce wrath shone in that of the housekeeper.

Anna Hammer was very pale; her eyes showed traces of tears, but she was no longer weeping. Her aspect expressed calmness and a fixed determination. She was to-day a woman, no longer a child.

The sub-officer entered in silence. The housekeeper opened the conversation. “Here is the person,” said she, in a screeching voice, “the wicked person, who has brought this shame upon me. What a serpent I have been nourishing in my bosom. This is the gratitude for my love. But how could it be otherwise? How could any thing good come from that long vagabond who professed that he could make people bullet-proof?”

“Don't excite yourself, my worthy Mamsell Blewstone. Come here, you little villain.”

“Herr Justiciary,” said the girl, with calm dignity, “you have no right to revile me. I

am told that you are to be my judge. Interrogate me, and I will answer you; but do not load me with opprobrious epithets."

"Look at her impudence!" burst out the housekeeper.

"Impertinent!" added the little Justice, in an unmoved tone. "But now, my sensitive little dove, answer my questions. What were you doing to-night about the tower? What were you going to do with the keys that were found upon you?"

"I will tell you every thing openly and directly, and then you can do with me what you please. I wished to set at liberty the prisoners, Count Arnstein, Captain Horberg, and Doctor Vorhöff."

The sub-officer stamped with both feet, and bit his lips. The housekeeper shrieked out:

"Good Heavens! what infernal villainy!"

The Commandant changed color.

"How came you to know their names?" he asked; and then added in a quick and imperative voice: "Here are no names. The wench wished to set at liberty Number Naught, Number One, and Number Two, from their confinement. Let it stand so."

The Justice was visibly surprised when he heard the names; but at the words of the Commandant he replied, "At your command, Herr Lieutenant-colonel." Then, turning to the girl, he continued, "Ah, ha! so you wished to set these prisoners at liberty. Now what did you wish to do that for?"

"Herr Justice, I have told you what my purpose was. I shall give you no further answer. Spare yourself any further questions."

"Well, well; don't be too confident. It will soon appear. I've made many other obstinate persons yielding, by solitary imprisonment, by stocks, by fetters, by hunger, and so forth. That will all come out in time. Now, my question was, in what way did you expect to set the prisoners at liberty?"

Anna Hammer looked calmly before her, without making any reply.

"You had the keys to their cells."

The maiden made no answer.

"How came you by them?"

No answer.

"You probably furnished the scoundrels outside with the keys of the fortress?"

The girl maintained an obstinate silence.

"Oh, ho, my puppet. You get along admirably with your answers. And so you concerted with people outside to surprise the fortress and set the prisoners at liberty. Very likely with the peasants in the neighboring disaffected villages. The farmers hereabouts also are not to be trusted. You have plotted with all of these, have you?"

He received no answer.

"And with the prisoners, too, very likely. Since we have got them at hand, they will very likely prove more communicative than you, my tongue-tied little one, especially if we have them

stretched a little on the rack. Don't you think so?"

The child recoiled. She struggled violently with herself; but her determination to keep silence gained the victory.

"Yes, yes, Herr Lieutenant-colonel, I think we shall have to begin with the examination of those prisoners, and must lock up, for a couple of nights or so, this more than dumb traitress in a very nice little hole. Perhaps there is such a nice little place ready in one of the towers."

The Commandant nodded in token of assent, and gave orders to the sub-officer to lead the maiden away.

"Do with me what you please," said Anna Hammer; and without faltering she followed the officer from the apartment.

"The prisoners must be in the plot," said the Justice to the Commandant, "and it is necessary that they should be produced."

He seemed destined to-day to obtain no replies. The Commandant, without speaking, and in deep thought, took his place by the window.

"I am of opinion, Herr Lieutenant-colonel, that we must hear the prisoners."

"They are put in my sole charge," replied the Commandant. "I alone will interrogate them."

He prepared himself to go out. A sub-officer of the tower-guard met him at the door.

"I report," said he, "that a person at the gate desires admission. Says he comes from the capital."

"His name?"

"Will give it only to the Herr Commandant."

"His business?"

"Will tell it only to the Herr Commandant."

"Singular! But from the capital. Let the man be brought to me."

The Justice wrote away at his protocols. The Commandant again took his station, in silence, at the window. In a few moments a stranger entered, tired and dusty, as if from a long journey; he was conducted by the sub-officer, who went away at a sign from the Commandant.

"What do you wish?" asked the Commandant, harshly, of the stranger. "Who are you?"

"My name is Count Edward von Arnstein. This letter will inform you of my business."

The Commandant started; the Justice let his pen fall. The Commandant read the paper handed to him. His surprise turned to astonishment, his astonishment to consternation.

The eyes of the Justice were fastened upon those of the Commandant. He grew red and pale, as the other turned red and then pale again.

"The Prince's own handwriting," said the Commandant.

"As you see," said Count Arnstein.

"And his seal also!"

"It is so."

"His own handwriting from beginning to end."

He read the paper over again, examined it

suspiciously on every side, and cast mistrustful glances at the bearer of it.

"Have you any other credentials, sir?" he asked.

"Is not the handwriting and seal of your Prince sufficient for you? What credentials do you desire beyond these?"

"All the fiends, sir!" exclaimed the Commandant, the drops of sweat standing on his forehead. "It might cost me my head should this paper be forged?"

"It is genuine. Obey the commands of your Prince."

"That I should deliver to you the four most important prisoners of State whom these walls have ever held?"

"I should suppose that you would at once proceed to the business. I demand them of you."

The Commandant stared again upon the paper.

"I hold you responsible for any delay," continued Count Arnstein.

The sweat-drops upon the Commandant's brow were not diminished. He could form no decision.

The Count spoke with strong emphasis—"The commands of your Prince direct the immediate liberation of the prisoners. I demand upon the spot the persons of my father, his friends, and my wife."

"Your wife! The Princess your wife?" cried the Commandant, irreverently crushing in his hand the princely order.

The Justice sprang up.

"Without any further delay," said the Count, in an imperative tone, to the Commandant.

The Justice approached the Commandant, and cast a glance at the paper, which was again unfolded.

"The commands of his Highness are law," said he to the Commandant, but with a deep obeisance to the Count. "The Herr Lieutenant-colonel is released from all responsibility," he added.

The Commandant left the apartment. In a moment he returned with a bundle of keys, saying:

"Follow me, Herr Count."

They went out.

"Herr Commandant," said the Count, "I have a request to make to you."

"What is it?"

"Permit me to decide upon the order in which I shall receive the prisoners."

"Decide upon it."

"Let us then go first to the cell of Doctor Vorhöff."

The Commandant led the way thither in silence. He opened the door of the cell without speaking. The Count entered.

"Noble sufferer," he said, "I bring you freedom."

"Freedom!" shouted the pale prisoner.—"Freedom! But the others?"

"They share in your lot."

"Is it possible? What has taken place?"

"You shall learn that by-and-by. Let us hasten on."

They proceeded to Horberg's cell. The Commandant opened it in silence.

Vorhöff flung himself into Horberg's arms.

"Brother, we are free! free!"

"Free, free!" shouted Horberg.

He could utter no other word. Both wept.

"Still further, my friend," urged the Count.

They proceeded to the prison of the Princess. The Commandant conducted them back to his own residence, to a side wing, unobservable from without, being concealed by outbuildings.

"Sir, our deliverer, who are you?" asked Vorhöff, of the Count.

"The son of your third companion in suffering. But do not ask further. My heart will burst."

A flight of winding stairs led them to the upper story, in which the Commandant flung open an apartment.

Count Arnstein was clasped in the arms of his wife.

"Amelia!"

"My Edward!"

"Thou art here!"

"Here even;" he had no other word than "Freedom." Is there to a prisoner a sweeter word? Is there any other for him?

"And now to my father!" cried the young man, whose eyes were still wet, and supporting with his strong arm his trembling bride.

They went back to the tower, to the narrow cell of the old Count Arnstein. The Commandant opened this also.

A tall gray figure stood upright in the cell. A beard as white as silver flowed down his arched breast. His noble features were crowned by silvery locks. Over his whole form was shed the beauty of physical regularity, of spiritual calm; of inner self-content. His large, clear blue eyes gleamed upon the visitors, not with surprise, not with curiosity, not even with resignation or impassive equanimity, but with an indescribable expression of the noblest and most self-possessed dignity.

The son fell on his knees before the father whom he had so long sought, and had now found.

"My father," he said, "your son brings to you freedom; he brings to you your daughter, your friends."

Passionate sobs interrupted his words. The father raised him up, and pressed him to his breast.

"My son," said the old man, in a soft, and yet exulting voice, "thus had I imagined the moment of my liberation. Does thy mother yet live?"

"She lives."

"The Lord has heard my two chief wishes."

His eye fell upon the Princess. He recognized the features, once so well known.

"The Princess Amelia!" exclaimed he.

"Your daughter, who asks your blessing."

She took the hand of the noble old man, and

would have kissed it. He drew her to his heart. The two children, husband and wife, rested for a long while weeping on the heart of the father. The friends were greeted with an affectionate pressure of the hand.

Count Edward von Arnstein was the first who tore himself away from the group.

"Away from here" he cried; "out into the free air!"

They hastened away, after taking a brief leave of the Commandant.

All at once, in the middle of the square that separated the round tower from the Commandant's residence, Horberg stayed his steps.

"Where is Anna Hammer?" he cried.

It seemed as though they had all received an electric shock.

The young Count Arnstein rushed into the Commandant's apartment. The others followed him.

"Where is Anna Hammer?" he exclaimed.

"In my charge. She remains here. She is guilty of treason and rebellion."

"Such a child as that!"

"The laws are strict. She attempted to liberate the prisoners by force."

"She endeavored to do what was already accomplished. The liberation of the prisoners had been already ordered by the Prince."

"A court-martial must decide the affair."

"Herr Commandant," said Horberg, "the child but followed the noblest impulses of the heart. Do not you be inhuman. I will not stir from this spot without the child."

The young Count Arnstein informed his bride of Anna's story.

"What a noble self-sacrifice!" said she. "Neither will I leave the poor child."

The Commandant was embarrassed. Justice Friedel came up, bowing and scraping submissively.

"If I am rightly informed," said he, "his Highness was pleased to put his signature to the order for the liberation of the prisoners yesterday evening. There were in law no prisoners last night. Consequently the attempt of the child lacked any and every object; so that, according to the decisions of the safest jurists, no charge can lie against the person who attempted this, under other circumstances, grave offense. Under the present circumstances, my duty obliges me to remark, that, as prosecutor, I can find no occasion to institute further proceedings against this child; and must, moreover, pronounce for her liberation."

"A good angel within you says that," said Horberg.

The Justice was the Commandant's legal oracle. He ordered Sub-officer Long to produce the girl at once. The officer, brimful of wrath, executed the order.

Anna Hammer flew from the arms of one into those of another. But she was happiest in those of the Princess.

Were those tears of joy only which forced themselves to her eyes, when in the arms of

Horberg? Was not the first pang of first love mingled with her joy—a love which shone also from the sparkling eyes of the pale soldier?

They went away from the fortress.

A carriage was standing at the foot of the hill, in charge of Geigenfritz. He immediately led the young Count aside.

"Herr Edward, let us hurry across the frontiers as fast as possible. We are safer on the other side. The scoundrel can always play out his game here. Such a bit of a revolution comes on suddenly, and goes off as suddenly; and I don't put my trust in the words of princes. The report of the revolution has already reached here: how easily may an order come, which should reclaim those who have been set at liberty."

"You are right; we will hasten."

"One word more, Herr Edward. Herr von Eilenthal and Madame von Horberg came driving by in a miserable carriage just now. The people seem therefore to have persisted in demanding their banishment."

"Say not a word of that to our companions."

They returned to the carriage, mounted, and drove rapidly to the nearest frontiers.

Just across the line, distant a few hundred paces from the highway, lay a fine farm-house. Geigenfritz, who sat on the box with the driver, directed the coachman to drive thither.

"You will there," said he to those who were sitting in the carriage "find what is necessary for your further journey."

From the farm-house came Madame Vorhöff, leading her child by the hand, to meet them. Schrader was with them.

The meeting of the husband and wife was a blissful one. Here, for the first time, all of them—Count Edward and his bride, the old Count Arnstein, Vorhöff and his wife and child, Schrader and Horberg—all met together in perfect and secure freedom.

Anna—the brave, the self-sacrificing, the loving Anna—stood for a moment alone. Yet she was not grieved. She found joy and satisfaction in her own self. She left the happy ones to their happiness: that she might be alone with her own happiness, she went out into the open air of the clear cool morning.

She seated herself upon a bank, and dreamed; and as she dreamed she grew happier and happier; and as she grew happier, her tears began to flow.

The farmer's wife came out to her: a stout, good-looking woman, with a grave and gentle countenance. She saw the maiden weeping. The eyes of the strong woman had perhaps known tears only of sorrow.

"Are you weeping all alone?" said she, in a sympathizing tone. "Put your trust in God. He will never forsake those who put their trust in Him. I too have seen sad days. A few months ago I and mine were driven from the house where I and my fathers had lived for hundreds of years. By God's help, and the aid of noble men, have we acquired a new home here. We trusted in God."

"Oh," said Anna my heart is burdened, but glad. I am weeping for joy."

A dust-covered carriage drove at full gallop up to the farm-house. Behind it, from the highway, sounded a wild tumult, which drew nearer and nearer.

The carriage stopped before the house. A gentleman and lady hastily dismounted, and rushed up to the woman and the maiden.

"Save us!" cried the gentleman; "save us from mistreatment—we are pursued."

The farmer's wife turned pale, and appeared to tremble a little; but said, in a calm voice:

"Come, Herr Councilor von Eilenthal. My new house shall shelter you."

The Minister von Eilenthal, with a glance of shame, looked into the clear eyes of the woman.

Mrs. Oberhage!" he exclaimed.

"Follow Mrs. Oberhage," replied the woman.

Anna Hammer sprang forward. Even Anna Hammer grew pale—paler than the farmer's wife—and trembled still more violently.

"Not to the others!" she cried. "Do not destroy the happiness of the happy."

A wild shouting mob had by this time forced its way up to the farm-house.

"What do you want with us? They've driven you from your own country. We won't have you here. We've got enough bad ministers, and villainous nobles enough of our own. Off with you! Back again over the frontier! Long live the revolution!" So shouted the furious voices, among, over, and through each other.

The Minister stood in front of the lady, who also remained standing.

The lady seized the hand of Anna.

"Save us!" she cried.

"You once thought this hand too good to push me away with. You repulsed me with your foot," were the words which rose the lips of Anna Hammer; but she magnanimously repressed them.

"Come Madame von Horberg," said she, taking the hand which was extended to her.

Madame von Horberg looked keenly at the maiden; then stopped, and covered her face.

Did she recognize the child again, whom she once pushed away with her foot?

The farmer's wife and Anna led the fugitives into the house.

Geigenfritz had for some time been standing before the door. He kept back the crowd who were pressing on.

"Go home, good people, and go to sleep. Those whom you are chasing are too mean for your pursuit; and you are not good enough for a revolution Pooh!" he added after a while, "what can the Germans, any of them, do with a revolution? the good-natured fools!"

A year after this date a judicial decree appeared in the public prints, announcing that the bonds of marriage of the Captain and Baron von Horberg, and Josephine, *née* Beaupré, had been judicially annulled.

Six months afterward a notice arrived from the United States of America, by which Herman Horberg and Anna Hammer announced to their relatives and friends, that they had been united in marriage.

THE END

639. 47



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