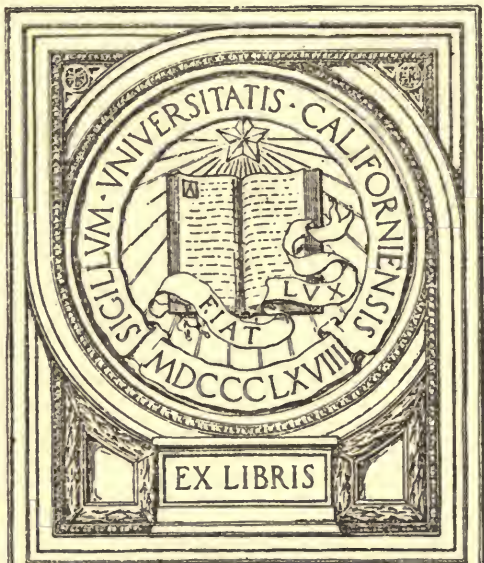




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THE  
LOST MANUSCRIPT

A NOVEL

BY

GUSTAV FREYTAG

Authorized Translation from the Sixteenth German Edition

*COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME*

SECOND, UNALTERED EDITION

PART I

14325

*"A noble human life does not end on earth  
with death. It continues in the minds and  
the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts  
and the activity of the nation."*

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Ein tüchtiges Menschenleben endet auf Erden  
nicht mit dem Tode, es dauert in Gemüth  
und Thun der Freunde, wie in den Gedanken  
und der Arbeit des Volkes.

Gustav Freytag.

Wiesbaden.  $\frac{20}{2}$  90.





## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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GUSTAV FREYTAG has expressed the central idea of his novel *The Lost Manuscript* in the motto which he has written for the American edition :

"A noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation."

This idea of the continuity and preservation of soul-life permeates the whole work. It meets us at every hand. We observe the professor in his study, ever eager to fathom the thoughts of the great thinkers of the past and imbuing his students with their lofty spirit. We sympathize with the heroine of this novel, the strong, pious Saxon maiden, in her religious and intellectual development ; we behold her soul enlarging under the influence of unusual and trying situations ; we watch her mentally growing amid the new ideas crowding in upon her. We enjoy the droll characterizations of the half-educated, of Mrs. Rollmaus and the servants, in whose minds the mysteries of soul-life appear in the shape of superstitious notions. And we see, again, the consequences of wrong-doing, of errors, and of mistakes continuing like a heavy curse, depressing the mind and hindering its freedom. And this last provokes a

wholesome reaction and is finally conquered by unshirking courage in honest spiritual combat.

Illustrations of psychical laws showing the connections and continuity of the threads in the warp and woof of human soul-life, are found indeed in all the works of Gustav Freytag. The great novelist anticipated the results that have of late been established by the experiments of modern psychology. He says in his *Autobiographical Reminiscences* :

"What a man's own life accomplishes in the formation of his character, and the extent to which it fully develops his native capacities, we observe and estimate even in the best cases only with imperfect knowledge. But still more difficult is it to determine and comprehend what the living have acquired in the way of advancement and hindrance from their parents and ancestors; for the threads are not always visible that bind the existence of the present to the souls of generations past; and even where they are discernible, their power and influence are scarcely to be calculated. Only we notice that the force with which they operate is not equally strong in every life, and that sometimes it is too powerful and terrible.

"It is well that from us men usually remains concealed, what is inheritance from the remote past, and what the independent acquisition of our own existence; since our life would become full of anxiety and misery, if we, as continuations of the men of the past, had perpetually to reckon with the blessings and curses which former times leave hanging over the problems of our own existence. But it is indeed a joyous labor, at times, by a retrospective glance into the past, to bring into fullest consciousness the fact that many of our successes and achievements have only been made possible through the possessions that have come to us from the lives of our parents, and through that also which the previous ancestors' life of our family has accomplished and produced for us."

Is not this a revival of the old idea of the transmigration of souls? To be sure, the soul is not a material thing made of an invisible and airy substance, fluttering about after death and entering into another body. There are no material migrations of soul taking place, however tenuous the substance of the soul might be imagined to be. The memories of the present, our recollection of our past existence, depend on the fact that the living matter which is constantly replacing itself in us by other living matter, like the water in a wave rolling on the surface of the sea, always assumes the same form. It is the form that is constantly reproducing. In this sense, man (that is his soul) is the *product* of education. The soul of the future man stands in the same relation to our soul as the future edition of a book, revised and enlarged, stands to its present edition.\* One man impresses his modes of thought, his habits, his methods of action, his ideals upon his fellow men, and thus implants his very soul into their lives. In this sense a transmigration of souls is taking place constantly, and he who opens his eyes will see it. No one has given plainer examples of this truth in the pleasant shape of novelistic narration, than Gustav Freytag.

*The Lost Manuscript* is in more than one respect a representative work, incorporating the spirit of the times. It is interesting from its descriptions of Univer-

\* Compare the library scene in the chapter "A Day of Visits," Vol. I, p. 265, of this novel.

sity circles, of country life, and of the vanity fair at the smaller princely courts of Germany. Yet these interesting descriptions gain in value, because we are taught by the author to comprehend the secret laws that rule the growth of, and determine the hidden interconnections between, the souls of men.

The plot of *The Lost Manuscript*, Gustav Freytag briefly characterizes as follows :

"In the upright soul of a German scholar, through the wish to discover something of great worth for knowledge, are cast juggling shadows, which, like as moonlight distorts the forms in the landscape, disturb the order of his life, and are at last overcome only through painful experiences."

Concerning the invention of the plot as well as of the characters of *The Lost Manuscript*, the following account from Gustav Freytag's *Reminiscences* will be of interest :

"In this story I depicted circles of life that were familiar to me since student days : the agricultural life of the country and the University life of the city. The reader will, I trust, discover in the characterizations of the work, that I have drawn cheerfully and unrestrainedly from this life at large. In the figures of the academical world he would seek in vain for special models, since Mr. and Mrs. Struvelius, Raschke, and others are types to whom in every German University single personalities will correspond. In the character of Professor Werner my friend Haupt has been recognized. But one can find in it only so much of the manner and method of Haupt, as a poet dares to take up of the being of a real man without interfering with the freedom of artistic creation, and without offending him through lack of delicacy. Haupt himself perceived with pleasure a certain remote resemblance, and of

this connection with the romance he gave expression in his own way ; having on several occasions, when sending me the prospectus of his Berlin lectures on the Latin historiographer Ammianus, good-humoredly signed himself "Magister Knips," which latter personage plays a sorrowful part in the story, and is only prevented from hanging himself by the thought of his professional researches in the Latin author mentioned.

"Some years before the appearance of my "Debit and Credit" Haupt had unexpectedly requested me to write a novel. This accorded at that time with secret designs of mine, and I promised him. To *The Lost Manuscript* he contributed, however, in quite another manner. For as we were once sitting alone with one another at Leipsic, before he was called to Berlin, he disclosed to me in the greatest confidence, that somewhere in a small Westphalian town in the left of an old house, lay the remains of a convent library. It was very possible that among them there was hidden a manuscript of the lost Decades of Livy. The master of this treasure, however, was, as Haupt had learned, a surly and quite inaccessible gentleman. Thereupon I put forward the proposition to travel together to the mysterious house, move the old fellow's heart, hoodwink him, and, in case of extreme necessity, drink him under the table, to secure the precious treasure. As Haupt had some confidence in my powers of seduction when joined with a good glass, he declared himself agreeable therewith, and we reveled in and developed to the fullest extent the pleasure we had in prospect of enlarging the tomes of the Roman historian for a grateful posterity. Nothing came of the affair ; but the remembrance of the intended trip greatly helped me in developing the action of the novel.

"In Leipsic I had lived a short time on the street nearest the Rosenthal with a hatmaker, who manufactured straw hats. Near to him, as it chanced, was another well-known firm, which administered to the same need of the male sex by felt-hats. This accident suggested the invention of the families Hummel and Hahn, although here also neither the characters nor the hostilities of the two fam-

ilies are copied from real life. Only the incident is made use of, that my landlord took particular pleasure in decorating his garden by ever new inventions: the White Muse, the Chinese lanterns, and the summer-house by the road, I have taken from his little garden. Moreover, two characters of his household,—the very ones which, by reason of their mythical character, have given offence, are exact copies of reality; namely, the dogs Fighthahn and Spitehahn. These my landlord had bought at an auction somewhere to act as warders of his property; they excited through their currish behavior the indignation of the whole street, until they were poisoned by an exasperated neighbor. Fighthahn died, Spitehahn survived and, after that time, was quite as bristly and misanthropical as he is portrayed in the novel, so that finally in consequence of the perpetration of numberless misdeeds his owner was obliged to banish him forever to rural life."

The novel, as is the case with every work of prominence and influence, did not escape criticism, even among the friends of the author. In his *Autobiographical Reminiscences*, Gustav Freytag refers to the fact. He says:

"The *Lost Manuscript* met with disapproval from many intimate critics of mine. The sombre coloring of the last volume gave offence. It was much objected that the religious struggles and the spiritual development of the heroine Ilse were not placed in the foreground, and again that Felix Werner was not more severely punished for the neglect of his duty towards his wife. But the insanity of the Sovereign was especially objectionable, and it was claimed that in our time such a figure was no longer possible. My friends were wrong in this criticism. The Sovereign and his son the Hereditary Prince were also taken as types. The former represents the perverted development of an earlier generation which had sprung up from the ruin of Napoleonic times; the latter

the restriction and narrowness of life in the petty principalities that then made up the German nation."

The American public will perhaps feel the strength of the criticism to which Gustav Freytag in the passage quoted refers, more strongly than the European friends of the Author. We at least have felt it, and believe that almost all the citizens of the New World will feel it. Nevertheless, considering all in all, we confess that Gustav Freytag was fully justified in preserving these traces of the national soul-life of Germany. For they form an important link in the development of German thought, and have cast dark shadows as well as rays of sunlight over the aspirations of scientific progress; now disturbing it by the vanity and egotism of these petty sovereigns, now promoting it by an enthusiastic protection of the ideal treasures of the nation.

*The Lost Manuscript* teaches us an object-lesson respecting the unity of human soul-life. Under the masterly treatment of Gustav Freytag's ingenious pen, we become aware of the invisible threads that interconnect our thoughts and the actions prompted by our thoughts. We observe the after-effects of our ideas and our deeds. Ideas live and develop not alone in single individuals, but from generation to generation. They escape death and partake of that life which knows no death: they are immortal.

Gustav Freytag, it is true, did not write his novel with the intention of teaching psychology or preaching

ethics. But the impartial description of life does teach ethics, and every poet is a psychologist in the sense that he portrays human souls. In a letter to the publisher, Gustav Freytag says :

" . . . The essential thing with the poet was not the teachings that may be drawn from the book, but the joyful creating of characters and events which become possible and intelligible through the persons depicted. The details he worked into artistic unity under the impulsion of a poetical idea.

"But I may now also express to you how great my pleasure is at the agreement that exists between the ethical contents of the story (*The Lost Manuscript*) and the world-conception (*Weltanschauung*) which you labor to disseminate. . . ." (Translated from the German.)

The laws that govern the warp and woof of soul-life in its evolution hold good everywhere, also among us. We also have inherited curses and blessings from the past ; our present is surrounded with dangers, and our future is full of bright hopes, the fulfilment of which mainly depends upon our own efforts in realizing our ideals.



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CHAPTER I.

A DISCOVERY.

14325

It is late evening in the forest-park of our town. Softly the foliage murmurs in the warm summer air and the chirping of the crickets in the distant meadows is heard far in among the trees.

Through the tree-tops a pale light falls down upon the forest-path and upon the dark undergrowth of bush and shrubbery. The moon sprinkles the pathway with shimmering spots, and kindles strange lights in the mass of leaves and branches. Here, the blue streaks of light pour down from the tree-trunks like streams of burning spirits; there, in the hollow, the broad fern-branches gleam from out the darkness in colors of emerald gold, and over the pathway the withered boughs tower like huge whitened antlers. But between and beneath, impenetrable, Stygian gloom. Round-faced moon in heaven, thine attempts to light this wood of ours are feeble, sickly, and capricious. Pray keep thy scanty light upon the highway leading to the city; throw thy faded beams not so crookedly before us, for at the left the ground slopes precipitately into morass and water.

Fie, thou traitor! Plump in the swamp and the wayfarer's shoe behind! But that might have been expected. Deceit and treachery are thy favorite pastimes, thou wayward freak of heaven. People wonder now that men of primitive times made a God of thee. The Grecian

girl once called thee Selene, and wreathed thy cup with purple poppies, by thy magic to lure back the faithless lover to her door. But that is now all over. We have science and phosphorus, and thou hast degenerated into a wretched old Juggler. A Juggler! And people show thee too much consideration, to treat thee as a thing of life even. What art thou, anyhow? A ball of burnt out slag, blistered, airless, colorless, waterless. A ball? Why our scientists know that thou art not even round—caught in a lie again! We people on the earth have pulled thee out of shape. In truth thou art pointed, thou hast a wretched and unsymmetrical figure. Thou'rt a sort of big turnip that dances about us in perennial slavery—nothing more.

The wood opens. Between the wayfarer and the city extends a broad stretch of lawn, and in the centre a large pond. Welcome, thou dale of verdure! Well-kept paths of gravel lead over the forest meadow; here and there a clump of waving undergrowth is seen, and beneath it a garden-bench. Here the well-to-do citizen sits of an afternoon, and resting his hands upon the bamboo-cane that he carries, looks proudly over upon the towers of his loved city.

Is the meadow, too, transformed to-day? A swelling expanse of water seems to lie before the wayfarer; it seethes and bubbles and plays about his feet, in endless masses of mist, as far as the eye can reach. What army of hobgoblins do lave their garments here! They flutter from trees, they course through the air, faint in outline, now dissolving, now intermingling. Higher the dim, dark figures soar. They float above the wayfarer's head. The gloomy mass of forest disappears. The very vault of heaven itself is

lost in the misty darkness, and every visible outline sinks in the chaos of paling light and floating shapelessness. The solid earth still stays beneath the feet of our traveler, and yet he moves on, separated from all actual earthly forms, amid glimmering bodiless shadows. Here and there, the floating illusions again gather. Slowly the phantoms of air sweep through the veil that encompasses our wayfarer. Now the bent figure of a woman in prayer presses forward, broken with sorrow; now, a troop in long, waving robes appears, as of Roman Senators, with emperor, halo-encircled, at their head. But halo and head dissolve, and the huge shadow glides, headless and ghostly, by.

Mist of a watery meadow, who hath so bewitched thee? Who else but that aged trickster of heaven, the moon, the mischief-maker moon.

Retreat, illusory shadows! The low-ground is passed. Lighted windows shine before the wayfarer. Two stately houses loom up at the city's outskirts. Here dwell two men—taxpayers, active workers. They wrap themselves, at night, in warm blankets, and not in thy watery tapestries, Moon, woven of misty drops that trickle from beard and hair. They have their whims and their virtues, and estimate thy value, O Moon, exactly in proportion to the gas saved by thy light.

A lamp, placed close to the window, shines from one of the upper rooms in the house on the left hand. Here lives Professor Felix Werner, a learned philologist, still a young man, who has already gained a reputation. He sits at his study table and examines old, faded manuscripts—an attractive looking man of medium size, with dark, curly hair falling over a massive head; there is nothing paltry about him. Clear, honest

eyes shine from under the dark eyebrows; the nose is slightly arched; the muscles of the mouth are strongly developed, as might be expected of the popular teacher of young students. Just now a soft smile spreads over it, and his cheeks redden either from his work or from inward emotion.

The Professor suddenly left his work and paced restlessly up and down the room. He then approached a window which looked out on the neighboring house, placed two large books on the window sill, laid a small one upon them, and thus produced a figure which resembled a Greek  $\pi$ , and which, from the light shining behind became visible to the eye in the house opposite. After he had arranged this signal, he hastened back to the table and again bent over his book.

The servant entered gently to remove the supper, which had been placed on a side table. Finding the food untouched, he looked with displeasure at the Professor, and for a long while remained standing behind the vacant chair. At length, assuming a military attitude, he said, "Professor, you have forgotten your supper."

"Clear the table, Gabriel," said the Professor.

Gabriel showed no disposition to move. "Professor, you should at least eat a bit of cold meat. Nothing can come of nothing," he added, kindly.

"It is not right that you should come in and disturb me."

Gabriel took the plate and carried it to his master. "Pray, Professor, take at least a few mouthfuls."

"Give it to me then," said he, and began to eat.

Gabriel made use of the time during which his master unavoidably paused in his intellectual occupa-

tion, to offer a respectful admonition. "My late Captain thought much of a good supper."

"But now you have changed into the civil service," answered the Professor, laughing.

"It is not right," continued Gabriel, pertinaciously, "that I should eat the roast that I bring for you."

"I hope you are now satisfied," answered the Professor, pushing the plate back to him.

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. "You have at least done your best. The Doctor was not at home."

"So it appears. See to it that the front-door remains open."

Gabriel turned about and went away with the plate.

The scholar was again alone. The golden light of the lamp fell on his countenance and on the books which lay around him; the white pages rustled under his hand; and his features worked with strong excitement.

There was a knock at the door; the expected visitor entered.

"Good evening, Fritz," said the Professor to his visitor; "sit in my chair, and look here."

The guest, a man of slender form, with delicate features, and wearing spectacles, seated himself at the bidding of his friend, and seized a little book which lay in the middle of a number of open volumes of every age and size. With the eye of a connoisseur he examined the first cover—discolored parchment, upon which were written old church hymns with the accompanying music. He cast a searching glance on the inside of the binding, and inspected the strips of parchment by which the poorly-preserved back of the book was joined to the cover. He then examined the first page of the contents, on which, in faded characters, was written, "The

Life of the Holy Hildegard." "The handwriting is that of a writer of the fifteenth century," he exclaimed, and looked inquiringly at his friend.

"It is not on that account that I show you the old book. Look further. The Life is followed by prayers, a number of recipes and household regulations, written in various hands; even before the time of Luther. I had bought this manuscript for you, thinking you might perhaps find material for your legends and popular superstitions. But on looking through it, I met with the following passage on one of the last pages, and I cannot yet part with the volume. It seems that the book has been used in a monastery by many generations of monks to note down memoranda, for on this page there is a catalogue of all the church treasures of the Monastery of Rossau. It was a poverty-stricken cloister; the inventory is either small or incomplete. It was made by an ignorant monk, and, as the writing testifies, about the year 1500. See, here are entered church-utensils and a few ecclesiastical vestments; and further on some theological manuscripts of the monastery, of no importance to us, but amongst them the following title: '*Das alt ungehür puoch von ussfahrt des swigers.*'"

The Doctor examined the words with curiosity. "That sounds like the title of a tale of chivalry. And what do the words themselves mean! 'The old, immense book of the exit or departure of the *swiger.*' Does *swiger* here mean son-in-law or a tacit man?"

"Let us try to solve the riddle," continued the Professor, with sparkling eyes, pointing with his finger to the same page. "A later hand has added in Latin, 'This book is Latin, almost illegible; it begins with the words *lacrimas et signa*, and ends with the words—



here concludes the history—*actorum*—thirtieth book.' Now guess."

✓ The Doctor looked at the excited features of his friend. "Do not keep me in suspense. The first words sound very promising, but they are not a title; some pages in the beginning may be deficient."

"Just so," answered the Professor, with satisfaction. "We may assume that one or two pages are missing. In the fifth chapter of the Annals of Tacitus there are the words *lacrimas et signa*."

The Doctor sprang up, and a flush of joy overspread his face.

"Sit down," continued the Professor, forcing his friend back into the chair. "The old title of the Annals of Tacitus, when translated, appears literally 'Tacitus, beginning with the death of the divine Augustus.' Well, an ignorant monk deciphered perhaps the first Latin words of the title, '*Taciti ab excessu*,' and endeavored to translate it into German; he was pleased to know that *tacitus* meant *schweigsam* (silent), but had never heard of the Roman historian, and rendered it in these words, literally, as 'From the exit of the tacit man.'"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Doctor. "And the monk, delighted with the successful translation, wrote the title on the manuscript? Glorious! the manuscript was a Tacitus."

"Hear further," proceeded the Professor. "In the third and fourth century A. D., both the great works of Tacitus, the 'Annals' and 'History,' were united in a collection under the title, 'Thirty Books of History.' For this we have other ancient testimony. Look here!"

The Professor found well-known passages, and placed them before his friend. "And, again, at the

end of the manuscript record there were these words: 'Here ends the Thirtieth Book of the History.' There remains, therefore, no doubt that this manuscript was a Tacitus. And looking at the thing as a whole, the following appears to have been the case. There was, at the time of the Reformation, a manuscript of Tacitus in the Monastery of Rossau, the beginning of which was missing. It was old and injured by time, and almost illegible to the eyes of the monks."

"There must have been something peculiar attaching to the book," interrupted the Doctor, "for the monk designates it by the expression, '*Ungeheuer*,' which conveys the meaning of strange, monstrous."

"It is true," agreed the Professor. "We may assume that some monastic tradition which has attached to the book, or an old prohibition to read it, or, more probably, the unusual aspect of its cover, or its size, has given rise to this expression. The manuscript contains both the historical works of Tacitus, the books of which were numbered consecutively. And we," he added, in his excitement throwing the book which he held in his hand on the table, "we no longer possess this manuscript. Neither of the historical works of the great Roman have been preserved in its entirety; for the sum of all the gaps would fully equal one-half of what has come down to us."

The Professor's friend paced the room hurriedly. "This is one of the discoveries that quicken the blood in one's veins. Gone and lost forever! It is exasperating to think how nearly such a precious treasure of antiquity was preserved to us. It has escaped fire, devastation, and the perils of cruel war; it was still in existence when the dawn of a new civilization burst upon us, happily concealed and unheeded, in the Ger-

man monastery, not many miles from the great high road along which the humanists wandered, with visions of Roman glory in their minds, seeking after every relic of the Roman times. Universities flourished in the immediate vicinity; and how easily could one of the friars of Rossau have informed the students of their treasure. It seems incomprehensible that not one of the many scholars of the country should have obtained information concerning the book, and pointed out to the monks the value of such a memorial. But, instead of this, it is possible that some contemporary of Erasmus and Melanchthon, some poor monk, sold the manuscript to a book-binder, and strips of it may still adhere to some old book-cover. But, even in this case, the discovery is important. Evidently this little book has occasioned you much painful pleasure."

The Professor clasped the hand of his friend, and each looked into the honest countenance of the other. "Let us assume," concluded the Doctor, sorrowfully, "that the old hereditary enemy of preserved treasures, fire, had consumed the manuscript—is it not childish that we should feel the loss as if it had occurred to-day?"

"Who tells us that the manuscript is irretrievably lost?" rejoined the Professor, with suppressed emotion. "Once more consult the book; it can tell us also of the fate of the manuscript."

The Doctor rushed to the table, and seized the little book of the Holy Hildegard.

"Here, after the catalogue," said the Professor, showing him the last page of the book, "there is still more."

The Doctor fixed his eyes on the page. Latin characters without meaning or break were written in

seven successive lines; under them was a name—F. Tobias Bachhuber.

“Compare these letters with the Latin annotation under the title of the mysterious manuscript. It is undoubtedly the same hand, firm characters of the seventeenth century; compare the ‘s,’ ‘r,’ and ‘f.’”

“It is the same hand!” exclaimed the Doctor with satisfaction.

“These unmeaning letters are a cipher, such as was used in the seventeenth century. In that case it is easily solved; each letter is exchanged with the one that follows. On this bit of paper I have put together the Latin words. The translation is, ‘On the approach of the ferocious Swedes, in order to withdraw the treasures of our monastery from the search of these roaring devils, I have deposited them all in a dry, hollow place in the Manor of Bielstein.’ The day Quasimodogeniti 37—that is on the 19th April, 1637. What do you say now, Fritz? It appears from this that in the time of the Thirty Years’ War the manuscript had not been burned, for Frater Tobias Bachhuber—blest be his memory!—had at that time vouchsafed to look upon it with some consideration, and as in the record he had favored it with an especial remark, he probably did not leave it behind in his flight. The mysterious manuscript was thus in the Monastery of Rossau till 1637, and the friar, in the April of that year, concealed it and other goods from the Swedes in a hollow and dry spot in Manor Bielstein.”

“Now the matter becomes serious!” cried the Doctor.

“Yes, it is serious, my friend; it is not impossible that the manuscript may still lie concealed somewhere.”

“And Manor Bielstein?”

“Lies near the little town of Rossau. The monastery was in needy circumstances, and under ecclesiastical protection till the Thirty Years' War. In 1637 the town and monastery were desolated by the Swedes; the last monks disappeared and the monastery was never again re-established. That is all I have been able to learn up to this time; for anything further I request your help.”

“The next question will be whether the manor-house outlasted the war,” answered the Doctor, “and what has become of it now. It will be more difficult to ascertain where Brother Tobias Bachhuber ended his days, and most difficult of all to discover through what hands his little book has reached us.”

“I obtained the book from a second-hand dealer here; it was a new acquisition, and not yet entered in his catalogue. To-morrow I will obtain all further information that the book-seller may be able to give. It will, perhaps, be worth while to investigate further,” he continued, more coolly, endeavoring to restrain his intense excitement by a little rational reflection. “More than two centuries have elapsed since that cipher was written by the friar; during that period destructive agencies were not less active than before. Just think of the war and devastation of the years when the cloister was destroyed. And so we are no better off than if the manuscript had been lost several centuries previously.”

“And yet the probability that the manuscript is preserved to the present day increases with every century,” interposed the Doctor; “for the number of men who would value such a discovery has increased

so much since that war, that destruction from rude ignorance has become almost inconceivable."

"We must not trust too much to the knowledge of the present day," said the Professor; "but if it were so," he continued, his eyes flashing, "if the imperial history of the first century, as written by Tacitus, were restored by a propitious fate, it would be a gift so great that the thought of the possibility of it might well, like Roman wine, intoxicate an honest man."

"Invaluable," assented the Doctor, "for our knowledge of the language, and for a hundred particulars of Roman history."

"And for the early history of Germany!" exclaimed the Professor.

Both traversed the room with rapid steps, shook hands, and looked at each other joyfully.

"And if a fortunate accident should put us on the track of this manuscript," began Fritz, "if through you it should be restored to the light of day, you, my friend, you are best fitted to edit it. The thought that you would experience such a pleasure, and that a work of such renown would fall to your lot, makes me happier than I can say."

"If we can find the manuscript," answered the Professor, "we must edit it together."

"Together?" exclaimed Fritz, with surprise.

"Yes, together," said the Professor, with decision; "it would make your ability widely known."

Fritz drew back. "How can you think that I would be so presumptuous?"

"Do not contradict me," exclaimed the Professor, "you are perfectly qualified for it."

"That I am not," answered Fritz, firmly; "and I am too proud to undertake anything for which I should

have to thank your kindness more than my own powers."

"That is undue modesty," again exclaimed the Professor.

"I shall never do it," answered Fritz. "I could not for one moment think of adorning myself before the public with borrowed plumage."

"I know better than you," said the Professor, indignantly, "what you are able to do, and what is to your advantage."

"At all events, I would never agree that you should have the lion's share of the labor and secretly be deprived of the reward. Not my modesty, but my self-respect forbids this. And this feeling you ought to respect," concluded Fritz, with great energy.

"Now," returned the Professor, restraining his excited feelings, "we are behaving like the man who bought a house and field with the money procured by the sale of a calf which was not yet born. Be calm, Fritz; neither I nor you shall edit the manuscript."

"And we shall never know how the Roman Emperor treated the ill-fated Thusnelda and Thumelicus!" said Fritz, sympathizingly to his friend.

"But it is not the absence of such particulars," said the Professor, "that makes the loss of the manuscript so greatly felt, for the main facts may be obtained from other sources. The most important point will always be, that Tacitus was the first, and in many respects is the only, historian who has portrayed the most striking and gloomy phases of human nature. His works that are extant are two historical tragedies, scenes in the Julian and Flavian imperial houses—fearful pictures of the enormous change which, in the course of a century, took place in the greatest city of

antiquity, in the character of its emperors and the souls of their subjects—the history of tyrannical rule, which exterminated a noble race, destroyed a high and rich civilization, and degraded, with few exceptions, even the rulers themselves. We have, even up to the present day, scarcely another work whose author looks so searchingly into the souls of a whole succession of princes, and which describes so acutely and accurately the ruin which was wrought in different natures by the fiendish and distempered minds of rulers.”

“It always makes me angry,” said the Doctor, “when I hear him reproached as having for the most part written only imperial and court history. Who can expect grapes from a cypress, and satisfactory enjoyment in the grand public life of a man who, during a great portion of his manhood, daily saw before his eyes the dagger and poison-cup of a mad despot?”

“Yes,” agreed the Professor, “Tacitus belonged to the aristocracy—a body unfit to rule, and unwilling to obey. In the consciousness of their privileged position they were the indispensable servants, while still the enemies and the rivals, of their sovereigns. In them the virtues and the vices of a mighty epoch grew to monstrous manifestations. Who but one of their own circle should write the history of Roman imperialism? The blackest crimes were concealed behind the stone walls of palaces; rumor, the low murmur of the antechamber, the lurking look of concealed hatred, were often the only sources the historian could command.”

“All that remains for us to do is discreetly to accept the judgment of the man who has handed down to us information concerning this strange condition of things. Moreover, whoever studies the fragments of Tacitus



that have been preserved, impartially and intelligently, will honor and admire his profound insight into the inmost depths of Roman character. It is an experienced statesman, of a powerful and truthful mind, relating the secret history of his time so clearly that we understand the men and all their doings as if we ourselves had the opportunity of reading their hearts. He who can do this for later centuries is not only a great historian but a great man. And for such I always felt a deep, heartfelt reverence, and I consider it the duty of a true critic to clear such a character from the attacks of petty minds."

"Hardly one of his contemporaries," said the Doctor, "has felt the poverty of his epoch's civilization as deeply as himself."

"Yes," rejoined the Professor, "he was a genuine man, so far as was possible in his time; and that is, after all, the main point. For what we must demand, is not the amount of knowledge for which we have to thank a great man, but his own personality, which, through what he has produced for us, becomes a portion of ourselves. Thus the spirit of Aristotle is something different to us than the substance of his teaching. For us Sophocles signifies much more than seven tragedies. His manner of thinking and feeling, his perception of the beautiful and the good, ought to become part of our life. Only in this way does the study of the past healthily influence our actions and our aspirations. In this sense the sad and sorrowful soul of Tacitus is far more to me than his delineation of the Emperor's madness. And you see, Fritz, it is on this account that your Sanskrit and Hindu languages are not satisfactory to me—the men are wanting in them."

"It is, at least, difficult for us to recognize them,"

answered his friend. "But one who, like you, explains Homer's epics to students, should not undervalue the charm that lies in sounding the mysterious depths of human activity, when a youthful nation conceals from our view the work of the individual man, and when the people itself comes before us in poetry, traditions, and law, assuming the shape of a living individuality."

"He who only engages in such researches," answered the Professor, eagerly, "soon becomes fantastic and visionary. The study of such ancient times acts like opium, and he who lingers all his life in such studies will hardly escape vagaries."

Fritz rose. "That is our old quarrel. I know you do not wish to speak harshly to me, but I feel that you intend this for me."

"And am I wrong?" continued the Professor. "I undoubtedly have a respect for every intellectual work, but I desire for my friend that which will be most beneficial to him. Your investigations into Hindu and German mythology entice you from one problem to another; youthful energies should not linger in the endless domain of indistinct contemplations and unreal shadows. Come to a decision for other reasons also, It does not behoove you to be merely a private student; such a life is too easy for you; you need the outward pressure of definite duties. You have many of the qualities requisite for a professor. Do not remain in your parents' house; you must become a university lecturer."

A heightened color spread slowly over the face of his friend. "Enough," he exclaimed, vexed; "if I have thought too little of my future, you should not reproach me for it. It has perhaps been too great a

pleasure to me to be your companion and the confidant of your successful labors. I also, from my intercourse with you, have enjoyed that pleasure which an intellectual man bestows upon all who participate in his creations. Good night."

The Professor approached him, and seizing both his hands, exclaimed, "Stay! Are you angry with me?"

"No," answered Fritz, "but I am going;" and he closed the door gently.

The Professor paced up and down excitedly, reproaching himself for his vehemence. At length he violently threw the books which had served as a signal back on the shelf, and again seated himself at his desk.

Gabriel lighted the Doctor down the stairs, opened the door, and shook his head when he heard his "Good night" curtly answered. He extinguished the light and listened at his master's door. When he heard the Professor's steps, he determined to refresh himself by the mild evening air, and descended into the little garden. There he met Mr. Hummel, who was walking under the Professor's windows. Mr. Hummel was a broad-shouldered gentleman, with a large head and a determined face, portly and well-preserved, of the honest old Saxon type. He smoked a long pipe, with a huge mouth-piece, which was divided into a number of capacious compartments.

"A fine evening, Gabriel," began Mr. Hummel, "a good season; what a harvest we shall have!" He nudged the servant. "Has anything happened up there? The window is open," he concluded significantly, and disapprovingly shook his head.

"He has closed the window again," answered Gabriel, evasively. "The bats and the moths become

troublesome, and when he argues with the Doctor they both grow so loud that people in the street stop and listen."

"Circumspection is always wise," said Mr. Hummel; "but what was the matter? The Doctor is the son of the man over yonder, and you know my opinion of them, Gabriel—I do not trust them. I do not wish to injure any one, but I have my views concerning them."

"What it was about," answered Gabriel, "I did not hear; but I can tell you this much, there was much talk about the ancient Romans. Look you, Mr. Hummel, if the old Romans were among us now, much would be different. They were dare-devils; they knew how to forage; they knew how to carry on war; they conquered everywhere."

"You speak like an incendiary," said Mr. Hummel, with displeasure.

"Yes, that is the way they did," answered Gabriel, complacently. "They were a selfish people, and knew how to look out for their own interests. But what is most wonderful is the number of books these Romans wrote for all that, large and small—many also in folio. When I dust the library there is no end to the Romans of all sizes, and some are books thicker than the Bible, only they are all difficult to read; but one who knows the language may learn much."

"The Romans are an extinct people," replied Mr. Hummel. "When they disappeared, the Germans came. The Romans could never exist with us. The only thing that can help us is the Hanseatic league. That is the thing to look to. Powerful at sea, Gabriel," he exclaimed, taking hold of his coat by a button, "the cities must form alliances, invest money,

build ships, and hoist flags; our trade and credit are established, and men are not wanting."

"And would you venture on the mighty ocean in that vessel?" asked Gabriel, pointing to a little row-boat which lay in the rear of the garden tilted over on two planks. "Shall I go to sea with the Professor?"

"That is not the question," answered Mr. Hummel; "let the young people go first—they are useless. Many could do better than stay at home with their parents. Why should not the doctor up there serve his country in the capacity of a sailor?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Hummel?" cried Gabriel, startled; "the young gentleman is near-sighted."

"That's nothing," muttered Mr. Hummel, "for they have telescopes at sea, and for aught I care he may become a captain. I am not the man to wish evil to my neighbor."

"He is a man of learning," replied Gabriel, "and this class is also necessary. I can assure you, Mr. Hummel, I have meditated much upon the character of the learned. I know my Professor thoroughly, and something of the Doctor, and I must say there is something in it—there is much in it. Sometimes I am not so sure of it. When the tailor brings the Professor home a new coat he does not remark what everybody else sees, whether the coat fits him or wrinkles. If he takes it into his head to buy a load of wood which has very likely been stolen, from a peasant, he pays more in my absence than any one else would. And when he grows angry and excited about matters that you and I would discuss very calmly, I must say I have my doubts. But when I see how he acts at other times—how kind and merciful he is, even to the flies that

buzz about his nose, taking them out of his coffee-cup with a spoon and setting them on the window-sill—how he wishes well to all the world and begrudges himself everything—how he sits reading and writing till late at night—when I see all this, I must say his life affects me powerfully. And I tell you I will not allow any one to underrate our men of learning. They are different from us ; they do not understand what we do, nor do we understand what they do.”

“Yet we also have our culture,” replied Mr. Hummel. “Gabriel, you have spoken like an honorable man, but I will confide this to you—that a man may have great knowledge, and yet be a very hard-hearted individual, who loans his money on usurious interest and deprives his friends of the honor due them. Therefore I think the main point is to have order and boundaries, and to leave something to one’s descendants. Regularity here,” he pointed to his breast, “and a boundary there,” pointing to his fence, “that one may be sure as to what belongs to one’s self and what to another, and a secure property for one’s children on which they may settle themselves. That is what I understand as the life of man.”

The householder locked the gate of the fence and the door of the house. Gabriel also sought his bed, but the lamp in the Professor’s study burned late into the night, and its rays intermingled on the window-sill with the pale moonshine. At length the Scholar’s light was extinguished, and the room left empty ; outside, small clouds coursed over the disk of the moon, and flickering lights reigned paramount in the room, over the writing-table, over the works of the old Romans, and over the little book of the defunct Brother Tobias.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOSTILE NEIGHBORS.

WE are led to believe that in future times there will be nothing but love and happiness ; and men will go about with palm branches in their hands to chase away the last of those birds of night, hatred and malice. In such a chase we would probably find the last nest of these monsters hanging between the walls of two neighboring houses. For they have nestled between neighbor and neighbor ever since the rain trickled from the roof of one house into the court of the other ; ever since the rays of the sun were kept away from one house by the wall of the other ; ever since children thrust their hands through the hedge to steal berries ; ever since the master of the house has been inclined to consider himself better than his fellow-men. There are in our days few houses in the country between which so much ill-will and hostile criticism exist as between the two houses near the great city park.

Many will remember the time when the houses of the town did not extend to the wooded valley. Then there were only a few small houses along the lanes ; behind lay a waste place where Mrs. Knips, the wash-woman, dried the shirts, and her two naughty boys threw the wooden clothes'-pins at each other. There Mr. Hummel had bought a dry spot, quite at the end of the street, and had built his pretty house of two stories, with stone steps and iron railing, and behind, a simple workshop for his trade ; for he was a hatter, and carried on the business very extensively. When he went out of his house and surveyed the reliefs on

the roof and the plaster arabesques under the windows, he congratulated himself on being surrounded by light and air and free nature, and felt that he was the foremost pillar of civilization in the primeval forest.

Then he experienced what often happens to disturb the peace of pioneers of the wilderness—his example was imitated. On a dark morning in March, a wagon, loaded with old planks, came to the drying-ground which was opposite his house. A fence was soon built, and laborers with shovels and wheelbarrows began to dig up the ground. This was a hard blow for Mr. Hummel. But his suffering became greater when, walking angrily across the street and inquiring the name of the man who was causing such injury to the light and reputation of his house, he learned that his future neighbor was to be a manufacturer by the name of Hahn. That it should of all men in the world be he, was the greatest vexation fate could inflict upon him. Mr. Hahn was respectable; there was nothing to be said against his family; but he was Mr. Hummel's natural opponent, for the business of the new settler was also in hats, although straw hats. The manufacture of this light trash was never considered as dignified, manly work; it was not a guild handicraft; it never had the right to make apprentices, journeymen; it was formerly carried on only by Italian peasants; it had only lately, like other bad customs, spread through the world as a novelty; it is, in fact, not a business—the plait-straw is bought and sewed together by young girls who are engaged by the week. And there is an old enmity between the felt hat and straw hat. The felt hat is an historical power consecrated through thousands of years—it only tolerates the cap as an ordinary contrivance for work-days.



Now the straw hat raises its pretensions against prescribed right, and insolently lays claim to half of the year. And since then approbation fluctuates between these two appurtenances of the human race. When the unstable minds of mortals wavered toward straw, the most beautiful felts, velveteen, silk, and pasteboard were left unnoticed and eaten by moths. On the other hand, when the inclinations of men turned to felt, every human being—women, children, and nurses—wore men's small hats; then the condition of straw was lamentable—no heart beat for it, and the mouse nestled in its most beautiful plaits.

This was a strong ground for indignation to Mr. Hummel, but worse was to come. He saw the daily progress of the hostile house; he watched the scaffolding, the rising walls, the ornaments of the cornice, and the rows of windows—it was two windows higher than his house. The ground floor rose, then a second floor, and at last a third. All the work-rooms of the straw hat manufacturer were attached to the dwelling. The house of Mr. Hummel had sunk into insignificance. He then went to his lawyer and demanded redress for the obstruction of his light and the view from his residence; the man of law naturally shrugged his shoulders. The privilege of building houses was one of the fundamental rights of man; it was the common German custom to live in houses, and it was obviously hopeless to propose that Hahn should only erect on his piece of ground a canvas tent. Thus there was absolutely nothing to do but to submit patiently, and Mr. Hummel might have known that himself.

Years had passed away. At the same hour the light of the sun gilds both houses; there they stand

stately and inhabited, both occupied by men who daily pass each other. At the same hour the letter-carrier enters both houses, the pigeons fly from one roof to the other, and the sparrows hop around on the gutters of both, in the most cordial relations. About one house there is sometimes a faint smell of sulphur, and about the other, of singed hair; but the same summer wind wafts from the wood, through the doors of both dwellings, the scent of the pine-trees and the perfumes of the lime-flowers. And yet the intense aversion of the inhabitants has not diminished. The house of Hahn objects to singed hair, and the family of Hummel cough indignantly in their garden whenever they suspect sulphur in the oxygen of the air.

It is true that decorous behavior to the neighborhood was not quite ignored; and though the felt was inclined to be quarrelsome, the straw was more pliant, and showed itself tractable in many cases. Both men were acquainted with a family in which they occasionally met, nay, both had once been godfathers to the same child, and care had been taken that one should not give a smaller christening gift than the other. This unavoidable acquaintance necessitated formal greetings whenever they could not avoid meeting each other. But there it ended. Between the shopmen who cleaned the straw hats with sulphur, and the workmen, who presided over the hare-skins, there existed an intense hatred. And the people who dwelt in the nearest houses in the street knew this, and did their best to maintain the existing relation. But, in fact, the character of both would scarcely harmonize. Their dialect was different, their education had been different, the favorite dishes and the domestic arrangements that were approved by one displeased the other.

Hummel was of North German lineage ; Hahn had come hither from a small town in the neighborhood.

When Mr. Hummel spoke of his neighbor Hahn, he called him a man of straw and a fantastical fellow. Mr. Hahn was a thoughtful man, quiet and industrious in his business, but in his hours of recreation he devoted himself to some peculiar fancies. These were undoubtedly intended to make a favorable impression on the people who passed by the two houses on their way to the meadow and the woods. In his little garden he had collected most of the contrivances of modern landscape-gardening. Between the three elder-bushes there rose up a rock built of tufa, with a small, steep path to the top. The expedition to the summit could be ventured upon without an Alpenstock by strong mountain climbers only, and even they would be in danger of falling on their noses on the jagged tufa. The following year, near the railing, poles were erected at short intervals, round which climbed creepers, and between each pole hung a colored glass lamp. When the row of lamps was lighted up on festive evenings they threw a magic splendor on the straw hats which were placed under the elder bushes, and which challenged the judgment of the passers-by. The following year the glass lamps were superseded by Chinese lanterns. Again, the next year, the garden bore a classical aspect, for a white statue of a muse, surrounded by ivy and blooming wall-flowers, shone forth far into the wood.

In the face of such novelties Mr. Hummel remained firm to his preference for water. In the rear of his house a small stream flowed toward the town. Every year his boat was painted the same green, and in his leisure hours he loved to go alone in his boat and to

row from the houses to the park. He took his rod in his hand and devoted himself to the pleasure of catching gudgeons, minnows, and other small fish.

Doubtless, the Hummel family were more aristocratic,—that is, more determined, more out of the common, and more difficult to deal with. Of all the housewives of the street, Mrs. Hummel displayed the greatest pretensions by her silk dresses and gold watch and chain. She was a little lady with blonde curls, still very pretty; she had a seat at the theatre, was accomplished and kind-hearted, and very irascible. She looked as if she did not concern herself about anything, but she knew everything that happened in the street. Her husband was the only one who, at times, was beyond her control. Yet, although Mr. Hummel was tyrannical to all the world, he sometimes showed his wife great consideration. When she was too much for him in the house, he quietly went into the garden, and if she followed him there, he ensconced himself in the factory behind a bulwark of felt.

But also Mrs. Hummel was subject to a higher power, and this power was exercised by her little daughter, Laura. This was the only surviving one of several children, and all the tenderness and affection of the mother were lavished upon her. And she was a splendid little girl; the whole town knew her ever since she wore her first red shoes; she was often detained when in the arms of her nurse; and had many presents given her. She grew up a merry, plump little maiden, with two large blue eyes and round cheeks, with dark, curly hair, and an arch countenance. When the little, rosy daughter of Mr. Hummel walked along the streets, her hands in the pockets of her apron, she was the delight of the whole neighborhood.

Sprightly and decided, she knew how to behave toward all, and was never backward in offering her little mouth to be kissed. She would give the woodcutter at the door her buttered roll, and join him in drinking the thin coffee out of his cup ; she accompanied the letter-carrier all along the street, and her greatest pleasure was to run with him up the steps, to ring and deliver his letters ; she even once slipped out of the room late in the evening, and placed herself by the watchman, on a corner-stone, and held his great horn in impatient expectation of the striking of the hour at which it was to be sounded. Mrs. Hummel lived in unceasing anxiety lest her daughter should be stolen ; for, more than once she had disappeared for many hours ; she had gone with children, who were strangers, to their homes, and had played with them—she was the patroness of many of the little urchins in the street, knew how to make them respect her, gave them pennies, and received as tokens of esteem dolls and little chimney-sweeps, constructed of dried plums and little wooden sticks. She was a kind-hearted child that rather laughed than wept, and her merry face contributed more toward making the house of Mr. Hummel a pleasant abode, than the ivy arbor of the mistress of the house, or the massive bust of Mr. Hummel himself, which looked down imperiously on Laura's doll-house.

“The child is becoming unbearable,” exclaimed Mrs. Hummel, angrily dragging in the troubled Laura by the hand. “She runs about the streets all day long. Just now when I came from market she was sitting near the bridge, on the chair of the fruit-woman, selling onions for her. Everyone was gathering around her, and I had to fetch my child out of the crowd.”

“The little monkey will do well,” answered Mr. Hummel, laughing; “why will you not let her enjoy her childhood?”

“She must give up this low company. She lacks all sense of refinement; she hardly knows her alphabet, and she has no taste for reading. It is time, too, that she should begin her French letters. Little Betty, the councillor’s daughter, is not older, and she knows how to call her mother *chère mère*, in such a pretty manner.”

“The French are a polite people,” answered Mr. Hummel. “If you are so anxious to train your daughter for the market, the Turkish language would be better than the French. The Turk pays money if you dispose of your child to him; the others wish to have something into the bargain.”

“Do not speak so inconsiderately, Henry!” exclaimed the wife.

“Be off with you and your cursed French letters, else I promise you I will teach the child all the French phrases I know; they are not many, but they are strong. *Baisez-moi, Madame Hummel!*” Saying this, he left the room with an air of defiance.

The result, however, of this consultation was that Laura went to school. It was very difficult for her to listen and be silent, and for a long time her progress was not satisfactory. But at last her little soul was fired with ambition; she climbed the lower steps of learning with Miss Johanne, and then she was promoted to the renowned Institute of Miss Jeannette, where the daughters of families of pretension received education in higher branches. There she learned the tributaries of the Amazon, and much Egyptian history; she could touch the cover of the electrophorus, speak

of the weather in French, and read English so ingeniously that even true-born Britons were obliged to acknowledge that a new language had been discovered ; lastly, she was accomplished in all the elegancies of German composition. She wrote small treatises on the difference between walking and sleeping, on the feelings of the famed Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, on the terrors of a shipwreck, and of the desert island on which she had been saved. Finally, she gained some knowledge of the composition of strophes and sonnets. It soon became clear that Laura's strong point was German, not French ; her style was the delight of the Institute ; nay, she began to write poems in honor of her teachers and favorite companions, in which she very happily imitated the difficult rhymes of the great Schiller's "Song of the Bell." She was now eighteen, a pretty, rosy, young lady, still plump and merry, still the ruling power of the house, and still loved by all the people on the street.

The mother, proud of the accomplishments of her daughter, after her confirmation, prepared an upper room for her, looking out upon the trees of the park ; and Laura fitted up her little home like a fairy castle, with ivy-vines, a little flower-table, and a beautiful ink-stand of china on which shepherds and shepherdesses were sitting side by side. There she passed her pleasantest hours with her pen and paper, writing her diary in secret.

She also partook of the aversion of her parents for the neighboring family. Even as a little child she had passed poutingly before the door of that house ; never had her foot crossed its threshold, and when good Mrs. Hahn once asked her to shake hands, it was long before she could make up her mind to take her hand

out of her apron pocket. Of the inhabitants of the neighboring house the one most annoying to her was young Fritz Hahn. She seldom associated with him, but unfortunately she was always in some embarrassment which enabled Fritz Hahn to act the part of her protector. Before she went to school, the eldest son of Mrs. Knips, already quite a big fellow, who painted fine pictures and birthday cards, and sold them to people in the neighborhood, wished to compel her to give the money she held in her hand for a devil's head which he had painted, and which no one in the street would have; he treated her so roughly and so ill, that contrary to her wont, she became frightened and gave him her pennies, and weeping, held the horrible picture in her hand. Fritz Hahn happened to come that way, inquired what had taken place, and when she complained to him of Knips's violent conduct, he grew so indignant that she became frightened about him. He set upon the lad, who was his school-fellow and in a class above him, and began to thrash him on the spot, while the younger Knips looked on laughing, with his hands in his pocket. Fritz pushed the naughty boy against the wall and compelled him to give up the money and take back his devil. But this meeting did not help to make her like Fritz any the better. She could not bear him, because already as an undergraduate he wore spectacles, and always looked so serious. And when she came from school, and he went with his portfolio to the lecture, she always endeavored to avoid him.

On another occasion they happened to meet. She was among the first girls in the Institute; the oldest Knips was already Magister, and the younger apprentice in her father's business, and Fritz Hahn had just



become a doctor. She had rowed herself between the trees in the park till the boat struck a snag and her oar fell into the water. As she was bending down to recover it, she also lost her hat and parasol. Laura, in her embarrassment, looked to the shore for help. Again it so happened that Fritz Hahn was passing, lost in thought. He heard the faint cry which had escaped her, jumped into the muddy water, fished up the hat and parasol, and drew the boat to the shore. Here he offered Laura his hand and helped her on to dry ground. Laura undoubtedly owed him thanks, and he had also treated her with respect and called her Miss. But then he looked very ridiculous, he bowed so awkwardly, and he stared at her so fixedly through his glasses. And when she afterwards learned that he had caught a terrible cold from his jump into the swamp, she became indignant, both at herself and at him, because she had screamed when there was no danger, and he had rushed to her aid with such useless chivalry. She could have helped herself, and now the Hahns would think she owed them no end of thanks.

On this point she might have been at ease, for Fritz had quietly changed his clothes and dried them in his room.

But indeed it was quite natural that the two hostile children should avoid each other, for Fritz was of quite a different nature. He also was an only child, and had been brought up tenderly by a kind-hearted father and a too anxious mother. He was, from his earliest childhood, quiet and self-possessed, unassuming and studious. In his home he had created for himself a little world of his own where he indulged in out-of-the-way studies. Whilst around him was the merry hum of life, he pored over Sanskrit characters, and investi-

gated the relations between the wild spirits that hovered over the Teutoburger battle, and the gods of the Veda, who floated over palm-woods and bamboos in the hot valley of the Ganges. He also was the pride and joy of his family ; his mother never failed to bring him his cup of coffee every morning ; then she seated herself opposite him with her bunch of keys, and looked silently at him while he ate his breakfast, scolded him gently for working so late the previous night, and told him that she could not sleep quietly till she heard him push back his chair and place his boots before the door to be cleaned. After breakfast, Fritz went to his father to bid him good morning, and he knew that it gave his father pleasure when he walked with him for a few minutes in the garden, observing the growth of his favorite flowers, and when, above all, he approved of his garden projects. This was the only point on which Mr. Hahn was sometimes at variance with his son ; and, as he could not refute his son's arguments, nor restrain his own strong æsthetic inclinations, he adopted methods which are often resorted to by greater politicians—he secretly prepared his projects, and surprised his son with the execution of them.

Amidst this tranquil life, intercourse with the Professor was the greatest pleasure of the day to our young scholar ; it elevated him and made him happy. He had, while yet a student, heard the first course of lectures given by Felix Werner at the University. A friendship had gradually arisen, such as is perhaps only possible among highly-cultivated, sound men of learning. Fritz became the devoted confidant of the inexhaustible activity of his friend. Every investigation of the Professor, with its results, was imparted to him,

even to the most minute details, and the pleasure of every new discovery was shared by the neighbors. Thus the best portion of their life was passed together. Fritz, indeed, as the younger, was more a receiver than giver ; but it was just this that made the relation so firm and deep. This intercourse was not without occasional differences, as is natural with scholars ; for both were hasty in judgment ; both were very exacting in the requirements which they made on themselves and others, and both were easily excited. But such differences were soon settled, and only served to increase the loving consideration with which they treated each other.

Through this friendship the bitter relations between the two houses were somewhat mitigated. Even Mr. Hummel could not help showing some respect for the Doctor, as his highly-honored tenant paid such striking marks of distinction to the son of the enemy. For Mr. Hummel's respect for his tenant was unbounded. He heard that the Professor was quite celebrated in his specialty, and he was inclined to value earthly fame when, as in this case, there was profit in it. Besides, the Professor was a most excellent tenant. He never protested against any rule which Mr. Hummel, as chief magistrate of the house, prescribed. He had once asked the advice of Mr. Hummel concerning the investment of some capital. He possessed neither dog nor cat, gave no parties, and did not sing with his window open, nor play bravura pieces on the piano. But the main point was, that he showed to Mrs. Hummel and Laura, whenever he met them, the most chivalrous politeness, which well became the learned gentleman. Mrs. Hummel was enchanted with her tenant ; and Mr. Hummel always

deemed it expedient not to mention his intention of raising the rent to his family, because he foresaw a general remonstrance from the ladies.

Now the hobgoblin who ran to and fro between both houses, throwing stones in the way, and making sport of men, had tried also to excite these two noble souls against each other. But his attempt was a miserable failure; these worthy men were not disposed to dance to his discordant pipes.

Early the following morning, Gabriel took a letter from his master to the Doctor. As he passed the hostile threshold, Dorchen, the servant of the Hahn family, hastily came toward him with a letter from her young master to the Professor. The messengers exchanged letters, and the two friends read them at the same moment.

The Professor wrote:—

“My dear friend—Do not be angry with me because I have again been vehement; the cause of it was as absurd as possible. I must honestly tell you that what put me out was your having so unconditionally refused to edit with me a Latin text. For the possibility of finding the lost manuscript, which we in our pleasant dreams assumed for some minutes, was the more enticing to me, because it opened the prospect of an employment in common to us both. And if I wish to draw you within the narrow circle of my studies, you may take for granted that it is not only from personal feeling, but far more from the wish of my heart to avail myself of your ability for the branch of learning to which I confine myself.”

Fritz, on the other hand, wrote:—

“My very dear friend—I feel most painfully that my irritability yesterday spoilt for us both a charming

evening. But do not think that I mean to dispute your right to reproach me for the prolixity and want of system in my labors. It was just because what you said touched a cord, the secret dissonance of which I have myself sometimes felt, that I for a moment lost my equanimity. You are certainly right in much that you said, only I beg you to believe that my refusal to undertake a great work in conjunction with you was neither selfishness nor want of friendship. I am convinced that I ought not to abandon the work I have undertaken, even though too extensive for my powers; least of all exchange it for a new circle of interests, in which my deficient knowledge would be a burden to you."

After the reception of these letters both were somewhat more at ease. But certain expressions in them made some further explanation necessary to both, so they set to work and wrote again to each other, shortly and pithily, as became thoughtful men. The Professor answered: "I thank you from my heart, my dear Fritz, for your letter; but I must repeat that you always estimate your own worth too low, and this is all that I can reproach you with."

Fritz replied: "How deeply touched I feel by your friendship at this moment! This only will I say, that among the many things I have to learn from you, there is nothing I need more than your modesty; and when you speak of your knowledge so comprehensive and fertile in results, as being limited, be not angry if I strive after the same modesty with regard to my work."

After sending the letter, the Professor, still disquieted, went to his lecture, and was conscious that his mind wandered during his discourse. Fritz hastened

to the library, and diligently collected all the references which he could find respecting the Manor of Bielstein. At midday, on their return home, each of them read the second letter of his friend : then the Professor frequently looked at the clock, and when it struck three he hastily put on his hat and went with great strides across the street to the hostile house. As he laid hold of the door-knob of the Doctor's room, he felt a counter pressure from within. Pushing the door open, he found Fritz standing before him, also with his hat on, intending to visit him. Without saying a word the two friends embraced each other.

“I bring you good tidings from the book-seller,” began the Professor.

“And I of the old Manor,” exclaimed Fritz.

“Listen,” said the Professor. “The book-seller bought the monk's book of a retail-dealer who travels about the country collecting curiosities and old books. The man was brought into my presence ; he had himself bought the little book in the town of Rossau, at an auction of the effects of a cloth-maker, together with an old cupboard and some carved stools. It is at least possible that the remarks in cipher at the end, which evade unpracticed eyes, may never, after the death of the friar, have excited observation nor caused investigation. Perhaps there may still be preserved in some church-record at Rossau an account of the life and death of the monk Tobias Bachhuber.”

“Possibly,” assented Fritz, much pleased. “A congregation of his persuasion still exists. But Manor, Bielstein lies at a distance of half an hour from the town of Rossau, on a woody height—see, here is the map. It formerly belonged to the ruling sovereign, but in the last century it passed into private hands ;

the buildings, however, remain. It is represented on this map as an old chateau, at present the residence of a Mr. Bauer. My father also knows about the house; he has seen it from the high road on his journeys, and describes it as a long stretch of buildings, with balconies and a high roof."

"The threads interweave themselves into a satisfactory web," said the Professor, complacently.

"Stop a moment," cried the Doctor, eagerly. "The traditions of this province have been collected by one of our friends. The man is trustworthy. Let us see whether he has recorded any reminiscences of the neighborhood of Rossau." He hastily opened and looked into a book, and then gazed speechless at his friend.

The Professor seized the volume and read this short notice: "It is said that in the olden times the monks in the neighborhood of Bielstein walled up a great treasure in the manor-house."

Again did a vision of the old, mysterious manuscript arise before the eyes of the friends so distinctly that it might be seized.

"It is certainly not impossible that the manuscript may yet lie concealed," remarked the Professor, at last, with assumed composure. "Instances of similar discoveries are not lacking. It is not long since that a ceiling of a room in the old house of the proprietor of my home was broken through; it was a double ceiling, and the empty space contained a number of records and papers concerning the ownership, and some old jewels. The treasure had been concealed in the time of the great war, and no one for a century had heeded the lowly ceiling of the little room."

"Naturally," exclaimed Fritz, rubbing his hands.

“And within the facing of old chimneys empty spaces are sometimes found. A brother of my mother’s found, on rebuilding his house, in such a place a pot full of coins.” He drew out his purse. “Here is one of them, a beautiful Swedish dollar; my uncle gave it to me at my confirmation as a luck-penny, and I have carried it in my purse ever since. I have often struggled against the temptation to spend it.”

The Professor closely examined the head of Gustavus Adolphus, as if he had been a neighbor of the concealed Tacitus, and would convey information concerning the lost book in its inscription. “It is true,” he said, reflectively, “if the house is on a height, even the cellars may be dry.”

“Undoubtedly,” answered the Doctor. “Often, too, the thick walls were built double, and the intervening space filled with rubbish. In such a case it would be easy, through a small opening, to make a hollow space in the inside of the wall.”

“But now,” began the Professor, rising, “the question arises, what are we to do? For the knowledge of such a thing, whether it be of great or little importance, imposes upon the investigator the duty of doing all that is possible to promote the discovery. And this duty we must fulfill promptly and completely.”

“If you impart this record to the public, you will allow the prospect of discovering the manuscript to pass out of your own hands.”

“In this business, every personal consideration must be dismissed,” said the Professor, decisively.

“And if you now make known the cloister-record you have found,” continued the Doctor, “who can answer for it, that the nimble activity of some antiquary, or some foreigner, may not prevent all further



investigations? In such a case the treasure, even if found, would be lost, not only to you, but also to our country and to science."

"That, at least, must not be," cried the Professor.

"And besides, even if you apply to the government of the province, it is very doubtful whether they will render you any assistance," replied the Doctor, triumphantly.

"I do not think of committing the matter to strangers and officials," answered the Professor. "We have a person in the neighborhood whose good fortune and acuteness in tracing out rarities is wonderful. I have a mind to tell Magister Knips of the manuscript; he may lay aside his proof-sheets for a few days, travel for us to Rossau, and there examine the ground."

The Doctor jumped up. "That will never do. Knips is not the man to trust with such a secret."

"I have always found him trustworthy," replied the Professor. "He is wonderfully skillful and well-informed."

"To me it would appear a desecration of this fine discovery, to employ such a man," answered Fritz, "and I would never consent to it."

"In that case," cried the Professor, "I have made up my mind. The vacation is at hand; I will go myself to the old house. And as you, my friend, intended to travel for a few days, you must accompany me; we shall go together. Here is my hand on it."

"With all my heart," cried the Doctor, clasping his friend's hand. "We will penetrate into the manor-house, and summon the spirits which hover over the treasure."

"We will first come to an understanding with the

owner of the house. Then we shall see what is to be done. Meanwhile let us keep the affair secret."

"That is right," assented Fritz; and the friends descended, well satisfied, into the garden of Mr. Hahn, and, pausing for a few moments beneath the White Muse, they consulted with regard to the opening of the campaign.

The imagination of the Scholar was fast pent up by his methodical train of thought; but in the depths of his soul there was a rich and abundant stream from the secret source of all beauty and energy. Now a hole had been torn in the dam, and the flood poured itself joyfully over the seed. Ever did the wish for the mysterious manuscript return to him. He saw before him the opening in the wall, and the first glimmer of light falling on the grey books in the hollow; he saw the treasure in his hands as he drew it out, and would not part with it till he had deciphered the illegible pages. Blessed spirit of Brother Tobias Bachhuber, if thou shouldst spend any of thy holiday-time in heaven in coming back to our poor earth, and if then at night thou glidest through the rooms of the old manor, guarding thy treasure and scaring inquisitive meddlers, pray, nod kindly to the man who now approaches to bring thy secret to the light of day, for truly he seeks not honor nor gain for himself, but he conjures you, in the name of all that is good, to assist a well-meaning man.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A FOOL'S ERRAND.

WHOEVER on a certain sunny harvest-morning in August had looked down from the heights in the di-

rection of Rossau, would have observed an object moving along the road between the meadows that extended to the gates of the city. On closer observation two travelers might be perceived, one taller than the other, both wearing light summer clothes, the freshness of which had been sullied by the stormy rain of the last few days. They had both leather traveling-bags, which hung by straps from their shoulders; the taller one wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, the shorter one a straw hat.

The travelers were evidently strangers, for they stopped at times to observe and enjoy the view of the valley and hills, which is seldom the custom with people born in the country. The district had not yet been discovered by pleasure-seekers; there were no smooth paths in the woods for the thin boots of towns-folk; even the carriage road was not a work of art, the water lay in the tracks made by the wheels; the sheep-bells and the axe of the wood-cutter only were heard by the dwellers of the neighborhood, who were working in the fields or passing on their way to their work. And yet the country was not without charm; the woody hills were marked in bold outlines, a stone-quarry might be seen between the fields in the plain, or the head of a rock jutted out from amongst the trees. From the hills on the horizon a small brook wound its course to the distant river, bordered by strips of meadow, behind which the arable land ran up to the woody heights. The lovely landscape looked bright in the morning sunshine.

In the low country in front of the travelers rose to view, surrounded by hills, the village of Rossau, a little country-town with two massive church towers and dark-tiled roofs, which projected above the walls

of the place like the backs of a herd of cattle that had crowded together for protection against a pack of wolves.

The strangers looked from their high position with warm interest on the chimneys and towers behind the old discolored and patched walls that lay before them. In that place had once been preserved a treasure, which, if found again, would interest the whole civilized world and excite hundreds to intellectual labor. The landscape looked exactly like other German landscapes, and the village was exactly like other German villages; and yet there was an attraction about the place that inspired a joyful hope in the travelers. Was it the globe-like ornament that crowned the stout old tower? or was it the arch of the gate which just veiled from the travelers in alluring darkness the entrance to the town? or the stillness of the empty valley, in which the place lay without suburbs and outhouses, as the towns are portrayed on old maps? or the herds of cattle that went out of the gate into the open space, and bounded merrily on the pasture ground? or was it perhaps the keen morning air which blew about the temples of the wanderers? Both felt that something remarkable and promising hovered over the valley in which, as searchers of the past, they were entering.

“Imagine the landscape as it once appeared to the eye,” began the Professor; “the forest, in olden times, encircled the town more closely; the hills seemed higher, the valley deeper; the monastery then lay, with the dwellings of its dependants, as in a deep basin. There, to the south, where the country sharply rises, the monks had their vineyards. Gradually the houses of the town drew about the monastery. Take from

those towers beyond us the caps that were placed upon them a century ago, give them back their old pinnacles, place here and there a turret on the walls, and you have an ideal, wondrously beautiful picture of mediæval days."

"And upon the same road that leads us thither, a learned monk once strode with his precious manuscripts towards the quiet valley; there to teach his companions, or to shield himself, perhaps, from powerful enemies," the Doctor said, with enthusiasm.

The travelers passed by the pasture ground; the herdsmen looked with indifference at the strangers; but the cows placed themselves by the edge of the ditch and stared, while the young ones of the herd bellowed at them inquiringly. They went through the dark arch of the gate and looked curiously along the streets. It was a poor little town, the main street alone was paved, and that badly. Not far from the gate the sloping beam of a well projected high in the air, and from it hung a long pole with a bucket attached. Few people were to be seen, those who were not working in the houses were occupied in the field; for the straws which stuck in the stone crevices of the arch of the gate showed that harvest wagons were carrying the fruits of the fields to the farm-yards of the citizens. Near many of the houses there were open wooden doors, through which one could look into the yard and barns, and over the dung heap on which small fowls were pecking. The last century had altered the place but little, and the low houses still stood with their gables to the front. Instead of the coats of arms, there projected into the street the signs of artisans, carved in tin or wood, and painted—such as a large wooden boot; a griffin, holding enormous shears

in its hand ; or a rampant lion, that extended a bretzel ; or, as the most beautiful masterpiece of all, a regular hexagon of colored glass panes.

“ Much has been retained of mediæval times here,” said the Professor.

The friends came to the market-place, an irregular space, the little houses of which were adorned with bright paint. There on an insignificant building prominently stood a red dragon with a curled tail, carved out of a board, and supported in the air on an iron pole. Upon it was painted, in ill-formed letters, “The Dragon Inn.”

“ See,” said Fritz, pointing to the dragon, “ the fancy of the artist has carved him with a pike’s head and thick teeth. The dragon is the oldest treasure-preserver of our legends. It is remarkable how firmly the recollection of this legendary animal everywhere clings to the people. Probably this sign-board originates from some tradition of the place.”

They ascended the white stone steps into the house, utterly unconscious that they had long been watched by sharp eyes. A citizen, who was taking his morning draught, exclaimed to the stout host, “ Who can these be ? They do not look like commercial travelers ; perhaps one of them is the new parson from Kirchdorf.”

“ Parsons don’t look like that,” said the inn-keeper, decidedly, who knew men better ; “ they are strangers on foot, no carriage and no luggage.”

The strangers entered, placed themselves at a red-painted table, and ordered breakfast. “ A beautiful country, mine host,” began the Professor ; “ magnificent trees in your forests.”

“ Yes,” answered the host.

“A wealthy neighborhood, apparently,” continued the Professor.

“People complain that they do not earn enough,” replied the host.

“How many clergy have you in the place?”

“Two,” said the host, more politely. “But the old pastor is dead; meanwhile, there is a candidate here.”

“Is the other pastor at home?”

“I do not know,” said the landlord.

“Have you a court of justice here?”

“We have a Justice of the Peace; he is now here—court is in session to-day.”

“Was there not in former times a monastery in the city?” said the Doctor, taking up the examination.

The citizen and the landlord looked at each other. “That is long since,” replied the master of the inn.

“Does not the Manor of Bielstein lie in the neighborhood?” inquired Fritz.

Again the citizen and the landlord looked significantly at each other.

“It lies somewhere here in the neighborhood,” answered the landlord, with reserve.

“How long does it take to go to the manor?” asked the Professor, irritated by the short answers of the man.

“Do you wish to go there?” inquired the landlord.

“Do you know the owner?”

“No,” answered the Professor.

“Have you any business with him?”

“That is our affair,” answered the Professor, curtly.

“The road leads through the wood, and takes half an hour—you cannot miss it;” and the landlord ab-

ruptly closed the conversation and left the room. The citizen followed him.

“We have not learnt much,” said the Doctor, laughing. “I hope the pastor and magistrate will be more communicative.”

“We will go direct to the place,” said the Professor, with decision.

Meanwhile the landlord and the citizen consulted together. “Whatever the strangers may be,” repeated the citizen, “they are not ecclesiastics, and they did not seem to care for the magistrate. Did you remark how they inquired about the monastery and the Manor?” The landlord nodded. “I will tell you my suspicion,” continued the citizen, eagerly; “they have not come here for nothing; they are after something.”

“What can that be?” asked the landlord, pondering.

“They are disguised Jesuits; that’s what they look like to me.”

“Well, if they intend to seek a quarrel with the people at the Manor, they will find their match.”

“I am on my way now to the Inspector on business; I will give him a hint.”

“Do not meddle with what does not concern you,” said the landlord, warningly. But the citizen only held the boots he carried, tighter under his arm, and drove round the corner.

Our two friends left, disgusted with the lack of courtesy they encountered at the Dragon. They inquired the way to the manor of an old woman at the opposite gate of the city. Behind the town the path rose from the gravel bed of the brook to the woody height. They entered a clearing of underbrush, from which, here and there, rose up high oaks. The rain



of the last evening still hung in drops on the leaves—the deep green of summer glistened in the sun's rays—the song of birds and the tapping of the woodpecker above broke the stillness.

“This puts one in different frame of mind,” exclaimed the Doctor, cheerfully.

“It requires very little to call forth new melodies in a well-strung heart, if fate has not played on it with too rough a hand. The bark of a few trees covered with hoary moss, a handful of blossoms on the turf, and a few notes from the throats of birds, are sufficient,” replied the philosophic Professor. “Hark ! that is no greeting of nature to the wanderer,” added he, listening attentively, as the sound of distant voices chanting a choral, fell softly on his ear. The sound appeared to come from above the trees.

“Let us go higher up,” exclaimed the Doctor, “to the mysterious place where old church-hymns murmur through the oaks.”

They ascended the hill some hundred steps, and found themselves on an open terrace, one side of which was surrounded by trees. In the clearing stood a small wooden church surrounded by a graveyard ; some distance beyond on a massive extent of rock rose a great old building, the roof of which was broken by many pointed gables.

“How all harmonizes !” exclaimed the Professor, looking curiously over the little church up to the Manor-house.

A funeral chant was heard more clearly from the church. “Let us go in,” said the Doctor, pointing to the open door.

“To my mind it is more seemly to remain without,” answered the Professor ; “it is repulsive to me to in-

trude either on the pleasures or sorrows of strangers. The hymn is finished ; now comes the pastor's little discourse."

Fritz meanwhile had climbed the low stone wall and was examining the church. "Look at the massive buttresses. It is the remains of an old building ; they have repaired it with pinewood ; the tower and roof are black with age ; it would be worth our while to see the inside."

The Professor held in his hand the long shoot of a bramble bush which hung over the wall, looking with admiration at its white blossoms, and at the green and brown berries which grew in thick clusters. The sound of a man's voice fell indistinctly on his ear, and he bent his head involuntarily to catch the words.

"Let us hear," he said at last, and entered the churchyard with his friend. They took off their hats and quietly opened the church door. It was a very small hall ; the bricks of the old choir had been white-washed ; the chancel, a gallery, and a few benches were of brown firwood. Before the altar lay open a child's coffin, the form within was covered with flowers. Beside it stood several country people in simple attire ; on the steps of the altar was an aged clergyman with white hair and a kind face ; and at the head of the coffin the wife of a laborer, mother of the little one, sobbing. Beside her stood a fine, womanly form in city dress ; she had taken off her hat, and with folded hands was looking down on the child that lay among the flowers. Thus she stood, motionless ; the sun fell obliquely on the waving hair and regular features of the young face. But more captivating than the tall figure and beautiful head was the expression of deep devotion that pervaded the whole counte-

nance. The Professor involuntarily seized hold of his friend's arm to detain him. The clergyman made his concluding prayer; the stately maiden bowed her head lower, then bent down once more to the little one, and wound her arm round the mother, who leaned weeping on her comforter. Thus she stood, speaking gently to the mother, while tears rolled down from her eyes. How spirit-like sounded the murmurs of that rich voice in the ear of her friend! Then the men lifted the coffin from the ground and followed the clergyman, who led the way to the churchyard. Behind the coffin went the mother, her head still on the shoulder of her supporter. The maiden passed by the strangers, gazing before her with an inspired look, whispering in her companion's ear words from the Bible: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Let little children come unto me." Her gentle accents were heard even by the friends. The mother hung broken-hearted on the arm of the girl, and, as if borne along by the gentle tones, tottered to the grave. Reverently did the friends follow the procession. The coffin was lowered into the grave, the clergyman pronounced the blessing, and each one present threw three handfuls of earth on the departed one. Then the country people separated, leaving a free passage for the mother and her companion. The latter gave her hand to the clergyman, and then conducted the mother slowly across the churchyard to the road which led to the Manor.

The friends followed at some distance, without looking at each other. The Professor passed his hand over his eyes. "Such incidents are always very touching," he said, sorrowfully.

"As she stood at the altar," exclaimed the Doctor,

“she seemed like a prophetess of the olden time, with an oaken crown on her head. She drew the poor woman on by her gentle accents. The words were from our good, old Bible; and now I understand the significant meaning in ancient times of the word ‘whisper,’ to which a magic power was ascribed. She took possession of the mourner body and soul, and her voice sank deep into my heart also. What was she, maid or married woman?”

“She is a maiden,” answered the Professor, impressively. “She dwells at the Manor, and we shall meet her there. Let her go on, and we will wait at the foot of the rock.”

They sat some time on a projecting stone. The Professor never seemed weary of contemplating a tuft of moss; he brushed it with his hand, laying it now on one side, now on the other. At last he arose quickly. “Whatever may come of it, let us go on.”

They ascended the hill some hundred steps. The landscape before them suddenly changed. On one side lay the manor-precincts with a walled gateway and a courtyard, in which stood large farm-buildings; before them, a wide plain of arable land sloped down from the height into a rich valley. The lonely woodland landscape had disappeared; around the wanderers was the active stir of daily life; the wind waved through the seas of corn; harvest wagons were passing up the roads through the fields; the whip cracked and the sheaves were swung by strong arms over the rails of the wagons.

“Hello! what are you looking for here?” demanded a deep bass voice behind the strangers, in an imperative tone. The friends turned quickly. Before the farmyard-gate stood a powerful, broad-shouldered man,

with close-cut hair, and an expression of deep energy in his sunbrown face; behind him stood farm-employees and laborers, stretching their heads out with curiosity through the gate, and a large dog ran barking toward the strangers. "Back, Nero," called out his master, and whistled to the dog, at the same time scanning the strangers with a cold, searching look.

"Have I the honor of addressing the proprietor of this estate, a Mr. Bauer?" inquired the Professor.

"I am that person, and who are you?" asked the Proprietor in return.

The Professor gave their names, and that of the place from which they came. The host approached and examined them both from head to foot.

"There are no Jesuits there, I suppose," he said; "but if you come here to find some hidden treasure, your journey is useless; you will find nothing."

The friends looked at each other; they were near the house, but far from the goal.

"You make us feel," answered the Professor, "that we have approached your dwelling without an introduction. Although you have already made a guess as to the object of our journey, yet I beg of you to permit us to make an explanation before fewer witnesses."

The dignified demeanor of the Professor did not fail to have an effect. "If you really have business with me, it would be better certainly to settle it in the house. Follow me, gentlemen." He lifted his cap a little, pointed with his hand to the gate, and went ahead. "Nero, you brute, can't you be quiet?"

The Professor and the Doctor followed, while the farm hands and laborers and the growling dog closed in behind. Thus the strangers were conducted in a not very cordial manner to the house. In spite of their

unpleasant position, they looked with curiosity at the great farmyard, the work going on in the barns, and a flock of large geese which, disturbed by the party, waddled cackling across the road. Then their eyes fell upon the dwelling itself, the broad stone steps with benches on both sides, the vaulted door, and the white washed escutcheon on the keystone. They entered a roomy hall, the Proprietor hung up his cap, laid hold with strong hand of the latch of the sitting-room door, and again made a movement of the hand, which was intended to be polite and to invite the strangers to enter. "Now, that we are alone," he began, "how can I serve you? You have already been announced to me as two treasure-seekers. If you are that, I must begin by plainly telling you that I will not encourage such follies. Apart from that, I am glad to see you."

"But we are not treasure-seekers," rejoined the Professor; "and as we have kept the object of our journey a secret everywhere, we do not understand how you could hear so erroneous a report concerning the occasion of our coming."

"The shoemaker of my steward brought him the intelligence together with a pair of mended boots; he saw you at the tavern in the town, and grew suspicious because of your questions."

"He has exercised more ingenuity than was called for by our harmless questions," answered the Professor. "And yet he was not altogether wrong."

"Then there is something in it," interrupted the Proprietor, gloomily; "in that case I must beg you, gentlemen, not to trouble yourselves or me further. I have no time for such nonsense."

"First of all, have the goodness to hear us before so curtly withdrawing your hospitality," replied the

Professor, calmly. "We have come with no other aim than to impart to you something concerning the importance of which you may yourself decide. And not only we, but others, might reproach you if you refused our request without taking it into consideration. The matter concerns you more than us."

"Of course," said the host, "we are acquainted with this style of speech."

"Not quite," continued the Professor; "there is a difference according to who uses it, and to what purpose."

"Well, then, in the devil's name, speak, but be clear," exclaimed the Proprietor, impatiently.

"Not till you have shown yourself ready," continued the Professor, "to pay the attention the importance of the subject deserves. A short explanation will be necessary, and you have not even invited us to sit down."

"Be seated," replied the Proprietor, and offered chairs.

The Professor began: "A short time ago, among other written records of the monks of Rossau, I accidentally found some observations in a manuscript which may be of the greatest importance to the branch of learning to which I devote myself."

"And what is your branch of learning?" interrupted the host, unmoved.

"I am a philologist."

"That means one who studies ancient languages?" asked the Proprietor.

"It is so," continued the Professor. "It is stated by a monk, in the volume I have mentioned, that about the year 1500 there existed in the monastery a valuable manuscript, containing a history by the Roman, Tac-

itus. The work of the renowned historian is only very imperfectly preserved to us in some other well-known manuscripts. A second notice from the same book, in April, 1637, mentions that during the troublous war-times the last monks of the monastery had concealed from the Swedes their church treasures and manuscripts in a hollow, dry place in the Manor-house of Bielstein. These are the words I have found ; I have nothing further to impart to you. We have no doubt of the genuineness of both notices. I have brought with me an abstract of the passages concerning it, and I am ready to submit the original to your inspection, or that of any competent judge whom you may choose. I will only add now that both I and my friend know well how unsatisfactory is the communication we make to you, and how uncertain is the prospect that after two centuries any of the buried possessions of the monastery should be forthcoming. And yet we have made use of a vacation to impart to you this discovery, even at the probable risk of a fruitless search. But we felt ourselves bound in duty to make this journey, not especially on your account—although this manuscript, if found, would be of great value to you—but principally in the interest of science, for in that point of view such a discovery would be invaluable.”

The Proprietor had listened attentively, but he left untouched the paper that the Professor had laid on the table before him. Then he began : “I see that you do not mean to deceive me, and that you tell me the whole truth with the best intentions. I understand your explanation. Your Latin I cannot read ; but that is not necessary, for, with regard to this matter, I believe you. But,” he continued, laughing, “there is one thing which the learned gentlemen living so far away



do not know, and that is, that this house has the misfortune to be considered throughout the whole country as a place in which the old monks have concealed treasures."

"That was not, of course, unknown to us," rejoined the Doctor, "and it would not diminish the significance of these written records."

"Then you were greatly in error. It is surely clear that such a report, which has been believed in a country through many generations, has meanwhile stirred up persons who are superstitious and greedy of gain, to discover these supposed treasures. How can you imagine that you are the first to conceive the thought of making a search? This is an old, strong-built house, but it would be stronger still if it did not show traces from cellar to roof that in former times holes have been made and the damage left unrepaired. Only a few years ago I had, at much cost and trouble, to place new beams into the roof, because roof and ceiling were sinking, and it appeared, on examination, that unscrupulous men had sawed off a piece of the rafter, in order to grope into a corner of the roof. And I tell you frankly, that if I have met with anything disagreeable from the old house, in which for twenty years I have experienced both happiness and misfortune, it has been from this troublesome report. Even now an investigation is being carried on in the town respecting a treasure-seeker, who has deceived credulous people in giving out that he could conjure up treasures from this hill. His accomplices are still being tracked. You may ascribe it to your questions in the town, that the people there, who are much excited because of the deception, have taken you to be assistants of the impostor. My rude greeting was also

owing to this. I must therefore ask your pardon for it."

"Then you will not agree," asked the Professor, dissatisfied, "to make use of our communication for further researches?"

"No," replied the Proprietor, "I will not make such a fool of myself. If your book mentions nothing more than what you have told me, this account is of little use. If the monks have concealed anything here, it is a hundred to one that they have taken it away again in quieter times. And even if, contrary to all probability, the concealed objects should remain in their place—as since then some hundred years have passed—other hungry people would long ago have disinterred them. These are, pardon me, nursery stories, only fit for spinning-rooms. I have a great aversion to all these notions that necessitate pulling down walls. The husbandman should dig in his fields and not in his house; his treasures lie beneath God's sun."

The cold demeanor of the man made the Professor's blood boil. He with difficulty controlled his rising anger, and, approaching the window, looked out at a bevy of sparrows that were twittering vehemently at one another. At last, turning round, he began:—

"The owner of a house has the right of refusal. If you persist we shall certainly leave you with a feeling of regret that you do not know how to appreciate the possible importance of our communication. I have been unable to avoid this meeting, although I was aware how uncertain are the impressions formed in a first interview with strangers. Our communication would perhaps have received more attention if it had come to you through the medium of your government,

accompanied by a requisition to commence an active search."

"Do you regret that you have not taken that course?" asked the Proprietor, laughing.

"To speak frankly, no. I have no confidence in official protocols in such matters."

"Nor have I," answered the Proprietor, drily. "Ours is a small province, the seat of Government is at a distance, and we are surrounded by foreign dominions. I have nothing to do with the court; years pass without my going there; the government does not bother us, and in my district I control the police. If my government were to attribute importance to your wishes, they would probably call for a report from me, and that would cost me a sheet of paper and an hour's writing. Perhaps, if you made enough ado, they might also send a commission to my house. These would announce themselves to me about dinner-time, and I should take them to the cellars after dinner; they would, for form's sake, knock a little upon the walls, and I meanwhile would have a few bottles of wine opened. At last a paper would be quickly written, and the affair would be settled. I am thankful that you have not adopted this method. Moreover, I would defend my household rights, even against my sovereign."

"It is vain, it appears to me, to speak to you of the value of the manuscript," interposed the Professor, severely.

"It would be of no avail," said the Proprietor. It is questionable whether such a curiosity, even if found on my property, would be of essential value to myself. As to the value to your branch of learning, I only know it from what you say; but neither for myself nor

for you will I stir a finger, because I do not believe that such a treasure is concealed on my estate, and I do not choose to sacrifice myself for an improbability. This is my answer, Professor."

The Professor again stepped silently to the window. Fritz, who, although indignant, had restrained himself, felt that it was time to put an end to the conversation, and rose to take his departure. "So you have given us your final decision?"

"I regret that I can give you no other answer," replied the Proprietor, compassionately, looking at the two strangers. "I really am sorry that you have come so far out of your way. If you desire to see my farm, every door shall be opened to you. The walls of my house I open to no one. I am, moreover, ready to keep your communication a secret, and the more so, as this would also be to my own interest."

"Your refusal to allow any search to be made on your property renders any further secrecy unnecessary," answered the Doctor. "All that remains to my friend now is to publish his discovery in some scientific periodical. He will then have done his duty, and perhaps others may be more successful with you than we have been."

The Proprietor started up. "Confound you, sir; what the devil do you mean? Will you tell your story to your colleagues? Probably these will think very much as you do."

"Undoubtedly hundreds will view the matter exactly as we do, and will also condemn your refusal," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Sir, how you judge me is a matter of indifference to me; I am perfectly willing to have you paint me as black as your love of truth will allow," exclaimed the

Proprietor, indignantly. "But I see that all will be of no avail. Hang the monks and their treasure! Now I may every Sunday and every hour of your vacation expect a visit like this one—strange people with spectacles and umbrellas, who will claim the right to creep under the wooden trestles of my dairy, and to climb on the ceiling of the nursery. The devil take this Tacitus!"

The Professor took his hat. "We beg to take leave of you," and went toward the door.

"Stop, my good gentlemen," cried the host, discomposed; "not so quickly. I would rather deal with you two than have an incessant pilgrimage of your colleagues. Wait a moment, and I will make this proposition to you. You, yourselves, shall go through my house, from garret to cellar; it is a severe tax upon me and my household, but I will make the sacrifice. If you find a place that you think suspicious, we will talk it over. On the other hand, promise me that you will be silent with respect to the object of your visit here before my people. My laborers are already sufficiently aroused without this; if you encourage this unfortunate rumor, I cannot answer for it that the idea will not occur to my own people to break through the foundation-wall at a corner of the house. My house is open to you the whole day as long as you are my guests. But then, when you speak or write concerning the matter, I demand that you shall add that you have done all in your power to search through my house, but have found nothing. Will you enter into this compact with me?"

The Doctor looked doubtfully at the Professor to see whether the pride of his friend would stoop to such a condition. Contrary to his expectation, the coun-

tenance of the Scholar was radiant with joy, and he answered :

“ You have mistaken us on one point. We do not desire to take away the concealed manuscript from your possession, but we have only come to persuade you to make the experiment. It seems very likely to us, that we, in a strange house, not knowing the rooms, and unused to this kind of research, shall find nothing. If, however, we do not shun the ludicrous position in which you would place us, and accept your offer, we do it only in the hope that, during our stay here, we shall succeed in awakening in you a greater interest in the possible discovery.”

The Proprietor shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. “ The only interest I take in the matter is that it should be forgotten as soon as possible. You may do what you consider your duty. My business prevents me from accompanying you. I shall consign you to the care of my daughter.”

He opened the door of the adjoining room and called, “ Ilse ! ”

“ Here, father,” answered a rich-toned voice.

The Proprietor went into the next room. “ Come here, Ilse, I have a special commission for you to-day. There are two strange gentlemen from one of the Universities here. They are looking for a book which is supposed to have been concealed in our house ages ago. Conduct them through the house and open all the rooms to them.”

“ But, father——” interposed the daughter.

“ It matters not,” continued the Proprietor, “ it must be.” He approached closer to her and spoke in a low tone : “ They are two scholars and are crack-brained ”—he pointed to his head. “ What they

imagine is madness, and I only give in to them in order to have peace in the future. Be cautious, Ilse ; I do not know the people. I must go to the farm, but will tell the Inspector to remain near the house. They appear to me two honest fools, but the devil may trust."

"I have no fear, father," answered the daughter ; "the house is full of people ; we shall be able to manage."

"Take care that none of the servants are about, whilst the strangers are sounding the walls and measuring. For the rest, they do not look to me as if they would find much, even though all the walls were built up with books. But you must not allow them to break through or injure the walls."

"I understand, father," said the daughter. "Do they remain to dinner?"

"Yes, your duty will continue till evening. The housekeeper can superintend the dairy for you."

The friends heard fragments of the conversation through the door ; after the first words of instruction they went quickly to the window, and talked aloud about the great accumulation of straw on the top of the barn, which, according to the Doctor, was a stork's nest, while the Professor maintained that storks did not build their nests so high. But intermingled with this talk the Professor said in a low tone : "It is very uncomfortable for us to continue in this humiliating position. But we can only convince the proprietor by our perseverance."

"Perhaps we may yet discover something," said the Doctor. "I have some experience in masonry. As a boy I found opportunity while our house was building, to obtain a fair degree of knowledge in statics

and climbing rafters. It is well that the tyrant leaves us alone. Do you entertain the daughter, I will meanwhile sound the walls."

Whoever has followed an uncertain scent knows full well how difficult on a near approach are things that at a distance appeared easy. While at first the deceitful Goddess of Hope paints all favorable chances in bright colors, the very work of searching raises all possible doubts. The alluring picture fades, dependency and weariness cast their shadows across it; and what in the beginning was a happy venture becomes at last a mere effort of perseverance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE OLD HOUSE.

THE Proprietor re-entered with his whip in his hand and behind him the stately maiden of the churchyard. "This is my daughter Ilse; she will represent me."

The friends bowed. It was the same beautiful countenance; but instead of exalted emotion, there now rested on her features a business-like dignity. She greeted the gentlemen calmly, and invited them to breakfast in the next room. She expressed herself simply, but again the friends listened with admiration to the deep tones of her melodious voice.

"Before you begin your search you must sit down at my table; it is our custom," said the host, in better humor—on him also the presence of the daughter had a softening influence. "We meet again at noon." So saying, he departed.

The friends followed into the next room—a large dining-apartment. There were chairs along the wall;



in the middle a long table, at the upper end of which three covers were laid. The young girl seated herself between the gentlemen and offered them a cold repast. "When I saw you in the churchyard, I thought that you would visit my father ; the table has been set for you for some time." The friends ate a little, and thanked her still more.

"I regret that our coming should make such a demand on your time," said the Professor, gravely.

"My task is easy," answered the young girl. "I fear that yours will give you more trouble. There are many sitting-rooms in the house as well as bedrooms and attics."

"I have already told your father," answered the Professor, laughing, "that it is not our intention to examine the building like masons. Pray look upon us as curious people who only wish to see this remarkable house, in so far as it would otherwise be opened to guests."

"The house may be considered remarkable by strangers," said Ilse ; "we like it because it is warm and roomy ; and when my father had been some years in possession of the estate, and had the means to do so, he had the house comfortably arranged to please my deceased mother. We require plenty of room, as I have six younger brothers and sisters, and it is a large estate. The overseers of the farm eat with us ; then there are the tutor and Mamselle, and in the servants' hall there are also twenty people."

The Doctor regarded his neighbor with a look of disappointment. What had become of the Sibyl? She spoke sensibly and very much like a citizen ; with her something might be accomplished.

"As we are searching for hollow spaces," he began

slyly, "we would rather trust to your guidance, if you would tell us whether there are any places in the wall, or on the ground, or anywhere here in the house, that you know of, which could be discovered by knocking?"

"O, there are plenty of such places!" answered Ilse. If one knocks upon the wall at the back of the small cupboard in my room, it is evident there is an empty space behind; then there is the flagstone under the stairs, and many flags in the kitchen, and still more in other parts of the house, regarding which every one has his conjectures."

The Doctor had taken out his memorandum-book and noted the suspicious places.

The inspection of the house began. It was a fine old building; the walls of the lower story were so thick that the Doctor with extended arms could not span the depths of the window-niches. He eagerly undertook the sounding, and began measuring the walls. The cellars were partly hewn in the rock. In some places the rough stone still projected, and one could perceive where the wall rested on the rock. There were vast vaults, the small windows in the top of which were protected by strong iron bars,—in ancient times a secure refuge against the shot and assault of the enemy. All was dry and hollow, for the house was built, as the Doctor had already before so acutely suggested in speaking of old buildings, with outer and inner walls, and filled between with rubbish and broken stones. Naturally, therefore, the walls in many places sounded as hollow as a gourd. The Doctor knocked, and diligently took note. The knuckles of his hand became white and swelled, and the number of good places discouraged him.

From the cellar they went to the ground-floor. In the kitchen, kettles and pots were steaming, and the women who were working looked with curiosity at the demeanor of the strangers, for the Doctor kept stamping with his heel on the stone floor, and with his hands sounded the blackened side-wall of the hearth. Behind were store-rooms and the visitors' rooms. In one of these they found a woman in mourning, occupied in arranging the beds. It was the mother from the churchyard. She approached the strangers, and thanked them for having helped to pay the last honors to her child. The friends spoke kindly to her; she wiped her eyes with her apron and returned to her work.

"I begged her to remain at home to-day," said Ilse, "but she would not. It would, she thought, be good for her to have something to do, and we would need her help as you were coming to us."

It pleased our scholars to see that by the female members of the house, at least, they were considered as guests entitled to remain.

They went over the other side of the ground-floor, and once more examined the unpretentious room in which they had been first received. Behind it lay the private room of the proprietor, a small unadorned chamber, in which were a closet with shooting and riding gear, and a shelf for title-deeds and books; over the bed hung a sword and pistols, and on the writing-table there was a small model of a machine, and samples of corn and seeds in small bags; against the wall stood, in military array, gigantic water-boots, Russian leather boots, and top-boots for riding; and in the further corner half-boots of calf skin. In the next room they heard a man's voice, and the answers of children in regular succession.

“That is the school-room,” said Ilse, smiling. As the door opened, both solo and chorus stopped. The teacher, a student with an intelligent face, rose to return the greeting of the newcomers. The children stared with astonishment at the unexpected interruption. Three boys and three girls sat at two tables, a vigorous, fair-haired race. “These are Clara, Luise, Rickchen, Hans, Ernest, and Franz.” •

Clara, a girl of fourteen, almost grown up, and a youthful picture of her sister, rose with a courtesy. Hans, a sturdy boy, twelve years old, made an ineffectual attempt at a bow. The others remained standing straight, staring fixedly at the strangers, and then, as if having sufficiently performed a tiresome duty, dropped down into their places. Only little Franz, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed urchin, seven years old, remained sitting grimly over his troublesome task, and made use of the interruption quickly to find in his book something for his next answer. Ilse stroked his hair, and asked the tutor, “How is he doing to-day?”

“He has studied his lesson.”

“It is too hard,” cried Franz, bitterly.

The Professor begged the tutor not to disturb himself, and the journey recommenced through the bedroom of the boys, and of the tutor, and again through the store-rooms, the ironing and wardrobe rooms. The Doctor had long since put his memorandum-book in his pocket.

They returned to the main hall, where Ilse pointed out the stone slab on the step. Once more the Doctor knelt down, tried it, and said despondingly, “Hollow again.” Ilse ascended the staircase.

“Up here the girls and I live.”

“Here, then, our curiosity comes to an end,” re-

plied the Professor, considerately ; “ you see even my friend abandons the search.”

“ But there is a fine view above ; this, at least, you must see,” said their guide. She opened a door. “ This is my room.” The friends stood on the threshold. “ Come in,” said Ilse, unembarrassed. “ From this window you see the road by which you came to us.”

With hesitation the men approached. This also was an unpretentious room ; there was not even a sofa in it. The walls were painted blue ; at the window was a work-table and some flowers ; in a corner was the bed concealed by white curtains.

The friends walked immediately to the window, and looking out saw the little churchyard and the tops of the oaks, the small town in the valley, and the rows of trees behind, which ran in curved lines up the height where the view terminated. The Professor fixed his eyes on the old wooden church. How much in a few hours had his tone of mind altered ! Glad expectation was followed by the seeming frustration of their hopes, and yet this disappointment was succeeded by a pleasing repose.

“ That is our road into the outer world,” indicated Ilse ; “ we often look in that direction when father has been on a journey and we are expecting him, or when we hope for some good news by the postman. And when frequently our brother Franz tells how he will go into the world when a man, away from his father and family, he thinks that the roads there will always look like our footpath bordered with its willow-trees.”

“ Is Franz the pet ?” asked the Professor.

“ He is my baby-brother ; we lost our good mother while he was still a mere infant. The poor child never knew his mother ; and once when he dreamt of her,

the other children maintained that he had changed her into me, for she wore my dress and my straw hat. This is the cupboard in the wall," she said, sorrowfully, pointing to a wooden door. The friends followed in silence, without looking at the cupboard. She stopped before the adjoining room, and opened the door: "This was my mother's room, it is unaltered, just as she left it; our father generally spends some time here on Sundays."

"We cannot allow you to lead us any further," said the Professor. "I cannot tell you how painful I feel our position in regard to you to be. Forgive us this indelicate intrusion upon your privacy."

"If you do not wish to see the house further," answered Ilse, with a look of gratitude, "I will gladly take you into our garden, and through the farmyard. Father will not be pleased if I withhold anything from you."

A back door led from the hall into the garden; the flower-beds were edged with box, and filled with summer flowers—the old indigenous plants of gardens. Vines climbed up the house, as far as the windows of the upper story, and the green grapes everywhere peeped through the bright foliage. A hedge of quick-set separated the flower-beds from the kitchen-garden, where, besides vegetables, there were hops climbing up high poles. Further on, a large orchard, with a fine lawn, sloped down into the valley. There was nothing remarkable to be seen here; the flower-beds were in straight lines; the fruit trees stood in rows; the venerable box and hedge were stiffly trimmed, and without gaps. The friends looked back constantly over beds and flowers to the house, and admired the brown walls showing through the soft foliage of the

vine, as well as the stonework of the windows and gables.

“In the time of our forefathers it was a sovereigns’ residence,” explained Ilse, “and they used to come here every year to hunt. But now nothing but the dark wood back there belongs to him. In it is a shooting-box, where the head-forester resides. Our Sovereign seldom comes into the district. It is a long time since we have seen our dear prince, and we live like poor orphans.”

“Is he considered a good ruler?” asked the Professor.

“We do not know much about him; but we believe that he is good. Many years ago, when I was yet a child, he once breakfasted at our house, because there was no convenient place in Rossau. Then I was surprised that he wore no red mantle; and he patted me on the head, and gave me the good advice to grow, which I have honestly followed. It is said that he will come again this year to hunt. If he stops with us again, the old house must put on its best attire, and there will be hot cheeks in the kitchen.”

While they were walking peaceably among the fruit trees, a clear-toned bell sounded from the farm-yard. “That is the call to dinner,” said Ilse. “I will take you to your room; the maid will show you to the dining-room.”

The friends found their valises in the visitors’ room, and were shortly after summoned by a gentle knock at the door, and conducted into the dining-room. There the proprietor was awaiting them, together with half-a-dozen sun-burnt officials of the farm, the Mamselle, the tutor, and the children. When they entered, the Proprietor spoke to his daughter in a

window-niche ; the daughter probably gave a favorable report of them, for he came toward them with unclouded countenance, and said in his abrupt way, "I hope you will put up with our fare." He then introduced the strangers to those present, calling them by their names, and adding, "two gentlemen from the University." Every one stood behind his chair, placed according to his station and age. The Proprietor took the head of the table, next him Ilse ; on the other side the Professor and Doctor ; then on both sides the farm officials, after them, the Mamselle and the girls, the tutor and the boys. Little Franz approached his seat at the lower end of the table, folded his hands and monotonously pronounced a short grace. Then all the chairs were drawn forward at the same moment, and two maids in peasant costume brought in the dishes. It was a simple meal ; a bottle of wine was placed between the strangers ; the host, his family, and the dependants drank a dark, golden beer.

Silently and zealously each one fell to ; only at the upper end of the table was there any conversation. The friends expressed to the Proprietor the pleasure that the house and its surroundings afforded them ; and the host laughed ironically when the Doctor praised the thick walls of the structure. Then the talk rambled on to the surrounding country, and the dialect and character of the peasantry.

"It has struck me again to-day," said the Professor, "with what suspicion the peasants regard us city folks. They regard our language, manners, and habits as those of another race ; and when I see what the agricultural laborer has in common with the so-called educated classes, I feel painfully that it is much too little."

"And whose fault is it," retorted the host, "but



that of the educated classes? Do not take it amiss, if I tell you, as a simple man, that this high cultivation pleases me as little as the ignorance and stubbornness which surprises you in our country people. You yourselves, for example, make a long journey, in order to find an old forgotten manuscript which was written by an educated man in a nation that has passed away. But I ask what have millions of men, who speak the same language as you, are of the same race, and live near you, what have they gained by all the learning that you have acquired for yourselves and small numbers of wealthy people of leisure? When you speak to my laborers, they do not understand you. If you wished to speak to them of your learning, my farm hands would stand before you like savages. Is that a sound state of affairs? I tell you, so long as this lasts, we are not a well-conditioned people."

"If your words are meant as a reproach to my vocation," answered the Professor, "you are unjust; for we are now actively employed in making the discoveries of the learned accessible to the people. That much more should be done in this direction, I do not deny. But at all periods serious scientific investigations, even when only intelligible to a very small circle, have exercised an invisible influence on the souls and lives of the people in general. These scientific investigations develop the language, give certain tendencies to thought, gradually evolve customs, ethics, and laws, according to the needs of every age. Not only practical inventions and increasing wealth are facilitated by them; but also, what surely will not seem less important to you, the ideas of man about his own life, the manner in which he performs his duty toward others, the feeling with which he regards truth and

falsehood,—for all this each one of us is indebted to the erudition of the nation, no matter how little interest he may take in the various investigations. And let me use an old simile. Science is like a great fire that must be incessantly maintained in a nation, because flint and steel are unknown to them. I am one of those whose duty it is constantly to throw fresh logs into the burning mass. It is the task of others to carry the holy flame throughout the land, to the villages and cottages. Every one whose object it is to diffuse that light, has his rights, and no one should think meanly of another.”

“There is some truth in that,” said the host thoughtfully.

“If the great fire does not burn,” continued the Professor, “the single flames could not be spread. And, believe me, what most strengthens and elevates an honorable man of learning in the most difficult investigations, is the fact, confirmed by long experience, that his labors will in the end conduce to the benefit of mankind. They do not always help to invent new machines, nor discover new plants for cultivation, but they are nevertheless effective for all, when they teach what is true and untrue, beautiful and ugly, good and bad. In this sense they make millions freer, and therefore better.”

“I see at least by your words,” said the host, “that you hold your vocation in high esteem; and I like that, for it is the characteristic of an honest man.”

This conversation produced a pleasant frame of mind in both men. The Inspector rose, and in a moment all the chairs of the farm dignitaries were pushed back, and the children and most of the party left the room. Only the host, Ilse, and the guests sat

together for a few moments longer in pleasant conversation. Then they went into the next room, where coffee was prepared. Ilse poured it out, while the Proprietor from his seat scrutinized the unexpected guests.

The Professor set the empty cup down and began: "Our task here is ended, and we have to thank you for a hospitable reception. But I do not like to part without once more reminding you—"

"Why should you go?" interrupted the Proprietor. "You have had a long journey to-day; you will not find either in the town or in the neighboring villages any respectable lodging, and, in the pressure of the harvest, perhaps not even a conveyance. Pray be contented to pass the night here; we have, besides, to resume our conversation of this morning," he added, good-humoredly, "and I am anxious to come to a good understanding before we part. Will you accompany me for a while into the field, where my presence is required? When I ride to the distant part of the farm, Ilse will take my place. In the evening we will have a little sensible talk together."

The friends readily agreed to this proposal. The three men walked through the field engaged in genial conversation. The Professor was interested to see the large ears of a new variety of barley, which grew very densely, and the Proprietor spoke thoughtfully of this new species of corn. They stopped where the laborers were busy. Then the overseer handed his report to the Proprietor, after which they crossed the stubble to the sheaves. The Proprietor glanced quickly over the gathered shocks, the industrious people, and the patient horses in the harvest wagons; the friends observed with interest the intercourse between the master of

the property and his subordinates and laborers ; the short orders and pertinent answers ; the zeal and cheerful aspect of the working-people when they announced the number of the sheaves, all well-behaved, industrious, and acting in unison. They returned with a feeling of respect for the man who ruled his little domain so firmly. On their way back they stopped to look at the foals that were gamboling about in a meadow behind the barns, and when the Doctor praised, above all, two galloping browns, it appeared that he had admired the best horses, and the Proprietor smiled upon him benignantly. At the entrance to the farmyard a groom brought a riding-horse, a powerful black, with strong limbs and broad chest : the Doctor stroked the horse's neck, and the Proprietor examined the straps. "I am a heavy rider," he said, "and need a strong animal." He swung himself heavily into the saddle, and, taking off his cap, said, "We meet again in the evening." And stately did horse and rider look, as they trotted along the road through the field.

"The young lady awaits you," said the groom ; "I am to escort you to her."

"Have we made any progress or not?" asked the Doctor, laughing, and taking hold of his friend's arm.

"A struggle has begun," answered the friend seriously, "and who can say what will be the result?"

Ilse was sitting in an arbor of honeysuckle in the garden, surrounded by the children. It was a pleasant sight to see the young fair-haired family together. The girls sat by their sister ; the boys ran around the arbor playing, with their afternoon luncheon in their hands. Seven fresh, well-formed faces, as like each other as blossoms on the same tree, yet each develop-

ing itself at a different period of life, from Franz, whose round child's head resembled a blooming bud, to the beautiful, full-blown face and figure that sat in the centre, brightly lighted up by the glancing rays of the sun. Again were the hearts of the friends thrilled by the appearance of the girl and the sound of her voice, as she tenderly scolded little Franz because he had knocked the bread and butter out of his brother's hands. Again did the children stare suspiciously at the strangers, but the Doctor ignored the ceremonial of first acquaintance by taking Franz by the legs and placing him on his shoulders, seating himself with his rider in the arbor. The little lad sat for a few moments on his elevation quite surprised, and the children laughed aloud at his round eyes looking so frightened at the stranger's head between his little legs. But the laughter of the others gave him courage, and he began to pummel lustily with his feet, and to brandish his bread triumphantly round the locks of the stranger. Thus the acquaintance was made; a few minutes later, the Doctor went with the children through the garden, allowing himself to be chased, and trying to catch the shouting crew between the flower-beds.

“If you like, we will go where you can obtain the best view of our house,” said Ilse, to the Professor.

Surrounded by the children they walked along the road that led to the church. A winding footpath ran down to the bottom, where a strip of meadow bordered the bubbling brook. From this deep dell they ascended some hundred steps. Before them rose from the copse a huge rock; they passed round it and stood by a stone grotto. The rock formed the portal and walls of a cave which penetrated about ten paces into the hill. The ground was level, covered with white sand; bram-

ble-bushes and wild roses hung down over the entrance; in the midst of them grew a large bush of willow-rose; it hung with its thick blossoms like a plume of red feathers over the rocky arch of the grotto. The trace of an old wall on the side showed that the cave had once been a refuge either for the oppressed or the lawless; at the entrance lay a stone, the upper surface of which had been smoothed for a seat; in the obscure light of the background stood a stone bench.

“There is our house,” said Ilse, pointing over the valley to the height where the gables rose behind the fruit trees of the garden. “It is so near that a loud call would be heard here.”

The friends looked from the twilight of the cave into the bright light of day, on the stone house and the trees which stood below it.

“All is quiet in the wood,” continued Ilse; “even the voice of the birds has ceased; they have left their nests for the harvest fields, where they congregate in flocks.”

“I hear a gentle murmur, like the gurgling of water,” said the Professor.

“A stream runs over the stones below,” explained Ilse. “Now it is scanty, but in the spring much water collects from the hills. Then the sound of the rushing water becomes loud, and the brook courses wildly over the stones; it covers the meadows below, fills the whole valley, and rises up to the copse-wood. But in warm weather this is a pleasant resting-place for us all. When my father bought the estate the cave was overgrown, the entrance choked up with stones and earth, and it was the abode of owls. He had it opened and cleared.”

The Professor examined the cave with curiosity,

and struck the red rock with his cane. Ilse standing apart watched him with troubled look. "Now he is beginning his search," she thought.

"It is all old stone," she exclaimed.

The Doctor had been clambering outside the cave with the children. He now freed himself from Hans, who had just confided to him that among the thick alder bushes there was the empty nest of a mountain titmouse.

"This must be a wonderful place for the legends of the country," he exclaimed, with delight; "there cannot be a more charming home for the spirits of the valley."

"People talk absurd stuff about it," rejoined Ilse, with a tone of disapprobation. "They say that little dwarfs dwell here, and that their footsteps can be perceived in the sand, yet the sand was first brought here by my father. Nevertheless, the people are frightened, and when evening comes the women and children of the laborers do not like to pass it. But they conceal this from us, as my father cannot bear superstition."

"The dwarfs are evidently not in favor with you," answered the Doctor.

"As there are none, we ought not to believe in them," replied Ilse, eagerly. "Men ought to believe what the Bible teaches; not in wild beings that, as they say in the village, fly through the wood in the night. Lately an old woman was ill in a neighboring village, no one would bring her any food, and they disgracefully rejoiced in her sickness because they thought the poor woman could change herself into a black cat and injure the cattle. When we first heard of it, the woman was in danger of dying of starvation. This idle talk is therefore wicked."



The Doctor had meanwhile noted down the dwarfs in his note-book ; but he looked dissatisfied at Ilse, who, speaking from the dusk in the rear of the cave, resembled a legendary figure.

“She does not object to sly Jacob, who deceived his blind father by putting kid skins on his arms ; but our fairy-lore is distasteful to her.”

He put his note-book up again and went with Hans after the titmouse.

The Professor had, with amusement, observed the secret vexation of his friend ; but Ilse turned to him, saying :

“I am surprised that your friend takes note of such stories ; it is not right, such things should be forgotten.”

“You know that he himself does not believe in them,” answered the Professor, in mitigation. “What he searches for are only the traditions of the people. For these legends originated in a time when our whole nation believed in these spirits, as they do now the teachings of the Bible. He collects these reminiscences in order to ascertain what was the faith and poetry of our ancestors.”

The maiden was silent. Then after a time she said :

“This also, then, is connected with your labors.”

“It is,” replied the Professor.

“It is good to listen to you,” continued Ilse, “for your mode of speech is different from ours. Formerly when it was said of any one, he speaks like a book, I thought it was a reproach ; but there is no doubt that this is the correct expression, and it gives one pleasure to listen.”

Thus saying, with her large open eyes she looked from the interior of the grotto at the Scholar, who stood



in the entrance leaning against the stone, brightly lighted up by the rays of the sun.

“There are, however, many books that talk badly,” answered the Professor, smiling; “and nothing tires one so much as lengthy book-wisdom from living mouths.”

“Yes, yes,” acquiesced Ilse. “We have an acquaintance, a learned woman, Mrs. Rollmaus. When she visits us on Sundays, she places herself on the sofa, and begins a discourse with my father. He cannot escape her, turn which way he will, she knows how to pin him down by talking about the English and Circassians, comets and poets. But the children discovered she had a cyclopedia for conversation, from which she gathers it all; and when anything happens in the country, or the newspapers make a noise about anything, she reads in the cyclopedia what bears upon it. We have procured the same book, and when her visit is impending, we think over what subject is then uppermost. Then the children look out and read this beforehand, Saturday evenings; and our father also listens and himself looks at the book, and the next day the children are delighted that father vanquishes the lady by means of her own book; for our book is a newer edition, and has new events in it of which she knows little.”

“So Sunday is the time when we can win honors here,” said the Professor.

“In winter we meet often during the week,” continued Ilse. “But there is not much intercourse in the neighborhood; and if we sometimes chance to have a visitor who leaves some pleasant thoughts behind, we are grateful and preserve them faithfully.”

“Yet the best thoughts are those which come to

men through their own exertions," said the Professor, kindly. "The little that I have seen on the estate here tells me how beautifully life can thrive, even when far removed from the noisy bustle of the world."

"That was a kindly speech," exclaimed Ilse. "But we are not lonely here; and we do interest ourselves about our countrymen, and about the great world. When the neighboring proprietors come to visit, not a word is said about the farm, and amusing subjects are talked of. Then there is our dear Pastor, who tells us about things in foreign parts, and reads the newspapers that are taken by my father with us. And when there are applications in them for contributions to serve a good object, the children are liberal, and each gives his mite from his savings, but our father gives abundantly. And Hans, as the eldest, collects, and has the right to pack up the money, and in the accompanying letter he sets down the initial of the name of each that has contributed. Then afterwards there comes a printed receipt, when each looks for his own initial. Often a wrong one has been printed, and this vexes the children."

From the distance they heard the cries and laughter of the children, who were returning with the Doctor from their excursion. The girl rose, the Professor approached her, and said with much feeling :

"Whenever my thoughts revert to this day, it will be with a feeling of heartfelt gratitude for the manner in which you have so honestly spoken of your happy life to a stranger."

Ilse looked at him with innocent confidence.

"You are not a stranger to me; for I saw you at the child's grave."

The joyous troop surrounded them both, and they proceeded further into the valley.

It was evening when they returned to the house where the proprietor was already awaiting them. After supper the elders passed another hour together. The strangers gave an account of their tour, and told the last news from the world; and then there was conversation on politics, and Ilse rejoiced that her father and the strangers agreed so well on the subject. When the cuckoo on the house clock proclaimed that it was ten, they separated with a friendly good-night.

The housemaid lighted the strangers to their bedroom. Ilse sat on a chair with her hands folded on her lap, looking silently before her. After a short time the proprietor came from his room and took the bedroom candle from the table.

“What! Still up, Ilse? How do the strangers please you?”

“Very much, father,” said the maiden, gently.

“They are not such simpletons as they look,” said the host, pacing to and fro. “What he said of the great fire was right,” he repeated, “and that about our little governments was also right. The younger would have made a good schoolmaster; and as for the tall one, by heaven it is a shame that he has not worn jack-boots these four years; he would be a clever inspector. Good-night, Ilse.”

“Good-night, father.” The daughter rose and followed her father to the door. “Do the strangers remain here to-morrow, father?”

“Hum,” said the host, meditating. “They will remain for dinner at all events; I will show them over the farm. See that you have something nice for dinner.”

“Father, the Professor has never in his life eaten roast pig,” said the daughter.

“Ilse, what are you thinking of? My pig for the sake of Tacitus!” exclaimed the Proprietor. “No, I cannot stand that; be content with your poultry. Stop! Just hand me the volume of the encyclopedia lettered T, I want to read up about that fellow.”

“Here, father; I know where it is.”

“See! See!” said the father, “just like Mrs. Rollmaus. Good-night.”

The Doctor looked through the window into the dark court. Sleep and peace lay over the wide space; from a distance sounded the tread of the watchman who went his rounds through the homestead, and then the suppressed howl of the farm dog.

“Here we are,” he said, at last, “two genuine adventurers in the enemy’s fortress. Whether we shall carry anything away from it, is very doubtful,” he continued, looking significantly at his friend, with a smile.

“It is doubtful,” said the Professor, measuring the room with long strides.

“What is the matter with you, Felix?” asked Fritz, anxiously, after a pause; “you are very absent-minded, which is not usually your way.”

The Professor stood still.

“I have nothing to tell you. I have strong but confused feelings, which I am trying to control. I fear I have this day received an impression against which a sensible man should guard himself. Ask me nothing further, Fritz,” he continued, pressing his hand vehemently. “I do not feel unhappy.”

Fritz, deeply troubled, placed himself on his bed, and looked for a boot-jack.

“How does our host please you?” he asked, in a low tone, and, in order to appear unconcerned, tapping with his foot on the floor.

“A worthy man,” answered the Professor, again stopping, “but his manner is different from what we are accustomed to.”

“He is of old Saxon origin,” the Doctor proceeded, “broad shoulders, giant height, open countenance, solidity in every movement. The children also are of the same type,” he continued; “the daughter is somewhat of a Thusnelda.”

“The similitude does not apply,” rejoined the Professor, roughly, continuing his walk.

Fritz drew off the second boot in a slightly discordant mood.

“How does the eldest boy please you? He has the bright hair of his sister.”

“No comparison,” said the Professor, again laconically.

Fritz placed both boots before the bed, and himself upon it, and said with decision:

“I am ready to respect your humor, even when I cannot quite understand it; but I beg you to take into consideration that we have forced ourselves on the hospitality of these people, and that we ought not to take advantage of it beyond to-morrow morning.”

“Fritz,” cried the Professor, with deep feeling, “you are my dear, true friend; have patience with me to-day!” So saying, he turned round, and breaking off the conversation, approached the window.

Fritz was almost beside himself with anxiety. This noble man, so confident in all he wrote, so full of deliberation, and so firm in decision, even with regard to the obscurest passages—and now some emotion was

working in him which shook his whole being. How could this man be so disturbed? He could look back with majestic clearness on a past of many thousand years, and now he was standing at a window looking at a cow-stable, and something like a sigh sounded through the room. And what was to come of it? These thoughts occupied incessantly the Doctor's mind.

Long did the Professor pace up and down the room; Fritz feigned to sleep, but kept peeping from under the bedclothes at his excited friend. At last the Professor extinguished the light and threw himself on his bed. Soon his deep breathing showed that beneficent nature had softened the pulses of that beating heart. But the Doctor's anxiety held its ground more pertinaciously. From time to time he raised his head from his pillow, searched for his spectacles on the nearest chair, without which he could not see the Professor, and spied through them at the other bed, again took off his spectacles, and lay down on the pillow with a gentle sigh. This act of friendship he repeated many times, till at last he fell into a deep sleep, shortly before the sparrows sang their morning song in the vine-  
arbor beneath.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### AMONG HERDS AND SHEAVES.

THE friends on awakening heard the clock in the courtyard striking, the wagons rolling before the window, and the bells of the herds tinkling. For a moment they looked bewildered at the walls of the strange room, and through the window out on the sunny garden. While the Doctor wrote his memoranda and packed up his bundle, the Professor walked out. The daily work had long begun; the men with their teams

were gone to the field ; the Inspector hastened busily about the open barns ; encircled by the dogs, the bleating sheep thronged before the stable.

The landscape shone in the light of a cloudless sky. The mist hovered over the earth, subduing the clear light of the morning sun, blending it with a delicate grey. The houses and trees still cast long shadows, the coolness of the dewy night still lingered in shady places, and the soft, light breeze fanned the cheeks of the Scholar, now with the warmth of the early daylight, now with the refreshing breath of night.

He walked about the buildings and the farmyard in order to acquaint himself with the place, of which henceforth he was to have mingled recollections in his soul. The persons who dwelt here had with some hesitation disclosed their life to him, and much in their simple pastoral existence appeared to him pleasing and attractive. The influences that here produced activity and energy could everywhere be seen. The tasks for each one and the duties for each day grew in the soil of the farm and the surrounding country. Their views of life and of the world were all in accordance with their surroundings. He felt keenly how worthily and happily men could live whose life was so firmly interwoven with nature and the primitive necessities of man. But for himself his life was regulated by other influences, was actuated by the thousand impressions of ancient and modern times, and not unfrequently by the forms and circumstances of the distant past. For a man's doings in life are more to him than the passing labor of the day, and all that he has done continues to work within him as a living principle. The naturalist, whose desire for rare plants impels him to the towering mountain-top, whence return is impossible ; the soldier,

whose recollection of the excitement of old battles impels him into new combats—these are both led by the power of thoughts which their past lives have made a part of their being. Man, it is true, is not the slave of what he has done, if he has not stooped to a lower level; his will is free, he chooses as he likes, and casts off what he does not care to preserve; but the forms and ideas that have entered into his soul work on and guide him unceasingly; he has often to guard himself against their mastery, but in a thousand cases he joyfully follows their gentle guidance. All that was and all that is continues far beyond his mere earthly existence in every new being into which it penetrates. It may influence millions, for ages—ennobling, elevating, or degrading individuals and nations. Thus the spirits of the past, the forces of nature, even our own actions and thoughts become an inalienable, component part of the soul, influencing our lives. The learned man smiled as he thus thought how the strange, old reminiscences of thousands of years had brought him among these country people, and how differently the different activity and occupation of the man who ruled here, had shaped his mind and judgment.

Amid these thoughts the lowing of the cattle sounded softly from the stalls. Looking up, he saw a number of maids carrying full milk-pails to the dairy. Behind them went Ilse, in a simple morning dress; her fair hair shone in the sun like spun gold, and her step was brisk and vigorous like the early morn. The Professor felt shy about approaching her; his eyes followed her thoughtfully; she also was one of the forms that henceforth was to live within him, the ideal of his dreams—perhaps of his wishes. For how long? and



how powerfully? He did not realize that his Roman emperors were to aid in answering this question within the next hour.

The proprietor came across the farm-yard and, greeting the Professor, invited him to take a short walk into the fields. As the two walked together—both able men, and yet so different in face and figure, in mind and manners—many would have noted the contrast with deep interest, and Ilse not last among them. But no one that did not have the eyes of a treasure-seeker or exorcist could perceive how different were the invisible retinues of tiny spirits that flitted round the temples and shoulders of each,—comparable to swarms of countless birds or bees. The spirits that attended the farmer were in homely working garb, blue blouses and fluttering bandanas, among them a few forms in the misty robes of Faith, Hope, and Charity. On the other hand, round the Professor swarmed an invisible throng of foreign phantoms with togas, and antique helmets, in purple robes and Greek chlamys, athletes also—some with bundles of rods and winged hats. The little retinue of the Proprietor flew incessantly over the fields and back again; the swarm round the Professor remained steadily by him. At last the proprietor stopped at one particular field; he looked at it with great delight, and mentioned that he had here succeeded by deep ploughing in growing green lupines, then newly introduced into cultivation. The Professor seemed surprised; among his spirit-retinue there arose a confused stir; one of the small antique spirits flew to the nearest clod of earth and fastened thereto a delicate web which it had spun from the head of the Professor. Whereupon the Professor told his companion how deep ploughing for green lu-

piners had been the custom of the Romans, and how rejoiced he was that now after more than a thousand years this old discovery had been brought to light again in our farming. They then spoke of the change in agriculture, and the Professor mentioned how striking it was that three hundred years after the beginning of our era, the corn exchanges at the harbors of the Black Sea and Asia Minor were so similar to those of Hamburg and London in modern days, while at present other agricultural produce was principally cultivated in the East. Finally, he told him of a grain tariff that was imposed by a Roman emperor, and that unfortunately the price of wheat and barley, the two products on which then depended other prices and duties, were effaced from the stone tablet that had been preserved. And he explained why this loss was so much to be lamented. Then the heart of the host began to expand, and he assured the Professor that the fact need not be lamented, for the lost value might be fixed from the price of the remaining products bearing straw and husk, because the prices of all agricultural produce taken as a whole bore a firm and ancient ratio among each other. He gave this relation of their productive value in figures, and the Professor discovered with joyful astonishment that they agreed with the tariff of his old Emperor Diocletian.

While the men were carrying on this desultory conversation, a mischievous wide-awake spirit, probably the Emperor Diocletian himself, flew from the Professor, made his way through the peasant spirits of the proprietor, placed himself in his purple robe on the head of the master, stamped with his little feet on his skull, and impressed the farmer with the belief that the Professor was a sensible and worthy man, who

might give him further information on the value and price of agricultural produce. It also pleased the Proprietor much that he could give the learned gentleman instruction in his own department.

When, at the end of an hour, the two strollers returned to the house, the Proprietor stopped at the door and said with some solemnity to the Professor, "When I brought you here yesterday, I little knew whom I had with me. It grieves me that I greeted so inhospitably a man like you. Your acquaintance has become a pleasure to me; it is rare to meet with a person with whom one can speak about everything as one can with you. As you are traveling for recreation, pray be pleased to pass some time with us simple folk—the longer the better. It is indeed not a season when a country host can make the house agreeable to his guests, so you must be content. If you wish to work, and require books, you may have them brought here; and pray observe whether the Romans had winter barley which was lighter than ours. Do me the honor of accepting my invitation." So saying, he cordially extended his hand to his guest. The Professor's countenance beamed with delight; he eagerly clasped the hand of his friendly host. "If you are willing to keep me and my friend a few days longer, I accept your invitation with all my heart. I must tell you that the insight into a new circle of human interests is most valuable to me, but still more so the kindness with which you have treated us."

"Settled!" exclaimed the Proprietor, cheerfully; "now we will call your friend."

The Doctor opened his door. When the Proprietor warmly repeated the invitation to him, he looked for a moment earnestly at his friend, and when the latter

gave him a friendly nod, he also accepted for the few days which were still free before the promised visit to his relatives. Thus it happened that the Emperor Diocletian, fifteen hundred years after he had unvoluntarily left the world, exercised his tyrannical power over the Professor and Proprietor. Whether there were other ancient powers actively working in secret, is not ascertained.

Ilse listened silently to her father's information that the gentlemen would be his guests some time longer, but her look fell so bright and warm on the strangers that they rejoiced in being welcomed by her also.

From this hour they were introduced into the household as old acquaintances, and both, though they had never lived in the country, felt it indispensable, and as if they had returned to a home in which years before they had once bustled about. It was a busy life there, and yet, even when work was most pressing and earnest, there was a cheerful repose about it. Without much ado they all worked in unison. The daylight was the supreme patron, who, at its rise, called to work, and when extinguished, gave rest to weary limbs; the laborers looked up to the sky to measure their hours of work, and the sun and the clouds influenced their frame of mind, sometimes inducing comfort and sometimes anxiety. Slowly and gently, as nature draws the blossoms out of the earth and matures the fruits, did the feelings of these men grow into blossoms and fruits. In peaceful relations the workers passed their lives. Small impressions, such as a few kind words or a friendly look, sufficed to entwine a firm bond round these various natures—a bond woven with invisible threads; but which attained a strength sufficient to last through a whole life.

The friends also felt the influence of the peace, daily activity, and small events of the country. Only when they looked toward the old house and thought of the hope which had led them hither, did something of the disquiet come over them which children feel when expecting a Christmas-box ; and the quiet work of their fancy threw a brilliant light over all that belonged to the house, even down to the barking Nero, who, as early as the second day, expressed by the vehement wagging of his tail, his wish to be taken into their fellowship at table.

The Doctor did not fail to remark how strongly his friend was attracted by this quiet life, and with what tact he adapted himself to the inhabitants of the house. The Proprietor, before he rode to the distant part of the farm, brought him some agricultural books, and spoke to him of the different varieties of grain, and the Professor answered him modestly, as became a young gentleman in top-boots, and immersed himself forthwith in these new interests. Also between Ilse and the Professor there was an evident understanding, the cause of which occasioned the Doctor some disquiet. When the Professor spoke to her, it was with deep respect, both in voice and look, and Ilse always turned by preference to him, and was quietly but incessantly endeavoring to give him pleasure. When at table he picked up her handkerchief, he handed it to her with a respectful bow as to a princess. When she handed him his cup he looked as happy as if he had discovered the secret meaning of some difficult passage in an author. Then in the evening, when he sat with the father in the garden and Ilse came behind them from the house, his countenance brightened up, though he had not yet seen her. When she distributed to the

children their supper, and was obliged to scold little Franz for being naughty, the Professor suddenly looked as dismal as if he himself were a boy whom the displeasure of his sister was to improve. These observations set the Doctor a-thinking.

Furthermore, when, shortly after study-time Hans proposed to the Doctor to play a friendly game of blind-man's-buff, Fritz assumed, as a matter of course, that the Professor would in the meantime converse with the father in the arbor, and he never dreamed of asking anything so extravagant of his learned friend as to join in the game. How astonished then was he when Ilse, having folded the handkerchief, approached the Professor, requested him to be blinded first, and he, the Professor, looked quite happy at the idea, offered his head gently—like a lamb to the sacrifice—to be covered, and allowed himself to be led by Ilse into the midst of the circle of little rompers. Noisily did the swarm circle round the Professor; the impudent children pulled him by the flaps of his coat, even Ilse contrived to lay hold of a button and draw him gently by it. This put him in a state of excitement; he felt about with his hands, and minded no attacks of the assaulting children, only seeking to seize the fair offender; and when he did not succeed, he kept poking about with his sticks and groping like the blind singer Demodokus to catch a Phæacian. Now, at last, he hit exactly upon Ilse, but she passed the end of the stick to her sister, and Clara whistled on it, but he exclaimed, “Fräulein Ilse!” She was delighted that he had guessed wrong, and he looked much puzzled.

Other games followed, in all of which the Professor showed such dexterity that the children were quite

enchanted, though Franz called out indignantly that he did not strike Ilse hard enough when he had the knotted handkerchief. Ilse, however, took the handkerchief, and, much to the Scholar's astonishment and delight, struck him heartily over the shoulders.

The Doctor joined in the sports, and looked with pleasure at the movements of the wild maidens in the games; and when Ilse stood by a tree and laid hold of a branch with her hand in order to support herself, her glowing face wreathed by the leaves of the nut-tree, she looked so lovely and happy that the Doctor was also enchanted.

In such a bacchanalian mood it was not to be wondered at that the Professor at last called upon Hans to run a race twice around the square. Amidst the shouts of the children Hans lost the race, because he had as he sturdily maintained the inner side of the square, but the others scouted at any such excuse. As the runners dashed up to the arbor, Ilse handed to the Professor his great coat, which she had meanwhile fetched from the coat-rack in the hall. "It is late, you must not take cold while with us." It was not at all late, but he put on the coat at once, buttoned it up from top to bottom, and, with a look of satisfaction, shook his opponent Hans by the shoulder. Afterwards they all sat down again in the arbor, in order to cool themselves. Here, at the vociferous demands of the little ones, a thaler was passed round while a song was sung, and the more observant part of the family loudly declared that the thaler had twice fallen to the ground between Ilse and the Professor, because they had not passed it firmly enough into each other's hands. By this game the love of song was awakened among the young people, and great and



small sang together as loud as they could, such songs as had become familiar to them—"On the Cool Banks of the Saal," "Song of the Cloak," and the catch of "The Bells of Capernaum." After that Ilse and Clara, at the request of the Doctor, sang a folk-song, very simple and unadorned, and perhaps on that account the melancholy style touched the heart, so that after the song all were quiet, and the strangers appeared much moved till the Proprietor called upon the guests to contribute their share. The Professor, recovering from his emotion, began immediately to sing, in a rich-toned bass, "In a deep, damp cellar I sat," so that the boys in their enthusiasm drank up the remains of their glasses of milk and clinked them on the table. Again the company broke out into a chorus; they began the dear old song, "What is the German Fatherland," so far as they knew the verses, and in conclusion they attempted "Lützow's Wild Charge." The Doctor, as an experienced chorus-singer, carried the melody beautifully through the most difficult passages, and the refrain sounded wonderfully in the calm evening air; the tones passed along the vine arbor and wall, and over the top of the fruit trees up to the thicket of the nearest hill, and came back from thence as an echo.

After this masterpiece the children's party broke up, and they were unwillingly taken by Ilse to the house, but the men continued in conversation a little longer; they had laughed and sung together, and became confidential. The Proprietor spoke of his early days, how he had tried his luck here and there, and at last had established himself firmly in this place. The struggle of daily life had been weary and toilsome; he gladly called it to mind at this hour,



and spoke of it with the good sense of an energetic man.

Thus passed the second day on the estate—beneath sun and stars, amongst the sheaves and the herds.

The following morning the Professor was awakened by the loud noise of the feathered farmyard denizens; the cock flew upon a stone beneath the window of the visitor's room, and sounded his morning clarion imperiously; the hens and young chickens stood in a circle round him, and endeavored to practice the same art; in between the sparrows chirruped loud, then the doves flew up and cooed their song, at last there came an army of ducks who began quacking a second chorus. The Professor found it necessary to rise, and the Doctor called out querulously from his bed: "That comes from yesterday's singing; now we hear the effect it had on all the associated farmyard musicians." But in this he was in error, the little flock of the farmyard sang only from official zeal to announce that a stormy day might be expected.

When the Professor went into the open air, the morning light still glowed like fire in the heavens, and the first rays of light shimmered over the fields in broken and trembling waves. The ground was dry, no dewdrops hung on leaf or turf. The air also was sultry, and the heads of the flowers drooped languidly on their stalks. Had a second sun appeared in the night? But the clear piping of the yellow thrush sounded from the top of an old cherry tree incessantly. The old gardener, Jacob, looked at the tree, shaking his head: "I thought that the rogue had gone away, he has made too much havoc among the cherries, and now he is giving us information before he leaves; something is brewing to-day."

Ilse, as she came from the dairy, said: "The cows are unquiet, they low and push against one another."

The sun rose red out of heavy vapor—the laborers in the field felt a weariness in their limbs, and continually stopped in their work to dry their faces. The shepherd was to-day discontented with his flock; the wethers were bent upon gamboling instead of eating, they bucked one another, and the young ones frisked and danced about as if they were set on wires. Disorder and willfulness could not be restrained. The dog circled round the excited animals incessantly; but his tail hung between his legs, and when he tugged at a sheep, the animal long felt the ungentle bite.

The sun rose higher in the cloudless heavens—the day became hotter—a light vapor rose from the earth which made the distance indistinct; the sparrows flew restlessly about the tops of the trees, the swallows skimmed along the ground and circled round the men. The friends went to their room; here also they felt the exhausting sultriness; the Doctor, who was sketching a plan of the house, laid down his pencil. The Professor was reading about agriculture and the rearing of cattle, but he often looked up from his book to the sky, opened the window and closed it again. The dinner was quieter than usual, the host looked serious, and his staff hardly allowed themselves time to empty their plates.

"We shall have trouble to-day," said the master of the house to his daughter, on rising. "I will ride to the outskirts; if I am not back before the storm, look after the house and farm."

Again men and horses went to the field, but to-day they went unwillingly. The heat became un-

bearable, the afternoon sun fell scorchingly on their heads; rock and walls glowed with heat; a white cloud curtained the heavens, which visibly thickened and massed itself together. The ploughboys eagerly took the horses to the stables, the laborers hastened to unload the sheaves, and drove the wagons at a quicker pace in order to shelter one more load under a roof before the storm arose.

The friends stood before the farm-gate and looked at the heavy clouds which were gathering upon the horizon. The yellow light of the sun struggled for a short time against the dark shadows; finally the last glare of light disappeared, and the earth lay darkened and mournful. Ilse approached them: "The time is come; about four o'clock the storm will rise. It seldom comes over the level land from the east, but when it does it is always severe with us, for people say it is because it cannot break over the hilltops which you see from the garden; then it hangs long over our fields, and they say the thunder here is more violent than elsewhere."

The first burst of the wind howled over the house. "I must go through the farmyard to see that all is right," exclaimed Ilse, as she wrapped a handkerchief quickly round her head and hurried on, accompanied by the men, through the storm to the farm-building in which the fire-engine stood; she looked to see whether the door was open and whether there was water in the barrels; then she hastened forward to the stables while the straw whirled round her; she warned the servants once more with a cheerful call, rapidly spoke a few words to the officials and returned to the house. She looked into the kitchen and opened the door of the children's room to see whether all of her

brothers and sisters were with the tutor. Lastly, she let in the dog, who was barking piteously at the gate of the farmyard, and then returned to the friends, who, from the window of the sitting-room, were watching the fury of the elements. "The house is secured, as far as it is possible for human beings; but we place our trust in a stronger Protector," said Ilse.

The storm slowly approached, one dark mass rolling on after another, and under them, like a monstrous curtain, a pale veil of mist rose higher and higher; the thunder rolled at shorter intervals, and grew more wildly ominous; the storm howled round the house; thick clouds of dust chased angrily about the walls; leaves and blades of straw flew about in wild dance.

"The lion is roaring," said Ilse, folding her hands. She bent her head for some moments, then looked silently out of the window. "Father is at the out-lying farm under shelter," she began again, anticipating a question of the Professor.

It was, indeed, a violent storm that raged about the old house. Those who listened for the first time in this place, on the open height, alongside the ridge of hills, from which the rolling, tumultuous crash of the thunder resounded, felt that they had never experienced such power in nature before. While the thunder roared, the room suddenly became dark as night, and ever and anon the dismal twilight was pierced by the flash of fiery serpents that swept over the farm.

There was noise in the children's room; the crying of the little ones could be heard. Ilse went to the door and opened it. "Come to me," she called out. The children ran in terrified, and pressed round their sister; the youngest clung to her dress. Ilse took the

little child and placed it under the charge of the Professor, who was standing by her side. "Be quiet, and say your prayer softly," she said; "this is **no** time for weeping and complaining."

Suddenly came a light so blinding that it caused them to close their eyes—and a sharp concussion, ending in a discordant crash. When the Professor opened his eyes, by the light of another flash he saw Ilse standing by his side, her head turned toward him with a radiant look. He exclaimed, anxiously: "That has struck."

"Not in the farmyard," replied the maiden, unmoved.

Again a clap, and again a flash, and a clap, wilder, shorter, sharper. "It is just above us," said Ilse, calmly, pressing the head of her little brother to her as if to protect him.

The Professor could not turn his eyes from the group in the middle of the room. The noble figure of the woman before him, erect, motionless, surrounded by the frightened brothers and sisters, the countenance raised, and a proud smile playing about the mouth. And she, in a moment of uncontrollable feeling, had confided to his care one of the lives that were so dear to her; he stood in the hour of danger near her as one of hers. He firmly held the child, which clasped him in terror. They were short moments, these; but between flash and thunder-clap the spark that glowed in him had blazed out into a bright flame. She who stood near him in the lightning, suffused with the blinding light, she it was who had become necessary to his life.

Still longer did the thunder roar; the heavy rain beat against the window; it clattered and dashed

round the house ; the windows trembled under the raging outburst of the storm.

“ It is over,” said Ilse, gently. The children separated and ran to the window. “ Up-stairs, Hans ! ” cried the sister, and hastened with her brother out of the room to see whether the water had made its way in anywhere. The Professor looked thoughtfully toward the door through which she had disappeared ; but the Doctor, who meanwhile had been seated quietly on a chair, with his hands on his knees, shaking his head, began : “ These freaks of nature are against us. Since lightning conductors have come into discredit, one has not the poor comfort of thinking that the old manuscript has even their protection against the attacks of the weather. This is a bad habitation for our poor old manuscript, and it is verily a Christian duty to rescue the book as quickly as possible from such a dangerous thunder-trap. Shall we be able in the future, with any tranquillity of mind, to look upon a cloud in the heavens ? It will remind us of the disasters that may befall this place.”

“ The house has held out hitherto,” answered the Professor, laughing. “ Let us leave the manuscript meanwhile to the good Power in whom the people here so firmly trust. The sun’s rays are already breaking through the mist.”

Half an hour later it was all over ; the dark clouds still hovered above the hills, and from the distance resounded the harmless thunder. Life began to stir again in the empty farmyard. First, the ducks came forth with joyous haste from their hiding-place, cleaned their feathers, examined the puddles of water, and quacked along the ruts made by the wheels ; then came the cock with his hens, cautiously treading, and pick-

ing the soaked seeds ; the doves flew on to the projections of the window, wished each other good fortune with friendly nods and spread their feathers in the fresh sunlight. Nero bounded boldly out of the house, trotted through the farmyard, and barked in the air by way of challenge to frighten away the hostile clouds. The maids and laborers again stepped actively about the place, breathing the refreshing balsam of the moist air. The Inspector came and reported that the lightning had struck twice on the neighboring hill. The Proprietor, thoroughly wet through, rode rapidly in, anxious to see whether his house and farm-buildings were undamaged. He sprang gaily from his horse, and exclaimed : “ The rain penetrated everything out there. But, God be praised, it has passed over. We have not had such a storm here for years.” The people listened also for awhile as the head ploughman related that he had seen a pillar of water, which hung like a great sack from heaven to earth, and that it had hailed violently on the other side of the border. Then they entered the stable with great equanimity, and enjoyed the hour of rest that the bad weather had brought them. While the Proprietor was talking to his staff, the Doctor prepared to descend, with the boys and the tutor, into the valley, there to see the overflowing brook.

But the Professor and Ilse remained in the orchard, and the former was astonished at the number of snails that now came out everywhere, trailing slowly over the path ; and he took one after the other and placed them carefully out of the way, but the senseless creatures always returned again to the firm gravel, expecting that the foot-passengers were to get out of their way. They both examined the fruit trees to see how they



had borne the storm. They were much broken, and their branches bent down. Much unripe fruit lay scattered on the grass. The Professor cautiously shook the branches, bending under the weight of the rain, in order to free them from their burden ; he fetched some poles to support an old apple tree which was in danger of breaking under the weight, and both laughed heartily when, in the course of his work, the water from the leaves ran in small streams down his hair and coat.

Ilse clasped her hands together, lamenting over the fall of so much fruit ; but there was still much on the trees, and they might yet hope for a rich harvest. The Professor sympathized with her and advised her to dry the fallen fruit, and Ilse laughed again at this because most of it was unripe. The Professor confided to her that he as a boy had helped his dear mother when she used to arrange the fruit on the drying-board ; for his parents had owned a large garden in the town in which his father was an official. Ilse listened with eager interest when he related further how he had lost his father as a boy, and how lovingly and wisely his mother had cared for him, how confidential his relations with her had been, and that her loss had been the greatest sorrow of his life. Then they walked up and down along the gravel walk, and in both of them an echo of the sorrow of past days intermingled with the cheerful mood of the present ; just as in nature the movement of a violent storm leaves after it a gentle trembling, and the pure light of day sparkles on bower and blade like countless glittering precious stones.

Ilse opened a gate which led from the lower part of the orchard into the open country, and standing still, said, hesitatingly : “ I propose a walk into the



village to see how our Pastor has stood the storm ; would you like to make the acquaintance of our dear friend ?”

“ I shall be delighted to do so,” answered the Professor.

They walked along a damp footpath that wound its way through the length of the valley by the side of the churchyard. Near it lay a little village of closely-packed houses, in which dwelt most of the laborers of the estate. The first building below the church was the Pastor’s house, with a wooden roof and small windows, differing little from the dwellings of the country people. Ilse opened the door, and an old maid-servant hastened toward her with a familiar greeting.

“ Ah, Miss,” she exclaimed, “ we had bad weather to-day. I thought the day of judgment had surely come. Master stood constantly at the chamber window looking up to the manor and raising his hands in prayer for you. He is at present in the garden.”

The guests passed out through the rear door into a small space between the gables and barns of the neighboring farmyards. A few low fruit trees stood along the edges of the flower-beds. The old gentleman, in a dark dressing-gown, stood by an espalier, working industriously.

“ My dear child,” he cried, looking up, and a smile of pleasure lighted up the kind face under his white hair, “ I knew that you would come to-day.”

He bowed to the stranger, and, after a few words of greeting, turned again to Ilse.

“ Only think what a misfortune—the storm has broken our peach tree, the espalier is torn up and the branches are shattered ; the damage is irreparable.”

He bent over the disabled tree, which he had just bound up with a bandage of tree-gum and matting.

“It is the only peach tree here,” he said, lamentingly, to the Professor; “they have none on the whole estate, nor any in the town. But I must not worry you with my little troubles,” he continued, more cheerfully; “I pray you come with me into the house.”

Ilse entered the side door of an extension, near the house proper. “How is Flavia?” she inquired of the maid, who stood at the threshold, anticipating the visit.

“Doing very well,” answered Susannah, “and the little one also.”

“It is the dun cow and her young calf,” explained the Pastor to the Professor, as Ilse returned into the narrow courtyard with the maid. “I do not like people to call animals by Christian names, so I have recourse to our Latin vocabulary.”

Ilse returned. “It is time that the calf should be taken away; it is a wasteful feeder.”

“That is what I said too,” interposed Susannah, “but his Reverence the Pastor will not consent.”

“You are right, my dear child,” answered the Pastor; “following the demands of worldly wisdom it would be best to deliver the little calf to the butcher. But the calf sees the thing in quite another light, and it is a merry little creature.”

“But when one asks it why, one receives no answer,” said Ilse, “and therefore, it must be pleased with what we choose. Your Reverence must allow me to settle this with Susannah, behind your back; meanwhile you shall have milk from our house.”

The Pastor conducted them into his room; it was very small, whitewashed, and scantily furnished. There was an old writing-table, a black painted book-shelf

with a small number of old books, a sofa and some chairs covered with colored chintz. "This has been my Tusculum for forty years," said the Pastor, with satisfaction, to the Professor, who looked with surprise at the scanty furniture. "It would have been larger if the addition had been made; there were fine plans arranged, and my worthy neighbor took much pains about it, but since my wife was carried out there"—he looked toward the churchyard on the height—"I will not hear of it any more."

The Professor looked out of the window. Forty years in this narrow building, in the little valley between the churchyard, the huts, and the wood! He felt oppressed in spirit. "The community appears to be poor; there is but little space for cultivation between the hills. But how is it pray, in winter?"

"Well, even then I am still able to get about," answered the clergyman; "I visit my old friends then, and am only troubled sometimes by the snow. Once we were quite snowed up, and had to be dug out." He laughed pleasantly at the recollection. "It is never lonely when one has lived many years in a place. One has known the grandfathers, trained the fathers, taught the children, and here and there a grandchild even, and one sees how men rise from the earth and sink down into it again like the leaves that fall from a tree. One observes that all is vanity and a short preparation for eternity. Dear child," he said to Ilse, who now entered, "pray be seated with us; I have not seen your dear face for three days, and I would not go up because I heard you had visitors. I have something here for you," taking a paper out of his desk; "it is poetry."

"You see the song of the Muses does not fail us,"

he continued, speaking to the Professor. "It is, to be sure, humble, and bucolic in style. But believe me, as one who knows his village, there are few new things under the sun; there is everything here in a small way that there is on a large scale in the rest of the world; the blacksmith is a zealous politician, and the justice would gladly be a Dionysius of Syracuse. We have also the rich man of Scripture, and truly many a Lazarus—to which number the poet whose verses I here hold belongs; and our plasterer is a musician in winter—he does not play badly on the zither. But they are all too ambitious and not in harmony. Sometimes it is difficult to preserve good fellowship among them."

"Our poet wishes to have his green wall again, as I interpret it," said Ilse, looking up from the paper.

"For seven years he has been lying in his room half palsied with severe and incurable ills," explained the Pastor to his guest; "and he looks through a little hole of a window into the world at the clay-wall opposite and the men who can be seen passing; the wall belongs to a neighbor, and my dear child trained a wild vine over it. But this year our neighbor—our rich man—has built upon it and torn away the foliage. This vexes the invalid, and it is difficult to help him, for now is not the time to plant a fresh one."

"But something must be thought of," interposed Ilse. "I will speak to him about it; excuse me, I will not be long."

She left the room. "If you wish," said the Pastor, addressing the guest mysteriously, "I will show you this wall; for I have thought much about the matter, but cannot devise anything." The Professor silently acquiesced. They walked along the village lane,

and at the corner the Pastor took the arm of his companion. "Here lies the invalid," he began, in a low tone. "His weakness makes him rather deaf, but still we must tread gently, that he may not observe it, for that disturbs him."

The Professor saw a small sash-window open and Ilse standing before it, her back turned to them. While the Pastor was showing him the plastered wall and the height that was necessary for the trailing plant, he listened to the conversation at the window. Ilse spoke loudly and was answered from the bed by a shrill voice. He discovered with astonishment that they were not speaking of the vines.

"And the gentleman is of a good disposition?" asked the voice.

"He is a learned and good man," answered Ilse.

"And how long does he remain with you?"

"I know not," was Ilse's hesitating reply.

"He should remain altogether with you, for you like him," said the invalid.

"Ah, that we dare not hope, dear Benz. But this conversation will not help to find you a good prospect," continued Ilse. "I will speak to your neighbor; but nothing will grow between to-day and to-morrow. I have thought that the gardener might nail a shelf under the window, and we shall place some plants from my room upon it."

"That will obstruct the view," answered the voice, discontentedly. "I could no longer see the swallows as they fly past, and little of the heads of the people who go by."

"That is true," replied Ilse; "but we will put the board so low that only the flowers shall peep through the window."

“What kind of flowers are they?” asked Benz.

“A myrtle,” said Ilse.

“That does not blossom,” answered Benz, surlily.

“But there are two roses blowing and a plant of heliotrope.”

“I do not know what that is,” interposed the invalid.

“It smells very sweet,” said Ilse.

“Then let it come,” assented Benz. “But I must also have some sweet basil.”

“We will see whether it can be had,” answered Ilse; “and the gardener shall also train some ivy round the window.”

“That will be too dark for me,” retorted the dissatisfied Benz.

“Never mind,” said Ilse, decidedly; “we will try, and if it does not suit you, it can be altered.”

To this the invalid agreed.

“But the gardener must not make me wait,” he exclaimed; “I should like to have it to-morrow.”

“Very well,” said Ilse; “early in the morning.”

“And you will show my verses to no one, not even to the strange gentleman; they are only for you.”

“Nobody shall see them,” said Ilse. “Call your daughter Anna, dear Benz.”

As she prepared to depart, the Pastor gently drew his guest back.

“When the invalid has had such a conversation,” he explained, “he is contented for the whole of the next day, and to-morrow he will again compose some verses. Sometimes—between you and me—he writes a good deal of nonsense, but it is well meant, and for him it is the best pastime. The people in the village avoid passing under his window as much as possible.

This is the hardest work in my office ; for the people are obstinate in the superstition that illness and suffering originate from evil spirits, that they are inflicted from hatred, or as punishment for past wrong ; and though I preach to them incessantly that all is only a trial for the other world, this teaching is too high for them, only the infirm believe it ; but those who are hale and hearty stubbornly struggle against the truth and salvation."

The learned man turned his eyes up to the little window from which the invalid looked upon the plastered wall, and then again on the clerical gentleman who for forty years had preached the Holy Gospel in the valley. His heart was heavy and his eyes passed from the twilight of the deep vale to the hill-top, which still shone in the glad light of the evening sun. Then she returned to him, she who had descended to watch over the helpless and the poor ; and when he ascended the height with her, it appeared to him as if they both emerged from gloomy earthly trouble into a lighter air ; but the youthful figure and the beautiful, calm countenance near him, shining in the lingering evening light so wondrously, seemed to resemble one of those messengers whom Jehovah sent to the tent of his faithful servant. He rejoiced when she laughed at the joyous bounding of the dog, who came barking toward them.

Thus passed another day, lighted up by the sun, and overshadowed by the clouds, amidst small events of daily life and quiet existence. When recorded by the pen it seems insignificant, but when a man lives it, it sends his blood coursing energetically through his veins.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A LEARNED LADY FROM THE COUNTRY.

It was Sunday, and the estate wore its festive garment. The barns in the farmyard were closed, the farm servants and maids walked about in their best attire, not like busy laborers, but with the comfortable leisure which is the poetry of a toilsome life to the German peasant. The bells from the church tower called to service; Ilse, with her hymn-book in her hand, went with her sister slowly down the hill, the maids and men followed in small groups. The Proprietor passed the day in his study, in order to make up the accounts of the past week; but first he knocked at the door of his friends' room, and paid them a short morning visit.

“We shall have guests to-day, the Crown Inspector Rollmaus and his wife; he is an excellent farmer; but his wife is irredeemably bent upon culture,—a paragon of learning. You must take care, she will press you hard.”

As the clock struck twelve, a carriage drawn by two well-fed brown horses stopped at the door; the children hastened to the window.

“The Crown Inspector's wife is coming!” exclaimed the youngest, excitedly.

A stout man in a dark green coat got out of the carriage, followed by a little lady in black silk, with a sunshade and a large bandbox. The Proprietor and Ilse met them at the door of the house, the host laugh-



ingly called out a welcome, and conducted the gentleman to the sitting-room. The guest had black hair and a round face, which by exposure to the sun and air had acquired a permanent tint of reddish brown.

He had piercing eyes, red nose and red lips. Learning the names of the two strangers he made a slight obeisance, but looked displeased at their appearing in pretentious black coats; and as he had a vague but strong aversion to useless authors, needy scholars, and non-producers of all sorts who visited the country to write books, or because they had no permanent residence of their own, he assumed toward both these gentlemen a sulky and suspicious demeanor. After a while the lady made her appearance. She had in the mean time, with Ilse's help put on her best cap, which had been taken out of the bandbox; a work of art, upon which were set two dark red roses. She entered the room, rustling, curtsying, and laughing, polished from head to foot. She passed rapidly from one to another, kissed the girls, declared to the boys that they had grown much during the last week, and at last stopped, full of expectation, before the two strangers. The host presented them, and did not fail to add: "Two gentlemen from the University."

The little lady pricked up her ears, and her gray eyes sparkled.

"From the University!" she exclaimed; "what a surprise. These gentlemen are rare guests in our country. There is indeed little inducement to learned gentlemen to come among us, for materialism reigns supreme here, and the circulating library at Rossau is certainly not in good hands; actually they never get anything new. May I be allowed to ask what are the

studies of the gentlemen, whether science generally or some particular specialty?"

"My friend's studies are more of a general character. I have a specialty, and in addition to it, I teach the classics," replied the Professor; "this gentleman is also engaged in Indian research."

"Pray be seated on the sofa?" interposed Ilse. Mrs. Rollmaus followed her reluctantly.

"Indian!" she exclaimed, seating herself and arranging her dress. "That is a strange language. They wear tufts of feathers and their dress is scanty, and their trousers, if I may be pardoned the reference, hang down as is the case with so many pigeons, which also have long feathers to their legs. One sees pictures of them sometimes; in my Karl's picture-book of last Christmas there are a great many pictures of these wild men. They have barbarous customs, dear Ilse."

"But why has not Karl come with you?" inquired Ilse, in an effort to rescue the gentlemen from the discourse.

"It was because we shall have to return in the dark. Our carriage has only two seats, and there would have been no room to pack in a third with Rollmaus, so Karl would have had to sit by the coachman, and the poor child would be so sleepy at night that I should have been afraid of his falling off. And then there are his lessons for to-morrow—for only think, I have persuaded Rollmaus to take a tutor for our children, as your dear father has done."

When the lady intimated the prospect of a return home after dark, the Doctor looked compassionately at his friend; but the Professor was listening so attentively to the conversation that he did not observe this expression of commiseration. Ilse continued to ask

questions and Mrs. Rollmaus always answered, although sometimes she cast a longing look at the Doctor, whose connection with the Indians in Karl's picture book appeared to her very instructive. Meanwhile, the two country gentlemen had become engaged in conversation with regard to the merits of a horse in the neighborhood, which had been recommended for general purposes, so that the Doctor at last turned to the children and began to chat with Clara and Louise.

After half an hour of quiet preparation, the maid-servant appeared at the door of the dining-room. The Proprietor gallantly offered his arm to Mrs. Rollmaus and escorted her to the table. The Professor conducted Ilse, and the Doctor attempted to take her sister Clara, but she blushed and resisted till he gave his other arm to Louise and Rickchen, whereupon Franz laid hold of his coat-tails and on the way whispered to him: "We have turkey to-day." But Mr. Rollmaus, who regarded attendance upon ladies a wearisome custom brought up the rear alone, greeting, as he passed, the farm officials, who were standing in the dining-room, with the query:

"Is all the corn in yet?"

To which the Inspector replied with emphasis that it was.

Again all took their places according to rank and dignity. Mrs. Rollmaus had the place of honor, and between her and Ilse sat the Professor.

It was not a quiet meal for the latter. Ilse was more silent than usual, but his new neighbor plied him with learned questions. She obliged him to tell her the regulations of the University, and in what manner the students were instructed. And the Professor informed her fully, and did so good-humoredly. But

he did not long succeed in protecting either himself or others against the feeling of annoyance which the conversation of Mrs. Rollmaus always occasioned.

“So you are a philosopher?” she said. “That is indeed interesting. I also have attempted philosophy; but the style is so incomprehensible. Pray, what is the purpose of philosophy?”

“It endeavors,” was the patient answer of the Professor to this perplexing question, “to instruct men in the life of their mind and spirit, and thus to strengthen and improve them.”

“The life of the spirit!” exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, excitedly; “but do you too believe that spirits can appear to men after death?”

“Why, do you know any instance where that has happened?” asked the Professor. “It would be interesting to all to hear the exact details. Has anything of the kind occurred hereabouts?”

“So far as ghosts and spirits are concerned, No,” replied Mrs. Rollmaus, looking doubtfully at the Proprietor; “but of second sight, and what is called sympathy a great deal. Only think, we once had a servant; she was not obliged to live out, but her parents wished to send her away from home for a time; for there was in the village a poor lad who was a great fiddler and who strolled round her house morning and evening, and when the girl could come, they sat together behind a bush—he playing on the fiddle and she listening. And she could not part from him. She was a nice girl, and adapted herself to everything in our house, only she was always melancholy. The fiddler was impressed as a hussar, for which he was fitted because he was very courageous. After a year the cook came to me and said: ‘Mrs. Rollmaus, I cannot

stand it any longer, Hetty walks in her sleep. She gets out of bed and sings the song about a soldier whom a captain caused to be shot, because he was ordered to do so, and then she groans so that it would move a stone, and in the morning she knows nothing about her singing, but always continues to weep.' And this was the truth. I called her, and asked her seriously; 'What is the matter with you? I cannot bear this mysterious conduct, you are a riddle to me.' Whereupon she lamented much, and begged me not to think ill of her, as she was an honorable girl; but she had seen an apparition. And then she told me the whole story. Her Gottlob had appeared at the door of her room in the night, quite haggard and sorrowful, and had said: 'Hetty, it is all over with me; to-morrow it is my turn.' I tried to persuade the girl out of it, but her fears infected me. I wrote to an officer whose acquaintance my husband had made at the hunt, and asked whether it was nonsense, or whether it was due to the so-called second-sight. And he wrote back to me very much astonished. It was a true case of second-sight, for on the same day the fiddler had fallen from his horse and broken his leg, and then lay in the hospital at the point of death. Now, I pray you, was not that a real natural phenomenon?"

"And what became of the poor people?" asked the Professor.

"O, as for them," answered Mrs. Rollmaus, "it all came right; for a comrade of the invalid, who had a sick mother, was from our village. I wrote to him requesting him to send me a letter every third day to report how the invalid was getting on, and added that I would repay him by sending his mother bacon and

flour. He wrote regularly ; and the affair lasted many weeks. At last the fiddler was cured and came back ; and both were white as a sheet when they met, and embraced each other before my eyes without hesitation ; whereupon I spoke to the parents of the girl, which was of little avail. Then I spoke to my husband, to whom our village inn belongs, and who was then looking out for a good tenant. And that brought the history to a close, or, as the saying goes, to the *commencement du pain*. For Mr. Rollmaus is not a lover of fiddles and thinks them instruments of frivolity. But the people behave in an orderly way. I was the sponsor of their first child and Rollmaus of the second. But there have been no more apparitions."

"That was indeed good and kind of you," exclaimed the Professor, warmly.

"We are all human," said Mrs. Rollmaus, apologetically.

"And I hope, all good," replied the Professor. "Believe me, madame, though there are many and various views in philosophy and in every branch of learning, and much contention respecting many points, and though one is easily led and tempted to consider another ignorant ; yet with respect to honesty, uprightness, and benevolence, there has seldom been any difference of opinion, and all delight in and esteem those in whom they find these qualities. And it is these qualities, Mrs. Rollmaus, I now find and honor in you."

This he said to the learned lady with much warmth and earnestness. On his other side he heard the gentle rustling of a dress, and when he turned to Ilse he met a look so full of humble gratitude that he could hardly preserve his composure.

Mrs. Rollmaus, however, sat smiling and con-

tented with the philosophical system of her neighbor. Again the Professor turned to her, and spoke of the difficulty of doing good to the helpless in the right way. Mrs. Rollmaus acknowledged that uneducated people had a way of their own, "But one can easily get on with them, if they only know that one means well by them."

The Professor afterward occasioned a slight misunderstanding, when in answer he respectfully observed: "You are right, for in this field patient love is requisite to produce fruitful results."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Rollmaus, puzzled, "to be sure, these results which you mention are not wanting among us, and they marry for the most part just at the right time; but the patient love which you so truly speak of as requisite is not always forthcoming among our country people, for in marriage they frequently consider money more than love."

If, however, the notes in the concert at the upper table were not quite in accord, yet the turkey and custard-pudding—a masterpiece of Ilse's kitchen—vanished without any adverse concussion of learned wisdom. All rose well pleased with one another, only the children, whose innocent mischief is most enduring, found with displeasure that Mrs. Rollmaus would not on this occasion enter into any contest in which the encyclopedia could rule as umpire. While the men drank their coffee in the next room, Mrs. Rollmaus again sat on the sofa, and Ilse had a difficult task to satisfy her curiosity in answering all the questions with which she was overwhelmed concerning the two strangers. Meanwhile the children besieged the sofa, lying in wait for an opportunity to undertake a small campaign against the unsuspecting Mrs. Rollmaus.



“So they are making researches, and in our neighborhood. It cannot be about the Indians. I did not know that any had ever come to these parts. It must be a mistake; and they must mean gypsies, who do make their appearance here. Only think, dear Ilse, a man and two women, each with a child, have come within the last fortnight. The women tell fortunes. What they have prophesied to the house-maids is truly remarkable; and in the morning two hens disappeared. Can it be that their researches are concerning these gypsies? But that I cannot believe, as they are mere tinkers and good-for-nothing people. No, they are not making investigations concerning them.”

“But who are the gypsies?” asked Clara.

“Dear child, they are vagabonds who formerly were a nation, and now spread themselves everywhere. They had a king, and manuscripts, and hounds, although they were great rogues. Originally they were Egyptians, but possibly also Indians.”

“How could they be Indians?” exclaimed Hans, disrespectfully; “the Indians live in America. We have got an encyclopedia too, and we will find it out immediately.”

“Yes, yes,” cried the children, and ran with their brother to the book-shelf. Each of them brought a volume with new binding, and placed it among the coffee cups before Mrs. Rollmaus, who looked by no means pleased at seeing the secret source of her intelligence laid bare before all eyes.

“And ours is newer than yours,” cried little Franz, waving his hand. In vain did Ilse endeavor by signs of disapprobation to suppress this outbreak of family pride. Hans held the volume firmly in his hands seeking the word *Gypsy*, and the overthrow of Mrs. Roll-



maus, to all human calculations, could no longer be averted. But suddenly Hans jumped up, and holding the book aloft exclaimed: "The Professor is put down here!"

"Our Professor in the encyclopedia?" cried the children.

Family feuds and gypsies were all forgotten. Ilse took the book from her brother's hand, Mrs. Rollmaus stood up in order to read the remarkable passage over Ilse's shoulder, all the children's heads gathered round the book, so that they looked like a cluster of buds on a fruit tree, and all peeped curiously at the lines which were so glorious for their guest and themselves.

In the article there were the usual short remarks that are generally made of living scholars, which contained the place and day of the Professor's birth, and the titles—mostly in Latin—of his works. All these titles were, in spite of the unintelligible language, read aloud, with the dates and size of the volumes. Ilse looked into the book for a long time, and then handed it to the astonished Mrs. Rollmaus, then the children passed it from one to the other. The event made a greater impression here, on both young and old, than it ever could in literary circles. Happiest of all was Mrs. Rollmaus: she had sat next to a man who not only could refer to books, but was referred to himself. Her admiration of him was unbounded; she found, for the first time in her life, that she could hold agreeable intercourse with a man of this stamp.

"What a distinguished scholar!" she exclaimed. "What were the titles of his works, dear Ilse?"

Ilse did not know; her eyes and thoughts were fixed on the short notice of his life.

This discovery had the good result of causing Mrs.

Rollmaus to lay down her weapons entirely this day, and be content not to display any knowledge, for she saw that on this occasion a competition with the family was impossible, and she condescended to an unpretending conversation about household events. But the children arranged themselves at a respectful distance from the Professor, and examined him curiously once more from top to toe ; and Hans imparted the news in a low voice to the Doctor, and was much surprised that the latter thought nothing of it.

After coffee, the Proprietor proposed to his guests to ascend the nearest hill, in order to examine the damage which had been done by the lightning. Ilse loaded a maid with provisions for supper and some flasks of wine, and the party started. They went down from the rock into the valley, over the strip of meadow and the brook, then up the hill, through underbrush, amid the shadow of the lofty pines. The rain had washed away the steep path, and irregular water-channels furrowed the gravel ; nevertheless, the women stepped valiantly over the wet places. But if it had been possible to fail to perceive from the dress and bearing of the Professor that he walked in the confidence of manhood, one might have imagined that he was a delicately clad lady, and Mrs. Rollmaus a gentleman in disguise, for she hovered round him reverently, and would not leave his side. She directed his attention to the stones, and, with the end of her umbrella pointed out the dry places to him, and stopped at times, expressing her fear that he would find this jaunt too fatiguing. The Professor submitted, though much surprised, to the homage of the little lady, sometimes looking enquiringly at Ilse, over whose face flitted a roguish smile. On the height the path became easier, and

some trees of lighter foliage varied the dark green of the pines. The summit itself was clear ; the heather, on which the fading blossoms of the year still hung, spread itself thickly among the stones. On all sides lay the view of the landscape, with its heights and valleys, the deep glen, and brook with its green border, the fields and the valley of Rossau. In the direction of the setting sun there rose, one behind another, long waves of undulating ground, tinted with the purple hue of twilight, passing off into the delicate gray of the mountains on the horizon. It was a delightful prospect, under a clear sky in the midst of pure mountain air, and the party sought out the softest and greenest spots of the heather, whereon to rest.

After a short stay, they proceeded, led by Hans, to the spot where the tree had been struck by lightning. A belt of high fir trees was the place of the devastation. A strong, vigorous pine had been struck and prostrated ; in desolate confusion the branches and gigantic splinters of the white wood lay around the broken trunk, which, blackened and cloven, without its top, still rose out of its ruins as high as a house. Through the mass of branches on the ground, it could be seen that the earth also had been torn up even under the roots of the neighboring trees. The older members of the party looked earnestly on the spot where one moment had turned vigorous life into frightful deformity ; but the children pressed on into the thicket shouting, seized upon the scaly cones of the past year, and cut branches from the tree-top, each endeavoring to carry off the largest clusters of the scaly fruit.

“ It is only one of a hundred,” said the Proprietor, gloomily ; “ but it is painful to contemplate such devastation, contrary to the usual order of the world, and

to think of the destruction that impended over our heads."

"Does this recollection cause you only discomfort?" asked the Professor; "is it not also exalting?"

"The horns of the ram are hanging on the branches," said Ilse, in a low tone, to her father; "he was the sacrifice by which we were saved."

"I think," added the Professor, "that even a person thus struck by lightning might, if time were left him for a last thought, say to himself that this was quite in harmony with the order of our world. We soon forget, amid the comforts of daily life, what we should always vividly bear in mind, that we only live, like all other creatures, subject to certain conditions. Countless forces and strange powers unceasingly work according to fixed laws of their own, maintaining, supporting, or injuring our life. The cold which checks the course of our blood, the breaking waves in which the human body sinks, the injurious vapors from the earth which poison our breath, are no accidental phenomena; the laws by which they act upon us are as primitive and holy as our need of food and drink, of sleep and light; and when a man reflects upon his position among the powers of earth, his life will be found to mean nothing else than an active struggle against them and an endeavor to understand them. Whoever may provide the bread that nourishes us, and whoever may hew the wood that warms us—every useful activity has no other purpose than, by subduing and wisely utilizing these forces, to strengthen and to protect us. In this work we also observe that there is a secret union between every movement of nature and our own minds, and that all living things, however adverse in individual existence, together form one vast and con-

tinuous unity. The presentiment and thought of this unity have, at all times, been the most sublime feeling of which man is capable. From this proceeds another impulse, an overwhelming desire and an irresistible longing to divine the deeper relations of these forces. And it is this that gives us faith. The method of procedure may vary in different individuals, but the goal is the same. Some, possessed of deep feeling, see only eternal wisdom in everything that to them seems incomprehensible; and in child-like faith they apply to it the most reverent and affectionate name. Others earnestly endeavor to observe the various laws and forces of nature and reverently to comprehend their relations to each other. These latter are the men of science. The men of faith and the men of science essentially do the same thing. Their attitude is very modest; for both recognize that all individual life, both subjective and objective, is very insignificant as compared with the great All. And the man who, when thus overtaken by death, could confidently believe he is going to his Father in Heaven, and the man who in a similar moment could bring himself to intently observe the manner in which the nervous elements that constitute his life cease their activity—both are assured of, and both would experience, an end of bliss and true contentment.”

Thus spoke the Professor as they stood before the shattered pine-tree. The Crown-Inspector looked at the speaker in astonishment, suspecting him to be one of that new class of apostles who at that time made their appearance in various parts, and traveled around the country preaching to the people. Mrs. Rollmaus stood reverently with folded hands, occasionally nod-

ding her assent. Presently she nudged the Proprietor, whispering :

“ That belongs to the philosophy of which we were speaking.”

The Proprietor did not answer, but listened with bowed head. Ilse never turned her eyes from the speaker ; his observations sounded strange, and excited a secret uneasiness in her, she knew not why. But she could say nothing against them, for the spring of genial life that issued from this noble soul entranced her. The choice of words, the new thoughts, the noble expression of his countenance, captivated her irresistibly.

The party returned to their resting place on the height ; the sun sank behind the hills, and the soft evening glow gilded first the tips of the heather, and then rose above their heads to the tops of the trees ; purple shadows covered the ground, the trunks of the trees, and the distant prospect. But small light clouds of gold and purple floated in the heaven above, till there also the glowing colors faded into rosy twilight ; the mist rose from the depths below, and the colors of the earth and the heavens died away into a uniform gray.

Long did the party gaze on the changing lights of the evening. At last the Proprietor called for the contents of the basket ; the children were busy unpacking and passing the cold meats to the assembled circle. The Proprietor poured out the wine and pledged his guests, and rejoiced in the fine evening. At a sign from his father, Hans ran into the thicket and fetched some pine torches.

“ There is no danger to-day,” said the Proprietor to Mr. Rollmaus whilst lighting the torches.

The children pressed forward to be torch-bearers,

but only Hans was trusted with this honorable office ; the gentlemen carried the others.

Slowly did the procession wind down the hill-path ; the torches threw a glaring light on copse and stones, and on the faces of the men, which in the curves of the road were lighted up with a glow like the rising moon, and again disappeared in the darkness. Mrs. Rollmaus had endeavored several times to draw the other illustrious stranger into conversation ; she now at last succeeded, when in a bad part of the road. She began :

“ What your friend said was very good, for it was very instructive. He is right ; one ought to struggle against the powers and seek the connecting link. But I assure you it is difficult for a woman. For Rollmaus, who is the first power of nature for me, has a hatred of principles ; he is always for doing everything according to his own ideas, and, as an independent man, he has a right to do so ; but he is not very much in favor of science, and even as regards a piano for the children I have trouble with him. But I seek after principles and powers, and what is called the connecting link ; and I read what I can, for one likes to know what is going on in the world, and to raise oneself above ordinary people. But often one does not understand a thing even when read twice ; and when it is at last understood it may have become obsolete and no longer worth anything, and so I have often been tempted to give up all research whatsoever.”

“ You should not do that,” exclaimed the Doctor ; “ there is always a secret satisfaction in knowing a thing.”

“ If I lived in town,” continued the lady ; “ I would devote myself entirely to learning ; but in the country one is too much isolated, and there is the housekeep-



ing, and one's husband, who is sometimes hard to please. You have no idea what a good farmer he is. Rollmaus, hold your torch aside, all the smoke blows in the Doctor's face."

Rollmaus turned his torch away and grumbled. His wife drew close to him, seized his arm and whispered to him: "Before we go away you must invite the gentlemen to visit us; it is the right thing to do."

"He is a mendicant priest," answered the husband, peevishly.

"For God's sake, Rollmaus, don't do anything foolish; above all, do not blaspheme," she continued, pressing his arm; "he is mentioned in the encyclopedia."

"In yours?" asked the husband.

"In the one here," replied the wife, "which amounts to the same thing."

"There are many things in books that are of less value than others that are not there," said the husband, unmoved.

"I am not to be put off in that way. You will not confute me by that," replied the wife. "I tell you that he is a man of renown, and propriety demands that we should take the fact into consideration, and you know that so far as propriety is concerned—"

"Only be quiet," said Rollmaus, soothingly. "I say nothing to the contrary, if needs be; I have eaten many a sour apple on your account."

"On my account!" cried the wife, offended. "Have I been unreasonable—am I a tyrant—am I an Eve who has stood with her husband under the tree, with loose hair, and not even a chemise? Will you compare yourself and me with such a state of things?"



“No,” said Rollmaus. “Only be content ; you know how we get on together.”

“Don’t you see that I am right?” replied the wife, soothed. “Believe me, I know also how others get on together, and I tell you I have a presentiment that something is brewing.”

“What is brewing?” asked Mr. Rollmaus.

“Something between Ilse and the Professor.”

“The devil there is !” exclaimed Mr. Rollmaus, with more vivacity than he had shown the whole day.

“Be quiet, Rollmaus, you will be heard ; do not lose command of yourself.”

Ilse had remained behind ; she was leading her youngest brother, who was tired. The Professor gallantly remained by her. He pointed out to her how well the procession looked ; the torches, like large glow worms, in front ; behind, the sharply outlined figures, and the flickering of the gleaming light upon the trunks and green branches of the trees. Ilse listened to him long in silence. At last she said : “The most charming thing of the day was the kind way you spoke to our dear neighbor Mrs. Rollmaus. When she was seated by you, I felt troubled in mind, for I thought it would annoy you to listen to the importunate questions of our friend, and it all at once struck me that toward us also you exercise constant consideration ; and that thought tormented me. But when I saw that you so kindly and frankly recognized the good that is in our friend and her fullness of soul, I felt that it cost you no great effort of self-command to hold intercourse with us simple folk.”

“My dear Miss,” exclaimed the Professor, anxiously, “I hope you are convinced that I only said to the worthy lady what came sincerely from my heart?”

“I know it,” said Ilse, with warmth, “and the honest soul felt it also herself—she has been quieter and more cheerful than usual the whole day—and therefore I thank you. Yes, from my heart,” she added, softly.

Praise from the lips of one beloved is not among the least of the pleasures that a man enjoys. The Professor looked beaming with happiness at his neighbor, who now in the darkness led her brother along at a quicker pace. He did not venture to break the silence; the pure hearts of both had been revealed, and, without speaking a word both felt the stream of warm sentiment that passed from one to the other.

“For him who passes from the midst of books into the paths of men,” began the Professor, at last, “the pedantic habit of continued reading there acquired, often makes it easier to derive from a strange mode of life that which is of the highest benefit to his own. For, after all, there is in every life an element that commands reverence, however much it may often be veiled by wondrous accompaniments.”

“We are commanded to love our neighbors,” said Ilse, “and we endeavor to do so; but when one finds that this love is given so cheerfully and nobly, it is touching; and when one sees such feeling displayed, it becomes an example and elevates the heart. Come, Franz,” she said, turning to her brother, “we are not far from home.” But Franz stumbled, and, half asleep, declared that his legs ached.

“Up with you, little man,” said the Professor, “let me carry you.”

Ilse, distressed, tried to prevent it. “I cannot allow that; it is only sleep that makes him so lazy.”

“Only till we reach the valley,” said the Professor,

raising the child on his shoulder. Franz clasped his arms round the Professor's neck, and clinging close to him, was soon fast asleep. When they came to a steep turn of the road, the Professor offered the arm which was free to his companion ; but she refused, only supporting herself a little with his proffered hand. But her hand glided down and remained in that of her companion. Thus hand in hand they walked down the last part of the hill into the valley, neither of them speaking a word. When they arrived at the bottom, Ilse gently withdrew her hand, and he released it without a word or pressure ; but these few minutes comprised for both a world of happy feelings.

“Come down, Franz,” said Ilse, taking her sleeping brother from the arm of her friend. She bent down to the little one to encourage him, and they went on to join the party, who were waiting for them at the brook.

The carriage of the Crown-Inspector drew up. The parting greetings of his wife were very verbose, and her representations had mitigated his obstinacy, so that, cap in hand, he made up his mind to take, with tolerable decorum, a bite of the aforementioned sour apple. He approached the literary gentlemen, and asked them to grant him also the pleasure of a visit ; and even the utterance of these friendly words had a softening influence on his honest soul. He now held out his hand to them, and receiving a hearty shake he began to think that the strangers were not in reality so bad as might be supposed. The Proprietor accompanied his guests to the carriage, Hans passed the bandbox in, and the two country-gentlemen, as they bade each other good night, watched the starting of the horses with the eyes of connoisseurs.

*CHAPTER VII.*

## NEW HOSTILITIES.

WHILST a bright womanly form rose on the horizon between the Professor and the Doctor, fate decreed that a new feud should break out betwixt the two neighboring houses in the city. It happened thus.

Mr. Hahn had availed himself of the absence of his son to beautify his grounds. His garden ran in a point to the park, and he had bethought him much how this corner might be turned to good account ; for the little mound which he had thrown up there, and planted with roses, seemed unsatisfactory. He determined, therefore, to erect a weather-proof summer-house for such visitors as were not inclined in bad weather to retire to the residence. Everything had been wisely considered before the departure of his son. The following day he caused a slender wooden structure to be erected, with small windows toward the street, and above, instead of a roof, a platform with airy benches, the laths of which projected boldly over the wooden walls and garden palings out into the street. Everything seemed favorable. But when Mr. Hahn, with hearty satisfaction, led his wife up the small side steps on to the platform, and the plump lady, not anticipating anything wrong, sat down on the airy bench, and from thence looked with admiration on the world beneath her, it was soon discovered that the passers-by in the street had to go directly under her, and the sky

above was darkened to whoever passed along the fence by the plumage of the great bird that, perched on her high nest, sat with her back turned to the street. Before a quarter of an hour had passed, accordingly, such sharp remarks were heard that the inoffensive Mrs. Hahn was on the point of weeping, and declared to her lord, with unwonted energy, that she would never again allow herself to be treated as a hen, or ascend the platform any more. The family frame of mind was not improved either by the part that Mr. Hummel had taken, for he had stood by the fence of his neighbor's garden during this exhibition of Mrs. Hahn, and had laughed at the vile speeches of the passers-by.

Mr. Hahn, however, after a short struggle between pride and discretion, listened to the voice of his better self, removed the benches and the platform, and erected over the summer-house a beautiful Chinese roof ; and on the projections of this roof he hung small bells, which sounded softly when the wind rose. This idea would have been a decided improvement ; but, alas ! the wickedness of man gave no rest to this work of art for the urchins in the street diverted themselves by continually keeping the bells in movement by means of long switches: On the first night, therefore, the neighborhood was awakened from its slumbers by a concert of many bells. That night Mr. Hahn dreamed that winter was come, and that a merry party of sleighs were passing round his house ; he listened, and indignantly discovered that his own bells had been set in motion. He hastened into the garden in his night-dress, and called out, angrily :

“ Who is there ? ”

In an instant the ringing ceased, deep silence and peaceful quiet reigned around. He went up to the

garden-house, and looked at his bells, which might be seen swinging under the darkened sky ; but round-about no one was to be discovered. He went back to his bed, but scarcely had he laid himself down when the noise began again, quick and loud, as if pealing for a Christmas party. Again he rushed out of the house, and again the noise ceased ; but when he raised himself above the railing and looked around, he saw in the garden opposite the broad figure of Mr. Hummel standing by the hedge, and heard a threatening voice call out :

“What crazy conduct is this ?”

“It is inexplicable, Mr. Hummel,” exclaimed Mr. Hahn, across the street, in a conciliatory tone.

“Nothing is inexplicable,” cried out Mr. Hummel, “but the mischievous insanity of hanging bells in the open air over a public street.”

“I resent your attack,” called out Mr. Hahn deeply wounded. “I have a right to hang up what I like on my own property.”

Then there began a conflict of views across the street, weird and frightful. There Hummel’s bass, here Hahn’s sharp voice, which gradually rose into a counter-tenor ; both figures in long night-dresses, divided by the street and railings, but like two heroes of antiquity belaboring one another with strong language. If one failed to perceive the wild effect given to Mr. Hahn by the red color of his night-dress, he yet might be seen towering upon the height near his Chinese temple, raising his arm imposingly across the horizon ; but Mr. Hummel stood in the darkness, overshadowed by the wild vine.

“I will have you before the police court, for disturbing the public peace,” cried Mr. Hummel at last,

but felt the small hand of his wife at his back, who seized him by his night-dress, turned him round, and gently entreated him not to make a scene.

“And I will inquire before the court who gave you a right to heap abuse upon me from across the street,” called out Mr. Hahn, likewise in the act of retiring, for amidst the noise of the fight he had now and then heard the soft words, “Come back, Hahn,” and seen his wife behind him wringing her hands. But he was not in a disposition to abandon the field of battle.

“A light and ladder here,” he exclaimed, “I will unearth this shameful trick.”

The ladder and lanterns speedily made their appearance, brought by the frightened maid-servant. Mr. Hahn mounted up to his bells, and sought long in vain; at last he discovered that some one had contrived to unite the separate bells by a plait of horse-hair and thus had rung them from the outside by a string.

This wild night was followed by a gloomy morn.

“Go to the fellow across the street, Gabriel,” said Mr. Hummel, “and ask if, for the sake of peace, he is willing to take down his bells at once. I require my sleep, and I will not suffer that a rabble of thieves shall be allured to my house, make inroads upon the fence, steal my plums, and break into my factory. This man, by his ringing, calls together all the rogues of the neighborhood.”

Gabriel replied: “I will go over there for the sake of peace; but only if I may say with civility what I think fit.”

“With civility?” repeated Hummel, winking slyly at his confidant. “You do not understand your own interest. So fine an opportunity of making yourself important will not occur soon again, and it would be a

pity to let it escape you. But I foresee, Gabriel, that, civil or not, we shall be unable to deal with the man. He's malicious and obstinate and bitter. He is a bulldog, Gabriel. There, you have his character."

Gabriel proceeded to the house of poor Mr. Hahn, who sat, still suffering, before his untasted breakfast, and looked suspiciously at the inmate of the hostile house.

"I come only to inquire," began Gabriel, adroitly, "whether, perhaps, you may have received intelligence through your son of my master?"

"None," answered Mr. Hahn, sorrowfully; "there are times when everything goes wrong, dear Gabriel."

"Yes, what a roguish trick that was, last night," said Gabriel, pityingly.

Mr Hahn sprang up.

"He called me insane and said I was a coxcomb. Am I to put up with that? I, a man of business, and in my own garden! As for the plaything, you may be right enough; one must not put too much confidence in men. But now my honor is touched, and I tell you the bells shall remain, and I shall place a watchman there every night."

In vain did Gabriel speak rationally to him. Mr. Hahn was inexorable, and called out after him as he was leaving:

"Tell him we shall meet again in court."

Accordingly he went to his attorney, and insisted upon bringing a suit for the abusive language of the previous night.

"Good," said Mr. Hummel, when Gabriel returned from his fruitless mission. "These people compel me to adopt measures of security for myself. I will take care that no strange horse-hair shall be attached to



my house. When the rogues sound the bells over there, the dogs shall bark here. Measure for measure, Gabriel."

He went gloomily to his factory, and paced about wildly. His bookkeeper, who appeared to be a much-oppressed man, because he never could obtain his rights from Mr. Hummel, thought it was his duty and a fitting time to speak.

"The ideas of this man Hahn are absurd ; all the world finds fault with them."

But the speech did him no good.

"What do this man's ideas signify to you ?" cried Hummel. "Are you the householder, and are you or I head of this business? If I choose to be angry it is my affair and not yours. His new clerk, Knips, wears his hair in frizzy curls, and perfumes himself with Eau de Cologne ; you may make fun of him about that ; that is your right. As to what concerns the rest of the world, your blame of this man's devices is worth about as much as the twittering of the sparrow on the house-top ; and if he should every day hang a peal of bells on his shoulders and go in that attire into the counting-house, he would still remain a respectable citizen so far as this street rabble is concerned. Only, as regards myself, it is another thing. I am his neighbor day and night, and if he gets into trouble I also have to suffer. For the rest, I object to all calumnies on my fellow-men. What must be said is my business alone, without associates ; remember that."

A few evenings later, Gabriel was standing before the house-door, looking up to the heavens and watching whether a small black cloud, which was slowly floating past, would cover the face of the moon. Just as this took place, and the street and both houses lay

in darkness a carriage drove up to the house, and the voice of the master called out: "Is all well?"

"All well," answered Gabriel, and unbuttoned the apron.

Mr. Hummel descended heavily, and behind him was heard an angry growl.

"What have you got in there?" asked Gabriel, with much curiosity, putting his hands into the carriage, but he quickly withdrew them. "The beast bites!" he ejaculated.

"I hope it does," replied Mr. Hummel. I meant it to bite. I have brought a pair of watch-dogs as a guard against the bell-ringers."

He pulled out by a rope two indistinct figures, which rushed about yelping hoarsely, and, circling round Gabriel's legs, viciously drew the cord round him like a noose.

Gabriel extricated himself. The clouds had passed away, and in the bright moon light both dogs were plainly visible.

"They are strange beasts, Mr. Hummel. A curious race. Evidently mongrels," he continued, in a deprecatory tone; "hardly medium size, thick in the chest, and with shaggy hair; the bristles hang over their muzzles like mustachios. The mother must have been a poodle, the father a spitz; I think I also detect some relationship with the pug, and the great-grandfather must have been a terrier. A remarkable product, Mr. Hummel, and somewhat rare. How did you come by the animals?"

"By accident. I could not obtain a dog in the village to-day; but as I was returning through the wood the horses suddenly shied and would not move on. While the coachman was handling them, I all at once

perceived near the carriage a large dark man, standing as if he had sprung out of the ground. He was holding the two dogs by a rope, and laughed jeeringly at the abuse of the coachman. 'What is the matter?' I called out to him; 'where are you taking the dogs to?' 'To whosoever wishes to have them,' said the black fellow. 'Lift them into the carriage,' said I. 'I shall do nothing of the sort,' growled the stranger; 'you must fetch them yourself.' I descended and asked him what he wanted for them. He replied 'Nothing.' The matter looked suspicious, but I thought it would be no harm to try them. I lifted the beasts into the carriage; and found them as quiet as lambs. 'What are their names?' I cried out from the carriage. 'Bräuhahn and Goslar,' said the man, laughing fiendishly."

"But they are no dogs' names, Mr. Hummel," interposed Gabriel, shaking his head.

"That was what I told the man, but he replied, 'they never suffered bap-tism.' 'But the rope is yours,' I said; and only think, Gabriel, this black fellow answered me: 'Keep it; and hang yourself with it.' I wanted to throw the dogs out of the carriage again, but the man had vanished into the wood like a will-o'-the-wisp."

"That is a dreadful story," said Gabriel, much troubled; "these dogs have been raised in no Christian household. And do you really intend to keep the ill-omened creatures?"

"I shall make the attempt," said Mr. Hummel. "After all, a dog is a dog."

"Be on your guard, Mr. Hummel, there is something mysterious in these beasts."

"Nonsense!"

“They are monsters,” continued Gabriel, counting on his fingers; “first, they have not the names of earthly dogs; secondly, they were offered without money; thirdly, no man knows what food they eat.”

“As to their appetite, you will not have to wait long to discover what that is,” replied the master of the house.

Gabriel drew a bit of bread out of his pocket, and the dogs snapped at it. “In that regard they are of the right species,” he said, a little tranquillized; “but what are they to be called in the house?”

“Bräuhahn I shall call Fighthahn,” replied Mr. Hummel; “and in my family no dogs shall be called Goslar. I cannot bear the beastly drink.” He cast a hostile look at the neighboring house. “Other people have such stuff fetched every day across the street, but that is no reason why I should suffer such a word in my household. The black shall from this day forth be called *Fighthahn* and the red *Spitehahn*—that is settled.

“But, Mr. Hummel, these names are clearly offensive,” exclaimed Gabriel; “that will make the matter worse.”

“That is my affair,” said Mr. Hummel, decidedly. “At night they shall remain in the yard; they must guard the house.”

“So long as they do but preserve their bodies,” said Gabriel, warningly; “but this kind come and vanish as they please—not as we wish.”

“Yet they are not of the devil,” rejoined Mr. Hummel, laughing.

“Who speaks of the devil?” replied Gabriel, quickly. “There is no devil—that the Professor will never allow; but of dogs we have various kinds.”

So saying, Gabriel took the animals into the hall. Mr. Hummel called out into the room : “ Good evening, Philippine. Here, I have brought you a present.”

Mrs. Hummel came to the door with a light, and looked astonished at the present, which whined at her feet. This humility disposed the lady to regard them with benevolence.

“ But they are frightful,” she said, dubiously, as the red and the black sat down on each side of her, wagging their tails and looking up at her from under their shaggy eyebrows. “ And why did you bring two?”

“ They are not intended for exhibition,” returned Mr. Hummel in a pacifying tone ; “ they are country ware—one is a substitute for the other.”

After this presentation they were carried off to a shed. Gabriel once more tried their capacity of eating and drinking ; they showed themselves thoroughly satisfactory in this respect, though as regards personal beauty they were not distinguished dogs ; and Gabriel went to his room free from anxiety.

When the clock struck ten, and the gate which separated the court-yard from the street was closed, Mr. Hummel went down himself to the dogs' shed to initiate these new watchers into their calling. He was much astonished, on opening the door, to find that they did not require any encouraging words from him—both rushed out between his legs into the yard. As if driven by an invisible whip, they dashed at a headlong pace round the house and factory—always together, and never silent. Hitherto they had been depressed and quiet ; now, either as the result of the good food they had devoured or because their night watch had come, they became so noisy that even Mr. Hummel drew back in astonishment. Their hoarse short bark deaf-

ened the horn of the night watchman and the call of their master, who wished to recommend moderation. They chased wildly and incessantly around the court, and a continuous yelping accompanied their stormy career. The windows of the house were thrown open.

“This will be a horrible night, Mr. Hummel,” said Gabriel.

“Henry,” cried out his wife from her bedroom “this is insupportable.”

“It is their first outburst of joy,” nothing more, said Mr. Hummel, consolingly, and withdrawing into the house.

But this view of the matter turned out to be erroneous. Throughout the whole night the barking of the dogs sounded from the court-yard. In the houses of the neighborhood, shutters were thrown open, and loud words of reproach addressed to Mr. Hummel. The following morning he arose in a state of great uncertainty. Even his own sound sleep had been disturbed by the reproaches of his wife, who now sat at breakfast angry and depressed with headache. When he entered the court-yard, and gathered from his men the complaints they had heard from the neighbors, even he hesitated for a moment whether he should keep the dogs.

Ill luck would have it that just at this moment Mr. Hahn's porter entered the court-yard, and with defiant mien announced that Mr. Hahn insisted upon Mr. Hummel putting a stop to this outrageous barking, or he should be obliged to seek redress before a justice of the peace.

This attitude of his opponent at once decided the inward struggle of Mr. Hummel.

“If I can bear the barking of my dogs, other peo-

ple can do so too. The bells play on your side of the way and the dogs sing on mine, and if any one wishes to hear my views before a magistrate he shall hear enough to satisfy him."

He returned to the house and with dignity approached his suffering wife.

"Are two dogs to come between you and me, Henry?" asked the wife, with faltering voice.

"Never," replied Mr. Hummel; the domestic peace must be preserved. I am sorry that you have a headache, and to please you I would remove the beasts. But I have collided again with that coxcomb across the way. For the second time he threatens me with a suit and the magistrate. My honor is at stake, and I can no longer give in. Be a good wife, Philippine, and try to bear it a few nights longer. Put cotton in your ears, till the dogs have gotten accustomed to their work."

"Henry," replied the wife, wearily, "I have never doubted your heart; but your character is rough, and the voices of the dogs are too horrible. Can you, in order to enforce your will, see your wife suffer, and become seriously ill, from sleeplessness? Will you, in order to maintain your position, sacrifice peace with the neighborhood?"

"I do not want you to be ill, but I will not send away the dogs," replied Mr. Hummel, seizing his felt hat, and going to the factory with heavy step.

If Mr. Hummel indulged in the hope that he had ended the domestic struggle as conqueror, he was greatly in error. There was still another power in his home, who opened the campaign in a different manner. When Mr. Hummel approached his desk in his little counting-house, he saw near the inkstand a nosegay of flowers. Attached to the pink ribbon hung a

note which was sealed with a forget-me-not, and addressed—"To my dear Father."

"That is my bright-eyed girl," he murmured, and opening the note read the following lines :

" My dear pa, good morrow !  
The dogs cause great sorrow,  
They are not delightful ;  
Their bark is just frightful ;  
Their ardor and sanguinity  
Disturb the vicinity.  
For the sake of our neighborhood,  
Be noble, generous and good."

Hummel laughed so heartily that the work in the factory stopped, and every one was amazed at his good humor. Then he marked the note with the date of its reception, put it in his pocket-book, and after examining the letters that had arrived, he betook himself into the garden. He saw his little daughter sprinkling the beds with her watering-pot, and his heart swelled with a father's pride. With what grace she turned and bent, and how her dark locks hung round the blooming face, and how actively she raised and swung the watering-pot ; and, on perceiving him, when she put it down and held her finger threateningly at him, he was quite enchanted.

"Verses again," he called out to her, "I have received Number Nine."

"And you will be my good papa," cried Laura, hastening toward him and stroking his chin ; "do send them away."

"But, my child," said the father, composedly. "I have already spoken to your mother about it, and I have already explained to her why I cannot dispose of them. Now, I cannot do to please you, what I have refused your mother ; that would be contrary to all family regulations. Respect your mother, little girl."



“You are a hard-hearted father,” replied the daughter, pouting; “and more than that, you are unjust in this affair.”

“Oh, oh!” cried the father, “is that the way you approach me?”

“What harm does the ringing of bells over there do to us? The little summer-house is pretty, and when we sit in the garden in the evening, and there is a breeze, and the bells tinkle gently, it sounds just lovely—it is like Mozart’s *Magic Flute*.”

“Our street is not an opera-house,” the father retorted sharply, “but a public thoroughfare; and when my pet dogs bark you can equally well pursue your theatrical ideas, and imagine that you are in the Wolf’s Den, in the *Freischütz*.”

“No, my father,” answered the daughter, eagerly, “you are unjust towards these people; for you wish to spite them, and that vexes me to my heart’s core. It is not worthy of my father.”

“Yet you must bear it,” he replied, doggedly, “for this is a quarrel between men. Police regulations settle such affairs, and your verses are altogether out of place. As regards the names, it is possible that other words like Adolar, Ingomar, and Marquis Posa, might sound better to you women-folk. But this is no reason for me; my names are practical. In the matter of flowers and books, I will do much to please you but in the matter of dogs I cannot take poetry into consideration.” So saying, he turned his back upon his daughter, to avoid protracting the dispute.

Laura, however, hastened to her mother’s room, and the ladies took counsel together.

“The noise was bad enough,” complained Laura, “but the names are terrible. I cannot say those words

for my life, and you ought not to allow our servant to do so, either."

"Dear child," answered the experienced mother, "one has to pass through much in this world which is unpleasant, but what grieves me most is the wanton attacks upon the dignity of women in their own houses. I shall say no more on the subject. I agree with you, that both the names by which the dogs are called are an insult to our neighbor. But if your father were to discover that behind his back we called them Phœbus and Azor, it would make matters worse."

"No one at least must utter those other names who cares for my friendship," said Laura, decidedly, and entered into the court-yard.

Gabriel was employing his leisure in making observations on the new comers. He was frequently attracted to the dogs' kennel in order to establish the certainty of the earthly nature of the strangers.

"What is your opinion?" asked Laura, approaching him.

"I have my opinion," answered the servant, peering into the interior of the shed, "namely, that there is something mysterious about them. Did you remark the song of those ravens the other night? No real dog barks like that; they whine and moan and occasionally groan and speak like little children. They eat like other dogs, but their mode of life is unusual. See, how they cower down, as if they had been struck on the mouth, because the sun shines on them. And then, dear young lady, the names!"

Laura looked with curiosity at the beasts.

"We will alter the names secretly, Gabriel; this one shall be called Ruddy."

"That would certainly be better; it would at least

not be an insult to Mr. Hahn, but only to the tenant of the basement."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The porter who lives over there is called Ruddy."

"Then," decided Laura, "the red monster shall from henceforth be named The Other; our people shall call him Andres.\* Tell this to the workmen in the factory."

"Andres!" replied Gabriel. "The name will just suit him. The neighbors would dignify him with the name of Andreas if it were not too much honor to him."

Thus were kind hearts occupied in thwarting the bad signification of the name. But in vain, for, as Laura had correctly noted in her diary, when the ball of mischief has been thrown amongst men, it mercilessly hits the good as well as the bad. The dog was supplied with the most inoffensive name that ever was given; but through a wonderful complication of circumstances, which bid defiance to all human sagacity, it happened that Mr. Hahn himself bore the name of Andreas. Thus the double name of the animal became a double affront to the neighboring house, and bad and good intentions mingled together in a thick, black soup of hatred.

Early in the morning Mr. Hummel appeared at the door, and defiantly, like Ajax, called the two dogs by their hostile names. The porter, Ruddy, heard the call in the cellar, hastened to his master's room, and informed him of this horrible affront. Mrs. Hahn endeavored not to believe it, and maintained that they should, at least, wait for some confirmation. This confirmation did not fail to come; for at

\* *Andres* means "the other."

noonday Gabriel opened the door of the place where the dogs were confined, and made the creatures come out for a quarter of an hour's sunning in the garden. Laura, who was sitting among her flowers, and was just looking out for her secret ideal—a famous singer, who, with his glossy black hair and military gait was just passing by—determined, like a courageous maiden, not to peer after her favorite through the foliage of the vine arbor, and turned toward the dogs. In order to accustom the red one to his new name, she enticed him with a bit of cake, and called him several times by the unfortunate name, “Andres.” At the same moment, Dorchen rushed to Mrs. Hahn, saying: “It is true; now even Miss Laura calls the dog by the Christian name of our master.”

Mrs. Hahn stepped to the window much shocked, and herself heard the name of her dear husband. She retreated quickly, for this insult from her neighbors brought tears into her eyes, and she sought for her pocket-handkerchief to wipe them away unperceived by her maid. Mrs. Hahn was a good woman, calm and agreeable, with a tendency to plumpness and an inclination quietly to do anything for the sake of peace. But this heartlessness of the daughter roused her anger. She instantly fetched her cloak from the closet, and went with the utmost determination across the street to the garden of the hostile neighbors.

Laura looked up astonished from the hideous dogs to the unexpected visitor, who came toward her with dignified steps.

“I come to complain, young lady!” began Mrs. Hahn, without further greeting. “The insults that have been heaped upon my husband from this house are insupportable. For your father’s conduct you are

not responsible ; but I think it shocking that a young girl like you should also join in these outrages !”

“What do you mean, Mrs. Hahn ?” asked Laura, excitedly.

“I mean the affront of giving a man’s name to dogs. You call your dogs by all my husband’s names.”

“That I have never done,” replied Laura.

“Do not deny it,” cried out Mrs. Hahn.

“I never speak an untruth,” said the girl proudly.

“My husband’s name is Andreas Hahn, and what you call this beast is heard by the whole neighborhood.”

Laura’s pride was roused. “This is a misunderstanding, and the dog is not so called. What you say is unjust.”

“How is it unjust ?” returned Mrs. Hahn. “In the morning the father, and in the afternoon the daughter call him so.”

A heavy weight fell on Laura’s heart ; she felt herself dragged down into an abyss of injustice and injury. Her father’s conduct paralyzed her energies, and tears burst from her eyes.

“I see that you at least feel the wrong you are committing,” continued Mrs. Hahn, more calmly. “Do not do it again. Believe me, it is easy to pain others, but it is a sorry business, and my poor husband and I have not deserved it from you. We have seen you grow up before our eyes ; and even though we have had no intercourse with your parents, we have always been pleased with you, and no-one in our house has ever wished you ill. You do not know what a good man Mr. Hahn is, but still you ought not to have behaved so. Since we have dwelt here we have experienced

many vexations from this house ; but that you should share your father's views pains me most."

Laura endeavored in vain to dry her tears. "I repeat to you that you do me injustice ; more I cannot say in self-justification, nor will I. You have grieved me more than you know, and I am satisfied that I have a clear conscience."

With these words she hastened into the house, and Mrs. Hahn returned home, uncertain as to the result of her visit.

Laura paced up and down her little room wringing her hands. Innocent and yet guilty in spite of her good will, wounded to the quick, dragged into a family feud, the unhappy results of which could not be foreseen, she reviewed the events of the past day in her excited mind. At last she seated herself at her little writing-table, took out her journal, and confided her sorrows to this silent friend bound in violet leather. She sought comfort from the souls of others who had borne up nobly under similar griefs, and at last found the confirmation of her experience in the expressive well-known passage of Goethe's Faust :

" Reason doth folly, good doth evil grow ;  
The child must reap the mischief that the fathers sow."

Had she not wished to do what was reasonable and kind, and had not folly and evil arisen from it? And had not misfortune befallen her without her fault merely because she was a child of the house? With this sentence she closed a passionate effusion. But in order not to appear to her conscience devoid of affection, the poor child wrote immediately underneath these words : " My dear, good father." Then she closed the book, feeling more comforted.

But the severest humiliation to her was the feeling

that she should be judged unjustly by the people over the way ; and she folded her arms and thought how she could justify herself. She, indeed, could do nothing ; but there was a worthy man who was the confidant of every one in the house, who had cured her canary bird when ill, and removed a stain from the nose of her little bust of Schiller. She resolved, therefore, to tell only the faithful Gabriel what Mrs. Hahn had said, and not a word to her mother unless obliged to do so.

It happened that toward evening Gabriel and Dorchen entered into conversation in the street. Dorchen began to make bitter complaints of the spitefulness of the Hummels, but Gabriel earnestly advised her not to allow herself to be dragged into these disputes. Said he, "there must be some who take a neutral stand. Be an angel, Dorchen, and bring peace and good will into the house ; for the daughter is innocent." Whereupon the history of giving the name was spoken of, and Laura honorably acquitted.

Then, when Gabriel, a little later, incidentally remarked to Laura : "This matter is settled ; and Mr. Hahn has said that it had at once appeared to him improbable that you should be so ill-disposed toward him," —a heavy weight fell from her heart, and again her soft song sounded through the house. And yet she did not feel satisfied, for the annoyance to the neighboring house caused by her father's anger still continued. Alas ! she could not restrain that violent spirit, but she must endeavor secretly to atone for his injustice. She pondered over this while undressing late at night ; but when in bed, after entertaining and rejecting many projects, the right idea suddenly struck her ; she jumped up at once, lighted her candle, and

ran in her night-dress to the writing-table. There she emptied her purse, and counted over the new dollars that her father had given her at Christmas and on her birthday. These dollars she determined to spend in a secret method of reparation. Highly pleased, she took the precious purse to bed with her, laid it under her pillow, and slept peacefully upon it, although the spectral dogs raged round the house in their wild career, horribly and incessantly.

The following morning Laura wrote in large, stiff characters, on an empty envelope, Mr. Hahn's name and address, and affixed a seal on which was the impression of a violet with the inscription, "I conceal myself," and put it in her pocket. On her way to town to make some purchases she stopped at a hot-house, the proprietor of which was unknown to her. There she bought a bushy plant of dwarf orange, full of flowers and golden fruit—a splendid specimen of the greenhouse; with a beating heart, she drove in a closed cab, till she found a porter, to whom she gave an extraordinary gratuity, and bade him leave the plant and envelope at Mr. Hahn's house without word or greeting of any kind.

The man performed the commission faithfully. Dorchen discovered the plant in the hall, and it caused an agreeable excitement in the Hahn family—fruitless imaginations, repeated inspection, and vain conjectures. When at noon Laura peeped through the arbor into the garden, she had the pleasure of seeing the orange plant occupying a prominent place in front of the white Muse. Beautifully did the white and gold of the shrub glitter across the street. Laura stood long behind the branches, unconsciously folding her hands. Her soul was unburdened of the injustice, and she



turned from the hostile house with a feeling of proud satisfaction.

Meanwhile there was a complaint issued and a suit was pending between the two houses, which was seriously increased on that very day by the adoption of the dogs' names "Fighthahn" and "Spitehahn."

Thus the peace in house and neighborhood was still disturbed. At first the pealing of bells had excited public opinion against Mr. Hahn, but this was entirely altered by the introduction of the dogs: the whole street went over to the man of *straw*; the man of *felt* had all the world against him. But Mr. Hummel cared little for this. In the evening he sat in the garden on the upturned boat, looking proudly at the neighboring house, while Fighthahn and the other dog sat at his feet blinking at the moon, who in her usual way looked down maliciously on Mr. Hummel, Mr. Hahn, and all the rest of the world.

It happened on the following night that amidst the barking of the dogs and the light of the moon all the bells were torn down from the temple of Mr. Hahn and stolen.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### TACITUS AGAIN.

THERE is a common saying that all lost things lie under the claws of the Evil One. Whoever searches for a thing must cry: "Devil, take thy paws away." Then it suddenly appears before the eyes of men. It was so easy to find. They have gone round it a hundred times. They have looked above and below, and have sought it in the most improbable places, and never thought of that which was nearest them. Undoubtedly

it was so with the manuscript ; it lay under the clutches of the Evil One or of some hobgoblin, quite close to our friends. If they were to stretch out their hands they might lay hold of it. The acquisition was only hindered by one consideration, by the single question, Where ? Whether this delay would involve more or less suffering for both the scholars was still doubtful. Nevertheless, they might overcome even this uncertainty ; the main point was, that the manuscript really existed and lay somewhere. In short, matters went on the whole as well as possible. The only thing missing was the manuscript.

“I see,” said the Doctor one day to his friend, “that you are strenuously exerting yourself to educate and fashion the ideas of the older people of the household. I put my hopes in the souls of the younger generation. Hans, the eldest, is very far from sharing the views of the father and sister ; he shows an interest in the old treasure, and if we ourselves should not succeed in making the discovery, at some future period he will not spare the old walls.”

In conjunction with Hans, the Doctor secretly resumed his investigations. In quiet hours, when the Proprietor was unsuspectingly riding about his farm, and the Professor working in his room or sitting in the honeysuckle arbor, the Doctor went prying about the house. In the smock-frock of a laborer, which Hans had brought to his room, he searched the dusty corners of the house high and low. More than once he frightened the female servants of the household by suddenly emerging from behind some old bin in the cellar, or by appearing astride on one of the rafters of the roof. In the dairy a hole had been dug for the forming of an ice-pit ; one day when the laborers had

gone away at noon, Mademoiselle, the housekeeper, passed close to the uncovered pit, suspecting nothing. Suddenly, she beheld a head without a body, with fiery eyes and bristly hair, which slowly groped along the ground and which turned its face to her with a derisive, fiendish laugh. She uttered a shrill cry and rushed into the kitchen, where she sank fainting on a stool and was only revived by the copious sprinkling of water and encouraging words. At dinner she was so much troubled that every one was struck by her uneasiness. But at last it appeared that the fiendish head was to be found on the shoulders of her neighbor, the Doctor, who had secretly descended into the hole to examine the masonry.

It was on this occasion that the Doctor discovered, with some degree of malicious pleasure, that the hospitable roof which protected him and the manuscript from the blast and storm stood over an acknowledged haunted house. There were strange creakings in the old building. Spirits were frequently seen, and the accounts only differed as to whether there was a man in a gray cowl, a child in a white shirt, or a cat as large as an ass. Every one knew that there was in all parts a knocking, rattling, thundering, and invisible throwing of stones. Sometimes all the authority of the Proprietor and his daughter was necessary to prevent the outbreak of a panic among the servants. Even our friends, in the quiet of the night, heard unaccountable sounds, groans, thundering noises, and startling knocks on the wall. These annoyances of the house the Doctor explained to the satisfaction of the Proprietor by his theory of the old walls. He made it clear that many generations of weasels, rats, and mice had bored through the solid walls and tunnelled out a

system of covered passages and strongholds. Consequently, every social amusement and every domestic disturbance which took place among the inmates of the wall was plainly perceptible. But the Doctor listened with secret vexation to the muffled noises of the denizens of the wall. For if they rushed and bustled thus indiscriminately around the manuscript, they threatened to render difficult the future investigations of science. Whenever he heard a violent gnawing he could not help thinking they were again eating away a line of the manuscript, which would make a multitude of conjectures necessary ; and it was not by gnawing alone that this colony of mice would disfigure the manuscript that lay underneath them.

But the Doctor was compensated by other discoveries for the great patience which was thus demanded of him. He did not confine his activity to the house and adjoining buildings. He searched the neighborhood for old popular traditions which here and there lingered in the spinning-room and worked in the shaky heads of old beldames. Through the wife of one of the farm-laborers, he secretly made the acquaintance of an old crone well versed in legendary lore in the neighboring village. After the old woman had recovered from her first alarm at the title of the Doctor and the fear that he had come to take her to task for incompetent medical practice, she sang to him, with trembling voice, the love songs of her youth, and related to him more than her hearer could note down. Every evening the Doctor brought home sheets of paper full of writing and soon found in his collection all the well-known characters of our popular legends—wild hunters, wrinkled hags, three white maidens, many monks, some shadowy water pixies, sprites who

appeared in stories as artisan lads, but undeniably sprang from a merman ; and finally many tiny dwarfs. Sometimes Hans accompanied him on these excursions to the country people, in order to prevent these visits from becoming known to the father and daughter. Now, it was not impossible that here and there a cave or an old well was supplied with spirits without any foundation ; for, when the wise women of the village observed how much the Doctor rejoiced in such communications, the old inventive power of the people awoke from a long slumber. But, on the whole, both parties treated each other with truth and firmness, and, besides, the Doctor was not a man who could easily be deceived.

Once when he was returning to the Manor from one of these visits he met the laborer's wife on a lonely foot-path. She looked cautiously about and at last declared that she had something to impart to him if he would not betray her to the Proprietor. The Doctor promised inviolable secrecy. Upon this the woman stated, that in the cellar of the manor-house, on the eastern side, in the right hand corner, there was a stone, marked with three crosses ; behind that lay the treasure. She had heard this from her grandfather, who had it from his father, who had been a servant at the Manor ; and at that time the then Crown Inspector had wished to raise the treasure, but when they went in the cellar for that purpose, there had been such a fearful crash and such a noise that they ran away in terror. But that the treasure was there was certain, for she had herself touched the stone, and the signs were distinctly engraved on it. The cellar was now used for wine, and the stone was hidden by a wooden trestle.

The Doctor received this communication with composure, but determined to set about investigating by himself. He did not say a word either to the Professor or to his friend Hans, but watched for an opportunity. His informant sometimes herself carried the wine which was always placed before the guests, to the cellar and back. The next morning he followed her boldly; the woman did not say a word as he entered the cellar behind her, but pointed fearfully to a corner in the wall. The Doctor seized the lamp, shoved half a dozen flasks from their places and groped about for the stone; it was a large hewn stone with three crosses. He looked significantly at the woman—she afterwards related in the strictest confidence that the glasses before his eyes shone at this moment so fearfully in the light of the lamp, that she had become quite terrified—then he went silently up again, determined to take advantage of this discovery on the first opportunity in dealing with the Proprietor.

But a still greater surprise awaited the Doctor; his quiet labor was supported by the good deceased Brother Tobias himself. The friends descended one day to Rossau, accompanied by the Proprietor, who had business in the town. He conducted his guests to the Burgomaster, whom he requested to lay before the gentlemen, as trustworthy men, whatever old writings were in the possession of the authorities. The Burgomaster, who was a respectable tanner, put on his coat and took the learned men to the old monastery. There was not much to be seen; only the outer walls of the old building remained; the minor officials of the crown dwelt in the new parts. Concerning the archives of the council the Burgomaster suggested as probable that there would not be much

found in them ; in this matter he recommended the gentlemen to the town-clerk, and went himself to the club in order, after his onerous duties, to enjoy a quiet little game of cards.

The town-clerk bowed respectfully to his literary colleagues, laid hold of a rusty bunch of keys, and opened the small vault of the city hall, where the ancient records, covered with thick dust, awaited the time in which their quiet life was to be ended under the stamping machine of a paper mill. The town-clerk had some knowledge of the papers ; he understood fully the importance of the communication which was expected from him, but assured them with perfect truth that, owing to two fires in the town and the disorders of former times, every old history had been lost. There were also no records to be found in any private house ; only in the printed chronicles of a neighboring town some notices were preserved concerning the fate of Rossau in the Thirty Years' War. After the war, the place had been left a heap of ruins and almost uninhabited. Since that time the town had lived along without a history, and the town-clerk assured them that nothing was known here of the olden time, and no one cared about it. Perhaps something about the town might be learnt at the Capital.

Our friends continued to walk unweariedly from one intelligent man to another, making inquiries, as in the fairy tale, after the bird with the golden feather. Two little gnomes had known nothing, but now there remained a third—so they went to the Roman Catholic priest. A little old gentleman received them with profound bows. The Professor explained to him, that he was seeking information concerning the ultimate fate of the monastery—above all, what had happened in



his closing years to the last monk, the venerable Tobias Bachhuber.

“In those days no register of deaths was required,” replied the ecclesiastic. “Therefore, my dear sirs, I cannot promise to give you any information. Yet, if it is only a question of yourselves, and you do not wish to extract anything from the old writings disadvantageous to the Church, I am willing to show you the oldest of the existing books.” He went into a room and brought out a long thin book, the edges of which had been injured by the mould of the damp room. “Here are some notices of my predecessors who rest with the Lord ; perhaps they may be useful to the gentlemen. More I cannot do, because there is nothing else of the kind existing.”

On the introductory page there was a register of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the place in Latin. One of the first notices was : “In the year of our Lord 1637, and in the month of May, our venerated brother Tobias Bachhuber, the last monk of this monastery, died of the plague. The Lord be merciful to him.”

The Professor showed the passage silently to his friend the Doctor, who wrote down the Latin words ; they then returned the book with thanks and took their leave.

“The manuscript after all lies in the house,” said the Professor, as they went along the street. The Doctor thought of the three crosses and laughed quietly to himself ; he had in no way assented to the tactics which his friend thought fit to adopt for the discovery of the manuscript. When the Professor maintained that their only hope rested on the sympathy which they might by degrees awaken in their host, the Doctor entertained the suspicion that his friend was brought



to this slow way of carrying on the war not by pure zeal for the manuscript.

The Proprietor, however, maintained an obstinate silence regarding the manuscript. If the Doctor threw out any hint upon the subject, the host made a wry grimace and immediately changed the conversation. It was necessary to put an end to this. The Doctor now determined to insist upon a decision before his departure. When, therefore, they were sitting together in the garden in the evening, and the Proprietor was looking cheerfully and calmly on his fruit trees, the Doctor began the attack :

“I cannot leave this place, my hospitable friend, without reminding you of our contract.”

“Of what contract?” inquired their host, like one who did not remember it.

“Regarding the manuscript,” continued the Doctor, with emphasis, “which lies concealed in this place.”

Indeed! why you yourself said that every place sounds hollow. So we would have to tear down the house from roof to cellar. I should think we might wait till next spring, when you come to us again; for we should be obliged, under these circumstances, to live in the barns, which now are full.”

“The house may, for the present, remain standing,” said the Doctor; “but if you still think that the monks took away their monastic property, there is one circumstance which goes against your view. We have discovered at Rossau that the worthy friar, who had concealed the things here in April, died of the pestilence as early as May, according to the church register; here is a ‘copy of the entry.’”

The Proprietor looked at the Doctor’s memoran-

dum book, closed it and said: "Then his brother monks have taken away the property."

"That is scarcely possible," replied the Doctor, "for he was the last of his order in the monastery."

"Then some of the city people have taken it."

"But the inhabitants of the town abandoned it then, and the place lay for years desolate, in ruins and uninhabited."

"Humph!" began the Proprietor, in good humor; "the learned gentlemen are strict creditors and know how to insist upon their rights. Tell me straightforwardly what you want of me. You must, first of all, point out to me some place that appears suspicious, not only to you, but also to the judgment of others; and that you cannot do with any certainty."

"I know of such a place," answered the Doctor, boldly, "and I wish to suggest to you that the treasure lies there."

The Professor and the Proprietor looked on him with astonishment.

"Follow me into the cellar," cried the Doctor.

A candle was lighted; the Doctor led the way to the place where the wine lay.

"What gives you such victorious confidence?" inquired the Professor, on the way, in a low voice.

"I suspect that you have your secrets," replied the Doctor; "permit me to have mine."

He quickly removed the bottles from the corner, threw the light on the stone, and knocked on the wall with a large key.

"The place is hollow and the stone has a peculiar mark."

"It is true," said the Proprietor; "there is an empty space behind it; it is certainly not small. But

the stone is one of the foundation stones of the house, and has not the appearance of ever having been removed from its place."

"After so long a time, it would be difficult to determine that," rejoined the Doctor.

The Proprietor examined the wall himself.

"A large slab lies over it. It would, perhaps, be possible to raise the marked stone from its place." He considered for a moment, and then continued: "I see I must let you have your own way. I will thus make compensation for the first hour of our acquaintance, which has always lain heavy on my conscience. As we three are here in the cellar like conspirators, we will enter into an agreement. I will at once do what I consider to be very useless. In return, whenever you speak or write upon the subject, you must not refuse to bear testimony that I have given in to every reasonable wish."

"We shall see what can be done," replied the Doctor.

"Very well. In the stone quarry at the extremity of my property I have some extra hands at work; they shall remove the stone and then restore it to its place. Thus, I hope, the affair will be forever settled. Ilse, early in the morning let the shelving be removed from the wine-cellar."

The following day the stone-masons came, and the three gentlemen and Ilse descended into the cellar, and looked on curiously while the men exerted their power with pickaxe and crowbar on the square stone. It was placed upon the rock, and great exertions were necessary to loosen it. But the people themselves declared that there was a great cavity behind, and worked with a zeal that was increased by the repute of the

haunted house. At last the stone was moved and a dark opening became visible. The spectators approached—both the scholars in anxious suspense; their host and his daughter also full of expectation. One of the stone-masons hastily seized the light and held it before the opening. A slight vapor came out; the man drew back alarmed.

“There is something white in there,” he cried, full of fear and hope.

Ilse looked at the Professor, who with difficulty controlled the excitement that worked in his face. He grasped the light; but she kept it from him, and cried out, anxiously: “Not you.” She hastened to the opening and thrust her hand into the hollow space. She laid hold of something tangible. A rattling was heard; she quickly withdrew her hand; but, terrified threw what she had laid hold of on the ground. It was a bone.

All gazed in horror at the object on the ground.

“This is a serious answer to your question,” exclaimed the Proprietor. “We pay a dear price for our sport.”

He took the light and himself searched the opening; a heap of bones lay there. The others stood around in uncomfortable silence. At last the Proprietor threw a skull out into the cellar, and cried out cheerfully, as a man who is relieved from painful feeling:

“They are the bones of a dog!”

“It was a small dog,” assented the stone-mason, striking the bone with his pick. The rotten bone broke in pieces.

“A dog!” cried the Doctor, delighted, forgetting

for a moment his blighted hope. "That is instructive. The foundation wall of this house must be very old."

"I am rejoiced that you are contented with this discovery," replied the Proprietor, ironically.

But the Doctor would not be disconcerted, and related how, in the early middle ages, there had been a superstitious custom of enclosing something living in the foundation-wall of solid buildings. The custom descended from the ancient heathen times. The cases were rare where such things were found in old buildings, and the skeleton now found was an indisputable confirmation of the custom.

"If it confirms your views," said the Proprietor, "it confirms mine also. Hasten, men, to replace the stone."

Then the stone-mason lighted up and felt again in the opening and declared that there was nothing more there. The workmen restored the stone to its place, the wine was replaced and the matter settled. The Doctor bore the jeering remarks, of which the Proprietor was not sparing, with great tranquillity, and said to him :

"What we have discovered is certainly not much ; but we know now with certainty that the manuscript is not to be found in this part of your house, but in some other. I take with me a careful record of all the hollow places in your house, and we do not give up our claims in regard to this discovery ; but we consider you from now on as a man who has borrowed the manuscript for his own private use for an indefinite time, and I assure you that our wishes and desires will incessantly hover about this building."

"Pray allow the persons who dwell there to participate in your good wishes," replied the Proprietor,

smiling, and do not forget that in your researches after the manuscript you have in reality found the dog. For the rest, I hope that this discovery will free my house from the ill-repute of containing treasures, and for the sake of this gain I will be quite content with the useless work."

"That is the greatest error of your life," replied the Doctor, with grave consideration; "just the reverse will take place. All people who have an inclination for hidden treasure will take the discovery in this light, that you are deficient in faith and have not employed the necessary solemnities, therefore the treasure is removed from your eyes and the dog placed there as a punishment. I know better than you what your neighbors will record for posterity. Tarry in peace for your awakening, Tacitus! Your most steadfast friend departs, and he whom I leave behind begins to make undue concessions to this household."

He looked earnestly at the Professor and called Hans to accompany him on a visit to the village, in order to take a grateful leave of his old cronies, and to obtain one of the beautiful songs of the people, of which he had discovered traces, to take home with him.

He was gone a long time; for after the song there came to light unexpectedly a wonderful story of a certain Sir Dietrich and his horse, which breathed fire.

When, toward evening, the Professor was looking out for him, he met Ilse who, with her straw hat in her hand, was prepared for a walk.

"If you like," she said, "we will go to meet your friend."

They walked along a meadow between stubble-

fields, in which here and there grass was to be seen peeping up amongst the stubble.

“The autumn approaches,” remarked the Professor; “that is the first sign.”

“Winter-time is tedious to some people,” answered Ilse, “but it puts us, like Till Eulenspiegel, in good spirits, for we enjoy its repose, and think of the approaching spring; and when the stormy winds rage round us, and the snow drifts to a man’s height in the valleys, we sit at home in warmth and comfort.”

“With us in the city the winter passes away almost unheeded. The short days and the white roofs alone remind us of it, for our work goes on independently of changing seasons. Yet the fall of the leaf has from my childhood been depressing to me, and in the spring I always desire to throw aside my books and ramble through the country like a traveling journeyman.”

They were standing by a bundle of sheaves. Ilse arranged some of them as a seat, and looked over the fields to the distant hills.

“How different it is with us here,” she began after a pause. “We are like the birds which year after year joyously flap their wings and live in contentment. But you think and care about other times and other men that existed long before us. You are as familiar with the past as we are with the rising of the sun and the forms of the stars. If the end of summer is sorrowful to you, it is equally as sorrowful to me to hear and read of past times. Books of history make me very sad. There is so much unhappiness on earth, and it is always the good that come to a sorrowful end. I then become presumptuous, and ask why God has thus ordered it? It is really very foolish to feel thus. But for that reason I do not like to read history.”

“I well understand that frame of mind,” answered the Professor. “For wherever men seek to enforce their will in opposition to their time and nation, invariably they meet the fate that befalls the weak. Even that which the strongest accomplish has no permanent lastingness. And as men and their works disappear, so do peoples. But we should not irrevocably attach our hearts to the fate of a single man or a single nation, we should rather strive to understand why they have grown great, and why they have perished, and what was the abiding gain that through their life the human race has eternally won. The account of their fortunes will then become but a veil, behind which we discover the operation of other forces and powers of life. We learn that in the men that succumb in this great struggle and in the nations that decline, a still higher hidden life dominates, which lives on creating and destroying in rigid accordance with eternal laws. To discover the laws of this higher life and to feel, to experience the blessing that this creating and destruction has brought into our existence, that is the duty and the ambition of the historian. From this point of view dissolution and death are transformation into new life. And they who have learned thus to look upon and observe the past—for them its study increases their security and ennobles their heart.”

Ilse shook her head and cast down her eyes.

“And the Roman whose lost book brought you to us, and of which you have been talking to-day—is he interesting to you because he looked upon the world in the cheerful light that you do?”

“No,” answered the Professor, “it is just the reverse that impresses one in his work. His serious mind was never borne aloft by joyful confidence. The



fate of his nation, the future of men, lay like a dark impenetrable riddle heavily upon his soul. In the past he saw a better time, freer government, stronger men, purer morals. In his own people and his own state he saw decadence and dissolution, which even good rulers no longer could retard. It is affecting to see how that high-minded, thoughtful man struggled in doubt. For he doubted whether the horrible fate of millions was the punishment of the Deity or the consequence that no God cared for the lot of mortals. Forebodingly and ironically he contemplates the history of individuals. To him the course of wisdom seems to be to bear the inevitable silently and patiently. When, even for a moment, a brief smile curls his lips, one perceives that he is looking into a hopeless desert ; one can imagine fear visible in his eyes, and the rigid expression which remains on one who has been shaken to the innermost core by deadly horrors."

"That is sad," exclaimed Ilse.

"Yes, it is fearful. And it is difficult to understand how any one could endure life, burdened by such despair. The joyful satisfaction of belonging to a nation of growing vigor was not then the lot of either heathen or Christian. It is the highest and most indestructible happiness of man to have confidence in that which exists, and to look with hope to the future. And such is our life now. Much that is weak, corrupt, and perishable surrounds us. But with it all there is growing up an endless abundance of youthful vigor. The root and the trunk of our popular life are sound. Everywhere do we find sincerity in family-life, respect for morals and law, sturdy and solid labor, everywhere energetic activity. In many thousands we find the

consciousness that they are increasing the national strength, and in millions that are still far behind them the feeling that they also are laboring to contribute to our civilization. This is our pleasure and glory in modern times, and helps to make us valiant and proud. We well know, indeed, that the joyful feeling of this possession may also be saddened ; for temporary disturbances come to every nation in the course of its development. But its progress and prosperity of thriving cannot be thwarted, nor its career hindered, so long as these securities of power and soundness exist. It is this that gives happiness to him whose vocation it is to investigate the past, for he looks down from the salubrious air of the heights into the darkness beneath him."

Ilse gazed on him with wonder and admiration, but he bent over the sheaves which were between them and continued with enthusiasm :

"Each one of us derives the judgment and habit of mind with which he regards the great relations of the world, from the sphere of his own personal experience. Look about you. Here at the laughing summer landscape, yonder at the busy workingmen, and then at that which lies nearest your heart—at your own home and the circle in which you have grown to womanhood. How gentle the light, how warm the hearts, how wise and good and true the minds that surround you ! And think what an inestimable gain it is for *me*, to see this, and to enjoy it—enjoy it by your side. And when, poring over my books, I hereafter shall vividly feel how valiant and noble, how sturdy and true is the life of my countrymen about me, I shall evermore in my inmost heart pay, for that, a tribute of thankfulness to you."

He stretched out his hand across the sheaves ; Ilse seized it, and clasped it between hers. A warm tear fell upon it. She looked at him with her moistened eyes, while a world of happiness lay in her countenance. Gradually a bright glow suffused her cheeks, she rose, and a look full of devoted tenderness fell upon him ; then she walked hastily away from him adown the meadow.

The Professor remained leaning against the sheaves. The meadow-larks on the tips of the ears of grain over his head warbled joyfully. He pressed his cheek against the stack which half concealed him ; thus, in happy forgetfulness, he watched the girl descending toward the distant laborers.

When he raised his eyes his friend was standing by him ; he beheld a countenance which quivered with inward sympathy, and heard the gentle question :

“ What will come of it ? ”

“ Husband and wife,” said the Professor decidedly ; he pressed his friend’s hands, and strode across the fields to the songs of the larks which greeted him from every sheaf.

Fritz was alone. The word had been spoken. A new and awful fate overshadowed the life of his friend. So this was to be the end of it ? Thusnelda, instead of Tacitus ! Fritz felt alas ! that the social custom of marriage might be a very venerable institution. It was inevitable that most men pass through the uprooting struggle which is the consequence of a change in the mutual relations of life. He could not think of his friend amid his books, with his colleagues, and this woman. He felt painfully that his relation to the Professor must be changed by it. But he did not think long of himself, but anxiously worried about his rash friend ;

and not less about her who had so dangerously impressed the soul of the other. The faithful rash friend looked angrily upon the surrounding stubble and straw, and he clenched his fists against the deceased Bachhuber ; against the valley of Rossau ; nay, even against the immediate cause of this mischievous confusion—against the manuscript of Tacitus.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### ILSE.

SINCE the death of her mother Ilse had lived an unvaried home life. Though then scarcely grown up, she had taken charge of the household. Spring and autumn came and went. One year rolled over her head like another. Her father and sisters, the estate, the laborers, and the poor of the valley—these formed her life. More than once a suitor, a sturdy, worthy proprietor of the neighborhood, had asked her hand in marriage. But she felt contented with her home, and she knew that her father wished her to remain with him. In the evening, when the active man rested on the sofa, and the children were sent to bed she sat silently by him with her embroidery, or talked over the small occurrences of the day—the illness of a laborer, the damage done by a hail storm or the name of the new milch cow. It was a lonely country. Much of it was woodland. Most of the estates were small. There were no rich neighbors. And the father, who had worked his way by his energy until he became an opulent man, had no inclination for society life, nor had his daughter. On Sunday the Pastor came to dinner, and then the father's farm-inspectors remained and related the little gossip of the neighbor-

hood over their coffee ; the children, who, during the week, were under the charge of a tutor, amused themselves in the garden and fields. When Ilse had a leisure hour she seated herself in her own little sitting-room with a book out of her father's small library—a novel by Walter Scott, a tale by Hauff, or a volume of Schiller.

But now a profusion of thoughts, images, and feeling had been awakened in her mind by this stranger. Much that she had hitherto looked upon with indifference in the outer world now became interesting to her. Like fire-works which unexpectedly shoot up, illuminating particular spots in the landscape with their colored light, his conversation threw a fascinating light, now here and now there, on a life that was strange to her. When he spoke, when his words, copious and choice, flowed from his innermost heart—she bent her head as in a dream, then fixed her eyes on his face. She felt a respect commingled with fear for a human mind that soared so loftily and firmly above the earth. He spoke of the past as intimately as of the present ; he knew how to explain the secret thoughts of men who had lived a thousand years ago. Ah ! she felt the glory and greatness of human learning to be the merit and greatness of the man who sat opposite to her. The intellectual labor of the centuries appeared to her as a supernatural being which proclaimed from a human mouth things unheard of in her home.

But it was not learning alone. When she looked up at him, she saw beaming eyes, a kindly expression about the eloquent lips, and she felt herself irresistibly attracted by the warmth of the man's nature. Then she sat opposite to him as a quiet listener. But when

she entered her room, she knelt down and covered her face with her hands. In this solitude she saw him before her and offered him homage.

Thus she awoke to a new life. It was a state of pure enthusiasm, of unselfish rapture, such as a man knows not and only a woman can experience,—which comes only to a pure, innocent heart when the greatest crisis of earthly existence visits a sensitive soul in the bloom of life.

She saw also that her father was partially under the same magical influence. At dinner, which used to be so silent, conversation now flowed as from a living spring ; in the evening, when formerly he used to sit wearily over the newspaper, many things were now discussed, and there were frequent disputes which lasted late into the night. Her father, when he took his bedroom candle from the table, was always in cheerful humor ; and more than once he repeated to himself, pacing up and down, sentences that had been uttered by his guest. “He is, in his way, a fine man,” he said ; “in all things stable and sound ; one always knows how to take him.”

Occasionally she was alarmed at the Professor’s opinions. The two friends, indeed, avoided what might wound the deep faith of their gentle hearer, but in the conversation of the Professor there sometimes seemed to lie hidden a different conception of venerated doctrines and of human duties ; and yet, what he maintained was so noble and good that she could not guard herself against it by her own reasoning.

He was often vehement in his expressions ; when he condemned a thing he did it in forcible language, and sometimes became so vehement that the Doctor

and even her father withdrew from the contest. She thought then that he was different from almost all men—prouder, nobler, and more decided. When he expected much of others, as is natural to one who has lived in closer intercourse with the ideal world than with real life, it alarmed her to think in what light she must appear to him. But, on the other hand, this same man was ready to acknowledge everything that was good, and he rejoiced like a child when he learned that any one had shown himself brave and energetic.

He was a serious man, and yet he had become a favorite with the children, even more than the Doctor. They confided their little secrets to him, he visited them in their nursery, and gave them advice according to his youthful recollections, as to how they should make a large paper kite ; he himself painted the eyes and the mustache, and cut the tassels for the tail. It was a joyful day when the kite rose from the stubble-field for the first time. Then, when evening came, he sat down, surrounded by the children, like the partridge amongst her young. Franz climbed up the arm-chair and played with his hair ; one of the bigger ones sat on each knee. Then riddles were propounded and stories told. And when Ilse heard how he repeated and taught small rhymes to the children, her heart swelled with joy that such a mind should hold such intimate intercourse with simple children. And she watched his countenance and saw a child-like expression light up the features of the man, laughing and happy ; and she imagined him as a little boy, sitting on his mother's lap. Happy mother !

Then came the hour among the sheaves, the learned discourse which began with Tacitus and ended with a silent acknowledgment of love. The blessed cheerful-



ness of his countenance, the trembling sound of his voice, had torn away the veil that concealed her own agitated feelings. She now knew that she loved him deeply and eternally, and she had a conviction that he felt just as she did. He, who was so greatly her superior, had condescended to her ; she had felt his warm breath and the quick pressure of his hand. As she passed through the field, a glow suffused her cheeks ; the earth and heaven, fields and sun-lit wood, floated before her like luminous clouds. With winged feet she hastened down into the woody plain, where the foliage enveloped her. Now she felt herself alone. She unconsciously grasped a slender birch tree, which shook beneath her convulsive grasp, until its leaves fell in a shower around her. She raised her hands to the golden light of the heavens and threw herself down on the mossy ground. Her bosom heaved and panted violently and she trembled with inward excitement. Love had descended from heaven upon the young woman, taking possession of her body and soul with its irresistible power.

Thus she lay a long time. Butterflies played about her hair. A little lizard crept over her hand. The white tips of the wild flowers and the branches of the hazel bent over her, as if these little children of nature wished to veil the deep emotions of the sister who had come to them in the happiest moment of her life.

At last she rose upon her knees, clasped her hands together, and thanked and prayed to God for him.

She became more collected and went into the open valley, no longer the quiet girl she was formerly. Her own life and what surrounded her shone in new colors, and she viewed the world with new feelings. She understood the language of the pair of swallows that



circled round her, and with twittering tones passed by her swift as arrows. It was the rapturous joy of life which impelled the little bodies so swiftly through the air, and the birds greeted her with a sisterly song of jubilee. She answered the greeting of the laborers who were going home from the fields, and she looked at one of the women who had been binding the sheaves, and knew exactly what was the state of her feelings. This woman also had, as a maiden, loved a strange lad; it had been a long and unhappy attachment, attended by much sorrow; but now she was comforted going with him to her home, and when she spoke to her mistress she looked proudly on her companion, and Ilse felt how happy was the poor weary woman. When Ilse entered the farm-yard, and heard the voices of the maids who had waited for her in vain, and the impatient lowing of the cattle, which sounded like a reproach on the loitering mistress, she shook her head gently, as if the admonition was no longer for her, but for another.

When she again passed from the farm buildings into the golden evening light, with fleet steps and elevated head, she perceived with astonishment her father standing by his horse ready to mount, and with him, in quiet conversation, the Doctor, and he whom at this moment she felt a difficulty in encountering. She approached hesitatingly.

“Where have you been lingering, Ilse?” cried the Proprietor. “I must be off,” and looking at the agitated countenance of his daughter, he added: “It is nothing of importance. A letter from the invalid for-ester calls me to his house. One of the Court people has arrived, and I can guess what is wanted of me. I hope to be back at night.”

He nodded to the Doctor. "We shall see each other again before your departure."

So saying, he trotted away, and Ilse was thankful in her heart for the incident which made it easier for her to speak with composure to the friends. She walked with them on the road along which her father had ridden, and endeavored to conceal her disquiet by talking on indifferent subjects. She spoke of the hunting castle in the wood, and of the solitude in which the gray-headed forester dwelt among the beech-trees of the forest. But the conversation did not flow; each of those noble hearts was powerfully touched. The Professor and Ilse avoided looking at each other, and the friend could not succeed, by jocose talk, in drawing the lovers down to the small things of life.

Ilse suddenly pointed with her hand to a narrow pass on one side, from which many dark heads were emerging.

"Look! There are the Indians of Mrs. Rollmaus."

A crowd of wild figures came on with quick step, one behind the other. In front a powerful man in a brown smock-frock and shabby hat, with a stout stick in his hand; behind him some young men, then women with little children on their backs; all around and about the troop ran half-naked boys and girls. Most of the strangers were bare-headed, and without shoes. Their long black hair hung about their brown faces, and their wild eyes, even from afar, shone covetously on the walking party.

"When the autumn comes, these people sometimes wander through our country. They are jugglers, going to the fair. But for some years they have not ventured into the neighborhood of our estate."

The troop approached; there was a wild rush out of the gang, and in a moment the friends were surrounded by ten or twelve dusky figures, who pressed on them with passionate gestures, loud cries, and outstretched hands—men, women, and children, in tumultuous confusion. The friends looked with astonishment on their piercing eyes and vehement movements, and on the children, who stamped with their feet, and clawed the strangers with their hands like madmen.

“Back, you wild creatures,” cried Ilse, pushing herself through the throng, and placing herself before the friends. “Back with you. Who is the chief of this band?” she repeated with anger, raising her arm commandingly.

The noise was silenced and a brown gypsy woman, not smaller than Ilse, with shining hair arranged in braids and a colored handkerchief about her head, came out from the band, and stretched her hands toward Ilse.

“My children beg,” she said; “they hunger and thirst.”

It was a large face with sharp features, in which traces of former beauty were visible. With head bent forward, she stood before the young lady, and her sparkling eyes passed peeringly from one countenance to the other.

“We have money only for the men who work for us,” answered Ilse, coldly. “For strangers who are thirsty, there is our spring; and to those who are hungry we give bread. You will get nothing more at our house.”

Again dozens of arms were raised and again the wild crowd pressed nearer. The gypsy woman drove them back by a call in a foreign tongue.

“We wish to work, Mademoiselle,” she said, in fluent German, with a foreign accent; “the men mend old utensils, and we drive away rats and mice from the walls; and if you have a sick horse, we will cure it speedily.”

Ilse shook her head negatively. “We do not need your help; where is your pass?”

“We have none,” said the woman; “we came from foreign parts,” and she pointed to where the sun rises.

“And where will you rest to-night?” asked Ilse.

“We do not know; the sun is going down and my people are weary and barefooted,” replied the gypsy woman.

“You must not rest near the farm nor near the village houses. The bread you will receive at the gate of the farm-yard; you may send some one there to fetch it. If you light a fire in any of our fields, take care not to go too near the sheaves; we shall look after you. Let none of you stroll about the estate or into the village to tell fortunes to people, for we do not permit it.”

“We do not tell fortunes,” answered the woman, touching a small black cross which she wore around her neck. “None here below know the future, nor do we.”

Ilse bent her head reverently.

“Well said,” said she. “According to the meaning which seems conveyed in your words, you do not remind me in vain of the communion which exists between us. Come to the gate yourself, mother, and await me there; if you need anything for your little ones, I will endeavor to help you.”

“We have a sick child, my pretty young lady,

and the boys are in want of clothes," begged the gypsy woman. "I will come, and my people shall do as you wish."

She gave a sign, and the wild troop tramped obediently along the side-road that led to the village. The friends looked with curiosity after the band.

"That such a scene should be possible in this country I could never have believed," cried the Doctor.

"They were formerly quite a nuisance to us," replied Ilse, with indifference; they are seldom about, now. My father keeps strict order, and that they know right well. But we must go back to the farm-yard, for there can be no harm in caution with this thievish race."

They hastened back to the farm-yard. The Doctor lamented heartily that his intended journey prevented him from obtaining information from the strangers respecting the secrets of their language.

Ilse called the Inspector, and the intelligence that there were gypsies in the neighborhood flew like wild-fire over the farm. The stables were guarded, the poultry and families of fatted pigs were put in the charge of stout maids, and the shepherds and ploughmen received orders to keep watch at night. Ilse called the children and gave them their supper, but found it difficult to control their excitement. The youngest were given over to Mademoiselle, and under strong protest and many tears were consigned to the secure protection of their beds. Then Ilse collected old gowns and linen, gave a maid two huge loaves, and prepared to go to the gate of the farm-yard, where the gypsy woman was to await her. The Doctor, in his joy about the strangers, had cast off all anxiety concerning his friend.

“Allow us to witness the interview with the sibyl,” he begged.

They found the gypsy woman sitting in the dusk before the gate. Near her was a half-grown maiden, with brilliant eyes and long tresses, but scanty dress. The woman rose and received with a distinguished air the bounty which Ilse handed to her.

“Blessings on you, young lady,” she exclaimed, “and may all the happiness that you now wish be your portion. You have a face that promises good fortune. Blessings on your golden hair and your blue eyes. I thank you,” she concluded, bending her head. “Will not the gentlemen also give my little girl a keepsake?” The wild beauty held out her hand. “Her face is burnt by the sun; be kind to the poor dark girl,” begged the old one, looking furtively round.

The Professor shook his head. The Doctor got out his purse and placed a piece of gold in the hand of the woman.

“Have you given up fortune-telling?” he asked laughingly.

“Misfortune visits those who prophesy and those who ask,” replied the gypsy woman. “Let the gentleman be on his guard against all that barks and scratches, for there is mischief in store for him from dogs and cats.”

Ilse and the Professor laughed. Meanwhile the eyes of the gypsy woman peered restlessly into the bushes.

“We cannot tell fortunes,” she continued. “We have no power over the future. And we make mistakes, like others. But we see much, my beautiful lady. And though you do not desire it, yet will I tell it you. The gentleman near you seeks a treasure, and

he will find it. But he must take care lest he lose it. And you, proud lady, will be dear to a man that wears a crown, and you shall have the choice to become a queen. The choice and the torment," she added in a lower tone, and her eyes again wandered unquietly about.

"Away with you," cried Ilse, indignantly; "such gossip does not agree with your professions."

"We know nothing," murmured the gypsy woman humbly, grasping the talisman at her neck. "We have only our thoughts, and our thoughts are idle or true, according to a more powerful will. Farewell, my pretty lady," she cried out impressively, and strode with her companion into the darkness.

"How proudly she walks away," exclaimed the Doctor. "I have much respect for the clever woman. She would not tell fortunes, but she could not help recommending herself by a bit of secret knowledge."

"She has long ago learnt all about us from the laborers," replied Ilse, laughing.

"Where have they pitched their camp?" asked the Doctor, with curiosity.

"Probably beyond the village," answered Ilse. "You may see their fires in the valley. These strangers do not like people to come near their camp and see what they have for supper."

They descended slowly into the valley and remained standing on the border of the brook, not far from the garden. All around them the darkness of the evening lay on bush and meadow. The old house stood out on the rock, gloomy under the twilight gray of the heavens. At their feet the water murmured and the leaves of the trees were agitated by the night wind. Silently did the three look upon the vanishing

shadows of the landscape. The valley alongside the village lay invisible in the deep gloom of the night. Not one lighted window was to be seen.

“They have disappeared silently like the bats, which are even now flying through the air,” said the Doctor.

But the others did not answer. They were no longer thinking of the gypsies.

Then through the still evening a low moan was heard. Ilse started and listened. Again the same weak tone.

“The children!” cried Ilse, in dismay, and rushed toward the hedge which divided the meadow from the orchard. Much alarmed she shook the closed gate, then broke through the hedge, and sprang like a lioness past the espaliers. The friends hastened after her, but could not overtake her. A bright light shone among the trees before her and something moved as she flew on. Two men rose from the ground; one encountered her, but Ilse threw back the arm which was raised to strike her, so that the man reeled and fell back over the weeping children who lay on the grass. Felix, who was behind Ilse, sprang forward and seized the man, while the Doctor the next moment struggled with another, who glided like an eel from under his hands and disappeared in the darkness. Meanwhile the first robber struck at the arm of the Professor with his knife, wrenched himself away from the hand which held him, and in the next moment broke through the hedge. One heard the crackling of the branches, and then all was quiet again.

“They live!” cried Ilse, kneeling on the ground, with panting breath, and embracing the little ones, who now uttered piteous cries. It was Riekchen, in



her night-dress, and Franz, also nearly stripped. The children had escaped from the eyes of Mademoiselle and the protection of the bedroom, and slipped into the garden, to see the fire of the gypsies, of which they had heard their sister speak. They had fallen into the hands of some of the fellows belonging to the band, who were looking out for something to steal, and had been robbed of their clothes.

Ilse took the screaming children in her arms, and in vain did the friends try to relieve her of the burden. Silently she hastened with them into the house, rushed into the room, and, still holding them fast, knelt down by them before the sofa, and the friends heard her suppressed sobs. But it was only for a few moments that she lost her self-control. She rose, and looked at the servants, who thronged terrified into the room.

“No harm has happened to the children,” she exclaimed. “Go where you have to keep watch and send one of the overseers to me.”

The Inspector immediately came.

“A robbery has been committed on our estate,” said Ilse, “and those who perpetrated it should be handed over to the law. I request you to seize their camp.”

“Their fire is in the ravine behind the village,” replied the Inspector; “one may see the flame and smoke from the upper story. But, Miss Ilse—I say it unwillingly—would it not be more prudent to let the rogues escape? A large portion of the harvest still lies in sheaves; they may set it on fire in the night, out of revenge, or perhaps venture something still worse, in order to free their people.”

“No,” exclaimed Ilse; “do not hesitate—do not delay. Whether the vagabonds injure us or not will

be decided by a higher will. We must do our duty. The crime demands punishment, and the master of this estate is in the position of guardian of the law."

"Let us be quick," said the Professor; "we will accompany you."

"Well, so be it," replied the Inspector, after consideration; "the farm bailiff shall remain here and we others will seek the band at the fire."

He hastened out. The Doctor seized a knobbed stick that was in the corner of the room. "That will suffice for me," he said, laughing, to his friend. "I consider myself bound to show some forbearance toward these thievish associates of my studies, who have not quite forgotten their old tongue." As he was on the point of leaving the room he stopped: "But you must remain behind, for you are bleeding."

Some drops of blood fell from the sleeve of the Professor.

The countenance of the maiden became white as the door against which she leant. "For our sake," she murmured faintly. Suddenly she hastened up to the Professor and bent down to kiss his hand. Felix restrained her.

"It is not worth speaking of, Miss Ilse," he exclaimed. "I can move my arm."

The Doctor compelled him to take off his coat and Ilse flew for a bandage.

Fritz examined the wound with the composure of an old duellist. "It is a slight prick in the muscles of the under part of the arm," he said, comforting Ilse; "a little sticking-plaster will be sufficient."

The Professor put on his coat again and seized his hat. "Let us start," he said.

“Oh, no ; remain with us,” begged Ilse hastening after him.

The Professor looked at her anxious countenance, shook her heartily by the hand and left the room with his friend.

The hasty tread of the men had died away. Ilse went alone through all the rooms in the house. Doors and windows were closed. Hans watched at the door opening into the court-yard, his father's sword in his hand. And the housemaids overlooked the court-yard and garden from the upper floor. Ilse entered the nursery, where the two little ones, surrounded by Mademoiselle and their brothers and sisters, were sitting in their beds and struggling between their last tears and their sleep. Ilse kissed the tired little ones, laid them down on their pillows, then she hastened out into the yard and listened, now in the direction in which the band lay, now on the other side, where the clatter of horses' hoofs might announce the arrival of her father. All was quiet. The maids from above called to her that the fire of the gypsies was extinguished, and she again hastened up and down, listening anxiously and looking up to the starry heaven.

What a day ! A few hours before raised above the cares of earth, and now by a hostile hand dragged back into terror and anxiety ! Was this to be a foreboding of her future life ? Were the golden doors only opened to be closed again discordantly and a poor soul to be thrown back upon hopeless aspirations ? The deceiver had prophesied of one who might wear a crown. Yes, in the realm in which he ruled as king there was a blessed serenity and happy peace. Ah, if it might be permitted to compare the joys of earth with those of heaven, such learning and power of

thought gave a foretaste of eternal glory. For thus did the spirits of those who had here been good and wise soar, surrounded by light, in pure clearness of vision, and speak smilingly and happily to one another of all that had been upon earth; the most secret things would be revealed to them, and all that was most deeply veiled become apparent, and they would know that all the pains and sorrows of earth proceeded from eternal goodness and wisdom. And he who here trod this earth, a serene heaven in his heart, he had been wounded in the arm by a wandering vagabond for her sake; and from love for her he had again gone out into the fearful night, and she was troubled with endless anguish on his account. "Protect him, all-merciful God," she prayed, "and help me out of this darkness; give me strength, and enlighten my mind that I may become worthy of the man who beholds Thy countenance in past times, and among people that have passed away."

At last she heard the quick trot, and then the snorting of an impatient horse at the closed door. "Father!" she cried out, hastily drawing back the bolt, and flying into his arms, as he dismounted. The Proprietor was much perplexed as he listened to her rapid report. He threw his horse's bridle to his son, and hastened to the nursery to embrace his little ones, who at the sight of their father remembered their misfortunes, and began to weep and lament.

When the Proprietor entered the farmyard, the farming people were drawn near the house, and the Inspector stated "that no one was to be seen near the fire or in the neighborhood. There was not a trace near the fire of their having encamped there. It had been lighted to mislead. Theft had been their only

object here. The greater part of the band had left early in the evening. They are lying concealed somewhere in the woods, and when the sun rises they will be far beyond the frontier. I know the rascals of old."

"He is right," said the Proprietor to the friends, "and I think we have nothing more to fear. Yet we must be very watchful to-night. A poor father thanks you," he continued, with emotion. "The last day you have passed with us, Doctor, has been unpleasantly eventful, which is not usual with us."

"I must say I depart in anxiety about what I leave behind me," replied the Doctor, half jesting, half serious. "Just fancy that now the lost children of Asia are sneaking about these walls!"

"I hope we are rid of the rascals," continued the Proprietor, turning to his daughter; but you may count upon a different visit soon; our sovereign will be here a few weeks hence. I have been called away only to hear gossip about his visit, and to learn that it is not yet decided where his Serene Highness will breakfast before the hunt. I know what that means. The same thing happened fifteen years ago. There is no help for it; he cannot remain at the Dragon at Rossau. But this visit will not cause us any very serious inconvenience. Let us now wish each other good night and sleep in peace."

Both friends entered their bedroom thoughtfully. The Professor stood at the window, and listened to the tread of the watchmen, who paced around the yard within and without, to the chirruping of the crickets, and to the broken sounds which reached the ear from the slumbering fields. He heard a noise near him, and looked into the countenance of his faithful friend, who in his excitement had clasped his hands

“She is religious,” began Fritz, doubtfully.

“Are we not so also?” answered the Professor, drawing himself up to his full height.

“She is as far removed from the tenor of your mind as the holy Saint Elizabeth.”

“She has sense,” replied the Professor.

“She is firm and self-confident in her own circle, but she will never be at ease in your world.”

“She has aptness here—she will have it everywhere.”

“You blind yourself,” cried Fritz, in despair; “will you disturb the peace of your life by a discord, the issue of which you cannot foresee? Will you demand of her the great change which she must undergo from being a thorough housekeeper to becoming the confidant of your profound investigations? Will you deprive her of the secure self-dependence of an active life and bring into her future, struggle, uncertainty, and doubt? If you will not think of your own peace, it is your duty to show consideration for her life.”

The Professor leaned his hot head against the window. At last he began :

“But we are the servants and proclaimers of truth ; and while we practice this duty towards every one who will hear us, is it not right and a duty to do it where we love ? ”

“Do not deceive yourself,” answered Fritz. “You, the man of refined feeling, who so willingly recognize in every life the right to what befits it—you would be the last to disturb the harmony of her being, if you did not desire to possess her. What impels you is not a feeling of duty, but passion.”

“What I do not demand of a stranger, it behooves

me to fulfil in the woman with whom I unite myself for life. And must not every woman that comes to share our life experience a similar change? How high do you place the knowledge of the women in the city who come into our circle?"

"What they know is, as a rule, more unreliable than is good for them or for us," replied Fritz; "but from their youth they are accustomed to view the learning that interests men, with sympathy. The best results of intellectual work are so easily accessible to them that everywhere they find common ground on which they can meet. But here, however charming and admirable this life may appear to our eyes, it is attractive just because it is so strange and different from ours."

"You exaggerate, you distort," cried the Professor. "I have felt deeply in the time that we have passed here how great are the rights that a noble passion has over one's life. This we have forgotten over our books. Who can tell what it is that makes two human beings so love one another, that they cannot part? It is not only pleasure in the existence of the other, nor the necessity of making one's own being complete, nor feeling and fancy alone, which joins the object of our love—although heretofore a stranger—so intimately to us. Is it necessary that the wife should only be the finer reed, which always sounds the same notes that the husband plays—only an octave higher? Speech is incapable of expressing the joy and exultation that I feel when near her; and I can only tell you, my friend, that it is something good and great, and it demands its place in my life. What you now express are only the doubts of cold reason, which is an enemy to all that is in process of

becoming, and continues to raise its pretensions until it is subdued by accomplished realities.”

“It is not alone reason,” replied Fritz, offended. “I did not deserve that you should so misconstrue what I have said. If it was presumptuous in me to speak to you concerning feelings which you now consider sacred, I must say in excuse, that I only assume the right which your friendship has hitherto granted me. I must do my duty to you before I leave you here. If I cannot convince you, try to forget this conversation. I shall never touch upon this theme again.”

He left the Professor standing at the window, and went to his bed. He softly took off his boots, threw himself upon the bed, and turned his face to the wall. After a short time he felt his hand seized, the Professor was sitting by his bed clasping his friend’s hand without saying a word. At last Fritz withdrew his hand with a hearty pressure and again turned to the wall.

He rose in the early dawn, gently approached the slumbering Professor, and then quietly left the room. The Proprietor awaited him in the sitting-room; the carriage came; there was a short friendly parting, and Fritz drove away, leaving his friend alone among the crickets of the field and the ears of corn, whose heavy heads rose and fell like the waves of the sea under the morning breeze, the same this year as they had done thousands and thousands of years before.

The Doctor looked back at the rock on which the old house stood, on the terraces beneath, with the churchyard and wooden church, and on the forest which surrounded the foot of the hill; and all the past and the present of this dangerous place rose distinctly



before him. Its ancient character of Saxon times had altered little ; and he looked on the rock and the beautiful Ilse of Bielstein, as they would have been in the days of yore. Then the rock would have been consecrated to a heathen god. At that time there would have been a tower standing on it. And Ilse would have dwelt there, with her golden hair, in a white linen dress with a garment of otter skin over it. She would have been priestess and prophetess of a wild Saxon race. Where the church stood would have been the sacrificial altar, from which the blood of prisoners of war would have trickled down into the valley.

Again, later, a Christian Saxon chief would have built his log-house there, and again the same Ilse would have sat between the wooden posts in the raised apartment of the women, using her spindle, or pouring black mead into the goblets of the men.

Again, centuries later it would have been a walled castle, with stone mullions to the windows, and a watch-turret erected on the rock ; it had become a nest for predatory barons, and Ilse of Bielstein again dwelt there, in a velvet hood which her father had robbed from a merchant on the king's highway. And when the house was assaulted by enemies, Ilse stood among the men on the wall and drew the great cross-bow, like a knight's squire.

Again, hundreds of years later, she sat in the hunting-lodge of a prince, with her father, an old warrior of Swedish times. Than she had become pious, and, like a city dame, she cooked jams and preserves, and went down to the pastor to the conventicle. She would not have worn flowers, and sought to know what husband Heaven destined for her by putting her finger at hazard on a passage in the Bible.

And now, his friend had met this same Saxon child, tall and strong in body and soul, but still a child of the middle ages, with a placid expression in her beautiful countenance which only changed when the heart was excited by any sudden passion; a mind as if half asleep, and of a nature so child-like and pliant that it was sometimes impossible to know whether she was wise or simple. In her character there still remained something of all those Ilses of the two thousand years that had passed away—a mixture of Sibyl, mead-dispenser, knight's daughter, and pietist. She was of the old German type and the old German beauty, but that she should suddenly become the wife of a Professor, that appeared to the troubled Doctor too much against all the laws of quiet historical development.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE WOOING.

A FEW hours after his friend had left the estate, the Professor entered the study of the Proprietor, who exclaimed, looking up from his work: "The gypsies have disappeared, and with them your friend. We are all sorry that the Doctor could not remain longer." "With you lies the decision whether I too shall be permitted to tarry longer here," rejoined the Professor, with such deep earnestness that the host arose, and looked inquiringly at his guest. "I come to ask of you a great boon," continued the Professor, "and I must depart from here if you refuse it me."

"Speak out, Professor," replied he.

"It is impossible for us to continue longer in the

open relations of host and guest. For I now seek to win the love of your daughter Ilse."

The Proprietor started, and the hand of the strong man grasped the table.

"I know what I ask of you," cried the Scholar, in an outburst of passion. "I know that I claim the highest and dearest treasure you can give. I know that I shall make your life thereby the poorer. For I shall take from your side what has been your joy, support, and pride."

"And yet," murmured the Proprietor gloomily, "you spare me the trouble of saying that!"

"I fear that at this moment you look upon me as an intruder upon the peace of your home," continued the Professor; "but though it may be difficult for you to be indulgent towards me, you ought to know all. I first saw her in the church, and her religious fervor impressed me powerfully. I have lived in the house with her, and felt more every hour how beautiful and lovable she is. The influence she exercises over me is irresistible. The passion with which she has inspired me has become so great, that the thought of being separated from her fills me with dismay. I long to be united to her and to make her my wife."

Thus spoke the Scholar, as ingenuously as a child.

"And to what extent have you shown your feelings to my daughter?" asked the father.

"I have twice in an outburst of emotion touched her hand," answered the Professor.

"Have you ever spoken to her of your love?"

"If I had I should not stand before you now as I do," rejoined the Professor. "I am entirely unknown to you, and was brought here by peculiar circumstances; and I am not in the happy position of a wooer

who can appeal to a long acquaintance. You have shown me unusual hospitality, and I am in duty bound not to abuse your confidence. I will not, unbeknown to you, endeavor to win a heart that is so closely bound up in your life."

The father inclined his head assentingly. "And have you the assurance of winning her love?"

"I am no child and can see that she is warmly attached to me. But of the depth and duration of the feelings of a young girl neither of us can judge. At times I have had the happy conviction that she cherished a tender passion for me, but it is just the unembarrassed innocence of her feelings that makes me uncertain; and I must confess to you that I know it is possible for those feelings to pass away."

The father looked at this man who thus endeavored to judge impartially, but whose whole frame was trembling. "It is, sir, my duty to yield to the wishes of my child's heart, if they are powerful enough to induce her to leave her home for that of another man—provided that I myself have not the conviction that it would be detrimental to her happiness. Your acquaintance with my daughter has been so short that I do not feel myself in the difficult position of having to give my consent, or to make my daughter unhappy, and your confession makes it possible for me to prevent what would, perhaps, in many respects, be unwelcome to me. Yes, even now you are a stranger to me, and when I invited you to stay with us I did something that may have an unfortunate sequel for me and mine."

As the Proprietor spoke thus in the excitement of the moment, his eyes fell upon the arm which had bled yesterday, and then on the manly features of the

pale countenance before him. He broke off his speech, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the other exclaimed :—

“No, that is not the sentiment of my heart, and I ought not to answer you thus.”

He paced up and down the room endeavoring to find composure.

“But you must listen to a word of confidence, and regard what I say as not the promptings of importunacy,” he continued, more tranquilly. “I know well that I have not brought up my daughter for myself, and that I must at some time accustom myself to do without her. But our acquaintance is too short to judge whether my child would find peace or happiness if she were united to you. When I tell you that I honor you and take pleasure in your society, that admission does not affect the question I have to solve. If you were a country gentleman like me, I should listen to your communications with a lighter heart, for during the time of your stay here I should have been able to form a definite opinion of your qualifications. The difference of our vocations makes it not only difficult for me to judge of you, but also dangerous for the future of my child. If a father wishes his daughter to marry a man who pursues an occupation similar to his own, he is justified in so doing in every sphere of life, and more especially is it so with a country gentleman of my stamp ; for the qualifications of our children consist partly in this, that they grow up as the help-meets of their parents. What Ilse has learnt in my house gives me the assurance that, as the wife of a country gentleman, she would fill her place perfectly ; nay, she might supply the deficiencies of her husband, and that would secure her a comfortable life, even though

her husband did not possess all that was to be desired. As the wife of a Professor, she will have little use for what she knows, and she will feel unhappy at not having learnt many other things."

"I admit that she will be deprived of much; I lay little stress on what you call her deficiencies," said the Professor. "I request you to trust this matter to me and the future."

"Then, Professor, I will answer you as candidly as you have spoken to me. I must not decline your proposal hastily. I will not oppose what may perhaps be for the happiness of my daughter. Yet I cannot, with the imperfect knowledge which I have of your position, assent to it. And I am at this moment in the awkward position of not knowing how I can obtain this knowledge."

"I can well understand how unsatisfactory to you must be any opinion concerning me which you may gather from strangers. Yet you will have to be content to do so," continued the Professor, with dignity.

The father assented silently.

"First," continued the Professor, "I beg to inform you concerning my pecuniary circumstances."

He mentioned his income, gave a faithful account of the sources from which he derived it, and laid a written statement on the writing-table.

"My legāl adviser, who bears a high repute in the University, will give you any confirmation you may wish of these details. With respect to my capacity as teacher and my position at the University, I must refer you to the judgment of my colleagues and the opinion which is held concerning it in the city."

The Proprietor looked at the statement.

"Even the significance of these sums as regards your

position is not quite clear to me. Having no acquaintance in your town, I have no facilities for obtaining further information concerning you. But, Professor, I will without delay endeavor to obtain all the information I can. I will start for the city of your residence to-morrow."

"How I thank you!" exclaimed the Professor, grasping his hand.

"Not yet," said the Proprietor, withdrawing it.

"I will, of course, if you like, accompany you," continued the Professor.

"I do not wish that," replied the Proprietor. "You need only write letters of introduction for me to your acquaintances. For the rest I must rely upon my own inquiries and on chance. But, Professor, this journey will only confirm your statements, of the truth of which I am already convinced. I may obtain the judgment of others concerning you, which will no doubt accord with mine. But let us suppose that the information is satisfactory to me, what will be the consequence?"

"That you will permit me to prolong my stay in your house," said the Professor; that you will trustingly permit me to pay my addresses to your daughter; and that you will give your consent to our marriage as soon as I am certain of your daughter's affection."

"Such preliminaries to wooing are uncommon," said the father, with a saddened smile; "but they are not unwelcome to a farmer. We are accustomed to see fruits ripen slowly. Thus, Professor, after my journey we shall all three retain freedom of choice and a final decision. This conversation—shall it remain a secret?"

"I entreat you, yes," said the Professor.

Again a slight smile flitted over the grave countenance of the host.

“In order to make so sudden a journey less surprising you had better remain here. But, during my absence, refrain from any increase of intimacy with my daughter. You see what great confidence I place in you.”

Thus the Professor had compelled his host to become the confidant of his love. It was a delightful compact between passion and conscience that the scholar had entered into, and yet there was an error in this arrangement. The agreement, which he had effected with eager spirit and beating heart, turned out a little different from the manner in which he had represented it to himself and to the father; for, between the three individuals who were now to enter upon this high-minded method of wooing, all easy intercourse had suddenly vanished. When Ilse, beaming with happiness, met the gentlemen on the morning of the eventful conversation, she found her heaven obscured and overshadowed with dark clouds. The Professor was uneasy and gloomy. He worked almost the whole day in his room, and when the little ones in the evening begged him to tell them some stories, he declined, took hold of the head of the little sister with both hands, kissed her forehead and laid his own head upon it as if he wished the child to support him. The words that he addressed to Ilse were few and constrained, and yet his eyes were fixed incessantly upon her, but inquiringly and doubtingly; and Ilse was surprised also at her father, who appeared absent-minded and sorrowful. A secret had arisen between her father and herself that deeply absorbed him; nay, even between the two men matters were not as they had been.



Her father, indeed, spoke sometimes in a low voice to the friend, but she observed a constraint in both when they talked on indifferent subjects.

Then the next morning there was the secret journey of the father, which in few words he described as on unimportant business. Had everything changed about her since that eventful evening? Her heart beat anxiously. A sense of insecurity came over her—the fear of something direful that was to befall her. Sorrowfully she withdrew to her room, where she struggled with bitter thoughts and avoided being alone with the man she loved.

Of course the change became at once perceptible to the Professor, and it tortured the sensitive man. Did she wish to repel him in order not to abandon her father? Had that been only pleased astonishment which he had taken for affection of the heart? These anxieties made his demeanor constrained and unequal, and the change in his frame of mind reacted in turn upon Ilse.

She had joyfully opened the flower-bud of her soul to the rising light, but a drop of morning dew had fallen into it and the tender petals had closed again under the burden.

Ilse had acted as doctress and nurse to all who were ill or wounded on the estate. She had succeeded her mother in this honorable office; her fame in the district was considerable, and it was not an unnecessary accomplishment, for Rossau did not possess even one regular practitioner. Ilse knew how to apply her simple remedies admirably; even her father and the Inspectors submitted themselves obediently to her care. She had become so accustomed to the vocation of a Sister of Charity that it did not shock her maiden-

ly feelings to sit by the sick-bed of a working man and she looked without prudery at a wound which had been caused by the kick of a horse or the cut of a scythe. Now the loved one was near her with his wound, not even keeping his arm in a sling, and she was fearful lest the injury should become greater. How glad she would have been to see the place and to have bandaged it herself!—and in the morning, at breakfast, she entreated him, pointing to his arm: “Will you not, for our sakes, do something for it?”

The Professor, embarrassed, drew his arm back and replied, “It is too insignificant.”

She felt hurt and remained silent; but when he went to his room her anxiety became overpowering. She sent the charwoman, who was her trusty assistant in this art, with a commission to him, and enjoined her to enter with an air of decision and, overcoming any opposition of the gentleman, to examine the arm and report to her. When the honest woman said that she was sent by the young lady and that she must insist upon seeing the wound, the Professor, though hesitatingly, consented to show his arm. But when the messenger conveyed a doubtful report, and Ilse, who had been pacing restlessly up and down before the door, again ordered cold poultices through her deputy, the Professor would not apply them. He had good reason; for however painfully he felt the constraint that was imposed upon him in his intercourse with Ilse, yet he felt it would be insupportable entirely to lose sight of her and sit alone in his room with a basin of water. His rejection of her good counsel, however, grieved Ilse still more; for she feared the consequences, and, besides, it pained her that he would not accede to her wishes. When, after-

wards, she learnt that he had secretly sent to Rossau for a surgeon, tears came into her eyes, for she considered it as a slight. She knew the pernicious remedies of the drunken quack and she was sure, that evil would result from it. She struggled with herself until evening ; at last, anxiety for her beloved overcame all considerations, and when he was sitting with the children in the arbor, she, with anguish of heart and downcast eyes, thus entreated him : “This stranger will occasion you greater pain. I pray you, let me see the wound.”

The Professor, alarmed at this prospect which threatened to upset all the self-control which he had attained by laborious struggling, answered, as Ilse fancied, in a harsh tone—but, in truth, he was only a little hoarse through inward emotion—“I thank you, but I cannot allow that.”

Ilse then caught hold of her brother and sister who had been in the hands of the gypsies, placed them before him, and exclaimed eagerly : “Do you beseech him, if he will not listen to me.”

This little scene was so moving to the Professor, and Ilse looked, in her excitement, so irresistibly lovely, that his composure was overpowered ; and in order to remain faithful to her father, he rose and went rapidly out of the garden.

Ilse pressed her hands convulsively together and gazed wildly before her. All had been a dream ; the hope she had entertained in a happy hour that he loved her had been a delusion. She had revealed her heart to him, and her warm feelings had appeared to him as the bold forwardness of a stranger. She was in his eyes an awkward country girl, deficient in the refined tact of the city, who had got something into

her foolish head because he had sometimes spoken to her kindly. She rushed into her room. There she sank down before her couch and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs.

She was not visible for the rest of the evening. The following day she met the loved one proudly and coldly, said no more than was necessary and struggled secretly with tears and endless sorrow.

All had been arranged for a refined and tender wooing. But when two human beings love one another they ought to tell each other so, frankly and simply, without any previous arrangement, and, indeed—without reserve.

\* \* \*

The father had started on his journey. He gave as an excuse some business that he meant to transact on the road. The day following his massive form and anxious countenance might be seen in the streets of the University town. Gabriel was much astonished when the gigantic man, taller than his old friend the sergent-major of the cuirassiers, rang at the door and brought a letter from his master, in which Gabriel was instructed to place himself and the lodging at the disposal of the gentleman. The stranger walked through the rooms, sat down at the Professor's writing-table and began a cross-questioning conversation with Gabriel, the tenor of which the servant could not understand. The stranger also greeted Mr. Hummel, then went to the University, stopped the students in the street and made inquiries of them ; had a conference with the lawyer ; visited a merchant with whom he had had dealings in corn ; was conducted by Gabriel to the Professor's tailor, there to order a coat, and Gabriel had to wait long at the door before the gossip-

ing tailor would let the stranger go. He also went to Mr. Hahn to buy a straw hat ; and in the evening the tall figure might be seen uncomfortably bent under the Chinese temple, conversing with Mr. Hahn, over a flask of wine. It was a poor father anxiously seeking from indifferent people intelligence which should determine whether he should give his beloved child into the arms of a stranger. What he learnt was even more favorable than he expected. He now discovered what Mrs. Rollmaus had long known, that he whom he had received into his home was, according to the opinion of others, no common man.

When, on returning home, the evening of the following day, he reached the first houses of Rossau, he saw a figure hastening towards him. It was the Professor, who, in impatient expectation, had come to meet him and now hastened up to the carriage with disturbed countenance. The Proprietor sprang from his seat and said gently to the Professor :

“Remain with us, and may Heaven give you every blessing.”

As the two men walked up the foot-path together, the Proprietor continued, with a sudden flash of good humor :

“You have compelled me, dear Professor, to act as a spy about your dwelling-place. I have learned that you lead a quiet life, and that you pay your bills punctually. Your servant speaks reverentially of you, and you stand high in the opinion of your neighbors. In the city you are spoken of as a distinguished man, and what you have said of yourself is in all respects confirmed. Your lodgings are very handsome, the kitchen is too small, and your storeroom is smaller

than one of our cupboards. From your windows you have at least some view of the country."

Beyond this not a word was spoken concerning the object of the journey, but the Professor listened hopefully to the other observations of the Proprietor, how opulent were the citizens, and how brilliant the shops, also of the height of the houses in the market-place, the throngs of people in the streets, and of the pigeons, which, according to old custom, were kept by the town council, and boldly hopped about like officials among the carriages and passing human beings.

It was early morning, and again the first rays of the sun warmed the earth. After a sleepless night, Ilse hastened through the garden to the little bath-house that her father had built among the reeds and bushes. There she bathed her white limbs in the water, dressed herself quickly and ascended the path which passed by the grotto to the top of the hill, seeking the rays of the sun. As she knew that the cool night air still lay in the lower ground, she climbed still higher, where the hill sloped steeply towards the grotto down into the valley. There, on the declivity, among the copse, she seated herself, far from every human eye, drying her hair in the sun's rays and arranging her morning attire.

She gazed upon her father's house where she supposed the friend still lay slumbering, and looked down before her on the stone roof of the grotto, and on the large tuft of the willow rose, with the white wool of its seed bursting from the pod. She supported her head on her hand, and thought of the evening that had past. How little he had spoken, and her father had scarcely mentioned his journey. But whatever anxious cares passed through her mind, her spirits had

been refreshed by the sparkling water, and now the morning cast its mild light over her heart.

There sat the child of the house. She wrung the water out of her hair and rested her white feet on the moss. Near her the bees hummed over the wild thyme, and one little worker circled threateningly round her feet. Ilse moved, and pushed one of her shoes; the shoe slid down, turned a somersault, and went bounding away over moss and stone, till it leapt by the willow rose and disappeared in the depth. She put on the fellow of the fugitive and hastened along the path to the grotto. Turning round the corner of the rock she stepped back startled, for in front of the grotto stood the Professor, thoughtfully contemplating the embroidered arabesques of the shoe. The sensitive man was scarcely less startled than Ilse at this sudden encounter. He also had been impelled to go out into the early morning, to the spot where first the heart of the maiden had revealed itself to him. He had seated himself on a stone at the entrance, and leaned his head against the rock in deep and sorrowful thought. Then he heard a soft rustling, and, amidst gravel and sand, the little masterpiece of art fell close to his feet. He hastened forward, for he guessed at once to whom the bounding shoe belonged. There he saw the loved one standing before him, in a light morning dress, enveloped in her long blond hair, like a water fairy or a mountain nymph.

“It is my shoe,” said Ilse, with embarrassment, concealing her foot.

“I know it,” said the man of learning, equally embarrassed, pushing the shoe reverently to the border of her dress. The shoe was quickly slipped on, but the short glimpse of the white foot suddenly gave the

Professor heroic courage, such as he had not had for the last few days.

“ I will not move from this spot,” he cried, resolutely.

Ilse drew back into the grotto and gathered her hair into the net she held in her hand. The Professor stood at the entrance of the sanctuary ; near him hung the long shoots of the blackberry, the bees hummed over the wild thyme, and his heart beat. When Ilse, with blushing cheeks, stepped out of the grotto into the light of day, she heard her name uttered by a voice in deep emotion, she felt her hand pressed, an ardent look shot from those true eyes, sweet words fell from his lips, his arm clasped her, and she sank silently on his heart.

\* \* \*

As the Professor himself on another occasion had explained, man sometimes forgets that his life rests on a compact with the overwhelming powers of nature, which, unawares, influence the little lords of the world. Thus similar unexpected powers now controlled the Professor and Ilse. I know not what agencies of nature sent the bees, or threw the shoe. Was it the elves in whom Ilse did not believe? Or was it one of the antique acquaintances of the Professor, the goat-footed Pan, who blew his reed-pipes in the grotto?

The wooing had begun in a scientific manner, but it had been brought to a conclusion with little wisdom and without any regard for formality.



## CHAPTER XI.

### SPITEHAHN.

RAVEN-BLACK night brooded over the hostile houses. The world looked like a great coal-pit in which the lights had been extinguished. The wind howled through the trees of the park. A rustling of leaves and crackling of branches was heard. Nothing was to be seen but a monstrous black curtain that concealed the neighboring woods and a black-tented roof which was spread over the houses. The streets of the city were empty. All who loved their beds had long been lying therein, and whoever possessed a nightcap had now pulled it over his ears. Every human sound was silenced; the striking of the tower-clock was interrupted by the stormy winds, and each tone was driven hither and thither, that no one could count the midnight hour. But around the house of Mr. Hummel the yelping dogs pursued their wild career in the courtyard, undaunted by storm or darkness; and when the wind blew like a bugle-horn between the houses, the pack dispelled sleep from men by their clamor and din.

“This night suits them well,” thought Gabriel, in his room. “This is just the weather for them.” At last he slept, and dreamt that the two dogs opened the door of his room, placed themselves on two chairs before his bed and alternately snapped their pocket pistols at him.

As he was lying in this unquiet sleep, there was a knock at his door.

“Get up, Gabriel!” called out the old porter from the factory; “an accident has happened.”

“Through the dogs,” exclaimed Gabriel, springing out of bed.

“Some one must have broken in,” cried the man again, through the door, “the dogs are lying on the ground.”

Gabriel, alarmed, put on his boots and hastened into the yard, which was dimly lighted by the dawn. There lay the two poor watch-dogs on the ground, with no other sign of life than helpless writhing. Gabriel ran to the warehouse, examined the door and windows, and then the house; every shutter was closed; and no sign of disturbance could be discovered. When he returned, Mr. Hummel was standing before the prostrate dogs.

“Gabriel, a dastardly deed has been perpetrated here. Something has been done to the dogs. Let them both lie there; an investigation must be made. I will send for the police.”

“Indeed?” answered Gabriel; “compassion should come first, then the police. Perhaps something may yet be done for the poor brutes.”

He took the two animals, carried them to the light, and examined their condition.

“The black one is done for,” he said, compassionately. “The red one has still some life in him.”

“Go to the veterinary surgeon, Klaus,” exclaimed Mr. Hummel, “and ask him to do me the favor to get up at once; he shall be remunerated. This case must be put into the morning paper. I require satisfaction before the magistracy and town council.—Gabriel,” he continued, in angry excitement, “the dogs of citizens are being murdered: it is the work of low malice, but I am not the man to put up with such assassins. They shall be made an example of, Gabriel.”

Meanwhile Gabriel stroked the fur of the red dog, which rolled its eyes wildly under its shaggy brow and stretched out its paws piteously.

At last the veterinary surgeon came. He found the whole family assembled in the court. Mrs. Hummel, still in her night-dress, brought him a cup of coffee, while drinking which he sympathized with them, and then began the examination. The verdict of the expert pointed to poisoning. The dissection showed that a little dumpling with arsenic had been eaten, and, what vexed Mr. Hummel still more, there were glass splinters besides. For the red dog there was a doubtful prospect of recovery.

It was a gloomy morning for the Hummel family. Before breakfast Mr. Hummel sat down to his writing table and wrote out an advertisement for the daily paper, in which ten dollars reward was offered to anyone who would make known the name of the malignant poisoner of his dog. The ten dollars were underlined with three dashes. Then he went to his window and looked savagely upon the haunts of his opponent and on the Chinese temple which had been the occasion of this new disturbance. Finally he began to pace up and down the room, turning to his wife as he passed and muttering :

“I have not the slightest doubt about the matter—not the slightest doubt.”

“I do not understand you,” answered his wife, who on this trying morning was taking a second breakfast ; “and I do not understand how you can be so positive in this matter. It is true, there is something about those people that has always been repugnant to us, and it may be a misfortune to have such neighbors. But you have no right to assume that they have poi-

soned the dogs. I cannot think that such an idea could have entered into the head of Mrs. Hahn. I admit that she is an ordinary woman. Moreover, the doctor says it was dumplings; which points to a woman as the guilty person. But when our red dog was caught running off with the snipe they were going to have for dinner, she sent me back the dog with her compliments, saying she thought it was not good behavior in him, as he had eaten three of the birds. That was civil, and I can find no murderous intention in it. And he surely does not look as if he would do anything to our dogs at midnight."

"He is a treacherous fellow," growled Mr. Hummel; "but you have always had your own opinion about those people. He has played the hypocrite toward me from the very first day, when he stood by his pile of bricks before these windows and turned his back upon me. I have always allowed myself to be persuaded by you women to treat him as a neighbor, with greetings and civil speeches; and I have always been silent when you have carried on your idle gossip with the woman over there."

"Our idle gossip, Henry," exclaimed the wife, setting down her coffee-cup with a clatter; "I must beg of you not to forget the respect that is due to me."

"Well, well, I meant no slight," Mr. Hummel hastened to add, hoping to allay the storm which he had inopportunately brought upon himself

"What you meant, you, of course, know. I take it as I heard it. But it shows little feeling in you, Mr. Hummel, for the sake of a dead dog to treat your wife and daughter as idle gossips."

This disagreement added still more to the gloom and ill-humor of the morning, but did not in any way

advance the discovery of the culprit. It was in vain that the mistress of the house, in order to divert her husband's suspicions from the Hahn family, raised many other conjectures, and, with Laura's help, tried to throw the blame on their own employés or the watchman, and that she at last suggested even the shop-porter over the way as the possible evil-doer. Alas! the reputation of the dogs was so dreadful that the Hummel family could more easily count the few people who did not wish evil to the dogs, than the many whose wish and interest it was to see the monsters at the bottom of Cocytus. The news ran like wildfire through the streets, a crowd gathered around the fruit-woman at the corner, and people spoke of the evil deed everywhere, pitilessly, hostilely, and maliciously. Even among those in the streets who tried to show outward signs of sympathy, the prevailing feeling was hardly concealed. It is true there were some sympathisers. First Mrs. Knips, the washer-woman, with voluble indignation; then even Knips the younger ventured pityingly into the neighborhood of the house—he was clerk in the hostile business, having gone over to the enemy, but never ceased to show respect to his former instructor on all occasions, and to pay unacceptable homage to Miss Laura. At last the comedian of the theatre, whom they generally invited on Sundays, came, and related many amusing stories. But even these few faithful adherents were suspected by some of the household. Gabriel distrusted the Knips family, while Laura detested the clerk, and the comedian, formerly a welcome guest, had, some evenings before, in passing by, inconsiderately expressed to a companion, that it would be a praiseworthy deed to remove these dogs from the stage of

life. Now this unhappy suggestion was repeated to the mistress of the house, and it lay heavy on her heart. For fifteen years she had accepted this man's homage with pleasure, shown him much friendliness, and given him enthusiastic applause at the theatre, not to speak of the Sunday dinners and preserves. But now when the gentleman lowered his head sympathisingly and expressed his horror and indignation at the deed, his face, from the long habit of comic action, lengthened itself so hypocritically, that Mrs. Hummel suddenly fancied she saw a devil grinning out of the features of the once esteemed man. Her sharp remarks about Judases frightened in turn the comedian, revealing to him the danger of losing his best house of entertainment, and the more dolorous he felt, the more equivocal became his expression.

During all these occurrences the Hahn family kept quiet in the background. They displayed no signs of undue pleasure, and no unnatural sympathy came from the silent walls. But at mid-day, when Mrs. Hummel went to refresh herself a little in the air, she met her neighbor; and Mrs. Hahn, who since the garden scene had felt herself in the wrong, stopped and expressed her regret in a friendly way that Mrs. Hummel had experienced such an unpleasant accident. But the hostile feeling and suspicion of her husband echoed in the answer. Mrs. Hummel spoke coldly, and both separated with a feeling of animosity.

Meanwhile Laura sat at her writing-table, and noted down in her private journal the events of the day, and with a light heart she concluded with these lines :

“They're dead and gone ! Removed the curse of hate—  
Erased the stain is from the book of fate.”



This prophecy contained about as much truth as if, after the first skirmish of the siege of Troy, Cassandra had noted it down in Hector's album. It was confuted by the endless horrors of the future.

Spitehahn at all events was not gone ; his life was saved. But the night's treachery had exercised a sorrowful influence on the creature, both body and soul. He had never been beautiful. But now his body was thin, his head swelled, and his shaggy coat bristly. The glass splinters which the skillful doctor had removed from his stomach seemed to have gotten somehow into his hairs, so that they started bristling from his body like a bottle-brush ; his curly tail became bare, only at the end did there remain a tuft of hair, like a bent cork-screw with a cork at the end. He no longer wagged his tail ; his yelping ceased ; night and day he roved about silently ; only occasionally a low, significant growl was heard. He came back to life, but all softer feelings were dead in him ; he became averse to human beings, and fostered dark suspicions in his soul ; all attachment and fidelity ceased ; instead of which he evinced a lurking malice and general vindictiveness. Yet Mr. Hummel did not mind this change ; the dog was the victim of unheard-of wickedness, which had been intended for the injury of himself, the proprietor of the house ; and had he been ten times more hideous and savage to human beings, Mr. Hummel would still have made a pet of him. He stroked him, and did not take it amiss when the dog showed his gratitude by snapping at the fingers of his master.

Whilst the flames of just irritation still shot forth from this new firebrand of the family peace, Fritz returned from his vacation. His mother immediately

related to him all the events of the last few weeks—the bell-ringing, the dogs, the new hostility.

“It was well that you were away. Were the beds at the inns comfortable? They are so careless nowadays of strangers. I hope that in the country, where they rear geese, people show more care. You must talk to your father about this new quarrel, and do what you can to restore peace.”

Fritz listened silently to his mother’s account, and said soothingly :

“You know it is not the first time. It will pass over.”

This news did not contribute to increase the cheerfulness of the Doctor. Sadly he looked from his room on the neighboring house and the windows of his friend. In a short time a new household would be established there ; might not then his friendship with the Professor be affected by the disturbances which of old existed between the two houses ? He then began to arrange the notes that he had collected on his journey. But today the footprints of the grotto gave him an uncomfortable feeling, and the tales of the wild hunters made him think of Ilse’s wise words, “It is all superstition.” He put away his papers, seized his hat, and went out, meditating, and not exactly gaily disposed, into the park. When he saw Laura Hummel a few steps before him on the same path, he turned aside, in order not to meet any one from the hostile house.

Laura was carrying a little basket of fruit to her godmother. The old lady resided in her summer house in an adjacent village, and a shady footpath through the park led to it. It was lonely at this hour in the wood, and the birds alone saw how free from care was the smile that played around the little mouth of the agile



girl, and how full of glee were the beautiful deep blue eyes that peered into the thicket. But although Laura seemed to hasten, she stopped frequently. First it occurred to her that the leaves of the copper beech would look well in her brown felt hat ; she broke off a branch, took off her hat, and stuck the leaves on it ; and in order to give herself the pleasure of looking at it, she held her hat in her hand and put a gauze handkerchief over her head for protection against the rays of the sun. She admired the chequered light thrown by the sun on the road. Then a squirrel ran across the path, scrambled quick as lightning up a tree and hid itself in the branches ; Laura looked up and perceived its beautiful bushy tail through the foliage, and fancied herself on the top of the tree, in the midst of the foliage and fruit, swinging on a branch, then leaping from bough to bough, and finally taking a walk—high in the air, on the tops of the trees—over the fluttering leaves as though upon green hills.

When she came near the water that flowed on the other side of the path, she perceived that a large number of frogs, sitting in the sun on the bank, sprang into the water with great leaps, as if by word of command. She ran up to them and saw with astonishment that in the water, they had a different appearance ; they were not at all so clumsy ; they went along like little gentlemen with big stomachs and thick necks, but with long legs which struck out vigorously. Then when a large frog steered up to her and popped his head out of the water, she drew back and laughed at herself. Thus she passed through the wood, herself a butterfly, and at peace with all the world.

But her fate pursued her. Spitehahn, from his usual place on the stone steps, had watched her movements from under the wild hairs that hung over his head whisker-like, he kept her in view, got up at last and trotted silently behind her, undisturbed by the rays of the sun, the basket of fruit, or the red handkerchief of his young mistress. Between the town and the village the road ascended from the valley and its trees to a bare plain, on which the soldiery of the town sometimes manœuvred, and where in peaceful hours a shepherd pastured his flock. The path ran obliquely over the open plain to the village. Laura stopped on the height at times to admire the distant sheep and the brown shepherd, who looked very picturesque with his large hat and crook. She had already passed the flock when she heard a barking and threatening cry behind her; turning round she saw the peaceful community in wild uproar. The sheep scattered in all directions—some running away frightened, others huddled together in a ditch; the shepherd's dogs barked, and the shepherd and his boy ran with raised sticks around the disturbed flock. While Laura was looking astonished at the tumult, the shepherd and his boy rushed up to her, followed by two large dogs. She felt herself seized by a rough man's hand; she saw the angry face of the shepherd, and his stick was brandished close before her eyes.

“Your dog has dispersed my flock. I demand punishment and compensation.”

Frightened and pale as death, Laura sought for her purse; she could scarcely find words to say, “I have no dog; let me go, good shepherd.”

But the man shook her arm roughly. Two gigantic

black dogs sprang upon her and snapped at her handkerchief.

“It is your dog ; I know the red rascal,” cried the shepherd.

This was quite true, for Spitehahn had also observed the flock of sheep and devised his dire plan. Suddenly, with a hoarse yell, he sprang on a sheep and bit it severely in the leg. Then followed the flight of the flock, rushing together in a heap—Spitehahn in the midst of them, barking, scratching and biting, the brute sped along a dry ditch to the left, and finally down the slope to the wood into the thickest copse. At length he trotted home in safety, showing his teeth, and leaving his young mistress trembling beneath the hand of the shepherd, who was still brandishing his stick over her.

“Let go of the young lady,” called out the angry voice of a man. Fritz Hahn sprang forward, pushed back the arm of the shepherd, and caught Laura, fainting, in his arms.

The interposition of a third party drew from the shepherd new complaints, at the conclusion of which he again, in a flaming passion, endeavored to lay hold of the girl, and threatened to set his dogs at the Doctor. But Fritz, deeply roused, exclaimed, “Keep your dogs back, and behave yourself like a man, or I will have you punished. If the dog injured your flock, adequate compensation shall be made. I am ready to be security to you or to the owner of these sheep.”

Thus he spoke, holding Laura firmly in his arms ; her head lay upon his shoulders, and the red handkerchief hung over his waistcoat down to his breast. “Compose yourself, dear Miss,” he said, with tender anxiety.

Laura raised her head and looked fearfully on the countenance which, excited with tenderness and sympathy, bent over her, and she perceived her situation with alarm. Fearful fate! He again, for the third time, the inevitable friend and preserver! She extricated herself from him, and said, in a faint voice, "I thank you, Doctor, I can walk alone now."

"No, I cannot leave you thus," cried Fritz, and again began to negotiate with the shepherd, who meanwhile had fetched the two victims of the murderous dog, and laid them down as proofs of the ill deed. Fritz put his hand into his pocket and handed the shepherd a part of the money promised as compensation, gave him his name, and settled a future meeting with the man, who, after the appearance of the money, became more calm.

"I pray you take my arm," he said, turning chivalrously to Laura.

"I cannot accept that," replied the girl, quite confused, and thinking of the existing hostility.

"It is only my duty as a man," said Fritz, soothingly. "You are too exhausted to go alone."

"Then I beg of you to take me to my godmother; she lives near here."

Fritz took the little basket from her, collected the fruit that had fallen out, and then conducted her to the village.

"I should not have been so much afraid of the man," said Laura, "but the black dogs were so fearful."

She took his arm hesitatingly; for now, when the fright had passed, she felt the painfulness of her situation, and was alas! conscience-smitten. For early in the day she had thought the travelling toilet of the Doc-

tor, as she saw him return home, unendurable; but Fritz was not a man who could long be considered unendurable. He was now full of tender feelings and care for her, endeavored to spare her every roughness on the road, stretching out his foot in going along to put the little stones out of the way. He began an indifferent conversation about her godmother, which obliged her to talk, and brought other thoughts into her head. It happened besides, that he himself highly esteemed the lady in question. Indeed, she had once, when he was a schoolboy, given him a cherry-cake and he had in return composed a poem on her birthday. At the word poem Laura was astounded. In that house, too! Could they write poetry? But then the Doctor spoke very slightingly of the elevating creations of happier hours, and when she asked him:

“Have you really written poetry?”

He answered, laughingly, “Only for home use, like every one.”

Then she felt much depressed by his cold disregard of the muse. There certainly was a difference between one style of verse and another; at Hahn's they only wrote about cherry-cakes. But immediately afterwards she blamed herself for her unbecoming thoughts towards her benefactor. So she turned in a friendly way to him and spoke of the pleasure she had found just before in watching the squirrels of the wood. She had once bought one of a boy in the streets and had set it free, and the little animal had twice sprung from the trees upon her shoulders; and she had at last run away with tears in her eyes, that it might remain in the woods. Now, when she saw a squirrel, it always appeared as if it belonged to her; and she undoubtedly deceived herself; but the squirrels seemed to be

of the same opinion with regard to her. This story led to the remarkable discovery that the Doctor had had a similar experience with a small owl, and he imitated the way in which the owl nodded its head when he brought in its food ; and in doing so his spectacles looked so much like owl's eyes that Laura could not help laughing.

Conversing in this way they arrived at her godmother's house. Fritz relinquished Laura's arm and wished to take his leave. She remained standing on the threshold with her hand on the latch and said, in an embarrassed tone :

“Will you not come in, at least for a moment, as you know my godmother?”

“With pleasure,” replied the Doctor.

Her godmother was sitting in her summer cottage, which was somewhat smaller, damper, and less pleasant than her lodging in the town. When the children of the hostile houses entered together—first Laura, still pale and solemn, behind her the Doctor with an equally serious countenance—the good lady was so astonished that she sat staring on the sofa and could only bring out the words :

“What do I see? Is it possible? You two children together !”

This exclamation dispelled the magic which for a moment had bound the young souls to each other. Laura went coldly up to her godmother and related how the Doctor had accidentally come up at the time of her distress. But the Doctor explained that he had only wished to bring the young lady safely to her ; then he inquired after the health of the old lady and took his leave.

While her godmother was applying restoratives



and determining that Laura should return home another way under the care of her maid-servant, the Doctor went back with light steps to the wood. His frame of mind was entirely changed and a smile frequently passed over his countenance. The thought was constantly recurring to him how the girl had rested in his arms. He had felt her bosom against his ; her hair had touched his cheeks and he had gazed on her white neck. The worthy youth blushed at the thought and hastened his steps. In one thing at least the Professor was not wrong—a woman is, after all, very different from the ideal that a man derives from the study of human life and the history of the world. It certainly seemed to the Doctor now that there was something very attractive in wavy locks, rosy cheeks and a beautiful form. He admitted that this discovery was not new, but he had not hitherto felt its value with such distinctness. It had been so touching when she recovered from her swoon, opened her eyes and withdrew herself bashfully from his arms. Also his having defended her so valiantly filled him with cheerful pride. He stopped on the field of battle and laughed out right heartily. Then he went along the same road by which Laura had come from the wood. He looked along the ground as if he could discover the traces of her little feet upon the gravel, and he enjoyed the brightness and warmth of the air, the alluring song of the birds, the fluttering of the dragon-flies, with as light a heart as his pretty neighbor had done shortly before. Then the recollection of his friend came across him. He thought, with satisfaction, of the agitations of the Professor's mind and the commotion which Thusnelda had brought into it. The result had had a droll effect upon the Professor. His friend had been very comical

in the pathos of his rising passion. Such a firm, earnest being contrasted curiously with the whimsical attacks which fate makes on the life of earth-born creatures. When he came to the last bush in which rustled one of the little grasshoppers, whose chirping he had often heard in times of anxiety, he spoke out gaily, "Even these have their turn, first the sheep, then the grasshoppers." He began singing half aloud a certain old song in which the grasshoppers were asked to go away and no longer to burden his spirit. Thus he returned home from his walk in right cheerful frame of mind, like a man of the world.

"Henry," began Mrs. Hummel, in the afternoon, solemnly to her husband, "compose yourself to listen to a terrible story. I conjure you to remain calm and avoid a scene, and take pains to overcome your aversion. And, above all, consider our feelings."

She then related to him the misfortune that had occurred.

"As to the dog," replied Mr. Hummel, emphatically, "it has not been clearly shown that it was our dog. The testimony of the shepherd does not satisfy me; I know this fellow and require an impartial witness. There are so many strange dogs running about the city nowadays that the safety of the community is endangered, and I have often said it is a disgrace to our police. But if it should be our dog, I cannot see anything particularly wrong about it. If the sheep stretched out its leg to him and he bit it a little, that is its own affair and there is nothing to be said about it. As to what further concerns the shepherd, I know his master—so that is my affair. Finally, with regard to the young man across the way that is your affair. I do not wish to visit on him the evil conduct of his



parents, but I must say once for all that I will have nothing to do with the people opposite."

"I must call your attention to the fact, Mr. Hummel," interposed his wife, "that the Doctor has already paid money to the shepherd."

"Money for my child? That I will not tolerate," exclaimed Mr. Hummel. "How much did he pay?"

"But father——" said Laura imploringly.

"Can you expect," exclaimed Mrs. Hummel, reproachfully, "that your daughter, in danger of death, should count the groschens that her rescuer paid for her?"

"That's just like a woman," grumbled the master of the house; "you have no head for business. Can you not incidentally ask him? The shepherd I take upon myself, but shall not trouble myself about the Doctor. Only this I tell you. The affair must be shortly settled and our relations with that house must remain as before. All I ask is to go on smoothly. I intend to take no notice of these Hahns."

After this decision he left the ladies to their feelings.

"Your father is right," said Mrs. Hummel, "to leave the principal matter to us. With his harsh disposition thanks would come very ungraciously."

"Mother," said Laura, entreatingly, "you have more tact than I. Can you not go over there?"

"My child," answered Mrs. Hummel, clearing her throat, "that is not easy. This unfortunate occurrence of the dogs has left us women too much at variance. No, as you are the principal person now concerned, you must go over there yourself."

"I cannot visit the Doctor," exclaimed Laura, alarmed.

"That is not necessary," said Mrs. Hummel, sooth-

ingly. "There is one advantage our neighborhood possesses—we are able to see from our windows when the mengo out. You may then rush over to the mother and address your thanks for the son to her. You are very judicious, my child, and will know how to act."

Thereupon Laura took her seat at the window, not well pleased to sit as watcher upon her neighbors; this lying in wait was repugnant to her. At last the Doctor appeared on the threshold; he looked the same as usual; there was nothing chivalrous to be seen in him; his figure was slender and he was of middle height—Laura liked tall people. He had an intellectual countenance, but it was concealed by his large spectacles, which gave him a pedantic appearance; when he did smile his face became quite handsome, but his usual serious expression was not becoming to him. Fritz disappeared round the corner and Laura put on her hat with a heavy heart and went into the hostile house, which she had never yet entered. Dorchon, who was not in the secret, looked astonished at the visit, but with quick intuition connected it with the return of the Doctor and announced, of her own accord, that neither of the gentlemen were at home, but that Mrs. Hahn was in the garden.

Mrs. Hahn was sitting in the Chinese temple. Both women stood opposite each other with a feeling of embarrassment; both thought at the same time of their last conversation and to both the recollection was painful. But with Mrs. Hahn the danger to which Laura had been exposed at once overcame this natural nervousness. "Ah, you poor young lady!" she began, but while overflowing with compassion, with delicate tact she drew away from the Chinese building, feeling that it was not an appropriate place for this

visit and invited her to sit on a little bench in front of the white Muse. This was the pleasantest spot about the house ; here the orange tree smiled upon its donor, and Laura could bring herself into a grateful mood. She told her neighbor how deeply she felt indebted to the Doctor, and she begged her to say this to her son, because she herself in the confusion had not properly fulfilled this duty. She then entered into the necessary business about the bad shepherd. Good Mrs. Hahn was pleased with her thanks and in a motherly way begged Laura to take off her hat for a little while, as it was warm in the garden. But Laura did not take off her hat. She expressed in fitting terms her pleasure in the garden, said how beautifully it bloomed, and heard with satisfaction of the splendid orange tree which had been sent anonymously to Mr. Hahn, the fruit of which was sweet, for Mr. Hahn had celebrated the return of his son by an artistic drink, for which he had taken the first fruit of the little tree.

It was altogether a diplomatic visit, not extended unnecessarily ; and Laura was glad when, on departing, she had repeated her compliments and thanks to the Doctor.

In Laura's secret record, also, the events of this day were very shortly disposed of. Even an observation she had begun on the happiness of the lonely dwellers in the wood remained unfinished. How was it, Laura?—you, who write down everything ; who, when an insect or a sparrow hops in at the window, burst forth into verse ! Here was an event influencing your whole life—danger, unconsciousness in the arms of a stranger, who, in spite of his learned aspect, is a handsome youth ! This would be the time to depict and indulge in fancy dreams. Capricious girl, why

does this adventure lie like a dead stone in the fantastic landscape that surrounds thee? Is it with thee as with the traveler, who, weary of the Alpine scenery, looks below him and wonders that this marvelous nature so little impresses him, till gradually, but perhaps not for years, the scenes pursue him, waking or dreaming, and draw him anew to the mountains? Or has the nearness of the wicked animal who occasioned the outrage impeded the flight of your soaring wings? There he lies before your threshold, red and ragged, licking his lips.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DEPARTURE FROM THE ESTATE.

AUTUMN had come. The trees about the house had assumed their colored dress of decay. White webs hung over the stubble, and the dew drops lay upon them till the wind tore the woven fabrics away and bore them from field and valley into the blue distance. A happy pair went hand in hand about the place. This year the fall of the leaf did not affect the Professor, for a new spring had begun in his life; and his happiness was written in his countenance in characters which might be read by the most unlearned.

Ilse was betrothed. Modestly she bore the invisible crown which, according to the opinion of the household and neighborhood, now encircled her head. There were still hours in which she could scarcely believe in her happiness. When she rose early from her bed, and heard the trailing of the plough, or when she stood in the dairy amidst the clattering of the milk pails, her future appeared like a dream. But in the evening, when she was sitting near her beloved one,

listening to his words and conversing on subjects serious and trifling, she would lay her hand gently on his arm in order to assure herself that he belonged to her, and that she was thenceforth to enter into the life in which his spirit moved.

The marriage was to take place before the winter, and before the lectures began at the University. For the Professor had petitioned against a long engagement and the father had yielded.

“I would gladly have kept Ilse with me over the winter. Clara must assume a portion of her duties, and the guidance of her sister would have been a great help to her. But it is better for you that it should be otherwise. You, my son, have sought the hand of my daughter after a short acquaintance, and the sooner Ilse accustoms herself to the life of the city, the better it will be for you both ; and I think it would be easier for her in the winter.”

It was a time of happy excitement, and the necessity of providing for the new household brought down the feelings of the betrothed from their state of exaltation to earthly things.

The Professor made a journey to the University. He went first to his friend.

“Wish me joy,” he exclaimed ; “have confidence in her and me.”

The Doctor embraced him and never left his side during his stay. He accompanied him in all his shopping expeditions and assisted him in the arrangement of the rooms. Gabriel, who, from the visit of the country gentleman, had anticipated coming events, and who had become doubtful of his own indispensability, felt proud when the Professor said to him :

“Between you and me things are to remain as they

were. Do your best to make yourself useful to my wife."

Then came Mr. Hummel. In the name of the family he extended his congratulations, and of his own accord offered the use of two rooms in his house which he himself did not occupy. But Laura was more anxious than all the rest about the new inmate. She burst forth in verse thus :

" How will she be, of sweet or lofty mien ?  
Proud, dignified, or charmingly serene ?  
My heart beats fast and thoughts in chaos seem !  
Will fond anticipations prove a dream ?"

When the Professor begged of her and her mother to receive his future wife with friendliness and help her in her arrangements, and when he added to Laura that he hoped she would be on a friendly footing with his bride, he did not guess how much happiness he had given that young heart, which felt an unquiet longing to attach itself devotedly to some one. The indefinite descriptions which he gave concerning the character of his intended made a very vague impression which to Laura became a frame in which she daily depicted new faces.

Meanwhile the women were occupied in the old house preparing Ilse's outfit. The approaching marriage of her sister had transformed Clara into a young lady ; she helped and gave good advice, and in everything showed herself clever and practical. Ilse spoke of this in terms of praise one evening to her father and then threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. The father's mouth quivered ; he did not answer, but he held his daughter close to his heart. It fortunately happened that the last weeks before their separation were full of work and distraction. There was yet much to be done in the household and

the father would not permit the betrothed couple to omit a single visit to his acquaintances in the neighborhood.

One of the first was to the family of Rollmaus. Ilse in a special letter had informed Mrs. Rollmaus of her betrothal; and this had created great excitement. Mrs. Rollmaus burst forth into a stream of triumph; but Mr. Rollmaus saddled his horse and rode to Bielsein, but not to the house. He inquired for the Proprietor at the gate of the court-yard and rode to meet him in the field. There he took him aside and began his congratulations with this short question:

“What is he worth?”

The question was answered numerically, and he seemed satisfied. For he turned his horse round, trotted up to the house and extended his congratulations to Ilse and her betrothed, whom he now looked upon as her equal, and this time he pressingly repeated his invitation to call. After his return, he said to his wife:

“I could have wished a better match for Ilse, but the man is not so bad after all.”

“Rollmaus,” replied the wife, “I hope you will behave properly on this occasion.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Crown Inspector.

“You must propose the health of the betrothed couple at dinner, when they come.”

The husband muttered a suppressed growl. “But I’ll have none of your oratorical trash and sentiment; I will have nothing to do with that.”

“The eloquence must be in the introduction,” said Mrs. Rollmaus; “and if you will not do it, I will undertake it myself. You may merely propose the health.”

The house of Rollmaus displayed its finest table



linen and dinner service for the visit, and Mrs. Rollmaus showed not only a good heart but good cooking. After the first course she clinked her glass and began excitedly :

“ Dear Ilse, as Mr. Rollmaus in proposing your health will express himself shortly and laconically, I take the occasion to mention beforehand that as old friends of your parents, we wish you joy from the bottom of our hearts. And as we have lived together as good neighbors, sympathizing both in misfortune and when there was an agreeable addition to the family, and as we have often rendered each other mutual assistance in household matters, it is very sad for us to think that you are going to leave our country. Yet we rejoice that you are going to a city where intellect and higher aims are appreciated. I will not be voluminous, therefore I beg of you both to remember us with true friendship.”

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and Mr. Rollmaus expressed the family feeling generally, in four words :

“ Health to the couple.”

At departing Mrs. Rollmaus wept a little and begged the Proprietor to permit them to be at the marriage, though no other guests were to be present.

There was to be still another distraction. The Sovereign wished to stop on the way to his hunting castle and take breakfast in the old house.

“ It is well, Ilse, that you are with us,” said her father.

“ But one does not know at all what such a person is accustomed to,” rejoined Ilse, between pleasure and anxiety.

“ His own cook will come over from the Forester’s



house ; he will help. Only see to it that he finds something in the kitchen."

It was a day of busy preparation, and the children, the housekeeper and the workwomen sat among heaps of branches and autumn flowers, twining wreaths and garlands.

"Spare nothing," said Ilse to the old gardener; "he is the beloved father of our country. We, his children, bring him our flowers as a tribute."

Hans, with the help of the Professor, arranged immense emblems and monograms of dahlias.

The evening before the hunt the purveyor and cook, with their attendants, arrived. The purveyor begged leave to set the table in the garden. "The Sovereign will be accompanied by the necessary servants; the rest of the waiting may be done by the waiting-maids of the house. Country customs please his Highness."

On the morning of the chase the Proprietor rode in his best clothes to Rossau to receive the Sovereign, and the children thronged round the windows of the upper story, spying along the highway like bandits. Shortly before midday the carriage came up the hill and stopped at the door of the house. The Proprietor and Forester, who were riding on each side of the royal carriage, dismounted. The Sovereign descended with his suite, greeting them as he crossed the threshold. He was of advanced age and middle height; had a small delicate face, from which could be seen that in youth he had been considered a handsome man, with two intelligent eyes, beneath which were many small wrinkles. Ilse entered the hall and the Proprietor introduced his daughter in his simple way. The Sovereign greeted Ilse graciously with a few sentences and favored the Professor, who was presented

to him as bridegroom of the daughter, with some attention; whereupon the Professor was invited by the master of the hounds to join the party at breakfast. The Sovereign stepped into the garden directly, praised the house and the landscape and recollected having been here with his father as a boy of fourteen.

Breakfast passed off admirably. The Sovereign asked questions of the Proprietor, that evinced a great interest in the condition of the country. When they arose from the table, he approached the Professor, asked various particular questions about the University, and knew the names of several of his colleagues. The answers and general demeanor of the Scholar induced him to prolong the conversation. He told him that he himself was somewhat of a collector. He had brought ancient coins and other antiques from Italy and any increase in his collection gave him much pleasure. And he was pleased to find that the Professor was already acquainted with several of the more important ones.

When the Sovereign, in conclusion, asked the Professor, whether he belonged to this country, Felix answered that accident had brought him there. It suddenly occurred to him that this was an opportunity, which might never recur, of making known to the highest power in the country the fate of the lost manuscript, and thereby, perhaps, gaining an order for further research in the residence. He began his account. The Sovereign listened with evident excitement. While cross-questioning him about it, he drew him further from the company and seemed so entirely engrossed in the affair as to forget the hunting. The master of the hounds, at least, looked at his watch often and spoke to the Proprietor of the interest, which

the Sovereign seemed to take in his son-in-law. At last his Highness closed the conversation:—

“I thank you for your communication. I value the confidence which you have shown me. If I can be of any use to you in this matter apply directly to me; and should you happen to come into my neighborhood, let me know. It would give me pleasure to see you again.”

When the Sovereign passed through the hall to the carriage he stopped and looked round. The master of the hounds gave the Proprietor a hint. Ilse was called and again made her obeisance, and the Sovereign in a few words thanked her for her hospitable reception. Before the carriage had disappeared from the farm-buildings the Sovereign again looked back to the house, and this civility was fully appreciated.

“He turned quite round,” said one of the laborer’s wives, who had placed herself with the working people near the evergreen arch by the barns.

All were contented and rejoiced in the graciousness and civility which had been given and received in good part. Ilse praised the Sovereign’s attendants; who had made everything so easy; and the judicious questions of the ruler had pleased the Professor much. When the Proprietor returned in the evening, he related how well the chase had gone off, and that the Sovereign had spoken most kindly to him and had wished him joy of his son-in-law before everybody.

The last day that the maiden was to pass in her father’s house came. She went with her sister Clara down to the village, stood by the window of the poor Lazarus, stopped at every house and committed the poor and sick to the care of her sister. Then she sat a long time with the Pastor in his study. The old

man held his dear child by the hand and would not let her go. On departing, he gave her the old Bible which his wife had used.

“I meant to take it with me to my last abode,” he said, “but it will be better preserved in your hands.”

When Ilse returned she seated herself in her room and the maids and workwomen of the house entered one after another. She took leave of each of them separately and spoke to them once more of what each had most at heart, gave comfort and good advice, and a small keepsake from her little store. In the evening she sat between her father and lover. The tutor had taught the children some verses; Clara brought the bridal wreath, and the little brother appeared as a guardian angel; but when he began his speech he burst out sobbing, concealed his head in Ilse’s lap and would not be comforted.

When at bed-time they had all left, Ilse for the last time sat in her chair in the sitting room. When her father prepared to retire, she handed him a candle. The father put it down and paced up and down without speaking. At last he began :

“Your room, Ilse, shall remain unchanged. Should you return to us you shall find it as you left it. No one can replace you here. No one can be what you have been to your brothers, sisters, and to your father. I give you up with sorrow to enter upon a life which is unknown to us both. Good night, my beloved child. Heaven’s blessing upon you. God guard your noble heart. Be brave, Ilse, for life is full of trials.”

He drew her to him and she wept quietly on his breast.

The following day the morning sun shone through the windows of the old wooden church upon the place

before the altar. Again Ilse's head was surrounded by a heavenly radiance and the countenance of the man into whose hand the old pastor laid that of his favorite beamed with happiness. The children of the house and the workwomen of the farm strewed flowers. Ilse, with her wreath and veil, stepped over the last flowers of the garden, looking heavenward. From the arms of her father and sisters, amid the loudly expressed blessings of Mrs. Rollmaus and the gently-murmured prayer of the old Pastor, her husband helped her into the carriage. Another hurrah from the people, one more glance at the old home, and Ilse pressed the hand of her husband and clung closely to him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE FIRST GREETINGS OF THE CITY.

THE leaves were falling in the woods around the city. Ilse stood at the window thinking of her home. The wreaths over the door were faded, the linen and clothes were stowed away in the presses, her own life glided on so quietly, while all around her was noise and bustle. Her husband was sitting in the next room over his work ; no sound but the rustling of the leaves as he turned them penetrated through the door and at times the clattering of plates in the kitchen which was close by. Her dwelling was very pretty, but hedged in on all sides ; at one side the narrow street ; behind was the neighboring house, with many windows for curious eyes ; toward the wood, also, the horizon was shut in by grey trunks and towering branches. From the distance, the hum and cries of the busy town sounded in her ear from morning till night ; above were

to be heard the tones of a pianoforte, and on the pavement the unceasing tread of the passers-by, wagons rolling and loud voices quarreling. However long she looked out of the window, there were always new people and unknown faces, many beautiful equipages and, on the other hand, many poor people. Ilse thought that every passer-by who wore fashionable attire must be a person of distinction, and when she saw a shabby dress she thought how heavily life pressed upon the poor here. But all were strangers to her; even those who dwelt near, and could watch her proceedings on all sides, had little intercourse with her, and if she inquired concerning individuals, the inmates of her house could give but scanty account of them. All was strange and cold and all was an endless tumult. Ilse felt in her dwelling as if she were on a small island in a stormy sea, and the strange life caused her much anxiety.

But, however gigantic and noisy the town seemed to Ilse, it was at bottom a friendly monster. Nay, it fostered perhaps, rather than otherwise, a secret inclination to poetic feelings and to private courtesy. It was true that the stern burgomasters had given up the custom of welcoming distinguished strangers with wine and fish, but still they sent their first morning greeting through their winged protégés, which had already delighted Ilse's father. The pigeons flew round Ilse's window, crowded against the panes and picked at the wood till Ilse strewed some food for them. When Gabriel removed the breakfast, he could not refrain from taking some credit for this to himself :

“I have for some weeks past scattered food before the window, thinking it would be agreeable to you to see the pigeons.”

And when Ilse looked at him gratefully, he continued ingenuously :

“For I also came from the country, and when I first went to the barracks I shared my rations with a strange poodle.”

But the town took care that other birds should become intimate with the lady from the country. On the very first day that Ilse went out alone (it was an unpleasant walk, for she could scarcely resist stopping before the showy shop-windows, and she colored when people looked boldly in her face), she had found some poor children in front of a confectioner's, who looked longingly through the windows at the pastry ; this longing look had touched her and she entered and distributed cakes among them. Since then, it happened that every noon there was a slight ringing at Ilse's door, and little children, in tattered clothes, produced empty cans, which were filled and carried home, to the great vexation of Mr. Hummel, who could not approve of such encouragement to rogues.

When Ilse, on the evening of her arrival, was taken by her husband into her room, she found a beautiful cover spread over her table, a masterpiece of fancy-work, and on it a card, with the word WELCOME. Gabriel stated that Miss Laura had brought this present. The first visit, therefore, on the following morning was made to those who occupied the lower story. When Ilse entered the sitting-room of the Hummel family, Laura sprang up blushing, and stood embarrassed before the Professor's wife ; her whole soul went out to the stranger, but there was something in Ilse's demeanor that inspired her with awe. Ah ! the much longed-for one was undoubtedly noble and dignified, even more so than Laura had expected ; and she



felt herself so very insignificant and awkward that she shyly received Ilse's warm thanks and drew back some steps, leaving it to her mother to do the talking. But she did not weary of gazing at the beautiful woman and, in imagination, adorning her figure with the finest costumes of the tragic stage.

Laura declared to her mother that she would like to make the return visit alone, and on the first suitable day stole upstairs in the twilight hour with beating heart,—yet determined to have a good talk. But, as accident would have it, immediately after her arrival the Doctor entered, much to the disturbance of the general peace, and consequently there was nothing but a fragmentary conversation, and hackneyed commonplaces which were very unsatisfactory. She took leave, angry with the Doctor and dissatisfied with herself because she had found nothing better to say.

Since then the new lodger upstairs became an object of incessant and secret adoration to Laura. After dinner she placed herself at the window, watching for the hour when Ilse went out with her husband. Then she watched her from behind the curtains with admiration. She would often flit across the hallway and about the door of the lodgers. But when Ilse appeared in the distance she would hide, or if she met her she would make a deep courtesy and, on the spur of the moment, could only think of ordinary things to say. She was much troubled lest her pianoforte playing might disturb her, and inquired at what hours it would be least annoying to her; and, one day when that nuisance of a red dog had snarled at Ilse and had maliciously bitten at her dress, she was so angry that she took her parasol and drove the monster downstairs.

In her mother's name—for she could not venture



upon it in her own—she began a campaign of small attentions against the tenants of the upper floor. When venders offered their tempting wares for the kitchen, Laura would frequently disappoint Mr. Hummel's epicurean tastes; for she regularly sent the young geese and fat hens upstairs, till at last the servant, Susan, became so bitter at this preference of the lodgers that she besought the aid of Mrs. Hummel. One day Laura learnt from Gabriel that the Professor's wife had asked for a certain kind of apple; Laura hastened to the market and searched till she found a little basket of them and brought them home; and this time she compelled even Mr. Hummel himself to send up the basket with many compliments. Ilse was pleased with these household courtesies, but did not guess the secret source.

“There is one class of people of whom I am much afraid,” said Ilse to her husband; “and that is the students. When I was scarcely grown up and on a visit to an aunt, I saw a whole company of them march through the gates with their great swords, hats with plumes, and velvet coats. They were so wild that I did not venture into the streets all that day. As I am now to associate with these fierce fellows, I shall not exactly be afraid of them, but still they make me uneasy.”

“They are not at all so bad,” said the Professor, consolingly; “you will soon get accustomed to them.”

Notwithstanding this, Ilse awaited the first visit of the students with much anxiety.

It happened that one morning the bell rang just when the Professor was detained at the University library, and Gabriel and the maid had been sent out. Ilse opened the door herself. A young man whose

colored cap and black map under his arm proclaimed him a student, started back in surprise. He looked quite different from what she expected, being without ostrich feather or sword, and his face was pale and thin ; yet Ilse felt respect for the learned young man, at the same time dreading that the rude nature of his class might suddenly break out. She was, however, a brave woman and took a practical view of the visit. As long as the misfortune has come I must be courteous. "You wish to speak to my husband ; he is not at home at present. Will you have the kindness to walk in ?"

The student, a poor philologist who was a candidate for a scholarship, was thrown into great alarm at the majestic being who stood before him. He made many bows and did not venture to refuse. Ilse took him into the parlor, motioned him to an arm-chair and asked whether she could be of any service to him. The poor fellow became still more embarrassed and Ilse was also infected by his discomfiture. She made an effort, however, to begin a conversation, and inquired whether he belonged to the city. This was not the case. From what country did he come ? she also was a stranger. He proved to be from her own province—not indeed close to her home, but within ten miles of it ; he had, therefore, from his earliest youth looked on the same mountains and knew the dialect of her country and the songs of the birds. Now she moved nearer to him and made him converse, till at last they chatted together like old friends. At length Ilse said : "My husband will probably not be home for some time ; I should not like to deprive him of the pleasure of seeing you. May we have the pleasure of your company at dinner next Sunday ?"

Surprised and with expressions of thanks the student arose to take leave and was accompanied to the door by Ilse. But he had been so confused by the adventure that he had forgotten his portfolio. Again he rang the bell diffidently. Again he stood embarrassed at the door and with many excuses asked for his portfolio.

Ilse was pleased with this meeting and with having so well overcome her first difficulty. She called out joyfully to her husband when he came to the door, "Felix, the first student has been here."

"Indeed," answered the husband, in no wise disturbed by the announcement; "what is his name?"

"I do not know his name, but he wore a red cap and said he was not a freshman. I was not at all afraid and I asked him to dinner for Sunday."

"Well," replied the Professor, "if you do that to everyone our house will soon be full."

"Was it not right?" asked Ilse, troubled. "I saw that he was not one of the principal ones, but I wished, on your account, to do too much rather than too little."

"Never mind," said the Professor; "we will not forget that he was the first one to look into your dear face."

Sunday came, and with it, at the hour of noon, the student, who had on this occasion paid exceptional attention to his toilet. But Ilse, observing the demeanor of her husband toward the student, maintained a quiet, motherly dignity. In accordance with this she gave him a second helping of the roast and provided him with quantities of vegetables. This kindly treatment and several glasses of wine, the last of which was poured out by Ilse, strengthened the heart of the

student and raised him above the petty things of earthly life. After dinner the Professor conversed with the Doctor on some learned subjects. But Ilse kindly kept up a conversation with the young gentleman and put him so much at his ease that he began to speak of his family affairs. Then the student became confiding and pathetic and began some very sorrowful disclosures. In the first place, naturally, that he had no money ; then he ventured to add the painful confession of a tender attachment for the daughter of a lawyer who lived in the same house with him, and whom he had secretly worshiped for a whole year and expressed it in poetry. But at last the father interposed ; he, with a tyranny peculiar to magistrates, forbade the acceptance of the poems by his daughter and contrived to remove the student from the house. Since that time the heart of the student had been an abyss of despair ; no longer did any poem—they were sonnets—penetrate to the secluded beloved one. Nay, he even had grounds to believe that she too despised him ; for she attended balls, and only the previous evening he had seen her with flowers in her hair alighting from her father's carriage at a brilliantly lighted house. Sorrowfully he had stood at the door of the house among the spectators ; but she had glided past him smiling and beaming. Now he wandered about in despair and alone, weary of his life and full of dismal thoughts, concerning which he gave gloomy intimations. Finally, he asked Ilse's permission to send her these poems which expressed the condition of his heart. Ilse, of course, consented, with expressions of sincere compassion.

The student took his leave and the next morning Ilse received a package with a very respectful letter,

by post, in which he excused himself for not sending her all the poetical pieces which would place his misfortune in the right light, as he had not copies of them ready. Enclosed with them was a sonnet to Ilse herself, very tender and full of reverence, in which it was clearly the secret intention of the student to make Ilse the mistress of his dreams in the place of his unfaithful love.

Ilse, somewhat embarrassed, laid this enclosure on the writing-table of her husband.

“If I have done wrong, Felix, tell me.”

The Professor laughed.

“I will send him back his poem myself ; that will cool his ardor. You know now that it is dangerous to receive the confidence of a student. The poems, by the way, are poorer than need be.”

“Thus I have had a lesson,” said Ilse, “which I have brought upon myself ; for the future I will be more cautious.”

But she could not so easily banish the recollection of the student.

Every afternoon, when the weather was favorable, Ilse went at the same hour with her husband to the adjacent wood. The happy couple sought out lonely by-paths, where the branches were more thickly intertwined and the green carpet beneath contrasted gaily with the yellow leaves. Then Ilse thought of the trees on her father's estate ; and the conversation with her husband always reverted to her father, brothers, and sisters, and to the latest news she had had from home. In the meadow which extended from the last buildings of the town to the wood there stood a bench under a large bush ; from there could be seen the hostile houses in the foreground and behind them the

gables and towers of the city. When Ilse came upon the place the first time, she was pleased at the sight of her own windows and the surrounding gloomy towers, and it led her to think of the seat in the cave, from which she had so often looked on her father's house ; she sat down on the bench, drew out the letters which she had just received from her brothers and sisters, and read to her husband the simple sentences in which they reported the latest events on the farm. From that time forth this became her favorite resting-place, as she and her husband bent their steps homeward.

The day after the reception of the student's package, on arriving at the bench, she saw a small nosegay lying on it ; she picked it up with curiosity ; a delicately folded note of rose-colored paper was appended to it, with this inscription : "A greeting from B." After this as many stars as there were letters in the name of her father's country-place. Surprised, she handed the note to the Professor. He opened it and read these unpretentious lines :—

The little dwarves in their stone-built bower,  
Have written the rhyme on this card.  
They send from thy father's home a flower,  
With their heart-felt, innermost regard.

"That is meant for you," he said, in astonishment.

"How delightful !" exclaimed Ilse.

"The '*dwarf*' must certainly be a joke of the Doctor," decided the Professor ; "truly, he has well disguised his handwriting."

Ilse, delighted, pinned on the nosegay.

"When the Doctor comes this evening he shall not find out that we have discovered him."

The Professor dilated upon the droll idea of his

friend and Ilse, who before had looked upon the Doctor with secret distrust, heartily agreed.

But when, in the evening, the Doctor feigned the greatest nonchalance, he was jestingly scolded for his art of dissimulation and loaded with thanks. When, however, he firmly declared that the nosegay and verse did not come from him, fruitless discussion arose as to the author, and the Professor began to look very serious.

A few days later the offering in the wood was repeated; another nosegay lay on the bench with the same address and a verse. Again did Ilse endeavor gently to maintain, that there had been collusion on the part of the Doctor, but the Professor rejected that and put the rose-colored note in his pocket. Ilse took the nosegay with her, but this time did not place it in her girdle. When the Doctor came the adventure was again discussed.

“It can be no one but the little student,” said Ilse, much distressed.

“That I fear, also,” said the Professor, and related to the Doctor Ilse’s annoyance at the confidential package from the devotee of the muses. “Harmless as the thing appears in itself, it still has a serious aspect. These addresses imply close watching, which is anything but agreeable, and such activity and assiduity may lead the adorer to still greater daring. He must be checked. I will endeavor to-morrow to convince him of his error.”

“And if he should deny the act,” interposed the Doctor. “You should at least make this impossible. As the nosegay has escaped the observation of others passing by, it has probably been laid there the last moment before your appearance, which would not be

difficult to do, as you always pass at the same hour. We must endeavor to surprise the daring man."

"I will go alone to-morrow," said the Professor.

"You ought not to watch a student in the wood," said the Doctor, decidedly. "Besides, if your wife remains at home the nosegay will probably not lie on the bench. Leave the affair to me. Go out as usual to-morrow and the following days and I shall watch the place from some other point."

This being settled, the Professor took both the small nosegays from the glass and threw them out of the window.

On the following day, a quarter of an hour before his friends started, the Doctor went to the wood, disguised in a grey coat and dark hat, in order to fall upon the presumptuous versifier from his hiding-place; he undertook to chastise the offender so that the Professor would be spared any personal interference. He found a good place just opposite the bench, where the dense beech foliage would conceal the hunter from his game. There he placed himself in a good position, drew a large opera-glass from his pocket and fixed his eyes attentively on the bench in question. The bench was still empty; the few pedestrians passed it by with indifference; the time seemed long; the Doctor looked for half an hour through the glasses, until his eyes began to ache, but he persevered. His place was well chosen; the offender could not escape. Suddenly, just as his eyes accidentally glanced toward Mr. Hummel's house, he saw the garden gate open; something dark passed out between the trees and came toward the bench out of the thicket, looked cautiously round, passed by the bench and disappeared again among the trees and through the hostile garden gate. An expression of in-



finite astonishment was depicted on the countenance of the Doctor ; he closed his opera glass and laughed quietly to himself ; then adjusted the glasses again, and peered after the vanished figure. He shook his head and fell into deep thought. He listened and heard the quiet steps of two promenaders. The Professor and Ilse came out of the wood. They stopped a few steps from the bench and looked at the fatal nosegay which lay there so innocently. The Doctor burst out from the copse, laughing, took up the nosegay, and, offering it to Ilse, said :

“It is not the student.”

“Who then ?” asked the Professor, uneasily.

“That I cannot tell,” replied the Doctor ; “but the affair is harmless—the nosegay is from a lady.”

“Seriously ?” asked the Professor.

“You may depend upon it,” replied Fritz, convincingly. “It is from some one whom we both know and your wife need not hesitate to accept the greetings. It is given with the best intentions.”

“Have the townspeople so many verses and secrets ?” asked Ilse, curiously, taking the flowers with a light heart.

Again there was guessing : they could not find any one on whom they could fix it.

“I am glad that the mystery is thus solved,” said the Professor ; “but tell your poetess that such missives might easily fall into bad hands.”

“I have no influence over her,” replied the Doctor ; “but whatever may have put it into her head to do this, it will not always remain a secret.”

At last came the long-wished-for hour in which Laura was to have a private meeting with the distinguished stranger, as Ilse up to this day was des-

ignated in the private memoirs. Her mother had gone out when Ilse entered the sitting-room to ask a household question. Laura gave the information, gained courage and at last ventured to request Ilse to go with her into the garden. There they sat together under the last rays of an October sun and interchanged opinions concerning the boat, the Chinese temple and the passers-by. Finally, Laura respectfully took Ilse's hand and drew her into a corner of the garden to show her a great rarity—the abandoned nest of a hedge-sparrow. The birds had long flown away and the remains of the nest still hung on the half-bare branches.

“Here they were,” cried Laura, impressively; “charming little creatures; there were five speckled eggs there and they reared their little ones successfully. I was in mortal terror all the time on account of the cats that prowl about here.”

“You have never lived in the country,” said Ilse. People here in the city are delighted if they can only keep one poor little sparrow in their garden. At home they chirruped, sang and flew about in all the trees; and unless there was something unusual about them, one took no particular notice of them. Here each little creature is valued and cared for, even the sparrows. The first morning I was here I was shocked at the sight of these poor creatures; they are not to be compared to their brothers in the country, their feathers are bristly and uneven, and their whole bodies are black and sooty, like charcoal-burners. I would gladly have taken a sponge to wash the whole lot.”

“It would be of no use; they would become black again,” said Laura, despondingly. “It is caused by the soot in the gutters.”

“Does one become so dusty and is one so roughly

handled in the city? That is sad. It is certainly much more beautiful in the country." As Ilse softly acknowledged this, her eyes moistened involuntarily with the thought of the distant woody hills. "I am only a stranger here," she added more cheerfully. "The city would be very pleasant if there were not so many people: they annoy me with their staring, whenever I go out alone."

"I will accompany you if you like," said Laura, delighted; I shall always be ready."

This was a kind offer and was thankfully accepted. Laura, in her great joy, ventured to ask Ilse to go with her into her private room. They ascended to the upper story. There the little sofa, the ivy screen, the shepherd and shepherdess, were duly admired, and finally the new piano.

"Will you play something for me?" asked Ilse. "I cannot play at all. We had an old piano but I learnt only a few tunes from my dear mother for the children to dance to."

Laura took a piece of music, the first leaf of which was beautifully ornamented with gilded elves and lilies, and played the "Elfin Waltz," secretly trembling, but with great execution; and she explained, laughingly, with a shake of her black locks, the passages where the spirits came fluttering in and mysteriously chattered together. Ilse was highly delighted.

"How quickly your little fingers fly," she said, regarding Laura's delicate hand with admiration. "See how large my hand is in comparison and how hard the skin—that comes from doing housework."

Laura looked entreatingly at her. "If I might only hear you sing."

“I can sing nothing but hymns and some old country songs.”

“Oh, do sing them,” begged Laura. “I will endeavor to accompany you.”

Ilse began an old melody and Laura tried a modest accompaniment and listened with transport to the rich sound of Ilse’s voice ; she felt her heart tremble under the swelling tones and ventured to join in the last verse.

After this she searched for a song which was known to both, and, when they succeeded tolerably in singing together, Laura clapped her hands enthusiastically, and they determined to practice some easy songs to surprise the Professor.

In the course of conversation Ilse confessed that she had seldom heard a concert, and occasionally when visiting in the neighborhood, had seen a play, but only one opera.

“The piece was called the *Freischütz*,” said Ilse ; “the heroine was the forester’s daughter, and she had a friend just as merry, with beautiful locks and frank eyes like yours ; and the man whom she loved lost his faith in the gracious protection of heaven, and in order to obtain the girl he denied God and surrendered himself to the Evil One. That was fearful ; her heart became heavy and a foreboding came over her ; but she did not lose her strength of mind, nor her trust in help from above ; and her faith saved her lover, over whom the Evil One had already stretched out his hand.”

Then she accurately described the whole dramatic course of the action.

“It was enchanting,” she said. “I was very young, and when I came back to our hotel I could not com-

pose myself and my father was obliged to scold me.”

Laura listened, sitting on a footstool at Ilse's feet; she held her hand fast and heard her account as a child listens to a tale she already knows.

“How well you describe it; 'tis as if one was reading a poem.”

“Ah, no,” exclaimed Ilse, shaking her head; “this compliment is just what I do not in the least deserve. I have never in my life made a verse and I am so prosaic that I do not know how my unpolished nature will adapt itself to the town, for here they write verses; they hum about in the air like flies in summer.”

“What do you mean?” asked Laura, hanging her head.

“Only think, even I, a stranger, have received verses!”

“That is quite natural,” said Laura, folding her handkerchief to conceal her confusion.

“I have found little nosegays on the bench in the park, with dear little poems, and the name of my home given by a letter and stars. See, first a large B, and then——”

Laura, in her delight at this account, looked up, from her handkerchief. Her cheeks were suffused with color. There was a roguish smile in her eyes.

Ilse looked at the beaming countenance and, as she spoke, guessed that she was the giver.

Laura bent down to kiss her hand, but Ilse raised the curly head, threatening her with her finger and kissing her.

“You are not angry with me,” said Laura, “for being so bold?”

“It was very sweet and kind of you, but you must

know that it caused us a great deal of uneasiness. The Doctor discovered you, but he did not tell us your name."

"The Doctor?" exclaimed Laura, starting up. "Must that man always interfere where I am concerned!"

"He kept your secret faithfully. Now I may tell my husband all about it, may I not? but, between ourselves, he was very much displeased for a time."

This was a triumph for Laura. Again she seated herself at Ilse's feet and archly begged her to relate what the Professor had said.

"That would not be right," answered Ilse, gravely; "that is his secret."

Thus an hour passed in pleasant talk till the clock struck, and Ilse rose hastily. "My husband will wonder where I have disappeared to," said she. "You are a dear girl. If you like we will become good friends."

Ah! that pleased Laura very much. She accompanied her visitor to the staircase, and on the step it occurred to her that she had forgotten the principal thing she wanted to say; her room was directly above that of the Professor's wife, and when Ilse opened the window she could communicate quickly with her by signals. Just as Ilse was about to close her door, Laura ran down once more in order to express her joy that Ilse had granted her this hour.

Laura returned to her room, paced up and down with rapid steps, and snapped her fingers like one who has won the great prize in a lottery. She confided to her journal her account of the consecrated hour, and of every word that Ilse had spoken, and concluded with verses:

“ I found thee, pure one ! Now my dream will live.  
 And tho' 'twixt joy and pain thy soul may pine,  
 I touch thy garment's hem and homage give,  
 And lovingly thee in my heart enshrine.”

Then she seated herself at the piano and played with impassioned expression the melody which Ilse had sung to her. And Ilse below heard this heartfelt outburst of thanks for her visit.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A DAY OF VISITS.

A CARRIAGE drove up to the door. Ilse entered her husband's study, attired for her first visit. “ Look at me,” she said ; “ do I look all right ? ”

“ Very well,” cried the Professor, joyfully, scanning his wife. But it was well that everything was as it should be without his help, for in matter of the toilet the critical eye of the Professor was of doubtful value.

“ Now I begin a new game,” continued Ilse, “ such as the children used to play at home. I am to knock at your friends' doors and call out, Halloa, halloa ! and when the ladies ask, Who is there ? I shall answer, as in the game :

“ I am a poor, poor beggar-maid,  
 And what I want is this :  
 For me I want a piece of bread ;  
 For my husband I want a kiss.”

“ Well, so far as the kisses are concerned that I am to dispense to the wives of my colleagues,” replied the Professor, putting on his gloves, “ I should, on the whole, be obliged to you if you would take that business upon yourself.”

“ Ah, you men are very strict,” said Ilse ; “ my little Franz also always refuses to play the game, be-

cause he would not kiss the stupid girls. I only hope that I'll not disgrace you."

They drove through the streets. On the way the Professor gave his wife an account of the persons and the particular branch of learning of each of his colleagues to whom he was taking her.

"Let us visit pleasant people first," he said. "Yonder lives Professor Raschke, our professor of philosophy, and a dear friend of mine. I hope his wife will please you."

"Is he very famous," asked Ilse, laying her hand on her beating heart.

The carriage stopped before a low dwelling at the further end of the suburb. Gabriel hastened into the house to announce the visitors; finding the kitchen empty, he knocked at the parlor-door, and, finally, being experienced in the customs of the family, opened the entrance into the court yard. "Professor Raschke and his wife are in the garden."

The visitors passed through a narrow yard into a kitchen-garden, which the owner of the house had given his lodger permission to walk in, to get the benefit of the air. The couple were walking along the path under the noon-sun of an autumn day. The lady carried a little child on her arm; the husband held a book in his hand, from which he was reading to his companion. In order, however, to do as much family duty as possible, the Professor had fastened the pole of a baby carriage to his belt and thus drew a second child after him. The backs of the couple were turned to the guests and they moved slowly forward, listening and reading aloud.

"An encounter in the narrow path is not desi-



rable," said Felix; "we must wait until they turn round the square and face us."

It was some time before the procession overcame the hindrances of the journey, for the Professor in the eagerness of reading, sometimes stopped to explain, as might be seen from the motion of his hands. Ilse examined the appearance of the strange pedestrians with curiosity. The wife was pale and delicate; one could perceive that she had recently left a sick bed. The man had a nobly formed, intellectual face, about which hung long dark hair with a sprinkling of gray upon it. They had come close to the guests, when the wife turned her eyes from her husband and perceived the visitors.

"What a pleasure!" cried the Philosopher, dropping his book into the great pocket of his coat. "Good morning, my dear colleague. Ha! that is our dear Professor's wife. Unhitch me from the carriage, Aurelia; the family bonds hamper me."

The unhitching took some time, as the hands of the mistress of the house were not free, and Professor Raschke by no means kept still, but struggled forward, and had already seized with both hands those of his colleague and wife.

"Come into the house, my dear guests," he exclaimed, striding forward with long steps, while Felix introduced his wife to the lady. Professor Raschke forgot his baby carriage, which Ilse lifted over the threshold and rolled into the hall. There she took up the neglected child from its seat and both ladies entered the room with a diminutive chip of philosophy in their arms, exchanging their first friendly greetings, while the little one in Ilse's arms lustily swung his rattle, and the youngest child on the arm of its mother

began to scream. Meanwhile colleague Raschke went about clearing the room, removed books and papers from the sofa, shook faded sofa-cushions into form, which emitted clouds of dust, and cordially invited his guests to be seated.

At length the confusion subsided. Ilse played with the child on her lap, while Mrs. Raschke after a disappearance for a moment came back without the screaming infant. She sat shyly by Ilse, but asked her friendly questions in a gentle voice. The lively Philosopher, however, was always interrupting the conversation of the ladies; he stroked the hand of the Professor, while he nodded in the direction of his wife. "This is quite right; I rejoice that you accustom yourself to our mode of life while still so young, for our wives have not an easy time of it—their outer life is limited and they have many demands made upon them at home. We are often wearisome companions, difficult to deal with, peevish, morose, and perverse." He shook his head disapprovingly over the character of the world of learning, but his face smiled with genuine pleasure.

The end of the visit was hastened by the baby, who began to cry piteously in the next room.

"Are you going already?" said the Philosopher to Ilse; "this cannot be counted as a visit. You please me much, and you have true eyes; and I see that you have a kind disposition, and that is everything. All we want is, in the face a good mirror through which the images of life are reflected fully and purely, and in the heart an enduring flame which will communicate its warmth to others. Whoever has that will do well, even if it is her fate to be the wife as you are, of

a sedentary student, and as is this poor mother of five screaming young ones."

Again he strode rapidly about, fetched an old hat from the corner and handed it to the wife of his colleague. Ilse laughed.

"Oh, I see. It is a gentleman's hat," said Professor Raschke; "perhaps it belongs to your husband."

"I also am provided with one," said the Professor.

"Then it must be my own after all," said Raschke; and jamming the hat on his head, he accompanied his guests to the carriage.

For some time Ilse sat in the carriage dumb with astonishment. "Now I have regained my courage, Felix; the professors are still less alarming than the students."

"All will not receive you so warmly," answered the Professor. "He who comes next is my colleague Struvelius; he teaches Greek and Latin, as I do; he is not one of my intimate acquaintances, but is a thorough scholar."

This time it was a house in the city; the apartments were a little more ancient than in Ilse's new dwelling. This professor's wife wore a black silk dress, and was sitting before a writing-table covered with books and papers; a delicate lady, of middle age, with a small but clever face and an extraordinary coiffure; for her short hair was combed behind her ears in one large roll of curl, which gave her a certain resemblance to Sappho or Corinne, so far as a comparison is allowable with ladies of antiquity, the growth of whose hair is by no means satisfactorily ascertained.

Mrs. Struvelius arose slowly and greeted the visitors with haughty demeanor; she expressed her pleasure to Ilse and then turned to the Professor. "I have

to-day commenced reading the work of colleague Raschke and I admire the deep thought of the man.”

“His writings are delightful,” replied the Professor, “because in all of them we discover a thorough and pure-minded man.”

I agree with your premise and consequent conclusion in this particular instance, but with regard to the general proposition you assert, allow me to say that many works that form an epoch in literature would have no great excellence, if it were necessary to be a perfect man in order to write a good book.”

Ilse looked timidly at the learned lady who had ventured to oppose her husband.

“Yet we will come to an agreement,” continued the Professor’s wife, fluently, as if she were reading from a book. “It is not requisite for every valuable work that its author should be a man of character, but he who truly has this noble qualification, would be unlikely to produce anything which would have an unfavorable influence on his branch of learning; undoubtedly the weaknesses of a learned work originate more frequently than one supposes in the author’s weakness of character.”

The Professor nodded assentingly.

“For,” she continued, “the position which a scholar assumes with respect to the great questions of the day, affecting his branch of learning—nay, with respect even to the advantages and deficiencies of his method—may generally be explained from his character. You have always lived in the country,” she said, turning to Ilse. “It would be instructive to me to learn what impression you have received of the mutual relations of people in the town.”

“I have met but few as yet,” rejoined Ilse, timidly.

“Of course,” said Mrs. Struvelius. “But I mean that you will observe with surprise that near neighborhood does not always imply intimate intercourse. But Struvelius must be told you are here.”

She rose, opened the door of the next room, and standing bolt upright by the door, called out :

“Professor and Mrs. Werner !”

A slight murmur and the hasty rustling of leaves of a book were heard in the adjoining room. The wife closed the door and continued :

“For after all we live among many and associate with few. In the city we choose from among many individuals with a certain arbitrariness. One might have more acquaintance than one has, but even this feeling gives you confidence, and such confidence is more easily acquired in town than in the country.”

The side door opened. Professor Struvelius entered with an absent-minded manner. He had a sharp nose, thin lips and wore an unusual style of head dress. For his hair stood so peculiarly after its own fashion, that one was justified in assuming that the head gear was hereditary and had suggested the name of the family. He bowed slightly, pushed a chair forward and seated himself in it silently—probably his thoughts were still occupied with his Greek historian. Ilse suffered from the conviction that the visit was an inopportune interruption and that it was a great condescension on the part of his wife to speak to her at all.

“Are you musical ?” said Mrs. Struvelius, inquisitively.

“I can hardly say so,” answered Ilse.

“I am glad of it,” said the hostess, moving opposite to her and examining her with her sharp eyes. “From my estimate of you, I should think you could

not be musical. The art of music makes us weak and leads too frequently to an imperfect state of existence."

Felix endeavored, with little success, to make the Professor take part in the conversation; and the visitors soon rose. On taking leave, Mrs. Struvelius stretched the lower part of her arm in a rectangular line toward Ilse and said, with a solemn pressure of the hand:

"Pray feel yourself at home with us." And the words of her husband, bidding them adieu, were cut short by the closing of the door.

"What do you say now?" said the Professor, as they drove away.

"Ah, Felix, I feel very insignificant; my courage has left me, I would rather return home."

"Be composed," said the husband, consolingly; "you are going about to-day as if you were at a fair, looking over the contents of the tables. What does not please you, you need not buy. The next visit is to our historian, a worthy man, who is one of the good genii of our University. His daughter also is an amiable young lady."

A servant opened the door and conducted them into the reception-room. There were some good landscapes on the wall; a pianoforte, a pretty flower stand, with rare plants, well arranged and taken care of. The daughter entered hastily; she had a delicate face with beautiful dark eyes. A stately old gentleman with a distinguished air followed her. He looked something like a high official, only his lively way of speaking showed him to be a man of learning. Ilse was warmly and heartily welcomed. The old gentleman seated himself near her and began an easy con-

versation, and Ilse soon felt herself as comfortable as with an intimate acquaintance. She was also reminded of her home, for he asked :

“Are any of the remains of the old monastery at Rossau still preserved ?”

Felix looked up with curiosity, and Ilse answered :  
“Only the walls ; the interior is rebuilt.”

“It was one of the oldest ecclesiastical foundations of your region, and has stood many centuries, and undoubtedly exercised influence over a wide district. It is remarkable that the records of the monastery are almost all wanting, and all other accounts or notices, so far as I know, are very scanty. One may suppose that much still lies in concealment there.”

Ilse observed how the countenance of her husband lighted up ; but he replied, quietly :

“In the place itself, my inquiries were in vain.”

“That is possible,” agreed the Historian. “Perhaps the documents have been taken to the seat of government, and lie there unused.”

Thus passed one visit after another. Next came the Rector, a Professor of Medicine, an agreeable man of the world, who kept up an elegant establishment. His wife was a plump, active lady, with restless, inquiring eyes. Then came the Secretary of the theological Consistory, a tall, thin gentleman with a sweet smile ; his wife, too, was over-proportioned in everything,—in nose, mouth, and hospitality. The last was the Mineralogist, a clever young man with a very pretty wife ; they had only been married a few months. While the young women, seated on the sofa, were rapidly becoming acquainted, Ilse was for the second time surprised by a question from the Professor :

“Your home is not without interest for my department. Is there not a cave in the neighborhood?”

Ilse colored and looked again at her husband.

“It is on my father’s estate.”

“Indeed! I am just now at work on a new discovery that has been made on your estate,” exclaimed the Mineralogist.

He produced a stone of remarkably radiated structure.

“This is a very rare mineral that has been discovered in the neighborhood of the cave; it was sent me by an apothecary of the province.”

He told her the name of the mineral, and spoke of the stone of which the cave was formed, and the rock on which her father’s house stood, just as if he had been there himself, and made Ilse describe the lines of the hills and the quarries of the neighborhood. He listened attentively to her clear answers, and thought the geological structure of the estate very remarkable.

Ilse was delighted and exclaimed:

“We imagined that no one in the world cared about us; but I see the learned gentlemen know more about our country than we ourselves do.”

“We know, at least, how to find something more precious than fragments of rock there,” replied the Professor courteously.

After their return home, Ilse entered her husband’s room, where he had already sat down to his work.

“Let me remain with you to-day, Felix? My head is confused with all the persons to whom you have taken me; I have seen so much within one day, and have had so much friendliness shown me by clever and distinguished men. The learned lady frightened me most; and, Felix, it is perhaps wrong in me to



say so, for she is much more clever and refined, but I found a resemblance in her to a good old acquaintance of ours."

"Mrs. Rollmaus," assented the Professor. "But this lady is in reality very clever," he added.

"Heaven grant," said Ilse, "that she may be equally true-hearted! But I feel terrified at her learning. I like the other ladies, and the husbands still better. There is something noble about almost all of them, they converse wonderfully well, they are unconstrained and seem to have real inward happiness and gladness of heart; and naturally so, for they hover over the earth like your gods of old, and, therefore, they may well be cheerful. Ah! and there was the patched smoking jacket which dear Professor Raschke wore—moth and rust will never eat that! When I think that all these clever people have treated me with kindness and regard, solely on my husband's account, I do not know how I can thank you sufficiently. And now that I have been received into this new society, I can only ask that my entrance into it may be blessed."

"The husband stretched out his hand and drew her toward him; she clasped his head with her hands and bent over him.

"What are you working at now?" she asked, softly.

"Nothing very important; merely a treatise that I have to prepare every year for the University."

He then told her something of the contents of the work.

"And when that is finished, what then?"

"Then I must set about other tasks."

'And thus it goes on always from morning to evening, every year, till the eyes fail and the strength

breaks," said Ilse piteously. "I have a great favor to ask of you to-day, Felix. Will you show me the books which you have written—all of them?"

"All that I still possess," said the Professor, and he collected books and treatises here and there from every corner.

Ilse opened one work after another, and she found that she already knew the Latin titles of some of them by heart. The Professor became interested in this occupation, and was always finding more little treatises which he had forgotten. Ilse laid them all before her in a heap and began solemnly :

"A great crisis has now come for me. I wish to learn from you the contents of each writing as far as you are able to explain it to your wife. When I was already secretly in love with you, the children found your name in the encyclopedia ; we endeavored to read the strange titles of your books, and Mrs. Rollmaus made conjectures in her way as to the contents. Then I felt sorry that I could understand nothing of what you had done for mankind. Since that, I have always hoped the day would come when I could ask you what it was that you knew better than others, and by reason of which I should be proud of belonging to you. The hour is now come ; for to-day you have introduced me to your friends as your wife, and I want to be your wife there too where your treasure and your heart are—as far as I can."

"Dear Ilse," exclaimed the Professor, carried away by her frank dignity.

"But do not forget," continued Ilse, with emphasis, "that I understand very little, and pray have patience with me. I have arranged how I wish to have it done. Write down for me, in a note-book that I have

bought for the purpose, the titles, as they are in the foreign language and also in German, first of your earliest works and then the last. Together with this, note down what value you place on the work, and what is its importance for mankind. Underneath every work I will set down what I understand from your explanation, that I may well remember them."

She produced a note-book ; the Professor searched again for some more treatises, arranged them according to date, and wrote each title on one page of the book. Then he gave his wife some explanation of the contents of each work, and helped her to write her remarks in the note-book.

"Those in German I will endeavor to read myself," said Ilse.

Thus they both sat bending eagerly over the books, and the Professor's heart beat with pleasure at the earnestness with which his wife endeavored to understand his occupations. For it is the lot of the scholar that few look with sympathy upon his trouble, his struggles, and the worth of his work. The world regards him as a common laborer. What he has formed, with enduring strength, henceforth becomes a building-stone in the immeasurable house of learning on which all the races of the earth have been laboring for thousands of years. Hundreds of others make a foundation of it to advance their own work ; thousands of new blocks are piled upon it, and there are few to inquire who has chiseled the separate columns, and still more seldom does a stranger grasp the hand of the workman. The light works of the poet are long greeted by those in whom he has raised a cheerful smile or an exalted feeling. But the scholar seldom makes a valuable confidant or friend of his reader by his individual works. He does

not paint enchanting pictures for the imagination ; he does not flatter the yearning soul ; he demands the utmost seriousness and the closest attention from his readers, the benefit of which redounds to himself in every criticism that is made. Even where he inspires respect he remains a stranger.

And yet he is not a mere stonemason who cuts formless blocks according to prescribed measures. He works independently and contributes his own life-blood, sometimes suffering great depression, sometimes full of joy and happiness. The fruits that he proffers his age have grown from the deepest roots of his life. Therefore the honest mind that enters heartily into the labor of the learned, and not only inquires for the ultimate result of learning, but takes an interest in the inward struggle of the workman, is to him a valuable treasure, a rare happiness.—Felix now looked with emotion at his wife, who was striving to occupy this position, and tender emotions swelled the heart of the strong-minded man while he explained to her the subjects of his labors,—while he told her about the Roman *tribus* and the duties of the senate.

When all was noted down, Ilse laid her hands on the books and exclaimed :

“Here I have all. What a small space they occupy, yet they employed many laborious days and nights, and the best portion of your noble life. This has often given you flushed cheeks as you have to-day. For this you have studied till your poor brain has been on fire, and for this you have always sat in a confined room. I have hitherto looked upon books with indifference ; now for the first time I perceive what a book is, a quiet endless labor.”

“That is not to be said of all,” replied the Pro-

fessor ; "but the superior ones are more even than a labor."

He gazed lovingly on the walls along which the high book-shelves reached up to the very ceiling, so that the room looked as if papered with the backs of books.

"The great number of them quite frightens me," said Ilse, helping him to make room for his own books in a dark corner, which was now cleared for them as their resting-place. "They look so calm and composed, and yet many of them may have been written with such impassioned feeling, and have excited their readers, too."

"Yes," said her husband, "they are the great treasure-wards of the human race. They preserve all that is most valuable of what has ever been thought or discovered, from one century to another ; and they proclaim what existed once, and once only, upon the earth. Here is what was produced full a thousand years before our era, and close beside them those that have come into the world but a few weeks ago."

"Yet, from the coats that they wear, they look almost like each other," said Ilse. "I should have difficulty in distinguishing them."

The Professor explained their arrangement and led her from one book-shelf to another, pointing out those works which were his special favorites.

"And you use them all?"

"Yes, and many more at times. These that you see here are only an infinitely small portion of the books that have been printed ; for since the invention of books, almost all that we know and call learning is to be found in them. But that is not all," he con-

tinued ; “few know that a book is something more than simply a product of the creative mind, which its author sends forth as a cabinet-maker does a chair that has been ordered. There remains, indeed, attached to every human work something of the soul of the man who has produced it. But a book contains between its covers the actual soul of the man. The real value of a man to others—the best portion of his life—remains in this form for the generations that follow, and perhaps for the farthest future. Moreover, not only those who write a good book, but those whose lives and actions are portrayed in it, continue in fact living among us. We converse with them as with friends and opponents ; we admire or contend with, love or hate them, not less than if they dwelt bodily among us. The human soul that is enclosed in such a cover becomes imperishable on earth, and, therefore, we may say that the soul-life of the individual becomes enduring in books, and only the soul which is encased in a book has certain duration on earth.”

“But error persists also,” said Ilse, “and so do liars and impure spirits when they are put in books.”

“They undoubtedly do, but are refuted by better souls. Very different, certainly, is the value and import of these imperishable records. Few maintain their beauty and importance for all periods ; many are only valuable at a later time, because we ascertain from them the character and life of men in their days, while others are quite useless and ephemeral. But all books that have ever been written from the earliest to the latest, have a mysterious connection. For, observe, no one who has written a book has of himself become what he is ; every one stands on the shoulders of his predecessor ; all that was produced

before his time has helped to form his life and soul. Again, what he has produced, has in some sort formed other men, and thus his soul has passed to later times. In this way the contents of books form one great soul-empire on earth, and all who now write, live and nourish themselves on the souls of the past generations. From this point of view the soul of mankind is an immeasurable unity, which comprises every one who ever thus lived and worked, as well as those who breathe and produce new works at present. The soul, which past generations felt as their own, has been and is daily transmigrating into others. What is written to-day may to-morrow become the possession of thousands of strangers. Those who have long ago ceased to exist in the body continue to live in new forms here on earth, and daily revive in thousands of others."

"Stop," cried Ilse, entreatingly, "I am bewildered."

"I tell you this now, because I too feel myself a modest worker in this earthly soul-empire. This feeling gives me a pleasure in life which is indestructible, and it also gives me both freedom and modesty. For whoever works with this feeling, whether his powers be great or small, does so not for his own honor, but for all. He does not live for himself but for all, as all who have before existed continue to live for him."

He spoke earnestly, sitting surrounded by his books, with the setting sun casting its friendly rays on his head and on the home of his spirit—the book-shelves. And Ilse, leaning on his shoulder, said humbly: "I am yours. Teach me, form me, and make me understand what you understand."

## CHAPTER XV.

## AMONG THE LEARNED.

ILSE popped her head into her husband's study :  
“ May I interrupt you ? ”

“ Come in. ”

“ Felix, what is the difference between Fauns and Satyrs ? Here I read that Satyrs have goats' feet, but that Fauns have men's feet and little tails. ”

“ Who says that ? ” asked Felix, indignantly.

“ Why, here it is in print, ” replied Ilse. And as she spoke she showed an open book to her husband.

“ But it is not true, ” answered the Professor, as he explained the matter to her. “ The Greeks had Satyrs, the Romans Fauns. The gentleman with the goat's foot is called Pan. But how did this Bacchanalian train get into your household ? ”

“ You said yesterday that the Councillor of the Consistory had a Faun's face. Then the question arose what is a Faun's face, and what is a Faun ? Laura remembered perfectly having learnt at school that he was a fabulous creature of the Romans, and she brought the book in which these creatures are portrayed. What a wild set they are ! Why have they pointed ears like the deer, and what have you to say, if even in such things one cannot rely on your books ? ”

“ Come here, ” said Felix, “ and I will soon introduce you to the whole company. ” He selected a book of engravings and showed her the figures of the whole train of Bacchus. For a time the instruction went on well ; but then Ilse objected, saying : “ They all have very few clothes on. ”



“Art cares more for the body than for dress,” said her husband.

But Ilse at last became uneasy; she closed the book and exclaimed, coloring; “I must go; my help is needed in the kitchen to-day, as a new pudding has to be made. That is my high school, and the servant is still a novice.” She hastened out. Once more popping her head through the door, she exclaimed, “Tell your Satyrs and Fauns that I had a better opinion of them; they are very immodest.”

“They are indeed,” exclaimed Felix, “and they make no pretensions to being otherwise.”

At dinner, when Felix had sufficiently admired the pudding, Ilse, laying down her spoon, said seriously: “Do not show me such pictures again. I would like to love your heathens, but I cannot if they are like that.”

“They are not all so bad,” said her husband, consolingly; “if you like, we will this evening pay a visit to some of the notables of antiquity.”

With this day Ilse began a new period of learning. Soon a fixed hour was arranged for her husband’s explanations—the most valuable part of the day to Ilse. First the Professor gave her a short description of the great civilized nations of antiquity and the middle ages, and wrote down a few names and dates for her that she learnt by heart. He pointed out to her that the whole life of man was, in fact, nothing but an unceasing receiving, transforming, and giving forth of the materials, pictures, and impressions presented by the surrounding world; that the whole intellectual development of man is, in fact, nothing but an earnest and reverent search after truth; and that the whole of political history is, in fact, nothing but the gradual sub-

duing of that egotism which produces disunion between men and nations, by the creation of new wants, the increase of a feeling of duty and the growth of love and respect for all mankind.

After this preparation the Professor began to read the *Odyssey* aloud to her, adding short explanations. Never had poetry so grand and pure an influence upon her soul; the lively legendary style of the first part and the powerful development of the second quite captivated her heart. The characters became almost like living forms to her; she wandered, suffered, and triumphed with them—raised into a new world of more beautiful images and higher feelings. Then when the conclusion came and the long-suffering Ulysses sat opposite to his wife, the bold touches of the scene of recognition struck a secret chord in the heart of the young wife. Deep was the impression. She sat near her beloved husband, her cheeks suffused with blushes, her eyes moist with tears and modestly cast down; and when he ended she clasped her white arms round his neck and sank on his breast, lost in transport and emotion. Her soul woke up, as it were, from long repose and glowed with deep feeling. The immortal beauties of this poem cast a radiance over every hour of the day, over her language, nay, over her bearing. She took pleasure in trying to read aloud herself, and the Professor listened with heartfelt pleasure as the majestic verses rolled melodiously from her lips, and as she unconsciously imitated his mode of speech and the modulations of his voice. When in the morning he went to his lecture and she helped him to put on his brown duffel overcoat he was greeted with the pleasant rhythm of this hexameter:

“Purple and rough was the coat of the cunning and noble Ulysses.”

And when she sat opposite to him during her hour of instruction and he came to a pause, these words of admiration broke from her lips :

“ Thus thou cleverly thinkest, and wisely speakest thou always.”

And when she wished to praise herself, she murmured to the singing of the boiling kettle :

“ Even in me lives wit, to discover the good from the evil,  
Formerly though I was but a child.”

Even the estate of her dear father now seemed to her illuminated with the golden splendor of the Hellenic sun.

“ I do not understand,” said her father one evening to Clara, “ how it is possible that Ilse should so quickly have forgotten our farming customs. In her letters she speaks of the time when the cattle shall again wander in the wide plains ; she means, I suppose, the fallow fields ; for we feed our cattle in the stalls.”

\* \* \*

The north wind howled round the two neighboring houses, and covered the window panes with ice flowers ; but within doors one day followed the other with varied coloring and full of light, and each evening, more enjoyable than the other, passed over the heads of the happy couple, whether they were alone or whether the friends of the husband, the instructors of the people, sat with them at the tea-table where a simple meal was spread.

For the friends of the husband and their clever conversations are pleasant to the lady of the house. The lamp throws a festive light in Ilse's chamber, the curtains are drawn, the table well-furnished, and a decanter of wine is placed on it when the gentlemen enter. Frequently the conversation begins with trifles ;

the friends wish to show their esteem for the Professor's wife—one talks a little about concerts and another recommends a new picture or book. But sometimes they come out from the study in eager conversation; their discourse is not always quite within her comprehension, nor always very attractive, but on the whole it gives her pleasure and refreshes her mind. Then Ilse sits quietly there, her hands, which have been active in her work, fall into her lap, and she listens reverently. No one who is not a professor's wife can have any idea how charmingly the conversation of the learned flows. All can speak well, all are eager, and all have a composed manner that becomes them well. Discussion arises and they begin to argue on weighty points, their opinions clash, they contradict each other, one says that something is black, another that it is white; the first shows that he is in the right and the second refutes him and drives him into a corner. Now his wife thinks, how will he get out of this; but she need have no anxiety, he is not at a loss—by a sudden sally he gains the advantage; then the other comes with new reasons and carries the matter still further, and the others join in, they become eager and their voices are raised, and whether at last they convince one another or each remains of his own opinion—which is frequently the case—it is always a pleasure to see light thrown on difficult questions from all sides. If one of them has said something really important and arrived at the heart of the matter, it puts them all into an elevated mood; it seems as if a supernatural light had burst in on them. But the cleverest of all, and he whose opinion is listened to with the greatest respect, is always the dear husband of the lady of the house.

Ilse, however, remarked that all the learned gentlemen had not the same amiable character. Some could not bear opposition and seemed in weak moments to consider their own importance more than the advancement of truth. Again, one would only speak and would not listen, and narrowed the conversation by always returning to the point which the others had already surmounted. She discovered that even an unlearned woman could, from the discourse of the wise men, discern something of their character ; and when the guests were gone she ventured to express a modest judgment upon the learning and character of individuals, and she was proud when Felix allowed that she had judged rightly.

In such conversations the wife of the scholar learned much that to other women remained incomprehensible. Thus, for instance, there were the Roman plebeians. Few women understand what they were. The old plebeians never gave tea-parties, never played on grand pianos, never wore hoop-skirts and never read French novels. This class is a very odious institution which has been buried in the ruins of antiquity. But the wife of a philologist is informed concerning all this. It would be impossible to recount all that Ilse heard about plebeians and patricians. Silently she sympathized with the plebeians. She entirely repudiated the idea that they consisted of insignificant people and a wanton rabble, and considered them to be sturdy farmers and fearless politicians who, in unison, valiantly fought against the unjust patricians to the very end. In connection with this she thought of her father, and at times wondered whether some of her acquaintances would not have been plebeians had they been Romans. -

The gentlemen were very friendly to her and almost all had one quality which made their intercourse very pleasant—they were always willing to explain. At first Ilse did not like to admit that she knew nothing of many subjects; but one evening she seated herself by her husband and began: “I have come to one conclusion. Hitherto I have been afraid to ask questions, not because I was ashamed of my ignorance, why should I be? but on your account, that people might not remark what a silly wife you have. But if you approve of it I will now do quite otherwise, for I observe that they take pleasure in talking and will be willing to favor me with a ‘winged word,’ as Homer says.”

“Just so,” said the husband; “they will like you the better the more interest you take in them.”

“I should like to know everything about the whole world, in order to become like you. But I feel that I sadly lack the ability to comprehend it all.”

The new plan turned out admirably. Ilse soon learnt that it was easier to persuade her friends to talk than to desist from it. For they explained to her conscientiously and at great length what she wished to learn; but they sometimes forgot that the capacity of a woman who is receiving new impressions is not so fully developed as their own art of teaching.

They seemed to her to hover like gods over the earth. But they partook of the lot of the ambrosial society, for the pure peace which they infused into the hearts of mortals did not always prevail among themselves. It was Ilse’s fate that soon after her arrival, when she was beginning to feel at home, a vehement feud broke out among the immortals of Olympus.

On a dark winter’s day the stormy wind beat heav-

ily against the window, concealing the adjacent wood behind clouds of driving snow. Ilse heard in her husband's room the sharp tones of Professor Struvelius amid a weighty flow of eloquence, and at intervals the long and earnest talk of her husband. She could not distinguish the words, but the sound of the two voices was similar to the whir of bird's wings or the rival singing of the thrush and the ill-omened crow. The conversation continued a long time and Ilse wondered that Struvelius should speak at such length. When at last he was gone, Felix entered her room at an unusual hour and paced silently up and down for some time, occupied in deep thought. At last he began abruptly :

“I am placed in a position that obliges me to communicate with my colleagues regarding our manuscript.”

Ilse looked up at him inquiringly. Since her marriage there had been no talk about Tacitus.

“I thought it was your intention not to speak again of it to strangers.”

“I have unwillingly broken my silence. I had no choice but to be frank with my associate. The province of Science is extensive and it does not often happen that associates in the same university pitch upon the same work. Nay, for obvious reasons, they avoid competition. If, therefore, by accident such a coincidence occurs, the most delicate consideration should be mutually shown by members of the same institution. To-day Struvelius told me that he knew I had been occupied with Tacitus and he requested some particulars of me. He asked me about the manuscripts that I had seen and collated years ago in other countries and about the fac-simile of the characters I had made for myself.”

“Then you imparted to him what you knew?” inquired Ilse.

“I gave him what I possessed, as a matter of course,” replied the Professor. “For whatever he may do with it is sure to be a gain to learning.”

“Then he will make use of your labors for the advancement of his own! Now he will appear before the world in your plumes,” lamented Ilse.

“Whether he will make proper use of what has been given him, or misuse it, is his affair; it is my duty to have confidence in the honor of a respectable colleague. That I did not for a moment doubt; but, indeed, another idea occurred to me. He was not quite open with me: he acknowledged that he was occupied with a criticism of certain passages of Tacitus; but I feel sure that he concealed the most important particulars from me. Nothing then remained to me but to tell him plainly that I had long had a warm interest in that author, and that since last summer I had been the more attracted to him by the possibility of a new discovery. So I showed him the account which first brought me into your neighborhood. He is a philologist, like myself, and knows now of what great importance this author is to me.”

“My only consolation is,” said Ilse, “that if Struvelius wishes to disinter the manuscript in our place, a hard fate awaits him at the hands of my sensible father.”

The thought of the defiance of his stern father-in-law was consoling to the Professor, and he laughed.

“On this point I am safe; but what can he want with Tacitus?—his department was formerly not concerned with the historians. It can scarcely be imagined. But the most improbable things happen! Has,



perhaps, the lost manuscript, by any accident, been found and got into his hands? But it is folly to worry about that."

He strode vehemently up and down, and, shaking his wife's hand with great emotion, exclaimed at last:

"It is so vexatious to find oneself mastered by selfish feelings."

He again went to his work and when Ilse gently opened the door she saw him busy writing. Toward evening, however, when she looked after his lamp and announced the arrival of the Doctor, he was sitting leaning his head on his hand in moody thought. She stroked his hair gently but he scarcely noticed it.

The Doctor did not take the affair so much to heart; but was very angry, both at the secret dealings of the other and at the magnanimity of his friend, and a lively discussion ensued.

"May you never regret this frank action on your part!" exclaimed the Doctor. "The man will coin money from your silver. Believe me, he will play you a trick."

"After all," concluded the Professor thoughtfully, "it is not worth while to excite myself about it. Should he, by any improbable and unforeseen accident, really have come into possession of something new, he has a right to all the materials at hand—both to what I have collected and to my assistance, so far as it is in my power to give it. If he is only exercising his critical acumen on the existing text, all he may be able to accomplish will be insignificant as compared with our childlike expectations."

Thus imperceptibly and harmlessly did this cloud arise on the academical horizon.

A month had passed, and the Professor had often

met his colleague. It could not be deemed strange that Struvelius never let the name of Tacitus pass his silent lips ; nevertheless, the Professor watched the conduct of his colleague with concern, for he thought he noticed that the other avoided him.

One quiet evening Felix Werner was sitting with Ilse and the Doctor at the tea-table, when Gabriel entered and laid a small pamphlet, wrapped in a common newspaper, before the Professor. The Professor tore off the cover, glanced at the title, and silently handed the pamphlet to the Doctor. The Latin title of the book, translated, was this : "A Fragment of Tacitus ; Being a Trace of a Lost Manuscript. Communicated by Dr. Friedobald Struvelius, etc." Without saying a word the friends rose and carried the treatise into the Professor's study. Ilse remained behind, startled. She heard her husband reading the Latin text aloud and perceived that he was compelling himself to master his excitement by slow and firm reading. The story of this fatal writing must not be withheld from the reader.

Older contemporaries of the period in which tobacco was smoked in pipes, know the value of the twisted paper-lighter, an invention which was commonly called a *fidibus*; they know the normal length and breadth of such a strip of paper which our fathers formerly used to make out of musty old records. Such a strip, certainly not of paper, but cut from a sheet of parchment, had fallen into the hands of the author. But the strip had previously undergone a hard fate. Two hundred years before it had been glued by a book-binder on the back of a thick volume, to strengthen the binding, and he had for this object covered it thickly with glue. On the removal of the glue there

appeared characters of an old monk's writing. The word Amen and some holy names made it certain that what was written had served to promote Christian piety. But under this monk's writing other and larger Latin characters were visible, very faded, indeed almost entirely defaced, from which one could, with some difficulty, distinguish the Roman name Piso. Now, Professor Struvelius had, by perseverance, and by the employment of certain chemicals, made it possible to read this under-writing, and from the form of the characters he saw that it was a work of antiquity. But as the parchment *fidibus* was only a piece cut from an entire sheet, it naturally did not contain complete sentences, only single words, which fell on the soul of the reader like the lost notes of distant music borne by the wind to the ear: no melody could be made from it. It was that which had attracted the author. He had ascertained and filled in the disjointed words and guessed at the whole of the remaining leaf. By the wonderful application of great learning, he had, from a few shadowy spots of the *fidibus*, restored the whole page of a parchment writing, as it might have read twelve hundred years ago. It was an astonishing work.

The most distinctly written of the characters on this strip of parchment, though scarcely legible to the common eye, was the name of *Pontifex Piso*—literally translated, Peas the Bridgemaker. The parchment strip appeared very much concerned about Peas, for the name occurred several times. But the editor had shown from this name, and from fragments of destroyed words, that the strip of parchment was the last remains of a manuscript of Tacitus, and that the words belonged to a lost portion of the Annals; and

he had at last proved from the character of the shadowy letters that the strip of parchment did not belong to any extant manuscript of the Roman, but that it was a part of one quite unknown, which had been destroyed.

After reading the treatise the friends sat gloomy and thoughtful. At last the Doctor exclaimed :

“How unfriendly to conceal this from you, and yet to call upon you for assistance.”

“That signifies little,” replied the Professor. “But I cannot approve of the work itself; hypercritical acuteness is applied to an uncertain matter, and objections might be made against much that he has restored and supposed. But why do you not say openly what interests us both much more than the mistakes of a whimsical man? We are on the track of a manuscript of Tacitus, and here we find a fragment of such a manuscript, which has been cut up by a bookbinder after the Thirty Years’ War. The gain which might accrue to our knowledge from this little fragment is so insignificant that it would not pay for the energy expended on it, being a matter of indifference to all the world except to us. For, my friend, if a manuscript of Tacitus has really been cut into such strips, it is in all probability the same which we have been in search of. What is the result?” he added, bitterly. “We free ourselves from a dreamy vision which has perhaps too long made fools of us.”

“How can this parchment be a part of the manuscript of our friend Bachhuber?” asked the Doctor; “many prayers have been written here over the old text.”

“Who can assure us that the monks of Rossau have not written their spiritual aspirations over at

least some faded sheets? It is not usual, but nevertheless possible."

"Above all, you must see Struvelius's parchment strip yourself," said the Doctor, decidedly. "An accurate examination may explain much."

"It is not agreeable to me to speak to him about it, yet I shall do so to-morrow."

The day following the Professor entered the room of his colleague Struvelius more composedly.

"You can imagine," he began, "that I have read your treatise with especial interest. After what I have communicated to you concerning an unknown manuscript of Tacitus, you must perceive that our prospect of discovering this manuscript is very much diminished, if the strip of parchment has been cut from the leaves of a Tacitus which was preserved in Germany two hundred years ago."

"If it has been cut?" repeated Struvelius, sharply. "It *has* been cut from it. And what you have communicated to me about this concealed treasure at Ros-sau was very indefinite and I am not of the opinion that much value is to be attached to it. If, in reality, there was a manuscript of Tacitus in existence there, it has undoubtedly been cut up, and this ends the question."

"*If* such a manuscript was in existence there?" retorted Felix. "It *was* in existence. But I have come to request you to show me the parchment leaf. Since the contents have been published there can be no objection to it."

Struvelius looked embarrassed and answered: "I regret that I cannot meet your wishes, which are certainly quite justifiable, but I am no longer in possession of the strip."

“To whom am I to apply?” asked the Professor, surprised.

“Even upon that point I am at present obliged to be silent.”

“That is strange,” exclaimed Felix; “and forgive me for speaking plainly, it is worse than unfriendly. For be the importance of this fragment great or little, it ought not to be withdrawn from the eyes of others after the publication of its contents. It is incumbent upon you to enable others to prove the correctness of your restoration of the text.”

“That I allow,” replied Struvelius. “But I am not in a position to enable you to see this strip.”

“Have you sufficiently considered,” exclaimed the Professor, excitedly, “that by this refusal you expose yourself to the misinterpretation of strangers, to charges which never ought to be brought in contact with your name?”

“I consider myself quite capable of being the keeper of my own good name and must beg of you to leave its care entirely in my hands.”

“Then I have nothing further to say to you,” replied Felix, and went toward the door.

In going he observed that the middle door opened, and the Professor’s wife, alarmed at the loud tones of the speakers, made her appearance like a good spirit, with her hands stretched imploringly toward him. But he, after a hurried salutation, closed the door and went angrily home.

The cloud had gathered and the heavens were darkened. The Professor once more took up the treatise of his ungracious colleague. It was as if a mountain-lion, wildly shaking his mane, had dashed in upon the prey of a lynx or fox, and wresting the booty from

the clutches of the weaker animal, ignominiously routed him.

Twice Ilse called her husband to dinner in vain ; when she approached his chair anxiously she saw a disturbed countenance. "I cannot eat," he said, abruptly ; "send over and ask Fritz to come here directly."

Ilse, alarmed, sent for their neighbor and seated herself in the Professor's room, following him with her eyes as he strode up and down. "What has so excited you, Felix?" she asked, anxiously.

"I beg of you, dear wife, to dine without me to-day," he said, continuing his rapid strides.

The Doctor entered hastily. "The fragment is not from a manuscript of Tacitus," said the Professor, to his friend.

"Vivat Bachhuber!" replied he, while still at the door, waving his hat.

"There is no reason to rejoice," interrupted the Professor, gloomily ; "the fragment, wherever it may have come from, contains a passage of Tacitus."

"It must have come from some place," said the Doctor.

"No," cried the Professor, loudly ; "the whole is a forgery. The upper part of the text contains words put together at random and the attempts of the editor to bring them into a rational connection are not happy. The lower portion of the so-called fragment has been transcribed from one of the old fathers, who has introduced a hitherto unobserved sentence of Tacitus. The forger has written certain words of this quotation under one another on the parchment strip, regularly omitting the words lying between. This cannot be doubted."

He led the Doctor, who now looked as much perplexed as himself, to his books, and demonstrated to him the correctness of his statement.

“The forger gathered his learning from the printed text of the father, for he has been clumsy enough to transcribe an error in the print made by the compositor. So there is an end of the parchment sheet and of a German scholar also !”

He took out his handkerchief to dry the perspiration on his forehead and threw himself into a chair.

“Hold !” exclaimed the Doctor. “Here the honor and reputation of a scholar are concerned. Let us once more examine calmly whether this may not be an accidental coincidence.”

“Try, if you can,” said the Professor ; “I have done with it.”

The Doctor long and anxiously collated the restored text of Struvelius with the printed words of the father.

At last he said sorrowfully : “What Struvelius has restored agrees with the sense and tenor of the words of the father so remarkably, that one cannot help considering the slight variation in the words of his restoration as a cunning concealment of his acquaintance with the quotation ; but still it is not impossible that by good luck and acuteness a person might arrive at the true connection, as he found it.”

“I do not doubt for a moment that Struvelius made the restoration honorably and in good faith,” replied the Professor ; “but still his position is as annoying as possible. Deceiver or deceived, the unfortunate treatise is a terrible humiliation, not only for him but for our University.”

“The words of the parchment strip itself,” con-



tinued the Doctor, "are undoubtedly transcribed and undoubtedly a forgery; and it is your duty to reveal the true state of the case."

"The duty of my husband!" exclaimed Ilse, rising.

"Of him who has discovered the forgery, and if Struvelius were his most intimate friend, Felix would have to do it."

"Explain it first to him," implored Ilse. "Do not treat him as he has treated you. If he has been in error let him repair it himself."

The Professor reflected a moment and nodding to his friend said: "She is right." He hastened to the table and wrote to Professor Struvelius, expressing a wish to speak to him immediately on an important subject. He gave the letter to Gabriel and his heart felt lighter; he was now ready to enjoy his dinner.

Ilse begged the Doctor to remain with her husband and endeavored to lead their thoughts to other subjects. She took a letter from Mrs. Rollmaus from her pocket, in which the latter begged Ilse to send her something profound to read, selected by the Professor; and Ilse expressed a wish that they might thus make some return for the partridges and other game that Mrs. Rollmaus had sent to them. This helped in some degree to cast the sanguinary thoughts of the gloomy men into the background. At last she produced a huge round sausage, which Mrs. Rollmaus had especially destined for the Doctor, and placed it on the table. When they looked at the sausage as it lay there so peaceable and comfortable in its ample dimensions, encircled by a blue ribbon, it was impossible not to acknowledge that, in spite of false appearances and empty presumption, there was still some-

thing sterling to be found on earth. As they contemplated the good solid dish, their hearts softened, and a gentle smile betrayed their natural human weakness.

There was a ring at the door and Professor Struvelius made his appearance. The Professor collected himself and went with firm steps into his room; the Doctor went quietly away, promising to return again shortly.

It must have been apparent to Struvelius, after a glance at his colleague, that their last conversation was doomed to throw a shadow over their present meeting, for he looked frightened and his hair stood on end. The Professor laid before him the printed passage of the old monk and only added these words: "This passage has possibly escaped you."

"It has, indeed," exclaimed Struvelius, and sat for some time poring over it. "I ought to be satisfied with this confirmation," he said at last, looking up from the folio.

But the Professor laid his finger on the book, saying:

"An extraordinary typographical error in this edition has been copied into the text of the parchment strip which you have restored—an error which is corrected at the end of the book. The words of the parchment strip are thus partly put together from this printed passage and are a forgery."

Struvelius remained mute, but he was much alarmed, and looked anxiously upon the contracted brow of his colleague.

"It will now be to your interest to give the necessary explanations concerning this forgery to the public."

"A forgery is impossible," retorted Struvelius, in-

cautiously. "I myself removed the old glue that covered the text from the parchmeut."

"Yet you tell me that the strip is not in your possession. You will believe that it is no pleasure to me to enter the ranks against a colleague; therefore you yourself must without delay make the whole matter public. For it stands to reason the forgery must be made known."

Struvelius reflected.

"I take for granted that you speak with the best intentions," he began at last, "but I am firmly convinced that the parchment is genuine, and I must leave it to you to do what you consider your duty. If you choose to attack your colleague publicly, I shall do my best to bear it."

Having said this, Struvelius went away obdurate, but much disquieted, and matters took their evil course. Ilse saw with sorrow how severely her husband suffered from the obstinacy of his colleague. The Professor set to work and published a short statement of the affair in the classical magazine to which he contributed. He introduced the fatal passage of the monk, and forbearingly expressed his regret that the acute author of the pamphlet had thus been imposed upon by a forgery.

This decisive condemnation created a tremendous sensation in the University. Like a disturbed swarm of bees, the colleagues moved about confusedly. Struvelius had but few warm friends, but he had no opponents. It is true that in the first few days after this literary condemnation, he was considered as done for. But he himself was not of this opinion and composed a rejoinder. In this he boasted, not without self-complacency, of the satisfactory confirmation of his resto-

ration by the passage in the monk's writing, which he had undoubtedly overlooked ; he treated the coincidence of the error in printing with that in his parchment as an extraordinary, but in no ways unheard of accident ; and finally, he did not scruple to cast some sharp, covert hints at other scholars, who considered certain authors as their own peculiar domain, and despised a small accidental discovery, though an unprejudiced judge could not hope for a greater.

This offensive allusion to the hidden manuscript cut the Professor to the quick, but he proudly disdained to enter into any further contest before the public. The rejoinder of Struvelius was certainly unsuccessful ; but it had the effect of giving courage to those members of the University who were ill-disposed toward Felix to join the side of his opponent. The thing was, at all events, doubtful, they said, and it was contrary to good fellowship to accuse a colleague openly of such a great oversight ; the assailant might have left it to others to do so. But the better portion of the leading members of the University contended from the camp of the Professor against these weak ones. Some of the most distinguished, among them all those who assembled at Ilse's tea-table, determined that the affair should not drop. In fact, the quarrel was so unfavorable to Struvelius, that it was seriously represented to him that he was bound in honor to give some kind of explanation of the parchment ; but he kept silent against this array of propositions as best he could.

Even the evenings in Ilse's room assumed from this circumstance a warlike character. Their most intimate friends—the Doctor, the Mineralogist, and, not last, Raschke—sat there as a council of war, consulting

against the enemy. Raschke acknowledged one evening that he had just been with the obstinate opponent and had implored of him, at least to contrive that a third person should obtain a view of the parchment. Struvelius had in some measure relented and had regretted that he had promised silence, because a prospect had been held out to him of obtaining other rare manuscripts. Then Raschke had conjured him to renounce such dubious treasures and thus to buy back freedom of speech. It must clearly have been an animated discussion, for Raschke wiped his nose and eyes with a small fringed tea-napkin, which was Ilse's pride, and put it into his pocket; and when Ilse laughingly reminded him of his theft, he brought out not only the napkin, but also a silk pocket-handkerchief, which he maintained must also belong to Ilse, although it was evidently the property of some gentleman who took snuff. It was, therefore, hinted that he might have brought the handkerchief from Struvelius's room.

“Not impossible,” he said, “for we were excited.”

The strange pocket-handkerchief lay on a chair and was looked upon by the party present with frigid and hostile feelings.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE PROFESSORS' BALL.

THE Professors' ball took place during these academical disturbances. It was the only festival of the year which gave to all the families of the University the opportunity of meeting in gay society. The students and town-acquaintances were also invited. The ball was an important event in the city and invitations were in great demand.

An academical ball is something quite different from other balls ; for besides all the merits of a distinguished meeting, it had the three excellences of German scholarship—industry, freedom, and indifference : industry in dancing, even in the case of the gentlemen, freedom in agreeable intercourse between young and old, and indifference to uniforms and patent leather pumps. Of course, the young people even here bore a cosmopolitan character, for the same modes of dancing, dresses, nosegays, and courtesies, glancing eyes and blushing cheeks, can be found at a thousand similar festivals from the Neva to California ; but any one who was more observant might perceive in the faces of many of the girls the intellectual eyes and eloquent lips that descended to them from their learned fathers, and perhaps certain little academical peculiarities in curls and ribbons. The old saying which came from a past generation of students, that professors' daughters are either pretty or homely, commended itself here also to the notice of observers, the ordinary mixture of both qualities being rare. Besides a few officers and the flower of the city youth, there might be seen among the dancers here and there a young scholar, thin and pale, with smooth lank hair, more fitted to bend thoughtfully over books than to float about in the giddy dance. But what gave its value to this festival was, not the young people, but the middle aged gentlemen and ladies. Among the elderly gentlemen with grey hair and joyful countenances who stood together in groups or sauntered pleasantly among the ladies, were many important faces, with delicate features, brisk, animated, and cheerful demeanor. Among the ladies there were not a few who, the rest of the year, moved noiselessly

about the studies of their husbands and the nursery, and who now saw themselves displayed in unwonted gala-dress under the bright glare of lights, and were as shy and bashful as they had been long ago in their maiden days.

There was upon this occasion, at the beginning of the festive meeting, an evident excitement in certain individual groups. Werner's tea-party had taken for granted that Struvelius would not come. But he was there. He stood wrapt in thought, with his usual absent look, not far from the entrance, and Ilse and her husband had to pass him. When Ilse walked through the ball-room on the Professor's arm, she saw that the eyes of many were directed curiously toward her, and a heightened color rose in her cheeks. The Professor led her up to the wife of his colleague Günther, who had agreed to remain with her that evening, and Ilse was glad when she found herself established on one of the raised seats next to the vivacious woman; and at first she only ventured to look shyly about. But the splendor of the hall, the many fine people who moved about in it, and then the first sounds of the overture, raised her spirits. She now ventured to look more about her and search out her acquaintances and, above all, her dear husband. She saw him standing not far from the door of the room, in the midst of his friends and fellow-professors, towering head and shoulders above them. She saw not far from the other door his opponent, Struvelius, standing with his little retinue, chiefly of students. Thus stood these men, in every way divided, honorably restraining the angry feelings of their bosoms. Many of her husband's acquaintances came up to Ilse; amongst others the Doctor, who teased her because she had been so afraid that

they would not find each other in the confusion of strange people. The Mineralogist also came and declared his intention of asking her to dance. But Ilse, earnestly entreating him, said :

“I beg of you not to do it. I am not perfect in these new city dances, and you would not get on well with me ; I had rather not dance. Besides, it is not necessary, for I am in a very gay mood and it amuses me to look at all the fine people.”

Soon various strangers approached and were introduced to her, and she acquired greater ease in refusing to dance.

The Historian then brought his daughter up to her and the worthy gentleman at last placed himself near Ilse and talked to her for a long time ; she felt with pleasure that this was a great distinction. Afterward she ventured to move some steps from her place in order to ask the wife of Professor Raschke to sit by her. Thus, before long, a charming little circle of acquaintances collected about her. Pretty Mrs. Günther joked pleasantly and gave her information about the strange ladies and gentlemen. The wife of the Rector also came up and said she must sit near her, as she observed that all were so merry about her. And the Rector's wife darted glances here and there which attracted one gentleman after another to the group ; and all who wished to show their respect for the wife of the University president paid their compliments also to the wife of the colleague. There was a coming and going all around her like a fair, and Ilse and the Rector's wife sat there like two twin stars, the brilliancy of one increasing that of the other. All went well and charmingly. Ilse was delighted beyond measure, and there certainly was more shaking of hands in her vicinity



than comports with the etiquette of a ball. When Felix approached her once and looked inquiringly at her, she pressed the tips of his fingers gently and gave him such a happy smile that he needed no further answer.

During a pause Ilse looked along the sides of the room and perceived the wife of Professor Struvelius on the opposite side. She wore a very dark dress and her Sappho lock hung seriously and sadly from her fine head. The wife of her husband's enemy looked pale and her eyes were quietly cast down. There was something in the beauty of the lady that moved Ilse's heart and she felt as if she must go over to her. She revolved in her mind whether Felix would think it right and was afraid of meeting with a cold rejection; but at last she took heart and walked right across the room up to the learned lady.

She had no idea of the effect produced by this step. Ilse had attracted much more attention and had been much more sharply watched than she knew, and those present were more occupied with the quarrel between the two professors than she imagined. As she now went with firm step up to the other lady and stretched out her hand, even before she reached her, there was a remarkable stillness in the room and many eyes were directed to both ladies. The wife of Struvelius rose stiffly, descended one step from her seat, and looked so freezing that Ilse became nervous and could scarcely frame her lips even into the every-day inquiry after her health.

"I thank you," replied the lady. "I do not enjoy noisy gatherings. It is perhaps because I am entirely deficient in all the necessary qualifications, for people are only in the right place when they have an op-

portunity of making their talents in some way available.”

“As to my talents, they will go for nothing,” said Ilse, shyly; “but everything is new to me here, and therefore it entertains me much to look on, and I would like to see everything.”

“It is quite a different thing with you,” replied the other, coldly.

Fortunately this embarrassed conversation was soon interrupted, for the wife of the Consistorial Councilor popped into the group like a curious magpie in order to mediate philanthropically or to take part in this startling scene. She broke into the conversation and talked for a short time on indifferent subjects.

Ilse returned to her place much chilled and a little discontented with herself. She had no reason for it. Little Mrs. Günther said to her gently :

“That was right, and I am much pleased with you.”

Professor Raschke darted up to her and did not allude to it, but he called her constantly his dear colleague's wife. He asked her anxiously whether he could not bring her something good—tea or lemonade. He admiringly took the finely carved fan that Laura had pressed upon her from her hand and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat for safe keeping. Then he began to amuse her by telling her how, as a student, to please his wife, he had taught himself to dance in his own little room, and in the eagerness of the narration, he began to show Ilse the way in which he had privately learnt his first steps. As he was swinging round, the swan's down of the fan projected like a great feather out of his pocket, and a new dance beginning

the Professor was carried off through the whirling couples with Laura's fan.

It was only a few steps that Ilse had taken through the hall ; but this little expression of independent will had gained her the good opinion of the University ; for, if there had been some remarks upon her country manners, now, on the other hand, men and women agreed in acknowledging that she had heart and character.

According to old custom, the ball was here interrupted by a general repast. Worthy professors had already wandered beforehand into the neighboring room, peering at the laying of the table, and had carefully placed their card in the places they reserved and arranged with the waiters about the wine. At last the whole company gathered about the table. When Ilse went on her husband's arm to her place, she asked, in a low tone :

“ Was it right in me to go over there ? ”

And he replied, gravely :

“ It was not wrong. ”

With this she was for the present obliged to be content.

During the supper the Rector proposed the first toast—“ Our Academical Society ”—and the assembled gentlemen thought his slight allusion to friendly concord among the colleagues touched in an indelicate way on the burning question of the day. But this effect passed away immediately in other toasts, and Ilse remarked that the supper speeches here were carried on very differently to those in the Rollmaus family. One colleague after another clinked the glass ; and how elegantly and intellectually they knew how to portray things with their hands behind their backs

and looking coolly around, and alluding, in fine sentences, to the guests, the ladies and the rest of mankind. When the corks of the champagne popped, the eloquence became overpowering, and two professors even clinked their glasses at the same time. Then the Professor of History arose; all became still. He greeted the new members of the University—women as well as men—and Ilse saw that this applied to herself and looked down on her plate. But she grew alarmed when she found that he became more personal, and at last her own name as well as that of the wife of the Mineralogist, who was sitting by Felix, sounded through the room. The glasses resounded, a flourish of trumpets was blown, many colleagues and some of the ladies arose and proceeded with their glasses toward them. A little procession took place behind the chairs, and Ilse and the Mineralogist's wife had to clink their glasses incessantly, to bow and return thanks. When Ilse rose blushing for this purpose, her eyes glanced involuntarily to the next table, where the wife of Struvelius was sitting opposite, and she observed that the latter half moved her hand toward her glass, then quickly drew it back, and looked gloomily down.

The company rose, and now the hilarity began in good earnest, for the Professors became lively, and called to mind their old agility. There was a changed aspect in the room, for soon even respectable, middle-aged gentlemen waltzed with their own wives. Oh! it was a cheering and touching spectacle to Ilse. Many an old dress-coat and clumsy boot moved to the measure; and many of the gentlemen danced with various slidings of the feet, and bold movements of the knees, determined to recall the style of their youthful

days, and with the feeling that they still understood the art. Some of the ladies clung shyly to the arms of the dancers, some were ungraceful in their movements, others showed how well they were able to govern at home,—for, when their husbands were not sufficiently practiced in the art, they knew how to carry them round the circle with vigorous swings. The Rector danced very neatly with his chubby wife, and Raschke danced with his wife, and looked triumphantly toward Ilse. The noisy merriment increased ; all Ilse's neighbors were carried away by the excitement, and commenced waltzing. And Ilse stood looking on not far from a pillar. Somebody came behind and touched her ; there was a rustling of a silk dress, and the wife of Struvelius approached her.

Ilse looked startled at the large grey eyes of her opponent, who began slowly :

“I take you to be a noble-minded woman, quite incapable of any mean feeling, and this is why I have now come to speak to you.”

Ilse bowed slightly, in order to express her thanks for the unexpected declaration.

“I go about,” continued Mrs. Struvelius, in her measured way, “as if a curse were on me. What I have suffered the last few weeks is unutterable ; this evening I feel like an outcast in this joyous gathering.” Her hand trembled, but she continued in a monotonous tone : “My husband is innocent, and is convinced that he is right in the main. It is fitting for me, as his wife, to share his views and his fate ; but I see him inwardly disturbed by an unfortunate entanglement, and I perceive with dismay that he may lose the good opinion of his most intimate friends, if he should not succeed in dispelling the suspicions which gather

about his head. Help me!" she cried, with a sudden outburst, wringing her hands, while two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"How can I do that?" asked Ilse.

"There is a secret in the affair," continued Mrs. Struvelius: "my husband was incautious enough to promise unconditional silence, and his word is sacred to him; he is a child in matters of business, and is quite at a loss what to do in the matter. What may be necessary to justify him must be sought without his knowledge or co-operation. I beg of you not to refuse your assistance."

"I can do nothing that my husband would disapprove of, and I have never kept a secret from him," replied Ilse, seriously.

"I desire nothing that the strictest judgment could condemn," continued the other. "Your husband will be the first to know whatever I may be able to ascertain, and therefore I apply to you. Ah! not only on that account; I know no one whom I can trust. What I now tell you I have not learnt from my husband: he received the unfortunate parchment from Magister Knips, and he returned it to him."

"Is that the little Magister in our street?" inquired Ilse.

"The same. I must persuade him to produce the parchment again, or to tell me where it is to be found. But this is not the place to discuss this matter," she exclaimed, as the music ceased. "Situated as our husbands now are, I cannot visit you; it would be too painful for me, should I meet your husband, to feel his altered demeanor; but I wish for your advice, and beg of you to allow me to meet you at some other place."

“If Magister Knips is concerned in the matter,” replied Ilse, with hesitation, “I would propose to you to come to the room of our landlord’s daughter, Laura Hummel. We shall be undisturbed in her room, and she knows more of the Magister and his family than we do. But I fear we poor women can hardly accomplish much alone.”

“I am determined to risk everything, in order to free my husband from the unworthy suspicion which threatens to be cast upon him. Prove yourself to be what you appear to me, and I will thank you on my knees.”

She moved her hand convulsively, and then looked about her with an air of indifference.

“We shall meet to-morrow,” replied Ilse; “so far, at least, I can agree to your wishes.”

They then settled the hour.

Thus the ladies separated. From behind the pillar Mrs. Struvelius once more gazed imploringly at Ilse with her large eyes; then both were lost in the throng of the departing ball-guests.

After her return home, Ilse long continued to hear in her dreams the music of the dance, and saw strange men and women come to her bedside, and she laughed and wondered at the queer people who chose to visit her now as she was lying in bed without her beautiful dress and fan. But in the midst of these pleasant musings she felt a secret anxiety as to what her Felix would say of all these visitors; and when she gently sighed over this anxiety, the dream floated back towards the ivory portals from whence it had come. She sank into a sound sleep.

The following morning Ilse went up to Laura and confided to her the events of the previous evening, and

the request of Mrs. Struvelius. The secret meeting with the Professor's wife quite pleased Laura. She had for some time past more than once heard about the mysterious parchment at the tea-table. She thought the determination of Mrs. Struvelius very courageous, and spoke with contempt of anything that Magister Knips could contrive.

Just as the clock struck, Mrs. Struvelius entered. She looked much oppressed, and one could perceive anxious excitement even through her immovable features.

Ilse shortened the unavoidable introductory compliments and excuses by beginning :

"I have told Miss Laura of your desire to obtain the parchment, and she is ready to send over directly for Magister Knips."

"That is far more than I had ventured to hope," said Mrs. Struvelius. "I had intended with your kind assistance to look him up myself."

"He shall come here," said Laura, decidedly, "and he shall answer for himself. I have always found him unendurable, although I have frequently bought pretty pictures of him. His humility is such as does not become a man, and I consider him a sneak at heart."

The cook Susan was called, and despatched by Laura as a herald to the fortress of Knips.

"You are, under no consideration, to tell him that any one is with me; and when he comes, bring him up directly."

Susan returned with a sly look, and brought the Magister's compliments: "he desired her to say he would have the honor of waiting upon her immediately. He seemed astonished, but pleased."



“He shall be astonished,” exclaimed Laura.

The allied ladies sat down around the sofa-table, feeling the importance of the task which was before them.

“When I am talking with him,” began Mrs. Struvelius, solemnly, “have the kindness to attend accurately to his answers, that you may in case of necessity repeat them, and thus be my supporters and witnesses.”

“I can write quickly,” exclaimed Laura, “I will write down what he answers, then he cannot deny it.”

“That would be too much like a trial,” interposed Ilse, “and will only make him suspicious.”

The furious bark of a dog was heard outside.

“He is coming,” said Mrs. Struvelius, drawing herself up with dignity.

A loud step was heard on the stairs, Susan opened the door, and Magister Knips entered. He did not look dangerous. He was a short, crooked man; it was doubtful whether he was young or old. He had a pale face, prominent cheek bones, on which were two red spots, screwed up eyes such as short-sighted people generally have, and red from much night-work by dull lamps. He stood there, in a threadbare coat, with his head bent on one side, a humble servant, perhaps a victim of learning. When he saw the three ladies sitting, all stern and solemn, where his heart had only hoped to find one, and among them the wives of important men, he stopped confounded at the door; he composed himself, however, and made three low bows, probably one to each lady, but refrained from speaking.

“Sit down, Magister,” began Laura, condescendingly, pointing to an empty chair opposite the sofa.

The Magister approached hesitatingly, pushed the chair further out of reach of the three goddesses of fate, and with another bow seated himself on the corner of the chair.

“It must be known to you, Magister,” began Mrs. Struvelius, “that the last publication of my husband has occasioned discussions which have been painful to all engaged in them, and I assume also to you.”

Knips made a piteous face, and dropped his head entirely on one shoulder.

“I now appeal to the interest which you take in the studies of my husband, and I appeal to your heart, when I beseech you to give me frankly and straightforwardly the information which must be desirable to us all.”

She stopped. Knips, with bent head, looked askance at her, and also remained silent.

“I beg for an answer,” said Mrs. Struvelius, emphatically.

“With all my heart,” began Knips at last, in a piping voice. “But I do not know what I have to answer to.”

“My husband received from you the parchment which was the subject of his last treatise.”

“Did the Professor tell you that?” asked Knips, still more piteously.

“No,” answered Mrs. Struvelius; “but I heard you come, and I also heard that he promised to be silent about something, and when I entered his room later I saw the parchment lying on his table, and when I enquired about it, he said, ‘That is a secret.’”

The Magister looked round about uneasily, and at last cast his eyes down on his knees, where his trousers were unusually threadbare and smooth from wear.

“If the Professor himself considers that the affair is a secret, it is not for me to speak of it, even if I did know anything about it.”

“Then you refuse to give us the information?”

“Ah, my dear lady, there is no one to whom I would rather make a communication than to the excellent ladies whom I have the honor of seeing here, but I am much too insignificant to be able to serve you in this.”

“And have you taken into consideration the embarrassing consequences of your refusal, for my husband, for the whole University, and—what you, an advocate of truth, must consider more important than all—for science?”

Knips acknowledged himself to be the advocate of truth.

Laura remarked that the examination was wandering into by-paths on which the parchment was not to be found; she jumped up, and cried out:

“Go out of the room for a little while, Magister Knips, I wish to confer with the Professor’s wife.”

Knips rose very readily and made a bow.

“But you must not go away. Go into the next room. Come, I shall call you in again directly.”

Knips followed her with bowed head, and Laura came back on tiptoes and said, in a low tone:

“I have locked him in, that he may not escape.”

The ladies put their heads together in close consultation.

“You deal too tenderly with him, Mrs. Struvelius,” whispered Laura. “Offer him money. That will allure him. It is hard for me to say so, but I know the Knips family—they are selfish.”

“I also have thought of that, for an extreme case,”

replied Mrs. Struvelius, "only I did not wish to hurt him by such an offer, if there were any manly feeling in him."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Laura, "he is not a man, he is only a coward. If at first he refuses, offer him more. Here is my pocket-book; I beg of you to take it."

She ran to her writing-table and fetched out the embroidered purse.

"I thank you from my heart," whispered Mrs. Struvelius, taking out her purse from her pocket. "If there is only sufficient," she said, anxiously drawing the strings. "Let us see quickly how much we have."

"God forbid!" cried Laura, hastily. "It is full of gold."

"I have turned everything that I could into money," replied Mrs. Struvelius hurriedly; "everything else is of little value."

Ilse took the purses out of the hands of both ladies and said firmly:

"That is far too much. We ought not to offer him such sums; we do not know whether we should not thus be exposing the poor man to the temptation of doing wrong. If we offer him money we embark in a transaction which we do not thoroughly understand."

The others disputed this, and there was much whispered consultation. At last Laura decided:

"He shall have two pieces of gold, that is settled."

Laura hastened out to bring back the prisoner.

When the Magister entered, Mrs. Struvelius looked so imploringly at Ilse, that the latter made up her mind to carry on the negotiation.

"Magister, we have set our hearts upon having this bit of manuscript with which the professors have

been so much occupied, and as you know about it, we request your help to obtain it."

A submissive smile played over the lips of Magister Knips.

"We wish to buy it," interposed Mrs. Struvelius; "and we beg of you to undertake the purchase. You shall have the money necessary for it."

Forgetting her agreement in their intense anxiety, she put her hand into her purse and counted one louis d'or after another on the table, till Laura sprang up, terrified, and tugged at her shawl from behind.

Knips again laid his head on his shoulder, and fixed his eyes upon the small fingers of the Professor's wife, from which fell one gold piece after another.

"This, and still more, shall be yours," cried Mrs. Struvelius, "if you will procure me the parchment."

The Magister fumbled in his pocket for his handkerchief, and wiped his forehead.

"It must be well known to the ladies," he said, plaintively, "that I have to read many proof-sheets, and to work late into the night before I can earn the tenth portion of what you lay before me. It is a great temptation to me; but I do not believe that I can obtain the strip of parchment; and if I should succeed I fear it will only be upon condition that it shall not get into the hands of any of the professors, but be destroyed here in your presence.

"Go out again, Magister Knips," cried Laura, springing up, "and leave your hat here that you may not escape us."

The Magister disappeared for the second time. Again the women put their heads together.

"He has the parchment, and he can produce it; we know that now," exclaimed Laura.

“We cannot agree to his offer,” said Ilse. “It is not right for us to take possession of the parchment ; it must be examined by our husbands, and then returned to the Magister.”

“I beg of you to take away all this money,” cried Laura, “and permit me now to adopt another tone with him, for my patience is at an end.” She opened the door : “Come in, Magister Knips. Listen attentively to me. You have refused, and the money has disappeared, all but two pieces, which may still be yours ; but only on the condition that you procure for us at once what Mrs. Struvelius has begged of you. For we have clearly seen that you possess the strip, and if you still refuse we shall have cause to suspect that you have acted dishonorably in the matter.”

Knips looked terrified, and raised his hands imploringly.

“I shall go directly,” continued Laura, “to your mother, and tell her that there is an end to all connection between her and our house ; and I shall go over to Mr. Hahn, and tell *him* of your conduct, that he may set your brother at you. Your brother is in business, and knows what is upright ; and if he does not see it in that light, Mr. Hahn will, and that would not be to the advantage of your brother. Finally, I tell you further, I will at once send over for Fritz Hahn and tell him everything, and then *he* shall deal with you. Fritz Hahn will get the better of you, you know, and so do I, for he always did when we were children. I know you, Magister. We, in our street, are not the sort of people to allow ourselves to be hoodwinked, and we value good conduct in the neighborhood. Therefore, procure the parchment, or you shall know Laura Hummel.”

Thus spoke Laura with flaming eyes, and clenching her little hand at the Magister. Ilse looked with astonishment at her determined friend.

If a discourse is to be judged by its effect, Laura's speech was a pattern, for it worked most disturbingly on the Magister. He had grown up among the people and customs of that little street, and could well appreciate the consequences which Laura's hostility would exercise on the needy circumstances of his private life. He, therefore, struggled for a time for words, and at last began, in a low voice :

“As even Miss Laura suspects me, I am undoubtedly compelled to tell how the affair stands. I know an old traveling pedlar who carries about with him various antiquities—wood-cuts, miniatures, and also fragments of old manuscripts, and anything of the kind that comes in his way. I have frequently obtained him customers, and given him information upon the value of rare things. This man, during his stay here, showed me a collection of old parchment leaves, concerning which he was already, he said, in negotiation with a foreigner. Attention being drawn to the double writing on the leaves, the strip appeared noteworthy to him, and to me also. I read some of it, as far as could be made out through the paste that lay upon it ; and begged him at least to lend me the parchment that I might show it to our scholars. I carried it to Professor Struvelius, and as he judged that it might perhaps be worth the trouble of examining, I went again to the dealer. He told me he would not sell the strip outright, but he should like something to be written concerning it, as that would increase its value ; and he delivered it into my hands till his return. This week he came again to take it away with

him. I do not know whether it is still to be had, or whether he will take this money for it. I fear not."

The ladies looked at each other.

"You all hear this statement," began Mrs. Struvelius. "But why, Magister, did you beg my husband to tell no one that the parchment came from you?"

The Magister turned on his chair and again looked at his knees embarrassed.

"Ah, the lady will not be angry if I speak out. Professor Werner had always been very friendly to me, and I feared that he might take it amiss if I did not first show him such a discovery. But Professor Struvelius had also a claim to my gratitude, for he had graciously intrusted to me the proof-sheets and table of contents of the new edition of his great work. I was, therefore, in fear of offending two valuable patrons."

This was unfortunate, certainly, and not improbable.

"Oh! do contrive that your husband may hear him," exclaimed Mrs. Struvelius.

"We hope, Magister, that you will repeat your words before others who can understand the import of them better than we do," said Ilse.

The Magister expressed his willingness timidly.

"But you must, nevertheless, procure the parchment," interposed Laura.

Knips shrugged his shoulders. "If it is possible," he said; "but I don't know whether the man will give it up for this sum."

Mrs. Struvelius was again putting her hand into her pocket; but Ilse held it back, and Laura cried out:

"We will give no more."



“Nevertheless,” continued the Magister, impelled by the determination of his judges, “as doubts have been raised of its genuineness, the parchment may have lost some of its value for the dealer. But if I should succeed in being of service to you, I respectfully entreat you not to bear any malice against me for the unfortunate share which, without any fault on my part, I have had in this sad business. It has grieved me much the whole time; and since the criticism of Professor Werner has been printed, I have daily lamented that I ever set eyes on the parchment. I should sink into an abyss of misery if I were to lose my respected patrons.”

These words excited the compassion of his judges, and Mrs. Struvelius said, kindly :

“We believe you, for it is a dreadful feeling to have deceived others, even unintentionally.”

But Laura, who had established herself as president of the council, decided shortly :

“I beg that all who have taken part in this will meet here to-morrow at the same hour. I give you to that time, Magister Knips, to procure the parchment. After the expiration of this respite our house will be closed to you, our washing withdrawn, and notice given to the Hahn family. See, therefore, that we come to an amicable settlement.”

The Magister approached the table, drew with one finger the gold pieces into the palm of his hand, which he modestly held under the edge of the table, made three low bows, and took leave of the ladies.

Ilse related the adventure to her husband, and Felix listened with astonishment at the rôle which the learned factotum had played in the tragedy.

On the following morning the Magister made his

appearance before the Professor. Breathless he drew out of his pocket the unfortunate strip of parchment, and carried it with bowed head and outstretched hand, bending lower and lower, humbly and imploringly, from the door to the writing-table of the Professor.

“I venture to bring this to you, rather than encounter the ladies for a second time. Perhaps you will graciously deign to deliver this through your wife into the hands of its new possessor.”

When the Professor examined him severely, he began a statement in defence of himself. What he said was not improbable. The name of the doubtful trader was known to the Professor. He was aware that he had been staying in the town during the course of the last few weeks, and from the numerous communications that Knips had had with this man in the interest of his patrons, there was nothing extraordinary in their intimacy. The Professor examined the parchment carefully. If there had been a forgery here, it had been carried out in a masterly way; but Knips produced a microscope from his waistcoat pocket, and pointed out how, by means of the magnifying glass, one could discover that sometimes the shadowy characters of the apparently very ancient handwriting had been introduced *over* the words of the church prayers, and had therefore been painted on at a later period.

“Your strictures in the *Classical Gazette* drew my attention to this, and early this morning, when I obtained the parchment, I carefully examined what had been rendered indistinct by the paste. So far as I may be permitted to have a judgment in such things, I now venture to share your opinion that a forgery has been perpetrated on this strip.”

The Professor threw it aside.

“I regret that you have ever had anything to do with it, even though unintentionally; you have done a mischief, the painful effects of which you cannot fail to see. I am sorry for it on your own account. This unfortunate occurrence will throw a shadow over your life; and I would give much to be able to wipe it away. For we have known one another through much mutual work, Magister, and I have always felt a sympathy in your self-sacrificing activity in favor of others. In spite of your book-chaffering, which I do not approve of, and in spite of your waste of time in labors which might be done by less efficient persons, I have always considered you as a man whose extraordinary knowledge inspires respect.”

The humble Magister raised his head, and a smile passed over his face.

“I have always, Professor, considered you as the only one among my distinguished patrons, who has the right to tell me that I have learned too little; you are also, Professor, the one to whom I venture to confess that I have secretly never ceased to esteem myself as a man of learning. I hope that you will not deny me the testimony that I have always been a trustworthy and faithful laborer in that cause.”

He fell back into his humble attitude, as he continued:

“What has happened will be a lesson for me in future.”

“I demand more of you. First, you must take the trouble of ascertaining through your acquaintance the hidden source from which this forgery has emanated, for it can scarcely be the accidental idea of an unscrupulous man; it is rather the work of an ill-directed

industry, which in time will produce more evil. Further, it is your duty at once to deliver the parchment to Professor Struvelius, and impart to him your discovery. You yourself will do well to be more cautious in future in the choice of the traders with whom you deal."

In these views Knips fully acquiesced and departed, whilst he imploringly besought the kind consideration of the Professor for the future.

"He has, I am certain, to some extent been concerned in the knavery," exclaimed the Doctor.

"No," rejoined the Professor. "His fault has been, that up to the last moment he cared more for his bargain than for the discovery of the truth."

In the afternoon Mrs. Struvelius said to Ilse :

"What we have succeeded in obtaining has been very painful to my husband. For it has convinced him that he was deceived, while others discovered the true state of the case. It is a cruel grief to a wife when she is the instrument of bringing about such humiliation to him she loves best. This sorrow I shall long continue to feel. Besides this, our husbands are so estranged from one another, that a long time will elapse, before their wounded feelings will admit of a reconciliation, or allow them to cherish for each other the respect which as colleagues they mutually owe. I hope, however, that the relations between you and me will not suffer. I have discovered the worth of your heart, and I beg of you—in spite of my unprepossessing manner, of which I am well aware—to accept the friendship which I feel for you."

As she walked slowly towards the door in her black dress, Ilse looked after her with a feeling of surprise, that the first impression made upon her by the learned

lady should have been so quickly obliterated by other feelings.

In the next number of the *Classical Gazette* there appeared a short explanation by Professor Struvelius, in which he honorably acknowledged that he had been deceived, by undoubtedly a very expert deception, and that he must be grateful to the acuteness and friendly activity of his honored colleague who had contributed to the clearing up of the matter.

“This explanation has been written by his wife,” said the obdurate Doctor.

“We may hope that the disagreeable affair has come to an end for all concerned in it,” concluded the Professor with a light heart.

But the hopes even of a great scholar are not always fulfilled. This quarrel of the scepter-bearing princes of the University had not only introduced Ilse into a new position, but had brought another into notice.

On the evening of the decisive day that revealed the worthlessness of the parchment, Magister Knips sat shivering upon the floor in an unwarmed room of his poverty-stricken dwelling. Books lay in disorderly heaps on the shelves by the wall and on the floor, and he sat surrounded by them, like an ant-lion in his den. He shoved into a dark corner an old cigar chest of his brother's, which was filled with many small bottles and paint-pots, and laid the old books upon it. Then he placed the lamp on a stool near him, and with secret satisfaction took up one old book after another, examined the binding, read the title and last page, stroked it caressingly with his hand, and then again laid it on the heap. At last he seized an old Italian edition of a Greek author with both hands, moved nearer to the lamp, and examined it leaf by leaf.

His mother called through the door :

“Leave your books and come from that cold room to your supper.”

“This book has not been seen by any scholar for two hundred years. They deny, mother, that it is even in existence ; but I have it in my hands—it belongs to me ! This is a treasure, mother.”

“What good will your treasure do you, wretched boy ?”

“But I have it, mother,” said the Magister, looking up at the hard-featured woman ; and his winking eyes glistened brightly. “To-day I have read some proof-sheets in which a man of note maintains that this volume which I hold here has never existed. He wishes the ‘never existed’ to be printed in italics, and I have so marked it for the compositor, though I know better.”

“Are you coming ?” called out the mother angrily. “Stop your work. Your beer is getting flat.”

The Magister rose unwillingly, slipped out of the room with his felt shoes, and seating himself at the table helped himself to the scanty fare before him and without further ado began to eat.

“Mother,” he said to the woman, who was watching his rapid meal, “I have some money remaining ; if you want anything, buy it ; but I will know how you spend it, and I will see that my brother does not again borrow anything from you, for it has been earned by hard work.”

“Your brother will now pay all back, for Hahn has improved his position, and he has a good salary.”

“That is not true,” replied the Magister, looking sharply at his mother. “He has become too stylish to dwell with us now ; but whenever he comes he al-

ways wants something of you, and you have always loved him more than me."

"Do not say so, my son," cried Mrs. Knips. "He is quite different; you are always industrious, quiet, and collected, and even as a small boy you began to save."

"I have obtained for myself what was dear to me," said the Magister, looking toward his room, "and I have found much."

"Ah, but what hardships you suffer for it, my poor child!" said the mother flatteringly.

"I take things as they come," answered the Magister, making a cheerful grimace. "I read proof-sheets, and I do much work for these learned men, who drive in carriages like people of distinction, and when I come to them they treat me like a Roman slave. No man knows how often I correct their stupid blunders, and the bad errors in their Latin. But I do not do it for all—only for those who have deserved well of me. I let the mistakes of the others remain, and I shrug my shoulders secretly at their empty heads. All is not gold that glitters," he said, holding his thin beer complacently up to the light, "and I alone know many things. I am always correcting their miserable manuscripts, but do not correct their worst errors. I see how they torment themselves and the little they do know they pilfer from other books. One sees that every day, mother, and one laughs in secret at the course of the world."

And Magister Knips laughed at the world.

*CHAPTER XVII.*

## THE DECEPTION OF MR. HUMMEL.

IN the houses of the park there reigned peace, forbearance, and secret hope. Since the arrival of Ilse the old strife seemed to have ceased, and the hatchet to have been buried. It is true that Mr. Hummel's dog snarled and snapped at Mr. Hahn's cat and was boxed on the ear in return ; and that Rothe, the porter, of A. C. Hahn, declared his contempt of the store-keeper of the factory of Mr. Hummel. But these little occurrences passed away like inoffensive air-bubbles which rise in the place where there has been a whirlpool of enmity. The intercourse between the two houses flowed on like a clear brook, and forget-me-nots grew on its banks. If a misanthropical spell had penetrated the ground at the time when Madame Knips ruled there alone, it had now been expelled by female exorcists.

One morning, shortly before the fair, a book-seller's porter placed a pile of new books on the Doctor's writing-table ; they were the advance copies of the first great work he had written. Fritz opened the book and gazed at the title-page for a moment in quiet enjoyment ; then he hastily seized his pen, wrote some affectionate words on the fly-leaf and carried it to his parents.

The book treated, in the words of Gabriel, of the old Aryans as well as of the old Germans ; it entered into the life of our ancestors before the time in which they took the sensible resolution of making pretty nosegays on the Blocksberg and rinsing their



drinking horns in Father Rhine. It was a very learned book, and so far as the knowledge of the writer reached, it revealed many secrets of antiquity.

It was not necessary for strangers to inform the father and mother of the importance of the book which Fritz now brought them. The mother kissed her son on the forehead, and could not control her emotion when she saw his name printed in such large and beautiful characters on the title-page. Mr. Hahn took the book in his hands, and carried it into the garden. There he laid it on the table of the Chinese temple, read the dedication several times and took a turn or so about the pavilion, looking in again occasionally, in order to observe whether the style of building harmonized well with the book ; then he cleared his throat in order to master his joyful emotions.

Not less was the pleasure in the study of the Professor ; he went hastily through the book from beginning to end. "It is remarkable," he then said, much pleased, to Ilse, "how boldly and firmly Fritz grapples with the subject ; and with a self-control, too, for which I should not have given him credit. There is much in it that is quite new to me. I am surprised that he should have concluded the work so quickly, and quietly."

What the learned world thought of the Doctor's book may be known from many printed eulogies. It is more difficult to determine what effect it had in his own street. Mr. Hummel studied a detailed review of the work in his paper, not without audible remarks of disapprobation however ; he hummed at the word Veda and grumbled at the name Humboldt, and he whistled through his teeth at the praise which was accorded to the deep learning of the author. When

at the conclusion the reviewer formally thanked the Doctor in the name of science, and urgently recommended the work to all readers, Mr. Hummel's humming broke into the melody of the old Dessauer, and he threw the paper on the table. "I do not intend to buy it," was all that he vouchsafed to say to his wife and daughter. But in the course of the day he cast an occasional glance at the corner of the hostile house where the Doctor's room was, and then again at the upper story of his own house, as if he wished to weigh the comparative merits of both the learned men and their abodes.

When Ilse told Laura her husband's opinion of the book, Laura colored a little, and replied, throwing back her head: "I hope it is so learned that we need not meddle with it." Yet this disinclination to meddle with the book did not prevent her some days later from borrowing the book from the Professor, upon the plea that she wished to show it to her mother. It was carried to her own little room, where it remained for a long time.

Among the other inhabitants of the street, the importance of the Hahn family—whose name had acquired such renown, and whose Fritz was praised so much in the papers—was greatly increased. The scales of popular favor sank decidedly on the side of this house, and even Mr. Hummel found it expedient not to object to his family's speaking with moderate approbation of their neighbor's son. When Dorchen, as sometimes happened, met Gabriel in the streets, she even ventured to accompany him for a few minutes into the courtyard of the enemy, in spite of the growling of the dog and the sinister frowns of the master.

One warm evening in March she had said a few civil words to Gabriel in passing and was tripping neatly across the street to her own house, with Gabriel looking after her full of admiration, when Mr. Hummel came out just in time to witness the last greeting.

“She is as pretty as a red-breast,” said Gabriel to Mr. Hummel. The latter shook his head benevolently. I well see, Gabriel, how the wind blows, and I say nothing, for it would be of no use. But one piece of good advice I will give you. You do not understand how to deal with women; you are not gruff enough with the girl. When I was young they trembled at the faintest movement of my handkerchief, and yet they swarmed about me like bees. This sex must be intimidated and you’ll spoil all by kindness. I think well of you Gabriel, and I give you this counsel therefore as a friend. Look you, there is Madame Hummel. She is a strong-willed woman, but I always keep her under restraint; if I didn’t growl, she would. And, as there must be growling, it is more agreeable for me to do it myself.”

“Every animal has its ways,” replied Gabriel. “I have no talent for developing into a bear.”

“It can be learnt,” said Mr. Hummel, benignantly. He raised his eye-brows, and made a sly grimace. Something is in progress in the garden over there; they are probably speculating again on some new arrival, to which I, in due time, shall take upon myself, under all circumstances, to give the right name”—he lowered his voice—; “something anonymous has been unpacked, and brought out into the garden.” With a feeling of indignation at his own caution, he continued: “Believe me, Gabriel, the world is growing cowardly from this over-production of children; and

people are so crowded that freedom ceases to exist ; life is now slavery from the cradle to the grave. Here I stand on my own ground, and if I choose to dig a hole on this spot to the centre of the earth, no man can prevent me ; and yet, on my own property, we cannot express an outspoken opinion ; and why ? Because it might be heard, and displease the ears of strangers. To such a point have we come ; a man is the slave of his neighbors. Now, only think, I have but one neighbor opposite ; on the other side I am protected by the water and the factory, yet I must swallow the truth, as I dare not speak out beyond my boundary. He who is surrounded on all sides by neighbors must lead a lamentable life ; he cannot even cut off his head in his own garden without the whole neighborhood raising a cry because the sight is not pleasing to them." He pointed with his thumb to the neighboring house, and continued, confidentially : "We are reconciled now ; the women would not rest until we were. I assure you they lacked the true spirit to carry on a quarrel over there ; the affair became tedious and so I gave in."

"Yet it is well that all is settled," said Gabriel. "If the fathers quarrel, how can the children meet on good terms ?"

"Why shouldn't they make faces at each other ?" returned Mr. Hummel, crossly. "I can't bear this everlasting bowing and scraping."

"Every one knows that," replied Gabriel. "But if Miss Laura meets the Doctor in our house, which often happens, she surely cannot growl at him."

"So they meet often !" repeated Hummel, thoughtfully. "There again you have an instance of this overcrowding ; they can't get out of each other's way.

Well! I can trust to my daughter, Gabriel; she has my disposition."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that," replied Gabriel laughing.

"I assure you she is quite of my mind," affirmed Hummel, decidedly. "But, as to this cessation of hostilities, you need not rejoice so much at it; for, depend upon it, it cannot last long between our houses. When the ice has thawed, and the garden amusements begin, there will be trouble again. It has always been so and I do not see why it should not continue so, in spite of reconciliations, and in spite of your new mistress, for whom I nevertheless have great respect."

The conversation, which had been carried on in the garden, was interrupted by a dark, solemn-looking man, who presented a large letter in a tinted envelope. He introduced himself to Mr. Hummel, and brought him an invitation for his absent daughter to undertake the office of godmother to a baby that had just been born to limit the space in the world still more. To this invitation no objection could be made; the young mother, the wife of a lawyer, was Laura's friend, and the daughter of her godmother. It was an old connection of the family, and Hummel, as father and citizen, duly accepted the invitation.

"For whom is the other letter you have in your hand?" he asked of the messenger.

"For Doctor Hahn, who is to stand with Miss Laura."

"Indeed!" said Hummel, ironically; "matters are going at a great pace. Take your letter over there. Did I not tell you so, Gabriel?" he added, turning to his confidant. "Scarcely reconciled be-

fore the tribunal, and at once sponsors together ; who may know but that to-morrow morning the old scarecrow himself will come over and offer to be 'hail-fellow-well-met' with *me*. There again you have the consequences of over-crowding, and of Christianity too. This time my poor child is the victim."

He took the letter into the room and threw it on the table before his wife and daughter.

"This comes from reconciliation, weak women," he cried, tauntingly. Now you will have nurse, midwife, godfather, and all, about your heels."

The ladies studied the letter, and Laura thought it inconsiderate in her godmother to have chosen just the Doctor for her partner.

"That's to accommodate the sponsor's carriage," exclaimed Mr. Hummel, mockingly, from the corner. "It was made to carry two at once. Now, that fellow Humboldt will come over here in white gloves in order to fetch you to church, and I believe he will have impudence enough to send you a sponsorial present."

"If he did not do so, it would be an insult," replied the wife. "He must do it, or it would give occasion for people to talk. We cannot object to it ; he will send a basket of flowers with gloves for the godmother, and Laura will send him in return the pocket-handkerchief, as is the custom among our acquaintances. You know that Laura's godmother thinks a great deal of these things."

"His flowers in our house, his gloves on our fingers, and our handkerchief in his pocket!" said the master of the house, bitterly ; "Pray, what are things coming to."

"I beg of you, Hummel," rejoined his wife, displeased, "do not annoy us by finding fault with the

civilities which are unavoidable on such an occasion, and of which no one takes advantage."

"I thank you for your civilities which one cannot avoid, and to which no one attributes anything. Nothing is so insupportable to me, among the people here, as their eternal obeisances before one's face, whilst they pull one to pieces behind one's back."

He left the room and slammed the door behind him.

The mother then began :

"He has nothing really to say against it ; he only wishes to maintain his character for sternness. It is not absolutely necessary that you should send the Doctor a present on this occasion, but you still owe him some little attention from that encounter with the shepherd."

Laura was reconciled to the thought of becoming godmother with the Doctor, and said :

"I will make a design for the corner of the handkerchief, and will embroider it."

The following morning she went out to buy cambric. But Mr. Hummel also went out. He visited an acquaintance who was a furrier, took him confidentially aside, and ordered a pair of gloves of white cat's skin for a small hand ; he directed that a cat's claw be fastened at the point of each finger. But he wished it to be a delicate one, of an unborn cat, or failing in that, of a very young kitten, and that the claw should stand out stiffly. Then he entered another shop and asked for some colored printed cotton pocket-handkerchiefs—such as one buys for a few pennies—and chose one black and red, with a frightful portrait, that just suited his frame of mind. This purchase he put in his pocket.

The morning of the christening arrived. In the house of Mr. Hummel the flat-irons clattered ; the mother added some last stitches ; and Laura tripped busily up and down the stairs. Meanwhile, Hummel wandered back and forth between the door of the house and factory, watching every person that entered. Spitehahn was sitting on the threshold growling whenever the foot of a stranger approached the door of the house.

“Show yourself as you are, Spitehahn,” grumbled Hummel, approaching his dog ; “and catch hold of the woman from yonder by the dress ; she will not venture in, if you keep watch.”

The red dog answered by showing his teeth maliciously at his master.

“That’s right,” said Hummel, and continued his walk.

At last Dorchen appeared at her own house-door, and tripped with a covered basket in her hand to the steps of Mr. Hummel’s house. Spitehahn rose grimly, uttered a hoarse growl, and bristled his hair.

“Call that frightful dog away, Mr. Hummel,” cried Dorchen, snappishly. “I have a message for Miss Laura.”

Mr. Hummel assumed a benevolent expression of countenance and put his hand in his pocket.

“The ladies are at work, my pretty child,” he said, drawing out a heavy piece of money ; “perhaps I can attend to it.”

The messenger was so startled at the unexpected politeness of the tyrant, that she made a mute courtesy and let the basket slip out of her hand.

“It shall be attended to carefully,” completed Mr. Hummel, with an engaging smile.



He carried the basket into the house, and called Susan to take it to the ladies; after which he went into the hall again, and stroked the dog. It was not long before he heard the door of the sitting-room fly open and his name called loudly in the hall. He entered cautiously into the ladies' room, and found them in a dreadful state of disturbance. A beautiful basket was standing on the table, flowers were scattered about, and two little fur gloves, with large claws at the ends of the fingers, lay on the floor, like paws cut from a beast of prey. Laura was sitting before them sobbing.

“Holloa!” cried Mr. Hummel, “is that one of the sponsorial pleasantries?”

“Henry,” cried his wife vehemently, “your child has received an insult; the Doctor has dared to send these to your daughter.”

“Ha!” cried Hummel; “cat’s paws, and with claws! Why not? They will keep you warm in church; you can lay hold of the Doctor with them.”

“It must be a joke,” cried Laura, with the hot tears flowing down her cheeks; “it is because I have sometimes teased him. I should never have believed him capable of such rudeness.”

“Do you know him so well?” inquired Mr. Hummel. “Well, if it is a joke, as you say, take it as a joke then; this emotion isn’t necessary.”

“What is to be done now?” cried the mother; “can she still stand godmother with him after this insult?”

“I should think so,” replied Mr. Hummel, ironically; “this insult is a childish affair compared to others—compared to house-building, bell-ringing, and dog-poisoning. If you can stomach all that, why not cats’ paws, too?”

“Laura has hemmed and embroidered a handkerchief for him,” exclaimed the mother; “and she had taken the greatest pains to finish it in time.”

“I will not send it to him,” cried Laura.

“So you hemmed and embroidered it yourself?” rejoined Hummel. “It is charming to live in friendship with one’s neighbors. You are weak women-folk, and you take the matter too seriously. These are courtesies which one cannot avoid, and to which no importance is attached. Do as you said you would. You must just send the thing over to him. You must not give him or any one else occasion to make remarks. Keep your contempt to yourself.”

“Father is right,” cried Laura, springing up; “away with the handkerchief, and my account with the Doctor will be closed for ever.”

“That’s right,” assented Hummel. “Where is the rag? Away with it.”

The handkerchief lay ready on a plate, wrapped up in fine blue paper, and also covered with spring flowers.

“So this is the hemmed and embroidered thing? We will send it over immediately.”

He took the plate from the table, and carried it quickly into the factory; from thence the blue packet went, with many compliments, to the godfather in the house of the enemy.

Mrs. Hahn brought the card of greeting and the present to her son’s room.

“Ah, that is a charming attention,” remarked the Doctor, closely examining the flowers.

“It is not so customary now-a-days to send presents to the gentlemen too,” said the Doctor’s mother. “But I always thought it such a pretty custom.”

She unfolded the paper inquisitively, and looked up in astonishment. A printed cotton handkerchief lay within, as thick as leather and woven with coarse threads. It might be a mask only, and in this hope she unfolded it, but a frightful caricature alone appeared in diabolical colors of red and black.

“That is not a nice joke,” said the mother, vexed.

The Doctor looked downcast. “I have sometimes teased Laura Hummel. This probably has reference to some bantering that has passed between us. I beg of you, mother, to place the flowers in a glass.”

He took the handkerchief, concealed it in a drawer, and again bent over his writing.

“I should not have expected this of Laura,” continued the mother, much disturbed. But as her son did not encourage further complaints, she arranged the flowers for him and left the room, pondering upon the mortification of her child.

The carriage drove up and the Doctor got into it to fetch the godmother.

“Our doors are so near together,” said Hummel, who was standing at the window, “that he will only just have time to creep out from the other side.”

After some difficulty in turning, the carriage arrived at the steps of Mr. Hummel. The servant opened the door, but before the Doctor could jump down Susan appeared on the steps and called out :

“Do not take the trouble of entering, the young lady will come immediately.”

Laura swept down the steps, all in white as if veiled in a snowcloud ; and how pretty she looked ! Her cheeks were indeed paler than usual, and her brows were gloomily knit, but the sad expression gave an enchanting dignity to her countenance. She avoided

looking at the Doctor, only slightly moving her head at his greeting, and when he offered his hand to assist her, she passed by him and seated herself in her place as if he were not there. He had some difficulty in finding room next to her ; she nodded, ignoring him, to Mr. Hummel, who was standing on the steps looking far more cheerful than his child. The horses trotted slowly on ; Laura looked neither to the right nor to the left. "It is the first time she officiates as god-mother," thought the Doctor, "that causes this solemn mood ; or perhaps she is repentant because of the colored handkerchief !" He looked at her hands ; the gloves that he sent were not to be seen. "Have I offended against etiquette?" he thought again, "or were they too large for her little hands?"

"He is silent," she thought, "that is his bad conscience ; he is thinking of the cat's claws, and has not a word of thanks for my pocket-handkerchief ; I have been sadly mistaken in him." This consideration made her so sorrowful that tears again rose to her eyes ; but she pressed her lips tightly together, squeezed the thumb of her right hand, and silently counted from one up to ten, an old recipe she had formerly used for restraining vehement feeling."

"Things cannot go on so," thought the Doctor, "I must speak to her."

"You have not been able to use the gloves that I ventured to send you," he began modestly ; "I fear I have made a bad selection."

This was too much ; Laura turned her head sharply toward the Doctor. For a moment he saw two flashing eyes, and heard the contemptuous words : "I am no cat." Again her lips were compressed, and she clenched her hand convulsively.

Fritz reflected with astonishment whether gloves that wrinkle could ever have been considered a characteristic sign of our domestic animal." He thought the remark incongruous. "What a pity she is so whimsical!" After a time he began again: "I fear you will feel the draught; shall I close the window?"

"Not at all," answered Laura, with icy coldness.

"Do you know what the baby is to be called?" continued the doctor.

"He is to be called Fritz," returned Laura; and for the second time a flaming look of anger met his spectacles, then she turned away again.

Ah! in spite of the lightning that flashed from her eyes, the Doctor could not deny but that she was at this moment wonderfully lovely. She also felt obliged to say something now, and began, over her shoulder:—

"I think the name a very common one."

"It is my own name," said the Doctor; "and as I hear it every day, I must agree with you. It is at least a German name," he added, good-humoredly. "It is a pity that they are so much neglected."

"As my name is a foreign one," replied Laura, again over her shoulder, "I have a right to prefer foreign names."

"If she continues like this the whole day," thought Fritz, discouraged, "I shall have a very pleasant time of it, indeed."

"I must sit next him at dinner, and bear the insult," thought she. "Ah! life is terrible."

They arrived at the house, both glad to find themselves among others. When they entered the room, they hurried to different parts of it; but, of course, being obliged to greet the young mother, they again

had to meet. When Laura turned to her godmother, the Doctor also approached from the other side, and the good lady called to mind the day when they had come together to her summer residence, and she could not refrain from exclaiming : “ That portends something ; you have again come together, dear children.”

Laura raised her head proudly, and replied : “ Only because you have wished it.”

They went to church. The little Fritz tossed about in his godmother’s arms, frightened at the baptismal font ; but when he was handed over to the tall Fritz, he broke out into an angry cry ; and Laura observed with contempt how disconcerted the Doctor was, and what awkward efforts he made, by raising and lowering his arms, and by his looks, to appease the little squaller, till at last the nurse—a very resolute woman—came to his assistance.

With the approach of sunset the duties of the day became more insupportable. At the christening feast all Laura’s most gloomy anticipations were fulfilled, for she was seated beside the Doctor ; and, for both, it was a most disagreeable meal, indeed. The Doctor once more ventured to make some advances, hoping to break through her incomprehensible mood, but he might as well have attempted to thaw the ice of a glacier with a lucifer match, for Laura had now become an adept in the expression of social contempt. She conversed exclusively with the father of the child, who sat at her other side, and encouraged by his cheerful gossip she recovered her wonted elasticity of spirit ; while Fritz became more silent, and noticeably neglected a pleasing young woman, his left-hand neighbor. But things grew still worse. When the proper time approached, the other godfather, a city councillor, a man

of the world and a good speaker, came behind the Doctor's chair, and declared that he could not undertake to bring the christening toast as he was suffering with a headache, which drove away all his thoughts, and that the Doctor must speak in his stead. The possibility of this had never occurred to the Doctor, and it was so unpleasant to him in his present mood that he quietly, but firmly, refused his consent to the proposal. Laura again listened with deep contempt to the discussion between the two gentlemen about an oratorical exercise which was not even to be put in writing. The master of the house also observed it, and a feeling of awkward expectation threw a gloom over the society, which is not calculated to encourage unwilling after-dinner speakers, but rather to depress them, and scatter their thoughts. Just, however, as the Doctor was on the point of performing his duty, Laura, after giving him another cold look, rose and clinked her glass. She was greeted with a loud bravo; and she then said, to the astonishment of herself, and delight of all present: "As the gentlemen sponsors are so little inclined to do their duty, I crave your pardon for undertaking what they ought to have done." Thereupon, she bravely proposed and led the toast; it was a bold undertaking, but it was successful, and she was overwhelmed with applause. On the other hand, sarcastic speeches were made against the Doctor by the gentlemen present. Nevertheless, he extricated himself tolerably, the situation being so desperate that it restored to him his powers; nay, he had the impudence to declare that he delayed intentionally, in order to procure for the society the pleasure which all must have experienced in listening to the eloquence of his neighbor. He then made an amusing speech on



every possible subject ; and all laughed, but they did not know what he was aiming at, till he adroitly turned it upon the godfathers and godmothers and in particular proposed the health of his charming neighbor who sat beside him. This answered well enough for the other guests, but to Laura it was insufferable mockery and hypocrisy ; and when she had to clink glasses with him, she looked so indignantly at him, that he quickly drew back from her.

He now began to show his indifference after his fashion ; he talked loudly to his neighbor, and drank many glasses of wine. Laura drew her chair away from him ; fearing that he might drink too much, he became an object of annoyance to her, and she gradually relapsed into silence. But the Doctor took no heed of this ; again he clinked his glass, and made another speech, which was so comical that it produced the happiest effect on the company. But Laura sat as stiff as a stone image, only casting an occasional stolen glance towards him. After that the Doctor left her side ; his chair stood vacant, but, figuratively speaking, the cotton pocket-handkerchief and the small fur gloves still lay upon it, and it seemed quite uneasy under its invisible burden. The Doctor, meanwhile, went about the table, stopping here and there to pay his respects ; and wherever he stopped there was laughing and clinking of glasses. . When he had finished his round, he approached the host and hostess ; and Laura heard them thank him for the merry evening, and praise the gaiety of his spirits.

He then returned to his place ; and now he had the impudence to turn to Laura, and, with an expression in which she clearly perceived a sneer, he held out his hand to her under the table, saying, " Let us make



peace, naughty godmother ; give me your hand." Laura's whole heart revolted, and she exclaimed, "You shall have my hand immediately." She put her hand quickly into her pocket, put on one of the cat's-skin gloves, and scratched him with it on the back of his hand. "There, take what you deserve."

The Doctor felt a sharp pain ; he raised his hand, and he perceived it was tattooed with red streaks. Laura threw her glove into his lap, and added : "If I were a man, I would make you feel in another way the insult you have offered me."

The Doctor looked about him ; his left-hand neighbor had risen ; and on the other side, the master of the house, bending over the table, formed a convenient wall between them and the outer world. He looked in astonishment at the challenge in his lap ; it was all incomprehensible to him ; he was conscious but of one thing, that Laura, in spite of her passion, was enchantingly beautiful.

He too put his hand into his pocket, and said : "Happily, I am in a position to bind your present of this morning about the wounds." He pulled out the red and black handkerchief, and began to wind it round his wounded hand ; in doing which, it could not fail being seen that the hand had a most uncanny murderous appearance. When Laura saw the bloody scratches, she was shocked, but she bravely concealed her repentance, saying coldly, "At least it would be better for your hand if you would take my handkerchief as a bandage, instead of that stiff clumsy thing."

"It is your handkerchief," replied the Doctor, sorrowfully.

"This is worst of all," cried Laura, with quivering voice. "You have behaved towards me to-day in a

manner that is highly humiliating to me, and I ask you what have I done to deserve such treatment?"

"What have I done to deserve such reproaches?" asked the Doctor, in return. "This morning you sent me this with your compliments.

"I?" cried Laura; "you sent me these cat's paws. But I did not send that handkerchief. My handkerchief had none of the beauty of this colored print—it was only white."

"I may say the same of my gloves; they were not blessed with claws—they were plain kid."

Laura turned to him, anxiously gazing into his face. "Is that true?"

"It is true," said the Doctor, with convincing sincerity; "I know nothing about these gloves."

"Then we are both victims of a deception," cried Laura, confounded. "Oh, forgive me, and forget what has passed." Guessing the state of the case, she continued: "I beg of you to say no more on the subject. Permit me to bind your hand with this handkerchief."

He held out his hand; she staunched the blood with her handkerchief, and hastily wound it about the scratches.

"It is too small for a bandage," she said, sorrowfully; "we must put your own over it. This has been a disagreeable day, Doctor. Oh, forget it, and do not be angry with me."

The Doctor was by no means inclined to be angry, as might be perceived from the eager conversation into which they now fell. Their hearts were lightened; they vied with each other in their efforts at sincerity; and when the carriage set them down at their own doors, they bade each other a cordial good-night.

The following morning, Mr. Hummel entered Laura's private room, and laid a blue paper upon the table.

"There was a mistake yesterday," he said; "here is what belongs to you."

Laura opened the paper quickly; it contained an embroidered handkerchief.

"I have also sent back the gloves to the Doctor, with my compliments, informing him that there was a misunderstanding, and that *I*, your father, Hummel, sent him what was his own."

"Father," cried Laura, going up to him, "this new insult was unnecessary. Upon me you may inflict whatever your hatred to your neighbors prompts you to do, but that you should again wound another after what has happened yesterday, is cruel of you. This handkerchief belongs to the Doctor, and I shall give it to him at the first opportunity."

"Exactly," said Hummel; "was it not hemmed and embroidered by your own hands? You are responsible for whatever you do now. But you know, and he knows too, how I feel about these exchanges of civilities. If you choose to act contrary to my expressed wishes, you may. I will not consent to our house being upon terms of exchanging presents, either small or great, with the Hahn's; and since you, as I hear, often meet the Doctor at our lodger's, it will be as well for you to bear this in mind."

He went out of the room complacently, and left his daughter in revolt against his harsh commands. She had not ventured to contradict him, for he was unusually calm to-day, different from his ordinary blustering manner, and she felt there was a meaning in his

words that checked her utterance and sent the blood to her cheeks. It was a stormy morning for her journal.

Mr. Hummel was busy at his office with a consignment of soldiers' caps, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door, and to his surprise, Fritz Hahn entered. Hummel remained seated with dignity, till his caller had made a respectful bow, then he slowly rose, and began, in a business tone :

“What can I do for you, Doctor ? If you need a fine felt hat, as I presume you do, the salesroom is on the floor below.”

“I know that,” replied the Doctor, politely. “But I am come, in the first place, to thank you for the handkerchief you so kindly selected and sent me as a present yesterday.”

“That's pretty good !” said Hummel. “Old Blücher was painted upon it ; he is a countryman of mine, and I thought on that account the handkerchief would be acceptable to you.”

“Quite right,” answered Fritz. “I shall be careful to preserve it as a keepsake. I must, at the same time, add to my thanks the request that you will deliver these gloves to Miss Laura. If a mistake occurred yesterday in the delivery, as you kindly informed me, it was not my fault. As these gloves already belong to your daughter, I, of course, cannot take them back.”

“That's better still !” said Hummel, “but you are in error. The gloves do not belong to my daughter ; they were bought by you, and have never been seen by her ; and early this morning they were returned to their possessor.”

“Pardon me,” rejoined Fritz, “if I take your own words as testimony against you ; the gloves were yes-

terday, according to the custom of the country, sent as a present to Miss Laura ; you yourself received them from the hands of the messenger, and, by your words, acknowledged them. The gloves, therefore, by your own co-operation, have become the property of the young lady, and I have no claim to them."

"No advocate could put the case in a better light," replied Hummel easily. "There is only one objection to it. These gloves were non-apparent ; they were covered with paper and flowers, like frogs in the grass. Had you come to me openly with your gloves, and requested to be allowed to give them to my daughter, I should have told you yesterday what I now say, that I consider you a worthy young man, and that I have no objection to your standing as godfather every day in the year, but I do very much object to your showing my daughter what hereabouts are called attentions. I am not kindly disposed towards your family and, what is more, I do not wish to be ; therefore I cannot permit that you should be so towards mine. For what is right for one is fitting for the other."

"I am placed again in the unfortunate predicament of confuting you by your own actions," rejoined the Doctor. "You, yesterday, honored me with a mark of civility. As you have made me a present of a handkerchief, in token of your favor, to which, as I had not stood godfather with you, I had no claim, I also may say that what is right for one is fitting for the other. Therefore you cannot object to my sending these gloves to a member of your family."

Mr. Hummel laughed. "With all respect to you, Doctor, you have forgotten that father and daughter are not quite the same thing. I have no objection

that you should occasionally make me a present if you cannot resist the inclination to do so ; I shall then consider what I can send you in return ; and if you think that these gloves will suit me, I will keep them as a token of reconciliation between us ; and if ever we should stand together as godfathers, I shall put them on and exhibit them for your benefit."

"I have delivered them to you as the property of your daughter," replied Fritz, with composure ; "how you may dispose of them I cannot decide. You know my wishes."

"Yes, perfectly, Doctor," assented Hummel ; "the affair is now settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, and there is an end of it."

"Not quite yet," replied the Doctor. "What now comes is a demand I have upon you. Miss Laura, as godmother with me, prepared and sent me a handkerchief. The handkerchief has not come into my hands, but I have undoubtedly the right to consider it as my property, and I beg of you most humbly to send it to me."

"Oho !" cried Hummel, the bear beginning to stir within him, "that looks like defiance, and must be met with different language. You shall not receive the handkerchief with my good will ; it has been given back to my daughter, and if she presents it to you she will act as a disobedient child, contrary to the commands of her father."

"Then it is my intention to oblige you to recall this prohibition," replied the Doctor, energetically. "Yesterday I accidentally discovered that you exchanged the gloves I sent to Miss Laura for others which must have excited in her the belief that I was an impertinent jester. By such deceitful and injurious

treatment of a stranger, even though he were an adversary, you have acted as does not become an honorable man."

Hummel's eyes widened, and he retreated a few steps.

"Zounds!" he growled, "is it possible? Are you your father's son? Are you Fritz Hahn, the young Humboldt? Why you can be as rude as a boor."

"Only where it is necessary," replied Fritz. "In my conduct towards you I have never been deficient in delicacy of feeling; but you have treated me with injustice, and owe me due satisfaction. As an honorable man you must give me this, and my satisfaction will be the handkerchief."

"Enough," interrupted Hummel, raising his hand, "it will be of no avail. For, between ourselves, I have nothing of what you call delicacy of feeling. If you feel yourself offended by me, I should be very sorry, in so far as I see in you a young man of spirit, who also can be rude. But when, on the other hand, I consider that you are Fritz Hahn, I convince myself that it is quite right that you should feel aggrieved by me. With that you must rest content."

"What you say," replied Fritz, "is not only uncivil, but unjust. I leave you, therefore, with the feeling that you owe me some reparation; and this feeling is, at all events, more agreeable to me than if I were in your position."

"I see we understand each other in everything," replied Hummel. "Like two business men, we both seek our own advantage. It is agreeable to you to feel that I have injured you, and to me that is a matter of indifference. So let it remain, Doctor; we are at

heart, and before all the world, enemies, but for the rest, all respect to you."

The Doctor bowed and left the office.

Mr. Hummel looked meditatingly on the spot where the Doctor had stood.

He was during the whole day in a mild, philanthropic mood, which he at first showed by philosophizing with his book-keeper.

"Have you ever raised bees?" he asked him, over the counter.

"No, Mr. Hummel," replied he; "how could I manage it?"

"You are not very enterprising," continued Hummel, reproachfully. "Why should you not give yourself this pleasure?"

"I live in a garret, Mr. Hummel."

"That does not matter. By the new inventions you may keep bees in a tobacco-box. You put the swarm in, open the window, and from time to time cut your honey out. You might become a rich man by it. You will say that these insects might sting your fellow-lodgers and neighbors; do not mind that; such views are old-fashioned. Follow the example of certain other people, who place their bee-hives close to the street in order to save the expense for sugar."

The book-keeper seemed to wish to comply with this proposition.

"If you mean——" he replied humbly.

"The devil I mean, sir," interrupted Hummel; "do not think of coming to my office with a swarm of bees in your pocket. I am determined under no circumstances to suffer such a nuisance. I am Bumble-



bee enough for this street and I object to all humming and swarming about my house and garden."

In the afternoon, when he was taking a walk in the garden with his wife and daughter, he suddenly stopped.

"What was it that flew through the air?"

"It was a beetle," said his wife.

"It was a bee," said Hummel. "Are this rabble beginning to fly about. If there is anything I detest, it is bees. Why there is another. They annoy you, Phillipine."

"I cannot say so," she replied.

A few minutes after, a bee flew about Laura's curls, and she was obliged to protect herself with a parasol from the little worker, who mistook her cheeks for a peach.

"It is strange; they were not so numerous formerly," said Hummel, to the ladies; "it seems to me that a swarm of bees must have established itself in a hollow tree of the park. The park-keeper sleeps out there on a bench. You are on good terms with the man; call his attention to it. The vermin are insufferable."

Madam Hummel consented to make inquiries, and the park-keeper promised to look to it. After a time he came to the hedge, and called out, in a low voice:

"Madam Hummel."

"The man calls you," said Hummel.

"They come from the garden of Mr. Hahn," reported the park-keeper, cautiously; "there is a beehive there."

"Really?" asked Hummel. "Is it possible that Hahn should have chosen this amusement?"

Laura looked at her father anxiously.

“I am a peaceful man, keeper, and I cannot believe my neighbor would do us such an injury.”

“It is certain, Mr. Hummel,” said the park-keeper; “see, there is one of the yellow things now.”

“That’s so,” cried Hummel, shaking his head; “it’s yellow.”

“Don’t mind, Henry; perhaps it will not be so bad,” said his wife, soothingly.

“Not so bad?” asked Hummel, angrily. “Shall I have to see the bees buzzing around your nose? Shall I have to suffer my wife to go about the whole summer with her nose swollen up as large as an apple? Prepare a room for the surgeon immediately: he will never be out of our house during the next month.”

Laura approached her father.

“I can see you wish to begin a quarrel anew with our neighbors: if you love me, do not do so. I cannot tell you, father, how much this quarreling annoys me. Indeed I have suffered too much from it.”

“I believe you,” replied Hummel, cheerfully. “But it is because I love you that I must in good time put an end to this annoyance from over there, before these winged nuisances carry away honey from our garden. I don’t intend to have you attacked by the bees of any of our neighbors, do you understand me?”

Laura turned and looked gloomily in the water, on which the fallen catkins of the birch were swimming slowly towards the town.

“Do something, keeper, to preserve peace between neighbors,” continued Hummel. “Take my compliments to Mr. Hahn, with the request from me that he will remove his bees, so that I may not be obliged to call in the police again.”

“I will tell him, Mr. Hummel, that the bees are

disagreeable to the neighborhood; for it is true the gardens are small."

"They are so narrow that one could sell them in a bandbox at a Christmas fair," assented Hummel. "Do it out of pity to the bees themselves. Our three daffodils will not last them long as food, and afterwards there will be nothing for them but to gnaw the iron railings."

He gave the park-keeper a few coppers, and added, to his wife and daughter:

"You see how forbearing I am to our neighbor, for the sake of peace."

The ladies returned to the house, depressed and full of sad forebodings.

As the park-keeper did not appear again, Mr. Hummel watched for him on the following day.

"Well, how is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Hahn thinks that the hives are far enough from the street; they are behind a bush and they annoy no one. He will not give up his rights."

"There it is!" broke out Hummel. "You are my witness that I have done all in the power of man to avoid a quarrel. The fellow has forgotten that there is a Section 167. I am sorry, keeper; but the police must be the last resort."

Mr. Hummel conferred confidentially with a policeman. Mr. Hahn became excited and angry when he was ordered to appear in court, but Hummel had in some measure the best of it, for the police advised Mr. Hahn to avoid annoyance to the neighbours and passers-by by the removal of the hive. Mr. Hahn had taken great pleasure in his bees; their hive had been fitted with all the new improvements, and they were not like our irritable German bees; they were an

Italian sort, which only sting when provoked to the utmost. But this was all of no avail, for even the Doctor and his mother herself begged that the hives might be removed; so, one dark night they were carried away, with bitter and depressed feelings, into the country. In the place which they had occupied he erected some starlings' nests on poles. They were a poor comfort. The starlings had, according to old customs, sent messengers of their race through the country and hired their summer dwellings, and only the sparrows took exulting possession of the abode, and like disorderly householders, left long blades of grass hanging from their nests. Mr. Hummel shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and in a loud bass voice, called the new invention the sparrow telegraph.

The garden amusements had begun; the sad prognostication had become a reality; suspicion and gloomy looks once more divided the neighboring houses.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### CLOUDLETS.

A Professor's wife has much to bear with her husband. When Ilse found herself seated with her friends, the wives of Professors Raschke, Struvelius, and Günther, over a cozy cup of coffee, which was by no means slighted, all manner of things came to light.

Conversation with these cultured ladies was indeed delightful. It first touched lightly on the subject of servants, and the troubles of housekeeping called forth a volubility of chatter, like the croaking of frogs in a pond, and Ilse wondered that even Flamina Struvelius should express herself so earnestly on the subject of pickling gherkins, and that she should

anxiously inquire as to the marks of age on a plucked goose. Merry Mrs. Günther shocked the ladies of greater experience and at the same time made them laugh, when she told them she could not bear the cry of little children, and that as to her own—of which she had none yet—she would from the beginning train them to quiet habits with the rod. As has been said, the conversation rambled from greater matters to small talk like this. And amidst other trivial remarks it naturally happened that men were quietly discussed, and it was evident that, although the remarks were made as to men in general, each thought of her own husband, and each, without expressing it, thought of the secret load of cares she had to bear, and each one convinced her hearers that her own individual husband was also difficult to manage. The lot of Mrs. Raschke was indeed not to be concealed, as it was notorious throughout the whole town. It was well known that one market-day her husband went to the lecture-room in a brilliant orange and blue dressing-gown, of a Turkish pattern. And the collegians, who loved him dearly and knew his habits well, could not suppress a loud laugh, while Raschke hung his dressing-gown quietly over the reading-desk and began to lecture in his shirt sleeves, and returned home in the great-coat of a student. Since then Mrs. Raschke never let him go out without looking after him herself. It also transpired that after living ten years in the town he constantly lost his way, and she did not dare to change her residence, being convinced that if she did, the Professor would always be going back to his old abode. Struvelius also gave trouble. The last affair of importance had come to Ilse's personal knowledge; but it was also known that

he required his wife to correct the proof-sheets of his Latin writings, as she had a slight knowledge of the language—and that he could not resist giving orders to traveling wine merchants. Mrs. Struvelius, after her marriage, found her cellar full of large and small casks of wine, which had as yet not been bottled, while he himself complained bitterly that he could not replenish his stock. And even little Mrs. Günther related that her husband could not give up working at night; and that on one occasion, poking about with a lamp amongst the books, he came too close to a curtain, which caught fire, and on pulling it down he burnt his hands, and rushed into the bedroom with his fingers black as coals, more like an Othello than a mineralogist.

Ilse related nothing of her short career, but she had also had some experience. True, her husband was very good about working at night, was very discreet over his wine, though on great occasions he drank his glass bravely, as became a German Professor. But as to his eating, matters were very unsatisfactory. Certainly it does not do to care too much about food, especially for a Professor, but not to be able to distinguish a duck from a goose is rather discouraging for her who has striven to procure him a dainty. As for carving he was useless. The tough Stymphalian birds which Hercules destroyed, and the ungenial Phœnix, mentioned with such respect by his Tacitus, were much better known to him than the form of a turkey. Ilse was not one of those women who delight to spend the whole day in the kitchen, but she understood cooking, and prided herself on giving a dinner worthy of her husband. But all was in vain. He sometimes tried to praise the dishes, but

Ilse clearly saw that he was not sincere. Once when she set a splendid pheasant before him, he saw by her expression that she expected some remark, so he praised the cook for having secured such a fine chicken. Ilse sighed and tried to make him understand the difference, but had to be content with Gabriel's sympathizing remark: "It's all useless. I know my master; he can't tell one thing from another!" Since then, Ilse had to rest content with the compliments that the gentlemen invited to tea paid her at the table. But this was no compensation. The Doctor also was not remarkable for his acquirements in this direction. It was lamentable and humiliating to see the two gentlemen over a brace of snipes which her father had sent them from the country.

The Professor, however, looked up to the Doctor as a thoroughly practical man, because he had had some experience in buying and managing, and the former was accustomed to call in his friend as an adviser on many little daily occurrences. The tailor brought samples of cloth for a new coat. The Professor looked at the various colors of the samples in a distracted manner. "Ilse, send for the Doctor to help me make a choice!" Ilse sent, but unwillingly; no Doctor was needed, she thought, to select a coat, and if her dear husband could not make up his mind, was not she there? But that was of no avail; the Doctor selected the coat, waistcoat, and the rest of the Professor's wardrobe. Ilse listened to the orders in silence, but she was really angry with the Doctor, and even a little with her husband. She quietly determined that things should not continue so. She hastily calculated her pocket-money, called the tailor into her room, and ordered a second suit for her hus-

band, with the injunction to make this one first. When the tailor brought the clothes home, she asked her husband how he liked the new suit. He praised it. Then she said: "To please you I make myself as nice-looking as I can: for my sake wear what I have made for you. If I have succeeded this time, I hope that I may in future choose and be responsible for your wardrobe."

But the Doctor looked quite amazed when he met the Professor in a different suit. It so happened, however, that he had nothing to find fault with; and when Ilse was sitting alone with the Doctor, she began—

"Both of us love my husband; therefore let us come to some agreement about him. You have the greatest right to be the confidant of his labors, and I should never venture to place myself on an equality with you respecting them. But where my judgment is sufficient I may at least be useful to him, and what little I can, dear Doctor, pray allow me to do."

She said this with a smile; but the Doctor walked gravely up to her.

"You are expressing what I have long felt. I have lived with him for many years, and have often lived for him, and that was a time of real happiness to me; but now I fully recognize that it is you who have the best claim to him. I shall have to endeavor to control myself in many things; it will be hard for me, but it is better it should be so."

"My words were not so intended," said Ilse, disturbed.

"I well understand what you meant; and I know also that you are perfectly right. Your task is not alone to make his life comfortable. I see how earn-



estly you strive to become his confidant. Believe me, the warmest wish of my heart is that in time you should succeed."

He left with an earnest farewell, and Ilse saw how deeply moved he was. The Doctor had touched a chord, the vibration of which, midst all her happiness, she felt with pain. Her household affairs gave her little trouble, and all went so smoothly that she took no credit to herself for her management. But still it pained her to see how little her work was appreciated by her husband, and she thought to herself, "What I am able to do for him makes no impression on him, and when I cannot elevate my mind to his, he probably feels the want of a soul that can understand him better."

These were transient clouds which swept over the sunny landscape, but they came again and again as Ilse sat brooding alone in her room.

One evening, Professor Raschke having looked in late, showed himself disposed to pass the evening with them, and Felix sent the servant to the Professor's wife, to set her mind at rest as to the absence of her husband. As Raschke, among all her husband's colleagues, was Ilse's favorite, she took pains to order something that would please him. This order doomed to death some chickens that shortly before had been brought in alive. The gentlemen were sitting in Ilse's room when a dreadful scream and clamor issued from the kitchen, and the cook, pale as death, opened the door and appealed to her mistress. It appeared that the girl's heart failed her in attempting to kill the fowls and as Gabriel, who had hitherto performed all such necessary slaughter, was absent, she did not know what to do, so Ilse herself had to perform the indis-

pensable act. When she returned, Felix unfortunately asked why she had left the room, and Ilse told him what had occurred.

The chickens were placed upon the table and did the cook no discredit. Ilse carved and served them, but her husband pushed back his plate, whilst Raschke, out of politeness, picked at the breast, but forbore to eat a morsel. Ilse regarded the two gentlemen with astonishment.

“You do not eat anything, Professor?” she at last said to her guest, anxiously.

“It is only a morbid weakness,” replied Raschke, “and it’s very foolish indeed, but the screams of the poor bird still linger in my ear.”

“And in yours, too, Felix?” asked Ilse, with increasing wonderment.

“Yes,” rejoined he. “Is it not possible to have these things done quietly?”

“Not always,” answered Ilse, mortified, “when the house is so small, and the kitchen so near.” She rang and ordered the ill-fated dish to be taken away. “Those who can’t bear things to be killed should eat no meat.”

“You are quite right,” replied Raschke, submissively, “and our sensitiveness has but little justification. We find the preparations unpleasant, yet as a rule we are well satisfied with the result. But when one is accustomed to observe animal life with sympathy, he is necessarily shocked at the sudden termination of an organism for his own selfish purposes, when it is done in a way to which he is not accustomed. For the whole life of an animal is full of mystery to us. The same vital power which we observe in ourselves, is fundamentally at work with them, only

limited by a less complicated, and, on the whole, less complete organization."

"How can you compare their souls with that of man's?" asked Ilse; "the irrational with the rational; the transitory with the eternal?"

"As to irrational, my dear lady, it is a word to which in this case one does not attach a very clear meaning. What the difference may be between man and beast is difficult to decide, and on this subject a little modesty becomes us. We know but little of animals, even of those who pass their lives among us. And I confess that the attempt to fathom this unknown problem fills me with awe and reverence, which occasionally rises into fear. I cannot bear that any one who belongs to me should grow fond of an animal. This arises from a weakness of feeling which I own is sentimental. But the influence of the human mind on animals has always seemed to me wonderful and weird; phases of their life are developed, which in certain directions make them very similar to man. Their affectionate devotion to us has something so touching in it, that we are disposed to bestow much more love on them than is good either for them or us."

"Still an animal remains what it was from the creation," said Ilse; "unchanged in its habits and inclinations. We can train a bird, and make a dog fetch and carry what he would rather eat, but that is only an outward compulsion. If let to themselves, their nature and manners remain unaltered, and what we call culture they lack utterly."

"Even upon that point we are by no means sure," rejoined Raschke. "We do not know but that each race of animals has a history and an evolution

which extends from the earliest generation to the present. It is not at all impossible that acquirements and knowledge of the world, so far as they may exist in animals, have acted among them, though in a narrower sphere, just as with men. It is quite an assumption that birds sang just the same way a thousand years ago as they do now. I believe that the wolf and the lynx, in cultivated regions, stand on the same footing in the struggle for life as do the remnants of the red Indians among the whites; whilst those animals that live in comparative peace with man, like sparrows and other small creatures, and bees especially, improve in their mode of work, and in the course of time make progress—progress which we in some cases surmise, but which our science has not yet been able to describe.”

“Our forester would quite agree with you in this,” said Ilse, quietly; “as he complains bitterly that the bullfinches of our neighborhood have, within his memory, quite deteriorated in their singing, because all the good singers have been caught, and the young birds have no one to teach them.”

“Exactly,” said Raschke; “among animals of every species there are clever and stupid individuals, and it must follow that to some of them is assigned a definite spiritual mission which extends far beyond their own life. And the experience of an old raven, or the enchanting notes of a melodious nightingale, are not lost on the future generations of their race, but influence them continuously. In this sense we may well speak of culture and continued improvement among animals. But as regards the cooking, I admit that we exhibited our sympathies at the wrong

time and place, and I hope you are not angry with us, dear friend."

"It shall all be forgotten now," replied Ilse, "I will give you boiled eggs the next time; they will involve no scruples."

"The egg, too, has its story," answered Raschke; "but for the present, I may fitly waive discussing this. What has brought me here," addressing Felix, earnestly, "was neither fowls nor eggs, but our colleague, Struvelius. I am seeking forgiveness for him."

Felix drew himself up stiffly. "Has he commissioned you to come?"

"Not exactly; but it is the wish of some of our colleagues. You know that next year we require an energetic Rector. Some of our acquaintance are speaking of you. Struvelius will probably be Deacon, and for this reason we wish to bring you into friendly relations; and still more for the sake of peace at the University. We regret exceedingly to see our classicists at variance."

"What the man has done to me," replied the Professor, proudly, "I can easily forgive, although his mean and underhand conduct has deeply offended me. I feel much more seriously the effect of his foolish work upon himself and our University. What separates me from him is the dishonesty of spirit that has actuated his conduct."

"The expression is too strong," cried Raschke.

"It applies to his behavior exactly," returned the Professor. "When the forgery was pointed out to him, his fear of humiliation was greater than his love of truth, and he lied in order to deceive others—con-

duct unworthy of a German professor, and I can never forgive it."

"Again you are too severe," replied Raschke; "he has frankly and loyally admitted his error."

"He did so only when Magister Knips and others clearly proved the forgery that had been committed in the manuscript, and so made any further evasion impossible."

"Human feelings are not so easy to analyze as numbers are," rejoined Raschke; "and only he who judges charitably, judges rightly. He struggled with wounded pride perhaps too long, but he gave in at last."

"I tolerate no unknown quantity in the sense of honor of a scientist; the question here was: Black or white? Truth or falsehood?"

"You have, nevertheless," said Ilse, "shown the Magister much greater leniency, and I have seen him with you since, more than once."

"The Magister was less to blame in the matter," her husband replied. "When the question was clearly before him, he employed his acuteness to some purpose."

"He took money for it," said Ilse.

"He is a poor devil, accustomed, as a broker, to take his profits on any exchange of antiquities, and no one would expect in such a transaction that he should act like a gentleman. So far as his oppressed spirit belongs to science, it is not without a sort of manly pride; and I have the warmest sympathy for a nature of that kind. His life on the whole is a continual martyrdom to the interests of others; and when I employ such a man, I know exactly how far to trust him."

“Do not deceive yourself in that!” cried Raschke.

“I shall take the risk and the responsibility,” replied the Professor. “But have done with the Magister—it is not he who is in question. When I compare his offense with that of Struvelius, there is no doubt in my mind as to who has shown the greater deficiency in sense of honor.

“This again is so unjust,” cried Raschke, “that I cannot listen to such expressions in the absence of my colleague. It is with deep regret that I miss in you the candor and dispassionate impartiality which I consider to be unreservedly demanded in judging a fellow-professor.”

“You yourself told me,” replied Felix, more quietly, “that he promised silence to the trader, because the latter had held out the prospect of obtaining other secret parchments. How can you, after such an exhibition of selfishness, find a word to say in his defense?”

“It is true he did so,” replied Raschke, “and therein was his weakness?”

“Therein was his dishonesty,” said the Professor, “and that I shall never condone. Whoever thinks otherwise, may shake his hand in approbation of his conduct.”

Raschke rose. “If your words mean that he who grasps the hand of Struvelius in pardon for what he has done, has lost in character and self-respect, I reply to you that I am the man, and that this act of mine has never lessened my sense of dignity nor humiliated me in my own eyes. I entertain the highest respect for your pure and manly feelings, which I have ever deemed exemplary; but I must now tell you, that I am not satisfied with you. If this obduracy has come upon you merely because Struvelius has per-

sonally offended you, you are violating the standard which we are ever in duty bound to observe in judging our fellow men."

"Let it not be observed then!" exclaimed the Professor. "I recognize no standard of leniency when I have to do with the demands which I make upon the sense of honor and propriety in my personal acquaintances. It affects me deeply that you are opposed to me in this way of thinking; but such as I am, an erring and imperfect mortal, I cannot moderate these claims upon those about me.

"Let me hope then," broke in Raschke, "that it will never be your misfortune to have to confess to others that you have been deceived by an impostor in the very matter wherein your consciousness of self-reliance has been so strongly aroused. For he who judges others so proudly, would suffer no small affliction in the confession of his own shortsightedness."

"Yes, that would be fearful for me," said Felix, to involve others in error and falsehood against my will. But trust me, to atone for such a wrong I would use all my life and strength. Meanwhile, between that man and me the gulf will remain as dark as ever."

Raschke shoved back his chair. "I must go, then, for our discussion has so excited me that I should make a very unentertaining companion. It is the first time, my dear lady, that I have ever left this house with any feeling of unpleasantness; and it is not my least annoyance, that my untimely advocacy of the existence of souls in poultry made me bristle up my crest against you also."

Ilse regarded the excited countenance of the worthy man with pain, and, in order to soothe him and restore the old friendly relations, she said to him,



coaxingly: "But you shall not escape the poor chicken, you'll have to eat it, and I shall take care that your wife gives it to you to-morrow morning for breakfast."

Raschke pressed her hand, and rushed out through the door. The Professor walked up and down the room in agitation, and then stopping before his wife said, abruptly, "Was I in the wrong?"

"I don't know," replied Ilse, hesitating; "but when our friend spoke to you, all my feelings went with him, and I felt that he was right."

"You, too!" said the Professor, moodily. He turned on his heel and went into his study.

Ilse once more sat alone with a heavy heart, and she murmured, "In many things he looks on life very differently from what I do. Towards animals he is kinder, and towards men sometimes harsher than I am. Strive as I may, I shall always be to him an awkward country lass. He was kind to Madam Rollmaus, and will be so towards me; but he will ever have to make allowances for me."

She sprung from her chair with a burning face.

In the meantime Raschke was roving about in the anteroom; there too disorder prevailed. Gabriel had not returned from his distant errand, and the cook had put all the dinner things upon a side-table till his return, and Raschke had to look for his own great-coat. He groped among the clothes and seized a coat and a hat. As to-day he was not as absent-minded as usual, a glance at the rejected meal reminded him of the fact that he had to eat a chicken, as enjoined by Ilse. He, therefore, seized a newspaper which Gabriel had carefully laid out for his master, took the chicken from the dish, wrapped it up in the paper, and

deposited it in his pocket, the depth and capacity of which agreeably surprised him. Rushing past the astonished cook he left the house. On opening the front door he stumbled over something on the threshold, and heard a fearful growl behind him as he hurried down the steps into the open air.

The words of the friend whose house he had just left, still rung in his ear. Werner's whole bearing had been very characteristic, and his nature was a strong one. Strange, that in a moment of anger his face had suddenly assumed a likeness to that of a Danish dog. Here the philosopher's chain of ideas was broken by the sudden recollection of the talk about animal souls.

"It is indeed to be deplored that it is still so difficult to determine the significance of expression as revealing the animal soul. If success attended our efforts here, science too would gain by it. If the expressions and gestures exhibited in moments of passion by man and the higher animals could be compared and collated in every detail, important and interesting inferences might be drawn, both from that which they manifested in common and from that wherein they differed. For, in this way, the true nature and purport of their dramatic actions, and probably new laws governing the same, might be ascertained."

Whilst the philosopher was thus meditating, he felt a repeated tugging at the end of his overcoat. As his wife was accustomed, when he was wrapt in thought, to nudge him gently if he met a friend, he paid no attention, but took off his hat politely to the post on the bridge, and said, "Good evening."

"The common character and origin of mimical expression in man and the higher animals might, per-

haps, if fully known, give us glimpses into the great secret of life." Again something pulled him. Raschke mechanically lifted his hat. Another tug. "No more, dear Aurelia; I have taken my hat off." It then occurred to him that it could not be his wife who was pulling so low down at his coat. It must be his little daughter Bertha, who occasionally walked with him, and, just like her mother, would also nudge him gently when he had to bow to any one. "Very well, dear child," said he, as Bertha kept continually pulling at his hind coat pocket, and he put his hand behind him to catch the little teaser. He caught hold of something round and shaggy, and at once felt the sharp edges of teeth in his fingers, which made him turn round with a start. He then saw, by the lamp-light, a red, brindled monster, with a great head and bristly hair, and a tuft instead of a tail. It was an awful transformation of wife and daughter, and he stared with amazement at this mysterious being, that stood opposite to him, likewise regarding him in silence.

"A remarkable meeting," cried Raschke. "What art thou, unknown beast—presumably a dog?" Get away with thee!" The animal slunk back a few paces, and Raschke pursued his inquiry further. "If the facial expression and the gesticulation attendant upon emotion could be thus referred and traced back to original and common forms, the instinctive tendency to appropriate and to adapt what is foreign would undoubtedly result as one of the most universal and effective of laws. It would be instructive from the involuntary actions of men and animals to ascertain that which naturally belonged to each species and that which each had acquired. Get away, dog;—home

with you, I say! What is he after, anyway? He is apparently one of Werner's people. The poor brute is possessed of some overpowering idea and will lose his way running about the city!"

In the meantime, Spitehahn's attacks had become more violent, and he at last dropped into a ludicrous march upon his hind legs, while, placing his forefeet on the Professor's back, he buried his nose in the latter's coat-pocket.

Raschke's interest in the thoughts of the dog increased. He stopped by a lamp-post and carefully examined his overcoat. He found that it possessed a cape and long sleeves, which the philosopher had never observed before on his own coat. The matter was now clear: he had thoughtlessly taken the wrong coat, and the honest dog meant to preserve his master's wardrobe, and to make the thief restore it. Raschke was so pleased with the dog's cleverness, that he turned round and spoke coaxingly to Spitehahn, trying to stroke his bristly coat. The dog snapped at his hand. "You are quite right," said Raschke, "in being angry with me. I will show you that I confess I am in the wrong." So he took the coat off, and hung it over his arm. "It is, indeed, much heavier than my own." He marched briskly on in his light coat, and saw with satisfaction that the dog made no more attacks on his skirts. On the other hand, Spitehahn seized the great-coat, and began biting at it, snapping at the Professor's hand and growling furiously.

The Professor got angry with the dog, and as he came to a bench in the Promenade, he laid the coat down on it, in order to deal with the animal in earnest, and drive him home. By this means he got rid of the dog and, what was more, of the coat too; for

Spitehahn, jumping up eagerly on the bench with a mighty leap, seized the coat, and kept the Professor at bay. "It is Werner's coat," said the Professor, "and it is Werner's dog, and it would be unjustifiable to beat the poor animal because in his fidelity he has become excited, and it would be also wrong to leave both dog and coat." So he remained with the dog, trying to coax him; the animal, however, took no further notice of the Professor; on the contrary, he devoted himself to the coat, which he turned over and over again, scraping and gnawing at it. Raschke perceived that the coat would not long stand such treatment. "The dog must be mad," he said to himself, suspiciously, "and I shall have to resort to violence after all towards the poor creature;" and he considered whether it were better to jump up on the bench and drive the mad dog off with a good kick, or to make the unavoidable attack from below. He decided on the latter, and searched about for a stone or stick to arm himself for the encounter. He then looked up at the trees and the dark sky, and could not in the least tell where he was. "Is this witchcraft?" he said to himself, amused. "Pray tell me," addressing a solitary passer-by, "in what part of the town we are; and will you have the goodness to lend me your stick for a moment?"

"These are strange questions," replied the stranger, in a surly tone. "I want my stick myself at this time of night. And who are you, sir, I should like to know?" And he approached the Professor menacingly.

"I am a peaceable man," replied the Professor, "and little inclined to violent courses. But a struggle has commenced between that dog on the bench and me

about an overcoat, and I should be extremely obliged to you if you would rescue the coat from the dog. But pray do no more harm to him than is absolutely necessary."

"Is it your coat?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately, I cannot say it is," replied Raschke, conscientiously.

"There is something wrong here," cried the stranger, again looking with suspicion at the Professor.

"Something, indeed," replied Raschke; "the dog is mad, the coat has been changed, and I don't know where we are."

"Close to the Valley Gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who rapidly joined the group. "But, pardon me, how came you here?"

"How opportune," cried Raschke, delighted; "just take charge of the coat and the dog."

With astonishment Gabriel saw his friend Spitehahn, who was now sitting on the coat, quite abashed and chapfallen at the sight of his master. Gabriel drove the dog off, and seized the coat. "It is my own overcoat!" he said.

"Yes, Gabriel," rejoined the Professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has displayed a wonderful fidelity in guarding it."

"Fidelity!" said Gabriel, indignantly, as he pulled a parcel out of the pocket; "it was greedy selfishness. There must be something to eat in here."

"Ah! I recollect now," cried Raschke; "it is the fowl that's to blame. Give me the parcel, Gabriel; I must eat it myself. And we may now wish one another good-night in peace, unless you will go with me a little way to show me the road amongst these trees."

“But you can’t go in this night air without an overcoat,” said the tender-hearted Gabriel. “We are not far from our house, and it would be better for you to return with me to the Professor’s.”

Raschke paused a while, and laughed. “You are quite right, my good Gabriel: my sudden departure was all wrong, and the soul of an animal has this day given a lesson to a human soul.”

“If you mean this dog, replied Gabriel, “it is the first time in his life he has given anybody a lesson. I suppose that he followed you from our door, for I put bones there for him every evening.”

“At one time I thought he was quite mad,” said the Professor.

“He is a sly one when he chooses,” replied Gabriel, with an air of mystery; “but if I were to tell all my experiences with him to this day——”

“Do tell me, Gabriel,” cried the Professor, quite excited. “Nothing is so valuable with respect to animals as authentic anecdotes, collected by those who have observed them closely.”

“I can vouch for my experience,” said Gabriel, with an air of confidence; “and if you really wish to know what he is, I can tell you he is possessed—he is a devil—he’s a depraved brute—and bears a grudge against the whole human race!”

“Hum!—is that so?” murmured the philosopher. “I believe it is much easier to look into the heart of a Professor than that of a dog.”

Spitelahn crept along quietly but depressed, with his tail between his legs, listening to the praise bestowed on him, whilst Raschke, accompanied by Gabriel, returned through the park to the house. Gabriel

flung open the parlor door, and announced "Professor Raschke."

Ilse stretched out both hands, "Welcome—welcome, dear Professor!" and led him in to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke, in a cheerful tone, "after an adventure like a fairy tale. I have been brought back by two animals who have shown me the right path—a roast fowl and a perverted dog."

Felix sprang to his feet, the two friends shook hands cordially, and, after all misunderstanding, the evening passed off most pleasantly.

When Raschke at length withdrew, Gabriel said sorrowfully to his mistress: "It was the new coat; the chicken and the dog have ruined it beyond all recognition."



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE ILLNESS.

IT was the first burst of spring in the wood and gardens adjoining the city. The buds and the caterpillars had slumbered together in quiet winter dreams; now the leaves expanded, and the grubs crawled over the young green shoots. Under the bright rays of the sun in its higher course, the struggle of life began,—the blooming and withering, the rich colors, and the frost under which they were to fade, the bright green leaves and the caterpillars that gnawed them; the eternal strife began anew in buds and blossoms just as in the heart of man.

Ilse, in her hours of instruction, was now reading Herodotus; he, too, was a harbinger of spring for the human race; hovering above the borderland between dreamy poetry and unclouded reality, the glad proclaimer of a time in which the people of the earth rejoiced in their own beauty and perfection, and first began to seek seriously truth and knowledge. Again Ilse read with passionate excitement the pages which brought a shattered world before her eyes with such vivid reality. But there was not the same serene and exalted pleasure in the narrative as in the works of the great poet who so directed the fate and deeds of his heroes as to produce a pleasing impression upon the mind, even when they excited sorrow and fear. For it is the privilege of human invention to form the world as the tender heart of man desires it; with alternations and fitting proportions of happiness and

sorrow, the recognition of each individual according to his powers and actions, and due compensation. But the mind which here delineated the life of the past, did so in a superhuman manner, life crowded life, so that one devastated the other, destruction mercilessly overtook them, good and bad alike ; here too, there was retribution; here, too, there was a curse, but their effect was incomprehensible and cruel. What was good ceased to be good, and evil gained the victory. What was first a blessing afterwards became ruin; what was now beneficent greatness and dominion, afterwards became a disease, which destroyed the state. The individual heroes were of little importance; if a great human power rose and dominated for a moment, it soon saw it disappear in the whirling stream of events. Cræsus, the over-confident, good-hearted king, fell; the powerful Cyrus passed away, and Xerxes was beaten. But nations also sank, the blooming flower of Egypt withered, the golden realm of Lydia was shattered, and mighty Persia first corrupted others and then itself. In the young Hellenic people, that rose with such heroic strength, she already saw busily at work violence, evil deeds, and enmities, through which the most beautiful picture of antiquity, after short prosperity, was to pass away.

Ilse and Laura were sitting opposite each other, with an open book lying between them. Laura, indeed, was not admitted to the private lessons of the Professor, but her soul faithfully accompanied Ilse on the path of learning. Ilse imparted the acquisitions of her hours of instructions to her, and enjoyed the sweet pleasure of infusing new ideas into the mind of her friend.

“I felt great indignation at this Xerxes,” cried Laura, “even from what I read in the primer:

“Xantippe was a cross, mean thing  
No peace her husband had.  
But Xerxes was a Persian King  
And he was just as bad.”

I long thought that Xantippe was his wife, and I wish he had had her. On the other hand, look at the three hundred Spartans who sent the others home and encircled themselves with wreaths, anointed themselves, and put on the festive garb to march to death. That elevates the heart; they were men. If I could show my veneration for their memory by means of my stupid head and weak hands, I would work for it till my fingers ached. But what can a poor creature like me do? At the utmost, embroider traveling-bags for their journey to the lower world, and these would come two thousand years too late. We women are pitiable creatures,” she exclaimed, with vexation.

“There were others in the battle,” said Ilse, “who affected me more than the three hundred Spartans. These were the Thespians, who fought and died with them. The Spartans were impelled by their proud hearts and the strict discipline and commands of their rulers. But the Thespians died willingly. They were a small people, and they well knew that the greatest honor would attach to their distinguished neighbors. But they were faithful in their humble position, and that was far more self-sacrificing and noble. Ah! it was easy for all of them,” she continued, sorrowfully; “but for those who remained behind, their poor parents, wives and children at home, what destruction of happiness and unspeakable misery!”

“Misery!” cried Laura; “if they thought as I do, they were proud of the death of their loved ones, and like them wore garlands in their sorrow. What is the purpose of our life if we cannot rejoice in giving ourselves up for higher things?”

“For higher things?” asked Ilse. “What men value higher than wife and child, is that higher for us also? Our duty is to devote our whole hearts to them, our children, and our home. When, therefore, they are taken from us, our whole lives are desolated and nothing remains but endless sorrow. It is natural for us to view their vocation differently than they do themselves.”

“I would like to be a man,” cried Laura. “Are we then so weak in mind and spirit, that we must have less enthusiasm, less feeling of honor, and less love for our Fatherland than they? It is a fearful thought to be one’s whole life long only the waiting-maid of a master who is no stronger or better than oneself, and who wears overshoes, that his feet may not get wet, and a woollen muffler the moment a breath of cold air blows.”

“They do wear these things here in the town,” replied Ilse, laughing.

“Yes, nearly all of them do,” said Laura, evasively; “but believe me, Frau Ilse, these men have no right to expect us to devote our whole heart and lives to them. It is just the most thorough of them that do not give us their full heart. And how should they? We are good enough to entertain them, and darn their stockings, and perhaps become their confidants, if they should accidentally be at a loss what to do; but the best of them look beyond us to the great All,

and in that is their special life. What is right for them should also be fitting for us."

"And have we not enough in what they give us of their life?" asked Ilse. "If it is only a portion it makes us happy."

"Is it happiness never to experience the highest of emotions?" exclaimed Laura. "Can we die like Leonidas?"

Ilse pointed to the door of her husband's room. "My Hellas sits there within and works, and my heart beats when I hear his step, or only the scratching of his pen. To live or die for the man one loves is also an elevating idea, and makes one happy. Ah, happy only if one knows that one is a source of happiness to him also!"

Laura threw herself at the feet of her friend, and looked entreatingly into her anxious face. "I have made you serious with my prattling, and that was wrong of me; for I would gladly conjure a smile to your lips every hour, and always see a friendly light in those soft eyes. But do bear with me; I am a strange, unaccountable girl, and often discontented with myself and others, and frequently without knowing why. But Xerxes was a good for nothing fellow, to that I stick; and if I had him here I could box his ears every day."

"At all events he received his due," replied Ilse.

Laura started suddenly. "Was that a proper retribution for the wretch who had destroyed or made miserable hundreds of thousands, to return home without a scratch? No punishment would be severe enough for such a wicked king. But I know right well how he became so; his mother and father spoiled him; he had always lived at home, had grown up in

luxury and all men were subject to him. And so he treated all with contempt. It would be the same with others if they were in the same position. I can well imagine myself such a monster, and many of my acquaintances too."

"My husband?" asked Ilse.

"No, he is more like Cyrus or Cambyses," replied Laura.

Ilse laughed. "That is not true. But how would it be with the Doctor over there?"

Laura raised her hand threateningly towards the neighboring house. "He would be Xerxes, just as he is in the book, if one could think of him without spectacles, in a golden dressing-gown, with a sceptre in his hand, without his good heart (for Fritz Hahn undoubtedly has that); somewhat less clever than he is, and still more spoilt, as a man also who has written no book, and learnt nothing but to treat others badly; he would then be Xerxes out and out. I see him sitting before me on a throne, by a brook, striking the water with a whip because it made his boots wet. He might have become a very dangerous fellow if he had not been born here close to the city park."

"I think so too," replied Ilse. In the evening, in the course of her hour of study, Ilse said to her husband: "When Leonidas died with his heroes, he saved his countrymen from the rule of foreign barbarians; but after him many thousands of these glorious men fell in the civil wars of the cities. In these quarrels the people became deteriorated, and before long other strangers came and deprived their descendants of their freedom. For what end did these many thousands die?—of what use was all the hatred, and enthusiasm, and party zeal?—it was all in vain, it was

all a token of decay. Man is here like a grain of sand that is trodden down into the earth. I find myself facing a terrible mystery and I am afraid of life."

"I will endeavour to give you a solution," replied her husband, seriously; "but the words which I am now about to speak to you are like the key to the chambers of the wicked Bluebeard: do not open every room too hastily, for in some of them you will discover what, in your present frame of mind, may raise anew your fears."

"I am your wife," cried Ilse, "and if you have any answer for the questions which torment me I demand it of you."

"My answer is no secret to you," said the Professor. "You are not only what you consider yourself—a human being born to joy and sorrow, united to individuals by nature, love, and faith—but you are bound body and soul to an earthly power, of which you think but little, but which, nevertheless, guides you from the first breath you drew to the last gasp of life. When I tell you that you are a child of your people, and a child of the human race, the expression will come so naturally to you that you will not assign any deep meaning to it. Yet this is your highest earthly relation. We are too much accustomed from childhood on to cherish in our hearts only the individuals to whom we are bound by nature or choice, and we seldom stop to think that our nation is the ancestor from whom our parents are descended, that has produced our language, laws, manners, that has given us all we possess, given us everything that constitutes our life, and almost all that determines our fortunes, and elevates our hearts. Yet not our nation alone has accomplished this; the peoples of the earth stand to one another as brothers

and sisters, and one nation helps to decide the life and fate of others. All have lived, suffered, and worked together, in order that you may live, enjoy, and do your part in life."

Ilse smiled. "The bad king Cambyses, and his Persian also?"

"They also," replied the Professor; "for the great net of which your life is one of the meshes, is woven from an infinite number of threads, and if one had been lost the web would be imperfect. Take first a simple illustration. You are indebted to the people of a period, of which every record is now wanting, for the table by which you sit, the needle which you hold in your hand, and the rings on your fingers and in your ears; the shuttle was invented by an unknown people in order that your dress might be woven, and a similar palm-leaf pattern to that which you wear, was devised in the manufactory of a Phœnician."

"Good," said Ilse; "that pleases me; it is a charming thought that antiquity has provided so considerably for my comfort."

"Not that alone," continued the scholar. "What you know, and believe also, and much that occupies your heart, has been delivered to you through your nation from its own and foreign sources. Every word that you speak has been transmitted and remodelled through hundreds of generations, to receive thereby that sound and significance which you now so easily command. It was for this object that our ancestors came into the country from Asia, and that Arminius struggled with the Romans for the preservation of our language, that you might be able to give Gabriel an order which both could understand. It was for you the poets lived, who, in the youth of the Hellenic peo-



ple, invented the powerful rhythm of the epic verse, which it gives me such pleasure to hear from your lips. Furthermore, that you may believe, as you do, it was necessary that three hundred years ago there should take place in your Fatherland a great and mighty struggle of opinion; and again, more than a thousand years earlier, a mighty conflict of the soul in a small people of Asia; and again, fifty generations earlier still, venerated commandments given under the tents of a wandering people. You have to thank a past which begins with the first life of man on earth for most that you have and are, and in this sense the whole human race has lived in order that you might be able to live."

Ilse looked excitedly at her husband. "The thought is elevating," she exclaimed, "and is calculated to make man proud. But how does that agree with this same man being a nonentity, and crushed like a worm in the great events of history?"

"As you are the child of your nation, and of the human race, so has every individual been in every age; and as he has to thank that greater human fabric, of which he is a portion, for his life and nearly all its content, so is his fortune linked to the greater fortune of his nation and to the destiny of mankind. Your people and your race have given you much, and they require as much from you. They have preserved your body and formed your mind, and they demand in return your body and mind. However lightly and freely you move about as an individual, you are answerable to these creditors for the use of your freedom. Whether, as mild masters, they allow you to pass your life in peace, or at some period demand it of you, your duty is the same; whilst you think that you

live and die for yourself, you live and die for them. Contemplated in this way, the individual life is immeasurably small compared with the great whole. To us, the individual man who has passed away can only be discerned in so far as he has influenced others; it is only in connection with those who preceded him, and those who come after him, that he is of importance. But in this sense great and little are both of value. For every one of us who brings up his children, or governs the State, or in any way increases the welfare, comfort, and culture of his race, performs a duty towards his people. Countless numbers do this without any personal record of them remaining; they are like drops of water, which, closely united with others, run on as one great stream, not distinguishable by later eyes. But they have not on that account lived in vain; and, as countless insignificant individuals are preservers of culture, and workers for the duration of national strength, so the highest of powers in individuals—the greatest heroes and the noblest reformers—only represent in their lives a small portion of that national strength. Whilst man struggles for himself and his own ends, he unconsciously influences his own time, and his own people for all futurity. By ennobling the ideals and duties of future generations, he pays his own debt to life. You see, my beloved, how death vanishes from history in such a conception. The result of life becomes more important than life itself; beyond the man is the nation—beyond the nation is mankind; every human being that has moved upon earth has lived, not only for himself, but for all others, and for us also; thus our life has been benefited by him. As the Greeks grew up in noble freedom and passed away, and as their thoughts and labors

have benefited later generations of men, so our life, though it moves in a small circle, will not be useless to future generations."

"Ah!" cried Ilse, "that is a view of earthly life which is only possible to those who do great things, and in whom later times will take an interest; my blood runs cold at the thought. Are men, then, only like flowers and weeds, and a nation like a great meadow, and what remains, when they are mowed down by time, only useful hay, for later generations? Surely all that once existed and all existing at present have lived also for themselves, and for those whom they have loved, for wife and children and friends, and they were something more than ciphers among millions; something more than leaves on an enormous tree. Though their existence is so insignificant and useless that you can perceive no trace of their work, yet the life and the soul of the beggar and the life and the soul of my poor invalid in the village are guarded by a power which is greater than your great net that is woven of the souls of men."

She arose and gazed anxiously into her husband's face. "Bow your human pride before a power that you do not understand."

The scholar looked at his wife with deep solicitude. "I do bow humbly before the thought that the great unity of human beings on this earth is not the highest power of life. The only difference between you and me is, that my mind is accustomed to hold intercourse with the higher powers of earth. They are to me revelations so holy and worthy of reverence, that I best love to seek the Eternal and Incomprehensible by this path. You are accustomed to find the inscrutable in the conceptions which have been im-

pressed on your mind through pious traditions; and I again repeat what I before said, your faith and yearnings arise from the same source as mine, and we seek the same light, though in different ways. What the Gods, and also the Angels and Archangels were to the faith of earlier generations—higher powers which, as messengers of the Highest, hovered about and influenced the lives of men—the great intellectual unity of nations and mankind are in another sense to us, personalities which endure and yet pass away, though according to different laws from what individual men do. My endeavour to understand these laws is one form of my piety. You yourself will gradually learn to appreciate the modest and elevating conceptions of the holy sphere in which I live. You also will gradually discover that your faith and mine are about the same.”

“No,” cried Ilse, “I see only one thing, a great gulf which divides my thoughts from yours. Oh, deliver me from the anguish which tortures me in my concern for your soul.”

“I cannot do it, nor can it be done in a day. It can only be done by our own lives, by thousands of impressions and by thousands of days, in which you will become accustomed to look upon the world as I do.”

He drew his wife, who was standing as if transfixed, nearer to him. “Think of the text: ‘In my father’s house are many mansions.’ He who so spoke knew that man and wife are one through the strongest of earthly feelings, which bears all and suffers all.”

“But what can I be to you to whom the individual is so little?” asked Ilse, faintly.

“The highest and dearest being on earth, the

flower of my nation, a child of my race in whom I love and honour what was before and will survive us."

Ilse stood alone among the strange books; without, the wind howled round the walls, the clouds flitted across the face of the moon; soon the room became dark, and then was lighted up by a pale glimmer. In the flickering light the walls seemed to spread and rise to an immeasurable height; strange figures rose from among the books, they glided by the walls, and were suspended from the ceiling, an army of grey shadows, which by day were banished to the bookshelves, now came trooping towards her, and the dead who continued to live as spirits on earth stretched out their arms to her and demanded her soul for themselves.

Ilse, with head erect, raised her hands on high, and called to her aid the beautiful images, which from her childhood had surrounded her life with blessing, white figures with shining countenances. She bent her head and prayed: "O guard the peace of my soul."

When Ilse entered her room she found a letter from her father on her table; she opened it hastily, and, after reading the first lines, sank down sobbing.

Her father had informed her of the death of an old friend. The good pastor had been borne away from the narrow valley to the place of rest, which he had chosen in the churchyard, near his wife. He had never recovered from the disquiet which the departure of Ilse had caused him; he had passed the winter in lingering illness, and one warm spring evening death came upon him while sitting before his peach-tree in the garden. There the faithful servant found him, and ran with the terrible news to the manor. A few hours

before he had requested Clara to write to his dear child in the city, that all was well with him.

Ilse had often been anxious about the life of her friend during the winter, so the account was not a surprise to her. Yet now she felt his loss as a terrible misfortune; it was a life which had been firmly and faithfully devoted to her; she well knew that in later years she had become almost exclusively the object of his thoughts and fond affections. She had abandoned one who had been part of her life, impelled by a stronger feeling, and it now appeared as if she had done wrong in parting from him. She saw the staff broken which had bound her firmly to the feelings of her childhood. It seemed as if the ground tottered beneath her, as if all had become insecure, the heart of her husband, and her own future.

The Professor found her dissolved in tears and bending over the letter; her grief moved him, and he anxiously begged her to think of herself. He spoke to her tenderly, and at last she raised her eyes to him and promised to be composed.

But it was in vain. After a few hours he was obliged to carry her to bed.

It was a dangerous illness. There were days in which she lay unconscious in death-like weakness. When, at times, she opened her weary eyes, she looked into the careworn countenance of her husband, and saw Laura's curly head tenderly bending over her; then all would vanish again in vague insensibility.

It was a long struggle between life and death, but life was victorious. Her first impression, when she awoke as from a painless slumber, was the rustling of a black dress, and the large curl of Mrs. Struvelius, who had popped her head through the closed curtains,

and was gazing sorrowfully on her with her great grey eyes. She gently called her husband by name, and the next moment he was kneeling by her bed, covering her hand with kisses; and the strong man had so completely lost all self-control that he wept convulsively. She laid her hand on his head, stroked the matted hair, and said to him, gently: "Felix, my love, I will live."

There followed now a time of great weakness and slow convalescence; she had many an hour of helpless depression, but withal a faint smile would play at times over her thin, pale lips.

Spring had come. The buds had not all been destroyed by the frost of the previous night, and the birds twittered before her windows. Ilse was deeply moved to see what a good nurse her husband was,—how adroitly he gave her medicine and food, and would scarcely suffer anyone to take his place by her bedside; he stubbornly refused to take a few hours' sleep in the night, till she herself begged him to do so, and then he could not resist. She learned from Laura that he had been in great distress of mind, and when she was at the worst had been quite distracted and moody, and angry with every one. He had sat day and night by her bedside, so that it was wonderful how he had been able to endure it. "The physician was unable to manage him," said Laura; "but I found the right way, for I threatened him seriously that I would complain to you of his obstinacy. Then he consented to my taking his place for a few hours, and at last Mrs. Struvelius also, but unwillingly, because he maintained that her dress rustled too much.

Laura herself showed how devoted was her love; she was always on the spot, hovering noiselessly about the

sick-bed like a bird; she would sit motionless for hours, and when Ilse opened her eyes, and her strength was a little restored, she had always something pleasant to tell her. She informed her that Mrs. Struvelius had come on the second day, and, after making a little speech to the Professor, in which she solemnly claimed the right of a friend, she seated herself on the other side of the bed. He, however, had not listened to what she said, and had suddenly started and asked who she was, and what she wanted there. She had answered him quietly that she was Flaminia Struvelius, and that her heart gave her a right to be there; thereupon she repeated her argument, and at last he gave in. "Her husband, too, has been here," added Laura, cautiously. "Just when you were at the worst, he rushed up to your husband, who shook hands with him, but, between ourselves, I do not think he knew him. Then," related Laura, "that absurd fellow, the Doctor, came the very first evening, with a blanket and a tin coffee-machine, and declared he would watch also. As he could not be allowed in the sick-room, he placed himself with his tin apparatus in the Professor's room; the Professor took care of you, and the Doctor took care of the Professor." Ilse drew Laura's head down to her, and whispered in her ear, "and sister Laura took care of the Doctor." Upon this Laura kissed her, but shook her head vehemently. "He was not troublesome, at any rate," she continued; "he kept very quiet, and he was useful as a Cerberus to keep away the visitors and dismiss the many inquirers. This he did faithfully. If it were possible for you to see him, I believe it would give him great pleasure."

Ilse nodded. "Let him come in." The Doctor



came; Ilse stretched out her hand towards him, and felt from the warm pressure, and from the emotion on his countenance, that the learned confidant of her beloved husband, on whose approbation she had not always counted, was a true friend. Ilse found also that other gentlemen pressed to her bedside.

“If the wife of my colleague will give me audience, I beg to apply for admittance,” said a cheerful voice, outside.

“Come in, Professor Raschke,” cried Ilse, from her bed.

“There she is,” exclaimed he, louder than is usual in a sick-room, “returned to the glad light after a dangerous crisis.”

“What are the souls of animals doing, dear Professor?” asked Ilse.

“They are eating the leaves in the adjacent woods,” answered Raschke; “there have been numerous lady-birds this year; see, there is one flying about the medicine bottle; I fear it has used me as a stage-coach to come in to visit you. The trees stand like brooms, and the poultry are so fat that all prejudices concerning the enjoyment of these fellow-creatures are quite set aside. I count the days until the happy moment arrives when my friend will follow me to give evidence of my improvement.”

It was a slow recovery, but accompanied by abundant feelings of comfort; for fate grants to convalescents, as a compensation for danger and suffering, to see all around them, free from the dust of the work-a-day world, in pure outlines and fresh brilliancy. Ilse now felt this mild poetry of the sick-bed, when she held out her hand to the honest Gabriel, which he kissed, holding his handkerchief to his eyes, whilst the

Professor extolled his devoted service. She felt this pleasure also when going down into the garden, supported by Laura's arm. Mr. Hummel advanced to her respectfully, in his best coat, with his hair brushed down and his defiant eyes softened almost into a mild expression, and behind him followed slowly his dog Spitehahn, his head also bent in unwilling respect. When Mr. Hummel had offered his homage, he said, sympathisingly: "If you should ever wish for a little quiet exercise, I beg of you to make use of my boat at your pleasure." This was the greatest favor that Mr. Hummel could show, for he did not credit the inhabitants of the neighborhood in which he lived with any of the qualifications which are necessary to make aquatic excursions. He was undoubtedly right when he called a voyage in his boat a quiet amusement; for this season the boat had mostly rested upon bottom on account of the shallowness of the water and the greatest amusement that it could offer was to stretch out the hands to both banks, and tear up a tuft of grass with each.

When Ilse could sit in her room again, it often happened that the door opened gently, her husband entered, kissed her, and then returned with a light heart to his books. When she saw his tender anxiety, and his happiness in her recovery, and in again having her near him, she no longer doubted his love, and felt that she ought no longer to be anxious about what he thought of the life and passing away of individuals and of nations.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A COURT MATTER.

Among the inquiries after the Professor's wife during her illness, there was one made by a stranger. Gabriel excited a little astonishment in the household when he mentioned: "Once, as I was running to the apothecary, a man of refined appearance was standing in the street talking with Dorchen. Dorchen called to me, and the man made inquiries concerning everything, and your illness seemed very inopportune to him."

"Did you ask his name?"

"He would not give it. He was from your part of the country, and had only made inquiries through the town."

"Perhaps it was some one from Rossau," said Ilse, annoyed. "I hope he has not made father anxious by his talk."

Gabriel shook his head. "He meant something by it; he tried to find out everything about the house, and asked impudent questions that I would not answer. As he had a crafty look, I followed him to the nearest inn, and the waiter told me that he was the chamberlain of a Prince." Gabriel mentioned the name.

"That is our Prince!" cried Ilse; "what can make him take such interest in me?"

"The man wished to take some news home," replied her husband. "He was among the retinue on the hunting expedition last year, and it was kindly meant."

This answer quieted Gabriel, and Ilse, much pleased, said: "It is so nice when one's Prince takes such interest in his children who are in trouble far from home."

But there was some foundation withal for Gabriel's shaking his head; the inquiries did signify something.

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Behind the buildings of a country farm-house, a young lady could be seen, tying up the wild flowers of the meadow in a large bouquet; a ball of blue yarn rolled in her lap whenever she added a fresh handful of flowers. A youth was running about in the deep grass before her, busily engaged in collecting flowers, placing them in order and arranging them according to color for the nosegay-maker. It was evident that the youth and young lady were brother and sister from the marked family likeness of both countenances, and the rich walking-dress left no doubt that they had not blossomed amidst the clover and camomile of the soil, even though the horses' heads and the galoon-trimmed hats of their attendants had not been visible through a gap between the barns.

"You will never finish your bouquet, Siddy," said the young man, incredulously, to the lady, as she awkwardly tried to knot the broken thread.

"If the thread were only stronger!" cried the busy maiden; "do knot it for me!" But it turned out that the young gentleman was not more expert himself.

"Look, Benno, how beautiful the bouquet will be,—that was my idea."

"It is all much too loose," retorted the young man.

"It is good enough for the first time," replied Siddy; "there, see my hands, how sweet they smell."

She showed the blue points of her little fingers, holding them up to his face; and as he good-humoredly sniffed at them, she playfully rapped him on the nose. "I have enough of the red flowers," she continued, again occupied with the nosegay; "now I must have one more circle of white."

"What kind of white?"

"If I did but know their names," replied Siddy, thoughtfully; "I mean Marguerites. What do you call these white flowers?" she asked, looking back to a countrywoman who stood in a respectful attitude some steps behind the busy pair, looking on at their proceedings with a pleased smile.

"We call them daisies," said the woman.

"Ah, that's it?" cried Siddy; "cut long stalks, Benno."

"They haven't got long stalks," said Benno, plaintively, carrying her what he could pick near at hand. "I will tell you what astonishes me," he began, sitting down by his sister on the grass. "This meadow is full of flowers; when it is mowed the grass becomes hay, and one doesn't see a thing of all the flowers in the hay."

"Really?" replied Siddy, tying another thread. "They are probably dried up."

Benno shook his head. "Only look at a bundle of hay; you will see few of them in it. I think the people gather them beforehand, and sell them in the city."

Siddy laughed, and pointing over the green fields, said, "Look around you; they are countless, and people only buy the more lasting garden flowers; yet these are far prettier. How lovely is the star in the flower of our Lady Marguerite." She held the nose-

gay up to her brother, and looked lovingly at her work of art.

“You have completed it after all,” said the young man, admiringly; “you were always a clever girl, Siddy, and I am so sorry that you are going away from us,” he added, feelingly.

His sister gazed earnestly at him. Are you, really? And will you always think kindly of me, my brother? You are the only one here from whom I find it hard to part, Benno. We are like two orphan children sitting in the snow of a cold winter’s night.”

She who thus spoke was Princess Sidonie, and the sun was shining warm on the blooming meadow before her.

“How do you like my bridegroom?” she asked, after a pause, busily winding the blue thread around the finished nosegay.

“He is a handsome man, and was very kind to me,” said Benno, thoughtfully. “But is he clever?”

Siddy nodded. I think he is. He writes nice letters. If you like, you shall read one.”

“I shall be glad to do so,” said Benno.

“Do you know,” continued Siddy, mysteriously, that I write to him every day! For I think a woman ought to confide everything to her husband, great and small, and I wish to accustom him and myself to that. To make sure, I write to him under a false address, and my maid takes the letters to the post, for I fear my stupid words might otherwise be read before they go.” She said this with apparent indifference, examining her bouquet all the while. “He will hear every little detail of this visit to Lady Marguerite, and that it has given you pleasure. Now the bouquet is ready,” she exclaimed, gaily. “I will fasten a hand-

kerchief round it; we will take it in the carriage, and I will set it on my writing-table."

Benno laughed: "It looks like a club. You can lend it this evening to the savages in the ballet."

"It is better than the flat things which one can't even put in water," replied the sister, jumping up; "come along, we will carry it to the pump."

They hastened to the farmyard, followed by the peasant woman. Benno took a bucket and carried it to the pump.

"Let me pump," cried Siddy. She seized the handle and tried to move it, but did not succeed; only a few drops ran into the pitcher.

Benno objected. "You are too clumsy," he said, "let me try it." He now took hold of the wooden handle, and Siddy held the bucket. He pumped vigorously, and the water spurted out over the bucket, upon the hands and dress of the Princess. She made a slight exclamation, let the bucket drop, and then both burst out laughing.

"You have made a nice mess of me, you naughty wretch," cried Siddy. "Oh, it makes no difference, mother," she added, to console the woman, who ran up terrified, clasping her hands. "Now, Benno, an idea has occurred to me: I will put on a gown of our dame Marguerite, and you a smock-frock of her husband, and when our cousin comes he will not know us, and we will surprise him."

"If all only turns out well," rejoined Benno, doubtfully.

"No one sees us," urged Siddy. "Good mother," she said, coaxingly, to the country-woman, "come into your room, and help us to dress."

The young Prince and Princess took the woman

by the hand and led her into the house. Benno laid his coat down in the hall, and looked doubtfully at the smock-frock, which was brought to him by a stout maid, who assisted him in putting it on. The elegant peasant lad seated himself patiently on a bench, while waiting for his companion, and employed his leisure in turning a grinding-stone and inquisitively holding the tips of his fingers close to it. Whilst he was making this experiment, he received a slight blow on his back, and with astonishment beheld, standing behind him, a little peasant maid, in blue petticoat and black jacket, and the usual cap of the country on her head.

“How do you like my appearance?” asked Siddy, crossing her arms.

“Charming,” exclaimed Benno. “I had no idea that I had such a pretty sister.”

Siddy made a rustic curtsy. “Where have you kept your eyes, you foolish boy? Now we must help in the household. What work can you give your new servants, Mother Marguerite?”

The woman simpered. “There is the fodder for the cows to be steeped in hot water,” she said.

“No more water, we have had enough of that. Come, Benno, we will set the table in the garden under the fruit-trees, and then carry out the curds and cream.”

They went into the room, and brought out a small bench placing it on the grass-plot, under an apple-tree; then they hurried back for the plates and spoons. The woman and the maid carried out the table with a large bowl of milk, and some rye bread. Siddy tripped about nimbly, laid the tablecloth, and carefully smoothing it out, placed the colored earthenware upon it.

“Look!” whispered Benno, pointing with a troubled air to the worn pewter spoons.



“We can wash them, and dry them with green leaves,” advised his sister.

They ran with the spoons to the pump, and rubbed them hard with leaves, but they could not polish them.

“That’s just their way,” said Benno, consolingly; “it is part of a country picnic.”

The table was laid, and Sidddy brought forward some stools and wiped them with her cambric handkerchief.

“You are the Hereditary Prince,” said Sidddy, “so you must sit on the bench, and we others on each side of you. The rye bread must be crumbled, but every one can do that for themselves. There is no sugar, but that doesn’t matter.”

They sat waiting before the milk bowl, beating time with the spoons. A little green apple fell plump into the milk, and spattered it about. Both burst out laughing, jumped up, and collected the unripe apples and plums from the grass, peering across the hedge at a path which led through the woods to the town.

“There he comes,” cried Benno; “hide yourself!”

A horseman rode up at a gallop. It was a young officer. He threw himself off his snorting horse, fastened it to a post, and leaped over the hedge. But he stopped amazed, for he was greeted with a cross-fire of unripe apples and plums from each side of the hedge. He quickly collected some of the green shot, and defended himself as well as he could against the assault. The little peasants sprang forth, and Benno cried out, “You have kept us waiting a long time.”

Sidddy made him a curtsy, saying, “Prince, the butter-milk is served.”

Prince Victor looked with evident admiration at the young peasant. “Ah!” he said, good-humoredly,

“now one sees how small the feet are before which one does homage. All right, children. But first of all I must have satisfaction for the attack.”

So saying, he knotted his pocket-handkerchief; the brother and sister laughed, and said, beseechingly, “Be good, cousin, we will not do it again.” “Oh, dear Ogre, pardon and compassion!” implored Siddy, raising the corner of her apron to her eyes.

“Nothing of the kind,” cried Victor; “I shall no doubt be arrested again on your account, and shall therefore punish you beforehand.” He chased them round the table.

“This is disagreeable, cousin,” cried Siddy; “let us leave off this nonsense, and come to the table. I will help you. There is the cream. Everything must be fairly distributed when Victor is present.”

Victor examined the table. “It is all very nice, but there is no sugar.”

“There was none to be had,” cried the brother and sister, in chorus.

Victor put his hand into his pocket, and placed a silver box on the table. “What would become of you without me? Here is the sugar.” He again dipped into his pocket, and brought out a leathern flask with a small drinking-glass. “Here is another important thing, the cognac.”

“What for?” asked Siddy.

“To drink, most gracious cousin. If you will put this cold mess into your interior without cognac, I shall not venture to oppose you; but I advise you, Benno, as a man, to take care of your health.”

Both held their spoons with an air of embarrassment.

“Is that necessary?” asked Benno, distrustfully.

“It is a pacifier, as our doctor says,” declared Victor; “it calms and quells the rebel substances into quiet submission. If you refuse the cognac, it is just like on the way to hell. The path is easy at the beginning, but what follows is chaos. At all events, you would be spared the ballet to-day. Is that clear to you?”

“It is very clear,” cried Sidy, “that you are as usual making sport of us. Give him a rap on his fingers, Benno.”

Benno tapped his hand with the spoon. Victor sprang up and parried it, in fencing posture, with his spoon; and the brother and sister chased their cousin merrily about among the trees.

They were disturbed by a hasty tread, and a lackey made his appearance for a moment at the garden-gate. “His most Serene Highness is riding this way,” he called out.

All three stood still; the spoons fell into the grass. “We are betrayed,” cried Sidy, turning pale. “Away with you, Victor.”

“I am an officer, and dare not run away,” he replied, shrugging his shoulders. He seized his sword and hastily fastened it.

“You must take it all upon yourself,” Benno, exclaimed the sister.

“I would willingly do it,” replied he, timidly, “but I have never had any skill in invention.”

The Prince dismounted in front of the farm-house, helped by his equerry. The lackey hastened forward to open the doors, and the Prince approached slowly like a threatening storm. He entered the garden, and his sharp eyes rested on the embarrassed Prince and Princess, who stifly made their obeisances to him.

An ironical smile curled his lip when he saw the dishes on the table. "Who has arranged this country carnival?" he asked. All were silent. "Answer, Benno," he said, turning sharply to the young gentleman in the blue smock-frock.

"Siddy and I wished to have a little pastime in the meadow before she left our country. I spilled some water over my sister, and she was obliged to change her dress."

"Where is your lady in waiting, Sidonie?" he asked his daughter.

"I begged her to go to her aunt who lives in this neighborhood, and to return in an hour," replied the Princess Sidonie.

"She has not done right in forgetting my commands, in order to gratify yours; and she neglected her duty in exposing the Princess to such an adventure. It is not fitting that princesses should enter village houses alone, and disguise themselves."

The Princess compressed her lips. "My gracious lord and father, forgive me. I was not alone. I had the best protector with me that a princess of our house could have, that was your Highness's son, my brother."

The Prince drew back a few steps, and looked silently into her face; and, so strong was the expression of anger and displeasure in his countenance, that the Princess turned pale and cast down her eyes.

"Has the Princess appointed Prince Victor to be her protector in the peasant's farm?" he inquired. "Has Lieutenant"—he mentioned his family name—"permission to leave the garrison?"

"I came here on horseback without permission," replied Victor, with military composure.

“Report yourself under arrest,” commanded the Prince.

Victor saluted and turned away. He unfastened his horse, and, nodding behind the Prince’s back, over the hedge, to his cousin, he trotted back to the town.

“Make haste and cease this mummery,” ordered the Prince. “The Princess will drive home in a carriage with the Hereditary Prince.”

The young people made their obeisances and left the garden.

“I had a foreboding of this misfortune,” said the Hereditary Prince, to his sister, when in the carriage. “Poor Sidy!”

“I would rather be the maid of this countrywoman, and wear wooden shoes, than continue to bear this life of slavery,” cried the angry Princess.

“But do not make any remarks at dinner,” begged Benno.

The nosegay of wild flowers stood in the bucket, and was torn to pieces in the evening by the countrywoman’s cow.

\* \* \*

The day following, the Lord High Steward, von Ottenburg, an old gentleman with white hair, entered the apartment of the Prince.

“I have requested your Excellence to call on me,” began the Prince, politely, “because I wish to obtain your advice in a family matter. The day approaches when the Princess will leave us. Have you seen my daughter to-day?” he said, interrupting himself.

“I come from her Highness,” answered the old gentleman respectfully.

The Prince smiled. “Yesterday I had to speak seriously to her. The children took into their heads

to act an idyl, and I found them in peasants' dresses and in high glee. Our dear Sidy had forgotten that such sport might expose her to misinterpretation, which she has every reason to avoid."

The Lord High Steward bowed in silence.

"But it is not a question of the Princess now. The time has arrived when a decision must be made concerning the next few years of the Hereditary Prince's life. I have thought of his entering one of the large armies, in spite of the consideration due to his delicate health. You know that there is only one empire in which this is possible, and even there unexpected difficulties have arisen. There are two regiments in which one might be certain that the Prince would only have familiar intercourse with the officers of high birth. One of these regiments is commanded by Colonel Kobell, who quitted our service some years ago. It is not fitting to make the Prince his subordinate. In the other regiment an unexpected occurrence has taken place within this last month. A certain Mr. Miller has been introduced into it, contrary to the wishes of the corps of officers. Thus the Hereditary Prince is debarred from belonging to the only army which he could enter."

"Allow me to ask whether this second hindrance might not be removed?" said the Lord High Steward.

"They would gladly do anything to please us," replied the Prince, "but they do not know how to manage it; for the appointment of this unaristocratic lieutenant was made for political reasons."

"Could the difficulty not be removed by giving rank to the family of the lieutenant?" suggested the Lord High Steward.

"That has been cautiously tried, but the father

would not consent; and, indeed, your Excellence, the objection would remain the same. You know that I am not a purist in these things, but daily intercourse with such a person would be unpleasant to the Hereditary Prince. Whether Miller, or Von Miller, the dust of the flour would remain."

There was a pause. At last the Lord High Steward began: "The advantages of a military career are certainly undeniable for young princes who have no means or chance of finding other active employment; but is this course advisable for a future sovereign who needs a preparation for a great career? I remember that in former times your Highness did not take a favorable view of a soldier's life at Court."

"I do not deny that," replied the Prince. "I must acknowledge to you that I still take this view. The usual condition of society is not now that of war, but of peace. The necessary training of a young prince for war undoubtedly develops some manly parts of his character, but delivers him helplessly into the hands of his officials in all essential matters. In confidence, your Excellence, a pleasure in epaulets lasts just during the time of peace; but in case of a great war, where real military talent is requisite, the military dilettanteism of princes, with few exceptions, turns out to be quite useless. All this is undeniable. Unfortunately it is at present no longer fashion that determines a military career for young princes, it is a serious necessity. The times in which we live are such that a strict connection between the Court and armies is inevitable; and what at one time was thought to be unnecessary is now the support of princes."

"I do not see that the position of reigning princes

is strengthened by their being bad generals," answered the Lord High Steward. "Indeed, I venture to assert that many of the difficulties which now occur between princes and their people arise from the fact that our princes occupy themselves too much with the shoeing of horses, the training of recruits, and with the prejudices and ill conduct of garrisons, and have too little of the firmness, noble pride, and princely feeling which can only be developed by practice in worthier affairs."

The Prince smiled. "Your Excellence, then, is of the opinion that the Hereditary Prince should visit the University, for there is no other mode of training when he leaves this Court. The Prince is weak and easily led, and the dangers he would incur on this path are still greater than intercourse with officers of inferior grade."

"It is true," interposed the Lord High Steward, "that during the next few years the Hereditary Prince may find certain drawbacks in the advantages of an academy; but with respect to personal intercourse, there are sons of ancient families who are worthy of the honor of associating with the Prince. It would perhaps be easier there for the young gentleman to keep clear of unsuitable society than in a regiment."

"It is not this danger which I fear for him," replied the Prince; "but the unpractical theories and disturbing ideas which are there promulgated."

"Yet we should learn what one has to battle against," rejoined the Lord High Steward. "Does your Highness think, from the varied experience which you have attained through a highly intellectual life, that an acquaintance with these ideas is so dangerous?"



“Does a person go to hell in order to become pious?” asked the Prince, good-humoredly.

“A great poet having ventured this,” replied the Lord High Steward, “wrote his divine poem; and my gracious lord, who himself has always preserved a warm interest in learned pursuits, considers our Universities at best a species of mild purgatory. If an infernal flame should cling to the soil of our illustrious Prince after his return from this place, it will soon be eradicated by the high interests of his princely calling.”

“Yes,” assented the Prince, with lofty expression, “there is a consecration in the office of princes which fits even a weak man for the great interests which he has to grapple with through his life. But, your Excellence, it is difficult to observe without contemptuous pity the sentimental fools’ paradise of the new rulers, and hear the old phrases of love and confidence believed in and spoken of by princely mouths. Undoubtedly these popular ebullitions are transitory, and many of us older ones have once indulged in dreams, and endeavoured to plant green moss where it has been withered by the sun; but the fearful dangers of the present times make such wavering more dangerous to the new rulers, and false steps in the beginning of a reign may often ruin the position of the ruler afterwards.”

The Lord High Steward replied apologetically: “It is perhaps well to be wiser than others, but to be more moderate is at no period advantageous. Still a little poetry and youthful enthusiasm may be allowed to our princes; and if I therefore venture to recommend a visit to the University for his Highness, the Hereditary Prince, it is with the satisfactory feeling

that in doing so I express your Highness's own opinion."

The Prince looked sharply at the Lord High Steward, and a sudden cloud passed over his brow. "How should you know what my secret thoughts are?"

"That would be quite a vain attempt with your Highness," replied the old courtier, gently, "and it would little benefit an old servant to spy into the secret thoughts of his master. But your Highness has always hitherto given the Hereditary Prince tutors and attendants who were not military. This leads every one to a conclusion respecting your Highness's wishes."

"You are right, as always," said the Prince, appeased. "It is a pleasure to me to find that your views coincide with mine. For it is a serious decision that I have to make; it robs me for a long time of the company of my dear Benno."

The Lord High Steward showed his sympathy by a silent bow. "Your Highness's decision will undoubtedly produce great changes, for it will at the same time remove all the young people from the Court."

"All?" asked the Prince, surprised. "The Hereditary Prince will depart shortly after the marriage of his sister, but Prince Victor will still remain here."

"Then I humbly beg your pardon," rejoined the Lord High Steward. "I had taken for granted that the departure of the Hereditary Prince would be followed by the entrance of Prince Victor into a foreign army."

"What makes you think that?" said the Prince, with surprise. "I have not the least intention of pro-

viding for Prince Victor abroad; he may practice the art of riding in our squadrons."

"In this case his position at Court would be changed," said the Lord High Steward, thoughtfully; "on occasions he would rank and act as the representative member of this illustrious house."

"What are you thinking of," my Lord High Steward?" replied the Prince, captiously.

"Will your Highness graciously explain how that can be avoided? The rights of blood can never be given or taken away. The Prince is the nearest relative of the Royal Family, and the rules of the Court require a corresponding position, and the Court will insist that he be not deprived of it."

"The Court!" exclaimed the Prince, contemptuously; "You might as well say at once, the Lord High Steward."

"The Lord High Steward is appointed by your Highness to watch over the regulations of the Court," replied the old gentleman, with solemnity. "But as my personal opinion, I venture to suggest that service in this capital and the proximity of the Court are not advantageous for the active and energetic spirit of Prince Victor; it may be foreseen that your Highness will often have occasion to be dissatisfied with him, and that the loss of your Highness's favour, considering the lively and popular character of the Prince, may give occasion to continual scandal and malicious talk. Therefore I venture to assume that the considerations which hinder the military career of the Hereditary Prince in a foreign army will have no weight as regards Prince Victor."

The Prince looked down moodily. At last he began, as if convinced: "I thank you for having called

my attention to these considerations: I will come to a decision after mature deliberation. Your Excellence may be satisfied that I know how to value the warm sympathy you take in me and mine."

The Lord High Steward bowed and left the room; the furrows deepened in the face of the Prince as he looked after the old man.

The consequence of this conversation was that the Hereditary Prince was sent to the University, where the event did not create so much commotion as was expected at Court.

The Rector, one evening, came to Professor Werner, and after greeting Ilse, began, "You set a good example to your country when you came to us; a communication has been made from head-quarters to the University that in the next term your Hereditary Prince will begin his studies with us." Then, turning to the Professor, he continued: "It is expected that we shall all do what we can, compatibly with the duties of our office, to advance the education of the young Prince. I have to convey to you the wishes of his Highness that you should lecture to the Hereditary Prince in his own room."

"I shall give no Prince's lectures," replied the Professor; "my branch of learning is too comprehensive for that; it cannot be put into a nutshell."

"Perhaps you could lecture on some popular theme," advised the prudent Rector. "It appears to me that greater value attaches to the beneficial effect of your personal intercourse with the Prince than to the contents of your lectures."

"If it is agreeable to the Prince to be in our house, and he will accommodate himself to our habits, I shall show him every respectful and fitting attention. But

in my course of instruction I shall make no change on his account. If he attends my lectures as a student, well and good; but I will never give any private lessons in his room or in that of any one else."

"Will not your refusal be regarded as an incivility?" rejoined the Rector.

"It is possible," replied the Professor, "and I must acknowledge to you that in this case it is particularly painful to me. But no personal consideration shall induce me to give up a principle. I have formerly experienced how humiliating it is to have to fashion and fit a serious subject to the comprehension of a boy who has not the necessary preparatory knowledge and the power of grasping and taking a real interest in it. I shall never do it again. But I will do all that I can for this young gentleman, although I must confess that my studies lie far from the high road of princely education. If they wish to learn of us what may be profitable for their future life, they must do so in a regular way, and they should come to us with the preparatory knowledge which alone will make it possible for them to derive advantage from learning. I have here and there observed from a distance how sad is the education of most of them. The shallow and superficial nature of their training, which renders it almost impossible for them to take a warm interest in any domain of intellectual labor, is also of little value for their future life, and gives them little capacity for their duties as rulers. We participate in inflicting this injury, if we impart a mere varnish of learned culture to youths who have not in truth as much knowledge as a freshman. And that is usually the object. It is not necessary to visit the University in order to become a useful man; but if one enters this difficult

path—and I think undoubtedly that every future ruler ought to do so—it should be in a way that will secure valuable results. I do not condemn the teachers who think otherwise,” concluded the Professor, “there are undoubtedly subjects in which a succinct presentation of some of the leading principles is possible and profitable. But the study of ancient learning is not of this class, and, therefore, I beg to be excused from giving private lessons to the young Prince.”

The Rector expressed his approbation of these principles.

“My poor Hereditary Prince,” cried Ilse, pityingly, when the Rector left.

“My poor manuscript,” retorted the Professor, laughing.

“But you have made an exception in favor of your wife,” rejoined Ilse.

“Here the instruction is only the guide to the elucidation of our whole life,” replied the Professor. “Under these circumstances, you will be able to contemplate only from a distance the future Sovereign of Bielstein as belonging to you; and I shall also lose certain faint hopes which I had built upon the passing acquaintance with his father. For it is undoubtedly probable that my refusal will be considered as an act of capricious pride.”

The Professor might have been at ease upon this point. Care would be taken that his views should not reach the destination for which they were intended. The sharpness would be blunted, the point broken, for indeed in the higher regions such an idea would be considered so monstrous that it could only be put down to the account of a reprobate man; and this was by no means the case with the Professor.

The Rector was cautious enough to give plausible reasons for Werner's refusal, and at the Prince's palace it was determined that the Hereditary Prince should attend the Professor's lectures. From a syllabus of Werner's lectures a course was selected; it was on the inspection and explanation of casts of antique sculpture, during which the Hereditary Prince and his attendant had at least not to sit among a crowd of colored caps, but could wander about in princely isolation.

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Again did the ripened ears of corn wave gently under the autumn breeze, when Ilse went with her husband to the home of her childhood to visit her father. A year abounding in happiness, but not free from pain, had passed. Her own life also had been a little history in which she had experienced peace and strife, progress and weakness. Her pale cheeks showed that she had encountered suffering, and her thoughtful countenance portrayed the serious thoughts that had passed through her mind; but when she glanced at the weather-beaten church, and fixed her eyes on the dark roof of her father's house, everything was forgotten, and she felt again as a child in the peaceful home which now appeared so refreshing and comforting. The farm-people thronged round the gate; and her sisters rushed to meet her, and her father, towering above all, helped her and her husband out of the carriage. She clasped every one of them in a silent embrace; but when little Franz sprang up to her, she pressed him to her heart, and, losing all her composure, burst into tears, and the father was obliged to take the child from her arms.

They could only pay a short visit, for his profes-

sional duties compelled the Professor to return home soon; and though he had proposed to Ilse to remain longer with her father, she declined doing so.

The father looked searchingly at the manner and countenance of his daughter, and made the Professor tell him repeatedly how rapidly and easily she had made herself at home in the city. Meanwhile Ilse flew through the farm-yard and garden out into the fields, again gambolling with her little sisters, who would not let go her hand.

“You are all grown,” she exclaimed, “but my curly head most of all—he will be like his father. You will be a country gentleman, Franz.”

“No, a Professor,” answered the boy.

“Ah, you poor child!” said Ilse.

The laborers left their work and hastened to meet her, and there were many kind greetings and questions: the head carter stopped his horses, and the grey mare tossed her head. “She knows you well,” said the man, cracking his whip gaily.

Ilse went into the village, to pay a tribute of respect to the dead and to visit the living. It was with difficulty that she could get away from the invalid Benz, and when at last she did so, he called for his slate, and with trembling hands gave expression to his joy in poetry. She then made a careful inspection of the farm-yard. Accompanied by a train of maids, she walked between the rows of cattle, in spite of her fashionable dress, like the legendary Frau Berchta, who scattered blessings throughout the stable and house. She stopped before every horned head; the cows raised their mouths to her, lowing; and there was some important news to tell of each. The maids proudly showed her the young calves, and begged her



to give names to the grown-up heifers—for the proprietor had desired that these young ones should be named by Ilse—and she gave them the distinguished names of Kalypso and Xantippe. All was familiar, all as formerly, and yet at every step there was something new to eye and ear.

Clara showed her household accounts: the young girl had kept them admirably. The praises which were bestowed upon her by the house-keeper and by the dairy maid, in confidential conversations, gave Ilse great pleasure, and she said: “Now, I am quite satisfied you can do without me here.”

Towards evening the Professor sought his wife, who had been absent some hours. He heard the noise of the children by the brook, and guessed where Ilse was. When he turned round the rock by the cave he saw her sitting in the shadow, her eyes turned to her father's house. He called her name, and stretched out his arms towards her; she flew to his bosom, and said, softly: “I know that my home is in your heart; bear with me, when old recollections crowd upon my mind and move me deeply.”

At night, when her father conducted the Professor to his bedroom, still conversing with him upon business and politics, Ilse sent her sister Clara to bed, and seated herself in her chair. When her father came in to fetch his candle from the table, he found Ilse again in her old place, waiting to bid him good night, while she handed him the candle stick. He placed it on the table, and, walking up and down the room, as he had done of yore, began, “You are paler and more serious than you used to be. Will that pass?”

“I hope it will,” replied his daughter. After a

time she continued, "They believe and think very differently in the city from what we do, father."

The father nodded. "That was the reason I was anxious about you."

"And it is impossible for me to free myself from painful thoughts," said Ilse, softly.

"Poor child," said the father, "it passes my powers to help you. For us, in the country, it is easy to believe in a father's care, when one goes across the fields and sees the growth of everything. But let a simple countryman say a word in confidence to you. Moderation and self-renunciation are necessary in all earthly concerns. We are not better in the country and more sensible because we care little for what is mysterious to man. We have no time for subtle inquiries, and if a thought alarms us, our work helps to dispel our doubts. But thoughts return frequently. I have had days—and have still—when my brains have been on the rack, although I knew that no good would come of it; therefore I now endeavor to keep such thoughts away. This is prudence, but it is not courage. You are placed in a sphere in which hearing and reflecting are unavoidable. You must struggle through it, Ilse. But do not forget two things: on difficult subjects men take very different points of view, and on that account they have, from the most ancient times, hated and slaughtered each other like cannibals, merely because each considered himself in the right. This should be a warning to us. There is only one thing effectual against doubts: to do your duty and concern yourself with what lies in your daily path; for the rest, do not despair because one thinks differently from another. Are you sure of your husband's love?"

"Yes," replied Ilse.

“And have you a thorough respect for his conduct to yourself and others?”

“Yes.”

“Then all is well,” said the father; “for a tree is known by its fruits. As regards the rest, do not worry about the present or the future. Give me the candle, and go to your husband. Good night, Frau Professor.”

[END OF FIRST VOLUME.]



# THE LOST MANUSCRIPT

A NOVEL

BY

GUSTAV FREYTAG

Authorized Translation from the Sixteenth German Edition

*COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME*

SECOND, UNALTERED EDITION

PART II

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*"A noble human life does not end on earth  
with death. It continues in the minds and  
the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts  
and the activity of the nation."*

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1898



*No one who has written a book has of himself become what he is; every one stands on the shoulders of his predecessor: all that was produced before his time has helped to form his life and soul. Again, what he has produced, has in some sort formed other men, and thus his soul has passed to later times. In this way the contents of books form one great soul-empire on earth, and all who now write, live and nourish themselves on the souls of the past generations. From this point of view the soul of mankind is an immeasurable unity, which comprises every one who ever thus lived and worked, as well as those who breathe and produce new works at present. The soul, which past generations felt as their own, has been and is daily transmigrating into others. What is written to-day may to-morrow become the possession of thousands of strangers. Those who have long ago ceased to exist in the body continue to live in new forms here on earth, and daily revive in thousands of others.*

GUSTAV FREYTAG.





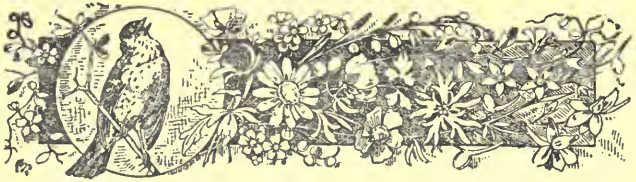
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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE BUTTER MACHINE.

IN the large hall of the University a select audience was assembled ; state and municipal dignitaries, and men of learning, and students, were constantly streaming backwards and forwards through the doors of the great entrance. The wives of the Professors sat above in the gallery : Ilse was in the place of honor, in the middle of the front row, with Laura. This was a great day for Ilse, for the splendor of the highest academical dignity rested upon her husband's head. Felix Werner had been chosen Rector Magnificus, and was now about to enter upon his office.

The instructors of the University walked in a long procession into the hall ; before them went the beadles in their antique dress of office, carrying great maces in their hands ; the gentlemen themselves walked in the order of their several faculties. Theology began the procession, and Philosophy closed it ; the latter, both from the number and importance of its members, was the strongest division ; altogether they formed a stately company ; by the side of some nonentities went men of the highest repute, of whom the country might well be proud ; and it was a pleasure to every one to see so much learning assembled. These great minds, however, did not make a very dignified appearance in

the procession: they kept their ranks badly; many looked as if they were thinking more of their books than of the impression made by their appearance on the public; one had come behind time—it was Raschke—he entered carelessly, running behind the tutors and nodding familiarly to his acquaintances. The procession was received by the Academical Choir with a Latin song, solemn, but unintelligible. The Professors ranged themselves on their seats; the ex-Rector mounted the platform, which was decorated with flowers; he first made a learned speech upon the benefits which medical science had long ago derived from the wandering tribes of Arabia, and then read a report of the academical events of the last year. The discourse was fine; the proceedings were imposing; the distinguished guests from the city and government sat immovable; the Professors listened attentively, the students rattled only a little at the door; and if at times from the high ceiling of the great hall the spirit of weariness waved its great bat-wings before the eyes of the audience, as is inevitable at academical ceremonies, Ilse to-day did not remark it. When the Rector had ended his discourse, with a graceful wave of his hand and some complimentary words, he invited his successor to join him on the platform. Felix did so. The Rector took off his cap and the golden chain and mantle, which looked like an old regal mantle, and put them all upon his successor, with warm wishes and expressions of esteem. Laura whispered to her neighbor: “If our Professor had a sword at his side he would look like one of the Electors in the pictures up there.” Ilse assented joyfully; it was precisely what she thought. Now Werner came forward with his scarlet mantle and chain. The beadles crossed

their maces on both sides of the chair, and the new Rector majestically began an address to the Professors and students, in which he begged for their good will and promised good government. Again the Academical Choir began a Latin song of triumph, and the procession of University instructors retired into the neighboring room, where the Professors surrounded their Rector, shaking hands with him, and the beadles packed the scarlet mantle and chain in a chest, to be preserved for future occasions. Ilse, too, received the congratulations of the ladies, who placed themselves on the gallery steps and greeted her gaily as "Magnifica."

As soon as she got home, Ilse threw her arms round her husband's neck, and told him how stately he looked in his grand attire. "What the gipsy said," she exclaimed, "has been fulfilled to-day: the man whom I love has worn a prince's dress; I greet you, my Prince and Lord."

It was on the afternoon of this great day that the visit of the Hereditary Prince was announced. Ilse once more looked into every corner of her bright dwelling, that she might experience no disgrace as mistress of the house, and made her husband instruct her as to the right form of speaking to an illustrious prince; "In order that I may know what to say if he addresses me. I am anxious, Felix, for it is a great thing to meet the future Sovereign of one's country."

As the clock struck, the carriage drove up. Gabriel, in his best coat, conducted the gentlemen to the Rector's room. Meanwhile Ilse walked up and down, burning with expectation. It was not long before her door was opened, and two gentlemen entered, introduced by her husband. The Prince was of a slight

figure, medium height, black hair, with small face and features; over the delicate lips there was a dark line, which showed the beginning of a mustache; his carriage was awkward and embarrassed, and he gave one the impression of being a delicate and weak man. He seemed confused when he approached Ilse, and he told her, in so low a tone that she could scarcely make out his words, how much he rejoiced in meeting with a countrywoman.

His shy manner gave Ilse courage; she was touched by the countenance of her young Prince, and accosted him: "We in our country cling to our home, and as I now have the opportunity of making your Highness's acquaintance, I venture to say that I remember your Highness. You were quite a young gentleman, and I was only a half-grown girl when I first saw you in your father's capital. Your Highness was sitting on a very small horse; whilst my father and I made our obeisances, the horse stood still and would not go on. You looked kindly at me, just as you do now. I had a couple of roses in my hand, and, as you were our young Prince, I offered them to you. But you shook your head and could not take them, as you had to hold the bridle, and I believe you were a little timid about your horse: but the horse poked its head into the flowers. Then a tall man in uniform rode up and held the horse, and we retreated. You see I remember it all, for it was an important thing for a country girl to remember.—But will your Highness do me the honor to take a seat?"

The Prince's attendant, the Chamberlain von Weidegg, addressed Ilse courteously; he was a man of middle age, tall, of good address, and not bad looking; he took the lead in the conversation, and spoke pleas-

antly of the hills and woods of their common country; it was an agreeable interchange of words on every day subjects. The Prince was silent, played with his eye-glass, and looked cautiously and wonderingly at the stately wife of the Professor, who was sitting opposite him. At last the Chamberlain inquired at what hour Ilse received strangers, and expressed a wish that the Prince and he might be allowed occasionally to visit her. "On account of the few persons with whom my illustrious Prince can associate in this city, a house in which he may expect not to be treated as a stranger will be particularly acceptable to him." This was very pleasant and courteous, and when the Professor had accompanied the strangers to the entrance, he said to his wife, "They appear to be very amiable."

"I had imagined my Prince to be quite different, Felix, bold and haughty; but he has not even a star on his breast."

"It must have been in his pocket," said the Professor, consolingly.

"But he looks like a good youth," concluded Ilse, "and, as he is my countryman, he shall be well treated."

"That is right," replied the Professor, laughing.

In a short time the Hereditary Prince and his Chamberlain found out that this good treatment was very pleasant. The Chamberlain proved himself an agreeable man; he had travelled much, had experience of all sorts, had seen much, and read a good deal on various subjects; he collected autographs, had no vices and no bad habits. During a long sojourn in Rome he had been intimate with old acquaintances of the Professor, he had wandered through the ruins of Pompeii, and showed a warm interest in the details of old Roman houses. Besides this he understood how to listen

and how to ask questions, and could, with decorum, tell doubtful anecdotes of people of note. His conversation was agreeable to the Professor, he was welcome at Ilse's tea-table, and liked by her guests. It seemed also to give him pleasure to converse with the learned men; he visited the Doctor and examined his old wood-cuts; he treated Professor Raschke with considerate politeness, and, with his Prince, accompanied the Philosopher on a fine winter evening to his distant dwelling, and during the walk Raschke imparted to them very interesting observations upon plants.

It cannot be said that the Hereditary Prince was much at home among the Professors; he listened with toleration to their conversation, as became an academical student, and said the right thing at the right time; but he showed by an impatient jerk of his lorgnette that he would much have preferred any other kind of entertainment.

Ilse was not pleased when he fidgeted with his glass, for she wished that he should conduct himself with dignity among other men, and she seemed to feel as if the gentlemen would reproach her because the Prince took no real interest in serious subjects. As mistress of the house, therefore, she was very attentive to him; she ventured to advise him not to drink his tea too strong, and prepared it for him herself. The Prince was pleased with this, and enjoyed sitting next to her or watching her perform her duties at the table as hostess. It was only with her that he ever lost his cautious reserve; he talked to her of the remarkable things he had seen in the town, and when he had nothing to say, he assisted her in her duties; he placed the cream jug before her, and always passed the sugar-bowl when he thought that Ilse wanted it.



One evening as the Prince was sitting silently by Ilse's side, and the gentlemen present were engaged in passing indignant judgment on the arbitrary management of the Vatican Library, Ilse proposed to him to look over a work that her husband had bought, containing good portraits of famous men of learning and artists. They went to examine it by a lamp in the next room, and the Prince looked at the portraits with languid interest. "Of many of them I only know," began Ilse, "what my husband has told me; I have not read their books, and of the beautiful things they have painted and composed, I know but little."

"That is just my case," replied the Prince, honestly, "it is only about the musicians that I know anything."

"Yet it is a pleasure to look at their portraits," continued Ilse; "one judges from them what the character and merits of these men may have been, and when one asks any person who knows more, one finds one's views sometimes confirmed and sometimes erroneous. That seems to make us like the men and become intimate with them, and we seek for opportunities of making acquaintance with their works of art and learning. I long to know more about them. But when one has read about a great man, and after a time sees his picture, then his face appears like that of a dear friend."

"Do you like to read?" asked the Prince, looking up.

"I am beginning to like it," replied Ilse; "but unlearned heads do not take in serious things at once, especially when they excite earnest thoughts."

"I do not like to read," replied the Prince; "at least in the way in which it is pressed upon me. It is

tedious to me, for I have never learned anything thoroughly, and I know nothing well."

He said this with bitterness. Ilse was shocked at the confession. "Your Highness will find that that will change now,—you will have such excellent opportunities here."

"Yes," replied the Prince, "from morning till evening, and one thing after another. I am always glad when the lectures are over."

Ilse regarded the young Prince sympathizingly. "That is very unfortunate for your Highness. Is there nothing that you would care to know or possess? no collection of minerals or butterflies, or of rare books or engravings, like the Doctor over there has? In this way one can find enjoyment the whole year, and while collecting these valuable things one learns a great deal."

"If I wish to have anything of the kind I can have any quantity of them collected," replied the Prince; "but to what end? I have already so many things about me. If I were to express a wish to collect minerals, everybody about me would be in a state of excitement, and it would either be forbidden or I should have a whole collection brought into the house."

"That indeed is of no use," said Ilse, pityingly; "the only pleasure is in looking after each individual thing one's self; no man can know all, but everyone should have something which he understands thoroughly. If I may venture to compare my insignificant life with the important one that awaits your Highness, I should like to tell you my own experience. When my good mother was laid on her deathbed I was quite a young girl, but I wished to take her place in the household. I found, however, that I was quite at a loss

what to do. I did not even know whether the people were industrious or lazy; I did not understand how to do anything, and if it was done badly I could not teach them better. One evening I sat discouraged and angry with myself, and I believe I wept. Then my good father said, 'You should not undertake so much at once, you should first learn some one thing accurately.' Then he took me into the dairy. Does your Highness know what that is."

"Not exactly," replied the Prince.

She then explained to him the whole day's work of the dairy. "This was the result: I took it in hand myself, learned the work thoroughly, and thus was able to judge the maids. I learned everything about the cows accurately, and which was the best kind for us, and why; for every species does not thrive everywhere. I soon became ambitious of making good butter and cheese. I obtained information from those who were skilled in it, and sometimes read a book about it. Then I conferred with my father about improvements, and just when I came away we were thinking of getting a new machine instead of our large wooden churn. It is now set up; it is said to be very good, and to make good butter; but I have not seen it. Does your Highness know anything about churning?"

"No," replied the Prince.

Ilse described the process to him as far as she could, and continued: "When my father made up his books at midsummer, it was my pride that the dairy produce should every year increase in amount; but I was provoked that my father laughed at my small profits; he valued the cows for other reasons." Ilse gave a slight explanation on this point, and then con-

tinued: "From this time, your Highness, I felt quite at home in the world. Now, if I go to a factory, I find myself looking upon it as another kind of dairy, and when state revenues and government expenditure are talked of, I compare them with our house and farming accounts. But it is very silly in me to talk to your Highness about butter and cheese."

The Prince looked frankly into her eyes. "Ah kind lady," he said, "yours has been a happy life; I have never been so fortunate as to be able to enjoy quietly what I like. From morning to evening I have been in leading-strings, and passed on from one person to another. When, as a child, I went into the garden, the governess or tutor was always there, and when I ran or jumped about on the grass, I was to do it in a becoming manner; once, when I wished to turn a somersault, like other boys, it excited the utmost dismay, on account of its indecorum. Every moment it was said, 'that was not befitting a Prince,' or, 'this is not the proper time.' When I came out of my room I was stared at by strangers, and had always to take notice of them and bow to them; I was told with whom I was or was not to shake hands, and who I was or was not to accost. Every day passed thus. One was always to use empty forms of speech in three languages, and every day the uppermost thought was, whether one had conducted one's self well. Once I and my sister wished to lay out a little garden; immediately the head gardener was called to dig and plant for us, thus all our pleasure was spoilt. Then we wished to act a little play, and had thought of a nice piece; again we were told that it was foolish trash, and that we must learn a play by heart, with French modes of speech, in which the children always ex-

claimed how dearly they loved papa and mamma, whilst we had no mother. In this training for mere show my childhood passed. I assure you I know nothing thoroughly, and though I remain here at study forever, I feel that it can do me no good, and I shall enter the world a very useless being."

"Ah, that is sad," exclaimed Ilse, with deep sympathy; "but I entreat of your Highness not to lose courage. It is impossible that the life here, among so many men of the highest capacity and worth, should not be beneficial to you."

The Prince shook his head.

"Think what a future lies before your Highness," continued Ilse. "Ah, you have every reason to be brave and confident. Your office is the highest on earth. We others work, and are happy if we can only preserve one human being from evil; but you will have the welfare and lives of thousands in your power. What you do for schools and learning through the selection of good or bad teachers, and your decisions as to peace or war, may ruin or make the whole country happy. When I think of this exalted vocation, I feel a deep respect for you, and I would implore you on my knees to do your utmost to make yourself a worthy prince. Therefore, the best advice for you is, that you should be willing to learn even what is wearisome to you. For the rest, have confidence in the future: you will yet have pleasure in life, and a feeling of worth and capacity."

The Prince was silent; for every allusion to his future position as Sovereign was forbidden at Court, and even less than others was the heir to the throne allowed to indulge in such a thought or cherish such a hope.

“I hear lectures enough,” said the Prince, at last; “but I wish that I might have been brought up by a country gentleman, as you have been.”

They returned to the gentlemen, and the Prince paid much attention to their conversation during the rest of the evening. When he went away, Ilse said to her husband: “There is one who has what would make thousands happy, yet he is unhappy, for they have bound up his honest heart in leather like an automaton. Oh, be kind to him, Felix; open your soul to him, that he may gain some of your confidence and power.”

Her husband kissed her, and said, “That will be easier for you to do than for me. But he has himself suggested the right thing; three years with your father would be the best training for him and his country.”

At breakfast the following morning the Chamberlain took the newspapers from the hand of the lackey; the Prince was sitting silently at table, playing with a tea-spoon, and watching a fly which was disrespectfully trying to make its way from the edge of the cream-jug into the princely cream. As the written instructions imposed upon the Chamberlain the duty of guarding the Prince from all dangerous reading—by that was meant all discontented newspapers and improper novels—he thought it best to give him the inoffensive “Daily Gazette,” whilst he himself took up a loyal paper, in order to examine the court news and accounts of promotions and the bestowal of decorations. He had long finished his reading, but the Prince was still engaged with his shellfish and oysters. The Chamberlain observed with regret how little interest his young Highness took in the course of the world. An acquaintance of the Chamberlain had

been promoted to be master of the horse, another announced his betrothal, and he did not fail to draw the attention of the Prince to this news; but the latter only smiled in his absent-minded way.

The Chamberlain then entered upon his next duty: he reflected upon the programme of the day. As it was incumbent upon him to make the Prince acquainted with the novelties in art and literature in the city, he waited impatiently till the Prince had done with the "Daily Gazette," in order to obtain information from it on these points. At last the Prince interrupted his cogitations by saying to him, "Mention is made here of a permanent exhibition of agricultural implements; what is there to see in such exhibitions?"

The Chamberlain tried to explain, and was delighted to make a proposal to visit this exhibition. The Prince expressed his assent by a slight nod, looked at his watch, and went up to his room to go through his three hours' morning course: one for the science of politics, one for mythology and æsthetics, and one for tactics and strategy; then he accompanied his attendant to the exhibition.

Even the Chamberlain was bored as he followed his young master through the great rooms, in which stood countless inexplicable machines. The agent of the manufacturers began his explanations; the Chamberlain asked such questions as would show a fitting love of knowledge; the Prince went patiently from one unintelligible object to another, and heard something of plows, scarifiers and rollers. At last, at the great threshing-machine, the expounder had to call a workman to bring a step-ladder, by ascending which they would be enabled to admire the internal mechanism. The Prince left this labor to the Chamberlain; played



meanwhile with his lorgnette, and asked the agent, in the low tone in which he was wont to speak:

“Have you any butter-machines?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “several different kinds.’

The Prince then quietly turned his attention to the great threshing-machine, and learnt to value the beautiful arrangement by which it threw out the straw into an invisible hayloft. At last they came to the row of machines on which he had set his heart—the modern successors of the old time-honored churn. There they stood beside each other—the little hand-churn, by which, if the assertion of the guide was to be trusted, a housewife could make her butter in an incredibly short time; and the great machine, which could work sufficient to supply the needs of the largest dairy. It was described to the Prince how the cream, when poured in, was put in quick circular motion, and how, as a result of this, the butter was separated from the milk. He had already heard this much more agreeably told; but it gave him pleasure to see the advantages of the modern invention, and he became thoroughly convinced of its superiority. To the astonishment of his attendant he asked intelligent questions, and took hold of the crooked handle, endeavoring to turn it a little, but withdrew his hand with an embarrassed smile. At last he inquired about the price. The Chamberlain had rejoiced at the laudable desire of knowledge which his young master had shown, but was much humiliated when the Prince turned to him and said, in French, “What do you think? I have a mind to buy this little machine.” “For the sake of turning the handle,” thought the Chamberlain, with an inward shrug of the shoulders.



“How is it that your Highness takes an especial interest in this?”

“It pleases me,” replied the Prince, “and one ought to buy something of the man.”

The pretty machine was bought, carried to the Prince’s apartments, and placed in his study. Towards evening, whilst the Prince was taking his music lessons, the machine had to appear in the report which the Chamberlain prepared for the reigning Prince. The writer extolled the interest which his Prince had shown in the useful implements of German agriculture. But seldom had it been so difficult to the poor Chamberlain to perform the duty of a true courtier, whom it behooves to suppress his own personal feelings and to gloss over agreeably what is annoying; for, in truth, he felt deep humiliation at the silly trifling of his Prince. But at Court one does not thoroughly learn all the intricacies of a princely mind, however much one may study them. Even to the wisest chamberlain there remain certain inscrutable depths.

The Hereditary Prince covered the butter-machine with a silk cloth, and when he was alone, approached it carefully, turned the handle, and examined the mechanism.

Some days after, when the valet had undressed the Prince, placed his slippers for him, and made his bow for the night, the Prince, contrary to custom, remained sitting in his chair, and stopped the departure of the servant by thus accosting him: “Krüger, you must do me a favor.”

“What are your Highness’s commands?”

“Obtain for me to-morrow morning early, without any one seeing you, a large jug of milk; but do not put the milk in the account.”

“Does your Highness wish it boiled or not boiled?”

This was a difficult question. The Prince twirled his moustache silently and looked helplessly at Krüger.

“I hardly know,” he began at last. “I should like to try churning a little.”

Krüger was sharp enough to understand that this wish was connected with the new machine, and, long accustomed not to be astonished at anything in people of rank, he replied: “Then the machine must first be scalded, otherwise the butter will taste bad; and, besides, I must order the cream; so your Highness must wait patiently for a day.”

“I leave everything to you,” said the Prince, well pleased; “take the machine, and be careful that no one hears anything about it.”

When Krüger, two days after, entered the Prince’s room, early in the morning, he found his young master already dressed. Proud of his confidential position, he informed him, “The Chamberlain is still asleep, and all is ready.”

The Prince hastened on tip-toes into the room. A large can of cream was poured into the machine; full of expectation, the Prince seated himself by the table and said; “I will turn it myself.” He began to turn while Krüger looked on.

“But it must be done with regularity, your Highness,” admonished Krüger.

The Prince could not resist opening the cover and looking in. “It will not come, Krüger,” he said, despondingly.

“Cheer up, your Highness,” said Krüger, “and graciously permit me to go on with the turning.”

After that Krüger turned while the Prince looked on.

“It comes,” cried the Prince, delighted, as he looked in.

“Yes, it’s made,” replied Krüger. “But now comes other work. The butter must be taken out and washed, if it please your Highness?”

“No,” said the Prince, doubtfully, “that will never do. But the machine is good; bring me a spoon and some white bread, I will fish out what I can; one must learn to help one’s self.”

The Prince plunged his spoon into the mess, took out some of the half-made butter, and spread it on his white bread with a feeling of satisfaction that was quite new to him. “It tastes a little sour, Krüger,” he said.

“Of course,” replied Krüger; “the butter-milk is still in it.”

“It does not matter,” said the Prince, consoling himself. “Krüger, I did not think there was so much to be attended to in churning.”

“Yes, all things are difficult in the beginning,” replied Krüger, cheerfully.

“It is all right,” concluded the Prince, graciously; “take the machine out, and clean it properly.”

After that the churn stood peacefully under the silk cloth; the Prince in his lonely hours, would sometimes stand before it, and revolve in his mind how he could deliver it into the hands of the person for whom he had secretly intended it.

The stars themselves appeared to favor him; for the revolving earth had rolled into the last sign of the zodiac, which guides the souls of our people with magic power to the most charming festival of the year. Christmas was near, and the ladies of the street near the Park moved about in secret activity. Intercourse

with intimate acquaintances was interrupted, books that had been begun were laid aside, theatres and concert-rooms were empty; the tones of the piano-forte and of new bravuras rarely sounded to the rattling of carriage-wheels in the street; inward struggles were hushed, and bad neighbors little thought of. From morning to evening, little fingers were occupied with beads, wools, silk, paint-brush and palette; the day lengthened into eight-and-forty hours; even during the minutes of unquiet morning slumber, obliging crickets and other invisible spirits worked in the pay of the ladies. The nearer the festival approached, the more numerous were the secrets: in every closet were concealed things which no one was to see; from all sides, packages were brought into the house, that were forbidden to be touched. But whilst the other inmates of the house secretly slipped past one another, the lady of the house was the quiet ruler in the invisible realm of presents, and the confidant and clever adviser of all. She was never weary; she thought and arranged for every one; the world had become to her like a great cupboard with numerous compartments, from which she was incessantly fetching things, and in which she was always cautiously stowing covered packages. When on Christmas Eve the spangled stars shine, the wax-lights drip, and the golden balls glimmer and glisten on the Christmas tree, it is then that the fancies of the children celebrate their great day; but the poetic vision of the housewife and her daughters, for months before, have filled the room with joyful splendor.

If one may regard the judgment of Mr. Hummel as valid, it is rarely that the enthusiasm of Christmas week is fully developed in the men who have the honor of

being the representatives of the family. "Believe me, Gabriel," said Mr. Hummel, one December evening, as he was watching some children who were passing by with toys, "at this time man loses his importance; he is nothing but a money-chest, in which the key is turning from morning till evening; the best wives become barefaced and foolish, all family confidence vanishes, everybody avoids everybody else, the order of the house is disturbed, one's night's rest is unscrupulously destroyed; when it is meal time, one's wife runs to the market, and when the lamps ought to be extinguished, one's daughter begins a new piece of embroidery. When at last the long bother is over, then one must be delighted at a pair of new slippers which are an inch too short, and for which later on one has to pay a long shoemaker's bill, and to be pleased with a cigar case of beads, which is flat and hard, like a dried flounder. Finally, after one has shot out golden sparks like a rocket, the ladies expect one to show one's good feeling by making them a present. Now, I have trained mine differently."

"But I have seen you yourself," rejoined Gabriel, "with a package and bandbox under your arm."

"That is true," replied Mr. Hummel, "a bandbox is inevitable. But, Gabriel, I have given up all worry; for that was the most humiliating part of the affair. I go every year to the same milliner now, and say, 'a hood for Madame Hummel;' and the person says, 'You shall be served, Mr. Hummel;' and she places the structure ready made before me. Besides this, I go every year to the same shop and say, 'I want a dress for my daughter Laura, at such and such a price, more or less,' and a dress well worth its value is placed before me. In confidence I must tell you I have a suspicion that

the women have seen through my trick, and select the things themselves beforehand, for now they are always very much to their taste, whilst in former years they were often objected to. They have the trouble now of selecting the finery, and in the evening they practice all sorts of dissembling artifices, unfold and examine the goods, pretend to be astonished, and praise my excellent taste. This is my only satisfaction in the whole childish amusement. But it is a poor one, Gabriel.”

Such was the discordant strain in which the master of the house indulged; but the dwellers in Park Street cared little for it, and like opinions will always be regarded with like indifference. So much sweeter is it to care for others than for one's self, and so much happier to give pleasure than to receive it.

For Ilse also the festival this year was to be a great event; she collected like a bee, and not only for the dear ones at home; in the city also she had nestled many great and little children in her heart, from the five young Raschke's down to the little barefooted creatures with the soup-pot. The sofa-corners assumed a mysterious appearance whenever her husband, or Laura, or the Doctor entered unexpectedly.

When the Chamberlain, some time before the holidays, deemed it becoming for his Prince to pay a visit to the new Rector, the gentlemen found Ilse and Laura busily at work, and the parlor of the Rector's wife was changed into a great market stall. On a long table stood little Christmas trees, and full sacks were leaning against the legs of the table; the ladies were working with yard-measures and scissors, dividing great hanks of wool, and unrolling pieces of linen, like shop-keepers. When Ilse met the gentlemen and

made excuses for the state of her room, the Chamberlain entreated her not to disturb herself. "We will remain here only if we are allowed to make ourselves useful." The Prince also said, "I beg permission to help, if you have anything for me to do."

"That is very kind," replied Ilse, "there is still much to be done before evening. Permit me, your Highness, to give you your work. Pray take the bag of nuts; and you, my Lord Chamberlain, have the goodness to take the apples in charge; you, Felix, will have the gingerbread. I beg the gentlemen to make little heaps, to each twenty nuts, six apples, and a package of gingerbread."

The gentlemen went zealously to work. The Prince counted the nuts conscientiously, and was provoked that they would always roll together again, but discovered that he could keep the portions apart by means of strips of paper folded together. The gentlemen laughed, and related how once, in a foreign country, they had introduced this German Christmas amusement. The perfume of the apples and of the fir-trees filled the room, and gave a festive feeling to the souls of all present.

"May we ask the kind lady who are to benefit by our exertions?" said the Chamberlain; "I hold here an uncommonly large apple, which I hope may fall to the lot of one of your favorites. At all events, we are doing what will give the poor children pleasure."

"Finally it will," replied Ilse; "but that is not all; we shall give this to their mothers, for the greatest pleasure of a mother is to give presents herself to her children, to adorn the Christmas tree and to work what the little ones need. This pleasure we shall not deprive them of, and therefore we send them the stuff

unmade. The Christmas trees, too, they prefer buying themselves, each according to their tastes; those you see here are only for children who have no mothers. These trees will be adorned by us. Everything for the festive evening will be carried out of the house to-day, so that the people may receive them in good time, and arrange them for themselves."

The Prince looked at the Chamberlain. "Will you allow us," he began, hesitatingly, "to contribute something towards these presents."

"Very willingly," replied Ilse, joyfully. "If your Highness wishes it, our servant can look after it immediately. He understands it, and is trustworthy."

"I should like to go with him myself," said the Prince. The Chamberlain listened with astonishment to this idea of his young master; but, as it was laudable and not against instructions, he only smiled respectfully. Gabriel was called. The Prince, much pleased, took his hat. "What shall we buy?" he asked eagerly.

"We want some little tapers," replied Ilse, "besides some playthings;—for the boys, leaden soldiers; and for the girls, little kitchen things; but all must be strong and cheap." Gabriel followed the Prince out of the house with a large basket.

"You heard what the lady ordered," said the Prince, in the street, to Gabriel. "First the wax-tapers; you do the selecting and I will pay. We are to buy them cheap; see that we are not cheated."

"We need not fear that, your Highness," replied Gabriel; "and if we should pay a few pennies too much, other children will benefit by it."

At the end of an hour the Prince returned. Gabriel had a heavily-laden basket, while the Prince also car-



ried under his arms bundles of toys and large paper bags full of sweetmeats. When the young gentleman entered thus loaded, with color in his cheeks and as happy as a child, he looked so good and pleasing that all were delighted with him. He unpacked his treasures before the Professor's wife, and emptied the contents of the paper bags on the table.

His embarrassment had disappeared: he played with childish pleasure with the pretty things, showed the others the artistic work in the marchpane plums, begged of Laura to keep a candy knight-templar for herself, and moved about and arranged everything so gracefully and actively on the table that all looked at him with admiration and joined in his childish jokes. When the ladies began to adorn the Christmas trees, the Prince declared he would help them. He placed himself before the saucer with white of egg, and was shown the way to lay it upon the fruits and then roll them in gold and silver foil. Ilse arranged as a prize for the gentleman who worked best and did most, a large gingerbread lady with a hooped petticoat and glass eyes; and a praiseworthy contest arose among the gentlemen to produce the best things. The Professor and the Chamberlain knew how to employ their old skill; but the Prince as a novice worked somewhat carelessly—there remained some bare spots, and in others the gold foil bulged out. He was discontented with himself, but Ilse cheered him, saying, "But your Highness must be more sparing with the gold, otherwise we shall not have enough." Finally, the Chamberlain obtained the lady in the hooped dress, and the Prince, as an extra reward for his activity, a babe in swaddling-clothes which looked on the world with two glassy bead eyes.

Out of doors in the Christmas market, little children were standing round the fir-trees and Christmas shops, looking hopefully and longingly at the treasures there. And in Ilse's room the great children were sitting at the table, playful and happy. Here there were no cautious admonitions, and the Prince painted the outlines of a face with the white of egg on the palm of his hand, and gilded it with a gold-foil.

When the Hereditary Prince rose to go, the Professor asked, "May I venture to inquire where your Highness intends to pass Christmas Eve?"

"We remain here," answered the Prince.

"As some remarkable musical performances are in prospect," added the Chamberlain, "his princely Highness has denied himself the pleasure of having the Prince with him at this festival; we are, therefore, to pass a quiet Christmas here."

"We do not venture to invite you," continued the Professor; "but in case your Highness should not pass this evening in other society, it will be a great pleasure if you would do so with us."

Ilse looked thankfully at her husband, and the Prince this time did not leave it to the Chamberlain to answer, but eagerly accepted the invitation. As he walked with his attendant through the crowded streets, he began, cautiously, "But we must contribute something to the Christmas table."

"I had just thought of that," replied the Chamberlain; "but if your Highness honors those worthy people with your company that evening, I am not sure how your Highness's father will approve of a contribution to the Christmas tree from my gracious Prince."

"I do not wish it to be any of those eternal brooches and ear-rings from the court jeweler's cases,"

cried the Prince, with unwonted energy; "it should be some trifle; best of all, something as a joke."

"That is my view," assented the Chamberlain; "but it is advisable to leave the decision to his Grace, your father."

"Then I had rather remain at home," replied the Prince, bitterly. "I will not enter with some stupid present in my hand. Can it not be managed that the visit be without any ceremony, just as the invitation was?"

The Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders. "A few days afterwards the whole city will know that your Highness has shown Professor Werner this unusual honor. Without doubt the occurrence will be reported to the palace by persons who have no business to do so. Your Highness knows better than I do how your father will receive such an account, coming to him first from a stranger."

The Prince's pleasure was spoilt. "Write, then, to my father," he cried, angrily; "but represent the invitation just as it was given, and express yourself as opposed to any conventional present from the court: it would only wound this family."

The Chamberlain rejoiced in the tact of his young master, and promised to write the letter as he desired. This appeased the Prince, and after a time he began: "It has just occurred to me, Weidegg, what we should give. As the Professor's wife comes from the country, I will present her with the machine which I lately bought, as a case for pretty *bonbons* or something of that kind, that I will put in it."

"Now he wishes to get rid of the useless plaything," thought the Chamberlain. "That is impossible," he replied, aloud: "Your Highness is not quite

sure whether the lady would take the joke as it is intended. It would not do to give a present which might give rise to misinterpretation. Your Highness should on no account venture upon such a thing. Even if the amiable lady herself did not object, it would be much discussed in her circle. Your Highness's joke might be easily considered as an ironical allusion to country manners, which undoubtedly become the lady well, but might here and there occasion a slight smile."

The Prince's heart froze within him; he was furious with the Chamberlain, and, on the other hand, shocked at the thought of wounding Ilse. The poetry of the festival was entirely spoilt for him. He went silently to his apartment.

The answer to the Chamberlain's letter was to the effect that the Prince, in spite of the apparent unsuitability, would not object to an incidental visit, and that, if some mark of attention was unavoidable, it might be procured from a gardener or confectioner. The Chamberlain, therefore, bought a quantity of flowers and sweetmeats, and laid them before the Prince. But he looked cold and silently on the gay bright colors. Towards evening two lackeys carried the things to the Rector with a little note from the Chamberlain, in which, in the name of his Most Serene Prince, he begged the accompanying gift might be applied to the ornamenting of the Christmas tree. Meanwhile the Prince stood gloomily before his butter-machine, and quarrelled bitterly with his princely dignity.

When at the proper hour he entered Werner's apartment, the Christmas gifts had been distributed and the candles extinguished. Ilse had done it purposely. "It is not necessary to let these strangers see what

delight we take in these presents." The Prince received Ilse's thanks for the splendid adornment of her table with reserve, and sat before the tea-kettle silent and absent-minded. Ilse thought, "He is sorry that he has had no glad Christmas Eve: the poorest child is merry with his Christmas tree, and he sits as if shut out from the pleasures of this happy time." She made a sign to Laura, and said to the Prince: "Would your Highness like to see our Christmas tree? The lights had to be extinguished lest they should burn down, but if your Highness likes we will light it up again in all its splendor, and it would be very kind of your Highness to help us."

This was a welcome proposal to the Prince, and he went with the ladies into the festive room. There he offered to take the staff, at the end of which a wax-taper was fastened, in order to reach the highest lights of the mighty tree. Whilst he was thus busily working at the tree his heart became lighter, and he looked with interest at the presents which were lying under the tree.

"Now will your Highness have the kindness to go out of the room," said Ilse, "and when I ring it will signify to you and Mr. von Weidegg that your Highness is wanted."

The Prince hastened out; the bell rang. When the gentlemen entered they found two small tables laid out; on them small lighted trees, and under each a large dish of pastry, made after the fashion of their own country. "This is to be a remembrance of our home," said Ilse, "and on the trees are the apples and nuts which you have gilded: those with the red spots are your Highness's work. Here is a respectful gift sent from the farm of my dear father. I beg the gen-

tlemen to eat this smoked goose's breast with a good appetite; we are not a little proud of this dish. But here, my gracious Prince, there is, as a keepsake from me, a small model of our churn; for this is at what I served my apprenticeship as a child." On the Prince's seat stood this useful instrument, made of march-pane. "On the bottom of it, your Highness, I have written my motto of long ago. May the gentlemen accept my good intentions!"

She said this so joyously, and offered her hand to the Chamberlain so kindly, that all thoughts of his dignity were forgotten, and he shook her hand right honestly. The Prince stood before his machine, and thought: "Now is the moment, or never." He read below the simple words, "If a person has devoted himself with honest perseverance to some one thing, it will be a blessing to him throughout his whole life." Then, without any thought of the threatening consequences of his daring, he said: "May I propose an exchange to you? I have bought a small churn; it has a large wheel and a small one for turning, and one can churn as much as one wants each morning. It would be a great pleasure to me if you would accept this."

Ilse thanked him with a bow; and the Prince requested that a servant might at once be sent to his apartment for it. Whilst the Chamberlain was still reflecting with amazement on the strange coincidence, the piece of mechanism was brought into the room. The Prince placed it with his own hands upon a corner of the table, explained the internal arrangements to the company, and was much delighted when Ilse said she had confidence in the invention. He was again the joyous child of the other day, gaily drank his glass of

wine, and, with charming grace, proposed the health of the master and mistress of the house, so that the Chamberlain scarcely knew his Telemachus again. On taking leave, he himself packed up the marchpane, and carried it home in his pocket.

*CHAPTER XXII.*

THREE COUNCILS.

The year of the Rectorate had so changed the household and the current of Ilse's thoughts that she remarked with astonishment to her husband, "I feel as if I had just come from school into the bustle of the world." Her husband's days were engrossed with distracting business: difficult transactions between the University and Government, and vexatious occurrences among the students, took up a great portion of his time.

The evening, also, did not pass as in the first year, when Ilse watched the quiet labors of her husband, or listened to his friends; for many were occupied by the sessions of the Senate, and others by large parties, which, as Rector, he could not avoid. When their friends came to tea, the master of the house was often absent.

Ilse had taken her father's lessons to heart; she lived in the present, and avoided distracting thoughts. Her husband took pains to keep from her anything that could disturb her repose of mind, and the intellectual diet which he now gave her did her good. When he again saw her in society in all her health and strength, with color in her cheeks and a cheerful expression in her countenance, he felt it his duty for

ever to preserve this soul from the intrusion of conflicting ideas; and he was pleased that, by frequent intercourse with various kinds of men, and by the light bonds of a genial society, she began to feel at home in his circle. It delighted him, too, to find that her ingenuous nature was appreciated; and she was not only treated with distinction by the men, but was also a favorite with the ladies.

Ilse would not, however, allow her private conclave—as she called the hours during which she received her husband's instruction—to be disturbed; she adhered to it with rigid strictness; and if a day was missed, the lost time had to be made up on the following one. But even these lessons took a different course. The Professor now read to her small extracts from old writers, who portrayed, in prose and verse, the attractive beauty of the life of the ancients; her innocent mind entered into the cheerful enjoyment of this strange world, and the impressions which she received agreed perfectly with the way in which she now regulated her own life. The Professor explained to her some of the poems of the Greek anthology and of Theocritus, and a few of the Roman lyrics; and, by way of comparison, he read to her the poems of the great German who, in a remarkable way, had been able to unite Greek beauty with German feeling.

At her reception, Ilse showed all the dignity of her position as the Rector's wife; every room was opened; the apartments were decorated and brilliantly illuminated; the heads of the University and city, with their wives, made their appearance in numbers; and the Prince and his Chamberlain did not fail to be present. Laura assisted gracefully in doing the honors, and quietly gave directions to the servants; cake and wine



were passed around; the guests made themselves very agreeable, and separated in the highest spirits. The great evening had passed off happily; the Doctor and Laura had left; Ilse gave her last injunctions to Gabriel, and passed through the rooms once more, with the glad feeling that she had done honor to Felix and herself. She came into her dressing-room, and glanced into the mirror.

“You need not examine yourself critically,” said the husband, “everything was beautiful; but the most beautiful of all was the Rector’s wife.”

“Damon, my shepherd,” replied Ilse, “you are blinded. It is not the first time you have said this, but I like to hear it; you may still tell it often to me. But Felix,” she continued, as she unloosened her hair, “there is something inspiring about such a society even where people do nothing but talk. One does not carry away much of it, but still there is a pleasure in being among them; they are all so courteous and endeavor to appear to the best advantage, and each tries to please the other.”

“They do not all succeed in giving a fair idea of what they are on such occasions, least of all we book-worms,” replied Felix. “But there is no doubt these gatherings give a certain similarity of language and manner, and, finally, also of ideas to persons who live in the same circle. This is very necessary, for even those who live together often differ as much in their thoughts and feelings as if they had been born in different centuries. How did you like the Chamberlain?”

Ilse shook her head. “He is the most courteous and lively of all, and knows how to say something civil to every one; but one cannot trust him, for, as

with an eel, one has no hold on him, and can never for a moment look into his heart. I prefer our Prince with his stiff manner. He talked to me about his sister to-day; she must be very clever and charming. To which of your centuries does he belong?"

"To the middle of the last," replied her husband, laughing; "he is a full century earlier than we are, of the period when men were divided into two classes—those who were fit to be received at Court, and serfs. But if you examine those about us, you will discover even greater disparities. There is our Gabriel, who in his prejudices and his poetry belongs to an age three centuries earlier than the present. His ways of thinking remind one of the time in which the great Reformers first educated our people to think. On the other hand, the hostile neighbors are, in many points of view, the representatives of two opposing tendencies which ran parallel to each other towards the end of the last century—in our house, obstinate rationalism; in the old people over there, a weak sentimentality."

"And what time do I belong to?" asked Ilse, placing herself before her husband.

"You are my dear wife," he exclaimed, trying to draw her towards him.

"I will tell you," continued Ilse, eluding him: "in your opinion, I belong to a former age, and once that made me more unhappy than I can express. But I no longer care about it. For when I can compel you to kiss my hand as often as I desire it"—the Professor was very willing—"when I see that it requires no persuasion to induce you to kiss me on the lips—it is not necessary that you should try it now,—I believe you. Further, when I observe that the learned gentleman

is not disinclined to hand my slippers to me, and perhaps even my dressing gown—I do not wish to give you trouble now, but unhook my ear-rings and open the jewel-box,—and when I, besides, observe that you are anxious to please me, that at my wish you took the wife of the Consistorial Councillor to dinner, whom you could not bear, and that you have bought me this beautiful dress, although you understand nothing about buying; when I, further, see that Magnificus is quite under my sway, that I have the keys of the pantry, and even manage the accounts; and, lastly, when I bear in mind that you, good bookworm, think me, your wife Ilse, worthy of a little discussion together with your Greeks and Romans, and that it is a pleasure to you when I understand a little of your learned writings—I come to the conclusion that you belong entirely to me, you and your century, and that it is quite indifferent to me in what period of the world's history my spirit originated. Then when I, the relic of a distant century, pinch your ear, as I do now, the great master of the present and future, and his philosophizing on the different natures of men, become simply ludicrous. Now that I have held this discourse, can you sleep quietly?”

“That would be difficult,” replied the Professor, “whilst the learned housewife is fluttering about the bed, holding discourses in her dressing-gown which are more lengthy than those of a Roman philosopher, and whilst she rattles the doors of the cupboards and wanders about the room.”

“My tyrant requires his coffee early in the morning, so it must be given out now, and I cannot sleep if I have not all the keys near me.”

"I see nothing will be of any use," said the Professor, "but a serious exorcism."

"I must see whether there are any lights burning in the rooms." But immediately afterwards she knelt down by the bed, and threw her arms round his neck. "Everything is so charming in the world, Felix," exclaimed she; "let us humbly pray that our happiness may last."

Yes, you are happy, Ilse; but, as your father said, you have to thank your prudence for it, not your courage.

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When Ilse wrote to her father, to describe how the great evening party had passed off, she did not forget to add that her future Sovereign had been among the guests, and that she had had much intelligent conversation with him. Her father did not appear to attach much value to this last communication, for he answered, rather irritated, "If you are so influential an adviser, exert yourself to obtain a decision for us in regard to the highway. The affair has been before the magistrates for ten years; it is a shame that we should be so cut off from all the world. The gray has broken his leg. Our estate would be worth ten thousand dollars more if the Government were not so dilatory."

Ilse read the letter to her husband, and said, "We can tell the Prince about the road; he can arrange it with his father."

Her husband laughed. "I will not undertake this commission: it does not appear to me as if the Prince would have great influence with the Government."

"We will see about that," replied Ilse, gaily; "at the next opportunity I shall speak to him about it."

This opportunity soon occurred. The Consistorial Councillor, who was now Theological Dean, had a tea-party. It was a distinguished and dignified assembly, but not agreeable to Ilse; she had long mistrusted the piety of the Dean, for beneath the gown of the bland gentleman she clearly saw a fox's tail peeping out; in the speeches of the Dean's wife there was an unpleasant mixture of honey and gall. The rooms were small and hot, and the guests seemed bored; but the Hereditary Prince and his Chamberlain had promised to come. As he entered, the master of the house and some of the guests who were acquainted with the customs of the Court endeavored to form a line for his reception; but all their attempts were vain, from the heedlessness or obstinacy of most of the company. The Prince, led by the Dean, had to make his way through the groups up to the mistress of the house. His eyes turned from her sharp features and wandered about to where Ilse stood, like a being from another planet; she looked quite majestic; her ribbon head-dress sat like a coronet on her wavy hair, which in great abundance almost surrounded her head. The Prince looked shyly up to her, and could scarcely find proper words with which to accost her. When, after a short greeting, he again turned to the rest of the company, Ilse was displeased; she had expected more attention from their intimacy. She did not consider that his position in society was not that of a private man, and that he had to fulfill his princely duties before he could go about like others. Whilst with inward disgust he did what his position required of him, going slowly round, he went first to Ilse's husband, then to the other dignitaries; had some presented to him, and asked the questions that are con-

sidered right in these cases; but he waited impatiently for the time when fate would allow him to have a little conversation with his countrywoman. But he did his duty bravely; the Professor of History expressed his pleasure that some old chronicles of his country would be published, and endeavored, half-talking and half-teaching, to impress him with their importance. Meanwhile the Prince thought that the Rector's wife would, at least, sit at his left hand, the Chamberlain having pointed out to him that the Dean's wife might be at his right.

The affair was doubtful. The Dean's wife was certainly the hostess, but the evening had a certain official University tone about it, and Ilse was undoubtedly entitled to precedence among the professors' wives. Nevertheless, all question ceased to exist when the fact was considered that the Dean, on account of numerous presentations of theological works, and many letters of admiring homage, had been made by the reigning sovereign, Knight Commander of his order. He had been so exalted by this, as the Chamberlain explained, that the difference of dignity between the Magnificus and Dean was more than compensated, and the Dean's wife had therefore the first place. The Chamberlain acknowledged that in reality it was a matter of no consequence how people were seated here, for there could be no question of any right of rank in this society. But it would be more becoming for the Prince not to neglect all distinctions.

At his left, at all events, the Prince hoped to have Ilse. But even this hope was frustrated by the artfulness of the Dean's wife. For there was amongst the company a Colonel's wife; they were people of old family, but recently come to the place. The lady of

the house lost no time in taking the Colonel's wife up to the Chamberlain, and on meeting, it turned out that they had common relations. By this the whole arrangement of rank at supper was disturbed. The lady claimed her right to be presented. The Chamberlain took her to the Prince, who cleverly anticipated the former's intention, and expressed a wish to make the lady's acquaintance.

"She allows herself to be presented to a student!" said little Mrs. Günther, astonished.

"That is a breach of social rights, which touches the dignity of woman," said Mrs. Struvelius, displeased.

"But she did it very nicely," said Ilse; "her manner with him pleases me."

The ladies did not know that the object of their remarks was, in this moment of apparent humiliation, enjoying the triumph of a higher position. The Prince, the Colonel's wife, and the Chamberlain for a short time formed a group, from which the light of the evening radiated, all three with the proud consciousness that they were united in a bond of fellowship among strangers.

The consequence of this presentation was that the Colonel's wife sat at the left of the Prince, and Ilse between two Deans opposite to him. It did not make it easier for the Prince to preserve his princely dignity when every time he looked up, he saw the eyes and curls of his countrywoman opposite to him. The evening passed slowly for him, and it was not till the party was breaking up that he had an opportunity of speaking to Ilse without restraint.

"Just wait," thought Ilse; "you shall not escape the road."

"Have you heard from your father?" inquired the

Prince, a question by which he frequently began the conversation.

“My news is not good,” replied Ilse; “only think, your Highness, one of our horses has broken his leg. It was a grey which we raised ourselves, a good gentle creature, which I have often ridden, though my father did not much like my doing so. Then I must tell your Highness, the road that leads to the great market-town, to which my father every year sends his grain, is terribly bad, and the Government does nothing to improve it. For ten years the matter has been agitated, but nothing comes of it. If your Highness could help to obtain a good road for us, I beg of you to do so; it will be a benefit to the whole district.”

The Prince looked at her kindly, and said, with embarrassment:

“It is an affair of the Government, I believe my father knows nothing of it.”

“I am convinced of that,” replied Ilse; “the gentlemen of the Government have always reasons for doing nothing; they understand how to make difficulties, and pretend they have no money.”

The Chamberlain approached, and as the conversation had taken an uncomfortable political turn, the Prince quickly retreated, bowing and smiling, with these words:

“Let us hope for the best.”

Ilse, on going home, said to her husband:

“Felix, I spoke to him about the road; he is a good youth, but in society he uses only formal speeches.”

Fortune would have it that some weeks after, the State Councillor, who held the chief administrative office at Rossau, came to the University, visited the



Chamberlain, and was introduced by him to the Prince. He was invited to dinner, and the Prince showed uncommon interest in the condition of the district in question; he inquired about the estates in the neighborhood and their proprietors; and, at last, when standing alone by the window with the Councillor, drinking his coffee, said:

“How is it that there is no good road in the district? Could not you do something about it?”

The official duly enumerated the difficulties. At last the Prince replied:

“Yes, I know there are plenty of reasons; but I shall be obliged to you if you will give yourself the trouble of taking the matter in hand.”

Much impressed with these words, the Rossau official returned home. He revolved them in his troubled mind for three days, and the more he thought of them the more important they seemed; his own future might depend upon the result. At last he came to the conclusion that an extraordinary exertion was necessary; he therefore went at once to the seat of Government and laid the whole case, and a large bundle of dusty records concerning the road, before the minister. The minister thanked him for his communication, and was also of opinion that this was an incident which it would be prudent to make known to his Most Serene Highness. When he had concluded his report on state affairs, he mentioned that in the district of Rossau complaints had been made of the bad condition of the roads, and that a strong desire had been expressed for a new road, and the Hereditary Prince had shown a lively interest in the matter. The Prince rose hastily from his seat.

“The Hereditary Prince? What does that mean?”

It is very satisfactory to me to find that my son takes an interest in the condition of the country," he added. "I will take the affair into consideration."

The same day a letter was written by the Prince himself to the Chamberlain, saying:

"How comes the Hereditary Prince to take an interest in the building of a new road at Rossau? I desire further information."

The Chamberlain was in great perplexity, and felt his position endangered by the secret. At last, placed in a position between father and son, he chose the path of frank disclosure to the rising sun, and acquainted the Prince with his father's question.

"You see what importance his Serene Highness attaches to the communication; the details must be imparted to him."

The Prince was equally confounded.

"It was only a word thrown out casually," he rejoined, with hesitation.

"So much the better," said the Chamberlain; "all that remains to be said is, what gave rise to your Highness's wish. It may naturally seem strange to the Prince that his subjects or magistrates should apply to your Highness instead of to him. This, so far as I know, does not seem to have been the case."

"No," replied the Prince, "I heard of it at the house of the Rector. I simply asked the Councillor about it when he was here. I wanted to be able to give an answer," he added, shrewdly.

The Chamberlain was satisfied, and in his report extolled the Professor and Ilse, at whose house it was very pleasant to visit, and he did not fail to observe that the Hereditary Prince enjoyed calling there. He was rejoiced when, a few days after, a communica-

tion was made on business by the Cabinet Secretary, and followed by a letter from the Sovereign himself, in which he expressed his great satisfaction in the conduct of the Hereditary Prince and the Chamberlain.

Ilse was equally rejoiced when her father wrote to her:

“Ilse, are you a witch? An order has been given to begin building the road immediately; the surveyor is already here to mark it out.”

At dinner Ilse took the letter out of her pocket with great delight, saying:

“Read, you incredulous man, and see what our little Prince has been able to accomplish; after all we did him injustice. My poor gray excited his pity, and he wrote everything to his dear father.”

The next time that Ilse met the Hereditary Prince, she began, after the first greeting, in a low voice:

“My home owes warm thanks to your Highness, who has had the kindness to exert yourself for our road.”

“Is it to be built?” asked the Prince, surprised.

“Does not your Highness know it? Your intercession has induced his Grace, your father, to have it made.”

“My intercession would have had little effect,” continued the Prince. “No, no,” he added, earnestly disowning it. “I did not write to my father. It was altogether his own decision.”

Ilse remained silent: she could not understand what should prevent the son of a Prince from openly laying before his father a request on a matter of business, the fulfillment of which would be beneficial to many; that he should disown all participation in what he had evidently done, appeared to her a quite inappropriate display of modesty.

The last letter from Court had confirmed the Chamberlain in his opinion that the intimacy of the Hereditary Prince in the Rector's house was not distasteful to his father. He reflected sometimes on the reasons for this interest in persons, who were so far removed from the sphere of princely notice. He could not understand it. At all events it was his duty not to keep the Prince away from their home, and likewise to make himself agreeable to the Rector and his wife. This he did willingly and honestly, and oftentimes went to the Professor's without the Prince; he asked him to recommend books to him, showed great deference for his judgment about men, and was guided by the Professor's advice in the choice of the Prince's teachers. The energetic dignity and proud frank character of the learned man attracted the courtier, and Werner became a valuable acquaintance to him. He was also sincerely attached to Ilse, and there were times when she too could discover something of the worth and depth of heart of the Chamberlain.

But although the Chamberlain possessed all the pliancy of a courtier, and knew that the visits to the Rector's house were acceptable both to his young master and the latter's father, he showed little complaisance for the young Prince's wishes. Indeed, he was inclined to make difficulties if the Hereditary Prince, which seldom happened, would propose to join Werner's at tea; he went there with him at proper intervals, but after the road affair he avoided any greater intimacy for the Prince. On the other hand, the Chamberlain endeavored to make the Prince at home with the students, and in a way that accorded with his rank. Of the different associations which

were denoted by colors, customs, and statutes, the corps of the Markomanns was then the most distinguished. It was the aristocratic club, included many sons of old families and some of the best fencers; its members wore their colored caps in the haughtiest manner, were much talked of, and not very popular. The Chamberlain found a relative of his in this corps, and the leaders were found to possess the qualifications necessary to appreciate properly the social position of his young master.

Thus the Prince became intimate with the association, he invited the students to his apartments, sometimes joined in their lesser drinking bouts, and was agreeably introduced by them into the customs of academic life. He took fencing lessons, and, in spite of his small delicate figure, showed some aptitude for it, and the swing of the rapier in his room daily endangered the mirror and chandelier.

Ilse expressed her astonishment to her husband that the Prince, who had at first so quickly and easily opened his heart to them, had held back so cautiously since the road affair.

“Has he thought me too forward?” she asked, with vexation; “it was said with the best intentions. But I find, Felix, it is not with these great people as with us. If we once put confidence in people we feel at home with them; but they are like the birds that sing a song close to your ear, and then at once fly off and seek another resting-place far away.”

“The following year they will perhaps come again,” replied her husband; “any one who tries to domesticate them will be disappointed. If their airy path brings them near, you may take pleasure in them; but one should not trouble oneself about these triflers.”

Nevertheless, in secret Ilse was vexed with the unfaithfulness of her little songster.

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“My duty brings me to you to-day,” began the Chamberlain, on entering the Professor’s room. “Among the lectures which are desired for the Hereditary Prince is one upon Heraldry. I beg of you to recommend to me a teacher who could give him a short course upon the subject. In the capital, there was no suitable person, and I confess without blushing that my knowledge is much too scanty for me to be able to impart any to the Prince.”

The Professor reflected.

“Among my colleagues I know no one whom I could recommend. It is possible that Magister Knips may have knowledge of that kind. He is well informed in all these by-paths of learning; but he has grown up in a low condition of life, and his manner is highly obsequious and old-fashioned.”

This old-fashioned obsequiousness did not appear any hindrance to the Chamberlain; and as he himself wished to make use of the opportunity to ascertain clearly the meaning of a mysterious figure in his own coat of arms, which looked very much like a pitchfork, but which was really a Celtic Druid’s staff, he replied:

“There need not be many lectures, and I can be present myself.”

Magister Knips was called, and was, as usual, at hand, and was presented to the Chamberlain. The grotesque figure appeared comical to the latter, but not at all objectionable. His modesty was undeniable; his obsequiousness could not be greater. If one could put him into a tolerable coat, he might, for a temporary object, be allowed to sit at the same table

with the Hereditary Prince and the Chamberlain. So the Chamberlain asked whether Master Knips could undertake to give some lectures upon heraldry.

“If the gracious and noble gentleman might be content perchance with German and French emblazonry, I believe I may venture to offer him my undoubtedly unsatisfactory knowledge. But of English coats of arms and figures my knowledge is not extensive, because of lack of opportunity. I would, however, endeavor to give some information upon the new investigations concerning the Honorable Ordinary.”

“That will not be necessary,” replied the Chamberlain; and, turning to the Professor, he said: “Will you allow me to arrange details with Master Knips?”

The Professor left them to transact the business, and the Chamberlain continued, more freely:

“I will, trusting to the recommendation of the Rector, endeavor to ascertain whether the Hereditary Prince can avail himself of your instruction and derive the proper advantages therefrom.”

Knips bowed lower and lower, until he almost disappeared into the ground; but his head was reverently bent towards the eye of the Chamberlain. The latter mentioned a liberal sum as the price of the lessons. Knips smiled, and his eyes twinkled.

“I must further request, Master Knips, that you will not object to assume a becoming appearance for the intended lectures. A black coat, and trousers to match.”

“I have them,” replied Knips, raising his voice.

“White waistcoat and white cravat,” continued the Chamberlain.

“I have those likewise,” warbled Knips.

The Chamberlain considered it preferable to ascer-

tain, by his own inspection, the capabilities of the candidate in this respect.

“Then I beg of you to make your appearance at the apartments of the Hereditary Prince in fitting guise. There we will confer upon details.”

Knips appeared the following morning in his state dress, and the Chamberlain thought that the man did not look so bad after all. He gave him to understand that a learned discussion was not required, but rather a rapid survey, and, on his departure, presented to him a bottle of perfume, for his white pocket-handkerchief, in order to consecrate Knips' atmosphere.

Knips prepared himself for his first lesson. He began by drawing forth his paint-box, several complete letter-writers, and a book or two on etiquette. He painted several coats of arms, and from the books he abstracted some respectful forms of speech, such as the servile language of our Government officials have sanctioned in intercourse with the great, and learnt them all by heart. At the proper hour he presented himself to the Chamberlain, polished and fragrant, like a flower whose strength of stem had been extracted by the heat of the midday sun. Thus he was brought into the presence of the Prince, and almost withered into nothingness as he approached the chair in which he was to sit; he began his lecture by drawing out of a small portfolio a design of the Prince's ancestral coat of arms and a sketch of the Chamberlain's armorial bearings; he laid them before the Prince with the deepest reverence, and added his first explanations.

His lecture, to use the Chamberlain's own words, was magnificent; his obsequious arabesques which wound themselves into his discourse were prolix, it is



true, but not disagreeable; they were comical, yet well-suited to the scrolls he was lecturing on. He frequently brought drawings, and books on heraldry, and engravings from the library for inspection, and showed himself more thoroughly informed than was, perhaps, necessary. If he chanced to fall into historical discussions, which were more interesting to him than his hearers, the Chamberlain would simply have to raise his finger, and Knips respectfully resumed the proper topic. The gentlemen took more pleasure in his lectures than in many of those given by the Magister's patrons. The lessons were continued throughout the term, for it was discovered accidentally that Knips had a good deal of knowledge of tournaments, tilting, and other knightly amusements. He told the Prince about the old festivities of his noble house, described the ceremonial accurately, and even knew the names of those who had assisted at them. His knowledge appeared wonderful to his hearers, though it cost him little trouble to collect this information. At the conclusion of the course he was richly rewarded, and his hearers regretted that this strange figure, with his old-fashioned knowledge, was no longer to lecture before them.

"Look here, mother," cried Knips, entering his room, and taking a small roll of money out of his pocket; "that is the largest sum I have ever earned."

The mother rubbed her hands. "My blessing upon the gracious gentlemen who know how to value my son!"

"To value?" replied Knips, contemptuously. "They know nothing about me or my learning, and the less one teaches them the better they are pleased. It is a labor for them even to look for what stands at every-

body's disposal, and what has been put in hundreds of folios is new to them. I treated them like little boys, and they did not find it out. No, mother, they understand how to value me even less than the Professor world here. No one appreciates my knowledge. Yes, there is one that does," he murmured to himself, "but he has more pride than the Chamberlain. The Chamberlain seems to wish to inform himself about the old tilts and masquerades; I will send him my little edition of Rohr as a present. There is so little in it that it is good enough for him. I bought the book for four groschens; the parchment is still tolerably white. I will wash it with sal-ammoniac, and paste his coat of arms into it. Who knows what may come of it?"

He cleaned it, and prepared his paints.

"The world is full of tricks, mother. Who would have thought that I could have earned anything by this old absurd nonsense of heraldry?" He drew and painted at the coat of arms. "I have seldom brought gold into the house, and then it was always for underhand traffic that did me no honor." Here he broke off. "I will once more put on my livery when I take him the book, then put it out of sight."

\* \* \*

In the district of Rossau the road surveyors put up their stakes, and at the University, Magister Knips placed the white pig's-skin binding in the hands of his illustrious patron.

Ilse rejoiced that the road to her father's estate would be useful to every one, and the professor heard with interest that the man whom he had recommended had succeeded well, and he smiled kindly at the ex-

pressions of gratitude tendered by the Magister. But for the good formation of the new road, and the approved dexterity of the little man, the happy couple, who in both cases had hit upon the right person, were to receive thanks that they did not desire.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### PHILOPENA.

One evening Ilse had placed the last remaining dainties of the holiday season on the table; Laura was rattling an uncracked almond, and asked the Doctor whence arose the time-honored custom of Philopena. The Doctor doubted the antiquity of the custom and could not explain its origin at the moment, but he was evidently perplexed at his uncertainty in the matter. Thus, he neglected to request the mutual pledge of the double almond. Laura cracked the shell and carelessly laid two almonds between him and herself, saying: "There they are."

"Shall we share them?" cried the Doctor, gaily.

"If you like," replied Laura, "giving and taking, as is usually done. But it must be only in joke," she added, thinking of her father; "and no presents."

Both ate the almonds with the laudable intention of losing the game. The consequence was that the affair did not advance. Laura, in the course of the following week, handed books, tea-cups, and plates of meat to the Doctor. He was dumb as a stick, and never said, "I am thinking of it." Had he forgotten the agreement, or was it his usual chivalry? But Laura could not remind him of his forgetfulness, otherwise

she would win the philopena. She again became very angry with him.

“The learned gentleman does not hand anything to me,” she said, to Ilse; “he treats me as if I were a stick.”

“It must be unintentional,” replied Ilse; “he has forgotten it long ago.”

“Of course,” cried Laura; “he has no memory for a pretty joke with such an insignificant person as I am.”

“Make an end of it,” advised Ilse; “just remind him of it.”

It so happened that the Doctor, on one occasion, could not avoid picking up a pair of scissors, and handing them to her.

“I am thinking of it,” said Laura; and added, pertly, “that’s more than you do.”

After that she offered the Doctor the sugar-bowl; the Doctor took a piece of sugar out civilly, but was silent.

“Good morning, philopena,” she cried, contemptuously.

The Doctor laughed, and declared himself vanquished.

“It is not very nice of you,” continued Laura, eagerly, “to have cared so little about your philopena. I will never eat one with you again; there is no honor in winning from gentlemen who are so absent-minded.

Shortly after, the Doctor handed her a small printed book in beautiful binding. On the first page there was written, “For Miss Laura,” and on the second, “The Origin of Philopena; a Tale.” It was the history of the beautiful daughter of a king, who liked to crack and eat nuts, but would not marry; she accordingly in-

vented the following strategem. She presented to every prince who sought her hand—and they were countless—the half of a double almond, and she ate the other half. Then she said; “If now your Highness can compel me to take something out of your hand without saying the words, ‘I am thinking of it,’ I shall consent to marry you; but if I can induce your Highness to take something from my hand without saying these words, your Highness shall have your princely head shaven and forthwith leave my country.” But there was a trick in the fulfillment of this contract; for according to the customs of the court no one could put anything into the beautiful Princess’s own hand on pain of death, but he must give it to the lady-in-waiting and she would hand it to the Princess. But if the Princess herself chose to take or hand something, who could prevent her? Thus it became a bitter pleasure for the wooers. For however much they might endeavor to induce the Princess to take something out of their hands without the intervention of the lady-in-waiting, the latter always interposed and spoilt their best-laid plans. But when the Princess wished to get rid of a suitor, she was so gracious to him for a whole day that he was quite enchanted; and when he sat next to her, and was already intoxicated with joy, she took, as if by accident, something that was near her,—a pomegranate, or an egg,—and said, softly, “Keep this in remembrance of me.” As soon as the Prince took the thing in his hand, and perhaps was preparing to say the saving words, the thing burst asunder, and a frog, a hornet, or a bat, flew out towards his hair, so that he drew back frightened, and, in his fear, forgot the words; whereat he was shaven on the spot, and sent about his business.

Thus years had passed, and in all the kingdoms roundabout, the princes wore wigs,—these have since become fashionable. Then it happened that the son of a foreign king, while traveling upon some business of his own, by accident saw the almond-queen. He thought her beautiful, and at the same he took note of the artifice that had ruined the hopes of her former suitors. Now a little grey dwarf in whose favor he stood, had given him an apple, at which he might smell once every year, and then a clever idea would occur to him. He had, therefore, become very famous amongst all kings on account of his clever ideas. Now the time of the apple had come; he smelt, and at once this bright thought came to him: “If you would win the game of giving and taking, you must under no conditions either give anything to her or take anything from her.” And so he had his hands firmly bound in his girdle, went with his Marshal to court, and said he also would be glad to eat an almond. The Princess was much pleased with him, and had the almond handed to him. His Marshal took it and put it in his mouth. Then the Princess inquired what that meant, and why he always carried his hands in his girdle. He answered that his Court customs were even stricter than hers; and he must not take or give anything with his hands, but only with his feet or head.” The Princess laughed, and said:

“In this way we can never manage our game!”

He shrugged his shoulders and answered:

“Only in case you will condescend to take things from my boots.”

“That can never be,” cried the Court in chorus.

“Then why did you come here?” exclaimed the Princess, vexed, “if you have such stupid customs?”

“Because you are so beautiful,” returned the Prince; “and if I cannot win you I can yet look upon you.”

“I can say nothing against that,” answered the Princess.

So the Prince remained at Court, and came to please her more and more. But as she too was of a mischievous disposition, she endeavored in every way to mislead him and persuade him to draw his hand out of his girdle and take something from her. She conversed much with him, and made him presents of flowers, bonbons, and smelling-bottles, and at last even of her bracelet. Many times his hands twitched, but he felt the pressure of the belt and recollected himself, nodded to the Marshal who collected the things, and said:

“We think of it.”

Now the Princess became impatient, and so one day she began after this fashion:

“My handkerchief has fallen down; could your Highness pick it up for me?”

The Prince took the handkerchief by the ends of his toes and waved it; the Princess bent down, took the handkerchief from his feet, and cried out, angrily:

“I am thinking of it.”

A year had passed thus, and the Princess said to herself, “It cannot continue so; an end must be made of the affair, in one way or the other.” So she began thus to the Prince:

“I have the loveliest garden in the world, which I will show your Highness to-morrow.”

The Prince smelt at his apple again. When they came to the garden the Prince began:

“It is wonderfully beautiful here; that we may be able to walk together in peace, and not be disturbed

by our game, I beg, my dear Princess, that you will adopt my Court custom, if only for an hour, and allow your hands to be bound. Then we shall be sure of each other, and nothing vexatious can happen to us."

This did not please the Princess, but he entreated and she could not refuse him this trifle. Thus they walked together, with their hands bound in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warm, and from the branches the red cherries hung down almost touching their cheeks. The Princess looked up at the cherries, and exclaimed:

"What a pity it is that your Highness cannot pluck some of them for me."

The Prince answered, "Necessity is the mother of invention;" and seizing a cherry with his mouth he offered it to the Princess. Nothing remains for her but to put her mouth to his in order to take the cherry, and when she had the fruit between her lips, and a kiss from him in addition, she could not at the moment say, "I am thinking of it."

Then he exclaimed, aloud, "Good morning, Philopena," drew his hands out of his girdle and embraced her; they were of course married and if they have not since died, they still live together in peace and happiness.

This story the Doctor had written and caused to be printed especially for Laura, so that no one else could have the book.

Laura carried the book to her private room, looked with pride on her name in print, and repeatedly read the foolish little story. She walked to and fro reflecting; and when she thus considered her relations with Fritz Hahn, she could not feel easy in her conscience. From her childhood she had been under ob-



ligations to him; he had always been good and kind to her; and she, and still more her father, had always caused him vexation. She thought penitently of all the past, up to the cat's paws; the indefinite feeling she had concerning the "*Philopena*" was now clear to her; she could not be as unembarrassed as she ought to be, nor as indifferent as she would wish, because she was always under the heavy burden of obligation. "I must come to an understanding with him. Ah! but there is a barrier between him and me,—my father's commands." She revolved in her mind how, without acting against his commands, she could give the Doctor some pleasure. She had ventured something of the kind with the orange-tree; if she could devise anything that would remain unknown to those over the way there would be no danger; no tender relations and no friendship would arise from it, which her father might wish to avoid. She hastened down to Ilse, saying, "My obligations to the Doctor oppress me more than I can express; it is insupportable to feel myself always in his debt. Now I have bethought me of something which will bring this state of things to a conclusion."

"Take good care," replied Ilse, "that the affair is really brought to a conclusion, that will stand in the future."

Laura went at once to the Professor, whom she found in his study, and asked in a merry voice if he could not aid her in playing a joke upon her kind-hearted, yet unmanageable, neighbor. "He collects all sorts of antiquities," she said, "and I should like to get him something rare that he would like. But nobody must know that I have anything to do with it, himself least of all."

The Professor promised to think of something.

Some time afterwards he placed in Laura's hands a small torn volume, that looked reduced to a pitiful state. "They are single copies of old popular songs," said he, "that at some time or other have been bound together. I hit upon them by a lucky accident. The little book is valuable; to the amateur its worth is beyond proportion greater than the price. Do not be disturbed at its bad appearance. Fritz will take out the separate songs, and arrange them in order in his collection. I am convinced you could not make him a present that would please him better."

"He shall have it," said Laura, contented, "but he shall suffer for it nevertheless."

It was a fine collection: there were some very rare pieces among them, an entirely unknown edition of the ballad of the unfortunate Knight Tanhäuser, the ballad of the Robber Toss Bowl, and a great many other charming selections. Laura carried the book upstairs, and carefully cut the thread of the bound sheets, which held them loosely together. She then sat down to her writing-table, and commenced an anonymous correspondence, which was made necessary by her father's tyranny, writing the following in a disguised hand: "Dear Doctor, an unknown person sends you this song for your collection; he has thirty more like these, which are intended for you, but only on certain conditions. First, you are to preserve towards every one, whoever it may be, inviolate secrecy in the matter. Secondly, you are to send for every poem another written by yourself, on any subject, addressed to O. W., at the Post-office. Thirdly, if you are willing to agree to this compact, walk past No. 10 Park street, with a flower in your button-hole, about three o'clock in the afternoon on one of the

next three days. The sender will be exceedingly gratified if you will enter into this pleasantry. Truly Yours N. N." The song of Robber Toss Bowl was enclosed with this letter.

It was five minutes after nine by the Doctor's watch, which was confirmed by later investigations, when this letter was brought into his room; the barometer was rising; light, feathery clouds fled across the sky, and the moon's pale crescent shone forth from among them. The Doctor opened the letter, the green-tinted paper of which contrasted with the old printed sheet, yellow with age, that accompanied it. He unfolded the yellow sheet hastily, and read:

"Stortebecker und Godecke Michael,  
De rowten alle beede."

"Godecke Michael and Toss Bowl, Knight,  
They fought all day and they fought all night."

There was no doubt it was the original low German text of the famous ballad, which had hitherto been lost to the world, that lay bodily before him. He was as pleased as a child with a Christmas-box. Then he read the letter, and when he came to the end, he read it again. He laughed. It was clearly all a roguish jest. But from whom? His thoughts turned first to Laura, but she had only the evening before treated him with cold contempt. Else was not to be thought of, and such playful mischief was very unlike the Professor. What did the house No. 10 mean? The young actress who lived there was said to be a very charming and enterprising young lady. Was it possible she could have any knowledge of folk-songs, and, the Doctor could not help thinking, a tender feeling for himself? The good Fritz chanced to step before the mirror for a moment, and he at once uttered an inward protest against the possibility of such an idea,

and, laughing, he went back to his writing-table and to his popular song. He could not enter into the pleasantry, that was clear, but it was a pity. He laid the Robber Toss Bowl aside, and returned to his work. After a time, however, he took it up again. This valuable contribution had been sent to him, at all events, without any humiliating condition; perhaps he might be allowed to keep it. He opened a portfolio of old folk-songs, and placed it in its order as if it had been his own. Having laid the treasure in its proper place, he restored the portfolio to the bookshelf, and thought, it is a matter of indifference where the sheet lies.

In this way the Doctor argued with himself till after dinner. Shortly before three o'clock he came to a decision. If it was only the joke of an intimate acquaintance, he would not spoil it; and if there had been some other motive, it must soon come to light. Meanwhile, he might keep the document, but he would not treat it as his own possession till the right of the sender and his object was clear. He must, in the first place, communicate this view of the case to his unknown friend. After he had made the necessary compromise between his conscience and his love of collecting, he fetched a flower out of his father's conservatory, placed it in his button-hole, and walked out into the street. He looked suspiciously at the windows of the hostile house, but Laura was not to be seen, for she had hid behind the curtains, and snapped her fingers at the success of her jest when she saw the flower in his buttonhole. The Doctor was embarrassed when he came in front of the house appointed. The situation was humiliating, and he repented of his covetousness. He looked at the window of the lower story, and behold! the young

actress was standing close to it. He looked at her intelligent countenance and attractive features, took off his hat courteously, and was weak enough to blush; the young lady returned the civility tendered by the well-known son of the neighboring house. The Doctor continued his walk some distance beyond; there appeared to him something strange in this adventure. The presence and greeting of the actress at the window certainly did not appear to be accidental. He could not get rid of his perplexity; only one thing was quite clear to him, he was for the present in possession of the ballad of the Robber Toss Bowl.

As his qualms of conscience did not cease, he debated with himself for two days whether he should enter upon any further interchange of letters; on the third he silenced his remaining scruples. Thirty ballads, very old editions—the temptation was overpowering! He looked up his own attempts in rhyme,—effusions of his own lyrical period,—examined and cast them aside. At last he found an innocent romance which in no manner exposed him; he copied it, and accompanied it by a few lines in which he made it a condition that he should consider himself only the guardian of the songs.

Some days afterwards he received a second packet; it was a priceless monastery ditty, in which the virtues of roast Martinmas goose were celebrated. It was accompanied by a note which contained the encouraging words: "Not bad; keep on."

Again Laura's figure rose before his eyes, and he laughed right heartily at the Martinmas goose. This also was an old edition of which there was no record. This time he selected an ode to Spring from his poems and addressed it, as directed, to O. W.

The Professor was astonished that the Doctor kept silence about the book of ballads, and expressed this to Ilse, who was partly in the secret. ·

“He is bound not to speak,” she said; “she treats him badly. But as it is he, there is no danger in the joke for the bold girl.”

But Laura was happy in her game of chess with masked moves. She put the Doctor’s poem carefully into her private album, and she thought that the Hahn poetry was not so bad after all; nay, it was admirable. But even more gratifying to her sportiveness than the correspondence, was the thought that the Doctor was to be forced into a little affair of sentiment with the actress. When she met him again at Ilse’s, and one of those present was extolling the talent of the young lady, she spoke without embarrassment, and without turning to the Doctor, of the curious whims of the actress, that once, when an admirer, whom she did not like, had proposed to serenade her, she had placed her little dog at the window with a night-cap on, and that she had a decided preference for the company of strolling apprentices, and could converse with them in the most masterly way in the dialect of her province.

The unsuspecting Doctor began to reflect. Was it then really the actress who, without his knowing it, was in correspondence with him?

This gave Fritz a certain tacit respect for the lady.

Once when Laura was sitting with her mother at the play watching the actress, she perceived Fritz Hahn in the box opposite. She observed that he was looking fixedly through his opera-glass at the stage, and sometimes broke out in loud applause. She had

evidently succeeded in putting him upon the wrong track.

Meanwhile he discovered that the unknown correspondent knew more than how to write addresses. Laura had looked through the songs and studied the text of the old poem of the Knight *Tanhäuser*, who had lingered with *Venus* in the mountain, and she sent the ballad with the following lines:—

“While reading through this song I was overcome with emotion and horror at the meaning of the old poetry. What, in the opinion of the poet, became of the soul of poor *Tanhäuser*? He had broken away from *Venus*, and had returned penitent to the Christian faith; and when the stern Pope said to him, ‘It is as little possible for you to be saved as for the staff that I hold in my hand to turn green,’ he returned to *Venus* and her mountain in proud despair. But afterwards the staff in the hands of the Pope did turn green, and it was in vain that he sent his messengers to fetch the knight back. What was the singer’s view of *Tanhäuser*’s return to evil? Would the ‘Eternal love and mercy’ still forgive the poor man, although he had for the second time surrendered himself up to the temptress? Was the old poet so liberal-minded that he considered the return to the heathen woman as pardonable? Or is *Tanhäuser* now, in his eyes, eternally lost? and was the green staff only to show that the Pope was to bear the blame? I should be glad to hear your explanation of this. I think the poem very beautiful and touching, and, when one thoroughly enters into its spirit, there is powerful poetry in the simple words. But I feel much disturbed about the fate of *Tanhäuser*. Your N. N.”

The Doctor answered immediately:

“It is sometimes difficult, from the deep feeling and terse expressions of olden poetry, to understand the fundamental idea of the poet; and most difficult of all in a poem which has been handed down for centuries by popular tradition, and in which changes in the words and meaning must certainly have taken place. The first idea of the song, that mortals dwell in the mountains with the old heathen gods rests on a notion which originated in ancient times. The idea that the God of Christians is more merciful than his representative on earth has been rooted in Germany since the time of the Hohenstaufens. One may refer the origin of the poem to that period. It probably attained the form in which it is now handed down to us, about the middle of the fifteenth century, when the opposition to the hierarchy in Germany was general, both among high and low. The grand idea of this opposition was that the priests cannot forgive sins, and that only repentance, atonement, and elevation of the heart to God can avail. The copy which you have so kindly sent me, is of the early period of Luther, but we know that the song is older, and we possess various texts, in some of which it is more prominently set forth that Tanhäuser after his second fall might still trust in the divine mercy. But undoubtedly in the text you have sent me the singer considers poor Tanhäuser as lost if he did not liberate himself from the power of Venus, but that he might be saved if he did. According to popular tradition he remained with her. The great and elevating thought that man may shake off the trammels of past sin may be discovered in this poem, the poetical value of which I place as high as you do.”

When Laura received this answer,—Gabriel was



again her confidential messenger,—she jumped up with joy from her writing-table. She had with Ilse grieved over poor Tanhäuser, and given her friend a copy of the poem; now she ran down to her with the Doctor's letter, proud that, by means of a childish joke, at which Ilse had shaken her head, she had entered into a learned discussion. From this day the secret correspondence attained an importance for both Laura and Fritz which they had little thought of in the beginning; for Laura now ventured, when she could not satisfy herself on any subject, or took a secret interest in anything, to impart to her neighbor thoughts which hitherto had been confined to her writing-table, and the Doctor discovered with astonishment and pleasure a female mind of strong and original cast, which sought to obtain clear views from him, and unfolded itself to him with unusual confidence. These feelings might be discovered in his poems, which were no longer taken out of the portfolio, but assumed a more personal character. Laura's eyes moistened as she read the pages in which he expressed in verse his anxiety and impatience to become acquainted with his unknown correspondent. The feeling evinced in his lines was so pure, and one saw in them the good and refined character of the man so clearly that one could not fail to place full confidence in him. The old popular songs, in the first instance the main object, became gradually only the accompaniments of the secret correspondence, and the wings of Laura's enthusiastic soul soared over golden clouds, whilst Mr. Hummel growled below and Mr. Hahn suspiciously awaited fresh attacks from the enemy.

But this poetical relation with the neighbor's son,

which had been established by Laura's enterprising spirit, was exposed to the same danger that threatens all poetic moods—of being at any moment destroyed by rude reality. The Doctor was never to know that she was his correspondent,—the daughter of the enemy whom he daily met, the childish girl who quarreled with him in Ilse's room about bread and butter and almonds. When they met, he was always as before the Doctor with the spectacles, and she the little snappish Hummel, who had more of her father's ill manners than Gabriel would admit. The sulking and teasing between them went on every day as formerly. Nevertheless, it was inevitable that a warm feeling should sometimes beam in Laura's eyes, and that the friendly disposition with which she really regarded the Doctor should sometimes be betrayed in a passing word. Fritz, therefore, labored under an uncertainty over which he secretly laughed, but which, nevertheless, tormented him. When he received the well-disguised handwriting he always saw Laura before him; but when he met his neighbor at his friend's she succeeded, by mocking remarks and shy reserve, in perplexing him again. Necessity compelled her to this coquetry, but it acted upon him each time like a cold blast; and then it struck him, it can not be Laura,—is it the actress?

There was general astonishment at the tea-table when the Doctor once hinted that he had been invited to a masked ball, and was not averse to attending the noisy gathering. The ball was given by a large circle of distinguished citizens, to which Mr. Hummel belonged. The peculiarity of this party was that the chief actors of the city were admitted as welcome guests. As the Doctor had hitherto never shown any

inclination for this kind of social entertainment, the Professor was astonished. Laura alone guessed the cause, but all received the announcement of this unusual intended dissipation with silent pleasure.

Mr. Hummel was not of the opinion that a masked ball was the place where the worth of a German citizen was shown to greatest advantage. He had unwillingly yielded to the coaxing of the ladies in his family, and was now seen standing among the masks in the ball-room. He had thrown the little black domino carelessly about his back like a priest's mantle; his hat was pressed down over his eyes; the silk fringe of the mask overshadowed his face on all sides, which was as unmistakable as a full moon behind thin clouds. He looked mockingly on the throng of masks that streamed past him, somewhat less comfortable and more silent than they would have been without masks and colored coats. Obnoxious to him more than all were the harlequins scattered about, who, at the beginning of the festival, affected an extravagance of conduct which was not natural to them. Mr. Hummel had good eyes, but it happened to him, as to others, that he was not able to recognize every one who was masked. All the world knew him, however. Some one tugged at his clothes.

"How is your dog Spitehahn?" asked a gentleman in rococo dress, bowing to him.

Hummel bowed in return. "Thanks for your kind inquiry. I would have brought him for a bite of the calves of your legs if you had been provided with that article."

"Does this kind of a Hummel-bee sting?" asked a green domino, in a falsetto voice.

"Spare your remarks," replied Hummel, angrily;

“your voice is fast changing into a woman’s. I quite pity your family.”

He moved on.

“Will you buy a pack of hareskins, brother Hummel?” asked a wandering pedlar.

“I thank you, brother,” replied Hummel, fiercely; you may let me have the ass’s skin that your wife tore from your face in your last quarrel.”

“There’s the rough felt of our city,” cried, pertly, a little clown, as he gave Mr. Hummel a blow upon the stomach with his wand.

This was too much for Mr. Hummel: he seized the diminutive clown by the collar, took his wand away from him, and held the refractory little fellow on his knee. “Wait, my son,” he cried; “you’ll wish you had a rough felt in another place than on your head.”

But a burly Turk caught him by the arm. “Sir, how can you dare to lay hold of my son in this manner?”

“Is this chattel yours?” returned Hummel, furiously; “your blotting-paper physiognomy is unknown to me. If you, as Turk, devote yourself to the rearing of ill-mannered buffoons, you must expect to see Turkish bamboo on their backs, that is a principle of international law. If you do not understand this you may come to me to-morrow morning at my office; I will make the thing clear to you, and hand over to you a bill for the watch-crystal that this creature from your harem has broken for me.”

Thereupon he threw the clown into the arms of the Turk, and the wand on the ground, and clumsily made his way through the masks who surrounded him.

“There is not a human soul among them,” he growled; “one feels like Robinson Crusoe among the

savages." He moved about the ball-room utterly regardless of the white shoulders and bright eyes that danced about him, and again disappeared. At last he caught sight of two grey bats whom he thought he knew, for it appeared to him that the masks were his wife and daughter. He went up to them, but they avoided him and mixed in the throng. They were undoubtedly of his party, but they intended to remain unknown, and they knew that would be impossible if Mr. Hummel was with them. The forsaken man turned and went into the next room, seated himself in solitude at an empty table, took his mask off, ordered a bottle of wine, asked for the daily paper, and lighted a cigar.

"Pardon me, Mr. Hummel," said a little waiter; "no smoking here!"

"You too," replied Mr. Hummel, gloomily. "You see there *is* smoking here. This is my way of masquerading. Matters are becoming wearisome. Every vestige of humanity and all consideration for others is being trodden under foot to-day; and that is what they call a *bal masqué*."

Meanwhile Laura slipped about among the masks, looking for the Doctor. Fritz Hahn could easily be discovered by sharp eyes, for he wore his spectacles over his mask. He was standing in a blue domino, near an elegant lady in a red mantle. Laura pressed up to him. Fritz was writing something in the hand of the lady, most likely her name, for she nodded carelessly; then he wrote again in her hand, pointing to himself. Probably it was his own name, for the lady nodded, and Laura thought that she could see under her veil that she was laughing. Laura heard the Doctor speaking to the lady of a *rôle* in which he had

lately seen her on the stage, and he addressed her with the familiar "thou." That was, indeed, the privilege of a masquerade ball, but it was entirely unnecessary. The Doctor expressed his pleasure that in the balcony scene the lady had so well understood how to represent the glowing feeling of passion in such difficult metre. The red mantle became attentive, and, turning to the Doctor, began to speak of the *rôle* she had taken. The lady spoke for some time, and then Doctor Romeo would continue still longer. The actress stepped back some steps into the shadow of a pillar; the Doctor followed her, and Laura saw that the red mantle curtly answered some other male masks, and again turned to the Doctor. At last the actress seated herself quite behind the pillar, where she was little seen by strangers, and the Doctor stood near her, leaning against it, and continuing the conversation. Laura, who had also placed herself near the pillar, heard how animated it was. The subject was passion. Now it was not the passion which one felt for the other, but that of the stage; but even that was more than a friend of the Doctor could approve of.

Laura stepped hastily forward, placed herself near Fritz Hahn, and raised her finger warningly. The Doctor looked astonished at the act, and shrugged his shoulders. Then she seized his hand, and wrote his name in it. The Doctor made a bow, upon which she held out her hand. How could he know her in that disfiguring disguise? He gave decided proof of his ignorance, and turned again to the lady in the red mantle. Laura stepped back, and colored up to her temples under the mask. It was in anger with herself, for she was the unfortunate one who had brought

him into this danger: and moreover she had come in such a disguise that he could not recognize her.

She returned to her mother, who had at last been fortunate enough to find a companion in Laura's god-mother, and had got into the corner of the room in order to exchange observations on the bodily development of the baptized little Fritz. Laura placed herself next her mother, and looked at the dancing masks with indifference. Suddenly she sprang up, for Fritz Hahn was dancing with the lady in the red mantle. Was it possible? He had long abjured dancing. More than once he had ridiculed Laura for her pleasure in it; even she herself had at times, when sitting before her private journal, thought how childish this monotonous whirling movement was, and how incompatible with a nobler conception of life;—now he was turning himself round like a top.

“What do I see?” cried her mother; “is not that ——? and the red one is ——”

“It is immaterial with whom he dances,” interrupted Laura, in order to avoid hearing the hated confirmation of it. But she knew Fritz Hahn, and she was aware there was some signification in this waltz. Juliet pleased him much, otherwise he would never have done it; he had never shown her this mark of distinction. The old comedian of the city theatre approached them as Pantaloon; he had at last found out the two influential ladies; he tripped up to them, made grotesque obeisances, and began to amuse her mamma with his gossip. One of his first remarks was, “It is said that young Hahn will go upon the stage; he is studying his *rôle* as lover with our prima-donna.”

Laura turned with annoyance from the flat remark. Her last hope was the time of unmasking; she im-

patiently awaited the moment. At last there was a pause, and the masks were removed. She took her mother's arm to go through the room to greet their acquaintances. It seemed a long time before she got into the neighborhood of Fritz Hahn, and not once did he look at her. Laura made a movement with her hand to touch him gently; but she pressed her fingers firmly, and passed by fixing her eyes upon him. Now at last he recognized her, as he ought to have done long before. She saw the look of pleasure in his countenance, and her heart became lighter. She stopped while he exchanged some civil sentences with her mother, and she expected that he would acknowledge that she had already greeted him, but he did not mention a word of the occurrence. Had so many written in his hand that he could not bear in mind one poor little bat? When he turned to her he only praised the ball music. This was all the notice he thought her worthy of. His conversation with Juliet had been the free interchange of mind, but to her he only addressed a few indifferent sentences. Her countenance assumed the gloomy Hummel look, as she answered, "You used to have little sympathy for the jingling instrument to which the puppets dance."

The Doctor looked embarrassed, but laughed, and asked her for the next dance. This was bad tact. Laura answered bitterly, "When the grey bat was so bold as to flutter about Romeo, he had no dance free for her; now her eyes are blinded by the bright light." She bowed her head like a queen, took her mother's arm, and left him behind.

What followed was still more aggravating. The Doctor danced once more with the lady in the mantle. Laura observed how fascinatingly she smiled on him,



and he danced with no one else. Of her he took no further notice, and she was glad when soon after Mr. Hummel came up to them and said: "It was difficult to find you. When I inquired of the people for the two ugliest disguises, you were pointed out to me. I shall be glad if to-morrow morning you awake without headache. We have had enough of pleasure to-day."

Laura was glad when the carriage arrived at home; she rushed up to her room, hastily took her book out of the drawer, and wrote rapidly:

"Cursed be my deed and cursed all sinful art;  
My own true happiness is now at stake  
A troupe of enemies surrounds my heart,  
Which bleeding from so deadly wounds will break."

she wiped away the tears which rolled upon her paper.

The bright light of the following morning exercised its tranquilizing influence on her fluttering thoughts. Over there Fritz Hahn was still lying in his bed. The good youth had tired himself yesterday. Many drops of water might still flow into the sea before friend Fritz would determine to unite his fate with an actress of tragedy. She brought out her supply of old ballads and selected one; it was a very jolly one: the May-Bug's Marriage—in which the may-bug on the hedge asks in marriage the young maiden fly. Many little birds occupy themselves seriously about the wedding, but at last it is put an end to by some disreputable conduct on the part of the bridegroom.

"Good," said Laura; "my May-Bug Fritz, before you marry the frivolous fly Juliet, other birds shall have their say about it."

She folded up the song, and added to it a little note: "You guess wrongly. The person who sends this to you never was Juliet." As she closed the letter

she said to herself, with more composure: "If he does not now perceive that he was mistaken, one cannot think much of his judgment."

The Doctor was sitting a little stupefied over his books, when his eye fell upon the above letter. He cast a look upon the Marriage of the May-Bug; he had never yet come across an old copy of it, and in rapidly glancing over it he saw that many verses were quite different from our current text. Then he took the note, and endeavored to interpret the oracle. Now it was clear that the actress was the sender, for who else could know that he had accosted her as Juliet, and that they had conversed long about this *rôle*. But what could the words mean, "You guess wrongly?" But even on this point his eyes were blinded; he had maintained that the representation of passion could only be to a certain extent attained by an actor, if he had never in his life experienced a similar feeling. This the actress denied, and they had endeavored to come to an agreement about it; her words, therefore, clearly meant that she had impersonated Juliet without ever having previously felt a great passion. This was a confession that showed great confidence—nay, perhaps still more. The Doctor sat long looking at the note; but he now felt pretty sure who his correspondent was, and the discovery did not give him pleasure. For when he had reasoned the matter out upon rational grounds, it had always been Laura's eyes that beamed upon him from the paper, though undoubtedly quite another look from that which she had favored him with yesterday. He laid the May-Bug Marriage with the other songs, and again asked himself whether he ought to continue the correspondence. At last he sealed in answer one of the

worthless trifles of his portfolio, and did not write anything in addition.

Some days after, when the Professor and Ilse were walking through the streets, they passed by the dwelling of the actress; both saw their friend standing at the window of the heroine, and he nodded to them from within.

“How has he made this acquaintance?” asked the Professor; “is not the young lady considered very fast?”

“I fear so,” answered Ilse, troubled.

Now Mrs. Knips (who dwelt opposite to the actress) came running in to Madame Hummel one day with the linen still damp, and told her that on the previous evening a great basket of champagne had been taken to the actress’s house, and that in the night the loud singing of a dissolute company had been heard over the whole street, and that young Doctor Hahn had been among them!

On Sunday the comedian had been invited to dinner at Mr. Hummel’s, and one of his first anecdotes was concerning a jovial party which had taken place at the actress’s. With the malice which is often to be found in fellow-artists towards each other, he added, “She has found a new admirer, the son of your neighbor over the way. Well! the father’s money will at least come to the support of art.” Mr. Hummel opened his eyes and shook his head, but only said, “So Fritz Hahn too has gone among the actors and become dissipated: he is the last one that I should have suspected of this.”

Mrs. Hummel endeavored to bring to mind her recollections of the ball, and found in them a sorrowful confirmation of this, but Laura, who had been sitting

very pale and silent, broke forth vehemently to the actor:

“I will not suffer you to speak of the Doctor in such a tone at our table. We are well enough acquainted with him to know that he is in conduct and principles a noble man. He is master of his own actions, and if he likes the lady and visits her at times, a third person has no right to say anything in the matter whatever. It is a malicious calumny to say that he goes there with any dishonorable intentions, and spends money that does not belong to him.”

The comedian, through fright, got a crumb of bread in his wind-pipe, and burst out in the most violent fit of coughing that had ever seized him, but the mother, in excuse of their pleasant visitor, replied:

“You have sometimes felt yourself, that the conduct of the Doctor was not quite the thing.”

“If I have said anything of the kind in foolish ill temper,” cried Laura, “it was an injustice, and I am very sorry for it; I have only the excuse that I never meant it ill-naturedly. But from others I will hear no slanderous talk about our neighbor.” She rose from table and left the room. The actor vindicated himself to the mother, but Mr. Hummel grasped his wine-glass and, peering after his daughter, said:

“On a gloomy day she is scarcely to be distinguished from me.”

The Doctor was little troubled about his own misdeeds. He had paid a visit to his partner after the ball, the occasion on which he had been seen at the window. One of his school friends, now second tenor at the theatre, had come and arranged with the actress to have a little picnic on her approaching birthday, and Fritz had been invited to take part in it. It was

a merry gathering, and the Doctor had found much entertainment among the light-winged birds of the stage, and had rejoiced with the benevolence of a wise man at the good tact which was visible amidst the easy style of their intercourse. There had also been much intelligent conversation in the course of the evening, and he went home with the impression that even for a person like himself it was good to be for once associated with these lively artists. He had endeavored that same evening, by a stratagem, to ascertain his unknown correspondent. When they were singing songs, and with lively grace reciting comic verses, he had produced the May-bug song and had begun to sing it:

"The May-bug sat on the hedge, brum, brum;  
The fly sat beneath him, hum, hum hum."

Some had joined in it; the lady in the mantle did not know the song, however, but only a similar one from an old *rôle*; and when the bass took up the melody from the Doctor, and in the following verses portrayed each of the birds as they entered by gestures and comic changes of the melody, the hostess laughed, and without any embarrassment undertook to learn the song, so that the Doctor again became very doubtful, and on returning home remained standing on the threshold and looked significantly at the house of Mr. Hummel. If any one had accurately investigated why, after this May-bug song, the Doctor became noisy and gay like the others, he would perhaps have discovered that the unembarrassed air of the actress had lifted a load from his heart.

But this helped him little with respect to the "brum" and "hum" of the neighbors. All Park Street had latterly accorded to their Fritz Hahn the

highest respect; his picture had been placed among the serious men of learning in their albums, whom they daily contemplated and spoke of. Now strange features had appeared in the well-known face, and the street could not bear that one of their children should appear otherwise than he had been wont to do. Therefore there was much whispering and shaking of heads, and this came to the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, and, finally, to the Doctor. He laughed, but he did not feel quite at ease about it.

"Tannhäuser, noble knight and man,  
 In Venus' wiles thou liest ensnared,  
 While I, a wicked Pope Urban,  
 To cause you shame and sorrow dared."

Thus did Laura lament in her room, but she concealed her heavy sorrow, and did not speak a word concerning the danger of the Doctor, even to Ilse; and when the latter once slightly alluded to the new intimacy of their friend, Laura broke the thread of her embroidery, and said, while the blood rushed to her heart:

"Why should not the Doctor visit there? He is a young man for whom it is good to see different people; he stays too much in his room and with his parents. If I had been a man like him, I should long ago have tied up my bundle and gone out into the world, for our narrow field of active life weakens the energies and dwarfs the mind."

At the tea-table one of the company present turned the conversation on the actress, and shrugged his shoulders over her free manners. Laura felt what must be the Doctor's embarrassment; there sat poor Fritz, obliged to listen to the derogatory criticisms—his intimate acquaintances were silent, and looked significantly at him; his position was terrible, for

every fool made use of the lady's unprotected position to show himself a Cato.

"I wonder," she said, "that gentlemen should so severely criticise the little freaks of an actress. A lady of that profession should be treated with great consideration, for she is deprived of all the protection and all the pleasure which we have in our families. I am convinced that she is a worthy and sensitive girl."

The Doctor looked thankfully at her and confirmed her opinion. He did not observe it, but it had happened as in his fairy-tale; Laura had bent down to his feet and picked up the pocket-handkerchief.

But she had still more to bear. The month of March began his theatrical pranks in the world; first from his grey clouds he had cast a veil of snow over the landscape; icicles hung from the roofs and white crystals from the trees, and the wild storm howled all around. Suddenly all was transformed. A mild south wind blew, the buds of the trees swelled, and the fresh green made its appearance in the meadow; the children ran about in the woods and carried home large bunches of spring flowers, and people, rejoicing in the change, passed in unceasing pilgrimage through the Park Street out into the sunshine.

Even Mr. Hummel felt the presage of spring. He gave expression to this annually by mixing the colors for his boat, and taking a pleasure walk on a well-chosen afternoon with his wife and daughter to a distant coffee-garden. This festive journey was but an indifferent pleasure for Laura, for Mr. Hummel walked with sturdy step in front of the ladies; he secretly rejoiced in the renewal of old nature, and only occasionally favored his ladies with a remark over his shoulder when he was annoyed at a change in the

vegetation. But Laura knew that her father thought much of this March pleasure, and this year, too, she went with her mother behind him to a solitary village, where Mr. Hummel smoked his pipe, fed the hens, scolded the waiter, and talked with the landlord about the crops and gave the sun an opportunity of rejoicing in the healthy appearance of his old friend, Mr. Hummel. Mr. Hummel, who was usually by no means averse to society, loved now to be alone with nature, and hated the place of resort of the citizens in the country, where the aroma of new cakes and fritters destroyed the perfume of nature.

When he entered the coffee-garden with his ladies, he saw with dissatisfaction that other guests were already there. He threw an indignant glance on the gay society which had taken possession of his usual place, and noticed among them the young actress, as well as other members of the theatre, and with them the son of his adversary. Then he turned to his daughter and said, blinking his eyes:

“To-day you will be well satisfied; here you have, besides the enjoyments of nature, those of art.”

It was a terribly hard trial to which Laura's courage was subjected; but she raised her head proudly, and passed with her parents to another corner of the garden. There she placed herself with her back to the strangers. Nevertheless, she learnt more of their proceedings than was good for her composure. She heard the sounds of laughter, and the merry hum of the May-bug party; the less she saw of them the more painful was the noise, and every sound was audible in the deep stillness, and her mother's ears and eyes also were intent on the other party. After a time the loud conversation of the artists ceased, and



she heard her name spoken in low terms. Immediately afterwards the gravel crunched behind her, and she felt that the Doctor was behind her.

He approached the table, greeted the father silently, made some friendly remarks to the mother about the weather, and was just on the point of turning to Laura with a forced composure that did not escape her, when Mr. Hummel, who had till then silently borne the intrusion of the enemy, took his pipe from his mouth, and began, with gentle voice:

“Is what I hear of you possible, Doctor?—that you wish to change your mode of life?”

Laura plunged her parasol vehemently into the gravel.

“I know nothing of it,” replied the Doctor, coolly.

“It is reported,” continued Mr. Hummel, “that you intend to say farewell to your books and become a professional actor. If this should be the case, I beg of you to think kindly of my little business. I have every kind of artistic head-gear: for lovers fine beaver, with galoon for lackeys, and if ever you act the punchinello, a white felt hat. But you would rather be called clown, perhaps. That is now the fashionable *rôle*; buffoons are out of style; one shall address you as Sir Clown.”

“I have no intention of going on the stage, replied the Doctor; “but if ever the idea should occur to me, I would not come to you for the artistic work of your manufactory, but for instruction in what you consider good manners. I should then at least know what, in my profession, was *not* befitting men of breeding.”

He bowed to the ladies, and went away.

“Always Humboldt,” said Mr. Hummel, looking after him.

Laura did not move, but her dark eyebrows were knit so threateningly that Mr. Hummel could not help perceiving it.

“I am quite of your opinion,” he said, pleasantly, to his daughter. “It is a great pity that he is spoilt by belonging to these straw-hat people, but now there is no hope for him.”

He then took a bit of cake and offered it to a little poodle that was sitting on its hind legs, begging and moving its paws.

“Billy!” cried a lady’s voice through the garden.

The dog Billy, however, did not attend, but continued to show his devotion to Mr. Hummel, who, having a greater tenderness for dogs than for men, was feeding him.

The actress came up hastily.

“I beg of you not to give the naughty animal any cake,—there are almonds in it,” said the actress, pushing the dog away.

“A pretty dog,” replied Mr. Hummel, sitting down.

“If you only knew how clever he was,” said the lady; “he knows all kinds of tricks. Show the gentleman what you have learnt, Billy.”

She held her parasol out: Billy sprang lightly over it, and bounded into the lap of Mr. Hummel, where he wagged his tail and attempted to lick the friendly gentleman’s face.

“He wants to kiss you,” said the actress. “You should be proud of that, for he does not do it to every one.”

“It is not every one who would like it,” replied Mr. Hummel, stroking the little fellow.

“Do not be troublesome to the gentleman, Billy,” said the lady, reprovingly.

Mr. Hummel arose and presented the dog to her, which would not desist from his attempts to kiss and lick the face of the worthy citizen.

“He is a simple-hearted creature,” said Mr. Hummel, “and is the same color as my dog Spitehahn.”

The actress fondled the dog in her arms.

“The rogue is very much spoilt; he creeps into my muff when I go to the theatre, and I am obliged to take him with me. I was lately frightened to death on his account; for once, while I was lamenting as Clara among the citizens, Billy had run out of the green-room and, standing between the curtains, began to wag his tail and caper about on his hind legs.”

“That must have been very pathetic,” said Mrs. Hummel.

“I moved about more than usual,” replied the actress, “and at every turn in the scene I had to call out, ‘Lie down, Billy.’”

“Excellent,” nodded Mr. Hummel; “always presence of mind.”

“To-day I am thankful to the naughty little creature, though,” continued the actress, “for he has afforded me the opportunity of making the acquaintance of my neighbors. Mr. Hummel, I believe?”

Mr. Hummel bowed awkwardly. The actress turned to the ladies with a bow, and the latter answered her greeting silently.

There was much in the lady that pleased Mr. Hummel. She was pretty, had a gay and cheerful countenance, and wore something on her bonnet with which he was personally acquainted. He therefore moved a chair towards her and said, with another bow:

“Will you not have the kindness to take a seat?”

The actress bowed in accepting it, and, turning to Laura, said:

“I rejoice to be able to approach you at last. You are no stranger to me, and you have often given me great pleasure, and I am glad to be able to-day to thank you for it.”

“Where was it?” asked Laura, embarrassed.

“Where you would certainly never have thought of it,” replied the other. “I have keen eyes, and over the footlights I observe the face of every spectator. You cannot imagine how painful that is to me sometimes. As you are always in the same seat, it has often been a great pleasure to me to rest my eyes on your features and observe their interested expression; and more than once, without your knowing it, I have acted for you alone.”

“Ha!” thought Laura, “it is Venus.” But she felt a chord had been struck which gave out a pure tone. She told the actress how unwillingly she missed any of the plays in which she acted, and that in their house the first question, when they received the new bill of the play, was whether the lady was going to act.”

This gave the mother an opportunity of entering into the conversation. The actress spoke warmly of the kindness with which she had everywhere been received. “For the greatest charm of our art is the secret friends that we gain by our acting—people whom otherwise one perhaps never sees, whose names one does not know, yet who take an interest in our life. Then, if by accident one becomes acquainted with these kindly strangers, it is a rich compensation for all the sufferings of our vocation, among which the

intrusive homage of common persons is perhaps the greatest."

It was clear she could not reckon the homage of the Doctor among these sufferings.

While the ladies were thus talking together, and Mr. Hummel listened with approbation, some gentlemen approached the table. Mrs. Hummel politely greeted the second tenor, who had once sung for her at the godmother's house, and the worthy father of the stage, who knew Mr. Hummel at the club, began a conversation with him concerning the building of a new theatre. On this subject Mr. Hummel had, as a citizen, a very decided opinion, in which the worthy father quite agreed.

In this way the two parties mingled together, and the table of Mr. Hummel became a centre round which the children of Thalia thronged. While the actress was talking with Mrs. Hummel in a very creditable and domestic manner of the inconveniences of her dwelling, Laura glanced at the Doctor. He was standing some steps from the party, leaning against a tree, looking thoughtfully before him. Laura suddenly moved towards him, and began speaking rapidly: "My father has offended you. I beg your forgiveness."

The Doctor looked up. "It does not pain me," said he, kindly; "I know his way."

"I have talked to her," continued Laura, with trembling voice; "she is clever and amiable, and has an irresistible charm of manner."

"Who?" asked the Doctor; "the actress?"

"Do not attempt concealment with me," continued Laura; "that is unnecessary between us; there is no one on earth who wishes for your happiness more than I do. You need not trouble yourself about others

shaking their heads; if you are sure of the love of the lady, all the rest is a secondary consideration."

The Doctor became more and more astonished. "But I do not wish to marry the lady."

"Do not deny it, Fritz Hahn; that ill becomes your truthful nature," rejoined Laura passionately; "I see how well the lady suits you. Since I have seen her, I feel convinced that she is capable of appreciating all that is good and great. Do not hesitate, but venture courageously to seek her heart. Yet I am so troubled about you, Fritz. Your feelings are warm and your judgment sound, but you cling too firmly to that which surrounds you. I tremble, therefore, lest you should make yourself unhappy by not deciding at the right moment upon a course which will appear strange to your family. I know you from my early childhood, and I am sure that your danger always has been to forget yourself for others. You might pass a self-sacrificing existence, which I cannot bear to think of. For I desire that all happiness should be your portion, as your upright heart deserves." Tears coursed down her cheeks, as she looked lovingly upon him.

Every word that she spoke sounded to the Doctor like the trilling of a lark and the chirrup of the cricket. He spoke softly to her: "I do not love the lady; I have never thought of uniting her future with mine."

Laura drew back, and a bright color suffused her face.

"It is a passing acquaintance, nothing more either for her or me; her life belongs to art, and can hardly adapt itself to quiet domestic habits. If I could venture to seek a heart for myself, it would not be hers, but that of another." He looked towards the table, from whence at that moment there came a loud laugh,

evidently of Mr. Hummel, and spoke the last words so low that they scarcely reached Laura's ear, and he looked sorrowfully down on the buds of the elderbush in which the young blossoms still lay hidden.

Laura stood motionless, as if touched by the wand of a magician, but the tears still continued to flow down her cheeks. She came very near touching to her lips the cherry of her philopena legend.

Then the merry cockchafers hummed round her, the actress nodded smilingly to her, and her father called her:—the fairy tale was at an end. Laura heard the actress say triumphantly to the Doctor, "He offered me a chair, he is no growling bear after all. And he was so kind to Billy."

When Fritz returned home, he threw off his hat and overcoat, rushed to his writing-table, and took up the little letters in the unknown hand. "It is she," he cried, aloud, "fool that I was to doubt it for one moment." He read all the letters again, and nodded at each. It was his own high-minded, noble maiden who had before disguised herself, now she had shown herself to him as she really was. He waited impatiently for the hour when he should meet her at their friend's. She entered late, greeted him quietly, and was more silent and gentle than usual. When she turned to him she spoke seriously, as to a trusted friend. Her quiet composure became her well. Now she showed herself to him as she was, a refined mind full of true enthusiasm. Prudery and sportive moods had only been the shell that had concealed the sweet kernel. The unassumed caution, too, with which she concealed her feelings among her friends, delighted him. When the next ballad should come, then she would speak to him as she felt, or she would

give him permission to write openly to her. The next morning the Doctor counted the minutes till the arrival of the postman. He tore open the door and hastened to meet the man. Fritz received a letter, he broke the cover impatiently, there was not a line from his correspondent ; he unfolded the old printed sheet, and read the words of a coarse bacchanalian ditty :

“ On the spit with ox and pig,  
Clear the green for reel and jig,  
Wine and rhyme and wassail-shout,  
Pass the flowing bowl about ! ”

So the honest, simple-minded Doctor asked again :  
Is it she ? or is it possible that it is not ?

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### AMONG THE STUDENTS.

ANY one who would know the Professor at his best should see him sitting surrounded by his students, the mature man amidst blossoming youth, the teacher among his admiring scholars. For the greatest privilege of the academical teacher is, that he not only exercises a personal influence on the present, but ennobles the souls of men in later generations by his knowledge. Out of the many who listen to lectures a chosen circle attaches itself to the learned man, the tie of personal intercourse connects the teacher and the scholar, lightly formed but lasting ; for what attracts one to the other, and often makes the stranger after a few hours an intimate friend, is the pleasant consciousness that both value and appreciate the same thing.



This bond, so charming and profitable for both parties, is the noble poetry which learning grants to its votaries. Strangers and men of later generations judge the value of a man only by his books, but however valuable may be the products of a man's mind thus transmitted, it gives but an imperfect picture of it to later times; far different does the living source work in the souls of those who receive knowledge from the lips and eyes of the teacher. They are taught, not only by the substance of his instructions, but still more by his method of investigating and expounding, and, most of all, by his character and the original style of his discourse. For these warm the hearts of his hearers, charm their minds, and inspire them with respect. Such an impression of the human mind, which leaves its traces on many, is often more important in forming the character of young men than the subject-matter of the instruction they have received. The character of the teacher works in the scholars; new life is infused into them, and they imbibe not only his excellencies, but also, sometimes, his peculiarities and weaknesses. In each hearer the characteristics of the master assume a different aspect, yet in each the influence of his mind is apparent, even in minute particulars. The lessons which Felix gave to his wife were not the only ones given in his house. One evening of every week belonged to his students. There came, first, a few who wished to ask questions and obtain information about their work; afterwards, a greater number assembled. Ilse's room was also opened, and Gabriel brought tea and simple fare, and an hour passed in easy conversation, till, at last, the most intimate withdrew into the study of their teacher, and clustered around him in numbers almost too great for

the narrow room. Here, also, the conversation was varied; sometimes a humorous account of what they had experienced, or discussions in which the Professor knew how to make his young friends take an active part, and, interspersed with these, rapid criticisms upon men and books, pointed remark and quick retort, such as are natural to those who can recognize long melodies by a few tones. At these receptions Felix disclosed his inmost soul with an openness that he never showed in the lecture-room. He spoke of himself and others without reserve, and entered pleasantly on what he had most at heart.

Ilse was no stranger at these gatherings. Those who assisted in them, whether serious men, old students, or young doctors, found pleasure in the presence of the distinguished lady of the house, who, in her simple way, took part in their intercourse. The year before she had shown her intimacy with the Odyssey, when she summoned the gentlemen to the enjoyment of a leg of wild boar, and expressed the benevolent wish that they would not disdain to partake of the meal. After that she was called Penelope in the circle, and she knew that this nickname spread among the students beyond the walls of her house.

Ilse had her favorites among the young men. Of this number was a worthy student, not the most distinguished, but one of the most industrious of the Professor's scholars. He was a countryman of hers and had been the first to show her that students had tender feelings in their breasts. This student had, during the last year, worked successfully in filling his intellectual vacuum with collegiate knowledge. His lyrics he had almost given up; for when the Professor sent him back his poems, he had felt remorse and hum-

bly begged pardon. Since that, having obtained a good scholarship through Felix, he took a less misanthropic view of domestic affairs; he proved himself a faithful and attached companion, and now bore the honorable title of Doctorandus, which, according to our grammarians, signifies a man who is about to be a doctor; he had also attained a certain degree of recognition among the students; he filled a position of honor in the great Arminia corps, always wore their colors on his cap, and was ranked among the privileged seniors of the society who, on drinking evenings, were exempted from the heavier obligations of conviviality, and filled up by serious conversation the pauses in which the stormy youths took breath.

On one of these evenings the conversation took a learned turn even before the party had retreated from Ilse's apartment to the study. An interesting manuscript had been found in a distant library in South Germany. There was much talk about the discovery and the editor, and Felix recounted with satisfaction to some of his select circle all the similar discoveries which had been made during the last twenty years. Then our student, who had just received a cup of tea from Ilse, and was stirring it with his spoon, said, in evident ignorance of the storm that was lowering: "May there not be many things still undiscovered in the neighborhood? In my town there is an old chest, which contains books and papers from the monastery at Rossau. It is not impossible that there may be something valuable there."

Thus spoke the student, stirring his spoon, like a boy who applies a burning match to a bombshell.

The Professor started from his chair, and cast such a flaming glance at the student that in fright he

quickly set down his cup of tea in order not to spill it. "Where is the chest?" said the Professor.

"Where is it? I do not know," replied the student surprised. "I was told of it, some years ago, by a countryman of mine, who was born in the district of Rossau"—the student mentioned the name, and Ilse knew the family—"but it must be in our county, for he lived there as tutor in several places."

"Was he a philologist?" asked an older scholar, as eager as the Professor.

"He was a theologian," replied our student.

A murmur of regret passed through the room.

"Then the account is still very uncertain," concluded the critic.

"Did the man see the chest himself?" asked the Professor.

"I am not certain of that, either," replied the student. "I did not then know the importance that attached to the communication. But, I think, he must have seen it himself, for I remember he said it was thickly plated with iron."

"Unfortunate man! You must do your utmost to procure us information about this chest," cried the Professor. He paced impatiently up and down the room, the students making way for him respectfully. "Your communication is of more importance than I can now tell you," began the Professor, stopping before the student. "Endeavor, in the first place, to recall what you have heard about it. Did your acquaintance ever see the chest open?"

"When I come to think of it," replied the student, "I believe that he saw some old monastic relics lying in it."

“Then it was no longer closed?” inquired the Professor. “And where is your friend, now?”

“He went to America last year with a brewer’s daughter. I do not know where he now resides, but it may be ascertained from his relations.”

Again a murmur of vexation passed through the room.

“Endeavor to discover the residence of the man; write to him, and ask for accurate information,” exclaimed the Professor; “you can do me no greater service.”

The student promised to do all in the power of man. When the party broke up Gabriel communicated to the student a secret invitation to dinner on the following day. Ilse knew that it would be agreeable to Felix to have the company of one who had even an acquaintance who had seen the chest that contained the books of Rossau, among which, it was possible, the manuscript of Tacitus might lie, provided it was not somewhere else.

She, however, did not hear with any satisfaction of the secret chest, for Ilse was, alas! incredulous in the matter of the manuscript. She had sometimes vexed her husband by her indifference on the subject, and, after the unfortunate Struvelius episode, avoided every mention of the lost treasure. She had, besides, special reasons for it. She knew how much every thought and discussion concerning it excited Felix. He always became agitated, and his eyes shone as in fever. It is true he controlled himself after a few minutes, and laughed at his own fervor; but these outbreaks of latent ardor were not agreeable to his wife, for she saw by these sudden flashings that the thought of the manuscript still fretted the soul of her dear

husband, and suspected that in secret he often dreamt of it, and entertained secret designs against the walls of her father's house.

Our student had now aroused the storm. Later, the doctor was called in and there was a long discussion and dispute. Ilse was glad that the doctor did not attach much importance to the chest, and by sensible suggestions brought the Professor at last to make humorous remarks upon his own eagerness.

When, on the following day at dinner, the student produced the letter he had written in proof of his zeal, the Professor treated the matter with more composure. "It is an uncertain account," he said, "even if the relator tells the truth; he may be in error concerning the particulars, or even the name of the monastery." When, afterwards, information came from the house of the student that the theologian had settled somewhere in Wisconsin as an apothecary, and that the student's letter had been sent to an uncertain address in a distant country, the whirlpool which the mention of the chest had provoked had subsided to peaceful ripples.

The greatest advantage consequent upon this episode came to our student; for the Professor imparted the account to the Chamberlain, and pointed out to him that in this chest there might be things of very great value. The Chamberlain had several years before held the post of castellan, and was well acquainted with all the relics of his sovereign's castles, and was aware that there was nothing of that kind to be found in any of them; but as the student appeared to him to be a favorite of the family, he took kindly notice of the young man, and offered to present him as a fellow-countryman to the Hereditary Prince. This was done.

The consequence of the introduction was that our student was invited one evening on which the Prince received other academical acquaintances.

It was an anxious evening for the student, and the Arminian had various reasons to be mistrustful. For, this year, there had been violent storms among the students. It was the quarrel between the corps of Markomanns and the Society of Arminians that had raised the tempest. The recent cause of the storm was curious and instructive to those who watch the secret links of earthly events. The discord which had sundered the professors who were the representatives of ancient learning, the struggle between Werner and Struvelius, had not at the time much excited the academic youth. But, shortly afterwards, a song had come forth among the students, in which the adventure of Struvelius was treated disrespectfully. This song was a weak production; it was in the form of a ballad, and adorned with a refrain to this effect:

“ Struvelius, Struvelius,  
Come out here with your Fidibus;  
Who burns himself will have a fuss.”

The author was never discovered. But when one considers that this song, so far as could be perceived from its ludicrous style, was averse to Struvelius and in honor of Werner, and further, that it first appeared among the Arminians, and that among these children of Arminius was one who had cherished lyrical tendencies in the past; that this one belonged to Werner's circle, and that in this circle the parchment had upon several occasions been contemptuously treated as a fidibus, one cannot suppress the cautious supposition that our student had degraded his departing muse by this miserable performance.

This frivolous song had become popular with the Arminians; its refrain was heard in the streets sometimes in the quiet night; it was very vexatious to the Professor, and not less so to Werner's tea party, but it could not be put down by force. The song and its origin were matters of indifference to the Markomanns and their associates, but they did not sing it simply because it was modelled upon a drinking song of the Arminians. About the time that Werner entered upon his rectorate, some students of all parties were sitting together in a restaurant; a Markomann attempted to light his pipe by the gas-flame, and a spark burnt the ribbon of his corps-colors; whereupon some of the Arminians mockingly sang the refrain. The Markomanns sprang up and commanded silence. Numerous challenges were the consequence. But, unfortunately, the matter did not rest there. A number of Arminians had drawn up in front of the Markomann's club-house, and had openly sung the tune in an insolent manner on the main street; it led to disagreeable conflicts between the parties and the city police, and investigations and punishments were the result. Werner himself had, in private conferences with some of the leaders, done what he could to suppress the unfortunate song, and he had succeeded in banishing it at least from the streets. But the ill-will remained in their hearts. By various unfortunate occurrences it became clear that there was more disunion and discordant feeling among the students than usual.

The Arminian, as he hung up his cap in the Prince's ante-room beside the smart ones of the great Markomann leaders, anxiously revolved all this in his mind. The evening passed off more pleasantly than he had expected. In the august chamber the Markomanns



observed decorous civility. The meeting indeed was of some importance; for this was just the time when the students were talking about holding a great *Commers*\* to celebrate the anniversary of some university event. But, as often happens in the greater affairs of our nation, the feast was in danger of being disturbed by the quarrel between the clans. Now, while the Arminian was drinking punch together with the Markomanns, the Hereditary Prince expressed the desire to participate in the commemorative *Commers*; and Beppo, the leader of the Markomanns, explained to the Arminian his views as to how the quarrel might be adjusted. The Arminian offered to convey this proposal to his corps. When the Chamberlain hesitated as to the participation of the Hereditary Prince in the *Commers*, the Arminian, exhilarated by punch and the flow of conversation, assured him that his comrades would appreciate the honor done to their festival by the presence of the Hereditary Prince.

The efforts of our student were successful; the hatchet was buried, and the academic youths prepared for a festival in common. A large hall, richly ornamented with the colors of all the associations that took part in the *Commers*, was filled with long tables. At the end stood the presidents in festive attire, with their rapiers. On the chairs sat many hundred students, arranged according to their respective corps and clubs. Among the Markomanns were the Prince and his Chamberlain; and the Prince on this occasion wore their colors in honor of the corps. The full-toned melody of the songs, accompanied by stirring music, resounded through the room; it was a

\* A festive and bibacious celebration, in honor of some prominent person, or commemoration of a great event.

goodly sight to behold so many young men, the hope and strength of the rising generation, united in festive song, according to the old customs of the university. Hitherto the festival had passed without any disturbance. The Chamberlain, remarking that cheeks were beginning to glow, and the songs becoming wilder, so that the music was not rapid enough for the beating of the academic pulse, advised the Prince to retire. The Prince, himself excited by song and wine, immediately rose; before him walked all the nobility of the Markomanns to clear the way through the surging multitude. They were obliged to push through the crowd, who had risen from their chairs and were moving about in confusion. But it chanced that the Prince was cut off from his academical attendants and bumped against an insolent Arminian, who, emboldened by wine and embittered by the not very gentle touch of the advancing Prince, would not make way, but barred the passage intentionally with his elbows, and coolly proceeded to puff his pipe in the Prince's face. The Prince was inconsiderate enough to push the Arminian roughly aside and cry, "You are an impudent fellow;" whereupon the Arminian spoke the fatal word, of which the consequence, according to academical custom, is either a duel or loss of honor to the person insulted. In a moment he was surrounded by the Markomanns. The same insulting word poured like hail from all sides on the audacious offender; but he drew out his card-case mockingly, and called out, "One after another; let the whole retinue follow suit; like master like man." When the throng became greater, he cried out to those behind him, "This way, Arminians," and began in loud bass tones the battle-cry of his corps:

"Struvelius, Struvelius,  
Come out here with your Fidibus."

The tumult spread throughout the hall; over chairs and tables sprang the Arminians to the aid of their endangered champion; the words of insult and challenges flew in volleys in every direction. In vain did the presidents call them to their places; in vain did the music interpose; the angry cries of the contending parties could be heard above the shrill *fanfare* of the trumpet. The presidents hastened together, and, passing along in close array, separated the contending parties. But the wild uproar was followed by violent discussions; the associations stood apart from each other; separate groups jeered at one another, and, according to the old custom of academic belligerents, endeavored gradually to drive their opponents to use the word of challenge. Some provoking expressions had already been used which were forbidden by the social rules of the University; blades were glittering in the air, and more than one hand clenched a wine bottle. The music struck up the national hymn, but it was untimely, and from all sides came the angry shout, "Stop it! stop it!" The frightened musicians were silenced, and a fresh outbreak of the tremendous tumult seemed inevitable, when an old leader of the Teutons, who knew his people well, sprang up into the orchestra, seized a fiddle, seated himself in a chair high up as director, and began the foolish tune, "*Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin.*" The music began in plaintive tones. Every one looked up, and at once noticed the eminent gentleman scraping strenuously on the fiddle; the mood of all was suddenly changed, and a general laugh arose. The presidents struck their blades on the table so violently that more than one broke, and commanded peace; the leaders of all the associations joined together, and declared the Com-

mers to be concluded, and called upon the clubs and corps to return peacefully home, as they intended to take the affair in hand. The students crowded angrily out of the hall, and dispersed to their respective head-quarters; but in every group the events of the evening were discussed with vehement bitterness, and embassies passed rapidly from one camp to another throughout the night.

The Chamberlain had extricated the Prince from the throng after the first encounter. The latter was sitting in his room, pale and dismayed at the consequences likely to ensue from the unfortunate incident. The Chamberlain also was terrified, for the responsibility of this fracas would fall upon his head. Besides this he felt real sympathy for the young Prince, who so deeply felt the insult to his honor, and who, with a fixed and saddened gaze, received no comfort from the assurance that his princely honor could suffer no more injury from these plebeians than from the sparrows on the tree.

After a sleepless night the Prince received the leaders of the Markomanns, who came to announce the decision of their corps. They stated that their senior officer, Beppo, had been chosen to represent the Prince in all further dealings with the Arminian, and he, Beppo, chivalrously begged him to concede to him this honor; he added that, in the opinion of his association, the Arminian had no claim to the privilege of receiving a challenge in consequence of that vile insulting word, and if the Prince should refuse any further participation in the matter, the Markomanns would take all the consequences on themselves. But they could not conceal from him that they alone held this view, nay, even some of their own

corps had objected. All things, therefore, considered, they thought the best course would be for the Prince to make this concession—the greatness of which they undoubtedly deeply felt—to the academical custom.

The Prince had not yet recovered his self-possession, so the Chamberlain begged the gentlemen to allow his Highness some hours for reflection.

Meanwhile our student, who had been restrained by the consideration of his academical duties, and had kept aloof from any personal implication, in great perplexity went to the Doctor with this news, as in this affair he could not venture before the Rector. The Doctor hastened to his friend, who had already had an account from the beadles and the police.

“As regards the personal conflict of the Prince, I have as yet received no notice, and it is perhaps desirable, both for him and the University, that it should not be entered into. I shall be watchful and endeavor to provide against further consequences; and I shall perform the duties of my office in every direction in the strictest way; but do your best to prevent my learning any details of this affair, except what may give me just ground for taking official steps.”

The Chamberlain was almost in a similar quandary as our student; he also went full of anxiety to the Doctor, related the quarrel, and asked what the Doctor considered was the duty of the Prince, and whether he ought to allow himself to be represented in a duel.

The Doctor replied, with some reserve: “Duels are senseless and wrong! If the Hereditary Prince is imbued with this view, and is willing to take upon himself the consequences to his own life, and at some future day to his government, I will be the last to oppose this martyrdom. But if your young master is not

free from the prejudices of his class, and has been impressed with the idea that there is a certain honor for cavaliers and officers, which is different from that of men of honor in general, and which, in certain cases, makes a duel necessary, if your Prince is going to decide the question upon these grounds, and in future govern according to such views, in that case I will unreservedly acknowledge that I cannot allow him the right to set himself in opposition to the ideas of honor of our academical youths."

"Then you are of opinion," said the Chamberlain, "that the Prince must consent to the offer of a representative?"

"I have neither the right nor the wish to offer an opinion," said the Doctor. "I can only say that the idea of a representative does not please me. It appears to me that the affair is simple,—either reason or personal courage."

The Chamberlain rose quickly. "That is quite impossible; it would be an unheard of deviation from custom, and would produce new and painful complications for the Prince; it is also entirely contrary to my convictions of what is allowable to a royal prince, and under no considerations can the proposition be further entertained."

The Chamberlain went away not much pleased with the radical views of the Doctor. On his return home he said to the Prince:

"The affair must be settled quickly before your father can learn of it. Your father, considering the social standing of your opponent, would positively prohibit any concession on your part; and yet I see that the future intercourse of your Highness with the body of the students, and even perhaps other personal relations,

will be greatly endangered if the public opinion here is not in some measure satisfied. If, therefore, I may counsel your Highness, it will be to make a great concession, and accept Herr von Halling as your representative."

The Prince looked down, depressed, and finally said: "That will perhaps be best."

The great leader Beppo, one of the best swordsmen of the University, was to fight for the Hereditary Prince. But now it appeared that the Arminians were by no means satisfied with this idea of a representative, and raised the impudent pretension that the Prince should himself appear before them in fencing attire and cambric shirt. The stout Ulf, for instance, the originator of the whole embroilment, declared that he found the Markomann leader also on his list, and he would not renounce the delightful prospect of having a pass with that gentleman in his private capacity.

This could not be denied. Meanwhile a large council of seniors, which the Markomanns had quickly called together, decided that a substitute should be allowed to enter the lists for the Prince. On the other hand, their cunning proposition that the Arminian should first enter the lists against the other men of their corps, was declined. They wished by this to relieve the Prince of the whole affair, as it might be assumed that even the great strength of the Arminian would be exhausted before half the names on his list were cancelled. Nothing, therefore, remained but for the two combatants to fight together at two different times, the Markomann, in the name of the Prince, first.

"We shall do our best to make the second meeting unnecessary," said the Markomann significantly to the

representative of the Arminian, on the breaking-up of the conference.

Every precaution was taken to keep the fatal duel secret; only those concerned in it knew the hour: even to their near associates another day was spoken of; for the beadles were watchful, and the University had been called upon by the highest authorities to avert further consequences by all means in their power.

The day before the duel, the Prince invited the Markomanns to dinner, and there was so much talk upon relevant matters that the Chamberlain felt decidedly uncomfortable. Shortly before the breaking-up of the party, the Prince was standing with Beppo in a recess of the window; suddenly he seized the hand of the young man, held it fast, and his frame was violently convulsed with suppressed sobbing. The valiant youth looked at the Prince much moved.

“All will go well, your Highness,” said he, consolingly.

“For you, but not for me,” replied the Prince, and turned away.

As towards evening the Hereditary Prince walked restlessly through the rooms, the Chamberlain, who also wished to be relieved from his troubled thoughts, proposed that they should that evening pay a visit to the Rector. This was the only place where he was sure to hear nothing of the disagreeable history, and he was sharp-sighted enough to guess that this visit would be particularly agreeable to the Prince.

Ilse knew everything. Our student friend, who had involuntarily played the magpie, creating mischief between the parties, still haunted the neighborhood; he ventured, on one of the student evenings, to remain behind with Penelope when the others went into



the Rector's room; he related the whole quarrel, described the dangerous position of the Prince, and begged her to say nothing of the occurrence to her husband. When, therefore, the Prince entered, a forced restraint and uneasiness was manifest in those present. The Chamberlain was more charming than ever, and related agreeable Court stories, but without effect. The Prince sat embarrassed in his place, next to Ilse; he felt the seriousness of even her friendly words; he saw how sorrowfully her eyes rested upon him, and when they met his he turned quickly away. At last he began, with unsteady voice:

“You once showed me the portraits of famous men that you have; may I ask you to let me see the volume again?”

Ilse glanced at him and rose. The Prince followed her, as before, into the next room. She laid the volume before him; he looked over it without interest, and at last began, in a low tone:

“All I wished was to be alone with you. I am helpless and very unhappy. I have no person on earth who will give me disinterested advice as to what I shall do. I have given offense to a student, and have been bitterly insulted by him. And I am now compelled to allow another to fight out the quarrel for me.”

“My poor Prince!” cried Ilse.

“Do not speak to me of it, gracious lady, with the feelings with which a woman would regard it, but speak, as if you were my friend in advice. That I should burden you with my troubles makes me feel at this moment contemptible to myself, and I fear I seem so also to you.” He glanced gloomily down.

Ilse spoke softly. “I can only say what is in my

heart; if your Highness has done an injustice, apologize for it; if you have been insulted, forgive it."

The Prince shook his head.

"That would be of no use, it would only disgrace me afresh in my own eyes, and those of all others. It was not on that point that I ask you. Only one thing I wish to know; ought I to allow another to fight my battle because I am a prince? All say that I must do it; but I have no confidence in any, only in you."

The blood mantled in Ilse's face. "Your Highness lays a responsibility upon me that frightens me."

"You once told me the truth," said the Prince, gloomily, "as no one on earth has yet done, and every word you spoke was good and from your heart. I therefore now pray you to give me your honest opinion."

"Then," said Ilse, looking at him eagerly, while the old Saxon blood boiled in her veins, "if your Highness began the quarrel, you must end it yourself like a man, and you must yourself take care that it is done in an honorable way. Your Highness ought not to allow another to brave your opponent and endanger himself on account of the wrong you have done. To lead a stranger to wrong, to compel another to risk his life, while you quietly look on, would be worst of all!"

The Prince replied, dejectedly:

"He is courageous, and superior to his adversary."

"And does your Highness think it right to take advantage of your opponent by the powers of one who is stronger than yourself? Whether your representative wins or loses, you will be more indebted to him than you ought to be to a stranger; and through your

whole life you will be burdened with the thought that he has shown courage, while you have not."

The Prince became pale and silent.

"I feel just as you do," he said, at last.

"Everything of this kind is dreadful," continued Ilse, wringing her hands; "everywhere there seems to be ill-will and thoughts of bloody revenge. But, if it is impossible for you to prevent a wrong, it is your duty to take care that it does not become greater, and that its consequences do not fall on the head of another, only on your own. My heart tells me that you must yourself do, if not what is right, at all events what is least wrong."

The Prince nodded his head, and again sat silent.

"I cannot speak of it to those about me," he began, at last, "least of all to him," pointing to the Chamberlain. "If I am to prevent another from fighting in my stead, it must be done immediately. Do you know any one who can help me?"

"My husband's office forbids his doing anything for your Highness in this affair. But the Doctor?"

The Prince shook his head.

"Our student," exclaimed Ilse; "he is truly devoted to your Highness: he is a countryman of ours, and feels greatly troubled about this matter."

The Prince reflected.

"Will you allow me to have the use of your servant for a few hours this evening, when you no longer need him yourself?"

Ilse called Gabriel into the room, and said to him: "Do what his Highness desires of you."

The Prince approached the window, and spoke in a low tone to the servant.

“Leave everything to me, your Highness,” said Gabriel, as he went back to his tea-cups.

The Prince approached Ilse, who was standing motionless, staring at the book.

“I have looked over the portraits,” he said, with more composure than he had shown during the whole evening, “and I have found what I was looking for. I thank you.”

Ilse rose, and returned with him to the company.

The guests had left, and Ilse was sitting alone in her room. What had she done? Become the confidant of a man implicated in a bloody deed, the secret adviser of a lawless action. She, a woman, was the confederate of a strange man; she, the helpmate of one who should be the guardian of the laws, had become the abettor of a crime. What dark spirit had infatuated her when she confidentially held counsel with the stranger in whispers on a subject which she could not venture to confess to her husband? No!—he who had drawn her into this was not a stranger. She had from her childhood heard of him with deep interest; he was the future ruler of her country, and would be there master of life and death. From the time she first knew him, so touching in his joyless youth and in the weak helplessness of his position, she had been tenderly solicitous about him; and from that day she had always found in him an amiable and pure mind. She was now trembling with anguish for him. She had driven him to his fate; she bore the guilt of an action that was considered unseemly for one in his position. If from her advice evil befell him—if the opponent of the poor, weak youth should kill him,—how could she bear it on her conscience?

She sprang up, and wrung her hands. Her hus-

band called her, and she shuddered, for she felt herself guilty in his sight. Again she asked herself: "What bad spirit has distracted me? Am I no longer what I was? Ah me! I have not acted as becomes a Christian woman, nor as a careful wife who opens the shrine of her soul to one alone. Yet," she exclaimed, raising her head, proudly, "if he were again to stand before me, and again ask whether he should act as a man or as a coward, I would again and again say the same thing. May God forgive me!"

When Krüger entered the Prince's bedroom to undress him, the latter laconically charged him with a commission that greatly astonished the lackey. But as he saw himself thereby confirmed in his confidential position, he promised obedience and silence. He extinguished the lamp, and went to his post. An hour after, he introduced the student, who had been brought by Gabriel through a back-door, into the bedroom of the Prince. There a conversation took place in a low tone, the consequence of which was that the student hastened from the house in great excitement, and commissioned Gabriel, who was waiting, to order a cab to be ready at an early hour in the morning near the corner of the next street.

A serious company, the flower of the different corps and associations, tried fellows of daring aspect, were assembled at early dawn in the hall of a tavern some distance from the town—an impressive sight for every student heart. On this day most of the sanguinary agreements of the memorable evening were to be settled in their proper order. The first matter in hand concerned the academic honor of the Hereditary Prince. The combatants were drawn up, dressed in their fencing attire; each one stood, with his sec-

onds and umpires, in a corner of the room; the physician—it was the old Teuton of the fiddle—had prepared his apparatus in a corner, and looked with grim satisfaction on his impending work, which promised him new and instructive cases. But the Arminians were unappeasable: once more their seconds addressed themselves to the referees, and complained that the Prince was not there, at least, to acknowledge his representative by his presence. They therefore demanded that the impending combat should not be reckoned for him, but accounted as a personal struggle between the two students, who had frequently come athwart each other in various delicate relations. As the Markomanns had not clear consciences, having equivocally contrived to evade the question, they now proposed that the Prince should subsequently meet the seconds at some place to be agreed upon, where the customary reconciliation should take place.

This was discussed with much bitterness, but briefly, as the hour demanded. Suddenly the freshman, a young Arminian, who kept watch outside, knocked twice at the door. All stood motionless. But the seconds gathered the swords together and threw them into a dark closet, while our student, who, as backer for his comrade, was binding silk about wrist and arm, sprang quickly to the door and opened it. A slight figure in a cloak and felt hat entered. It was the Hereditary Prince. He removed his hat: his face looked paler than usual, but he spoke in a composed manner:

“I have come to you in secret; I beg that the gentlemen present will permit me to take upon myself the responsibility of giving satisfaction and will show me due consideration if I prove unpractised in any of the

customary formalities; it is the first time that I try my skill."

There was a silence so profound that one could hear the slightest stir. All present felt that this was a manly act. But Beppo, the Markomann, stood confounded, and began:

"Your Highness's presence now removes the only obstacle to our proceeding with the duel. I insist that the course determined upon be not reversed," and in a lower voice he added, "I beseech your Highness, not to do what is so plainly unnecessary; it will cast upon us all a responsibility that we dare not assume."

The Prince answered firmly: "You have fulfilled your promise; I am as grateful for the will as for the deed. But I am resolute." He took off his coat, and said: "Put the bandages on."

The second of the Arminian turned towards the umpire, saying, "I beg to inform our opponent that not a moment is to be lost; we are not here to exchange civilities; if the Prince wishes to have satisfaction himself, we are ready."

The Markomanns prepared the Prince, and one must acknowledge that the brave fellows did it with as anxious solicitude as if they had in fact been warriors of the race whose name they bore, and were preparing their young king's son for deadly single combat.

The Prince stepped up to the mark; the weapon trembled in the hand of his second, a scarred veteran, as he took his position beside him. "Ready!"—"Go!" The blades whistled in the air. The Prince did not behave badly; a long habit of cautious self-command stood him in good stead; he avoided exposing himself dangerously; and his second drew upon himself a

sharp warning from the umpire for inconsiderately exposing his own person within reach of the enemy's blade. The Arminian was far superior in strength and skill, but he afterwards acknowledged to his intimate friends that it had quite disconcerted him to see the princely scion within reach of his broadsword. After the fourth pass, blood streamed from Ulf's broad cheek on to his shirt. His second demanded the continuation of the fight, but the umpire declared the quarrel ended. As the Prince stood still in his place the sword fell from his hand, and there was a slight tremulous motion in his fingers; but he smiled, and there was a pleased expression on his face. In one short quarter of an hour a boy had attained the self-reliance of a man. Before the Prince turned to his antagonist he embraced the Markomann, and said: "Now I can thank you from my heart." The umpire led him to his opponent, who was standing ill-humoredly before the Doctor, but yet could not suppress a smile that gave him some pain, and both shook hands. Then the Arminians approached to greet the Prince, while the umpire called out "Second event."

But the Prince, who had resumed his mantle, went to the director of the duels, and began: "I cannot go away without making a great request. I was, unfortunately, the cause of the painful occurrence that has occasioned this discord among the students. I well know that I have no right here to express any wish, but it would be a pleasant recollection forever for me if I could bring about peace and reconciliation."

At this moment the Prince might have made any demand upon his Markomanns, and even the Arminians were impressed by the extraordinary event. A murmur of approbation passed through the room, and



the umpire exclaimed in a loud voice: "The Prince has spoken well." The gloomy looks of some individuals were disregarded; the seconds and seniors held a consultation upon the spot, and the result was that the impending challenges were amicably settled, and a general reconciliation brought about.

The Prince, surrounded by the Markomanns, left the house and jumped into the carriage awaiting him. Krüger opened the bed-room door to him.

The Chamberlain had been much surprised this morning at the long repose of his young master; but when he came to breakfast he found his Prince sitting comfortably at the table.

After Krüger had gone away, the Prince began: "The duel has been settled, Weidegg. I fought it out myself." The Chamberlain stood up, horrified. "I tell you it because it could not long be kept a secret. I hope that the quarrel among the students will be settled by it. Do not say anything against it, nor be annoyed at the matter. I have done what I considered to be right, or, at all events, what was least wrong, and am happier than I have been for a long time."

The Markomanns had begged of all present to give their word that the events of the morning should not be spoken of, and one may assume that every one kept his promise. Nevertheless, the news flew quick as lightning through the University and city, that the Prince himself had composed the quarrel by his valiant and manly conduct. The Chamberlain perceived from the indications of pleasure from the Markomanns, and the friendly greetings which his young master received in the street, and still more from the altered demeanor of the Prince himself, that the secret duel had

had a good result, and this reconciled him a little to the vexatious occurrence.

When the Prince some time after visited the Rector's house, he was led into the latter's study, and Werner greeted him, smiling. "I was obliged to inform the government of what had lately taken place, and to add, according to the unanimous sentiments of the students summoned to appear before me, that your Highness had, by your interposition, contributed essentially to the restoration of peace. It has become my duty to express to you the warm acknowledgment of the academical authorities. I venture to give expression to my own wish, that all that your Highness has gone through on this occasion may ever leave an agreeable and also profitable recollection."

As the Prince bowed to Ilse, he said, in a low voice: "All has gone off well. I thank you." Ilse looked proudly at her young Prince. Yet she had not recovered from the fearful anxiety of the previous day, and she was more reserved with him than usual.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### CHAOS.

SPRING smiled cheerfully on the country; the flowering shrubs and the beds in the garden combined their colors brilliantly; this year, starlings actually sang in Mr. Hahn's cages, and ranunculi and other wild flowers in the meadow in front of Mr. Hummel's garden rejoiced in the moist warmth. It was a pleasant time

for our academical citizens; the quarrels of the winter were settled, the beadles put on their night-caps at ten o'clock, and the lectures of the Professors went on smoothly and pleasantly.

The Rector also enjoyed the repose, and he needed it, for Ilse saw with anxiety that his cheeks were thinner, and that in the evening a lassitude came over him that formerly he had not known.

“He ought to rest from his work a few months,” advised the physician; that will lend him new life and strength for years to come; every man of studious habits requires such relaxation two or three times during his life; traveling would be the best thing.”

Felix laughed, but his wife kept this counsel faithfully in mind, and endeavored, meanwhile, as often as possible, to draw her husband from his books into the air. She put her arm within his and took him into the wood and green meadows; she pointed out to him the butterflies that fluttered over the wild flowers, and the flights of birds that enjoyed themselves in the warm sun-light.

“Now is the time for that restlessness of which you once told me. Have you not noticed it?”

“Yes,” said the Professor, “and if you will go with me, we will, at least in fancy, travel together into foreign parts.”

“Will you take me with you?” exclaimed Ilse, delighted. “I am like the woodchuck: I only know the hole from which my master brought me, and the cover of the cage in which I am fed. If I could have my wish, I should like to see snow-capped peaks rising high above the clouds, and abysses of immeasurable depths. But from the mountains I would descend to olive-trees and oranges. For years I have heard of

the men who have lived there, and have seen how your heart leaps for joy whenever you speak of the blue ocean and of the grandeur of the old cities. I would gladly see all this, and hear you talk and feel the pleasure which you would have in revisiting the scenes so dear to you."

"Very well," said the Professor; "to the Alps and then to Naples; but in passing I must work a few weeks at Florence upon Tacitus."

"Ah!" thought Ilse, "there is the manuscript again."

They were sitting under a large oak, one of the giants of the Middle Ages, that towered above the new generation of trees in the forest, as the cupola of St. Peter's does above the towers and roofs of the Holy City.

When they came out from the copse into the open space, they saw, amidst the flowers in the meadow, the livery of a lackey, and then perceived the Prince and his attendant, together with a proprietor from a neighboring village. The gentleman approached and greeted them.

"We have a design upon some hours of your leisure," called out the Chamberlain to the Professor, and the Prince began:

"I wish to invite some of the ladies and gentlemen of the University to an entertainment in the open air, as I cannot have the pleasure of receiving them at a house of my own. It will be a small party, and as rural as possible; we thought of this spot, as your wife had often extolled it. I would be grateful for your assistance and advice as to the arrangements."

"If your Highness wishes to please the ladies, you should also invite the children. If it is at the same

time a children's party, your Highness may be assured that it will leave a pleasant impression."

This was agreed to. Dainty invitations were sent to the Rector and Deans, and the Professors with whom the Prince was personally acquainted, and their families, to an entertainment in the open air. The idea was approved by great and small, and gave rise to pleasant anticipations among the acquaintances of the Rector's wife.

Laura had received an invitation, and her pleasure was great. But when in the evening it appeared that the Doctor was not invited, she was quite put out.

"I do not mean to be his advocate," said she, to Ilse, "but he is precisely in my position; and if I am asked on your account, he ought to be for the sake of your husband. Their having neglected to do this is want of tact, or something worse; and, as he is not asked, I am determined not to go; for, let Fritz Hahn be what he will, he has not deserved a slight from these people."

In vain did Ilse try to explain to her that the Doctor had not visited the Prince, from whom the invitations came. Laura remained obstinate, and replied:

"You are an eloquent defender of your Prince, and more acquainted with the customs of great people than I had supposed. But when the picnic-day comes I shall feign illness, you may rely on that. If my friend over the way is not invited I shall not go. But do not tell the Doctor, lest little Fritz should fancy I do it for love of him; it is not friendship for him, but displeasure at the Court people."

One Sunday there drew up in the neighborhood of the great oak, first a large van with Krüger and a cook, then the Prince's equipages bringing the ladies

and gentlemen, and an omnibus adorned with garlands and wreaths brought the children of the different families. A tent had been set up in the meadow, and a little apart, concealed in the copse, a wooden hut was erected as a temporary kitchen; a band of music was stationed in the wood and welcomed the parties as they arrived. The Prince and his Chamberlain received their guests near the wood, and conducted them to the centre of the picnic-grounds, where a prodigious work of the highest confectionery art formed the lighthouse, in the neighborhood of which they all dropped anchor. Soon there was a clatter of cups, the unavoidable preparation for thorough German festivity. In the beginning the company were solemn; there was something unusual in the arrangement of the fête which occasioned reflection. But when Raschke, raising the flaps of his coat, seated himself on the grass, and the other gentlemen followed his example and lit the cigars which were presented to them, the meadow assumed a bucolic appearance. Even the Rector sat on the turf with his legs crossed in Turkish fashion; near him the Consistorial Councillor on a chair; and somewhat further off, on the trunk of a shattered tree, the still hostile Struvelius, with his bristling hair and silent manner, like the sorrowful spirit of an old willow. Apart from them, but enthroned on a high ant-hill, over which he had spread his pocket-handkerchief, sat Master Knips; he held his slouch hat respectfully under his arm, and rose whenever the Prince approached. Meanwhile the latter exerted himself to entertain the ladies, with whom he had been a favorite since the occurrence of last winter, and to-day he completely gained the hearts of both mothers and daughters. Ilse and he worked

together with a mutual understanding: Ilse, elevated by the thought that people were pleased with her Prince, and he happy at heart that he had some work in common with the Rector's wife.

Never yet had he felt on such an intimate footing with her as he did to-day. He looked only at her, he thought only of her. Amid the buzz of conversation, amid the sound of the music, he listened to every word that fell from her lips. Whenever he approached her he felt a glow of transport. In plucking a leaf from a tree, the lace of her sleeve passed over his face, and the touch of the delicate texture brought the color into his cheeks. Her hand rested a moment on his as she offered him a ladybird, and the slight pressure made his heart beat fast.

"The ladybird knows your Highness's future," said Ilse. "You should ask it: Ladybird, ladybird, shall I be happy long?—one year, two years? and so forth, till it flies away."

The Prince began the sentence, but had not arrived at the first year when it flew away.

"That does not apply to you," said Ilse, laughing, to console him. "The little creature was angry at me yet."

"I had rather bear the misfortune myself," said the Prince, in a low tone, "than that you should suffer it."

While Ilse, startled at the deep meaning of his words, turned to the ladies, he stealthily picked up the kerchief that had fallen from her shoulders, and, behind a tree, pressed it to his lips.

Still merrier did the young people become, when from the hut behind the bushes two men stepped forth with red-coats and drums, and invited them to try their skill at the popinjay. The Chamberlain took

the superintendence of the boys, and Ilse of the girls; foresters and lackeys helped with the cross-bows; the arrows struck incessantly on the body of the bird, for the hitting was made easy, and those who did not win could admire the prizes, which were arranged on two tables. Everything went on smoothly, as is fitting at Court *fêtes*; the lackeys moved incessantly among the company, with every imaginable refreshment; the splints from the popinjays fell like hail, and the Prince distributed the prizes to the children who thronged round him. Bertha Raschke became queen of tournament, and a little son of the Consistorial Councillor her consort. The children, carrying their presents, followed the drummers with joyous shouts up to a long table, where a supper was prepared for them. They were to sit down with the king and queen in the middle. The foresters and lackeys served the different courses. The Chamberlain could not have devised anything better to please the parents; and the fathers walked behind the chairs and enjoyed seeing the little ones drinking harmless wine out of the crystal glasses, their rosy faces expressing delighted astonishment at the beautiful china and silver dishes. They soon became merry; finally the little Consistorial Councillor proposed the health of the Prince; all the children cried "Hurrah!" the drummers drummed, the music struck up, and the parents stood round thanking the giver of the feast. Ilse brought a garland of wild flowers which the ladies had woven, and begged permission of the Prince to put it upon him. He stood amidst the happy party elevated by the innocent joy of all around him, and by the respectful attachment which was visible on all countenances. He looked at Ilse with silent thanks, and



without apparent cause his eyes filled with tears. Again the children screamed out "Hurrah!" and the drums beat.

A horseman in strange livery galloped out of the wood; the Chamberlain, in consternation, approached the Prince, and handed him a letter with a black seal. The Prince hastened into the tent, and the Chamberlain followed him.

The wild flowers had brought the young gentleman no good fortune. The pleasure of the *fête* was over; the company stood in groups about the tent, uncertain and sympathizing. At last the Prince and the Chamberlain came out. While the latter turned to the Rector and to those who surrounded him, Ilse saw the Prince at her side with deep sorrow depicted on his countenance.

"I beg of you to excuse me to the ladies, as I am obliged to depart immediately: my sister's husband has died, after a short illness, and my poor sister is very unhappy." In great agitation, he continued: "I myself knew my brother-in-law only slightly, but he was very kind to my sister, and she felt happier with him than she had ever been in her life. She writes to me in despair, and the misfortune is for her quite inexpressible. Under existing circumstances she cannot remain in her present abode, and I foresee that she must return to us. It is our bitter fate always to be tossed about, never to remain quiet. I know that I shall meet with a similar misfortune. I feel myself happy here,—to you I can confess this,—and I regret to say that this death makes it very uncertain whether I shall ever return. I go to my sister tomorrow for a few days. Pray think of me kindly."

He bowed and retired into the tent, and in a few

minutes his carriage was on its way back to the city.

Ilse hastened to her husband, who had been requested by the Chamberlain to act for the Prince. It was immediately determined to break up the party: the children were put into the carriages, and the rest returned to the city in earnest conversation.

Meanwhile Laura feigned illness, and sat in her little sitting-room rummaging about among the old ballads. After the meeting in the village garden she had discovered with dismay that, in her anxiety about the Doctor, she had much diminished her treasure: full a dozen of the best were gone, and thus the tie by which she held the collector's heart fast threatened to come to an end. She had, therefore, not sent anything since the drinking-song. But to-day, when the Doctor had experienced treatment that gave her more concern than it did him, she sought for something to console him.

A heavy step on the staircase disturbed her in the work of selection. She had hardly time to throw her treasures into the secret drawer before Mr. Hummel was at the door. It was a rare visit, and Laura received him with the foreboding that his coming portended serious results. Mr. Hummel approached his daughter and looked at her closely, as if she had been a new Paris invention.

“So you have a headache, and could not accept the invitation? I am not accustomed to that in my daughter. I cannot prevent your mother from allowing her feelings to affect her brains, at times; but I have a right to demand that your head should, under all circumstances, remain sound. Why did you not accept the invitation to the picnic?”

“It would have been an intolerable constraint upon me,” said Laura.

“I understand,” replied Mr. Hummel. “I am not much in favor of princes, but not much against them either. I cannot discover that they have greater heads than other people. I am therefore obliged to consider them simply as ordinary customers who are not always number one, neither do they always wear number one goods. Nevertheless, when a prince invites you, with other distinguished persons, to a respectable summer entertainment, and you refuse to go, I, as your father, ask you for the reason; and, between you and me, it shall now be no question of headache.”

Laura perceived, from the expression of her father’s countenance, that he had some other idea in his head.

“If you wish to know the truth, I will make no secret of it. I am not invited on my own account; for what do these people care about me? It is only as the appendage of our lodgers.”

“You knew that when the invitation came, and yet you jumped for joy.”

“The idea only occurred to me afterwards when—”

“When you learnt that the Doctor over there was not invited,” completed Mr. Hummel. “Your mother is a very worthy woman, for whom I entertain the highest respect, but it sometimes happens that one can screw a secret out of her. When you thus ruminate over what neither your father nor the world should know, you should confide it to no one, either in our house or in any other.”

“Very well,” said Laura, with decision; “if you have discovered it, hear it now from me. I am a

plebeian just as much as Fritz Hahn is; he has been in the society of those Court people more frequently than I; their taking no notice of him made it clear to me that they considered one who is his equal as a superfluous addition."

An expression of irony overspread the broad features of Mr. Hummel.

"So that fellow over there is your equal?" he began; "that is exactly what I wished to disabuse your mind of. I should not approve of your regulating your feelings according to that weather-cock over the way. I do not choose that the idea should ever come into the head of Hahn Junior to build an arch across the street, and to wander about in slippers from one house to the other. The thought does not please me. I will bring forward only one reason, which has nothing to do with the old grudge. He is his father's son, and he has no real energy of character. One who can endure to sit year after year in that straw-nest, turning over the pages of books, would not, if I were a girl, be the man for me. It is possible that he may be very learned, and may know much about things that other men care little for; but I have not yet heard that he has accomplished anything by it. Therefore, if that should happen, which will not happen so long as the property over there is a poultry-yard,—if I, Henry Hummel, should consent that my only child should sit knitting stockings in front of the white Muse, it would be a misfortune for my child herself. For you are my daughter. You are just as self-willed as I am; and if you should get among those white-livered people, you would disturb them lamentably, and be very unhappy yourself. Therefore, I am of opinion that your head-

ache was silliness, and I wish never to hear again of like ailments. Good day, Miss Hummel."

He strode out of the door, and as he heavily descended the stairs, he hummed the tune:

"Bloom, sweet violet, that I myself have reared."

Laura sat at her writing-table supporting her heavy head with both her hands. This had been a trying scene. The speech of her stern father had wounded her deeply. But in his depreciating observations on their neighbor's son there was a certain truth, which had already crept like a hateful spider over the bright leaves of her sympathy. He must go out into the world. Her friends below were thinking of going into foreign parts. Ah! she herself, a poor bird, fluttered her wings in vain, for the fetters on her feet held her back. But he could free himself. She would lose him from her neighborhood, perhaps lose him for ever; but this ought not to hinder her from telling him the truth. She hastily searched among the old sheets; she could find but one ballad, which undoubtedly did not fit the Doctor, inasmuch as it expressed the feelings of a dissolute wanderer. The song was inappropriate, but there was none better. Our ancestors, when not occupied in highway exploits, took little pleasure in travelling. The letter must do the work. She wrote as follows:—

"The summer birds are flying, and man also yearns after the distant lands of his dreams. Do not be angry with the sender of this, for begging you to imbibe something of the spirit of this song. Your home is too narrow for you. Your merits are not appreciated here as they deserve. You are deprived in the quiet house of your parents of those experiences which a man gains when he forms his life by his own

qualifications. I well know that your highest task will always be to promote learning by your writings. That you may do everywhere. But do not think it beneath you to influence younger minds by personal intercourse with them, and to participate in the struggles of their generation. Away, Doctor! the unknown bird sings to you the song of the wanderer. With sorrow will your loss be felt by those you leave behind."

About the same hour, Gabriel was sitting in his room brushing the last specks of dust from his best livery which he had spread over a chair. At his feet lay the red dog, licking his paws and giving utterance to an occasional growl. Gabriel looked contemptuously at the dog.

"You are not handsomer, nor better than last winter. Your knavish nature delights in nothing but eating, and flying at the legs of the passers-by. I have never known a dog so much hated, or who deserved it so well; for your only pleasure is to despise all that is respectable. What is your favorite amusement? When it has rained and a ray of sun attracts people to walk in the wood, you lurk on the steps; and when a young girl appears clad in her light summer dress, then you leap like a frog into the puddle that lies before her, and spatter her dress all over, and I have to fetch a cab to take her home. What did the strolling cigar-dealer do yesterday to provoke you. His chest was standing on the bench in Mr. Hummel's garden, and the prospect of a bargain was certain. The cigar-man went a few steps from his chest to speak to an acquaintance, and you, miscreant, made a spring at the bread and butter lying on the chest, and came with all fours on the glass. It broke, and the splinters mixed

with the cigars; you trampled them altogether into a powder, and then returned to the house. You, monster, caused your master to deal roughly with the trader when he complained of you, and the man packed up his wares and went away from our house with a curse on his lips. On what nocturnal excursion have you been since then? No human eye has seen you." •

He bent down towards the dog.

"So this time it has gone into your flesh. I am glad to see you can injure yourself as well as others."

Gabriel examined the dog's paw and extracted a glass splinter. The dog looked at him and whined.

"If I only knew," continued Gabriel, shaking his head, "what pleases the dog in me. Is it the bones, or perhaps some roguish trait of mine that amuses him? He hates the whole world, and even snarls at his master; but he comes to visit me and behaves himself like a worthy companion. And he is still more crazy about my master. I do not believe that the Rector knows much of Spitehahn. But whenever this fiend sees my Professor, he peeps at him slyly from under his shaggy eyebrows, and does his best to wag his tuft of a tail. And when my master goes to the University, he runs after him like a lamb behind its mother. How comes it that this black soul attaches itself to the Professor? What does he want with our learning? They do not believe in you anyhow, Spitehahn."

He looked round suspiciously and hastily donned his coat. Arrayed in his Sunday attire he left the house. The Hahn family were not at home, for Dorchon was looking out of the dressing-room window. She laughed and nodded. Gabriel took courage, and

stepped into the enemies' hall. The door of the room opened. Dorchen stood on the threshold curtsying, and Gabriel, holding the handle of the door, began, solemnly:

"It would be much more pleasant for me if I could have the pleasure of accompanying you in your walk to-day."

Dorchen replied, twitching at her apron:

"I have got to stay here to mind the house, but that need not prevent you from going."

"I should then take no pleasure in it," replied Gabriel, bowing, "for I should be always thinking of you, and I had much rather be with you here than only think of you in the open air. If, therefore, you would allow me to stay here a little while—?"

"Why, come in, of course, Gabriel."

"Only to the threshold," said Gabriel, advancing, still holding the open door. "I only wanted to say that the number of which you lately dreamt is not to be found at any of the offices. I have, therefore, taken another, and have had it drawn by a little beggar lad, as that brings good luck. I shall be so pleased if you will play this number with me. It is quite a sum, for it is a whole eighth of a ticket."

"But that will be no good sign," said Dorchen, with pretty embarrassment.

"Why not, Fräulein? It was a real beggar-boy."

"No, I mean when two play together who love one another."

"Dear Dorchen!" cried Gabriel, approaching nearer and seizing her hand.

A hollow gurgle interrupted the conversation. Dorchen drew back from him terrified.

"It was a ghost," she cried.



“That is impossible,” said Gabriel, consolingly: “for, first, it is day-time; secondly, it is in a new house; and, thirdly, spirits generally do not make such a noise. It was something in the street.”

“Your being here is a real comfort to me,” exclaimed the timid Dorchen. “It is fearful to be alone in a large house.”

“To be together in a small house is particularly jolly,” cried Gabriel, boldly. “Ah, Dorchen! if we could venture to think of it.”

Again a slight rumble was heard.

“There must be something here,” cried Dorchen. “I am so alarmed!”

She sprang away from him to the middle of the room. Gabriel took a yard measure, and looked under the furniture.

“So you are there, are you?” he cried, angrily, poking with the yard measure under the sofa.

Spitehahn leaped forth with a bark on to the nearest chair, from the chair on to the console, on which the clock stood; he knocked down the clock, and dashed through the half-opened door.

It was the parlor clock and a wedding present. Mr. Hahn wound it up every evening before he went to bed; it had two alabaster pillars with gilded capitals; the rest was of American wood, and represented a triumphal arch. Now the treasure lay in ruins, the pillars shattered, the wood broken, and the dial split. In the opened works a single wheel whirled with fearful rapidity, all the rest was motionless. Dorchen stood dismayed before the fragments, and wrung her hands.

“The monster,” groaned Gabriel, occupying himself in vain with the shattered work of art, and endeavor-

ing with no better result to comfort the poor maiden, who trembled before the terrors of the ensuing hour.

"I had a foreboding," cried Mr. Hahn, on his return home, "that something would happen to-day. I forgot yesterday, for the first time, to wind up the clock. But now my patience is at an end; there will be war to the knife between him over the way and me." He approached the sobbing maid threateningly. "Bear witness to the truth," he cried out; "the court will demand your testimony. Do not seek safety in hypocrisy and lies. Was it the dog, or was it you?"

Dorchen dramatically related the whole transgression of Spitehahn; she poked under the sofa, as if she could draw the dog out bodily; she confessed, weepingly, to the open door, and explained Gabriel's presence as owing to an inquiry he had made of her."

"Unfortunate one," cried the master of the house, "I see your embarrassment: it was yourself; your conscience pricks you. How can you show that the dog was under the sofa? On your peril, I demand a tangible evidence."

"Here it is," cried Dorchen, still sobbing, and pointing in tragic attitude with her hand to the ground.

There certainly was an indubitable proof under the sofa, although not strictly tangible. The dog had left behind him as sure a confirmation as if he had impressed his seal on the ground.

Now, Mrs. Hahn indignantly gave the orders which became a housewife under such circumstances.

"Do not attempt it," cried Mr. Hahn; "away with towels and cloths; this shall remain."

"But, Andreas," exclaimed his wife.

"This shall remain, I say; it must be acknowledged

and certified to. Bring Mr. Ruddy immediately, and his wife, and whatever witnesses you can find on the street."

The witnesses came, and, standing round, examined the place of the evil deed; but Mr. Hahn hastened to his writing-table, and wrote a strong letter to Mr. Hummel, in which he related the misdeed, and threateningly demanded compensation. This letter Mr. Ruddy carried off to Mr. Hummel, with a board on which were laid the ruins of the clock.

Hummel read the letter carefully, and threw it on the table.

"I congratulate your master upon his new undertaking for the summer," he said, coldly. "Carry the débris back again; I have no answer for such nonsense. Some people *will* make fools of themselves."

The following day a judicial complaint again raised its Medusa's head between the two houses. This time even Mrs. Hahn was deeply incensed; and when she, shortly after, met Laura on the street, she turned her good-humored face to the other side, to avoid greeting the daughter of the enemy.

Laura received the Doctor's answer to her letter. In a pretty poem the happiness of the parental house was extolled, and he spoke of his great delight in his neighbor's charming daughter, whom the poet saw in the garden among her flowers, whenever he looked over the high hedge. He further added: "The advice which you express so sincerely in your lines has found an echo in me. I know what is lacking in my life. My learning makes it impossible for me to find recognition in wider circles, an honor, which the friends of a learned man desire for him more eagerly than he himself does; it also makes it difficult for me to adopt

the academical course to which I have now a call in foreign parts. But the nature of my studies takes from me all hope that any outward results can ever overcome the hindrances which oppose themselves to the secret wishes of my soul."

"Poor Fritz!" said Laura; "and yet poorer me! Why must he give up all hope because he studies Sanscrit? It is not courage that is wanting to these learned men, as father says, but passion. Like the old gods about whom you write, you have no human substance, and no blood in your veins. A few sparks are occasionally kindled up in your life and one hopes they may light up into a mighty flame; but immediately it is all smothered and extinguished by prudent consideration." She rose suddenly. "Ah! if one could but lay hold of Fritz by the hair and cast him into the wildest tumult, through which he would have to fight his way bloodily, defy my father, and hazard a great deal, in order to win what he in his gentle way says he desires for himself! Away with this quiet, learned atmosphere: it makes those who breathe it contemptible! Their strongest excitement is a sorrowful shrug of the shoulders over other mortals or themselves."

Thus did the passionate Laura chafe in her attic-room, and again was her paper moistened by bitter tears, as she sought consolation in heroic verses, and called upon the foreign gods of the Doctor to take the field against the pranks of Spitehahn.

Glorious Indra and all ye divinities shining in heaven,  
That have so often conferred blessings on races of men,  
Haste in rescue to us, for great misfortune doth threaten.  
Ominous shadows of night darken our peaceable home,  
Banish the child from the father; while flat on the door-step outsprawling,  
Growleth with vengeful intent fiercely th' insidious cur.

The peace was disturbed not only for the neighbors

of the Park street, but also for the young Prince, at whose fête the trouble had begun.

The Prince was detained some weeks from the city. After his return, he lived in the quiet retirement that the duties of mourning imposed upon him. Lectures in his room were again resumed, but his place at Ilse's tea-table remained empty.

On the day when the University prizes were distributed, the students made a great torchlight procession to their Rector's house. The flaming lights waved in the old streets; the fanfares resounded, in the midst of which the lusty voices of the singing students might be heard; gables and balconies were lighted in colored splendor; the marshals swung their weapons gaily, and the torch-bearers scattered the sparks among the thronging crowds of spectators. The procession turned into the street towards the valley; it stopped before the house of Mr. Hummel. Again there was music and singing; a deputation solemnly crossed the threshold. Hummel looked proudly on the long stream of red lights which flickered about and lighted up his house. The whole honor was intended for his house alone, though he could not prevent the glare and smoke from illuminating the enemies' roof, also.

Upstairs some of the rector's most intimate friends were assembled; he received the leaders of the students in his room, and there were speeches and replies. While those assembled were crowding nearer to listen to the speech-making, the door of Ilse's room gently opened, and the Prince entered. Ilse hastened to meet him, but he began, without greeting:

“I have come to-day to bid you farewell. What I foresaw has happened. I have received orders to re-

turn to my father. To-morrow I and my attendant will take formal leave of the Rector and yourself, but I wished first to see you for a moment; and, now that I stand before you, I cannot express the feelings that prompted me to come. I thank you for all your kindness. I beg of you not to forget me. It is you who have made the city so dear to me. It is you who make it hard for me to go away."

He spoke these words so softly that it seemed only as if a breath had passed into Ilse's ear; and he did not await her answer, but left the room as quickly as he came into it.

Outside, in the open place by the common, the students threw their torches in a great heap; the red flame rose high in the air, and the gray smoke encircled the tops of the trees; it rolled over the houses and crept through the open windows, and stifled the breath. The flame became lower, and a thin smoke ascended from the dying embers. It had been a rapid, brilliant glow, a fleeting fire, now extinguished, and only smoke and ashes remained. But Ilse was still standing by her window, and looking sorrowfully out upon the empty place.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE DRAMA.

"He was a tyrant," exclaimed Laura, "and she was right not to obey him."

"He did his duty harshly, and she also," replied Ilse.

"He was a cross-grained, narrow-minded fellow, who was at last humbled; but she was a noble heroine, who cast from her all that was most dear on earth in order to fulfill her highest obligations," said Laura.

“ He acted under the impulse of his nature, as she did according to hers. Hers was the stronger character, and she went victoriously to death. The burden of his deed crushed him during life,” rejoined Ilse.

The characters which the ladies were discussing were Antigone and Creon.

The Professor had one autumn evening laid the tragedies of Sophocles on his wife's table. “ It is time that you should learn to appreciate the greatest poets of antiquity in their works.” He read them aloud and explained them. The lofty forms of the Attic stage hovered in the peaceful atmosphere of the German home. Ilse heard around her curses and heart-breaking lamentations, she saw a dark fatality impending over men of the noblest feeling and iron will; she felt the storm of passion raging in powerful souls, and heard, amidst the cry of revenge and despair, the soft chords of soul-stirring pathos sounding with irresistible magic.

The time had indeed come when Ilse could comprehend and enter into the feelings and fate of others than herself.

The bright rays of the midday sun do not always shine upon the paths of man. Not with the eye alone does he seek his way amid the shadows of night, but he hearkens, too, to the secret voices within his breast. From the battle of clashing duties, from the irresistible impulse of passion, it is not with most men a careful thought or a wise adage that saves or ruins; it is the quick resolve which breaks forth from within like an uncontrollable impulse of nature and which is yet produced by the compulsion of their whole past lives—by all that man knows and believes, by all that he has suffered and done. What forces us to the good or the bad

in the sombre hours of trial, people call character, and the changing steps of the wayfarer through life as he seeks his way amid difficulty and danger, the spectator at the play calls dramatic movement.

He only who has wandered amid the fitting shadows of night, and has seriously listened to the secret admonitions of his inmost soul, can fully understand the spirit of others who, in a similar position, have sought to extricate themselves from an intricate labyrinth, and have found safety or met destruction.

Ilse, too, had experienced hours of fleeting terrors; she also had trembled as to whether she had pursued the right path.

The seventh tragedy of the Greek poet had been read; the boldest representation of bitter passion and bloody revenge. Ilse sat mute and horrified at the outbreak of fearful hatred from the heart of Electra. Then her husband, in order to recall her to less anxious thoughts, began: "Now you have heard all that remains to us of the art and power of a wonderful poetical mind, and you must tell me which of his characters has most attracted you."

"If you mean that in which the power of his poetry has most impressed me, it is always the newest form which has appeared to me the greatest, and today it is the monstrous conception of Electra. But if you ask which has pleased me most—"

"The gentle Ismene?" interrupted the Professor, laughing.

Ilse shook her head. "No, it is the valiant son of Achilles. At first he was tempted to yield to the cunning counsel of his confederate, and do violence to an unfortunate fellow-creature; but after a long struggle



his noble nature conquers: he sees that it will be wrong, and he asserts his manhood by refusing."

The Professor closed the book, and looked with astonishment at his wife.

"There is," continued Ilse, "in the greatest characters of your Greek poet a stern rigidity that frightens me. Something is wanting in all to make them like us; they do not doubt as we do, nor struggle; even when they do right, their greatness consists in their immovable determination to do something fearful, or rigid persistence in stemming a terrible fate. But while we expect that the strong man shall act powerfully, according to his nature, either for good or evil, he does not gain our full human sympathy, unless we have the certainty that he experiences an inward struggle such as we may ourselves feel."

"Such as we may ourselves feel?" asked the Professor, seriously, laying aside the book. "How do you come by this experience? Have you, Ilse, some secret from your husband?"

Ilse rose and looked at him with dismay.

But the Professor continued, cheerfully: "I will first tell you why I ask, and what I would like to know from you. When I brought you from your country-home you were, in spite of your deep German feeling, in many respects just such as we like to picture to ourselves Nausicaa and Penelope. You freely received impressions from the world around you; you stood sure and strong in a firmly-bound sphere of right and duty; with childlike trust you gathered from the moral habits of your circle, and from Holy Scripture, your standard of judgment and conduct. Your love for me, and contact with other souls, and the insight into a new sphere of knowledge, awakened in your heart

passionate vibrations; uncertainty came, and then doubt; new thoughts struggled against old impressions, the demands of your new life against the tenor of your maiden years. You were for months more unhappy than I had any idea of. But now, when I have been rejoicing in your cheerful repose of mind, I find you have acquired a knowledge of human nature that astonishes me. I have often lately seen, with secret pleasure, how warmly you have sympathized with, and how mildly you have judged, the characters of the drama. I had expected that their hard and monstrous fate would have been repulsive to you, and that you would have felt rapid transitions from tenderness to aversion. But you have sympathy with the dark forms as well as with the bright, as if your soul had begun to anticipate that in one's own life, good and evil, blessing and curse, might be associated, and as if you had yourself experienced that man has not to follow an outward moral law alone, however exalted its origin, but that he may at some period be compelled to seek for some other law in the depths of his own soul. But such an insight men can only attain when they themselves experience danger and trouble. It is improbable that this should have been the case with you, unless you have gone through some experience to which I have been a stranger. I do not wish to urge your confidence; I know what trust I can repose in you; but if you think fit, I would gladly know what has given rise to this sensitive feeling for the secret struggles of men who are hurried along by a tragic fate."

Ilse seized him by the hand and drew him into her room. "It was on this spot," she exclaimed, "a stranger asked me whether he should expose himself

to the danger of death for the sake of his honor, or whether he should expose another in his place. I had given him a right to ask such a question, for I had before spoken to him of his life with greater frankness than was prudent for a careful woman. I stood and struggled against the question that he put to me, but I could not refuse to answer; and, Felix, to tell you the truth, I did not wish to do so. I gave him counsel which might have brought him to a bloody end. I gave him that advice secretly, and I became entangled in a fatal web from which I could not extricate myself. I thought of you, but I did not dare to tell you, as you must either have been unfaithful to the duties of your office, or you must for ever have wounded the honorable feelings of another. I questioned our holy teachings: they told me only that my advice was sinful. I was unhappy, Felix, that I had come into this position, but still more unhappy that neither you nor the teachings of my faith could help me out of it. It was no merit of mine that things turned out better than I feared they would. Since that I have known, Felix, what struggles of conscience are; now you know the only secret that I have ever had from you. If I did wrong, judge me mildly, for by all that is sacred I could not have done otherwise."

"And the Prince?" asked her husband, softly.

"He is a good and gentle soul, an immature man, while I was your wife. With him there was no doubt and no struggle."

"I know enough, you earnest, high-minded woman," said the Professor, "I see that, as against your knowledge of life, I can now pack up my books. For of what value is the teaching of books, however good they may be, in comparison to that of life. A foolish

student's duel, in which you were the invisible adviser, has done more, perhaps to form your mind, than my prudent words would have done in the course of years. Be of good courage, Lady Ilse of Bielstein; whatever fate may still await us, I know now that you are fitted for inward struggles, and we need not be solicitous about dangers from without. For, however much we human beings may be troubled and agitated here on earth, he who has once learnt to know himself so well that he is able to read the secret writing of other souls, is well protected against the temptations of the world."

What the German scholar said as he now so warmly clasped his wife in his arms was not amiss, only it is a pity that we have no certainty of reading the secrets of other souls; and it is a pity that the greatest knowledge of the secret writing in the souls of others cannot serve us in warding off the storms of our own passions.

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The Chamberlain, who now acted as marshal to the Hereditary Prince, was holding a conference with his father upon the concerns of his office. Among other things there was also the question of promoting Krüger, of butter-machine fame, to higher honors and, what was of no less importance, to the full salary due the valet of an Hereditary Prince. Contrary to expectations the Sovereign was ready to agree to his proposals, and the Chamberlain, pleased at the gracious humor of his master, was about to take leave, when the Sovereign stopped him by the kind remark, "Your sister Malwine, looks ill; does she dance too much? You should take care of her delicate health; nothing would be more injurious to such a constitution than

an early marriage. I hope to see her pleasant countenance at Court for a long time yet."

Now Fräulein Malwine was secretly betrothed to one of the Sovereign's officers; it was known at Court and in the city, but the betrothed were poor, and the consent of the Sovereign was necessary for their union. In order to obtain this it was advisable to await a favorable opportunity. Therefore the Chamberlain was alarmed at his master's words; he perceived a secret threat in them, and while he thanked him for his gracious sympathy, his face betrayed his dismay.

After the Sovereign, by this short turn of the peg, had tuned the strings of his instrument, he continued, with indifference: "If you have a quarter of an hour to spare, I wish you to accompany me into the cabinet of antiquities."

They passed through corridors and halls into a distant part of the castle, where, on an upper floor, a large collection of old coins, carved stones, and other minor relics of Greek and Roman times, were arranged. Many generations of rulers had contributed to it, but the greatest part had been brought by the Sovereign himself when returning from his travels. He had, in former years, taken great interest in the arrangement of these things, and spent large sums in purchasing others; but gradually this fancy had passed off, and for years the feather brush of the curator had only removed the dust for occasional strangers who had happened accidentally to hear of this almost unknown collection, and had honored it with a visit.

The Chamberlain, therefore accompanied his master with the feeling that this unusual idea signified something; and he felt a gloomy anticipation that what was impending boded no good. The Sovereign re-

turned with a nod the low obeisance of the dilapidated curator; he passed in review the long rows of rooms, had some cases opened for him, took in his hand the written catalogue, and examined carefully the gold coins of Alexander the Great and his successors, and inspected a collection of old glass vessels and vases, in which the artistic work of the ancient glass-cutters was particularly striking. Then he asked for the strangers' book, in which the names of the visitors were recorded. After he had sent the man away with a commission, he began, to his attendant: "The collection is less seen than it deserves; I have long thought of having it made better known and more useful to men of learning, by a better arrangement and a good catalogue. It has been one of the little pleasures of my life; I have learnt much by it, and it has at times banished annoyances from my mind. Do you know of any one who would be fitted to undertake the management of a work so important and exacting?"

The Chamberlain bethought himself, but no one occurred to him.

"I should prefer a stranger," continued the Sovereign. "That will give rise to a passing and unembarrassed connection. He must of course be learned and have good guarantees of character."

The Chamberlain named several connoisseurs from other capitals. The Sovereign looked at him keenly, and shook his head. "Think it over," he repeated; "perhaps some one will occur to you."

The examination continued. An antique vase interested the Sovereign by reminding him of how he had obtained it. A Roman woman, of great beauty and commanding figure, had suddenly confronted him and of-

ferred it to him with such a distinguished manner, that he, as he laughingly expressed it, was so surprised by the unusual demeanor of the woman, and her sonorous voice, that he paid her more than she asked.

No one yet occurred to the Chamberlain.

On his way back to his apartments the Sovereign remained standing in one of the spacious but lonely halls and asked the Chamberlain, "Has it not occurred to you that Scarletti dresses badly?"

The Chamberlain dissented, for the actress mentioned was supposed to be in favor.

"Yesterday evening she carried an immense bouquet. To which of our young men is this ungraceful attention to be ascribed?"

Again the Chamberlain was astounded.

"As you are disposed to know nothing to-day," continued the Sovereign, in a sharp tone, "I must tell you that I should be sorry to see the Hereditary Prince having any intercourse whatever with the ladies of the theatre. He is not old enough to carry on such connections with the necessary reserve; and the vanity of these ladies will bring every favor to public notice."

The Chamberlain affirmed, upon his honor, that he knew nothing of these civilities of the Hereditary Prince, and that, even if the assumption of his gracious master was well founded, it could only have been a passing idea of the Prince that had occasioned this gift. "Your Highness will be convinced that I would not lend a hand to anything of this kind."

"But I do not choose that you should close your eyes to it," continued the Sovereign, bitterly; "you stood in the box behind the Hereditary Prince, and you must have seen the coquettish look of admiration

which she cast upon him. The present was probably sent by the new valet; let him know that in my service one does not carry two faces under one hood. But I require of you," he continued, more calmly, "that you should redouble your vigilance. What occupies him now?"

"He attends regularly the small evening parties of the Princess."

"And in the day?" added the Sovereign, continuing the examination.

"As your Highness knows, he is fond of music; he plays duets with the music-master."

"What does he read?"

The Chamberlain named some French books. "May I be allowed humbly to make a proposal? It would, in every point of view, be useful to his Highness if he had the pleasure of devising or arranging something—perhaps the laying out of a park, or the management of a farm. I venture to suggest that a similar occupation has been found advantageous to young princes at other courts. Perhaps one of your Highness's castles could be adapted for such a purpose."

"And the Hereditary Prince and Mr. von Weidegg would keep their own court, and remain many months in the year far from ours, at their villa," replied the Sovereign.

"I assure your Highness that I never thought of such a thing," answered the Chamberlain, offended.

"I do not blame you," replied the Sovereign, with cutting courtesy. "Consideration for my coffers forbids my assenting to your proposal; but I shall think of it. It is a disappointment to me that the Prince has not learned to take an interest in anything during his



stay at the University. Has he had no personal relations during that time that may have given some zest to his life?"

"He took great pleasure in the circle of Professor Werner," replied the good Chamberlain, hesitatingly.

"I hope he preserves a grateful recollection of his teacher."

"He speaks with great interest of him and his family," rejoined the Chamberlain.

"It is well," concluded the Sovereign. "I will take into consideration the question of agricultural occupation; and do not forget to think a little concerning my collection."

This new demand could no longer be withstood by the Chamberlain; he was silent for some minutes, inwardly struggling, while the Sovereign moved on with his head turned towards him, like one who waits for something decisive.

"I do not know that I can propose any one better for the purpose than Professor Werner himself," said the Chamberlain, at last.

The Sovereign again stopped. "You consider him fitted for the work?"

"With respect to his scientific capabilities I naturally can form no judgment," replied the Chamberlain, cautiously.

Irritated by this cowardly attempt to draw back, the Sovereign asked with emphasis, "Would he undertake such a charge?"

"He has a very distinguished position at the University, and is happily married; and he would, undoubtedly, not like to leave his present position for any length of time."

“Perhaps that may be arranged,” rejoined the Sovereign. “Werner, then, is the man. At a short interview I accidentally had with him he made a good impression on me. Do not forget to remind me this evening that the archives at Bielstein are to be searched.”

Thus did a father exert himself for the benefit of his son.

The Chamberlain reminded his lord that evening that there had been a question of an investigation in the archives of Bielstein, and the sovereign thanked him for it. The following morning orders were given through the Council to the keepers of the records and members of other branches of the Court and State administration, to seek out and send all records of a certain age that had reference to the castle of Bielstein and monastery of Rossau. This order occasioned a great raising of dust, and five large leather sacks were filled with records and old papers. The collection was sent to the Professor; and in a letter the Sovereign expressed his thanks for the attentions which the Professor had shown the Hereditary Prince. He added that, remembering a former conversation, he sent for his inspection all that, in a cursory search, could be found concerning a place in which he took an interest.

This letter gave cause for serious consideration to two inquiring minds. When the dubious report of the student concerning an existing chest had disturbed the peace of the house, the friends had again turned their attention to the inventory of the deceased Bachhuber, and had once more pondered over every word of it: “In a hollow and dry place, *LOCO CAVO ET SICCO.*” The word place, *locus*, occasioned much thought; but they could come to no certainty about it. “Of the house

of Bielstein, DOMUS BIELSTEYN!"—here the expression house, *domus*, was very remarkable. Did it mean that the manuscript lay concealed in the dwelling house itself, or was the word house used in the obsolete meaning of estate or property? The Doctor contended for the dwelling-house, the Professor for the estate. Much depended upon this; for if *domus* signified estate, the manuscript might be concealed in any part of the property. "I have deposited it all, *hæc omnia deposui!*" The word all, *omnia*, was very comforting; for it gave the certainty that the deceased Bachhuber had not left the manuscript behind. But the depositing was a matter of some doubt. Did the word betoken that the manuscript was deposited only in Bielstein, and thus given over and entrusted, so to speak, to the inhabitants?—or had the writer chosen the expression because he wished to signify the interring and blocking it up in some deep place? To us laymen in the Latin tongue, it appears clear indeed that Bachhuber was very glad to have a Latin vocabulary in which to signify the concealment of his treasure; however, the feeling of the learned men was otherwise.

Finally, the friends agreed in taking the view, that, in spite of this account, the walls of the house were worthy of future attention. The hollow places which the Doctor had registered might be examined; the cupboard in the wall in Ilse's bedroom appeared a place not to be despised. The Professor, therefore, determined to obtain some certainty on that point during the next vacation. The business of the Rector had only allowed a short visit to the castle this time; but the Professor would be aided by his position in the family, which opened Ilse's room and cupboard to him.

It was a fine August day; the father was riding about in his fields, and Ilse sitting with Clara in household consultation, when an uproar was raised in the kitchen, and the housekeeper, quite beside herself, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming: "There are ghosts around again!" There was, in fact, a loud knocking in the house, and the maids congregated in the hall. The noise came from the upper story; so Ilse hastened upstairs, and, on opening the door to her room, found the Professor, in his shirt sleeves, working in the cupboard with various tools he had obtained from the carpenter. He received her, laughing, and called out, to tranquilize her, that he was nailing the cupboard boards tighter. This was right, but he had first broken through them. The manuscript was not there, and nothing was to be seen but an empty space and a few bits of mortar. There was, however, one inexplicable thing, which might be a trace of the manuscript—a small bit of blue cloth rag; how that had come into the wall was a riddle. On further examination, it appeared that it was not colored with indigo; therefore, probably, it had existed previous to the introduction of that color into civilization. Whether a mouse, in her motherly care, had deposited it there as an ornament to her bed, and at the same time for food in a desperate case of necessity, could not be ascertained, as at present these folk seem to have no traditions of the past, and the individual had probably been eaten some centuries ago by an ancestor of one of our cats.

This discovery might have given confidence to the friends, for there were now two places where the treasure was not. But there is much that is illogical in the nature of men. Even the Doctor inclined now to

the Professor's opinion, that the manuscript was perhaps not concealed in the house; nay, that it might even be at a distance from the place.

Such was the state of the matter when the Sovereign's packet arrived. The friends were occupied many hours with the trunks, and examined the records carefully. They found much that would be valuable for the history of the district, but nothing that led to the manuscript. At last, the Professor raised from the bottom of one of the trunks a thick bundle of reports, on sheets sewed together, which had been sent by the officials of Bielstein to the Government. Among them was the writing of a deputy-bailiff of the last century, in which he notified that he was hastening, in those times of suspense and danger, commanded by high authority, to convey to the royal country residence, Solitude, the chestful of hunting implements and old books which had up to that time been in his custody.

The writer of the letter had undoubtedly not foreseen what an excitement his faded scroll would produce in a later generation.

"This is the student's chest," cried the Professor, the color rising to his cheeks, while he held out the document to his friend.

"Remarkable!" said the Doctor. "It is impossible that this coincidence can be accidental."

"The student's chest was no will o' the wisp," cried the Professor to his wife, in her room; "here is the confirmation."

"Where is the chest?" inquired Ilse, skeptically.

"That is just what we do not know," replied the Professor, laughing. "Here is a new scent, indistinct, and in a new direction; but it may lead shortly to the vanished parchment." The friends hastened back

eagerly to the bundle of records. "Old books!" exclaimed the Doctor; "the house was a hunting castle; a generation before this letter was written, the estate came first into the possession of this princely family; it is not probable that they themselves, in their short hunting visits, should have collected books there."

"Old books!" exclaimed also the Professor; "it is possible that hunting journals and accounts may be meant; but it is not impossible that the chest may also contain some few things of the property of the monastery. Ilse, where is the old castle belonging to your Sovereign called Solitude?"

Ilse knew nothing of such a castle.

"It is a fortunate coincidence that the Sovereign himself may give us an opportunity of obtaining more accurate information."

"Ah, you poor men!" said Ilse, through the door, pityingly. "Now you are far worse than before; as long as the treasure was still supposed to be in our house, my father at least could keep a good look out; but now, it is in a chest far away in the wide world, and no one knows anything even of the house to which it may have been carried."

The friends laughed again. "Your father's house is not on that account less under suspicion," said her husband, consolingly.

The Professor sent back the contents of the chest to the Royal Council, expressed in his letter his warm thanks to the Sovereign, and mentioned that an uncertain trace made him very desirous of obtaining permission to make personal investigations.

The letter had the desired result for both parties. The Sovereign had the satisfaction, which is pleasing

to earthly masters, of appearing to confer a favor while he was seeking one.

The Professor was joyfully surprised when he received from the Council in the name of the Sovereign a letter promising to promote his investigations in every way, and making the following proposal: The Sovereign wished his cabinet of antiquities to be examined by a scientific authority, and there was no one to whom he would more willingly trust this task than to the Professor. He knew well how valuable to others was the work of so learned a man, but he hoped that his collection might appear of sufficient importance to him to spend a few weeks upon it.

At the same time the Chamberlain wrote, by desire of his gracious master, that the Sovereign would be delighted if the Professor would accept the hospitality of the Palace during the time of his stay. A garden pavilion, which was a pleasant spring-residence, would be at his disposition. The dwelling was large enough to receive his family also, and he was commanded to suggest that there would be plenty of room if the Professor would bring his wife and servants, as the Sovereign did not wish that the learned man should be deprived of his domestic comforts during his stay. The beginning of the spring would be the best time for both parties; and the Chamberlain would be delighted to do the honors of the capital to his countrywoman.

The Professor hastened with flying steps to his wife, and laid the letter in her lap. "Here, read what endangers our journey into foreign lands. It will engross the greatest part of our traveling time. But I must accept the invitation; for any prospect, even the most distant, of obtaining the manuscript compels me

to stake much that a man will only sacrifice for a great hope. Will you accompany me on this chase? You see, the kind people have thought of everything."

"I a guest of our Sovereign!" exclaimed Ilse, reading the letter. "Never should I have dreamt of such an honor. What will my father say of it! It is a very honorable invitation for you," she continued, seriously; "and you must at all events accept it. As for me, I think it may be best for me to remain here."

"Why should we be separated for weeks?—it would be the first time."

"Send me to my father meanwhile."

"Does not that come to the same thing?" asked the Professor.

"What shall I do among these strangers?" continued Ilse, anxiously.

"Nonsense," replied the Professor. "Have you any reason to give?" and he looked at her, discomposed.

"I cannot say that I have," replied Ilse.

"Then decide at once, and come. We should probably feel more free if we could live as we liked; but I should not wish to reside for weeks at a hotel in a foreign city; and, from another point of view, this reception will save both parties the difficulty of offering and refusing compensation. We shall remain there as long as is indispensably necessary; then we shall go south, as far as we can. It is, after all, only putting off the journey a few weeks."

When the Professor's letter of acceptance arrived, the Chamberlain informed the Sovereign of it in presence of the Marshal: "See to it that the pavilion is arranged as comfortably as possible. Dinner will be served at the pavilion at whatever hour the Professor wishes."



“And what position does your Highness intend the strangers shall occupy at Court?” inquired the Marshal.

“That is understood,” said the Sovereign; he has the privilege of a stranger, and will occasionally be invited to small dinners.”

“But the Professor’s wife?” asked the Marshal.

“Ah!” said the Sovereign, “the wife. It is true, she comes with him.”

“Then,” continued the Marshal, “there is to be dinner for two at the pavilion; apartments for two, and a room for a lackey without livery.”

“That is enough,” said the Sovereign; “for the rest, we shall see. If the Professor’s wife visits our ladies, I assume they will return the civility. We will leave the rest to the Princess.”

“What is the history of these strangers?” asked the Marshal of the Chamberlain. “You know the people.”

“As one knows people in a strange city,” replied the Chamberlain.

“But you arranged their coming?”

“I only wrote according to the Sovereign’s orders. The Professor is a learned man of reputation, and a thorough gentleman.”

“But what has his wife to do here.”

The Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders. “He could not be got without his wife,” he replied, cautiously.

“Yet the Sovereign made a point of her coming.”

“Did that strike you?” asked the Chamberlain. “I, for my part, did not remark it. He made it appear as if it were a matter of indifference to him; and, furthermore, she is a country-woman of his.”

“You know that the Sovereign would be the last

to infringe the rules of the Court. There is no reason for anxiety."

"At all events, the Princess must maintain her position. I hear this Professor's wife is considered a beauty?"

"I believe she is also a woman of high character," replied the Chamberlain.

The Professor received the desired permission. Ilse made her preparations for the journey with a solemn seriousness which struck all around her. She was now to approach the presence of her Sovereign, whom she had regarded from a distance with shy respect. It made her heart heavy to think that the son had never spoken of his father, and that she knew nothing of her illustrious master but his countenance and manner. She asked herself, anxiously: "How will he treat Felix and me?"

Whilst Felix was collecting all the books and documents which were indispensable for the journey, the Doctor was standing sorrowfully in his friend's room. He was satisfied that the Professor could not withdraw from the duty of seeking for the manuscript; and yet his invitation to Court did not please him. The sudden breaking of their tranquil life disturbed him, and he sometimes looked anxiously at Ilse.

Laura sat, the last evening, near Ilse, leaning on her shoulder, weeping. "It appears to me," said the latter, "that something portentous lies in my path, and I go in fear. But I leave you without anxiety for your future, although you have sometimes made me uneasy, you stubborn little puss; for I know there is one who will always be your best adviser, even though you should seldom see each other."

"I lose him when I lose you," cried Laura, in

tears. "All vanishes that has been the happiness of my life. In the little garden which I have secretly laid out for myself, the blossoms are torn up by the roots, the bitter trial of deprivation has come to me also; and poor Fritz, who already was practicing resignation, will now be quite lost in his hermitage."

Even Gabriel, who was to accompany the travelers to the capital and await their return home from abroad at the house of Ilse's father, was excited during this period, and often disappeared into the house of Mr. Hahn when it became dark. The last day he brought home from the market a beautiful bird of uncommon appearance, with colored feathers, pasted on a sheet, with the inscription: "Peacock from Madagascar." Gabriel wrote, in addition, in clear, stiff characters: "Faithful unto death." This he took in the evening to the enemy's house. A whispering might be heard there, and a pocket-handkerchief be seen, which wiped the tears from sorrowful eyes.

"No allusion is meant to the name of this family," said Gabriel, holding the bird once more in the moonlight, the beams of which fell through the staircase window upon two sorrowful faces; "but it occurred to me as a remembrance. When you look at it think of me, and the words I have written on it. We must part, but it is hard to do so." The honest fellow pulled out his pocket-handkerchief.

Dorchen took it from him; she had forgotten her own, and wiped her eyes with it.

"It is not for long," said Gabriel, consolingly, in spite of his own sorrow. "Paste the bird on the cover of your trunk, and when you open it and take out a good dress, think of me."

“Always,” cried Dorchen, weeping. “I do not need that.”

“When I return, Dorchen, we will talk further of what is to become of us, and I hope all will go well. The handkerchief which has received your tears shall be a remembrance for me.”

“Leave it to me,” said Dorchen, sobbing. “I must tell you I have bought wool, and will embroider you a wallet. This you shall carry about you, and when I write, put my letters in it.”

Gabriel looked happy, in spite of his sorrow; and the moon glanced jeeringly down on the kisses and vows which were exchanged.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE SOVEREIGN.

The Hereditary Prince was walking with the Chamberlain in the gardens which surrounded the royal castle on three sides. He looked indifferently on the splendid coloring of the early flowers and the fresh green of the trees; to-day he was more silent than usual; whilst the birds piped to him from the branches, and the spring breeze wafted fragrance from the tops of the trees, he played with his eye-glass. “What bird is that singing?” he asked, at last, awakening from his apathy.

The Chamberlain replied, “It is a thrush.”

The Prince examined the bird with his glasses, and then asked, carelessly, “What are those people ahead of us carrying?”

“Chairs for the pavilion,” answered the Chamberlain; “it is being arranged for Professor Werner.

The house is seldom open now; formerly his Highness, the Sovereign, used to live there occasionally."

"I do not remember ever having been in it for a very long time."

"Would your Highness like to see the rooms?"

"We can pass that way."

The Chamberlain turned towards the pavilion; the Marshal was standing at the door; he had come to see that everything was in order. The Hereditary Prince greeted him, cast a cursory glance at the house, and was inclined to pass on. It was a small grey-stone structure, in old fashioned style; there were shell-shaped arabesques round the doors and windows, and little dropsical angels supported heavy garlands of stone flowers with lines which appeared to have been cut out of elephant's hide; the angels themselves looked as if they had just crept out of a dirty swamp and been dried in the sun. The dark building stood amid the fresh verdure like a large chest, in which all the withered flowers that the garden had ever borne, and all the moss which the gardener had ever scraped from the trees, seemed to have been kept for later generations.

"It is an uninviting looking place," said the Prince.

"It is the gloomy appearance that has always pleased his Sovereign Highness so much," replied the Marshal. "Will not your Highness examine the interior?"

The Prince passed slowly up the steps and through the apartments. The musty smell of the long-closed rooms had not been removed by the pastiles that had been burnt in them; logs were blazing in all the fireplaces, but the warmth which they spread still strug-

gled with the damp air. The arrangement of the rooms was throughout orderly and complete. There were heavy *portières*, curtains with large tassels, and fantastic furniture with much gilding, and white covers for the preservation of the silk, mirrors with broad fantastic frames, round the chimney-piece garlands carved in grey marble, and upon it wreathed vases and little figures of painted porcelain. In the boudoir, on a marble console, there was a large clock under a glass bell; a nude gilded nymph poured water over the dial from her urn which was turned to gilded ice. Everything was richly adorned; but the whole arrangement, furniture, porcelain, and walls, looked as if no eye had ever rested on them with pleasure, nor careful housewife rejoiced in their possession. There were remarkable things from every part of the world; first they had been placed in the large assembly-rooms which were opened at Court fêtes; then they had ceased to be in fashion, and were moved into side-rooms. It was now their destiny to be handed down from one generation to another, and counted once a year to see if they were still there. Thus they passed a never-ending existence—preserved, but not used; kept, but disregarded.

“It is damp and cold here,” said the Prince, looking round upon the walls, and again hastening into the open air.

“How do the arrangements please your Highness?” asked the Marshal.

“They will do very well,” answered the Prince, “except the pictures.”

“Some of them certainly are rather improper,” acknowledged the Marshal.

“My father would be pleased if you could remove these. When is Professor Werner expected?”

“This evening,” replied the Chamberlain. “Perhaps your Highness would wish to receive the guest after his arrival, or to pay him a visit yourself.”

“You may ask my father,” replied the Prince.

When the Prince went with his companion up the staircase to his own rooms in the castle, the Chamberlain began:

“The Professor’s wife was very much pleased once with the flowers which your Highness sent her. May I commission the Court gardener to put some in her room?”

“Do what you think fitting,” replied the Prince, coldly.

He entered his apartment, looked behind him to see if he were alone, and went with rapid steps to the window; from thence he looked over the level lawn and the blooming rows of trees to the pavilion. He gazed long through the window, then took a book from the table and seated himself in the corner of the sofa to read; but he laid the book on the table again, paced hastily up and down, and looked at his watch.

The Court dinner was over. The ladies cast a half glance behind them to see if the back-ground was clear for their retiring curtsies. The gentlemen took their hats under their arms. The Marshal approached the door, and held his gold-headed stick with graceful deportment—a sure sign that the royal party was about to break up. The Princess, who was still in mourning, stopped her brother.

“When do they come? I am so curious,” she said, in a low tone.

“They are perhaps already there,” answered he, looking down.

“I am going to the theatre to-day for the first time again,” continued the Princess. “Come into my box if you can.”

The Prince nodded. Information came to the Marshal, which he conveyed to the Prince’s father. “Your teacher, Professor Werner, is come,” said he, aloud, to his son. “You will undoubtedly wish to pay your compliments to him.” He then bowed to the Court, and the young Princess followed him out of the room.

The Chamberlain hastened to the pavilion. The Marshal followed more quietly. A royal equipage had brought the travelers from the nearest station. They passed rapidly by the trees in the park, the pleasure-grounds, and the lighted windows of the royal castle. The pavilion was no longer a shapeless building, as it appeared in the day, under the glaring sun, to the indifferent eyes of the courtiers. The moon lighted up the front, and shone with a glimmering halo on the walls; it threw a silver glitter on the cheeks of the angels, and on the solid broad leaves of their garlands, and brought out strongly on the bright surface of the wall the shadows of the projecting cornices. Wax-lights shone through the open door. Lackeys, in rich liveries, held heavy candelabra. The steward of the house, a friendly looking personage, in dress coat and knee-breeches, stood in the hall and greeted the comers with polite words. Following the lackeys, Ilse ascended the carpeted steps, on her husband’s arm, and when the servant threw back the *portière*, and the row of rooms appeared shining with wax-lights, she could hardly suppress an exclamation of astonishment. The steward led them through the rooms, explained the disposal of them, and Ilse perceived, with rapid glance,



how stately and comfortable they all were. She looked with admiration at the abundance of flowers which were placed in the vases and bowls. She wondered whether her little Prince had shown this tender attention, but was undeceived when the official announced that the Chamberlain had sent them. A pretty maid was introduced, who was to wait upon her exclusively. Gabriel stood in the ante-room considering where he and his traps would be taken, in order that the Professor's boots might, in the morning, be no dishonor to the splendor of the house. At last one of the lackeys showed him his room, and, like a good comrade, pointed out to him the lamps of a tavern, which for his leisure hours would be particularly agreeable.

Ilse went through the rooms as if stupefied by their splendor, and endeavored to open the window to let in some fresh air, for the strong fragrance of the hyacinths threatened her with headache. Then came the Chamberlain, behind him the Marshal, who was also an urbane gentleman of very refined appearance; and both expressed their pleasure at seeing the Professor and his wife. They offered their services on all occasions, and pointed out from the windows the position of the pavilion. Suddenly the lackey threw open the folding-doors, announcing "His Highness, the Hereditary Prince."

The young gentleman walked slowly into the room. He bowed silently to Ilse, and gave his hand to the Professor. "My father has commissioned me to express to you his pleasure that you have fulfilled his wishes;" and, turning to Ilse, he continued: "I trust that you will find the dwelling comfortable enough not to regret having left your residence at home."

Ilse looked with great pleasure at her Prince. He had, it appeared to her, grown a little. His demeanor was still rather depressed; but he had color in his cheeks, and it was clear that things were not amiss with him. The little moustache was stronger and became him well.

She replied, "I scarcely venture to turn round. It is like a fairy castle. One expects every moment that a spirit will spring from the wall and inquire whether one wishes to go through the air, or that four swans will stop at the window with a golden carriage. No chair is necessary to ascend to it, for the windows come down to the ground. The Park Street sends its greeting, and I give your Highness heartfelt thanks for the present which the Chamberlain sent me for the last Christmas-tree."

The Professor approached the Prince, mentioned to him the names of some of his colleagues, who had sent to him their kindest remembrances, and then begged him to express to his royal father his thanks for this hospitable reception.

Everything seemed to curl in ornamental scrolls. The lamps shone from the silver chandeliers, the hyacinths sent out sweet fragrance from every vase, the closed curtains gave the room a comfortable appearance, and on the frescoed ceiling a flying Cupid was represented holding a bunch of red poppies over the heads of the guests.

"To-day we will leave you to rest, as you must be tired," said the Prince, concluding the visit; and the Chamberlain promised to inform the Professor at an early hour the next morning when the Sovereign would receive him. Scarcely had the gentleman gone when

a servant announced that dinner was served in the next room.

“Why, it is evening,” said Ilse, shyly.

“Never mind,” replied the Professor, “you have taken the first step. Show good courage.” He gallantly offered her his arm. The man in smart livery conducted them into the next room, and drew back the chairs of the richly-adorned table. There was no end of courses. In spite of Ilse’s protest a superabundant dinner made its appearance, and she said, at last, “I must resign myself to everything. There is no use in struggling against these spirits. Whoever lives in a Prince’s household must be bold enough to go through all.”

When the dinner at last was carried away, and Ilse had been freed from her anxieties about Gabriel, she busily began arranging her things. While she was unpacking she said to her husband, “This is a very charming welcome, Felix, and I now have real confidence that all will go well.”

“Have you ever doubted it?” asked the Professor.

Ilse answered, “Up to this hour I have had a secret anxiety, I know not why, but it has now vanished; for the people here all seem so friendly and kind-hearted.”

As the Prince passed through the gardens back to the castle the two cavaliers behind him conversed together.

“A charming woman,” said the Marshal — “a beauty of the first order. There is good blood there.”

“She is in every respect a distinguished lady,” replied the Chamberlain, aloud.

“You have already told me that once,” replied the

Marshal. "I congratulate you on this acquaintance from the University."

"How do you like the Professor?" asked the Chamberlain, turning the conversation.

"He appears to be a clever man," replied the Marshal, with indifference. "It is long since the pavilion has had such a beauty in it."

The Prince turned round, and he saw by the light of the large chandelier that the gentlemen exchanged looks with one another.

The Prince's carriage drove up. He entered it without saying a word to his companions, and drove to the opera. There he entered the ante-room of the royal box.

"How do the strangers like their abode at the pavilion?" asked the Sovereign, kindly.

"They are content with everything," replied his son; "but the rooms are damp, and would not be healthy for a prolonged stay."

"They were never considered so, as far as I recollect," replied the father, coldly, "and I hope you will be convinced of it." Then, turning to the Chamberlain, he said, "To-morrow, after breakfast, I wish to speak to Mr. Werner."

The Hereditary Prince went into the box to his sister, and seated himself silently at her side.

"Where are the places for the strangers?" asked the Princess.

"I do not know," replied her brother.

The Princess looked behind her inquiringly.

"The strangers' box is opposite," explained the Chamberlain; "but they have enough to do to-day settling themselves."

“What is the matter with you, Benno?” asked the sister, after the first act. “You cough.”

“I have caught a little cold. It will pass.”

After the theatre the Prince retired to his bedroom, and complained to Krüger of a headache and sore throat. When he was alone, he opened the window and looked across the pleasure-ground to the pavilion, the lights of which glimmered like stars in the night. He listened. Perhaps he might hear some sound from there. He found it warm, for he took off his necktie, and long stood motionless at the window, till the cool night air came into his room and the last light was extinguished. Then he closed his window gently and went to bed.

This was not prudent, for the Prince, whose health was easily affected, awoke the following morning with a severe cold. The doctor was hastily called, and the Prince was obliged to keep his bed.

When the indisposition of the Hereditary Prince was announced to his father, it put him in a bad humor. “Just now!” he exclaimed. “He has every misfortune unhealthy people are heir to.” When, afterwards, the Professor was announced, the way in which he received the announcement was so cold and constrained that the Chamberlain felt very anxious about the reception of the Professor. The long habit, however, of receiving graciously, and the dignified bearing of the Professor, had a softening influence. After a few introductory words, the Sovereign began a conversation about Italy; and it appeared that the Professor was in correspondence with a distinguished literary Roman, who was one of the Sovereign’s most intimate acquaintances when he was last in Italy. This gradually placed the Professor in quite a differ-

ent light to the Sovereign. He had sent for him as a mere useful tool, but he now found he was a man who had claims to personal consideration, because he was known to others whose position was respected by the Sovereign. The Sovereign then asked how the matter of the lost manuscript stood, and smiled at the eager zeal of the Professor, when he told him of the new clue which he had found in the records.

“It would be well for you to prepare a memorial of the whole state of the affair, which will assist my memory, and add to it what help you wish from me or my officials.”

The Professor was very grateful.

“I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking you to the museum,” continued the Sovereign. “I shall thus see what a learned man, who is a thorough connoisseur, thinks of the quiet amusement of an amateur collector.”

The doors flew open, the learned man entered the spacious rooms with the Sovereign. “We will first go rapidly through the rooms that you may obtain a general view of their contents and arrangements,” said the Sovereign. While the Professor looked at the abundance of beautiful and instructive remains of antiquity, many of which were quite new to him, the Sovereign gave some account of them; but soon left it to the learned man to search out for himself objects of interest, and it was now his turn to give explanations. Here there was an inscription, which no one probably had copied; there a specimen of pottery, with very interesting figures on it; then a statuette, a remarkable variation of a celebrated antique piece of sculpture; here the unknown coin of a famous Roman

family, with their coat of arms; and there a long row of amulets, with hieroglyphics.

It was a great pleasure to the Sovereign to find out the importance of apparently insignificant objects, and every moment to receive new information concerning their value and names, but the Professor had the tact to avoid long explanations. He looked with quite a youthful interest on the collection. It happened just at a time when he was not occupied with great works, he brought with him a lively susceptibility for impressions, and at every step he felt how charming were the new views which he obtained; for there was much here that invited a closer examination. He inspired the Sovereign with something of the enjoyment he felt himself. There was no end of his questions, and the answers of the Professor. The Sovereign was delighted to tell how he had obtained many of the objects, and the Professor, by relating similar stories of discoveries, led him on to give further accounts. Thus some hours passed without the Sovereign experiencing any weariness, and he was much astonished when he was told that it was dinner-time. "Is that possible?" he exclaimed. "You understand the most difficult of all arts, that of making the time pass quickly. I expect you at dinner; tomorrow you shall see the collection again, undisturbed by my remarks; then you must favor me with a written report of what is desirable with respect to the arrangement, so as to make the valuable objects serviceable to science."

At dinner—there was no one present but some gentlemen whom the Professor, by the advice of the Chamberlain, had visited in the morning—the conversation was continued. The Sovereign related

much about Italy, and contrived in a cursory way to draw attention to the personal relations of the Professor with his own acquaintances, in order that his Court might know something about the man with whom he was so much pleased. The conversation was easy and pleasant, and before the Sovereign left the company, he turned again to the Professor, and said, "I desire much that you should feel at home with us, and I hope to pass more than one day as agreeably as I have done this."

To the Professor also it had been a refreshing day, and in going away, he said, in great spirits, to the High Steward: "His Sovereign Highness understands very well how to say kind things."

The High Steward bowed his white head civilly, and replied, "That is the vocation of princes."

"Certainly," continued the Professor; "but so warm an interest in the details of a remote province of scientific inquiry is more than I had anticipated."

The High Steward made a courteous movement, which was to signify that he could not contradict the assertion; he enveloped himself in an old-fashioned little mantle, bowed silently to the gentlemen who were similarly occupied, and entered his carriage.

In intelligence and education the Sovereign was superior to most of his fellow princes. He had preserved much of the elasticity of his youth in advanced age; his bodily condition was excellent, and he took great care of his health; he was still capable, in case of necessity, of exertions which would have been severe to a younger man. In his youth he had devoted himself enthusiastically to the ebullitions of the then fashionable poetry, and had indulged in higher and freer aspirations than other men. He had at that time



corresponded with learned men and artists of repute, and he liked to tell of his intimacy with some man of prominent mind. But his youth and manhood had fallen in a weak and decrepit period of our development. In the years when a foreign conqueror had treated the German princes as the greater part of them well deserved, he also as a youth had bowed to the foreigner, and abandoned the sinking vessel at the right time to save his title to his country. Since then he had ruled over a pitiful race of men, for he had entered upon his government at a time of great national exhaustion; he had found little that he was compelled to respect or fear, seldom any men firm enough to maintain their rights against him, and no public opinion that was strong enough to oppose his encroachment by a unanimous determination. His country was governed by officials, the official places were continually increased, and concerning every lost key of a village church there was accumulated a bundle of legal documents; he allowed these prolix forms of proceedings which benumbed the life of the people to remain unaltered, and only took care that the officials, whenever his personal interest came into play, should be pliant servants, who would procure him money, and withdraw from publicity any past wrong dealings of their Sovereign.

When he came into contact with his people, he was affable and good-humored, made it easy for petitioners to approach him, listened kindly and sympathetically to all complaints, and threw the blame on the officials. He was not unpopular; sometimes the discontented grumbled at the high taxes, and over the costly expenditure of their master; and, here and there, an anecdote of his private life reached the public; but the

new spirit of the times, which was beginning to stir also in his country, struggled only weakly in helpless assaults against his system of government. And although as a ruler he showed no inclination to remedy existing evils, yet, to those at a distance, he appeared personally to be a humane, good-hearted man. He had a kindly acknowledgment and a gracious word for every one; he knew much of the private relations of his subjects, and occasionally showed his personal sympathy for individuals; he loved children, for he would sometimes stop in the streets to notice pretty boys and girls, and inquire after their parents; he gave a fête to the school children of his capital every year, appeared at it himself, and took pleasure in their games.

His Court was in many respects a model of order and pleasing display. By all who surrounded him he was considered a distinguished man; and contrived—which is most difficult for a prince—that those who daily associated with him should always have a feeling of his superiority. He had never been a military man, and he did not refrain from sarcastic remarks on the warlike propensities of other princes. His Court long remained free from the military influence that prevailed in neighboring capitals. Gradually, indeed, he made some concessions to the fashion, and his aides-de-camp became important members of the royal household; but he was not on a comfortable footing with the officers of his household, and, in spite of his quiet manner, was always feared by these gentlemen. There were hours when it appeared that his reserved character was not only accompanied by severity, but by something quite anomalous, in addition: at such moments, cynical jests or brusque and irritative re-

marks fell from his lips, and he lost all consideration for the claims of those about him. But the young noblemen and aides-de-camp bore the secret thorn of their position without being subjected to the loud criticism which is often expressed by the courtiers of ruling princes, for the Sovereign understood how to treat them with respect before strangers. He held strictly to etiquette, even on their behalf, and cleverly took care of their interests in the presentation of favors—orders and decorations—which foreign princes visiting his Court were bound to bestow; he never called upon them for anything contrary to the dignity of their office, and knew how to maintain his own and that of his Court in intercourse with strangers.

His wife had died early, and the inhabitants of the capital always preserved a grateful recollection of that pale and delicate lady. It was said that the marriage had not been a happy one; yet the sorrow of the Sovereign was strong and lasting. He always spoke with great tenderness of the departed, and every year, on the anniversary of her death, fastened a garland in her mausoleum.

He had two children. The eldest, the Princess, had returned to Court after the death of her husband; and the Sovereign, in the eyes of the Court and the people, treated her with especial regard. He had opened his whole heart to the Court chaplain about her. "I should like to see her married again; she has a right to look forward to a brilliant life,—her heart is warm, her nature energetic; and from my experience, I consider a long state of widowhood a bad thing for the Princess. But I fear she will resist. I have perhaps, always been a weak father to this child. You know, venerable sir, how dear she has been to me."

Thereupon the pious gentleman, with folded hands, exclaimed: "I know it, and I know how warmly the heart of her Serene Highness is attached to her father." The people also remarked that the Sovereign was a good father. On every birthday a great Court fête was arranged for the daughter; and when the Sovereign once happened to be travelling at this time, he appeared suddenly, contrary to all expectation, on the evening of the birthday, in his travelling dress, at the Princess's opera-box, kissed her on the forehead before all the people, and said that he had hastened his return in order to wish her joy upon her *fête* day. Besides this, he neglected no opportunity of showing her the little attentions which in every father gave an impression of amiable gallantry, and which in every ruling Sovereign are doubly appreciated. Before every ball he sent his daughter a nosegay, and every time had it brought by the head gardener into the castle to inspect it himself. He was glad when distinguished travellers caused their arrival to be announced to the Princess, and always observed accurately whether she was well entertained during their reception. But, in spite of the great trouble the father took to give a good appearance to his relations with the Princess, it was thought that he had a secret dislike for her. It may be possible for a prince to be incomprehensible to those who are in daily intercourse with him in certain important concerns, but it is almost impossible to deceive them constantly.

The relations of the father to his son were very different. The latter, a sickly, shy boy, had been deprived of self-confidence by the way in which his father had watched over his education. The boy had not the capacity to assert himself; it was still a diffi-

cult task for him to overcome his shyness in his intercourse with strangers. When the list of persons invited was handed to him, and he considered what he was to say to individuals, apt questions seldom occurred to him, and what he did bring out was so awkwardly done that it was very evident that he had been coached. Even to the persons of the Court the young Prince was silent and indifferent; the ladies and gentlemen were therefore inclined to assume that he was a little weak-minded. His father treated him with contempt, and his tone towards his son sometimes sounded short and harsh, as if it were not worth his while to conceal his disdain for him.

In this respect, however, injustice was done to the father. A reigning sovereign is easily led to consider his son as a young rival. The son will be his successor, and will, in the next generation, expose his father before all the world, upset all his arrangements, and be reconciled to all who have been discontented and his opponents. When he has become sovereign, it is impossible that he should not discover something under the former Government that has been wrong, and everything will be brought before him in which his father has failed and done evil. This would have been reason enough for the Sovereign to treat his son with coldness and reserve. Now he was nobody, a powerless slave who was indebted to his father for every penny he had; but some day he would be everything. But his son was in his eyes insignificant; he moved in the prescribed track as if possessed of no will of his own; he had never defied him, was content with everything, and had yielded silently and respectfully to every command; it was not to be supposed that he could really govern himself, still less would he put his

father in the shade. Thus by degrees was added to the father's quiet feeling of contempt, one of almost compassionate kindness. The timid submissiveness of the Prince was very satisfactory to his father; it was very agreeable to him to provide, as he was well able, a support for the weak reed which was to carry on the future of his family. To him he showed himself as he was: what he did for him was done with the feeling that he was benefiting another, not himself.

But just now, when he had been taking pains to procure a pleasure for the Hereditary Prince, the latter fell ill!

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Ilse went with Gabriel through the rooms, trying to arrange them to please herself; she moved the tables about, examined the curtains, and looked doubtfully at the porcelain vases.

"I am surprised," said Gabriel, "that amongst this beautiful furniture one thing should be wanting, a cuckoo-clock. That would be very suitable: it gives life, when it opens its door, and makes profound obeisances as they do at Court. For they are very polite here, however deceitful they may be at heart. I have no confidence in the lackey; he asks me too many questions. How would it be taken if we got rid of him? I could manage to do the housekeeping alone, with the maid. No cooking can be done here, for there is no kitchen; every drop of warm water must be brought from the cellar over there where the white jackets work like so many ghosts."

"There is no use worrying about it," said Ilse, decisively; "we must accustom ourselves to the regulations, pride must put up with much; we have no secrets, and I know you will be cautious."

“The gardener has placed a table and chairs, with flowers about it, in front of the house,” said Gabriel. “Shall I take your work down; the sun appears warm?”

Ilse went in front of the house; near the door was a space bordered with plants in pots, a cosy spot in the warm midday sun: one looked from under the green arbor over the paths and smooth turf, up to the walls of the castle. Ilse sat down in a rustic chair, holding her embroidery in her hands, but looking up at the large stone palace, that rose with its towers and newly built extensions, some hundred steps from her. There dwelt the great ones of the earth, near to whom she had been so suddenly brought. She counted the rows of windows, and thought that there must be more than a hundred rooms and halls, all grandly and splendidly furnished, and she wondered how many people it must require to fill such a building that it might not look empty and desolate. Approaching steps disturbed her thoughts. A middle-aged gentleman was advancing up the gravel walk: he drew near: it was the Sovereign. Ilse rose, alarmed. He came up to her slowly. “Madame Werner?” he asked, touching his hat. Ilse curtsied low; her heart beat; she was unprepared for this meeting with him whom she had been accustomed from her earliest youth to consider the greatest man on earth. Though she had once seen him, it was but for a moment. Her thoughts, ever since the years when she had adorned him with the crown and sceptre of a mock king at cards, had attached themselves to him with shy respect. Often when she had looked at the Hereditary Prince, she had endeavored to form some conception of what his father must be like; what she had heard of him had not helped to diminish her fears.



The Sovereign looked with delight on the beautiful woman before him, who received his flattering greeting with silent embarrassment. "You are no stranger to me," he began, "and you have reason to be satisfied with the years that have passed since my walk over your father's farm. You may now try our mode of life. We also take pleasure in the spring, and I see the sun casts friendly rays on the spot which you have selected."

He seated himself on one of the rustic chairs, pointing at the same time to another. "Do not let me interrupt your work. I am taking a walk, and beg to be allowed to rest myself for a moment here."

"The work is in idle hands," answered Ilse, "I was looking at the castle, and thinking how large the household must be that requires so much room."

"It is an old building," remarked the Sovereign. "Many centuries have contributed to increase it, and yet, in the opinion of the officers of my household, it is not large enough. One easily increases one's requirements. But then, again, one rejoices in withdrawing into a smaller abode. I myself once lived in this pavilion, alone, with only a few necessary servants. Such solitude does one good."

"That I can imagine," replied Ilse, sympathizingly. "But to such as we are it is something new to see so grand a style of life. The castle and its grounds with the blooming trees, are like large precious stones set in gold. It gives me heartfelt pleasure to have so near a view of your Highness's home; it helps to give one an idea of the mode of life of our gracious Sovereign."

"Then you still consider yourself a child of our country," said the Sovereign, smiling.

"That is natural," answered Ilse. "From my child-



hood I have heard of your Highness as our ruler; whenever I looked in the newspaper I saw your Highness's name; everywhere I have seen your Highness's pictures; and, since I have been old enough to go to church, I have prayed for your Highness's happiness and health. This is a bond of union; it is, indeed, only on one side, for your Highness cannot care about us all, but we think and care much about our ruler."

"And speak of him sometimes with dissatisfaction," replied the Sovereign, good-humoredly.

"Just as it happens, gracious Prince," replied Ilse, honestly. "One does not always speak well of one's neighbors; but, in serious matters and in trouble, a good heart shows itself. So it is with the Sovereign, each one forms his own idea of him according to circumstances, trusts in him, or is angry with him, and ends by thinking that he and his prince belong to one another."

"It were to be wished that so good a feeling might be shown by every subject," rejoined the Sovereign; "but fidelity is wavering, and personal attachment disappears."

"Many know too little of their Sovereign," said Ilse, apologizing. "How can they care for him when they see so little of him? For seeing does much: we at Rossau have seldom the honor of setting eyes on our prince."

"The feeling of that country has been described to me as unsatisfactory."

"We are situated in a distant corner, but we have a heart. Your Highness will scarcely remember the maidens at Rossau, who received you seventeen years ago at the triumphal arch. There were twenty; the little town could not produce any more. They all

wore the national colors on their bodices and petticoats; they, of course, had to buy the dresses themselves. One of the maidens was miserably poor, but she was pretty, and did not like to be left behind, so she worked the whole week during the greater part of the night, in order to procure money for her dress. In her last illness, for she died young, she asked to be buried in this dress, as that day had been one of greatest honor and pleasure to her. But your Highness was hardly able to stop there; you drove quickly through the triumphal arch, and, perhaps, did not even see the maidens."

Whilst Ilse was speaking, she was secretly strewing bread crumbs beside her. The Prince observed her hand, and she excused herself.

"The finches call to their gracious Sovereign, 'Give, give!' The little ones are very tame here."

"They are probably fed by the servants," said the Prince.

"To love animals is the custom of our country!" exclaimed Ilse; "and tame birds suit well with a royal castle, for all here should feel joyful confidence."

The Sovereign's glove fell to the ground, and as the loyal Ilse quickly bent down to pick it up, the Sovereign's eye rested for a moment upon her head and form. He rose slowly. "I hope, Madame, that you will be of the number of those joyful ones who place confidence in the possessor of this spot. As master of the house, I have made inquiry after the health of my new lodger. I wish that you may feel here some portion of the pleasure that you know how to impart to others."

He civilly acknowledged Ilse's respectful curtsy, and returned to the castle.

There the Chamberlain waited to report to him concerning the health of the Hereditary Prince.

“His Highness is unfortunately still obliged to keep to his bed.”

“He must take care of himself,” replied the Sovereign, graciously, “and not leave his room too soon.”

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### IN THE PAVILION.

The splendid iris colors wherewith Ilse had at first adorned her new abode gradually faded. As, instead of the steward and lackeys by whom she was received, there was now only a single servant, in a dark coat, to assist Gabriel, so everything else that surrounded Ilse appeared now in the modest colors of common earthly life. This was natural, and Ilse herself said so to her husband. But there was one thing she did not like: she was separated from her husband more than in the city. The morning and a portion of the afternoon he worked in the museum, and devoted many hours also to his own object among the archives and records of the Marshal's office, whose private offices were willingly opened to him. When he returned home he had sometimes to dress in haste for the Court dinner, and Ilse dined alone. However attentive the servant might be in bringing up the numerous dishes, the lonely meal was uninviting and sad to her. But a great many evenings were spent in a new entertainment: a Court carriage used to stop at the pavilion, and convey her and her husband to the theatre. When for the first time she entered the private boxes near the stage, she rejoiced in the comfortable position, which allowed her to give her atten-

tion to the performance undisturbed by the public. When she leant back in her box she saw nothing of the spectators, except the Sovereign's seat opposite. The theatre was very grand, much richer in decorations and costumes than she had seen in the city, and there were some good singers at the opera. Absorbed in the performance, she did not remark with what curiosity she was regarded by the public, and that the Sovereign's opera glass was often directed towards her. She soon found that the theatre was the best amusement of the capital, and her husband took care that she should not miss this recreation, although he, perhaps, would have preferred remaining with his books, or examining a bundle of records from the archives. Between the acts, Ilse looked with curiosity down upon the people, who were all strangers to her, and said to Felix: "This is the only occasion upon which I have ladies near me."

During the day she felt her solitude. Her father had a mercantile friend in the city to whom she made a point of going the first day, but in the family of the little merchant she found no one to suit her. According to the advice of the Chamberlain, she went round with Felix to pay visits to the Court ladies. In most of the houses no one was at home, and she had to leave cards. Rarely were these visits returned; and it always happened that on her return home from the city, or from a walk in the gardens of the castle, she found the cards of some lady. This was annoying to her, for she wished to try how she could get on with the ladies. Some of the gentlemen of the Court, indeed, used to present themselves to her in the morning,—the Chamberlain and the Grand Marshal,—but the visits even of the Chamberlain became shorter;

he looked depressed, and spoke of little but the continued indisposition of the Hereditary Prince.

Ilse was very anxious to know the Princess. The second day after her arrival the Chamberlain announced that her Highness would see the Professor and Madame Werner at a certain hour. Ilse stood with her husband amidst the silk and gilding of the royal room; the door flew open, and a young lady in half mourning swept in. Ilse recognized at once that she was the sister of the Hereditary Prince: a delicate refined face, the same eyes, only more lively and brilliant, and an enchanting smile played round the delicate mouth. The Princess bowed her small head gravely, said a few civil words to her, and then turned to Felix, with whom she immediately entered into lively conversation. Ilse observed with admiration the ease of her manner, and the tact with which she could say kind things; she soon discovered what an active mind lay concealed within that lovely form, and that her husband's answers were instantly followed by intelligent remarks on the part of the prudent lady. At the close of the visit the Princess turned again to Ilse, and said how much her brother lamented that his illness deprived him of the pleasure of seeing her. The words and tone were very kind, but there was a pride and princely dignity in the manner which hurt Ilse. When the Professor on their return spoke with warmth of the charming lady, and exclaimed, "That is an uncommonly bright mind! Like her outward appearance, her inward spirit has a fairy grace about it!" she was silent; she felt that her husband was right, but she also felt that the Princess had excluded her from the footing of intimacy which she had accorded to her Felix.

Being in this state of mind, she was surprised and pleased at one mark of attention which was shown her. Since her interview with the Sovereign the head gardener brought her every morning, at the same hour, a vase of the most beautiful flowers, with the compliments of his Highness. This was not all: a few days after the Sovereign came again, when Ilse was sitting, as before, in front of the door. He asked whether it was not advisable, on account of the slight breeze that had sprung up, to enter the house; she took him into the room; he sat down there, and asked, as if accidentally, whether she was well entertained, and had found any acquaintances in the city. He took so much interest in her that Ilse said to her husband, when he returned home, "How mistaken are the opinions that one forms about strangers! When I came here I thought the Sovereign was a thoroughly reserved man, but I find him very friendly, and he seems quite a good family man too; but with such a large household it may frequently be necessary to be strict."

The Sovereign's short visit was repeated. The next time he found the Professor with his wife. On this occasion he was more serious than before.

"How were you satisfied with the Hereditary Prince?" he asked the Professor.

"Those who instructed him praised his industry; among the students he gained popularity, and there was general regret at parting from him."

The Sovereign remarked the word popularity.

"How did the Prince contrive to gain this?"

"He showed an upright character and decided will, and one felt confidence in him."

The Sovereign gave a searching look at the Pro-

fessor, and perceived from his calm manner that this was not empty civility.

"The attachment of the students showed itself on the departure of the young Prince by a festive serenade," interposed Ilse.

"I know," replied the Sovereign. "I assumed that Weidegg by his endeavors contrived to have this done."

"It was of their own free will, and showed their warm feeling," added the Professor.

The Sovereign remained silent.

"He won the hearts of the ladies also," continued Ilse, "and we lamented his Highness's absence from our tea-parties."

The Sovereign still continued silent; at last he began, in a bitter tone:

"What you tell me surprises me. Considering you as the Prince's instructor, I may speak more openly to you than to my household. The Prince has a weak character, and I have no confidence in his future."

"He gave us the impression of having, under all this shy reserve, the qualities for the formation of a firm and noble character," replied the Professor, respectfully.

Ilse thought that this was the moment to introduce something advantageous to the Prince.

"May I venture to tell your Highness, which my husband entirely approves of, that the Prince wishes far more knowledge concerning agricultural industry? As I am myself from the country, your Highness will forgive me if I should say that this is the best school for our dear young Prince."

"On the estate of your father?" asked the Sovereign shortly.

“Anywhere,” replied Ilse, innocently.

“I have never heard him express any such wish,” concluded the Sovereign, rising. “In any case I am grateful to you for the interest you take in his future.”

He took leave with an air of reserve, and returned to his daily business.

The day was a difficult one for all who had to do with him. He rode out with his aide-de-camp into a rough, woody country, where his soldiers after a night-march were practising field service. Generally he cared little about the details of manœuvres, but on this occasion he harrassed his aides-de-camp and soldiers by sudden changes of disposition. When the soldiers at last returned home exhausted, he went to inspect a distant stud and a plantation, and wandered about four hours on rough hill roads. No one could do anything to suit him—blame and bitter remarks alone fell from his lips. In the evening there was a Court concert; the aide-de-camp, tired to death, stood in the hall, counting the minutes till his retirement. Then the Sovereign on withdrawing, called him to his study; there he seated himself in an arm-chair near the fire-place and gazed at the fire, occasionally put on a log, and held the silver handle of the fire-tongs in his hand, striking it at intervals on the iron bars of the grate. Meanwhile the aide-de-camp stood some steps behind him, one hour, two hours, till he was ready to faint. It was not till the middle of the night that the Sovereign rose and said, “You must be tired; I will not detain you longer.” He spoke this mildly, but his eyes glittered with an unpleasant gleam, and the aide-de-camp acknowledged later to his intimate friends that he should not forget that look as long as he lived.



“The Sovereign has visited the pavilion for the third time!” said the Chamberlain, to the Hereditary Prince, who was sitting in his room with his throat tied up. The Prince looked down on the book which was lying before him.

“Do the guests seem to like their residence here?”

“I cannot say that of the Professor’s wife: I fear she is placed in a difficult position here. The marked distinction which his Highness shows her, and certain old recollections which attach to the pavilion——”

The Prince rose, and looked so indignantly at the Chamberlain that he became mute.

“The Sovereign was very ungracious to-day,” he continued, in a depressed tone. “When I reported to him concerning your Highness’s health, I met with a reception which was not encouraging.”

The Hereditary Prince approached the window.

“The air is mild, Weidegg; I shall endeavor to go out to-morrow.”

The Chamberlain was very uncertain how this decision of the Hereditary Prince would be received: he departed in silence.

When the Prince was alone, he tore the shawl from his shoulders and threw it on one side.

“Fool that I was! I wished to preserve her from gossip, and have exposed her to worse. I myself sit here in seclusion, and my father visits her in my stead. It was a cowardly device. If I cannot avert what is impending for this poor creature, I will play my part in the game that is beginning.”

When the Prince on the following morning went to his father, the latter began, with calm coldness:

“I hear from strangers that you have the desire to obtain some knowledge of agriculture. The wish is

sensible. I shall consider how you can find an opportunity to obtain this knowledge somewhere in the country. It will also be advantageous to your health, and will agree with your inclination for a quite poetic life."

"I shall do what my honored father bids me," replied the Hereditary Prince, and left the room.

The Sovereign looked after him, and murmured:

"Not a word to be got out of him but cowardly submission; always the same submissive compliance. Not an eyelash moved when I ordered him to do what was unwelcome. Is it possible that this pliant boy is a master of dissimulation, and is deceiving me and all of us?"

If Ilse in spite of the distinction with which the Prince treated her, had a foreboding of the dark shadow which hung over the pavilion, far different was the tone of mind of her husband; he lived in the midst of the interesting investigations to which the museum gave rise, and the poetry of his earnest mind worked busily, and cast a brilliant lustre over his sojourn in the capital. He was a hunter who trod with light step over his hunting ground, breathing the pure mountain air, whilst around him the rays of the sun gilded the mossy ground and heather. The time had now come when that of which he had dreamt for years was within reach of his hand. It is true the new track of the manuscript remained indistinct. The fate of that chest which had been mentioned in the old letter could not be ascertained. In the Prince's library, and in a collection of books in the city, there were found neither manuscripts nor other books which could be ranked among the possessions of the monastery of Rossau. He had renewed his acquaintance with the

head-forester, but the latter could think of no place where old hunting implements were kept. He went through old catalogues of the Marshal's office, and nowhere could the chest be discovered. But it was more strange still that the name of a royal castle Solitude was quite unknown in the capital. The castle, like one in an old legend, had vanished. But, strange as this circumstance was, yet the account of the student had won for this old letter of the official an importance which gave the searcher hopes of a good result. For only a few years ago some one, who knew little of the value of such a narrative, had seen the Rossau chest. It was no longer a deceptive image from a distant past; on any day a lucky accident might lead him to it. But when the Professor gazed on the slate roof of the royal castle, and ascended the grand steps, he had always a joyful presentiment that he was now near his treasure. With the help of the Castellan he had already examined the whole ground-floor of the castle; he had climbed up under the beams of the old roof like a marten, and had opened the old garrets, the keys of which had not turned for a generation. He had found nothing. But there were other houses belonging to the Sovereign in the town and neighborhood, and he was quite decided to examine one after the other secretly.

In this time of restless agitation, when his fancy was always opening new prospects, intercourse with agreeable persons was very refreshing. He himself, in this state of excitement, proved a good companion, and observed with cheerful interest the proceedings of those about him. The Sovereign showed him great distinction, and the young noblemen were very at-

tentive; he took his place among them with dignity and without pretension.

The Chamberlain informed the Professor how much the Princess had been pleased with him, and Felix rejoiced when one forenoon she and her lady-in-waiting visited the museum, and begged for his guidance. When the Princess was going away, thanking him, she begged he would mention to her some books from which she could herself learn a little about that portion of the life of antiquity, the ruins connected with which he had shown her; she told him also of an ancient vase which she possessed, and asked him to come and see it.

The learned man was now standing with the Princess before the vase. He explained to her the subject of the pictures, and told her something about the old Greek pottery. The Princess led him into another room, and showed him some valuable sketches. "I wish you to see all I possess of objects of art." While he was examining these, she began, suddenly: "You have now learnt to know us a little, and how do you like us?"

"I have met with great kindness," replied the Professor, "which is agreeable to one's self-esteem; it gives me pleasure to observe a life so different from that of my circle and people, who are differently bred."

"In what do you find us differently bred?" asked the Princess, pressingly.

"The habit of acting your part fittingly at every moment, and maintaining your position among others, give persons an easy confidence, which always has a pleasant effect."

"That would be an advantage which we share with every tolerable actor," replied the Princess.

“At all events, it is an advantage always to play the same rôle.”

“You think, therefore, it is no longer art if we become adepts in it, and act our part well,” rejoined the Princess, smiling; “but in that also there is danger; we are from childhood so much accustomed to behave suitably, that it endangers our sincerity; we observe the effects of our words, and we soon think more of the good effect than of the purport of what is said. I myself, while talking with you, remark with pleasure how much I please you, yet I am nothing more than a poor princess. But if our aptness in presentation pleases you, in like manner we are attracted by a character that is calm and confident without attending to outward appearances; and perhaps a deficiency in the forms of society and the plain speaking of a powerful mind are interesting to us, if they do not wound our feelings, for on this point we are sensitive. Whoever would wish to leave a pleasant impression, would do well to treat our pretensions with consideration. I do not wish you to treat me so,” she said, interrupting herself, “but I am solicitous on your account. Yesterday I heard you flatly contradicting my father. I beg of you to have regard for our weakness, for I hope that you are still to remain long with us.”

The Professor bowed. “If I opposed his views more warmly than was necessary, it is because I lie under a temptation which is dangerous to men of my calling. Disputation is the weakness of men of learning.”

“Good, we will reckon up our qualities one against the other. But you are in the happy position of always attacking things boldly; we, on the contrary,

must be cautiously on the defensive. The great importance of external appearances is instilled into us from youth, and cannot be dispensed with. With you there is probably seldom any strife about precedence, and I fear it is quite immaterial to you what place you take in our degrees of rank; but these things are great events to us, not only to our Court, but still more to ourselves. Many of us are for days unhappy, because we have not taken our proper place at dinner. Many visits are discontinued on that account, old alliances are broken off, and there is frequent quarrelling behind the scenes. When we occasionally meet with clever people of your stamp, we ourselves laugh over these weaknesses, but few are free from them. I have already fought for my place at dinner, and made a great fuss about it," she added, with good-humored frankness.

"No one can entirely free himself from the ideas of his circle," replied the Professor, courteously. "A century ago there was the same tormenting eagerness about rank and social precedence among the citizens. With us it has become different since our life has been pervaded with a strong intellectual element. In the future, even at Court, people will laugh at these things as antiquated frippery."

The Princess raised her little finger threateningly. "Mr. Werner, that was spoken again as the learned man: it was not polite. For, though we move entirely in the track of fashion and of Court manners, we do not remain behind those from whom we are socially separated."

"Perhaps it is because you separate yourselves," said the Professor. "The warmest pulse of our nation has always been in the middle class; from them education and new ideas have gradually spread to the

princes and the people. Even the peculiarities and weaknesses of the civilization of a period rise to the throne generally half a century after the educated middle class of the nation have suffered from them, and are only just appreciated there when they are already giving way among the people to some new tendency of the time. Therefore, it is often difficult for the Sovereign and his people to understand each other."

"Oh, how right you are!" exclaimed the Princess, drawing nearer to him. "It is the fate of princes, the misfortune of us all, that the most valuable culture of our time seldom exercises a good influence upon us. There is a want of fresh air in the atmosphere in which we live, we are all weak and sickly. All who approach near us must accommodate themselves to our prejudices, and we accustom ourselves to regard men according to the rules which we have devised for them ourselves. Have you ever before been brought into contact with any of our great rulers?"

"No," replied the Professor.

"Have you never sent what you have written to any of them?"

"I have had no occasion to do so," replied the Professor.

"Then you are unacquainted with the scale of favors that are shown to you learned gentlemen. Now, I must repay you for the delightful instruction you have given me about ancient vases, by giving you some instruction in return. Sit down opposite to me. You are now my pupil." The Princess leaned back in her chair, and assumed a serious expression. "We assume that you are pious and good, and look up respectfully to the handle of the Imperial globe that we hold in our hand. Your first presentation comes,

—a handsome book; the title-page is opened: ‘Upon antique vases.’ Hm—who is the man? One informs oneself a little about the fellow, and it is well if your name is already to be found in print. Thereupon follows an answer of acknowledgment from the Council, short variations according to formula No. 1. Your second presentation makes its appearance: a beautiful binding, an agreeable impression, therefore a warmer acknowledgment in courteous expressions, according to formula No. 2. A third presentation: again a large volume, the gilt edges are unimpeachable; the Council take the book up and weigh it. If the author is a lesser light, he enters the class of gold breastpins; if he is worthy of a higher consideration, from a well-known name, and what is more effective with us, from a title, he reaches the sphere of orders. There are different classes of orders which are distributed among strangers, accurately according to their titles. But he who is persistent, and does not tire of showing fresh marks of respect, hops gradually, like the green frog, at intervals of years, to the highest rank.”

“My kindest thanks for the instruction,” replied the Professor. “I must be allowed in this case to take the Council under my protection. For what could the illustrious gentlemen do when they are overrun with such a multitude of indifferent presents?”

“It was a fair example,” said the Princess, “of how beautifully we have arranged, in all directions, the steps to our favor. For the rest, we are, with respect to what we accord to people, not only civil, but economical. He who has no colored ribbons to give, finds himself greatly inconvenienced. But,” continued she, in a changed tone, “in the same way our principal efforts in every undertaking are made with an eye to



vain show and empty forms; and as hundreds are so weak and abject that they are attracted in this way, we think we can thus attach millions to us."

"Many small advantages may be obtained in this manner," replied the Professor; "but there is an error in your reasoning; he who tries to attach men to him by their weakness, vanity, and pride, does not gain the best part of their life. In quiet times this attraction is unnecessary, and in times of danger it has only the strength of a rope of sand."

The Princess nodded her head.

"We know that right well," she said, confidently; "and we do not feel comfortable and secure, in spite of the profuse distribution of honors. What I tell you would sound like high treason to my illustrious relatives, only because I express it, not because I think it. Do not consider me the black sheep of the flock, there are wiser people than I who in secret form the same judgment; but we cannot find our way out of the barrier, and we cling to it, although we know that the support is weak. For as the humming-bird gazes on the serpent, so do we view the prospect that the present age opens before us, with a shudder and helpless expectation." She rose. "But I am a woman, and have no right to speak with you upon these important subjects. When I feel uneasy I use the right of women—to complain—which I have done abundantly to you. For I have it at heart to please you, Mr. Werner. I wish you to consider me as a woman who deserves something better than complaisant words and polite nothings. Allow me often the pleasure of rectifying my judgment by yours."

She put out her hand to the learned man with hearty confidence. Werner bowed low, and left the

room. The Princess looked after him with a pleased expression.

The Professor went fresh from the conversation to the pavilion, and told his wife all that had passed.

“I did not consider it possible,” he exclaimed, “to find a woman of this rank with so liberal and high-minded an understanding of her position. What was most charming was her animated and unaffected manner—a charm that made itself felt at every moment, both in voice and movement. I am enchanted with the little lady. I will immediately prepare the book that she wished for.”

He seated himself at the table, marked out passages, and wrote remarks on small strips of paper, which he laid within.

Ilse was sitting by the window, looking at her husband in astonishment. It was no wonder that the Princess pleased him. Ilse herself had with the quick intuition of a woman perceived her power of attraction. Here was a soul that, amidst the constraint of her Court, longed for intercourse with a man of liberal culture; here was a powerful mind that rose above the prejudices of rank,—clever, light of fancy, and quick of comprehension. Now this woman had found a man to whom she could look up, and with her little hands she cast her fetters about him.

The room was becoming dark. Felix was still sitting writing and making notes. The rays of the evening sun shone upon his head, but the dark shadow of the unfamiliar room hovered over Ilse. She rose from her chair behind her husband.

“He is good to me,” she said to herself; “he loves me, as one always does the person whom one has taken into confidence. He is not like other men; he

will not allow a stranger to take away my rights; he is innocent as a child, and does not perceive the danger that threatens him and me. Take care, Ilse, not to awake the night-wanderer. I, fool! What right have I to complain if another should benefit by his rich mind? Have I not enough for myself in the treasure of his-life? No," she exclaimed, and threw her arms round her husband's neck; "you belong to me, and I will have you entirely."

The Professor raised his head, and his look of astonishment brought Ilse to her senses.

"Forgive me," she said, feebly; "I was thinking."

"What is the matter, Ilse?" he asked, kindly; "your cheeks are hot. Are you ill?"

"It will pass over; have patience with me."

The Professor left his book, and occupied himself anxiously about his wife.

"Open the window," she said softly. "The air of the close room feels heavy to me."

He was so tenderly concerned about her that she again looked cheerfully at him.

"It was a foolish weakness, Felix; it has passed away."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### TWO NEW GUESTS.

The Professor was standing with the Chamberlain and the Sovereign in the study. The latter held in his hand the memorial that Werner had prepared respecting the new catalogue of the museum.

"Only now can I form an estimate concerning the extent of the catalogue which you consider necessary. I am ready to agree to your proposals, if you will bind

yourself to undertake the superintendence of the new arrangement and of the catalogue. If you cannot do us this service, everything must remain as before, for only the great confidence which I have in you, and the wish to keep you here, will induce me to make the necessary sacrifice. You see I make the undertaking dependent upon the degree of inclination which you yourself have for this work."

The Professor replied that his presence might be desirable for the introductory arrangements, and that he was ready to spend some weeks upon it. Afterwards, it would be sufficient if from time to time he examined the progress of the work.

"With this I shall be content for the present," said the Sovereign, after a pause; "our contract is, then, concluded. But I see that it will be necessary to get some one who will carry out the details under your guidance. Will the Curator be able to it?"

The Professor thought not.

"And could you propose any one?"

The Professor thought over the old members of his circle.

But the proper man at once occurred to the Chamberlain.

"Would not Magister Knips do for this work?"

"Just the man," said the Professor; "industry, knowledge, everything about him, makes him peculiarly adapted for it. I believe that he may be had at once. I can answer for his trustworthiness with respect to the care of objects of value. But I cannot take this responsibility upon me without disclosing to your Highness that once in his life, from want of caution, he was implicated in a disagreeable affair, that

lessened the confidence, not only of myself, but of many of his acquaintances."

The Professor then related, with forbearance towards all concerned, the history of the forged parchment sheet of Tacitus.

The Sovereign listened with interest, and pondered.

"With respect to the safety of the collection, the old catalogue will allow of constant control. You consider the Magister innocent of this deception?"

"I do consider him so," replied the learned man.

"Then I request you to write him."

Some days afterwards Magister Knips entered the capital. He carried his travelling-bag and hat-box to an unpretending inn, at once clad himself in the dress which he had always spoken of to his mother as his livery, and sought the Professor at the Pavilion. Gabriel saw the figure in the distance passing through the blooming shrubs, his head on his shoulder and his hat in his hand; for Knips considered it proper to uncover his head in the sacred precincts of the castle, and entered like a walking bow into the distinguished horizon. The Professor could not conceal a smile when he saw the Magister in courtly attire, polished and fragrant, standing before him, with two low obeisances.

"It was the Chamberlain who proposed you for this occupation, and I did not object to it. For on the supposition that you will be suitably remunerated, an opportunity for work is afforded which may perhaps raise you for good above your insignificant occupation, and which, if dutifully carried out, will entitle you not only to our warmest thanks, but to those of the whole learned world. Your conduct here may therefore be decisive for the rest of your life. Remember, also, every hour, Mr. Magister, that you have to

show conscientiousness and fidelity, not only to learning, but also with respect to the property of the prince who has called you to this post of confidence."

"When I read the letter of the right honorable and most highly respected Professor," answered Knips, "I did not doubt that his kind intentions were to give me the opportunity of assuming a new character in life. Therefore, upon entering the portals of an unknown career, I entreat with deep emotion, above all, for the continuation of your good opinion, which I trust to be able to deserve by faithful obedience."

"Very well then," concluded the Professor; "announce yourself to the Chamberlain."

The day following Knips was sitting before a row of antique lamps, with brown Holland sleeves to preserve his dress coat, his pen behind his ear, surrounded by the books of the castle library; he opened them, compared, wrote, and was as active in his work as if he had all his life been a clerk in a bric-a-brac establishment of ancient Rome.

The Chamberlain announced before dinner, with satisfaction, to the Hereditary Prince, "Magister Knips has come;" and the Prince repeated to his sister, "The wise Knips is here."

"Ah, the Magister!" said the father, with equal good humor.

The same week the Sovereign was taken by the Chamberlain into the museum, in order that Knips might fall under his notice. The Sovereign looked with curiosity upon the lowly bent man, who perspired with fright, and who now quite resembled a mouse which is prevented by a powerful fascination from disappearing into its hole. The Sovereign discovered immediately what he called a subaltern nature; and

the pale flat face, retreating chin, and dolorous aspect, appeared to amuse him. In passing, he remarked the rampart of books from which Knips had emerged.

“You have made yourself quickly at home; I hope that you will find all the books that are indispensable to your work.”

“I have ventured,” said Knips in a high and rasping voice, “to borrow from your Highness’s library much that I needed. My wants are moderate, and what I lacked, I have managed, through the assistance of honored patrons, to obtain from the university library of my native city.”

The Sovereign answered with a short nod, and proceeded. Magister Knips remained standing in an attitude of deferent respect till the Sovereign had left the room, when he returned to his chair, and, without turning to the right or left, resumed his writing. Whenever the Sovereign entered or left the room he started up and sank down again, as if turned into an automaton by his great respect.

“Are you satisfied with him?” asked the Sovereign, of the Professor.

“Beyond expectation,” answered the latter.

The Chamberlain, pleased by his recommendation, reminded his master that Knips was also an excellent painter of coats of arms, and possessed remarkable knowledge of the customs and regulations of the old Court festivals.

When the Sovereign left the gallery he cast a dignified glance over the bent head of the little man; but Knips might well be pleased with the results of this presentation, for he was pronounced very respectful, and regarded useful for further projects.

He had soon an opportunity of showing his useful-

ness in an extraordinary case. The arrangements of the Court were in every respect exemplary, and not least when the Sovereign wished to show some mark of attention. A confidential councillor kept a list of the birthdays on which the Sovereign was bound to make a present, and also of the popular festivals where it was necessary for him to present a silver cup or some other testimony of his royal sympathy. On this list was noted down the fixed value of the present; and as the time approached the councillor sent the necessary information to the Chamberlain, whose business it was to choose a suitable present. On the birthday of any member of the princely family the Chamberlain only made suggestions; the Sovereign himself decided what was to be given.

Now the birthday of the Princess was approaching. The gentleman-in-waiting, therefore, made a visit to her lady-in-waiting, in order to discover secretly what the Princess would like. In this not uncommon way many things were proposed; the Chamberlain of his own idea added modern trifles, among them copies of colored initial letters, which just then were painted in albums and letter-sheets, for he knew that the Princess had wished for things of the kind. The Sovereign glanced over the list, and at last stopped at the initial letters.

“These Parisian manufactures will hardly please the Princess. Could she not have painted letters copied from old parchments by a draughtsman? Did you not extol Magister Knips to me? He could prepare very pretty little designs.”

The Chamberlain expressed deferent surprise at his Highness's idea, and sought the Magister. Knips promised to paint all the letters of the alphabet in the



old characters, and the Chamberlain meanwhile looked after the cover. When the work of the Magister was laid before the Sovereign he was indeed surprised.

“These are like the beautiful old rubrics,” he exclaimed; “how do they come here?”

Every letter was so painted on the old parchment that at cursory glance it could not be discovered whether the work was old or new.

“This shows wonderful talent; take care that the man is compensated according to the value of his service.”

Knips lapsed into a state of respectful transport when the Chamberlain demonstrated to him the satisfaction of the Sovereign in shining coins. But it did not end there. For shortly afterwards the Sovereign visited the museum at the time when Knips was working. The Sovereign stopped again in front of the Magister, and said:

“I was delighted with your pictures. You possess a rare aptitude: both eyes and judgment might be deceived by the counterfeit of antiquity.”

“Your most gracious Highness must pardon me if, on account of shortness of time, the imitation was imperfect,” replied the bowing Knips.

“I am quite satisfied with it,” rejoined the Sovereign, examining sharply the countenance and bearing of the little man. He began to vouchsafe a feeling of interest for the Magister. “You must have formerly had opportunities of exercising this art in a remunerative way.”

“It has been reserved for your Highness to render my little dexterity valuable to me,” replied Knips; “hitherto I have only practised such imitations for my own pleasure, or here and there to please others.”

The Sovereign laughed, and went away with a gracious nod. Magister Knips was judged to be very useful.

\* \* \*

The Princess was sitting at her writing-table; the pen in her little hand flew over the paper; sometimes she looked into a book, which had a learned appearance, and copied passages which were designated by marks. Steps in the ante-room disturbed her work; the Hereditary Prince entered, with an officer in foreign uniform.

“Sit down, children!” exclaimed the Princess. “Put aside your sabre, Victor, and come to me. You have become a handsome fellow: one can see that you have taken your place among strangers.”

“I am breaking my way through,” replied Victor, shrugging his shoulders, and laying his sabre cautiously near, that he might reach it with his hand.

“Be tranquil,” said the Princess, consolingly; “we are now safe; he is busy.”

“If he said so, we must not depend upon it,” replied Victor. “You have become serious, Sidy. Even the room is changed—books, nothing but books.” He opened one at the title-page. “‘Archæology of Art.’ Tell me, what are you doing with this trash?”

“I am breaking my way through,” repeated Sidy, shrugging her shoulders.

“Sidy patronizes learning,” explained the Hereditary Prince. “We now have literary tea-parties, she has pieces read and rôles assigned. Take care, you will have to join it.”

“I only read villains’ parts,” replied Victor; “or, at the most valets’ rôles.”

“The inferior parts are always my share,” said the

Hereditary Prince. "The best that falls to my lot is a good-natured father, who ends by giving his blessing."

"He has talent for nothing but open-hearted goodness; he protests if he has more than four verses to recite, and even with that there are pauses during which he fidgets with his lorgnette."

"His proper vocation would be that of pastor," said Victor, mockingly. "He would favor his congregation with short sermons, and set them a virtuous example."

"If he were only better than you, there would be no merit in it, Victor. You have the reputation of playing such naughty tricks that we are not allowed even to know them?"

"All calumny!" cried Victor. "I am harshly judged in my regiment because of my strict principles."

"Then Heaven preserve us from an invasion of your comrades. I am glad that you mean to pass your leave of absence in our parts; but I am surprised at it. You are free: the whole world is open to you."

"Yes, free as a jackdaw that is thrown out of its nest," replied Victor; "but there are times when it occurs to one that a garrison has not all the charms of home."

"And that you seek with us?" asked the Princess. "Poor cousin! But meanwhile you have been campaigning. I congratulate you. We hear that you behaved gallantly."

"I had a good horse," said Victor, laughing.

"You have also visited all our relations?"

"I have penetrated the mysteries of three Courts," replied Victor. "First, at my cousin's, the innocent shepherd's Court,—a charming rural life! The Grand Marshal carries embroidery in his pocket, at which he

works among the ladies. The lady-in-waiting comes with her spaniel to dinner, and has him fed in the kitchen. Twice every week people are invited from the city to tea and pastry. When the family are alone at their tea they play for hazel-nuts. I believe that they are gathered in the autumn by the whole Court. Then I went to the Court of my great-uncle, with the six-foot grenadiers. I was the smallest of the society. One day all were in the costume of generals, the day after all were Nimrods, in hunting-coats and gaiters. One day it was drilling, and the next hunting. Powder is the greatest article of consumption at Court there. Even the ballet-dancers, they say, wear uniforms under their gauze. Lastly, there was the great Court of Aunt Louisa. All with white heads and powder. Any one with the hair of youth endeavoured to rid of it as quickly as possible. In the evening virtuous family conversation, and if any talked scandal, they would on the following morning receive an order from the Princess to contribute to some benevolent institution. The Princess Minna asked me whether I attended church regularly, and when I told her that at all events I played regularly at whist with our chaplain, I was held in great contempt. She danced the first country dance with her brother and only the second with me. The evening society was accurately arranged according to the respective dignities of the guests. There was the hall of the Privy Councillors, of the Chamberlains, and of the small folk of the Court; and, besides that, a lower place for an unavoidable class of citizens, in which bankers and artists wait to be noticed by their Highnesses."

"These formalities make us ridiculous to the whole world," exclaimed the Hereditary Prince.

The Princess and Victor laughed at this sudden ebullition.

“Since when has Benno become a Red?” asked Victor.

“It is the first time I have heard him speak in this way,” said the Princess.

“A prince should only invite gentlemen into his society; but whoever is there should be considered as the equal of the rest,” continued the Hereditary Prince.

Again the others laughed.

“We thank you for the wise remark, Professor Bonbon,” cried Sidy.

“It was in this room that we dressed you up as an owl, Bonbon; and you sat here groaning under Sidy’s mantle when the Sovereign surprised us.”

“And where you received punishment,” replied Benno, “because you had so disfigured a poor fellow like me.”

“Fix him up again!” cried Sidy.

“Victor took a colored silk handkerchief, formed two points by knots for ear-tufts, and covered the head of the Hereditary Prince, who quietly submitted. His serious face, with his dark eyebrows, looked strangely from under the covering.

“The feather-coat is wanting,” exclaimed Sidy; “we must imagine it. I am the quail, and Victor the cock. I know the melody that we used to improvise as children.”

She flew to the pianoforte and ran over the notes. The Hereditary Prince twisted the theatre-bill, which he pulled out of his pocket, into a cornet, and cried into it, “Tu-whit, tu-who, Mrs. Quail, I eat you.”

The quail sang: “Pik werwit old tu-wooh, that

you will not do." And the cock crows, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, dearest quail, I love you."

"That has never been true, Victor," said the Princess, in the midst of the game.

"Who knows?" rejoined he; "cock-a-doodle-doo."

The concert was in full flow. Victor sprang about, clapped his hands and crowed; the Hereditary Prince on his chair screeched unweariedly like an owl; Sidy moved her head in time, sang her pik-wer-wit, calling out occasionally, "You are very funny little boys." A slight knocking was heard; they quickly left off their play; the sabre was restored to its belt; and the quail became in a moment the distinguished lady.

"His Grace your father begs to inform your Highness that he will wait upon you," announced the page.

"I knew that he would disturb us," cried Victor, in a rage.

"Away with you, children," cried Princess Sidonie. "I must repeat once more, cousin, that I rejoice to have you with us again. We three will hold together. Benno is brave, and my only comfort. Avoid conversing with me whenever the Sovereign is present. I will not take it amiss if you do not notice me at all. The spy who is placed about me is now my maid of honor, Lossau. Every word that you speak in her presence is reported; you know the gentlemen, they have not become more pleasant."

"There is Benno's Chamberlain," asked Victor; "the Sovereign was talking to him a long time to-day."

"He is good-humored, but weak," remarked the Hereditary Prince; "and devoted to his place. There is no dependence on him."

"Try to behave well, Victor," continued the Princess; "be a good Chinese, and wear your pigtail according

to rule, and deport yourself exactly according to the privileges of the tuft that you wear on your cap. Now, away with you down the private staircase."

Princess Sidonie hastened to the door of the reception-room to meet the Sovereign. The Sovereign passed through the rooms to her study. He cast a glance at the open book:

"Who has made these marks?"

"Mr. Werner noted the most important passages for me," replied the Princess.

"I am glad that you make use of this opportunity to obtain instruction from so distinguished a man. Apart from the pedantic manner which attaches to his profession, he is a remarkable man. I wish, on account of his disinterested activity, to make his position as agreeable as possible, and I beg that you will do your best towards accomplishing it."

The Princess bowed silently, closing her hand convulsively.

"As it is impossible to bring him and his wife into closer relations with the Court, I wish you would invite them to one of your little tea-parties."

"You must pardon me, my most worthy father, if I do not see how this can be. My evening parties have hitherto consisted only of my ladies and the principal members of the Court."

"Then you must alter that," said the Sovereign, coldly; "you are not prevented from introducing into it one or other of our officials, with their wives."

"Pardon me, my father; as this has never yet happened, every one would remark that the change has only been occasioned through the strangers. It would occasion much ill-natured remark if an accidental visit

were to upset what has been the acknowledged rule up to the present day."

"The consideration of foolish gossip shall not prevent you," replied the Sovereign, angrily.

"My gracious father must take a favorable view of the considerations which hinder my doing anything of the kind. It would not become me, a woman, to dispense with the habits and customs which my lord and father has considered binding upon himself. You have deigned to permit the attendance of Mr. Werner at your small dinners, and I could, without giving any uncommon offence, receive him at my tea-table. His wife, on the other hand, has never been brought into relations with the Court through your own sanction. It would ill become the daughter to venture what the father himself has not done."

"This reason is a poor disguise for ill-nature," replied the Sovereign. "Nothing hinders you from leaving out the whole Court."

"I can have no evening society, however small, without inviting the ladies of the Court," replied the Princess, pertinaciously; "and I cannot ask them to take part in a mixed society."

"I will take care that Miss von Lossau shall appear," replied the Sovereign, in a bitter tone. "I insist upon your conforming to my wishes."

"Forgive me, gracious father," replied the Princess, in great excitement, "if I do not obey you in this case."

"Do you dare to defy me?" cried the Sovereign, with a sudden outbreak of anger, approaching the Princess.

The Princess turned pale, and stepped behind a chair as if for protection.

"I am the only lady of our house," she exclaimed; "and I have in this high position to pay regard to con-



siderations from which, neither as the lord of this Court, nor as my own father, you can release me. If your Highness chooses to make new Court regulations, I will willingly conform to them; but what your Highness requires of me now is not a new regulation, but an irregularity which is humiliating for me and for us all."

"Impertinent, insolent fool!" cried the Sovereign, no longer master of himself. "Do you think you have outgrown my control because I once let you out of my hands? I have brought you here in order to hold you fast. You are in my power; no slave is more so. Within these walls no power prevails but mine, and if you do not bend to it, I will break your stubborn spirit."

He approached her threateningly. The Princess drew back to the wall of her room.

"I know I am your prisoner," she cried out, with flashing eyes. "I knew when I returned here that I was entering my prison. I knew that no cry of anguish could penetrate these walls, and that a slave would find more protection among men than the child of a prince from her father. But in this room I have a supporter, to whom I often look imploringly; and if your Highness deprives me of the help of all the living, I call upon the dead for protection against you."

She pulled the cord of a curtain, and the life-sized picture of a lady became visible, in whose soft countenance there was a touching expression of sorrow. The Princess pointed to the picture and looked fixedly at the Sovereign.

"Will your Highness venture to insult your daughter before the eyes of her mother?"

The Sovereign drew back, and gave vent to a hoarse murmur, turned away, and motioned with his hand.

"Cover the picture," he said, in a feeble voice.

“Do not excite yourself and me unnecessarily,” he began, in a changed tone. “If you do not choose to fulfill my wishes, I will not insist upon it.” He took his hat from the table, and continued, in a softer tone: “You are beloved by the citizens; the weather is as warm as summer, and promises to last. I will, on your birthday, arrange to have a morning concert for the officials and the citizens in the park. I will send you a list of invitations through the Lord High Steward. In the evening we shall have a gala-supper and visit the opera.”

The Sovereign left the room without looking at his daughter. The Princess followed him to the ante-room, where the attendants were standing. At the door she made a low curtsy. The Sovereign gave a friendly sign with his hand. The Princess then flew back into her room, threw herself down before the picture, and wrung her hands.

\* \* \*

The Princes were walking in the park, and the promenaders bowed and looked after them. The Hereditary Prince took off his hat with the dignity of a man; Victor touched his hussar cap lightly, and nodded sometimes familiarly to a pretty face.

“All old acquaintances,” he began; “it is a pleasure, indeed, to be home again.”

“You always were a favorite of the people,” said the Hereditary Prince.

“I have amused and provoked them,” replied Victor laughing. “I feel like Hercules with his mother earth, and am ready for any mischief. Benno, do not look so dejected; I cannot stand it.”

“If you had, like me, to walk always at the same

hour you would look so too," replied Benno, stopping before an empty water-tank, in which four little bears were sitting, looking at the public, who were throwing bread to them. The Hereditary Prince took a piece of bread from the keeper, who approached him hat in hand, and threw it mechanically to the bears. "And if you had by high command to show yourself every day as the friend of the people, and feed these stupid bears, you would also weary of them."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Victor, "it only depends upon yourself to make these louts amusing."

He sprang with one jump into the walled place among the animals, laid hold of the first bear as a sheep is carried to be shorn, threw it upon the second, and the third upon the fourth; a horrible growling and clawing began among the bears; they fought violently together, and the bystanders shouted with pleasure.

"Your hand, comrade," called out the Prince, to one of the spectators, who were watching him and giving vent to loud expressions of approbation. "Help me out."

The person called upon was our friend Gabriel, who held out both hands.

"Here, your Excellence, quick, that they don't catch your uniform."

Victor sprang lightly up, giving his supporter a slap on the shoulder.

"Thanks, comrade; if you ever get into a fix, I will lend you a hand too."

The people cried "Bravo!" with much laughter.

"You must force life into the place," said Victor. "If your father does not drive me away, I shall in a week make it as lively at your Court as I have done here in the bear-pit."

“I, meanwhile, have suffered for it,” replied Benno, with vexation; “one man said to another, ‘What a pity that that fellow has not as much courage!’ of course meaning me.”

“Never mind: you are the wise one. In the eyes of thoughtful people, your virtues shine bright when placed in contrast with mine. Now let me into your confidence. What lady of the theatre do you favor with your attentions, that I may not be in the way? I do not wish to interfere with you.”

“Nothing of this kind is permitted me,” replied Benno.

“Not permitted?” asked Victor, astonished; “what kind of tyranny is this? Has it become the fashion here to be virtuous? Then impart to me, at least, what other lady, from political reasons, may only be admired by me in the distance?”

“I believe that you have free choice,” replied Prince Benno, depressed.

“What a blessing for me that I am not Hereditary Prince! But what has occasioned the Sovereign to invite me here so graciously?”

“We do not know; Sidy also was surprised.”

“And I, fool, thought she had a hand in the game.”

“If she had attempted anything of the kind, you would assuredly have had no invitation.”

“That he does not like me is evident. I had a cool reception.”

“Perhaps he wishes to have you married.”

“To whom?” asked Victor, quickly.

“He has caused you to visit amongst our relations,” replied the Hereditary Prince, cautiously.

“He? By no means. I was passed on from one

to another, and everywhere treated like a nice boy. The whole was clearly concerted."

"Perhaps one of our great matchmakers was at the bottom of it," said the Hereditary Prince.

"Not in my case, depend upon it. I am ill looked upon by the conclave of mothers of our country, who have in charge the feelings of our princely families. They would not stir a finger for me."

"If my father has not done it, or none of our relations, the Lord High Steward must have done it."

"Bless you for this supposition," exclaimed Victor. "If he wishes to have me here then all is right."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"I have been with him; he talked to me about the campaign, and spoke in his usual friendly way, but nothing more."

"Then it was he, you may depend upon it."

"But why?" asked Victor. "What can I do here?"

"That you must not ask me; he favors me with little of his confidence."

"Why do you turn away from the pavilion at every bend in the path?" asked Victor. "Have you placed steel traps there? By Jove, what a glorious face! Look, you dissembler! So, you are become virtuous?"

The Hereditary Prince colored with indignation.

"The lady up there deserves the most considerate treatment," he said, moodily.

"Then that is the beautiful stranger," cried Victor; "she is reading. If she would only turn a look this way, that one might see more than her profile. We will go there: you shall introduce me."

"Under no circumstances," replied the Hereditary Prince; "least of all now."

Victor looked at him in astonishment.

“You refuse to present me to this lady? I do not need it,” and he let go his arm.

“You are mad!” cried the Hereditary Prince, holding him back.

“I was never more in my senses,” rejoined Victor.

He hastened up to a tree, the low branches of which nearly reached to the window, and with the agility of a cat he climbed up to the top. Ilse looked up and perceived the Hereditary Prince, and an officer climbing up a tree. She withdrew from the window. Victor broke off a switch, and touched one of the panes. A bell rang, a window was opened, and Gabriel looked out.

“Always in the air, your Excellence?” he cried out; “what are your Excellence’s commands?”

“Tender my respectful compliments to your mistress, and request her to favor me with a moment’s interview upon urgent business.”

Ilse appeared, with her usual serious countenance, at the window, the servant behind her. The young gentleman held on fast by one hand, and raised the other to his cap.

“I beg your pardon, Madam, for choosing this unnatural way of presenting myself to you, but my cousin down there has sent me up here against my will.”

“If you fall, Sir, you may take with you the full conviction that it was unnecessary to climb the tree: the door of the house is always open.”

Ilse retreated, and Victor bowed again.

“The lady is quite of my opinion,” he cried out, reprovingly, to the Hereditary Prince, “that you have done very wrong in keeping me from the door.”

“There is no way of getting out of this scrape but by going in at once, and apologizing,” replied the Hereditary Prince.

“That is exactly what I wish,” cried Victor. “One must always let people know what they want.”

The Princes entered the house together, and Ilse received them with a silent curtsy.

“This is the gentleman,” began the Hereditary Prince, “of whom, Mrs. Werner, I have often spoken to you. As a boy he was always called, by those who knew his character, Master Madcap.”

“Your Highness should not have acted so,” returned Ilse, sorrowfully; “I am a stranger here, and more exposed to misrepresentation than others.” She then turned to the Hereditary Prince. “It is the first time that I have seen your Highness since your recovery.”

“I am in danger of being again banished from your presence,” replied the Hereditary Prince, “and it has been your wish.”

Ilse looked at him surprised.

“You have imparted to my father the purport of a conversation that I once had with you,” continued the Hereditary Prince, in a tone of vexation. “You have thus caused my father to determine that I shall be removed from here into the country.”

“I would not on any account that your Highness should believe me capable of betraying a confidence. If the harmless words I spoke to your father were contrary to your wishes, I can only say, in excuse, that they proceeded from the warmest interest in your Highness.”

The Hereditary Prince bowed silently.

“This terzetto is composed of only dissonances,” exclaimed Victor. “We are all three vexed at each other,—I most of all, for my disobliging cousin has exposed me to the danger of entirely losing your favor,

without having first had the opportunity of winning it. Yet I beg permission at some future time to introduce myself in a better light than amongst the foliage of the tree."

The Princes took leave. When they were clear of the house, Victor said:

"I would like to get a little straight in this matter of the Professor's wife. I perceive now that it is in no case advisable for me to lay my homage openly at her feet. Do not be angry with me, Benno,—I will spoil no man's game; if you can make use of me, I am at your service."

The Hereditary Prince remained standing, and looked so sorrowfully at his cousin that even he became serious.

"If you would do me a service for which I should thank you as long as I live, help me to procure the departure of those that dwell in that house, from this country as quickly as possible. It will bring them no good fortune to remain near us."

"Say it right out: they will believe you sooner than me."

"What reason shall I give?" asked the Hereditary Prince. "There is only one, and I am the last who should venture to express it."

"The lady looks as if she could take care of herself," said Victor, consolingly. "I am more anxious about you. I see you are in danger of being for once of the same mind as your father. Will you not at least venture to raise objections to his sending you away?"

"By what right?" asked the Hereditary Prince; "he is my father, Victor, and my sovereign. I am the first of his subjects, and it becomes me to be the most obedient. So long as he does not command me to do



anything which is against my conscience, I am in duty bound to obey him at once. That is the rule of conduct that I have laid down for myself from my own convictions."

"But let us suppose," rejoined Victor, "that a father wishes to remove his son in order to devise mischief against another, in whom his son takes an interest?"

"I still think that the son must go," replied the Hereditary Prince, "however hard it may be for him; for it does not become him to foster suspicions of his father in his soul."

"More son than Prince!" cried Victor; "and there is an end of it, virtuous Benno. Ah, Bergau, where are you going?"

The Marshall, whom he accosted, replied, hastily, "To the Pavilion, my Prince."

"Have you heard any details," asked Victor, mysteriously, "concerning the scare they have had at the castle of my great-uncle? It was about a woman, or rather an apparition, which, in reality, was a spirit that entered as a spectre, with a great row; it began as a thundering noise and ended like a funeral march; it made the doors shake, and the chandeliers jingle like a peal of bells. Have you heard nothing of it?"

"Nothing. What apparition? When—and how?"

"I do not quite know," replied Victor; "but if you hear anything of it, I beg you to let me know."

This the Marshal promised to do, and hastened away.

The Marshal was blameless in his service; he inspected all the accounts conscientiously, took care to have good wine in the cellar, and discharged the ceremonial details of his office well. Besides this, he was

a worthy nobleman, but without any great abilities. He was, therefore, a valuable champion of Court; for he contended, with all the energy of a fanatic, for the venerated customs of his household against the irregular pretensions of foreign guests, and was sometimes made use of by the Sovereign as a battering-ram to assault a wall which another would have gone cautiously round. He now came to Ilse, ill-pleased at heart with the commission which he had been commanded to carry out dexterously. He found the Professor's wife in an unfavorable mood. The boldness of Victor, and the secret reproach conveyed in the words of the Hereditary Prince, had made her discontented with herself, and suspicious of the uncertain position in which she was placed. The Marshal long stirred the bowl from which he had to pour; he turned the conversation to Ilse's home and her father, whom he had once met at a cattle-show.

"It is a fine estate, I hear, and has a very high reputation."

Ilse, taking pleasure in this praise of what was dear to her, entered unsuspectingly into the conversation, and told him of the neighboring farms and their owners.

At last the Marshal began:

"Your father is worthy of every distinction; pardon me, therefore, if I put one question: Has your father ever had the wish to be ennobled?"

"No," replied Ilse, staring at the Marshal with astonishment; "why should he have such a wish?"

"I refrain from all observations upon the favorable effect which such an elevation would have upon the career of your brothers and sisters; that is obvious. One can easily conceive that modesty and pride may

hinder a man from seeking these advantages. But I am convinced that his Highness the Sovereign, even for his own interest, would be glad to confer such a favor; for the position of your father, with respect to my gracious master, would thereby become much more satisfactory."

"It is very satisfactory as it is," said Ilse.

"Considering the personal relations into which you have entered with our Court, I may venture to speak openly to you," continued the Marshal, with more confidence. "It would be very desirable for his princely Highness, and for us all, if, on the occasions of his Highness's accidental presence in your country, he could find a house in which he might receive hospitality."

Ilse interrupted him in great astonishment. "I beg of you, Mr. Von Bergau, to explain yourself more clearly, for I do not understand this matter at all. The Sovereign has already honored our house several times with his presence."

The Marshal shrugged his shoulders. "In cases of necessity, the friendly offer of your father has been accepted, but it has always been for a short time, and that incidentally; for even if your father, in his official position, was not at all unfitted for this honor, yet there was no lady who could do the honors of the house."

"I performed the duties of that position as well as I could."

The Marshal bowed. "There was much discussion as to how the breakfast should be arranged without affronting the ladies of the house, and it was very welcome when your father entirely refrained from requiring the participation of his ladies. Allow me also to

add, that a rise in your father's position would be desirable for yourself. For your husband, as a learned man of distinguished merit, is in the position of obtaining, on expressing a wish, a rank and position which would establish him as a member of the Court. And if this proposal should be carried into effect, it would give you, under certain limitations, an entrance there also. It would give the Sovereign and Princess an opportunity of receiving you at the castle, and invitations to great Court balls and concerts would be possible."

Ilse rose. "Enough, my lord, I understand you. I know what my father will do when you offer him that of which you speak; he will laugh and reject the offer, and will say, if our citizen's home is not good enough for our Sovereign to enter, we must resign the honor. But I cannot reject it with the composure which I expect of my father; and I must tell you, my lord, that if I had had any idea that I, as a lady, was not entitled to enter this society, I would never have set foot here."

Ilse, with difficulty, controlled the indignation which worked within her. The Marshal was confounded, and endeavoured to pass it off equivocally; but Ilse could not be dealt with; she continued standing, and so compelled him to depart.

The Professor found his wife in a dark room brooding over what had passed. "Will you have a patent of nobility?" she exclaimed, springing up; "it will be prepared for you at once, and for my father also, in order that we may all have the advantages of becoming fit society for the castle without their feeling it a humiliation. It is unsatisfactory to them only to see us occasionally. I know now why I dine alone, and

why the Sovereign would not enter our sitting-room at Bielstein. We must have a new name, that we may obtain the education and the manners which will make us worthy of going to Court. And not only us, but perhaps our children. Can you hear this without coloring with shame at our being here? They feed us like strange beasts, which they have procured out of curiosity and will again cast us out of the pen."

"Why, Ilse!" cried Felix, in astonishment, "you are expending more pathos than is necessary. What do the prejudices of these men signify to us? Has not the Sovereign done everything to make our residence here agreeable, according to what we are accustomed? If the people here are obliged by the customs in which they have been brought up, and by the regulations of their circle, to limit their intercourse with us to certain definite forms, what does that signify? Do we wish to become their confidants, and to live with them as we do with our friends at home? They have not deserved such an unfolding of our souls. When we came here we entered into a simple business relation, and we undertook also the obligation of adapting ourselves to their rules of life."

"And we are free to leave here as soon as these rules no longer please us?"

"Just so," answered the Professor; "as soon as we have sufficient grounds for considering them unbearable. I think that is not the case. They require nothing of us that is degrading: they show us the most assiduous attention: what does it signify if we do not take part in their daily intercourse, which we have no right or reason to desire?"

"Do not let us deceive ourselves," exclaimed Ilse. "If in our city any one was to say to you, you may

only look at my shoes, but not raise your eyes to my face; you may only go out with me into the open air, but not come into my house; I can eat with you standing, but not sit down at your table, as my dignity forbids me to do so,—what would you, who live so proudly in your circle, reply to such a fool?”

“I would endeavour to learn the reason of his narrow-mindedness,—perhaps pity him—perhaps turn away from him.”

“Then do so here,” cried Ilse. “For we are invited guests to whom the people of the house close their doors.”

“I repeat to you that we are not guests who are invited to associate with the people here. I have been called upon for work, and I have accepted this call, because I look for such great advantage in it to my branch of learning that I would bear far worse things than the disagreeable customs of the Court. I dare not set at stake these important interests by an opposition to social pretensions which do not please me. It is just because I have no particular respect for these rules that they do not disturb me.”

“But it grieves and makes one angry that people, in whose life one takes an interest, cling to such miserable antiquated triflings,” said Ilse still bitterly.

“So that is it?” asked Felix. “We are anxious about the souls of the grandees? There is something to be said on that point. There is an old curse on every privilege which falls to the lot of most who share in it. This may be the case with court privileges. The life of our princes lies confined within the boundaries of a small circle; the views and prejudices of those around them, whom they are not free to choose, hedge them in from the first day of their

life until the last. That they are not stronger and freer arises for the most part from the confined atmosphere in which they are kept by etiquette. It is a misfortune, not only for themselves, but for us, that our princes look upon the society that is not noble with the eyes of a deputy chamberlain or a courtier. This evil one feels painfully when one comes into contact with them. I think, undoubtedly, that the struggle which is going on in different parts of our fatherland will not come to a good conclusion, until the dangers are removed which arise from the effect of the old Court regulations on the training of our princes. But it appears to me they are already broken through in many places, and the time may come when all this nonsense will be the subject of good-humored satire. For this etiquette of Court is, after all, only the remains of a past age, like the constitutions of our guilds, and other ancient customs. So far you are right. But those who indulge in personal irritation, as you do now, expose themselves to the suspicion that they are only angry because they themselves desire entrance into the prohibited circles."

Ilse looked silently down.

"When you and I," continued the Professor, "come accidentally into personal contact with such modes of thinking, there is only one thing that befits us—cool contempt and indifference. We wish, for the sake of our princes, to remove the impediments which limit their intercourse with their people; but we have no wish or impulse to put ourselves in the place of those who apparently direct the rulers of our country. For, between ourselves, we, who pass our lives in strenuous mental labor, would in general be bad companions for princes. We are

deficient in the graceful forms and tact, and the easy complaisance of society. The stronger minds would hurt, by their independence, and the weaker would become contemptible by abject subservience. Freedom of choice is all that we wish for our rulers. One feeling we may preserve without arrogance—all who separate themselves from our circle lose more than we do.”

Ilse approached him, and laid her hand in his.

“Therefore, Lady Ilse,” continued her husband, cheerfully, “be contented for these few weeks. If it should happen to you in reality to be an invited guest of the Court, then you may enter into negotiations concerning your pretensions; and if in such a case you have to take exceptions, do it with a smile.”

“Do you speak so from the calm confidence of your soul,” asked Ilse, looking searchingly at her husband, “or because you have it much at heart to remain here?”

“I have my manuscript much at heart,” replied the Professor; “for the rest, the loss of peace is a greater deprivation to me than to you. You have from your youth, and especially this last year, taken a warm interest in the inmates of this princely castle. You have at times felt yourself much interested in them, and it is on that account that you are more wounded than needful.”

Ilse nodded her head assentingly.

“Bear with it, Ilse,” continued her husband, encouragingly; “remember that you are free, and may any day leave it. But it would be more agreeable to me if you did not leave me alone.”

“Would that be more agreeable to you?” asked Ilse, softly.



“You little fool!” exclaimed the Professor. “To-day we will give up the theatre, and have our evening reading. I have brought with me what will drive away all vexations.”

He brought the lamp to the table, opened a little book, and began:

“It happened, one Whitsuntide, that Nobel, the King of all the Beasts, held a Court,” and so on.

Ilse sat with her work in her hand by her husband; the light of the lamp fell on his countenance, which she examined searchingly, in order to read therein whether he still felt towards her as before; till at last the iniquities of the fox brought a smile to her lips, and she took the book from him, and read on quietly and comfortably, as at home.

“How is the Lady Bergau?” asked the Princess, of her attendant, the little Gotlinde Thurn.

“Very ill, your Highness. She has been much disturbed by the sudden departure of her husband, and her confinement is expected every hour.”

“Bergau gone away?” asked the Princess, in astonishment.

“The Sovereign has commissioned him to purchase some porcelain curiosities in a distant city.”

The Princess looked significantly at her confidant.

“Forgive me, your Highness, if I venture to say,” continued the lady-in-waiting, “that we are all indignant. Bergau, it is said, had a scene yesterday with the strange lady at the Pavilion; and this morning early the Sovereign expressed himself, in giving his orders, in a way that made any objection out of the question.”

“What has happened at the Pavilion?” asked the Princess.

“That is not known,” replied the angry lady; “but, from some expressions of Bergau, one may conclude that the stranger has raised pretensions, demanded an introduction at Court, and threatened to leave in the event of a refusal. The arrogance of the woman is unbearable. We all beg that your Highness will be gracious enough to maintain our rights.”

“Good Linda; I am a dangerous ally for you,” replied the Princess, sorrowfully.

The birthday of the Princess was kept both by the Court and city. Many people wore gala dresses; numbers pressed with their congratulations into the ante-chamber of the princely daughter. The Princess received in full dress on this day. She appeared for the first time out of mourning, and looked lovelier than ever. In a side room, the door of which was open, stood the tables, which were covered with presents. Much were the splendid dresses which the Sovereign had ordered for his daughter admired by the ladies; and scarcely less so the beautiful miniature work of the Magister by the connoisseurs.

About three o'clock the concert began in the gardens of the castle. Gentlemen and ladies of the nobility, the officials, and citizens, entered the space marked out for them. The numerous attendants of the Princess greeted the ladies of the company and arranged them in a large circle, behind which were the gentlemen, forming a dark setting; on one side the families of the Court, on the other those of the city. The guests accommodated themselves easily to the compulsory mathematical line; it was only on the city side that there was any irregularity. The new city councillor Gottlieb, a distinguished butcher, pushed in from behind his wife and daughter, and placed him-

self squarely in the front row; and it required the positive directions of the lady-in-waiting to make him retreat to his place.

“I pay the taxes,” said Gottlieb, stubbornly, to those about him; but even from his neighbors he was the object of a disapproving smile.

When Ilse entered this society of strangers with her husband, she felt alarm at the cold, inquisitive looks directed at her from all sides. The Chamberlain conducted her to the first lady-in-waiting. The Baroness bowed in cool acknowledgment, and pointed to the place where she was to be stationed—at the end of the Court side, opposite the entrance. The royal party, preceded by the Marshals, made their appearance punctually; the Princess, radiant and smiling, on the arm of the Sovereign; the young Princes behind. The ladies' dresses rustled like a forest of trees, as they bent in deferential salutation; behind them the heads of the assembled gentlemen dropped with solemn movement. The Princess executed a circular bow—a consummate piece of Court *technique*—and proceeded to walk about the line. The sun shone with summer warmth, and all rejoiced in the beautiful day and in the happiness of the child whose birthday was now celebrated. The Princess looked enchantingly lovely, and showed, by her noble appearance and gracious manners, how well fitted she was to do the honors of a Court. The ladies-in-waiting preceded her, beckoning to individuals to come forward, and mentioning the names of those who were strangers to the Princess. She had a kind word for every one, or a nod and sweet smile, which made all feel that they were the object of her attention. The

Sovereign, to-day, appeared among his citizens with the self-possession of a family father.

“A large number of old friends and acquaintances,” he remarked, to the head Burgomaster. “I knew that this would be quite after my daughter’s own heart. It is the first time since her severe trial that she has had the opportunity to meet again so many that have taken a friendly interest in her life.”

But none of the ladies there looked with such eager attention on the circle of the Princess as Ilse. She forgot her anger at the prejudices of class, and the annoyances attendant on her solitary position among these strangers, and looked unceasingly at the young Princess. Like all present, she felt the charm of her gracious manner. This facility of giving pleasure to others in a few minutes by merely a look or word, was quite new to her. She looked back anxiously at Felix, who was watching the graceful movements of the Princess with pleasure. She came near, and Ilse heard her questions and answers to the fortunate ones with whom she was more familiar. Ilse saw that the Princess cast a fleeting glance at her, and that her expression became more serious. The Princess had lingered with a lady who stood in front of Ilse, inquiring with interest after the health of her sick mother; she now passed slowly by Ilse, bowing her head almost imperceptibly, and said, in a low voice, “I hear you intend to leave us.”

The unexpected question, and coldness of the tone and look, aroused the pride of the Professor’s wife, and, under the flash of her large eyes, the Princess also became more erect, and they exchanged a mutual glance of hostility, as Ilse answered:

“Your Highness will pardon me! I shall remain with my husband.”

The Princess looked at the Professor: again a pleasant smile passed over her face, and she continued her progress. Ilse also turned quickly toward her husband, but he was looking about innocently, and, pleased with the world, he had not observed the little scene.

The Sovereign, however, had; for he stepped right across the space to Ilse, and began:

“Among old acquaintances we also greet our new ones. Not that this expression is applicable in your case to me and the Hereditary Prince; for we owe thanks to you for the hospitality of your home; and we rejoice to show you to-day the circle in which we live. I lament that your father is not among us. I cherish the greatest respect for the useful activity of his life; and I know how to value all his services to agriculture. He has obtained a prize at the Agricultural Exhibition; pray convey my congratulations to him. I hope his example will be followed throughout the country.”

The Sovereign well understood how to make up for the neglect of his Court to Ilse. A Professor's wife has many objections to Court usages and high rank; but when well-deserved praise is accorded by princely lips, before a distinguished assembly, to those she loves, it affords her the greatest pleasure. After the annoying question of the daughter, the striking attention of the father was a great satisfaction. Ilse gave the Sovereign a look of deep thankfulness, and he now turned kindly to her Felix, and remained long talking with him. When at last he went on to others, the uncommon consideration he had shown the strangers before the assembled company

had the usual result; the gentlemen of the Court now thronged round Ilse and the Professor, to show attention also on their part. Ilse now looked about her with more composure, and observed how slowly the Hereditary Prince passed along the circle, singling out gentlemen and ladies according to a secret systematic rule, and at the same time stopping occasionally and moving his eye-glass, as if he were taking something into consideration. Prince Victor, on the other hand, pursued a thoroughly irregular course, like a comet, whose points could only be determined by looking out for the fairest faces. He had talked long with the daughter of the city councillor, Gottlieb, and had made the young lady laugh so much that she was alarmed at herself, colored, and held her handkerchief before her mouth. He then suddenly approached Ilse.

“A horticultural exhibition like this is exceedingly entertaining,” he began, carelessly, as if speaking to an old acquaintance. “Yet, after all, there are many thorny cactuses to be handled.”

“It must be very wearisome for the princely party, who have to speak to so many,” said Ilse.

“Do not imagine that,” replied Victor. “It is pleasant to see so many people before one, who dare not open their mouths unless told to; princely blood will bear still greater fatigues for that enjoyment.”

The company were set in motion. The Sovereign offering his arm to the Princess, led her into a great, richly decorated tent. The guests followed, and a host of lackeys offered refreshments. After that the ladies seated themselves behind the royal family; the gentlemen standing round. The concert began with a majestic flourish of the kettledrums; and, after a short time, ended with a furious onslaught of fiddles. The

Princess now noticed some of the gentlemen, but with less regularity than the ladies. Ilse was engaged in conversation with Miss von Lossau, but the Princess walked to where Felix Werner was standing and asked eager questions. The Professor became animated, and explained; the Princess asked more, laughed, and answered. The officious Lord High Steward glanced at the clock. It was high time for the ladies of the Court to dress for dinner, but the Sovereign nodded to him, looked contentedly at the Princess, and, in the best of humor said to his son: "To-day she reigns; we will willingly wait."

"My dear Highness forgets us all, she is so engrossed with the stranger," whispered Miss von Thurn, to Prince Victor.

"Calm your faithful heart, Dame Gotlinde," said Victor. "Our Lady Bradamante has not used her conquering weapons for a whole year. She would try her powers to-day even upon a cabbage-head."

The following morning the Princess sat among her ladies, and they talked, as usual, of the previous day, admired the Princess, condemned a little those who were absent, and expressed astonishment at the toilet and manner of several city ladies.

"But your Highness did not speak to the wife of the City Treasurer." exclaimed Gotlinde Thurn; "the poor woman took it as a slight, and cried after the concert."

"Where was she standing?" asked the Princess.

"Near the stranger," answered Gotlinde.

"Ah, it was on that account," said the Princess. "What is she like?"

"A round little woman, with brown eyes and red

cheeks. My brother lodges in her house; that is how I know her. She makes admirable tarts."

"Make up for it to her, Linda," said the Princess; "say something kind to her for me."

"May I tell her that your Highness has heard of her excellent cherry-brandy, and would be glad to have a few bottles of it? That would make her more than happy."

The Princess nodded.

"The daughter of the City Councillor Gottlieb," said the Baroness Hallstein, "has become quite a belle."

"Prince Victor forgot everybody in his attentions to her," exclaimed Miss Lossau, with vexation.

"You may congratulate yourself, dear Betty," replied the Princess, sharply, "if you are forgotten by my cousin. The attentions of the Prince are generally a source of alarm for the ladies who are favored with them."

"But we are all grateful to you," exclaimed Baroness Hallstein, a lady of spirit and character, "for having supported the Court in opposition to the lady from the Pavilion. Your cool remark gave general pleasure."

"Do you think so, Wally?" said the Princess, thoughtfully. "The woman is proud, and was defiant. But I had wounded her first, and on a day when I had the advantage."

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### VEXATIONS.

The year began well in every respect. Woodcock and snipe had betaken themselves to their homes before the sportsmen had donned their boots, and the March-daffodils had really bloomed in March. The



moon, between its first and last quarter, smiled every evening with wry, distorted mouth. At Court the Princess had turned her mind to search after lost manuscripts with the Professor, and in the city an uncommon inclination to quaff the punch of the fragrant woodruff-plant was perceptible among the citizens and tempted them to daring undertakings. Even quiet heads were infected by the intoxication of the season; straw and paper ruled supreme. All the world wore not only hats but also caps of straw; all the world occupied themselves with speculations and new investments. The house of Hahn was in the ascendant. The orders were so numerous that they could not be executed. In all the corners of the house sat girls, sewing straw plaits together; the smell of the brimstone in the street and neighboring gardens was insupportable. In the evenings Mr. Hummel sat on his upturned boat, like Napoleon at St. Helena, a vanquished man. With angry contempt he regarded the tumult of humanity. Repeatedly did his acquaintances call upon him to launch into the great activity of the time, to become a member of some stock-company, to found a bank, dig for coal, or smelt iron. He rejected all these proposals. When he went into his idle workshops, where he was only occupied in a struggle with moths, his book-keeper ventured to make a remark as to the possible future fashions in Parisian hats; he laughed demoniacally and replied:

“I cannot indulge in any speculation as to the covering that people will require when these wild projects cease; but if you wish to know what will be the next fashion, I will inform you. People will wear pitch-caps. I wonder that you are still at your desk. Why

do you not do like others of your colleagues, who spend their time in wine-shops?"

"Mr. Hummel, my means do not allow of that," replied the depressed man.

"Your means!" cried Hummel; "who asks after that now? Lucifer-matches are as good as ready money. The street-porters discount bills and give one another their likenesses. Why do you not live like the book-keeper Knips over there? When I bought an orange for my wife of the Italian, I saw him sitting in the back room with a bottle of iced champagne. Why should you not put yourself on ice in this hot weather? These are nothing but ruinous, hare-brained projects; it is a Sodom and Gomorrah; the straw fire burns, but it will come to a frightful end."

Mr. Hummel closed his office and walked in the twilight into the park, where he wandered up and down on the frontiers of his territory like a spirit. He was awakened from his meditations by the wild barking of his brindle favorite, who rushed up to a bench in a shady part of the park, and savagely seized the boots and trousers of a man sitting there. Hummel approached nearer; a small man and a young woman hastily separated. Hummel was sufficiently man of the world not to let himself be seen, and he hastened back to his garden and continued his walk in wild strides.

"I knew it; I always said so; I have given a warning all along. Poor devil!"

Then he walked angrily towards the great beech-tree on his own premises and forgot the supper hour, so that his wife had to call him twice from the garden. When he was sitting at table also he looked as dark as

a thunder-cloud, and expressed such a deep contempt for human nature that the ladies soon became silent. Laura made another effort to lead the conversation to the wife of the Burgomaster, who had shown great respect for Hummel whenever she passed by, but he broke out with the terrible words:

“She is no better than the rest of womankind.”

“That is enough, Hummel,” exclaimed his wife; “this conduct is very unpleasant, and I must beg of you not to indulge so far in your ill-temper as to let it deprive you of a proper judgment of the worth of women. I can forgive much, but never an insult to the nobleness of human nature.”

“Away with you and your noble human nature,” replied Hummel, rising from the table, and pushing back his chair; he then rushed vehemently into the next room, where, in the dusk, he continued pacing angrily to and fro, for he was much disturbed about Gabriel. Certainly the social position of this man was not exalted; he was not a relation, not a householder, not even a citizen. Accordingly, Mr. Hummel revolved in his mind whether an interference in the secret feelings of this man became him. He did not come to a decision without a struggle, but he could not silence the voice which sounded in the corner of his heart in favor of Gabriel.

Meanwhile, the ladies were sitting at their disturbed repast. Laura looked down gloomily; such scenes were not new to her, and they became more painful. The mother was in great consternation at this anger against the world of femininity, and sank beneath the waves of stormy thoughts. At last she came to the conviction that Hummel was jealous. That was very ludicrous, and there certainly was no cause for

such a feeling, but the vagaries of men were incalculable. The comic actor had come the day before at her invitation, and he had been very entertaining; he had enjoyed the wine and dinner, and on taking leave had kissed her hand with a true theatrical expression. Was it possible that this expression had produced the mischief? Mrs. Hummel began to pace up and down, looking in the mirror in passing by, and determined, like a valiant housewife, to hold forth to her husband this very evening on his folly.

“Go up stairs Laura,” she said, softly, to her daughter, “I wish to speak to your father alone.”

Laura silently took the candle and carried it to her private table. She placed herself at the window and looked toward the neighbor’s house, where the Doctor’s lamp still glimmered through the curtains. She wrung her hands, and exclaimed:

“Away, away from here; that is the only way to save myself and him.”

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hummel had the supper removed, and, mustering courage for the impending encounter, at last entered the room in which Mr. Hummel was still blustering about.

“Henry,” she began solemnly, “are you yet in a state of mind to consider calmly the circumstances which have robbed you of all composure?”

“No,” cried Hummel, throwing a boot at the door.

“I know the cause of your anger,” continued Mrs. Hummel, looking modestly down. “No explanation is necessary for that. It is possible that he may sometimes have ventured more than was necessary in looks and small remarks; but he is amiable and full of talent, and we must make allowances for his vocation.”

"He is a miserable fop," cried Mr. Hummel, hurling his second boot from him.

"That is not true," cried Mrs. Hummel, warmly. "But if it were, Henry—even if you could judge him utterly unworthy,—do not forget that pride and a feeling of duty dwell in the heart of your wife, and that your suspicion is an insult to these protecting genii."

"She is a coquettish, silly flirt," replied Hummel, dragging his slippers from under his bed.

Mrs. Hummel started back horrified.

"Your wife has not deserved this treatment. You tread under foot what should be holy to you. Come to your senses, I conjure you; your jealousy approaches to madness."

"I jealous of such a person!" cried Hummel, contemptuously, vehemently knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Then I must indeed be out of my mind. Leave me in peace with all this nonsense."

Mrs. Hummel seized her pocket-handkerchief and began to sob:

"He has so often amused me; he tells anecdotes as I never heard any one in my life; but if he excites you, so that you lose your reason and insult your wife by calling her names, I have made many sacrifices during our wedded life, and he also must fall on the altar of domestic peace. Accept it, he shall never again be invited."

"Who is he?" asked Hummel.

"Who but the comedian?"

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Hummel gave him a look which showed indubitably that she herself was the lady.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Hummel in astonishment, "that is how the land lies? Why do you want

to slaughter your theatrical buffoon on the altar of domestic peace? Rather put something slaughtered before him; that would be more agreeable to his cultivated palate. Be composed, Philippine. You are often unintelligible in your speeches, and you make too much ado; you spin your theatrical webs in your head, and you have your humors and confused ideas in general; but for the rest, you are my worthy wife, of whom no evil shall be thought either by myself or others. Now do not thwart me, for I have determined to write him a letter."

While Mrs. Hummel, stupefied, seated herself on the sofa, and considered whether she should be mortified or tranquilized by her husband's praise, and whether she had been under a foolish delusion, or that her Henry's madness had taken the new form of *bonhomie*, Mr. Hummel wrote as follows:—

"My Dear Gabriel,—Yesterday, on the 17th of this month, at 7.45 in the evening, I saw, on bench No. 4, on the common, Dorothy from over the way sitting with Knips junior. This is for warning and further consideration. I am ready to act according to your orders. Straw, Gabriel!—Your affectionate

H. HUMMEL."

By the same post a letter flew from Laura to Ilse in the Pavilion. The faithful soul wrote sorrowfully. The little quarrels of the house and the neighborhood vexed her more than was necessary. Of the Doctor she saw little, and what was the bitterest grief for her, she had given away the last song; she had nothing more to send to the Doctor, and wished to continue the correspondence without inclosures. Ilse was greatly surprised by one sentence, the sense of which was not very clear to her: "I have obtained permission from

Miss Jeannette to give lessons in her institution. I will no longer be a useless bread-eater. Since I have lost your society all is cold and desolate about me. My only comfort is, that I at least am prepared to fly into foreign parts, and there collect the grains which I need for the prolongation of my life."

"Where is my husband?" asked Ilse, of her maid.

"The Professor has gone to her Highness, the Princess."

"Call Gabriel."

"He has received bad news, and is sitting in his room."

Immediately afterwards Gabriel entered, with a distressed countenance.

"What has happened?" asked Ilse, alarmed.

"It is my own affair only," replied Gabriel, with quivering voice; "it is no good news that this letter has brought to me."

He took out of his pocket Hummel's crumpled letter, and turning away, leaned his head against the window-sill.

"Poor Gabriel!" exclaimed Ilse. "But there may still be some explanation to justify the girl."

"I thank you for your confidence in her, Mrs. Werner," replied Gabriel, solemnly; "but this letter informs me of my misfortune. He who has written to me is true as gold. But I knew all, before I had received it. She did not answer my last letter; she has not sent me the pocket-book; and yesterday evening, when I went out and was thinking of her, a lark flew towards me and sang a song that made me certain of it."

"That is folly, Gabriel. You ought not to let your

judgment be influenced because a bird accidentally occasioned you sorrowful thoughts."

"It was evident, Mrs. Werner," replied Gabriel, sorrowfully. "Just as the lark flew up and I was thinking of Dorothy, the words which I heard as a child and which I have not heard since, occurred to me. It is no superstition, and I can repeat the sentence to you:

"Lark, dear lark, high o'er the smoke,  
What new thing have you to tell me?"

This thought came to me, and then I heard, as distinctly as if some one was whispering the answer in my ear:

"Two lovers sat near a hazel-bush,  
The third was crying and moaning;  
The two pass the threshold of Hymen's house,  
The third sits alone and mourns a spouse."

Gabriel took out his pocket-handkerchief.

"That was a certain foreboding that Dorothy had been false to me."

"Gabriel, I fear she was always fickle-minded," exclaimed Ilse.

"She has a heart like a bird," said Gabriel, apologetically. "She is not a serious person, and it is her nature to be friendly with all. That I knew; but her gaiety, light-heartedness, and pleasant jesting made her dear to me. It was a misfortune for me and her that I was obliged to leave her just when she began to favor me and discourage others who were showing her attention. For I know that the book-keeper had long had his eyes upon her, and had prospects which would enable him to marry her, and that was a better provision than I could give her."

"Something must be done about this," said Ilse. "Do you want to go back to the city to ascertain how



matters stand? My husband will immediately give you permission. Perhaps it is not so bad after all."

"For me it is as bad as it can be, Mrs. Werner. If you will have the kindness to look after Dorothy, to see that she is not made unhappy, I will thank you from my heart. I shall never see her again. If one loves any one, one should not leave them alone when they are in temptation."

Ilse endeavored to comfort him, but Gabriel's words went to her heart.

"The third sits alone," she repeated, in a tone of sorrow.

Ilse was again alone in the hall, looking sadly at the strange walls. All the sorrow that had ever moved a human soul in this room, jealousy and wounded pride, feverish expectation and hopeless longing, mourning over the destruction of happiness, and terror for the future, the cries of anguish and the plaints of tormented conscience, all these now awoke an indistinct and trembling echo in the heart of the woman.

"It is strange and gloomy here, and if I try to express in words what distresses me, all power of expression fails me. I am no prisoner, and yet the air that surrounds me is that of a dungeon. The Chamberlain has not been near me for days, and the young Prince, who used to speak to me as to a friend, comes seldom, and then but for a few minutes, and it is worse than if he were not here. He is as depressed as I am, and looks at me as if he felt the same nameless anguish. And his father? when he comes to me he is so kind that one cannot but like him; but as soon as he turns his back his features appear before my mind distorted. It is not good to be near the great people of the world; they seem to take a fancy to one and open their heart

as to friends, and one scarcely feels the elevation of mind occasioned by this, when tormenting spirits seem suddenly to draw them back into their invisible realm, and one is troubled and excited about them. Such a life is destructive of peace.

“Felix says, one ought not to care about these frivolous people. How can one avoid interest and anxiety about them when the welfare of their souls is a blessing to all?”

“Is it only this that gives you such restless thoughts, Ilse?” she asked herself; “is it this, or is it pride, now wounded, and now again flattered; or is it anguish about the loved one whom she wishes secretly to tear from you?”

“Why am I so fearful about you, my Felix? Why do I despair because he has found a woman here of the same stamp of mind as his own? Am I not so also? Have I too not unfolded in the light of his mind? I am no longer the ignorant country-girl that he once brought from among the herds. If I am deficient in the attractive charm of the distinguished lady, what can she give him more than I? He is no boy, and he knows that every hour I live for him. I despise you, miserable thoughts; how have you found entrance into my soul? I am no prisoner within these walls, and if I linger here where you have power over me, I remain on his account. One should not forsake him whom one loves,—that word was spoken for me also. My father’s child shall not cry and mourn even though her loved one should be sitting with the Princess by the hazel-bush.”

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Gabriel was stealing along in a distant part of the pleasure-ground. He suddenly felt a touch on his shoulder; Prince Victor was standing behind him.

“Friend Gabriel?”

“At your Highness’s commands.”

“Where have you served?”

“With the Blue Hussars.”

“Good,” nodded the Prince; “we are in the same branch of the service. I hear you are a trustworthy fellow. But what is the matter with you?” He took out his purse. “We will share; take what you want.”

Gabriel shook his head.

“Then the women are at fault,” cried the Prince; “that is worse. Is she proud?”

Gabriel dissented.

“Is she faithless?”

The poor fellow turned away.

“I am, alas! a bad intercessor with parents,” said the Prince, sympathizingly; “the race of fathers have little confidence in me. But if it is only a question of appealing to a girl’s conscience, then depend upon me.”

“I thank you for your good-will, Highness, but nothing can help me. I will have to fight it out alone.”

He turned away again.

“Bah! comrade, have you forgotten the soldiers’ saying: ‘Like all, love one, grieve for none?’ If your heart is heavy, you should not rove about as you do. In lack of another companion put up for the time with me.”

“That is too much honor,” said Gabriel, taking off his cap.

The Prince had during this conversation gradually led him into a thicket; he seated himself on the root of an old tree, and motioned Gabriel to the next trunk.

“We are in concealment here; you look out that way, I will watch this road, that no one can surprise us. How do your lodgings please you? Have you found pleasant acquaintances?”

“I think it prudent to trust no one here,” answered Gabriel, cautiously.

“But I do not belong here; there is no reason why you should not make me an exception. You may assume that we belong to the same company, that we are sitting by the same fire, and drinking from the same flask. You are right: all is not so safe here as it looks. I do not like these nocturnal disturbances in the castle. Have you heard of them?”

Gabriel assented.

“In such an old castle,” continued the Prince, “there are many doors that few know—perhaps also passages in the wall. Whether it is spirits or something else, who knows? It glides about and sometimes comes out when one least expects it; and just when one has put on one’s night-shirt a secret door is opened, or a plank in the floor rises, and a cursed apparition floats up, removes what is on the table, and before one can bethink oneself, disappears again.”

“Who can allow such a thing, your Highness?” replied Gabriel, valiantly.

“Who can be on his guard?” said the Prince, laughing; “it stretches out its hand, and one becomes immovable; it holds a sponge before the nose of the sleeper and he does not awake.”

Gabriel listened attentively.

“People say that in the Pavilion all is not secure,” continued the Prince. “It would be as well for a trusty man to make an examination in secret; and if an entrance should be found that is not regular it should

be fastened with a screw or a bolt. It is indeed uncertain whether or not one may find such a thing, for such devil's work is slyly managed."

He nodded significantly to Gabriel, who stared at him in great astonishment.

"That is only a thought of mine," said the Prince; but when a soldier is in foreign quarters he looks after every security during the time that his people sleep."

"I understand all," replied Gabriel, in a low voice.

"One must not cause others unnecessary alarm," continued the Prince; "but in secret one may do one's duty like a brave man. I see you are that." The Prince rose from his seat. "If you should at any time need my help, or have anything to tell me which no one else should know, I have a fellow with a great moustache, a good, quiet man; make his acquaintance. For the rest, take care of yourselves here. There is a lackey who idles about near you; if there are any errands to do he can attend to them. It is a good thing for a family to have a trustworthy man at hand in a strange house. Good day, comrade, I hope I have changed the current of your thoughts."

He went away; Gabriel remained in deep thought. The bantering of the Prince had roused the honest man from his sorrow; he busied himself now about the house in the day-time, but in the evening, when his master and mistress were at the theatre, he was to be seen sometimes with the Prince's servant in confidential conversation on a garden bench.

The spirit of sad foreboding spread its grey veil over the walls of the Pavilion, but in the Sovereign's castle meanwhile an invisible hobgoblin of another kind was at work, disturbing great and small. The stable was in consternation. The Prince's favorite

saddle-horse was a white Ivenacker. When in the morning the groom went to the horse, he found it with a large black heart painted on its chest. He could not wash out the scandalous mark, probably the evil spirit had in this prank employed a dye intended for the hair of man. Connoisseurs declared that only time could heal the injury. They could not help making it known to the Sovereign who was violently angry, and set the strictest investigations on foot. The night-watchers of the stable had seen no one, no stranger's foot had entered the place; only the groom of Prince Victor, a moustached foreigner, had, at the same time with the other stable servants, cleaned the horse that he had lately received as a present from a relative. The man was examined, he spoke little German, was said by the other servants to be harmless and simple, and nothing could be learnt from him. Finally, the stable-boy who had kept watch was dismissed from service. He disappeared from the capital, and would have been reduced to great misery if Prince Victor had not provided for the poor wretch in his garrison.

There was a great uproar among the ballet-girls. In the new tragic ballet, "The Water Sprite," the first dancer, Guiseppa Scarletti, had a brilliant *rôle*, in which she was to wear green-silk trunks, with rich silver trimmings. When she was to put on this part of the costume, which was very important for the *rôle*, for the first representation, her assistant was so awkward as to hand it to her wrong side foremost. The lady expressed her displeasure strongly, the tire-woman turned it round, and it was still wrong. Upon nearer inspection of this piece of art, it was discovered, with dismay, that it presented two convex surfaces like the shell of a bivalve. Mademoiselle Scarletti broke out

into a fury, and then into tears and finally hysterics; the manager and the intendant were called; the *artiste* declared that after this disgrace and disturbance she could not dance. It was not until Prince Victor, whom she highly esteemed, came into the dressing-room to express his deep indignation, and the Sovereign desired her to be told that the insult should be punished in the severest manner, that she recovered sufficient courage to play the difficult *rôle*. Meanwhile the fairy-like rapidity of the theatrical tailor had remedied the injury to her dress. She danced superbly, but with a sad expression that became her well. The intendant was already rejoicing that the misfortune had thus passed off, when suddenly, in the midst of the last scene, when the whole depth of the stage was disclosed, the exchanged trunks appeared under Bengal lights in the water nymph's grotto, hanging peacefully upon two projecting points of a silver rock, as if a water sprite had hung them up to dry. Upon this there was a disturbance, and loud laughter among the audience, and the curtain had to fall before the Bengal lights were extinguished. It all looked like revenge, but again the culprit could not be discovered.

The hair of all the servants stood on end. They knew that in the bad times of the princely house a black lady walked through the corridors and rooms, which portended misfortune to it. The belief in this was general; even the High Marshal shared in it; the black lady had appeared to his grandfather, when, on a lonely night, he was awaiting the return of his gracious master. One evening, after the Court had withdrawn, the Marshal was walking, with the lackey carrying a light before him, through the empty rooms to the wing in which Prince Victor lodged, in order to

smoke a cigar with him. Suddenly the lackey started back and pointed, trembling, to a corner. There stood the black figure, the head covered with a veil; she raised her hand threateningly, and disappeared through a door in the tapestry. The light fell out of the hand of the lackey, the Marshal groped in the dark to the ante-room of the Prince, and sank down on the sofa there. When the Prince entered from his dressing-room he found him in a state of the highest consternation: even a glass of punch, which he himself poured out, could not arouse him from his depression. The news that the black lady had appeared flew throughout the castle; an uneasy foreboding of evil occupied the Court. In the evening the lackeys ran hurriedly through the corridor, and were frightened at the echo of their own steps, and the Court ladies would not leave their rooms without escort. The Sovereign also heard of it; his brow contracted gloomily, and at dinner he looked contemptuously at the Marshal.

Even the Court ladies were not spared. Miss von Lossau, who lodged in a wing of the palace over the rooms of the Princess, returned to her apartment one night in the happiest frame of mind. Prince Victor had paid her marked attentions. He had been very amusing, and had shown a degree of feeling which he had never before evinced. Her maid undressed her, and she laid herself to rest with sweet and pleasant thoughts. All was quiet: she fell into her first sleep. The image of the Prince danced before her; then she heard a slight noise; there was a crackling; something moved slowly under her bed. She started; the mysterious noise ceased. She was on the point of deluding herself into the belief that it was a dream, when the noise was repeated under the bed, and something



came clattering out. She heard an alarming sound, and saw by the faint light of the night-lamp that a ball was slowly pushing itself behind the chair, and stopping in front of the bed. Half unconscious from terror, she jumped out of bed, touched a strange object with her naked foot, at once felt a sharp pain, and sank back with a scream. She now raised a loud cry for help, till her maid rushed in, and tremblingly lit the candle. The lady was still shrieking in a corner, where the prickly spectre-ball still lingered in quiet timidity, and gradually showed itself to be a great hedgehog, which was sitting there, still dreamy from its winter sleep, with tears on its nose. Miss Lossau became ill from fright. When the physician hastened to her the next morning, he found the lackeys and maid-servants collected in close conclave before her door. On the door was pasted a white placard, on which was to be read, in large characters, "Bettina von Lossau, Princely Court Spy." Again there was the strictest investigation, and again the culprit was not discovered.

But the spirit of torment that had quartered itself under the roof of the castle did not confine its tricks to the Court and its household: it ventured to disturb the Professor also in his learned work.

Ilse was sitting alone, looking absent-mindedly at the pictures of Reynard the Fox, when the lackey threw open the door, announcing:

"His Highness, the Sovereign!"

The Sovereign glanced at the picture in the open book.

"So that is the view you take of our position. The satire of those pages is bitter, but they contain imperishable truth."

Ilse closed the book, coloring.

“The ill-behaved beasts are rude egotists; it is otherwise among men.”

“Do you think so?” asked the Sovereign. “Those who have had experience with them will not judge so leniently. The two-legged animals that pursue their aims at the courts of princes are, for the most part, as reckless in their egotism, and as much inclined to profess their attachment. It is not easy to restrain their pretensions.”

“Amongst the bad there are surely some better, in whom good preponderates?” rejoined Ilse.

The Sovereign inclined his head civilly.

“He who has to watch all keenly feels the narrow-mindedness of every individual, for he must know where and how far he can place confidence. Such an observation of various natures, which is always seeking to separate the reality from the glitter, to sound the worth of different characters, and to retain for the observer superior judgment, sharpens the perception of the deficiencies of others. It is possible that we may sometimes judge too severely, while you, with your warm feeling, fall into the amiable weakness of viewing men in too favorable a light.”

“My lot, then, is happier,” exclaimed Ilse, looking at the Sovereign, with honest commiseration.

“It is sweeter and happier,” said the latter with feeling, “to give one’s self up without restraint to one’s feelings, to associate innocently with a few whom one chooses freely, to avoid by slight effort the ill-disposed, and to open one’s heart gladly, and without restraint, to those one loves. But he who is condemned to live in the cold atmosphere of business, struggling against countless interests which clash together, can only carry on this existence by surround-

ing his daily life with regulations which will at least preserve him from overwhelming burdens and annoyances, and compel the foxes and wolves to bend their stubborn heads. Such rules of Court and government are no perfect work; there will often be complaints against them. You, perhaps, may have had occasion to remark that the customs and etiquette of a Court are not without harshness; yet they are necessary, for it makes it easy to us to withdraw and keep within ourselves, and maintain a certain isolation, which helps us to preserve our inward freedom."

Ilse looked conscious.

"But believe me," continued the Sovereign, "we still are human beings; we would gladly give ourselves up to the impulse of the moment, and live without restraint with those whom we esteem. We must often sacrifice ourselves, and we experience moments when such sacrifices are very severe."

"But within the princely family itself these considerations do not apply," exclaimed Ilse. "The mutual intercourse of father and children, brothers and sisters,—these holy relations can never be disturbed."

A cloud came over the countenance of the Sovereign.

"Even they suffer in their exposed position. We do not live together; we see each other less alone, generally under the observation of others. Each has his special circle of interest, is influenced by those about him, who perhaps diminish his confidence in his nearest relations. You know my son; he has all the qualifications of a good, open-hearted man, but you will have observed how suspicious and reserved he has become."

Ilse forgot all caution, and again felt a little proud of being a confidante.

"Forgive me," she explained; "I have never found that. He is only bashful, and sometimes a little awkward."

The Sovereign smiled.

"You lately expressed an opinion with reference to what would be advantageous for his future. That he should for a time become acquainted with the management of a large family estate; it would undoubtedly be good for him to learn the work of a country gentleman by experience. Besides this, he is not happy at Court."

Ilse nodded.

"Have you also remarked that?" asked the Sovereign.

"I will give good advice for my Prince," thought Ilse, "even if it is not quite agreeable to him. May I venture to say," she said aloud, "that this is the best time of all. For he must learn, your Highness, the spring tilling, which is in full operation, so there must be no delay."

The Sovereign was much pleased with this zeal.

"It will not be easy to find a place," he said.

"Perhaps your Highness has an estate in the neighborhood where there is a small manor-house."

"Then he could come often to the city," replied the Sovereign sharply.

"That would not do," continued Ilse, eagerly. "He must first thoroughly know the work of the people, and for that be constantly in the fields."

"I could not find a better adviser," said the Sovereign, in excellent humor. "There is nothing in the

vicinity that will answer; I have thought, however, of your father's estate.'

Ilse started with surprise.

"But our mode of life is not adapted for the accommodation of a prince," she replied with reserve. "No, gracious Sovereign, the domestic arrangements of our family would not be suitable to the pretensions of the young man. I say nothing of other considerations which formerly never occurred to me, and which have first come home to me here. Therefore, if I may speak what I feel, I am of opinion that this, for many reasons, will not answer."

"It was only a thought," replied the Sovereign, good-humoredly. "The object may perhaps be attained without encroaching upon your father. It has been my wish," he continued, with chivalrous politeness, "to give you and your father a public proof of my esteem. I have special reasons for it." He looked significantly at Ilse, and she thought of the birthday of the Princess.

"I know the reason," she said softly.

The Sovereign drew his chair near.

"Your father has a large family?" he asked. "I have a vague recollection of having seen several rosy-cheeked boys about."

"They were my brothers," said Ilse, laughing; "they are handsome little fellows, gracious Sovereign, if I, as a sister, may praise them; they are at present somewhat uncouth, but good and clever. My Franz wrote to me only yesterday to beg me to greet your Highness for him. The little urchin thinks it is the right thing. Now, as I have the opportunity, I will show you the letter as he has written it; it is a stupid, childish message, but it comes from a good heart."

She felt in her pocket and brought forth a letter written in fair characters.

“See, your Highness, how well the child writes. But I must not show you the letter, for your Highness would find in it a confirmation of your opinion, that men have always selfish wishes in the background when they think of their princes. The poor boy also has his wish.”

“Then let us have it,” said the Sovereign.

Ilse showed him the letter; the Sovereign graciously took hold of the letter, and in doing so, his hand rested on hers.

“He is so barefaced as to ask your highness for an india-rubber ball. The ball is already bought.”

She jumped up and brought a gigantic colored ball.

“This I shall send to him to-day, and I shall write to him that it is not seemly to beg of so great a personage. He is nine years old, but still very childish—your highness must forgive him.”

Enchanted by this frank open-heartedness, the Sovereign said:

“Write to him, at the same time, that I wish to tell him he must endeavor to preserve through the dangerous paths of life the pure feeling and loyal spirit of his eldest sister. I also feel how great is the blessing of your character to all who have the happiness of breathing your atmosphere. In a course of life which is filled with harrowing impressions, in which hatred and suspicion take more from the peace of the soul than hours of repose can restore to it, I have still retained my susceptibility for the innocent freshness of a mind like yours. You give me genuine pleasure.”

Again he laid his hand gently on hers; Ilse looked down confused at the praise of her dear Sovereign.

A hasty step approached; the Sovereign rose, and the Professor entered. He bowed to the Sovereign, and looked surprised at his wife.

“You are not ill?” he exclaimed. “Pardon, gracious Sir, I came in great anxiety about my wife. A strange boy rang the bell at the Museum, and brought a message that I must go immediately to see my wife, as she was ill; fortunately it was a mistake.”

“I am thankful for the error,” replied the Sovereign, “as it gives me the opportunity of saying to you what I was intending to mention to Madame Werner; orders have been given at the stable that a carriage shall be ready for you at any hour that you wish to take a journey in the neighborhood to pursue your mysterious investigations.”

He took leave graciously.

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The Sovereign opened the window of his study; the air was sultry, the sun had been shining long upon the earth; now it had vanished, heavy clouds rolled themselves, like great shapeless porpoises, over the city and castle. The Sovereign fetched a deep breath, but the heavy, sultry air forced the smoke from the chimneys of the castle down to his window, enveloping his head like a great mist. He hastily opened the door of the gallery which led to the reception-rooms, and walked out. Against the walls hung a row of oil pictures, the portraits of beautiful ladies whom he had once favored with his attentions. His look strayed from one to the other; at the end of the row was an empty place; he stopped before it, and his fancy painted a picture with blonde hair, and a true-hearted, frank light in the eyes, more touching than any of the other faces.

“So late,” he said, to himself. “It is the last place and the strongest feeling. They are fools who tell us that years make us indifferent. If I had come across her at the other end,” he glanced back along the gallery, “at the beginning of my life, when I yet looked longingly at the roses on the cheeks of maidens and was touched by the song of hedge-sparrows, would such a woman then have preserved in me what I have lost forever? Useless thoughts of the past! I must in the present keep firm hold of what has come within the reach of my hand. She is indifferent about the weak youth; but she feels herself uneasy here, and if she tries to escape me I have no power to keep her back. I remain alone; daily the same wearisome faces, whose thoughts one knows before they are spoken, whose wishes one knows before they open their mouths, and whom one sees to be prepared with feigned feelings. Whatever wit or will they have works secretly against me; what I receive from them is only the artificial glitter of life. It is sad to be a master before whom living souls turn into machines, and year after year to open the lid and examine the works. I myself have made them,” he said, jeeringly, “but I am weary of my work.”

“I know that the doubt arises often in my mind,” the Sovereign murmured, “whether my unhappy skill has made them lies of human nature, or whether I myself am an automaton, which when wound up nods and repeats the same gracious words without thought. I know there are hours when I am ashamed of myself, when I strut about the stage as a clown or a bully; I see the wires that move my joints; I feel a desire to place my own head in the vice in order to improve what is faulty in it, and I see a large



chest open into which I am thrown when my *rôle* is played out."

"Oh," he groaned, from the depths of his heart. "I know that I am a reality, if not by day, yet at night. None of those about me are tormented in lonely hours as I am; their temples do not beat with fever heat when they lie down after their day's work.

"What pleasure have I amidst these dull tapestry-rooms, or among the old pictures of Mother Nature? Laughing without amusement, angry about trifles,—everything cold, indifferent, and soulless!

"It is only in rare moments, when I have been with her, that I feel like another man; then the warm blood courses through my veins. When in her honest simplicity she talks of all that she loves and takes pleasure in, a woman with a child's heart, then I become young again like her. She talked to me of her brother 'curly-head.' I see the boy before me, a lively lad, with his sister's eyes. I see the little simpleton eating his bread and butter, and it moves me as if I were reading a touching story. I long to catch up the boy in my arms as if he belonged to me.

"She herself is true and upright; it is a pure mind, and beneath her calm gentleness strong passion lies concealed. What a passion she fell into when my messenger offered her the patent of nobility! She is a woman to live with whom is worth some trouble, and to gain whom a man would do much.

"But what can I do? What I can give her will be of little value to her; what I take from her—how will she make up her mind to that?" He looked timidly at the empty place on the wall. "Another picture was to have hung there," he exclaimed; "why is it not there? Why does the remembrance of one long gone

lie on my brain like a stone, the pressure of which I feel every day when mingling among men, and every night when I rest my weary head upon my hands? That woman slept many years ago in the same room where now the stranger reposes; she did not awake, as it would have been right for her to have done; when she did awake and came to consciousness, a spring broke in her weak mind, and she remained a soulless body."

A feverish shudder passed through him; he shook himself and rushed out of the gallery, looked shyly behind him, and closed the door.

"The violence of passion is extinguished," he continued, after a time; "with years one becomes more cautious. I will hold her fast, whatever may be the result; it is no longer the burning glow of youth, it is the heart of a ripened man that I offer to her. With firm patience will I await what time prepares for me; slowly will this fruit ripen in the warm sun. I shall persevere, but I will hold her fast. Her husband is becoming suspicious about her; it was an awkward excuse that he invented; he also is struggling out of my hand. I must keep her, and only childish means can be used for these childlike hearts."

The bell rang, the servant entered, and received an order.

Magister Knips appeared before the Sovereign; his cheeks were flushed, and vehement excitement worked in his features.

"Have you read the memorial which Professor Werner has written concerning the manuscript?" asked the Sovereign, carelessly. "What is your opinion of it?"

"It is a prodigious, astounding account, Most Gra-

cious Prince and Sovereign. I may well say that I feel this discovery in all my limbs. If the manuscript should be found, the fame attending the discovery will be imperishable; it would be discussed in the preface of every edition in which the question of the manuscript occurred, to the end of the world; it would raise the learned man to whose lot this greatest earthly good fortune should fall, high above his fellow mortals. Your exalted Highness also, according to Act 22, § 127, of the law of the country, would undoubtedly have the first right to the discovered treasure, and his Highness would be hailed among all people as the protector of a new era of knowledge concerning the Romans."

The Sovereign listened with satisfaction to the enthusiasm of the Magister, who in his excitement forgot his humble bearing, and pathetically stretched out his arm in the direction in which he saw the radiant crown hovering above the head of the Sovereign.

"All this would occur if one found the treasure," said the Sovereign; "but it is not yet found."

Knips collapsed.

"Undoubtedly it is presumptuous to think that such a happiness could fall to the lot of any human being, yet it would be a sin to doubt its possibility."

"Professor Werner seems to attach much value to the discovery," rejoined the Sovereign, indifferently.

"He could not be a man of sterling judgment who did not feel the importance of this gain as much as does your Highness's most humble servant and slave."

The Sovereign interrupted the speaker.

"Mr. Von Weidegg has proposed to you to remain in my service. Have you agreed to do so?"

"With the feelings of a rescued man," exclaimed

Knips, "who ventures to lay at your Highness's feet thanks and blessing with unbounded veneration."

"Have you already engaged yourself?"

"In the most binding way."

"Good," said the Sovereign, stopping the stream of the Magister's respectful assurances by a motion of his hand. "It has been reported to me, Magister that you have a special good fortune in finding such rarities—good fortune," repeated the Sovereign, "or what comes to the same thing, skill. Do you seriously believe that these indistinct traces will lead to the lost treasure?"

"Who can now maintain that such a discovery is impossible?" cried the Magister. "If I might be allowed, with the deepest respect, to express my views, which burst forth from my heart like a cry of joy, it is, I dare not say probable, but yet not improbable, that an accident might lead to it. Yet if I may venture respectfully to express my experience, which perhaps is only a superstition, if the manuscript be found, it will not be found where one expects, but somewhere else. Hitherto whenever in my humble existence I have had the good fortune of making a discovery—I mention only the Italian Homer of 1848—it has always been contrary to all anticipations; and what your most exalted Grace calls my skill is—if I must explain the secret of my good fortune—really nothing but the circumstance that I have generally sought where, according to human probability, no treasure could be supposed to lie."

"The views which you entertain are certainly not solacing for an impatient person," said the Sovereign, "for that may last a long time."

"Generations may pass away," replied Knips, "but

the present and the future will search until the manuscript be found."

"That is but poor comfort," said the Sovereign, laughing; "and I confess, Magister, you disappoint by these words the lively expectation which I cherished, that your dexterity and skill would soon obtain for me the pleasure of seeing the book in the hands of the Professor—the book itself, or at least some palpable proof of its existence. I am a layman in all these things, and can form no judgment of the importance which you attach to the discovery. To me at present it is only to play off a joke, or—to repeat the words which you lately used with respect to your miniatures—only for the sake of raillery."

The expression and manner of the Magister altered gradually, as if under the spell of an enchanter; he shrank into himself, laid his head on his shoulder, and looked with a terrified eagerness at the Sovereign.

"In short, I wish that Mr. Werner should soon be put upon a certain trace of the manuscript, if it is not possible to obtain the manuscript itself."

Knips remained silent, staring at the speaker.

"I desire you," continued the Sovereign, emphatically, "to employ the talent you have already shown for this object. Your help must, of course, remain my secret, for I should like Mr. Werner to have the pleasure of making the discovery himself."

"It must be a large manuscript," stammered out Knips.

"I fear," replied the Sovereign, carelessly, "it must long have been torn to pieces. It is not impossible that some scattered leaves may have been preserved somewhere."

The Magister stood thunderstruck.

“It is difficult to satisfy the Professor.”

“So much the greater will be your merit and reward.”

Knips remained silent, in a state of terror.

“Has your confidence vanished, Magister?” said the Sovereign, ironically. “It is not the first time that you have succeeded in such a discovery.” He approached closer to the little man. “I know something of former trials of your dexterity, and I have no doubt of the comprehensiveness of your talent.”

Knips started, but still he remained speechless.

“For the rest, I am contented with your activity,” continued the Sovereign, in a changed voice. “I do not doubt that you will in many ways know how to make yourself useful to the officials of my Court, and thereby consult your own future interest.”

“What high honor!” said Knips, pitifully, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief.

“As regards the lost manuscript,” continued the Sovereign, “the stay of Mr. Werner will, I fear, be only temporary. The task of pursuing the investigations in our country would, in that event, fall upon you.”

Knips raised his head, and a ray of pleasure passed over his troubled face.

“If the manuscript is, in fact, as valuable as the learned gentlemen seem to think, then in case, after the departure of the Professor, there is still something to discover, you will have found with us an occupation which is especially suited to you.”

“This prospect is the highest and most honorable which my life can attain to,” replied Knips, more courageously.

“Good,” said the Sovereign; “endeavor to de-

serve this claim, and try first what your dexterity can do."

"I will take pains to serve your Highness," replied the Magister, his eyes cast on the ground.

Knips left the private apartment. The little man, who now descended the staircase, looked very different from the happy Magister who a few minutes before had ascended it. His pale face was bent forward, and his eyes wandered furtively over the faces of the servants, who watched him inquisitively. He seized his hat mechanically, and he, the Magister, put it on his head while still in the royal castle. He went out into the court; the storm swept through the streets, whirled the dust round him, and blew his coat-tails forward.

"He drives me on; how can I withstand him?" murmured Knips. "Shall I return to my proof-sheets in that cold room? Shall I all my life depend on the favor of professors, always in anxiety lest an accident should betray to these learned men that I once overreached them and derided them?"

"But here I pass a pleasant life, and have opportunities of being the cleverest among the ignorant and making myself indispensable to them! I am so already; the Sovereign has shown himself to me as one comrade does to another, and he can, if I do as he wishes, as little part from me as the parchment from the writing on it."

He wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

"I myself will find the manuscript," he continued, more confidently. "*Jacobi Knipsii sollertia inventum*. I know the great secret, and I will search day by day where only a wood-lice can creep or a spider hang its web. Then it will be for me to decide whether I shall take the Professor as an assistant to edit it, or another.

Perhaps I will take him and he will be thankful to me. He will hardly find the treasure, he is too dignified to listen and to spy out where the chests are concealed."

The Magister hastened his steps; the wind whistled in sharp tones behind him,—it tore from the trees the dry leaves of the last year, and scattered them on the hat of the little man. The dust whirled more rapidly round him; it covered the dark Court dress with a pale grey coating, it pursued and enveloped him, so that the foliage of the trees and the figures of men disappeared from his sight, and he hastened onward wrapped in a cloud of dust and dead leaves. Again he raised his pocket-handkerchief, sighed, and wiped the perspiration from his temples.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### HUMMEL'S TRIUMPH.

THERE was a lowering sultriness in nature, and also in the busy world of men. The barometer fell suddenly; thunder and hail coursed over the country; confidence was gone, stocks became worthless paper; lamentation followed arrogance; water stood in the streets; and the straw hats disappeared as if wafted away by the storm.

Whoever in these changing times might wish to observe Mr. Hummel in a good-humored frame of mind must do so in the afternoon before three o'clock, when he opened his garden door and seated himself near the hedge. During this hour he gave audience to benevolent thoughts; he listened to the striking of the city clock, and regulated his watch; he read the daily paper, counted the regular promenaders, who daily walked at the same hour to the wood and back



again to the city, and he accosted his acquaintances and received their greetings. These acquaintances were for the most part householders, hard-headed men, members of the city commissions, and councillors.

To-day he was sitting at the open door, looking proudly at the opposite house, in which some secret commotion was perceptible; he examined the passers-by, and returned with dignity the bows and greetings of the citizens. The first acquaintance was Mr. Wenzel, a gentleman of means, and his sponsor, who for many years had taken a constitutional every day, summer and winter, through the meadows to get into perspiration. It was the one steady business of his life, and he talked of little else.

“Good day, Hummel.”

“Good day, Wenzel. Any success to-day?” asked Mr. Hummel.

“Pretty fair, only it took a long time,” said Mr. Wenzel, “but I must not stop. I only wanted to ask you how things are going with him over the way?”

“Why that?” asked Hummel, annoyed.

“Do you not know that his book-keeper has disappeared?”

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Hummel.

“They say he has speculated on the stock exchange, and escaped to America. But I must be off; good day.”

Mr. Wenzel hastily departed.

Mr. Hummel remained in a state of great astonishment. He heard the voice of the city-councillor calling out:

“Good day, Mr. Hummel—a warm day—90 degrees in the shade. Have you heard?” he said, pointing with his stick to the neighboring house.

“Nothing,” cried Hummel; “one lives in this place like in a prison. Whether it is fire, pestilence, or the arrival of high personages, it is only by pure accident one hears of it. What is all this about the absconding book-keeper?”

“It appears that your neighbor placed too much confidence in the man, and he has secretly used the name of his employer in some mad speculations, and fled last night. They say it is to the amount of forty thousand.”

“Then Hahn is ruined,” said Hummel, “irredeemably. I am not surprised at it; the fellow has always been impractical.”

“Perhaps things are not so bad,” said the councillor, as he left him.

Mr. Hummel remained alone with his thoughts. “Naturally.” He said to himself, “It was inevitable. In everything, high-flown—houses, windows, and garden fancies—never any rest; the man is gone out like a candle.”

He forgot the passers-by, and moved backwards and forwards on his main walk, looking sometimes with curiosity at the hostile house. “Out like a candle,” he repeated, with the satisfaction of a tragic actor who endeavors to give the most terrific expression to the telling words of his *rôle*. He had vexed himself half a century about that man; before his disposition to corpulency had begun, he had despised this man’s ways and business. This feeling had been his daily entertainment; it was one of his daily necessities, like his boot-jack and his green boat. Now the hour was come when fate paid off the man over the way for having injured Mr. Hummel by his presence in life. Hummel looked at the house and shrugged

his shoulders; the man who had placed that deformed structure before his eyes was now in danger of being driven out of it. He looked at the temple and the muse; this toy of the poor devil would soon be torn down by some stranger. Hummel went to the sitting-room; there also he walked up and down, and told his wife of Mr. Hahn's misfortune in short sentences. He observed, out of the corners of his eyes, that Mrs. Philippine hastened, nervously, to the sofa, and frequently clasped her hands; and that Laura rushed into the next room, and could not refrain from bursting into tears; and he repeated, with dreadful satisfaction, the terrible words: "He has gone out like a candle."

He behaved in the same way at the factory; he paced slowly up and down the warehouse, looked majestically on a heap of hareskins, took one of the finest hats out of a bandbox, held it towards the window, gave it a stroke with the brush, and muttered again: "It's all up with him." To-day his book-keeper, for the first time in his life, was late at his desk: he had heard of the misfortune on his way; he related it in an excited manner to his principal, and finally maliciously repeated the unfortunate words: "It's all up with him." Hummel gave him a piercing look, and snorted so that the timid heart of the clerk sank within him.

"Do you wish also to become manager of my business like that runaway? I thank you for this proof of your confidence. I have no use for such bandit-like proceedings; I am my own manager, sir, and I object to every kind of secret dealing behind my back."

"But, Mr. Hummel, I have carried on no secret dealings."

"The devil thank you for that," roared out Hum-

mel, in his fiercest bass. "There is no more confidence on earth: nothing is firm; the holiest relations are unscrupulously violated; one can no longer trust one's friends; now even one's enemies make off. At night you lie down to sleep quietly as a German, and in the morning you wake up as a Frenchman; and if you sigh for your German coffee, your hostess brings a dish of Parisian spinach to your bed. I should be glad to learn of you on what spot of this earth we are now settled."

"In Valley Row, Mr. Hummel."

"There the last remains of our good genius spoke out. Look through the window. What stands there?" pointing to the neighboring house.

"Park Street, Mr. Hummel."

"Indeed?" asked Hummel, ironically. "Since primeval times, since your ancestors sat on the trees here nibbling beechmast, this place has been called Valley Row. In this valley I laid the foundations of my house, and enclosed in the wall an inscription for later excavators: 'Henry Hummel, No. 1.' Now the machinations of yonder extinguished straw-man have upset this truth. In spite of my protest in court, we have become transformed into park denizens by a police ordinance. Scarcely has this happened, when that man's book-keeper transforms himself into an American. Do you believe that Knips, junior, this salamander, would have ventured on this misdeed if his own principal had not set him the example? There you have the consequences of everlasting changes and improvements. For twenty years we have gone on together, but I believe now you are capable of throwing up your place and entering into

another business. Bah, sir! you ought to be ashamed of your century."

It was a sorrowful day for the Hahn family. The master of the house had gone to his office in the city at the usual hour in the morning, and had awaited his book-keeper in vain. When at last he sent to the young man's dwelling, the porter brought back word that the former had departed, and left a letter on his table for Mr. Hahn. Hahn read the letter, and sank down upon his desk with sudden terror. He had always carried on his business like an honest tradesman. He had begun with small means, and had become a well to do man by his own energy; but he had confided his money matters more to his clever clerk than was prudent. The young man had grown up under his eyes, and had gradually, by his pliant, zealous service, won full confidence, and had shortly before been granted the right of signing the name of the firm to financial obligations. The new manager had succumbed to the temptations of these turbulent times and had, unknown to his principal, ventured on rash speculations. In the letter he made open confession. He had stolen a small sum for his flight: but Mr. Hahn would on the following day have to meet his losses to the amount of about twenty thousand thalers. The thunder-bolt fell from a clear heaven into the peaceful life of the merchant. Mr. Hahn sent for his son. The doctor hastened to the police-office, to his solicitor, and to his business friends, and returned again to the office to comfort his father, who sat as if paralyzed before his desk, hopelessly looking into the future.

Dinner-time came, when Mr. Hahn must impart his misfortune to his wife, and there was lamentation

within the house. Mrs. Hahn went distractedly through the rooms, and Dorothy wrung her hands and cried. In the afternoon the Doctor again hastened to his acquaintances and to money-lenders; but during this week there was a panic, every one mistrusted the other. Money was scarce, and the Doctor found nothing but sympathy, and complaints of the fearful times. The flight of the book-keeper made even confidential friends suspicious as to the extent of the obligations of the firm. Even by a mortgage on the house, with the greatest sacrifice, no sufficient sum could be obtained. The danger was more threatening every hour, the anguish greater. Towards evening the Doctor returned home to his parents after his last fruitless expedition. To his father he had shown a cheerful countenance, and comforted him bravely; but the thought was incessantly present to his mind, that this misfortune would divide him utterly from his loved one. Now he sat weary and alone in the dark sitting-room, and looked towards the lighted windows of the neighboring houses.

He well knew that one friend would not fail his father in distress. But the Professor was at a distance, and any help he could give would be insufficient; at the best it would come too late. There were only a few hours before the decisive moment. The intervening time, one of rest for all others, was one of endless torture to his father, in which he contemplated, with staring eyes and feverish pulse, a hundred-fold the bitterness of the ensuing day, and the son was terrified at the effect which the dreadful strain would have on the sensitive nature of his father.

There was a slight rustle in the dark room—a light figure stood beside the Doctor. Laura seized

his hand and held it fast within hers. She bent down to him, and looked in his sorrowful countenance. "I have felt the anxiety of these hours. I can no longer bear solitude," she said, gently. "Is there no help?"

"I fear, none."

She stroked his curly hair with her hand.

"You have chosen it as your lot to despise what others so anxiously desire. The light of the sun, which illumines your brow, should never be darkened by earthly cares. Be proud, Fritz; you have never had cause to be more so than at this hour, for such a misfortune cannot rob you of anything that is worth a pang."

"My poor father!" cried Fritz.

"Yet your father is happy," continued Laura, "for he has brought up a son to whom it is scarcely a sacrifice to be deprived of what appears to other men the highest happiness. For whom had your dear parents amassed money but for you? Now you may show them how free and great you rise above these anxieties for perishable metal."

"If I feel the misfortune of this day to my own life," said the Doctor, "it is only for the sake of another."

"If it could comfort you, my friend," exclaimed Laura, with an outburst of feeling, "I will tell you to-day that I hold true to you, whatever may happen."

"Dear Laura!" cried the Doctor.

Her voice sang softly in his ear like a bird:

"I am glad, Fritz, that you care for me."

Fritz laid his cheek tenderly on her hand.

"I will endeavor not to be unworthy of you," continued Laura. "I have long tried in secret all that I,

a poor maiden, can do, to free myself from the trivial follies that trouble our life. I have considered fully how one can keep house with very little, and I no longer spend money on useless dress and such rubbish. I am anxious also to earn something. I give lessons, Fritz, and people are satisfied with me. One requires little to live upon, I have found that out. I have no greater pleasure in my room than the thought of making myself independent. That is what I have wished to express briefly to you to-day. One thing more, Fritz; if I do not see you, I always think of and care about you."

Fritz stretched out his arms towards her, but she withdrew herself from him, nodded to him once more at the door, then flew swiftly across the street back to her attic room.

There she stood in the dark with beating heart; a pale ray of light gleamed through the window and lighted up the shepherd pair on the inkstand, so that they seemed to hover illuminated in the air. This day Laura did not think of her secret diary, she looked towards the window where her loved one sat, and again tears gushed from her eyes; but she composed herself with quick decision, fetched a light and a jug of water from the kitchen, collected her lace collars and cuffs and soaked them in a basin—she could do all this herself too. It was another little saving, it might sometime be of use to Fritz.

Mr. Hummel closed his office and continued to rove about. The door of Laura's room opened, the daughter shrank within herself when she saw her father cross the threshold solemnly, like a messenger of Fate. Hummel moved towards his daughter and looked sharply at her weeping eyes.



"On account of him over the way, I suppose." Laura hid her face in her hands, again her sorrow overpowered her.

"There you have your little bells," he grumbled in a low tone. "There you have your pocket-handkerchiefs and your Indians. It is all over with the people there." He slapped her on the shoulder with his large hand. "Be quiet. We are not responsible for his ruin; your pocket-handkerchiefs prove nothing."

It became dark; Hummel walked up and down the street between the two houses, looking at the hostile dwelling from the park side, where it was less accessible to him, and his broad face assumed a triumphant smile. At last he discovered an acquaintance who was hastening out of it, and followed him.

"What is the state of the case?" he asked, seizing the arm of the other. "Can he save himself?"

His business friend shrugged his shoulders.

"It cannot remain a secret," he said, and explained the situation and danger of the adversary.

"Will he be able to procure money to meet it?"

The other again shrugged his shoulders.

"Hardly to-morrow. Money is not to be had at any price. The man is of course worth more; the business is good, and the house unencumbered."

"The house is not worth twenty thousand," interposed Hummel.

"No matter; in a sound state of the money market he would bear the blow without danger, now I fear the worst."

"I have said it, he has gone out like a candle," muttered Hummel, and abruptly turned his steps towards his house.

In the Doctor's room father and son were sitting

over letters and accounts, the light of the lamp shone on the gilded titles of the books against the wall, and the portfolios containing the treasures industriously collected by the Doctor from all corners of the world, and bound up and placed here in grand array—now they were again to be dispersed. The son was endeavoring to inspire his despairing father with courage.

“If the misfortune cannot be prevented which has come upon us like a hurricane, we must bear it like men: you can save your honor. The greatest sorrow that I feel is that I can now be of so little use to you, and that the advice of every man of business is of more value than the help of your own son.”

The father laid his head on the table, powerless and stupefied.

The door opened, and from the dark hall a strange form entered the room with heavy steps. The Doctor sprang up and stared at the hard features of a well-known face. Mr. Hahn uttered a shriek and rose hastily from the sofa to leave the room.

“Mr. Hummel!” exclaimed the Doctor, alarmed.

“Of course,” replied Hummel; “it is I, who else should it be?” He laid a packet on the table. “Here are twenty thousand thalers in certified City Bonds, and here is a receipt for you both to sign. To-morrow you shall give a mortgage for it upon your house: the papers must be repaid in kind, for I do not mean to lose by it, exchange is too bad now. The mortgage shall run for ten years, in order that you may not think I wish to take your house; you can pay me back when you please, the whole at once, or by degrees. I know your business, no money can now be obtained upon your straw; but in ten years the loss may be recovered. I make only one condition, that no human

being shall know of this loan, least of all your wife, and my wife and daughter. For this I have good reasons. Do not look at me as the cat looks at the king," he continued, turning to the Doctor. "Set to work, count the bonds and note their numbers. Make no speeches, I am not a man of sentiment, and figures of rhetoric are no use to me. I think of my security also. The house is scarcely worth twenty thousand thalers, but it satisfies me. If you should wish to carry it off I should see it. You have taken care that it should be near enough to my eyes. Now count, please, and sign the receipt, Doctor," he said, authoritatively, pushing him down on his chair.

"Mr. Hummel," began Hahn, somewhat indistinctly, for it was difficult for him to speak in his emotion, "I shall never forget this hour to the end of my life." He wished to go up to him and give him his hand, but the tears streamed from his eyes and he was obliged to cover his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

Be seated," said Hummel, pushing him down on the sofa; "steadiness and stoicism are always the main thing; they are better than Chinese toys. I shall say nothing further to-day, and you must say nothing to me of this occurrence. To-morrow everything will be made smooth before the notary and the registrar, and interest must be punctually paid, quarterly; for the rest, our relation to each other remains the same. For, you see, we are not merely men, we are also business people. As a man, I well know what are your good points, even when you complain of me. But our houses and our business do not agree. We have been opponents twenty years, felt against straw, with our hobbies and our trellis-work fences. That may remain

so; what is not harmonious need not harmonize. When you call me bristles and felt, I will be coarse to you, and I will consider you as a straw blockhead as often as I am angry with you. But with all that, we may have, as now, private business together; and if ever, which I hope will never happen, robbers should plunder me, you will do for me as much as you can. This I know and have always known, and therefore I am come to you to-day."

Hahn gave him a look of warm gratitude, and again raised his pocket-handkerchief.

Hummel laid his hand heavily upon his head, as with a little child and said, gently, "You are a visionary, Hahn. The doctor is ready now; sign, and do not either of you take this misfortune too much to heart. There," he continued, strewing sand over the paper carefully, "to-morrow, about nine o'clock, I will send my solicitor to your office. Stay where you are; the staircase is badly lighted, but I shall find my way. Good night."

He entered the street, and looked contemptuously at the hostile walls. "No mortgage?" he muttered. "H. Hummel, first and last, twenty thousand." At home he vouchsafed some comforting words to his ladies. "I have heard that the people there will be able to pull through, so I forbid further lamenting. If ever, in conformity with miserable fashion, you should need a straw hat, you may take your money rather to the Hahns than to others; I give my permission."

Some days after Fritz Hahn entered the small office of Mr. Hummel. The latter motioned to his book-keeper to withdraw, and began, coolly, from his arm chair, "What do you bring me, Doctor?"

"My father feels it a duty to meet the great confi-

dence that you have shown him, by giving you an insight into the state of his business, and begs you to assist him in his arrangements. He is of opinion, that until this disastrous affair has passed over, he should do nothing important without your assent."

Hummel laughed. "What! I am to give advice, and that too, in the management of your business? You would put me in a position that is preposterous, and one against which I protest."

The Doctor silently placed before him a statement of assets and liabilities.

"You are a sharp customer," cried Hummel, "but for an old fox this trap is not cunningly enough laid." With that he looked at the credit and debit, and took a pencil in his hand. "Here I find among the assets five hundred thalers for books that are to be sold. I did not know that your father had this hobby also."

"They are my books, Mr. Hummel. I have of late years spent more money upon these than was absolutely necessary for my work. I am determined to sell what I can do without; a book-dealer has already offered to pay this sum in two instalments."

"The sheriff is never allowed to levy on instruments of trade," said Hummel, making a stroke through that entry in the ledger. "I believe, indeed, that they are unreadable stuff, but the world has many dark corners; and as you have a fancy to be an anomalous dick among your fellows, you shall remain in your hole." He regarded the Doctor with an ironical twinkle in his eye. "Have you nothing further to say? I do not mean with reference to your father's business, I have nothing further to do with that, but upon another subject, which you yourself seem to carry on; from your move-

ments of late you evidently wish to associate yourself with my daughter Laura?"

The Doctor colored. "I should have chosen another day for the declaration which you now demand of me. But it is my anxious wish to come to an understanding with you concerning it. I have long entertained a secret hope that time would lessen your aversion to me."

"Time?" interrupted Hummel; "that's absurd."

"Now by the noble assistance which you have extended to my father, I am placed in a position towards you which is so painful to me that I must beg of you not to refuse me your sympathy. With strenuous exertion and fortunate circumstances it would now be years before I could acquire a position to maintain a wife."

"Starving trade," interposed Mr. Hummel, in a grumbling tone.

"I love your daughter and I cannot sacrifice this feeling. But I have lost the prospect of offering her a future which could in some measure answer to what she is entitled to expect; and the helping hand which you have extended to my father makes me so dependent on you that I must avoid what would excite your displeasure. Therefore I see a desolate future before me."

"Exactly as I prophesied," replied Mr. Hummel, "wretched and weak."

The Doctor drew back, but at the same time he laid his hand on his neighbor's arm. "This manner of language will serve you no longer, Mr. Hummel," said he smiling.

"Noble, but abject," repeated Hummel with satisfaction. "You should be ashamed, sir; do you pretend

to be a lover? You wish to know how to please my daughter Laura, such an evasive, forlorn specimen as you? Will you regulate your feelings according to my mortgage? If you are in love, I expect that you should conduct yourself like a rampant lion, jealous and fierce. Bah, sir! you are a beautiful Adonis to me, or whatever else that fellow Nicodemus was called."

"Mr. Hummel, I ask for your daughter's hand," cried the Doctor.

"I refuse it you," cried Hummel. "You mistake my words. I do not think of throwing my daughter into this bargain also. But you must not misunderstand my refusal to give you my daughter; your duty is to pursue her more fiercely than ever. You must attack me, and force yourself into my house; in return for which I reserve to myself the right to show you the way out. But I have always said it, you are wanting in courage."

"Mr. Hummel," replied the Doctor, with dignity, "allow me to remark that you should no longer be on the offensive with me."

"Why not?" asked Hummel.

The Doctor pointed to the papers.

"What has happened in this matter makes it difficult for me to use strong language to you. It can be no pleasure to you to attack one who cannot defend himself."

"These pretensions are really ridiculous," replied Hummel. "Because I have given you my money must I cease to treat you as you deserve? Because you, perhaps, are not disinclined to marry my daughter, am I to stroke you with a velvet brush? Did one ever hear such nonsense?"

“You mistake,” continued the Doctor, civilly, “if you think that I am not in a position to answer what you say. I therefore do myself the honor of remarking to you that your mockery is so wounding that even the kindness you have shown loses its value.”

“Have done with your kindness—it was only kindness from revenge.”

“Then I will as honestly tell you,” continued the Doctor, “that it was a very bitter hour to me when you entered our house. I knew how oppressive the obligation which you then conferred upon us would be for the rest of my life. But I looked at my poor father, and the thought of his misery closed my mouth. For my own part, I would rather have begged my bread than taken your money.”

“Go on,” cried Hummel.

“What you have done for my father does not give you a right to ill-treat me. This conversation strengthens me in the conviction that I have had from the outset, that we must exert ourselves to the utmost to repay you the money we have received, as soon as possible. You have crossed out the item in which I credited my books, but I shall sell them.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Hummel.

“I shall do it, however insignificant the sum may be in comparison with our debt, because the tyranny which you wish to exercise over me threatens to become insupportable. I at least will not be indebted to you in this way.”

“Yet you wish it in another way that suits you better.”

“Yes,” replied the Doctor. “As you have so contemptuously rejected the greatest sacrifice I could make, I shall continue to woo your daughter, even



against your will. I shall endeavor to speak to her whenever I can, and to make myself as acceptable to her as is possible in my position. You yourself have shown me this way. You will therefore be satisfied if I enter upon it, and if you are not, I shall pay no regard to your displeasure."

"At last," cried Hummel, "it all comes to light. I see now that you have some fire in you; therefore we will talk quietly over this business. You are not the husband whom I could have wished for my daughter. I have kept you away from my house, but it has been of no use, for a cursed sentiment has arisen between you; I therefore intend now to carry on the affair differently. I shall not object to you coming to my house sometimes. I depend upon your doing it with discretion. I will ignore your presence, and my daughter shall have an opportunity of seeing how you compare with the four walls. We will both await the result."

"I do not agree to this proposal," replied the Doctor. "I do not expect that you should give me your daughter's hand now, and I only accept the entrance into your family on condition that you yourself will treat me as becomes a guest in your house, and that you will perform the duties of a friendly host. I cannot suffer that you should speak to me in the way you have done in our conversation to-day. Any insult, either by words or by neglect, I will not bear from you. I am not only desirous to please your daughter, but also to be agreeable to yourself. For that I demand opportunity. If you do not agree to this condition, I prefer not to come at all."

"Humboldt, do not undertake too much at once," replied Mr. Hummel, shaking his head, "for you see I esteem you, but I really do not like you. Therefore

I will consider how far I can make myself pleasant to you; I assure you it will be hard work. Meanwhile, take these papers with you. Your father has bought the lesson, that he should himself look after his own money affairs. For the rest, matters are not in a bad state, and he will be able to help himself out of it; you do not need either me or another. Good morning, Doctor."

The doctor took the papers under his arm.

"I beg you to shake hands, Mr. Hummel."

"Not so hastily," replied Hummel.

"I am sorry for it," said the Doctor, smiling, "but I cannot be denied to-day."

"Only from innate politeness," rejoined Hummel, "not from good will."

He held out his large hand to him.

"Keep your books," he cried out, to the departing visitor. "I can see through that scheme, you will buy them again, and then I shall have to pay for them anyhow."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A CHAPTER FROM TACITUS.

TOBIAS BACHHUBER! when your sponsors concluded that you should be called Tobias they did bad service to you and your descendants. For he who bears that name is by fate subjected to experiences that do not fall to the lot of more favorably named men. Who ever passed so miserable a honey-moon as Tobias the younger, the poor son of the blind man? For was he not obliged to fast, and to struggle with a murderous spirit just at a time when a spiritual struggle would be highly disagreeable to any mortal? Even

you, blessed Bachhuber, have bitterly experienced the misfortune of your name. Whether the fatal war with Sweden may have arisen because the Swedes hankered after your manuscript, will not be discussed here; it is to be hoped that new historical investigations may yet bring this secret motive of action to light. But it cannot be denied that you yourself suffered lamentably in the war, and the curse of your name still clings to the treasure which you concealed. All who have anything to do with it have their eyes blinded, and an evil spirit destroys their hopes.

The Professor also was tormented with this blindness, and troubled by the demon. He had found nothing. Many would have been weary and given it up, but his eagerness only increased, for he did not, by any means, search heedlessly; he knew very well that the discovery depended on a long chain of accidents which were beyond all calculation. But he wished to do all in his power; his task was to give assurance to the learned of the world that the archives, collections, and inventories of the Sovereign had been thoroughly examined. This certainty at least he could obtain better than any one else, and he would thus do his duty both to the Sovereign and to Learning. But his impatience became more eager, and the cheerful excitement he felt at first increased to uncomfortable agitation; constant disappointment disturbed his daily frame of mind. He often sat lost in thought, nay, he was always speaking of the treasure, and Ilse could not please him; her objections and even her consolation wounded him, for he was very much vexed that she did not partake of his zeal. He knew accurately what would be the appearance of the manuscript—a large, thick quarto, very old characters, perhaps of the

sixth century, much faded, and many leaves half destroyed, for he could not conceal from himself that the mischievous spirit of the times, water and the rats, might have made havoc with it.

One day the Professor entered the Princess's study with heightened color.

"At last I can bring you a good report. In a small bundle of deeds in the Marshal's office, which had hitherto unaccountably escaped me, I have found a lost entry on a single sheet. The chests which the official at Bielstein sent in the beginning of the last century to the vanished castle are briefly designated as numbers one and two, with a remark that they contained besides old cross-bows, arrows, &c., manuscripts of the monastery of Rossau. Thus, there were two chests with manuscripts of the monastery in them."

The Princess looked with curiosity at the sheet which he laid before her.

"It was high time that this account should come to light," continued the Professor, gaily; "for I confess to your Highness that the phantom pursued me day and night. This is a valuable confirmation that I am on the right path."

"Yes," cried the Princess, "I am convinced we shall find the treasure. If I could but help you a little. If it could be obtained by magic, I would gladly put on my magic girdle and call upon Lady Hecate. Unfortunately this mode of calling spirits to one's aid is out of date, and it is difficult to learn the secret art by which learned gentlemen unearth their treasures."

"I also am now little better than a wretched exorcist," answered the Professor. "It would be a bad recommendation for me if your Highness were to judge of my work by what I have achieved here in

stirring up the old dust. One is delighted and disappointed, like a child. It is fortunate that fate does not often tease us book-writers with such tricks; what we do for the benefit of others does not depend upon accidental discoveries."

"I can form an idea of the seriousness of the work which I do not see," exclaimed the Princess. "Your kindness has opened at least an aperture through which I can look into the workshop of creative minds. I can understand that the labor of learned men must have an irresistible attraction for those who belong to that silent community. I envy the women whose happiness it is to live their whole lives within the sphere of such occupations."

"We are bold conquerors at the writing-table," answered the Professor; "but the incongruity between our inward freedom and outward helplessness is often felt by the conqueror and those about him. They who really pass their lives with us may easily fathom us, and can with difficulty bear our one-sidedness. For, your Highness, learned men themselves are like the books they write. In general we are badly prepared for the whirl of business, and sometimes helpless in the manifold activity of our time. We are true friends to men in those hours in which they seek new strength for the struggle of life, but in the struggle itself we are generally unskilful assistants."

"Are you thinking of yourself in speaking thus?" asked the Princess, quickly.

"I had in my mind a picture of the combined traits of many of my fellow-workers, but if your Highness inquires about myself, I also am in this respect a regular man of learning. For I have often had opportunity of remarking how imperfect is my judgment on

all questions in which my learning or my moral feeling do not give me assurance."

"I do not like that, Mr. Werner," cried the Princess, leaning gravely back in her arm-chair. "My fancy took its highest flight; I sat as sovereign of the world, prepared to make my people happy, and I made you my minister of state."

"Your confidence gives me pleasure," replied the Professor; "but if your Highness should ever be in the position to seek for an assistant in government, I could not accept this dignity with a good conscience unless your Highness's subjects had all been passed through the bookbinder's press, and wore little coats of pasteboard, and had on their backs labels that told the contents of each."

The Princess laughed, but her eyes rested with deep feeling on the honest countenance of the man. She rose and approached him.

"You are always true, open, and high-minded."

"Thanks for your judgment," replied the Professor, much pleased. "Even your Highness treats me like a spirit that dwells in a book; you praise me as openly as if I did not understand the words that you speak. I beg permission to convey to your Highness my feelings also in a review."

"What I am like, I do not wish to hear from you," exclaimed the Princess; "for you would, in spite of the harmlessness which you boast of, end by reading me as plainly as if I had a morocco-covered back and gilt edges. But I am serious when I praise you. Yes, Mr. Werner, since you have been with us I have attained to a better understanding of the value of life. You do not know what an advantage it is for me to have intercourse with a mind which, undisturbed by

the little trifles around it, only serves its high goddess of Truth. The turmoil of daily life bears hard upon us, and perplexes us; those by whom I am surrounded, even the best of them, all think and care about themselves, and make convenient compacts between their feeling of duty and their egotism. But in you I perceive unselfishness and the incessant devotion of yourself to the highest labor of man. There is something great and lofty in this that overpowers me with admiration. I feel the worth of such an existence, like a new light that penetrates my soul. Never have I known any one about me so inspired with heaven in his breast. That is my review of you, Professor Werner; it is, perhaps, not well written, but it comes from my heart."

The eyes of the learned man shone as he looked at the enthusiastic countenance of the princely child, but he was silent. There was a long pause. The Princess turned away, and bent over her books. At last she began, with gentle voice:

"You are going to your daily work, I will do so also. Before you leave me, I beg of you to be my instructor: I have marked a place in the work no art that you had the kindness to bring from the library, which I could not quite understand."

The Professor took the open book from her hand, and laughed.

"This is the theory of quite a different art; it is not the right book."

The Princess read, "How to make blanc-mange." She opened the title page: "Common-sense cook-book of an old Nuremberg cook." She turned the book round with astonishment; it was the same simple binding.

“How does this come here?” she exclaimed, with vexation, and rang for her maid.

“No one has been here,” said the latter, “except the Princess, a short time ago.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the Princess, depressed. “Then there is no hope. We are now under the dominion of a mischievous spirit, and must wait till our book returns. Farewell, Mr. Werner; if the mischievous spirit restores me the book I shall call you back.”

When the Professor had taken leave, the maid came back alarmed and brought the lost Archæology in a sad condition. The book was in the cage of the monkey. Giocco had studied it industriously, and was furious when the volume was taken away from him.

At the same hour the Chamberlain was standing before the Sovereign.

“Your friends from the University have domesticated themselves with us; I take for granted that you have done your best to make our city agreeable to them.”

“Professor Werner appears well contented,” replied the Chamberlain, with reserve.

“Has your sister Malwine made the acquaintance of the Professor’s wife?”

“Unfortunately my sister has been obliged to nurse a sick aunt in the country.”

“That is a pity,” replied the Sovereign; “she may have reason to regret this accident. Some time ago you expressed your opinion that some practical occupation would be beneficial to the Hereditary Prince; I have considered the matter. It will be necessary to find the means of a temporary residence in the district of Rossau. The old forester’s lodge will not be ill ad-



apted to it. I have determined by additional building to change the house into a habitable residence. The Hereditary Prince must be on the spot to plan the building according to his wishes, and you will accompany him. The architect has orders to draw the plans according to the Prince's directions. I only wish to speak to him about the proposed estimate. Meanwhile the Hereditary Prince will occupy the rooms that are reserved for me in the forester's lodge. But as the building will not take up his whole time, he may employ his leisure in obtaining an insight into our agricultural methods, at the farm of the adjoining proprietor. He should learn about field-work and book-keeping. The year is already far advanced, which makes a speedy departure advisable. I hope this arrangement will meet a wish that you have long entertained. The beautiful country and the quiet wood will be a refreshment to you after your winterwork."

The Chamberlain bowed dismayed before his master, who so graciously pronounced his banishment from Court. He hastened to the Hereditary Prince and related the bad tidings.

"It is exile!" he exclaimed, beside himself.

"Make your preparations speedily," replied the Hereditary Prince quietly. "I am prepared to go at once."

The Hereditary Prince went to his father.

"I will do what you command, and make every effort to please you. If you, as a father, consider this residence in a distant place useful, I feel that you understand better than I what will be beneficial for my future. But," he continued, with hesitation, "I cannot go from here without making a request which I have much at heart."

“Speak, Benno,” said the Sovereign, graciously.

“I beg of you to permit the Professor and his wife to depart as quickly as possible from the neighborhood of the Court.”

“Why so?” asked the Sovereign sharply.

“Their residence here is hurtful to Mrs. Werner. Her reputation is endangered by the unusual position in which she is placed. I owe him and her great gratitude; their happiness is a matter of concern to me, and I am tormented by the thought that their stay in our parts threatens to disturb the peace of their life.”

“And why does your gratitude fear a disturbance of the happiness that is so dear to you?” asked the Sovereign.

“It is said that the Pavillion is a fateful residence for an honorable woman,” replied the Hereditary Prince, decidedly.

“If what you call honor is endangered by her dwelling there, then that virtue is easily lost,” said the Sovereign, bitterly.

“It is not the dwelling alone,” continued the Hereditary Prince; “the ladies of the Court have been quite reserved in their conduct toward her; she is ill spoken of: gossip and calumny are busy in fabricating a false representation of her innocent life.”

“I hear with astonishment,” said the Sovereign, “the lively interest you take in the stranger; yet, if I am rightly informed, you yourself during this time have shown her little chivalrous attention.”

“I have not done so,” exclaimed the Hereditary Prince, “because I have felt myself bound to avoid, at least so far as I was concerned, any conduct that might injure her. I saw the jeering looks of our gentlemen when she arrived; I heard their derogatory words

about the new beauty who was shut up in that house, and my heart beat with shame and anger. Therefore I have painfully controlled myself; I have feigned indifference before those about me, and I have been cold in my demeanor towards her; but, my father, it has been a hard task to me, and I have felt deep and bitter anxiety in the past few weeks; for the happiest hours of my life at college were passed in her society."

The Sovereign had turned away; he now showed his son a smiling countenance.

"So that was the reason of your reserve. I had forgotten that you had reached the age of tender susceptibility and were inclined to expend more emotion and sentiment on your relations to women than is good for you. Yet I could envy you this. Unfortunately, life does not long retain its sensitive feelings." He approached the Prince, and continued, good-humoredly: "I do not deny, Benno, that in your interest I regarded the arrival of our visitors differently. For a prince of your nature there is perhaps nothing so fraught with culture as the tender feeling for a woman who makes no demands on the external life of her friend, and yet gives him all the charm of an intimate union of soul. Love affairs with ladies of the Court or with assuming intriguants would be dangerous for you; you must be on your guard that the woman to whom you devote yourself will not trifle with you and selfishly make use of you for her own ends. From all that I knew, your connection with the lady in the Pavilion was just what would be advantageous for your future life. From reasons of which I have full appreciation, you have avoided accepting this idyllic relation. You yourself have not chosen what I, with the best intentions, prepared for you; it seems to me,

therefore, that you have lost the right in this affair to express any wishes whatever."

"Father," exclaimed the Hereditary Prince, horrified, and wringing his hands, "your saying this to me is indeed unkind. I had a dark foreboding that the invitation to them had some secret object in view. I have struggled with this suspicion, and blamed myself for it; now I am dismayed with the thought that I myself am the innocent cause of this misfortune to these good people. Your words give me the right to repeat my request: let them go as soon as possible, or you will make your son miserable."

"I perceive an entirely new phase of your character," replied the Sovereign; "and I am thankful to you for the insight that you have at last accorded me into your silent nature. You are either a fantastical dreamer, or you have a talent for diplomacy that I have never attributed to you."

"I have never been other than candid to you," exclaimed the Hereditary Prince.

"Shall the lady return to her home at Bielstein to be saved?" asked the Sovereign mockingly.

"No," replied the Hereditary Prince, in a low tone.

"Your demand scarcely deserves an answer," continued the father. "The strangers have been called here for a certain time. The husband is not in my service. I am neither in a position to send them away, as they have given me no reason for dissatisfaction, nor to keep them here against their will."

"Forgive me, my father," exclaimed the Hereditary Prince. "You have yourself, by the gracious attention which you daily show to the wife, by your civil gifts and frequent visits, occasioned the Court to think that you take a special personal interest in her."

“Is the Court so busy in reporting to you what I, through the unbecoming conduct of others, have thought fit to do?” asked the Sovereign.

“Little is reported to me of what those about us say, and be assured that I do not lend a ready ear to their conjectures; but it is inevitable that I sometimes must hear what occupies them all and makes them all indignant. They venture to maintain even, that every one who does not show her attention is in disgrace with you; and they think that they show special firmness of character and respectability in refusing to be civil to her. You, as well as she, are threatened with calumny. Forgive me, my father, for being thus frank. You yourself have by your favor brought the lady into this dangerous position, and therefore it lies with you to deliver her from it.”

“The Court always becomes virtuous when its master selects for distinction a lady who does not belong to their circle; and you will soon learn the value of such strict morals,” replied the Sovereign. “It must be a strong sentiment, Benno, which drives your timid nature to the utmost limits of the freedom of speech that is allowable from a son to a father.”

The pale face of the Hereditary Prince colored.

“Yes, my father,” he cried, “hear what to every other ear will remain a secret; I love that lady with fervent and devoted heart. I would with pleasure make the greatest sacrifice in my power for her. I have felt the power that the beauty and innocence of a woman can exercise on a man. More than once have I strengthened myself by contact with her pure spirit. I was happy when near her, and unhappy when I could not look into her eyes. For a whole year I have thought in secret of her, and in this sorrow-

ful feeling I have grown to be a man. That I have now courage to speak thus to you, I owe to the influence which she has exercised upon me. I know, my father, how unhappy such a passion makes one; I know the misery of being for ever deprived of the woman one loves. The thought of the peace of her pure soul alone has sustained me in hours of bitterness. Now you know all. I have confided my secret to you and I beg of you, my Sovereign and father, to receive this confidence with indulgence. If you have hitherto cared for my welfare, now is the time when you can show me the highest proof of our sincerity. Honor the woman who is loved by your unhappy son."

The countenance of the Sovereign had changed while his son was speaking, and the latter was terrified at its menacing expression.

"Seek, for your tale, the ear of some knight-errant who eagerly drinks the water into which a tear of his lady-love has dropped."

"Yes, I seek your knightly help, my liege and Sovereign," cried the Hereditary Prince, beside himself. "I conjure you, do not let me implore you in vain. I call upon you, as the head of our illustrious house, and as a member of the order whose device we both wear, to do a service to me and for her. Do not refuse her your support in her danger."

"We are not attending a mediæval ceremony," replied the Sovereign, coldly, "and your speech does not accord with the tone of practical life. I have not desired your confidence—you have thrust it upon me in too bold a manner. Do not wonder that your father is angry with your presumptuous speech, and that your Sovereign dismisses you with displeasure."

The Hereditary Prince turned pale and stepped back.

“The anger of my father and the displeasure of my Sovereign are misfortunes which I feel deeply; but still more fearful to me is the thought, that here at Court an injury is done to an innocent person—an injury in which I must have a share. However heavily your anger may fall upon me, yet I must tell you that you have exposed the lady to misrepresentation, and as long as I stand before you I will repeat it, and not desist from my request to remove her from here, for the sake of her honor and ours.”

“As your words flutter ceaselessly about the same empty phantom,” replied the Sovereign, “it is time to put an end to this conversation. You will depart at once, and leave it to time to enable me to forget, if I ever can do so, what I have heard from you to-day. Till then you may reflect in solitude on your folly, in wishing to play the part of guardian to strangers who are quite in a position to take care of themselves.”

The Hereditary Prince bowed.

“Has my most Sovereign liege any commands for me?” he asked, with trembling lips.

The Sovereign replied sullenly:

“It only remains to you now to excite the ill-will of the strangers against your father.”

“Your Highness knows that such conduct would not become me.”

The Sovereign waved his hand, and his son departed with a silent bow.

Immediately upon quitting the apartment of the father, the Prince ordered his carriage, and then hastened to his sister. The Princess looked anxiously into his disturbed countenance.

“You are going away?” she exclaimed.

“Farewell!” he said, holding out his hand to her.

"I am going into the country to build a new castle for us in case we should wish to change the scene of action."

"When do you return, Benno?"

The Hereditary Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"When the Sovereign commands. My task is now to become something of an architect and farmer; this is a useful occupation. Farewell, Sidonie. If chance should bring you together with Mrs. Werner, I would be greatly indebted to you if you would not attend to the gossip of the Court, but remember that she is a worthy lady, and that I owe her a great debt of gratitude."

"Are you dissatisfied with me, my brother?" asked the Princess, anxiously.

"Make reparation for it, Sidy, as best you can. Farewell!"

Prince Victor accompanied him to the carriage. The Hereditary Prince clasped his hand, and looked significantly towards the Pavilion. Victor nodded. "That's my opinion too," he said. "Before I go back to my garrison I will visit you in the land of cat-tails. I expect to find you as a brother hermit, with a long beard and a cap made of tree-bark. Farewell, Knight Toggenburg, and learn there that the best philosophy on earth is to consider every day as lost on which one cannot do some foolish trick. If one does not do this business one's self, others will take the trouble off one's hands. It is always more pleasant to be the hammer than the anvil."

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The Sovereign was gloomy and silent at dinner; only short remarks fell from his lips, and sometimes a bitter jest, from which one remarked that he was striv-



ing for composure; the Court understood that this unpleasant mood was connected with the departure of the Hereditary Prince, and every one took care not to irritate him. The Professor alone was able to draw a smile from him, when he good-humoredly told about the enchanted castle, Solitude. After dinner the Sovereign conversed with one of his aides-de-camp as well as the Professor. The latter turned to the High Steward; and although he usually avoided the reserved politeness of the man, he on this occasion asked him some indifferent questions. The High Steward answered civilly that the Marshal, who was close by, could give him the best information, and he changed his place. Immediately afterwards the Sovereign walked straight through the company to the High Steward, and drew him into the recess of the window, and began:

“You accompanied me on my first journey to Italy, and; if I am not mistaken, partook a little of my fondness for antiquities. Our collection is being newly arranged and a catalogue fully prepared.”

The High Steward expressed his acknowledgment of this princely liberality.

“Professor Werner is very active,” continued the Sovereign; “it is delightful to see how well he understands to arrange the specimens.”

The High Steward remained silent.

“Your Excellency will remember how when in Italy we were much amused at the enthusiasm of collectors who, luring strangers into their cabinets, wildly gesticulated and rhapsodized over some illegible inscription. Like most other men, our guest is also afflicted with a hobby. He suspected that an old manuscript lay concealed in a house in our principality;

therefore he married the daughter of the proprietor; and as, in spite of that, he did not find the treasure, he is now secretly seeking this phantasm in the old garrets of the palace. Has he never spoken to you of it?"

"I have as yet had no occasion to seek his confidence," replied the High Steward.

"Then you have missed something," continued the Sovereign; "in his way he speaks well and readily about it; it will amuse you to examine more closely this species of folly. Come presently with him into my study."

The High Steward bowed; and on the breaking up of the party, informed the Professor that the Sovereign wished to speak to him.

The gentlemen entered the Sovereign's apartment, in order to afford him an hour of entertainment.

"I have told his Excellency," the Sovereign began, "that you have a special object of interest which you pursue like a sportsman. How about the manuscript?"

The Professor related his new discovery of the two chests.

"The next hunting-ground which I hope to try will be the garrets and rooms in the summer castle of the Princess; if these yield me no booty, I would hardly know of any place that has not been searched."

"I shall be delighted if you soon attain your object," said the Sovereign, looking at the High Steward. "I assume that the discovery of this manuscript will be of great importance for your own professional career. Of course you will consent to publish the same."

"It would be the noblest task that could fall to my lot," replied the Professor, "always supposing that your Highness would graciously entrust the work to me."

"You shall undertake the work, and no other," re-

plied the Sovereign, laughing, "so far as I have the right to decide it. So the invisible book will be really of great importance to learning?"

"The greatest importance. The contents of it will be of the highest value to every scholar. I think it would also interest your Highness," said the Professor, innocently, "for the Roman Tacitus is in a certain sense a Court historian; the main point of his narrative is the characters of the Emperors who, in the first century of our era, decided the fate of the old world. It is indeed, on the whole, a sorrowful picture."

"Did he belong to the hostile party?" inquired the Sovereign.

"He is the great narrator of the peculiar deformity of character found in the sovereigns of the ancient world; we have to thank him for a series of psychological studies of a malady that then developed itself on the throne."

"That is new to me," replied the Sovereign, fidgeting on his chair.

"Your Highness will, I am convinced, view the various forms of this mental malady with the greatest sympathy, and will find in other periods of the past—nay, even in the earlier civilization of our own people—many remarkable parallel cases."

"Do you speak of a special malady that only befalls rulers?" asked the Sovereign; "physicians will be grateful to you for this discovery."

"In fact," answered the Professor, eagerly, "the fearful importance of this phenomenon is far too little estimated; no other has exercised such an immeasurable influence on the fate of nations. The destruction by pestilence and war is small in comparison with the fatal devastation of nations which has been occasioned

by this special misfortune of the rulers. For this malady, which raged long after Tacitus among the Roman emperors, is not an ailing that is confined to ancient Rome—it is undoubtedly as old as the despotisms of the human race; even later it has been the lot of numerous rulers in Christian states; it has produced deformed and grotesque characters in every period; it has been for thousands of years the worm enclosed in the brain, consuming the marrow of the head, destroying the judgment and corroding the moral feelings, until at last nothing remained but the hollow glitter of life. Sometimes it became madness which could be proved by medical men, but in numerous other cases the capacity for practical life did not cease and the secret mischief was carefully concealed. There were periods when only occasional firmly-established minds preserved their full healthy vigor; and again other centuries when the heads that wore a diadem inhaled a fresh atmosphere from the people. I am convinced that he whose vocation it is to investigate accurately the conditions of later times will, in the course of his studies, discover the same malady under a milder form. My life lies far from these observations, but the Roman state undoubtedly shows the strangest forms of the malady; for there were the widest relations, and such a powerful development of human nature both in virtue and vice as has seldom since been found in history.”

“It seems to be a particular pleasure to the learned gentlemen to bring to light these sufferings of former rulers,” said the Sovereign.

“They are certainly instructive for all times,” continued the Professor, confidently, “for by fearful example they impress upon one the truth that the higher

a man's position is, the greater is the necessity of barriers to restrain the arbitrariness of his nature. Your Highness's independent judgment and rich experience will enable you to discern, more distinctly than any one in my sphere of life, that the phenomena of this malady always show themselves where the ruling powers have less to fear and to honor than other mortals. What preserves a man in ordinary situations is that he feels himself at every moment of his life under strict and incessant control; his friends, the law, and the interest of others surround him on all sides, they demand imperiously that he should conform his thoughts and will by rules which secure the welfare of others. At all times the power of these fetters is less effective on the ruler; he can easily cast off what confines him, an ungracious movement of the hand frightens the monitor forever from his side. From morning to evening he is surrounded by persons who accommodate themselves to him; no friend reminds him of his duty, no law punishes him. Hundreds of examples teach us that former rulers, even amidst great outward success, suffered from inward ravages, where they were not guarded by a strong public opinion, or incessantly constrained by the powerful participation of the people in the state. We cannot but think of the gigantic power of a general and conqueror whose successes and victories brought devastation and excessive sin into his own life; he became a fearful sham, a liar to himself and a liar to the world before he was overthrown, and long before he died. To investigate similar cases is, as I said, not my vocation."

"No," said the Sovereign, in a faint voice.

"The distant time," began the High Steward, "of which you speak, was a sad epoch for the people as

well as the rulers. If I am not mistaken a feeling of decay was general, and the admired writers were of little value; at least it appears to me that Apuleius and Lucan were frivolous and deplorably vulgar men."

The Professor looked surprised at the courtier.

"In my youth such authors were much read," he continued. "I do not blame the better ones of that period, when they turned away with disgust at such doings, and withdrew into the most retired private life, or into the Theban wilderness. Therefore when you speak of a malady of the Roman emperors, I might retort that it was only the result of the monstrous malady of the people; although I see quite well that during this corruption individuals accomplished a great advance in the human race, the freeing the people from the exclusiveness of nationality to the unity of culture, and the new ideal which was brought upon earth by Christianity."

"Undoubtedly the form of the state, and the style of culture which each individual emperor found, were decisive for his life. Every one is, in this sense, the child of his own time, and when it is a question of judging the measure of his guilt, it is fitting to weigh cautiously such considerations. But what I had the honor of pointing out to his Highness as the special merit of Tacitus, is only the masterly way with which he describes the peculiar symptoms and course of the Cæsarean insanity."

"They were all mad," interrupted the Sovereign, with a hoarse voice.

"Pardon, gracious Sir," rejoined the Professor, innocently. "Augustus became a better man on the throne, and almost a century after the time of Tacitus there were good and moderate rulers. But something

of the curse which unlimited power exercises on the soul may be discovered in most of the Roman emperors. In the better ones it was like a malady which seldom showed itself, but was restrained by good sense or a good disposition. Many of them indeed were utterly corrupted, and in them the malady developed in definite gradation, the law of which one can easily understand."

"Then you also know how these people were at heart!" said the Sovereign, looking shyly at the Professor.

The High Steward retreated towards a window.

"It is not difficult in general to follow the course of the malady," replied the Professor, engrossed with his subject. "The first accession to power has an elevating tendency. The highest earthly vocation raises even narrow-minded men like Claudius; depraved villians like Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, showed a certain nobleness at first. There is an eager desire to please, and strenuous exertion to establish themselves by graciousness; a fear of influential persons or of the opposition of the masses compels a certain moderation. But arbitrary power has made men slaves, and the slavish feeling shows itself in an abject veneration which puts the emperor on a pinnacle above other men; he is treated as if specially favored by the gods, nay, as if his soul was an emanation of godly power. Amid this adoration by all, and the security of power, egotism soon increases. The accidental demands of an unrestrained will become reckless, the soul gradually loses the power of distinguishing between good and evil; his personal wishes appear to the ruler henceforth as the necessity of the state, and every whim of the moment must be satisfied. Distrust of all who are independent leads to senseless

suspicion; he who will not be pliant is set aside as an enemy, and he who adapts himself with suppleness is sure to exercise a mastery over his master. Family bonds are severed, the nearest relations are watched as secret enemies, the deceptive show of hearty confidence is maintained, but suddenly some evil deed breaks through the veil that hypocrisy has drawn over a hollow existence."

The Sovereign slowly drew back his chair from the fire into the dark.

"The idea of the Roman state at last entirely vanishes from the soul, only personal dependence is required; true devotion to the state becomes a crime. This helplessness, and the cessation of the power of judging of the worth—nay, even of the attachment of men—betoken an advance of the malady by which all sense of accountability is impaired. Now the elements of which the character is formed become more contracted and onesided, the will more frivolous and paltry. A childish weakness becomes perceptible; pleasure in miserable trifles and empty jokes, together with knavish tricks which destroy without aim; it becomes enjoyment not only to torment and see the torments of others, but also an irresistible pleasure to drag all that is venerated down to a common level. It is very remarkable how, in consequence of this decay of thought, an unquiet and destructive sensuality takes the place of all. Its dark power becomes overmastering, and instead of the honorable old age which gives dignity even to the weak, we are disgusted by the repugnant picture of decrepit debauchees, like Tiberius and Claudius. The last powers of life are destroyed by shameless and refined profligacy."



“That is very remarkable,” repeated the Sovereign, mechanically.

The Professor concluded: “Thus are accomplished the four gradations of ruin; first, gigantic egotism; then suspicion and hypocrisy; then childish senselessness; and, lastly, repugnant excesses.”

The Sovereign rose slowly from his chair; he tottered, and the High Steward drew near to him terrified, but he supported himself with his hand on the arm of the chair, and, turning languidly to the Professor without looking at him, said, slowly:

“I thank the gentleman for a pleasant hour.”

One could perceive the effort which it cost him to bring out the words.

In going out the Professor asked in a low tone of the High Steward:

“I fear I have wearied the Sovereign by this long discussion?”

The High Steward looked with astonishment at the frank countenance of the scholar:

“I do not doubt that the Sovereign will very soon show you that he has listened with attention.”

When they were on the stairs they heard a hoarse, discordant sound in the distance; the old gentleman shuddered, and leaned against the wall.

The Professor listened; all was still.

“It was like the cry of a wild beast.”

“The sound came from the street,” replied the High Steward.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

CÆSAREAN INSANITY IN THE HUMMEL FAMILY.

MR. HAHN was walking by the side of his garden fence, his soul filled with gratitude; but as this was

prevented from escaping through the usual outlet of friendly speech, it compelled him to take refuge in those chambers of his mind in which he kept the plans for the beautifying of his garden. His noble-hearted opponent was about to celebrate his birthday; this Mr. Hahn discovered in a roundabout way. On this day he might perhaps be able to show him some secret token of esteem. The greatest treasures in Mr. Hahn's garden were his standards and bush roses of every size and color,—splendid flowers which bloomed almost the whole year, and were much admired by the passers-by. They were all in pots, his delight was to move them about in the garden himself, and arrange them ornamentally in different groups. These roses he determined to dedicate as a quiet mark of homage to Mr. Hummel. He had long lamented a desolate space in the middle of his enemy's garden; it had lain bare the whole summer as a place of repose for the brindle dog or a roving cat. When Mr. Hummel should enter his garden on his birthday he should find the round bed changed into a blooming circle of roses.

This thought occasioned Mr. Hahn happy hours, and raised him a little from the depth of his sorrows. He carried the roses into a concealed corner, arranged them in rank and file according to their size and color, and wrote their numbers with chalk on the pots. The park-keeper, whose house stood at the extreme limit of the city by the river, had a little boat; this Mr. Hahn borrowed secretly for a few hours in the night. Before the early dawn of morning, on the birthday of his enemy, he slipped out of the house, rowed the pots in the boat to the small steps which led from the water-side into the garden of Mr. Hummel; he glided with his loved roses to the circular bed, arranged them

noiselessly according to their numbers, planted each separately, and changed the desert spot into a blooming parterre of roses. When the sparrows in the gutters twittered out their first querulous abuse, he had smoothed down the earth in the bed with a small rake. He cast a look of pleasure on his work, and another on the still dusky outline of the house, within which Mr. Hummel still slept, unprepared for the surprise of the morning, and then glided with his spade and empty pots into his boat, rowed himself up to the house of the park-keeper, and concealed himself and his garden utensils on his own ground before the first rays of the rising sun painted his chimney with roseate colors.

Mr. Hummel entered his sitting-room at the usual hour, received with good-humor the congratulations of his ladies, looked graciously at the birthday cake which wife Philippine had placed with his coffee, and at the travelling-bag which Laura had embroidered for him, took his newspaper in his hand, and prepared himself by participation in the political concerns of men in general, for the business of his own life. All this passed off well ; in his factory and in his office he received congratulations like a lamb ; he stroked the snarling dog, and wrote business letters full of respect to his customers. When towards the middle of the day he returned to his ladies, and the Doctor entered his room to offer his congratulations, a dark cloud gathered on the sunny countenance of the master of the house, and lightning flashed from under his ambrosial eyebrows.

“What, Saul among the prophets ! Are you come to fetch a lost ass back to your father’s house ? We cannot accommodate you. Or are you going to de-

liver a lecture upon the language of the orang-outang in the land of the cocoas ?

“My lectures have not caused you any trouble so far,” replied the Doctor. “I have not come in order that your hospitable politeness should take the trouble to entertain those present by the outpouring of your good humor. I have already expressed to you my wish never to be the object of it.”

“Then defend yourself if you can,” cried Hummel.

“I am only prevented,” replied the Doctor, “by consideration for those present from giving you in your own house the answer which you seem to wish.”

“I should be sorry if you were placed at any disadvantage in my house,” replied Hummel. “I propose to you, therefore, to put yourself on an equal footing with me, by remaining in your own house and putting your head out of the window. I will do the same ; we can then sing out to one another across the street, like two canary birds.”

“But as I am here now,” said the Doctor, with a bow, “I claim to be allowed to eat this piece of birthday cake in peace among friendly faces.”

“Then I beg of you to resign the sight of my face without overpowering sorrow,” replied Hummel.

He opened the door into the garden, and went down the steps discontentedly. While still at a distance he saw the young group of roses smiling innocently in the light of the sun. He walked round the spot, shook his head, and invited his ladies into the garden.

“Which of you got this idea ?” he asked.

The ladies showed such lively surprise that he was convinced of their innocence. He called to the old storekeeper and the book-keeper. All showed entire

ignorance. The countenance of Mr. Hummel became gloomy.

“What does this mean? Some one has slipped in here while we were asleep. Night garden-work is not to my taste. Who has ventured to enter my property without permission? Who has brought in these products of nature?”

He went restlessly along the side of the water: behind him followed Spitehahn. The dog crept down the steps to the water, smelt at a bit of brown wood which lay on the last step, came up again, turned towards the house of Mr. Hahn, and set up his back like a cat, mockingly, and made a snarling noise. It meant as clearly as if he had spoken the friendly words, “I wish you a pleasant meal.”

“Right,” cried Hummel; “the intruder has left the handle of the rudder behind. The brown handle belongs to the boat of the park-keeper. Take it over to him, Klaus. I demand an answer; who has ventured to bring his boat alongside here?”

The storekeeper hastened away with the piece of wood, and brought back the answer with an embarrassed air:

“Mr. Hahn had borrowed the boat in the night.”

“If there are forebodings,” cried Hummel, angrily, “this was one. This nocturnal prowling of your father I forbid under all circumstances,” he continued, to the Doctor.

“I know nothing of it,” rejoined the Doctor. “If my father has done this, I beg of you, even if you do not value the roses, to be pleased with the good intention.”

“I protest against every rose that may be strewed on my path,” cried Hummel. “First we had poisoned

dumplings, with evil intentions; and now rose leaves, with good ones. Your father should think of something else than such jokes. The ground and soil are mine, and I intend to prevent roosters from scratching here."

He charged wildly into the roses, seized hold of stems and branches, tore them out of the ground, and threw them into a confused heap.

The Doctor turned gloomily away, but Laura hastened to her father and looked angrily into his hard face.

"What you have rooted up," she exclaimed, "I will replace with my own hands."

She ran to a corner of the garden, brought some pots, knelt down on the ground, and pressed the stems with the little balls of earth into them as eagerly as her father had rooted them up.

"I will take care of them," she called out, to the Doctor; "tell your dear father that not all in our house undervalue his friendship."

"Do what you cannot help," replied Mr. Hummel, more quietly. "Klaus, why do you stand there on your hind legs staring like a tortoise? Why do you not help Miss Hummel in her garden-work. Then carry the whole birthday-present back again to the youthful flower-grower. My compliments, and he must in the darkness have mistaken the gardens.

He turned his back upon the company, and went with heavy steps to his office. Laura knelt on the ground and worked at the ill-used roses with heightened color and gloomy determination. The Doctor helped silently. He had seen his father behind the hedge, and knew how deeply the poor man would feel his latest outburst on the part of his adversary. Laura did not desist till she had put all the flowers as well

as possible into the pots ; then she plunged her hands into the stream, and her tears mixed with the water. She led the Doctor back to the room ; there she wrung her hands, quite beside herself.

“Life is horrible ; our happiness is destroyed in this miserable quarrel. Only one thing can save you and me. You are a man, and must find out what can deliver us from this misery.”

She rushed out of the room ; the mother beckoned eagerly to the Doctor to remain behind, when he was on the point of following.

“She is beside herself,” cried Fritz. “What do her words mean ? What does she desire of me ?”

The mother seated herself on the sofa, embarrassed and full of anxiety, cleared her throat, and twisted at her sleeves.

“I must confide something to you, Doctor,” she began, hesitatingly, “which will be very painful to us both ; but I know not what to do, and all the representations that I make to my unhappy child are in vain. Not to conceal anything from you,—it is a strange freak,—and I should have thought such a thing impossible.”

She stopped and concealed her face in her pocket-handkerchief. Fritz looked anxiously at the disturbed face of Mrs. Hummel. A secret of Laura’s that he had for weeks foreboded was now to fall destructively on his hopes.

“I will confess all to you, dear Doctor,” continued the mother, with many sighs. “Laura esteems you beyond measure, and the thought of becoming your wife—I must say it in confidence—is not strange or disagreeable to her. But she has a fearful idea in her head, and I am ashamed to express it.”

“Speak out,” said the Doctor, in despair.

“Laura wishes you to elope with her.”

Fritz was dazed.

“It is scarcely for a mother to express this wish to you, but I do not know how to do otherwise.”

“But where to?” cried the Doctor, quite aghast.

“That is the most painful part of all, as you yourself must acknowledge. What put the idea into her head, whether poetry, or reading about the great world in the newspapers, I know not. But to her frame of mind, which is always excited and tragic, I can oppose no resistance. I am afraid to impart it to my husband. I conjure you to do what you can to calm my child. Her feelings are wounded, and I can no longer resist the inward struggle for this young heart.”

“I beg permission,” replied the Doctor, “to speak immediately with Laura on the subject.”

Without waiting for the mother’s answer, he hastened up the stairs to Laura’s room. He knocked, but receiving no answer, opened the door. Laura was sitting by her writing-table, sobbing violently.

“Dear, sweet Laura,” exclaimed the Doctor, “I have been speaking with your mother; let me know all.”

Laura started.

“Every warm feeling is rejected with scorn, every hour that I see you is embittered by the hostility of my father. The heart of the poorest maiden palpitates when she hears the voice of the man she loves: but I must ask, is that the happiness of love? When I do not see you I am in anxiety about you, and when you come to us I feel tormented, and listen with terror to every word of my father. I see you joyless and cast down. Fritz, your love for me, makes you unhappy.”



“Patience, Laura,” said the Doctor; “let us persevere. My confidence in your father’s heart is greater than yours. He will gradually reconcile himself to me.”

“Yes, after he has broken both our hearts; even great love is crushed by constant opposition. I cannot, amidst the wrangling of our hostile families, become your wife; the narrow street and the old hatred are destructive to me. I have often sat here lamenting that I was not a man who could boldly battle for his own happiness. Listen to a secret, Fritz,” she said, approaching him, again wringing her hands; “here I am becoming haughty, malicious, and wicked.”

“I have observed nothing of that kind,” replied Fritz, astonished.

“I conceal it from you,” exclaimed Laura; “but I struggle daily with bad thoughts, and I am indifferent to the love of my parents. When my father pats my head, the devil cries within me he had better let it alone. When my mother admonishes me to have patience, her talk secretly irritates me, because she uses finer words than are necessary. I hate the dog, so that I often beat him without cause. The conversation at the Sunday dinner, the stories of the old actor, and the eternal little tittle-tattle of the street appear insupportable to me. I feel that I am an odious creature, and I have frequently in this place wept over and hated myself. These bad fits are ever recurring and become more overpowering. I shall never be better here: where we live under a curse, like two spoiled children. We sink, Fritz, in these surroundings! Even the loving care of parents ceases to make one happy—the anxiety that one should not wet one’s feet, that one should wear woollen stockings, and have cakes and

sugar plums on a Sunday—is one to go through all this every year of one's life?"

She hastily opened her journal, and held out to him a bundle of poems and letters.

"Here are your letters ; through these I have learnt to love you, for here is what I revere in you. Thus would I always have you be. When, therefore, I think of what you have to go through between our houses and to bear from my father, and when I observe that you wear a double shawl under every rough blast, I become anxious and worried about you ; and I see you before me as a pampered book-worm, and myself as a little stout woman with a large cap and an insignificant face, sitting before the coffee cups, talking over the daily passers by, and this thought oppresses my heart."

Fritz recognized his letters. He had long felt certain that Laura was his secret confidant, but when he now looked at the loved one who held up to him the secret correspondence, he no longer thought of the caprice which had occasioned him so much grief ; he thought only of the true-heartedness and of the poetry of this tender connexion.

"Dear, dear Laura," he exclaimed, embracing her ; "it seems as if two souls with which my heart had intercourse had become one, but you now divide me and yourself into human beings of daily life, and into higher natures. What has destroyed your cheerful confidence?"

"Our difficulties, Fritz, and the sorrow of seeing you without pleasure, and hearing your voice without being elevated by it ; you are with me, and yet further off from me than in those days when I did not see you at all, or only in the society of friends."

She released herself from his embrace.

“Do you love me? and are you the man who has written these? If so, venture to withdraw me from this captivity. Begin a new life with me. I will work with you and be self-denying; you shall see of what I am capable; I will think day and night of how I can earn our maintenance; that you may be undisturbed by petty cares in your learned work. Be brisk and bold, cast off your eternal caution, venture for once to do what others may look at askance.”

“If I were to do it,” answered Fritz, seriously, “the risk would be small for me. For you the consequences may be such as you do not think of. How can you imagine that a rash determination can be good for you if it throws fresh discord into your soul, and burdens your whole life with a feeling of guilt towards others?”

“If I take upon myself to do what is wrong,” exclaimed Laura, gloomily, “I do it not for myself alone. I feel but too well that it is wrong, but I venture it for our love. Never will my father voluntarily lay my hand in yours. He knows that I am devoted to you, and is not so hard as to wish my unhappiness, but he cannot overcome his disinclination. One day he is compelled to acknowledge that you are the man to whom I ought to belong, the next the bitter feeling of how hateful it is to him again returns. If you venture to defy him you will do what is really agreeable to him; show a strong will, and, though he may be angry, he will easily be appeased by your courage. He loves me,” she said in a low tone, “but he is fearfully hard to others.”

“Is he always so?” asked the Doctor. “It is clear the daughter does not know the full worth of her father. I should at this moment be doing both him and

you an injustice if I were to conceal from you what he wishes to keep secret. Listen, then : when my poor father was sitting by me in despair, your father entered our house and gave us in the most magnanimous way the means of averting the threatened blow. Do you not know that his sulkiness and quarrelsomeness are frequently only the expression of a rough humor?"

Laura watched his mouth as if she wished to devour every word that fell from his lips.

"Did my father do this?" she exclaimed, startled to the utmost, raising her arms towards heaven, and throwing herself down upon her writing-table.

Fritz wished to raise her.

"Leave me," she entreated, passionately, "it will pass off. I am happy. Leave me alone now, beloved one."

The Doctor closed the door gently, and went down to the mother, who still sat on the sofa overwhelmed with anxiety, revolving in her mind, with motherly alarm, all the exciting scenes of an elopement.

"I beg of you," he said, "not to worry Laura now by remonstrances. She will regain her calmness. Trust to her noble heart."

With these wise words the Doctor endeavored to comfort himself. Meanwhile Laura lay supported against the chair, and thought over her injustice to her father. For years she had borne the sorrow which is bitterest to the heart of a child, and now the pressure was taken from her soul. At last she arose, drew out her diary, tore out one page after another, crumpled up the leaves and threw them into the fire—a small sacrifice. She watched it till the last sparks flickered in the dark ashes, then she closed the stove and hastened out of the room.

Mr. Hummel was sitting in his warehouse before a battalion of new hats with broad brims and round crowns, which were placed for review before his field-marshal's eye, and he spoke reprovingly to his book-keeper:

“ They are like mere barbers' basins ; man is losing his dignity. At all events, we shall make profit by these coverings: no one notices the cats'-hairs of which they are made ; but they rob the head of the German citizen of the last breath of fresh air that he has hitherto secretly carried about with him in his high hat. In my youth one recognized a citizen by three points: on his body he wore a coat of blue cloth, on his head a black hat, and in his pocket a great house-key, with the ring of which, in case of assault by night, he could twist the noses of assassins. Now he goes off in a gray jacket to drink his beer, opens the door of the house with a small corkscrew, and the last high hat will probably be bought up as a rarity for art collections. You may immediately put aside part of our manufacture for antiquarians.”

This pleasant grumbling was interrupted by Laura, who entered eagerly, seized her father's hand with an imploring look, and drew him from his warehouse into his small office. Mr. Hummel submitted to be thus led, as patiently as Lot when the angel led him from the burning cities of the valley. When she was alone with her father she threw her arms about his neck, kissed and stroked his cheek, and for a long time could bring out nothing but “ My good, noble father.” Mr. Hummel was well pleased with this stormy fashion of endearment for a time.

“ Now I have had enough of this caressing. What

do you want? This introduction is too grand for a new parasol or a concert ticket."

"Father," cried Laura, "I know all that you have done for our neighbor. I beg your forgiveness; I, unfortunate one, have misunderstood your heart, and have many times inwardly resented your harshness."

She kissed his hands, tears falling from her eyes.

"Has that dough-face over the way been blabbing?" asked Mr. Hummel.

"He was obliged to tell me, and it was a happy moment for me. Now I will acknowledge all to you with shame and repentance. Forgive me."

She sank down before him.

"Father, I have long been sick at heart. I have thought you pitiless. Your eternal grumbling and enmity to our neighbor have made me very unhappy, and my life here has often been miserable."

Mr. Hummel sat erect and serious, but a little dismayed at the confession of his child, and he had an indistinct impression that he had carried his rough opposition too far.

"That is enough," he said; "this is all excitement and imagination. If I have been vexed through all these years, it has not done me any harm, nor the people over the way either. It is an unreasonable sorrow that now excites your lamentations."

"Have consideration for me," entreated Laura. "An irresistible longing to go forth from this narrow street, has entered my soul. Father, I would like to take a leap into the world."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hummel. "I also should like to take a leap into it, if I only knew where this jolly world could be found."

"Father, you have often told me how light was

your heart when you wandered forth as a boy from your native town, and that from these wanderings you became a man."

"That is true," replied Hummel. "It was a fine morning, and I had eight pence in my pocket. I was as lively as a dog with wings."

"Father, I also should like to rove about."

"You?" asked Hummel. "I have laid aside my knapsack; there are only a few hairs remaining on it, but you may tie your boots over it; then one cannot see it."

"Good father, I also want to go out and seek my way among strangers, and look out for what will please me. I will try my powers, and fight my may with my own hands."

"You must put on breeches," said Hummel; "you cannot otherwise go alone in your wanderings."

"I will take some onè with me," answered Laura, softly.

"Our maid Susan? She can carry a lantern for you. The paths in this world are sometimes muddy."

"No, father; I mean the Doctor."

She whispered to him:

"I want the Doctor to elope with me."

"Ah, you little spider!" cried Hummel, amazed. "The Doctor elope with you! If you were to elope with him, there would be more sense in it."

"That's just what I want to do," replied Laura.

"Mutually, then!" said Hummel. "Listen: the matter becomes serious. Leave off embracing me, keep your hands away, and make a face beseeming a citizen's daughter and not an actress."

He pushed her down on the window-seat.

"Now speak to the point. So you intend to carry

off the Doctor? I ask you, with what means? For your pocket-money will not reach far, and he over the way has not much to spare for such Sunday pleasures? I ask you, will you first marry him? If so, the elopement would be very suspicious, for I have never yet heard of a woman carrying off her husband by force. If you do not marry him, there is something which you must learn from your mother, and which is called modesty. Out with it!"

"I wish to have him for a husband," said Laura, softly.

"Ah, that is it, is it? and was your Doctor ready to take charge of you before marriage, and to run away with you?"

"No; he spoke as you do, and reminded me that I ought not to give you pain."

"He is occasionally humane," replied Hummel; "I am indeed indebted to him for his good intentions. Finally, I ask you, where will you carry him off to?"

"To Bielstein, father. There is the church in which Ilse was married."

"I understand," said Hummel, "ours are too large; and what afterwards? Do you mean to work as a day-laborer on the estate?"

"Father, if we could but travel," said Laura, imploringly.

"Why not," replied Mr. Hummel, ironically; "to America, perhaps, as colleagues of Knips junior? You are as mad as a March hare. The legitimate and only daughter of Mr. Hummel will run away from her father and mother, from a comfortable house and flourishing business, with her neighbor's only son, who is in his way also legitimate, to a fools' paradise. I never could have thought that this hour would arrive."



He paced up and down.

“Now hear your father. If you had been a boy I would have had you well thrashed; but you are a girl, and your mother has formed you according to her principles. Now I perceive with regret that we have allowed you to have your own way too much, and that you may be unhappy for your whole life. You have got the Doctor into your head, and you might as well have fixed upon a tragic hero or a prince, and it shocks me to think of it.”

“But I have not thought of such,” replied Laura, dejectedly; “for I am my father’s daughter.”

Hummel laid hold of the plaits of her hair and examined them critically:

“Obstinacy; but the mixture is not throughout the same; there is something of higher womanliness with it; fancifulness, and whimsical ideas. That is the misfortune; here a powerful stroke of the brush is necessary.”

These words he repeated several times, and sat down thoughtfully on his chair.

“So you wish for my consent to this little elopement. I give it you upon one condition. The affair shall remain between us two; you shall do nothing without my consent, and even your mother must not know that you have spoken to me of it. You shall take a drive into the world, but in my way. For the rest, I thank you for this present that you have made me on my birthday. You are a pretty violet for me to have brought up! Has one ever heard of such a plant taking itself by the head and tearing itself out of the ground?”

Laura embraced him again, and wept.

“Do not set your pump again in motion,” cried

Mr. Hummel, untouched, "that cannot help either of us. A happy journey, Miss Hummel."

Laura, however, did not go, but remained clinging to his neck. The father kissed her on the forehead.

"Away with you; I must consider with what brush I shall stroke you smooth."

Laura left the room. Mr. Hummel sat alone for a long time by his desk, holding his head with both hands. At last he began to whistle in a low tone the old Dessauer—a sign to the book-keeper, who was entering, that soft feelings had the upper hand with him.

"Go across to the Doctor, and beg him to take the trouble of coming over to me immediately."

The Doctor entered the office. Mr. Hummel rummaged in his desk and brought out a little paper.

"Here, I return you the present that you once made me."

The Doctor opened it, and two little gloves lay within.

"You may give these gloves to my daughter on the day on which you are married to her, and you can tell her they come from her father, from whom she has run away."

He turned away, approached the window, and thrummed on the pane.

"I have already told you before, Mr. Hummel, that I will not take back these gloves. Least of all will I do it for this purpose. If the happy day is ever to come to me when I can take Laura to my home, it will only be when you put your daughter's hand in mine. I beg you, dear Mr. Hummel, to keep these gloves until that day."

"Much obliged," replied Hummel; "you are a

miserable Don Juan. I am in duty bound," he continued, in his usual tone, "to communicate to you what is of fitting importance to you. My daughter Laura wishes to elope with you."

"What now disturbs Laura," answered the Doctor, "and has given her these wild thoughts, is no secret to you. She feels herself oppressed by the unpleasant relations which subsist between us. I hope this excitement will pass away."

"May I be allowed to ask the modest question, whether it is your intention to agree to her plan?"

"I will not do it," rejoined the Doctor.

"Why not?" asked Hummel, coldly. "I for my part, have no objection to it."

"That is one reason the more for me not to act inconsiderately by you, nor to be treated in a like manner."

"I can bequeath my money to the hospital."

"To this remark I have only one answer," replied the Doctor. "You yourself do not believe that this consideration influences my actions."

"Unfortunately not," replied Hummel; "you are both unpractical people. So you hope that I will at last give you my blessing without an elopement?"

"Yes, I do hope it," exclaimed the Doctor. "However you may wish to appear to me, I trust that the goodness of your heart will be greater than your aversion."

"Do not count upon my indulgence, Doctor. I do not believe that I shall ever prepare a marriage-feast for you. My child gives herself with confidence into your hands; take her."

"No, Mr. Hummel," replied the Doctor, "I shall not do it."

“Has my daughter sunk so much in value because she is ready to become your wife?” asked Mr. Hummel, bitterly, and with a rough voice. “The poor girl has acquired some notions among her learned acquaintances, which do not suit the simple life of her father.”

“That is unjust towards us all, and also towards our absent friends,” said the Doctor, indignantly. “What now distracts Laura is only a petty enthusiasm; there is still in her some of the childish poetry of her early girlhood. He who loves her may have perfect confidence in her pure soul. Only in one respect must he maintain a firm judgment in dealing with her; he must here and there exercise a mild criticism: But I should be unworthy of the love of her pure heart if I should agree to a hasty proceeding, which would at a later period occasion her pain. Laura shall not do what is unbecoming to her.”

“So that is Hindoo,” replied Mr. Hummel; “there is a spark of sound common sense in your Botocudens and Brahmins. Do your learned books also find an excuse for a daughter not feeling happy in the house of her parents?”

“That is your fault alone, Mr. Hummel,” replied the Doctor.

“Oho!” said Mr. Hummel; “so that’s it.”

“Forgive me my plain speaking,” continued the Doctor. “It is the fashion of Laura’s father to play the tyrant a little in his family, in spite of all his love for them. Laura has from her childhood been accustomed to view your strange nature with fear; therefore she does not form the impartial conception of your character, nor feel the pleasure in your mischievous humors that those not so intimately acquainted enjoy.

If you had seen Laura's transport when I made known to her what you had done for my father, you would never doubt her heart. Now she is overcome with anguish about our future. But you may be assured, if Laura were to give in to her fancy and separate herself from her parents' house, she would soon feel gnawing repentance and longing for her parents. Therefore, the man for whom she would now make this sacrifice acts not only honorably, but also prudently, in resisting it."

Mr. Hummel looked fiercely at the Doctor.

"There is the old bear tied to a stake, the young puppies pull at his fur, and the cocks crow over his head. Take warning by my fate; under all circumstances avoid having female offspring." He put his hand upon the gloves, packed them up again, smoothed the paper, and shut them in his writing-desk. "Thus shall I lock up again my unnatural child; for the rest I remain your devoted servant. So your old Hindoos tell you that I am a droll screech-owl, and a jolly *bon-vivant* to strangers. Is that your opinion of my natural propensities?"

"You are not quite so innocent," replied the Doctor, with a bow. "To me you have been always particularly rude."

"There is no one I would rather wrangle with than with you," acknowledged Mr. Hummel.

The Doctor bowed, and said:

"When you play with other men as with cats, they only bear such treatment because they perceive good intentions under your cross-grained exterior. I can say this to you, because I am one of the few men to whom you have shown real dislike; and, as you are also obstinate, I know very well that I shall still have

to have many a tilt with you, and I am not at all sure how it will end between us. That, however, does not prevent my acknowledging the bitter amiability of your nature."

"I object to any further enlightenment as to my real character," exclaimed Mr. Hummel. "You have a disagreeable way of viewing your fellowmen microscopically. I protest against your painting me like a flea in the shadow on the wall. As concerns your proceedings as my daughter's lover, I am content with them. You do not choose to take my child in the way in which she is to be had; I thank you for your scruples. In this matter we are entirely of the same opinion, and you therefore shall not have her at all."

The Doctor wished to interrupt him, but Hummel waved his hand.

"All further talk is useless; you renounce my daughter, but you preserve the esteem of her father, and you have moreover the feeling of acting for the best for Laura. As you feel such great uprightness, you may console yourself with it. You will devote yourself to celibacy, and I should envy you, if it were not for the consideration of Madame Hummel."

"This will not avail, Mr. Hummel," replied the Doctor; "I have not the least intention of renouncing Laura's hand."

"I understand," replied Mr. Hummel; "you wish to besiege my daughter still, from across the street. This quiet pleasure I can, unfortunately no longer allow, for I am certainly of opinion that Laura must at some time leave my house; and as you have chosen the good opinion of the father rather than the daughter, we will confer on this point in mutual understanding. You are mistaken if you think that my daughter Laura will

give up her fancies upon wise admonition. Have you not sometimes appealed to my conscience? It was all that could be expected, considering your age ; but it has been of no avail with me. It will be the same with this obstinate child. Therefore I am, as a father, of opinion that we must give in to a certain degree to the folly of my child. Consider how far you can go to please us. She wishes to join the Professor's wife. She shall not go to this capital where my lodger has no home, but she has frequently been invited to Bielstein."

The Doctor answered:

"I have urgent reasons for going to my friend during the next few days. I will gladly make a detour by Bielstein, if you will allow me to accompany Laura on this journey, I shall make no secret of its purpose, —and least of all to my parents."

"This elopement is so shabby that, were I a girl, I should be ashamed of taking part in it. But one must not expect too much of you. I will not be at home when this departure takes place: you see, that is natural. I have already made my plans concerning my child's future. I give her over to you for the journey with confidence."

"Mr. Hummel," exclaimed the Doctor, disquieted, "I ask for still greater confidence. How have you decided concerning Laura's future?"

"As you have determined to show me such respect, I beg you will be content with the confidential intimation, that I have no intention of making you any such communication. You preserve my esteem, and I my daughter. My compact is concluded."

"But the compact is not quite satisfactory to me, Mr. Hummel," answered the Doctor.

“Hold your tongue. If in consequence of this agreement you resume your theatrical career, I should advise you never to act the *rôle* of lover. The audiences will run out of all the doors. Do I treat people like cats?—So I treated your father and his flowers this morning. You can give him an intimation of that. My wife has plucked to-day a few roosters for my birthday; if roasting these namesakes of yours does not excite painful feelings in you, it will give me pleasure to see you at dinner. You will not be under the embarrassment of having to talk only to my daughter, for the family clown is invited: he will keep up the conversation—you may be silent. Good morning, Doctor.”

The Doctor again stretched out his hand to him. Mr. Hummel shook it, grumbling all the while. When he was again alone in his office the melody of the old Dessauer again sounded in the narrow room, now brisk and hearty. Then, soon after, Mr. Hummel broke forth with the second of the two airs—“the Dear Violet”—to which he had recourse when in an unconstrained humor. At last he mixed up the drumming of the Dessauer with “the Dear Violet” in an artistic medley. The book-keeper, who knew that this *pot pourri* betokened a state of the highest spring warmth, popped his face, smiling respectfully, into the office.

“You may come to dinner to-day,” said Mr. Hummel, graciously.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

SINCE the conversation upon the Roman emperors, the Sovereign had withdrawn for a few days from



his Court. He was ill. His nervous prostration, as the physicians declared, was the usual consequence of a cold. Only a few privileged persons—among them Master Knips—had access to him during this time, and they had no cause to rejoice in their confidential position, for it was difficult to deal with the princely invalid.

To-day the Sovereign was sitting in his study ; before him stood an old official, with a weazen face, reporting the daily occurrences of the capital, opinions which were expressed in public places concerning the Sovereign and his illustrious house, small scandalous family anecdotes, also observations that had been made in the palace to which the Princess had gone within the last few days, and the persons she had seen there. Prince Victor paid daily visits to the Baroness Hallstein, and passed the evening with the officers of his former regiment ; he had returned unexpectedly that morning.

“How do things go on in the Pavilion?” asked the Sovereign.

“According to the account of the lackey, there have been no visitors from the city, nor any letters ; everything as usual in the afternoon. When the strangers were sitting in front of the door, the lady had spoken of a journey to Switzerland, but her husband replied that there could be no thought of it until he had finished his business. Then there had been an uncomfortable silence. In the evening both attended the theatre.”

The Sovereign nodded, and dismissed the official. As he sat alone, he pushed his chair against the wall, and listened to the sound of a small bell which, from the further end of the room, was scarcely audible ; he

hastily opened the door of a niche in the wall, and took out the letters which a confidential secretary had sent up through a tube from the lower story. There were various handwritings : he passed quickly through the contents. At last he held a bundle of children's letters in his hand. Again he laughed. "So the great ball has burst already." His countenance became serious. "A genuine peasant, he has no sense for the honor of having the top-boots of a prince among his fields." He took another letter. "The Hereditary Prince to his sister. It is the first letter of the pious John Patmos, saying nothing, as if it had been written for me. That may possibly be so. The contents are scanty and cold. He expresses the wish that his sister also may pass a pleasant time in the country. We wish the same," he continued, with good humor ; "she may pluck flowers and talk with scholars about the virtues of Roman ladies. This wish shall be fulfilled by all parties." He laid the letters back in the niche, and pressed a spring in the floor with his foot ; there was a slight rustling in the wall, and the packet glided down.

The Sovereign raised himself from his chair and walked about the room.

"My thoughts hover restlessly about this man. I have received him with complaisance ; I have even treated his insane hopes with the greatest consideration, and yet this unpractical dreamer mocks at me. Why did he make this insidious attack on me ? He did it with the malicious penetration of a diseased person, who knows better than a sound one what is deficient in another. His prating was half vague reflection and half the silly cunning of a fool who also carries about him a worm in his brain. It does not mat-

ter: we know one another, as the Augur knew his colleagues. Between us a family hatred burns, such as can only exist between relations—an enduring, thorough hatred, which conceals itself beneath smiles and polite bows. Trick for trick, my Roman cousin. You seek a manuscript which lies concealed with me, but I something else, which you would withhold from me.”

He sank back in his chair, and looked timidly towards the door; then put his hand into a pile of books, and drew out a translation of Tacitus. He tapped the book with his finger.

“He who wrote this was also diseased. He spied incessantly into the souls of his masters; their pictures so filled his fancy, that the Roman people and the millions of other men appeared unimportant to him: he suspected every step of his rulers, yet neither he nor his generation could do without them. He gazed at them as on suns, the eclipse of which he investigated, and which reflected their light on him, the little planet. He began to doubt the wisdom of the order of things; and that to every human mind is the beginning of the end. But he had wit enough to see that his masters became diseased through the miserable meanness of those like himself, and his best policy was that of the old High Steward, to bear all with a silent obeisance.”

He opened the leaves.

“Only one, whom he has included in his book,” he began again, “was a man, whom it moves one to read about. This was the gloomy majesty of Tiberius: he knew the rabble, and despised them, till the miserable slaves at last placed him among the madmen. Do you know, Professor Tacitus, why the great Emperor be-

came a weak fool? No one knows it—no one on earth but me, and those like me. He went mad because he could not cease to be a man of feeling. He despised many and hated many, and yet he could not do without the childish feeling of loving and trusting. A common youth, who had once shown him personal devotion, caught hold of this fancy of his earthly life, and dragged the powerful mind down with him into the dirt. A miserable weakness of heart converted the stern politician of Imperial Rome into a fool. The weak feelings that rise up in lonely hours are the undoing of us all; indestructible is this longing for a pure heart and a true spirit—undying the seeking after the ideal condition of man, which is described by the poet and believed in by the pedant.” He sighed deeply; his head sank on the table between his hands.

There was a slight sound at the door. The Sovereign started. The servant announced—“The Grand Marshal von Bergau.” The Grand Marshal entered.

“The Princess inquired at what hour your Highness will take leave of her.”

“Take leave?” asked the Sovereign, reflecting. “Why?”

“Your Highness has been pleased to order that the Princess shall this morning go to her summer castle for a few days.”

“It is true,” replied the Sovereign. “I am well to-day, dear Bergau, and will breakfast with the Princess. Will it be agreeable to you to accompany her?” he asked, kindly.

“I am very grateful to my gracious master for this favor,” replied the Grand Marshal, honestly.

“What lady has the Princess chosen as her attendant?”

“As your Highness has given her the choice, she has decided upon Lady Gottlinde.”

“I agree to that,” said the Sovereign graciously.

The good Lady Gottlinde may be invited to breakfast, and you yourself may come also, that I may see you all once more about me before the journey. I have one more thing to say. Mr Werner will follow you; he wishes to examine the rooms and chests of the castle for his scientific purposes. Render him assistance in every way, and show him the greatest attention. I have also a confidential commission for you.”

The Grand Marshal made a piteous face, which plainly indicated a protest.

“I wish to win for us this distinguished man,” continued the Sovereign. “Sound him as to what place or distinction would be acceptable to him. I wish you to observe that I am most anxious to keep him.”

The Grand Marshal, much discomposed, answered:

“I assure your Highness, with the greatest respect, that I know how to value your confidence, yet this commission fills me with consternation; for it exposes me to the danger of exciting the displeasure of my gracious master. I have had opportunities of remarking that one cannot count upon gratitude from these people.”

“You must not offer him anything; only endeavor to make him express some wish,” replied the Sovereign dryly.”

“But if this wish should exceed the bounds of moderation?” asked the Marshal hesitatingly.

“Take care not to object to it; leave it to me to decide whether I consider it immoderate. Send me a report immediately.”

The Sovereign gave the signal of dismissal; watched sharply his bow and departure, and looked after the departing gentleman and gravely shook his head.

“He is not old, and yet the curse has overtaken him; he becomes grotesque. Here is another riddle of human nature for you learned gentlemen: the person who has every hour to control his countenance and manner, to whom the most rigid tact and correct forms are necessary in his daily intercourse, should, just when he becomes older, lose this best acquisition of his life, and become troublesome by his weak chattering and unrestrained egotism. You know how to answer, Emperor Tiberius, why your service, clever man, gradually made your servants caricatures of your own character? Now they have revenged themselves on you; it is all right. There is a desperate rationality in the links of the world. O misery, misery, that we should both have so little cause to rejoice at it!”

He groaned, and again buried his head in his hands.

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Shortly after Ilse received the latest letters from home.

“How can the four-leaved clover be lost out of a well closed letter?” she asked her husband. “Luise, on her birthday, found some clover leaves and sent them in her former letter, to bring you good luck. The child is just at the age in which such nonsense gives pleasure. The dried clover was not in her letter, and as she is careless, I scolded her for it in my answer. To-day she assures me that she put them into the envelope the last thing.”

“It may have fallen out when you opened the letter,” said the Professor consolingly.

“ My father is not contented with us,” continued Ilse, discomposed ; “ he does not like it that the Prince has come into the vicinity ; he fears distraction in the farm and gossip. Yet why should people gossip ? Clara is still half a child, and the prince does not live upon our estate. There is a dark cloud over everything,” she said ; “ the light of the dear sun has ceased to shine. Nothing but disturbances, the Sovereign ill, and our Hereditary Prince vanishes as if swept away by a storm. How could he go away without bidding us good-bye ? I cannot set my mind to rest as to that ; for we have not deserved it of him, nor of his courtly Chamberlain. I fear he does not go into the country willingly ; and he is angry with me, Felix, because I said something about it. No good will come of it, and it makes me heavy at heart.”

“ If this trouble leaves you any thought for the affairs of other people,” began the Professor, gaily, “ you must allow me a small share. I think I have found the hidden castle which I have so long sought. I see from this chronicle that in the last century the country seat to which the Princess is going was surrounded by a forest. I hear that in this remote place much old household rubbish is preserved. I feel like a child on the eve of its birthday. I have made known my wishes to fate, and when I think of the hour when the present shall come to me, I feel the same heart-beating expectation which scares away sleep from the boy. It is childish, Ilse,” he continued, holding out his hand to his wife, “ I know it is ; but have patience with me ; I have long wearied you with my dreams, but now it will come to an end. The hope indeed will not come to an end, but this is the last place I have any reason to search for it.”

“But if it should again happen that you do not find the book?” asked Ilse, sorrowfully, holding his hand.

A gloomy expression came over the Professor’s face ; he turned around abruptly, and said, harshly :

“Then I shall seek further. If Fritz had but come!”

“Was he to come?” asked Ilse, with surprise.

“I have requested him to do so,” replied her husband. “He answered that his father’s business and his relations with Laura prevented him. To him also it appears that a crisis is impending ; he has suspicions with respect to the specification that I found here, which I consider unfounded.”

“Oh, that he were with us!” said Ilse ; “I long for a friendly face, like one who has for many days been traveling through a desert wilderness.”

The Professor pointed towards the window.

“This wilderness looks tolerably humanized, and a visitor, such as you desire, seems already coming up to the house.”

Ilse heard the rumble of wheels coming along the gravel of the castle road. A carriage stopped before the Pavilion, and the country coachman cracked his whip. The servants hastened to the door ; Gabriel opened the carriage door ; a little lady descended, gave a parcel to the lackey and a bandbox to Gabriel, and called out to the coachman to inquire about putting up the horses. She hastily ascended the steps, and, as she did so, gazed on the paintings and carved scrolls.

“This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Rollmaus,” exclaimed Ilse, delighted, meeting her at the door.

The Professor hastened to the stranger and offered her his arm.



“My dear Ilse,” cried the little lady; “revered and highly honored Professor, here I am. As Rollmaus has been charged with the superintendence of an estate in the neighborhood, in trust for a nephew, and as he has had to travel into this country to put things in order, and will stop only a short time, I thought I would take the pleasure of paying you a visit. Your father, brothers, and sisters wish to be remembered to you. Clara is growing up the very image of you.”

“Come in, come in,” said Ilse; you yourself are the best greeting from home.”

Mrs. Rollmaus stopped at the door.

“Only a moment,” she said, pointing to the bandbox.

“You come to old friends.”

“You must allow me however, that I may not disgrace this princely house.”

Mrs. Rollmaus was taken into an adjoining room, the bandbox opened, and, after the best cap was put on, as well as white collar and cuffs, the learned lady floated into the sitting-room with Ilse.

“Magnificent,” she exclaimed, looking with admiration at the ceiling, where the god of love held out to her his bunches of poppies. “One can see at once by the cross-bow that it is a Cupid; one frequently sees them on gingerbread figures, where they stand between two burning hearts. Dear Professor, the pleasure of meeting again, and in such surroundings, is truly very great. I have long looked forward with pleasure to this hour, when I could express to you my thanks for the last book you sent me, in which I have gotten as far as the Reformation. Rollmaus would gladly have come with me, but he has business to attend to in the distillery on account of the old boiler, which must be removed.”

During this speech the eye of Mrs. Rollmaus wandered inquisitively into every corner of the room.

“Who would have thought, dear Ilse, that you and the Professor would have come into friendly relations with our princely personages? I must confess to you that I have already looked about me in driving here for the princely court-yard, which, however, probably lies on the other side, as I see only gardens here.”

“There are no offices at the castle,” explained Ilse, “only the stable and the large kitchen have remained.”

“They say there are six cooks,” rejoined Mrs. Rollmaus, “who are all great head-cooks; although I do not know for what other part of the human body they could be cooking. But the originalities of a Court are very great,—amongst which are the silver-cleaners, who, I verily believe, do not do their duty; at least, the small coin in our country is very dirty, and a great scouring day would be necessary for them. They say that the young Prince has now gone to the Chief Forester’s lodge. Our Chief Forester is fully occupied; he grumbles over this royal quartering, and has ordered himself a new uniform.”

She became serious and thoughtful, and there ensued an awkward pause, during which she rubbed her nose, looked at Ilse good-humoredly, and pressed her hand.

“There appears to be a storm coming,” she continued, in a low tone, “and the country gentlemen complain that the spring grub has eaten the rapeseed. Here, indeed, it seems like a paradise, although I hope that no wild beasts rove about here, and it is not the season to pluck the apples from the trees with pleasure. Something seems to have turned up in the capital which is very remarkable; for as I came to the estate with Rollmaus, the Inspector told me of a fortune-

teller who prophesied wonderful things of the people of this city. Do you know anything certain about her?"

"We have few acquaintances," answered Ilse; "we only get news from the papers."

"I should be glad to hear something about that person, for I have latterly begun the study of phrenology; and I hear, dear Professor, that these investigations are much combated. I do not myself feel sure about them. I have examined the head of Rollmaus, and am surprised to see how much the bump of destruction is developed behind his ear, though he is annoyed at every cup-handle the maid servants break. Nevertheless, dear Professor, I find the powers of thought shown upon your brow. The bumps are very large, by which I do not mean to say that they are unbecoming to you. But to return to the fortune-teller. She told the Inspector that he was married, and had two children, and that his wife was dead, and that he wished to take another, who would add two more. This is all correct, for he is again courting. Now, I ask you, how could this person know it?"

"Perhaps she knows the Inspector?" replied the Professor, rummaging among his papers. "I advise you not to confide in her art, and I do not recommend to you the study of phrenology. But now let us know how long you can remain with us. I am obliged to go to the Museum, and hope to find you on my return."

"I can remain a few hours," said Mrs. Rollmaus. "I have three miles to go, but the roads here are better than with us. Although now our highway is being built, and the road commissioners already go along it to the town of Rossau. Only think, dear Ilse, the stone bridge between your estate and the town is already pulled down, but they have put up a tempo-

rary one in its stead. For a few hours, then, I beg of you to be satisfied with my company."

The Professor went away; the ladies talked confidentially over the family at home, during which Mrs. Rollmaus could not entirely give up her scientific investigations; for, in the middle of the conversation, she put her fingers on Ilse's temples, and begged permission to feel the crown of her head; whereupon she said, with much delight, "There is much sincerity there, as I should have supposed." She then looked significantly at Ilse. She was loquacious and flippant, but she showed a degree of restraint which Ilse attributed to the strangeness of the place.

After Mrs. Rollmaus had admired the dwelling, criticized the pictures, and felt the texture of the furniture coverings, Ilse pointed to the sun, which was breaking through the clouds, and proposed that they should walk out into the park. Mrs. Rollmaus assented with pleasure, and Ilse had much to do to answer the questions of the excitable lady. Then they came to a part of the grounds which served as a promenade at this hour for the ladies and people of the city. "What a surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, suddenly seizing Ilse's arm, "the princely livery." At a turn in the path, the hat of a lackey became visible; the Princess, accompanied by Lady Gottlinde and Prince Victor, came directly towards them. Amidst the respectful greetings of the promenaders, the princely party approached. Ilse stepped aside, and curtsied. The Princess stopped. "We were on the point of calling on you," she began, kindly; "my brother was obliged to leave suddenly; he will have told your father how sorry he was that he could not take any messages from you to your family." She

gave a passing look at Mrs. Rollmaus, who was supporting herself with both her hands on her umbrella, bending her head forward, not to lose a syllable that fell from the lips of the princely lady. Ilse mentioned her name.

“A kind friend from the neighborhood of Rossau, who is spending a few days near here.”

Mrs. Rollmaus ducked down very low, and, almost unconscious from terror, said: “It is only three miles from here, in Toadville; although, if I may, by your Highness’s permission, be graciously allowed to say so, there are no more toads there than in any other respectable place.”

“You are taking a walk,” said the Princess, to Ilse, “will you accompany me a little way?” She beckoned Ilse to her side, placing herself between her and the lady in waiting. Prince Victor remained behind with Mrs Rollmaus.

“So toads are not pastured on your estate?” began the Prince.

“No, my gracious ——,” replied Mrs. Rollmaus, embarrassed, supporting herself on her umbrella. “I do not really know what is the right title to address you with.”

“Prince Victor,” replied the young gentleman, carelessly.

“I beg your pardon; but this honorable name does not satisfy me. May I beg to know the other title, similar to what, in the case of pastors, would be expressed by Very Reverend? For to offend princely persons would not be pleasant, and I am not conversant with these forms of address.”

“High and honorable lady, you may call me Highness; thus we shall both have our rights.”

“It shall be as you command,” exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, delighted.

“You have long known the Professor’s wife?”

“From her childhood,” explained Mrs. Rollmaus; “I was a friend of her deceased mother, and I can truly say that I have shared both happiness and sorrow with our dear Ilse. Prince Victor, it is impossible for your Highness to know her true heart as well as we do. Latterly, through her learned acquaintances, she has come into another atmosphere; but long before her betrothal it was clear to me that it would be a match.”

“Good,” said the Prince. “How long do you remain in the neighborhood?”

“Only until the end of the week; for Rollmaus prefers the country to the city, which is not to be wondered at; he has not the inclination for intellectual pursuits by which I am inspired. For this there is more opportunity in the city, although one, even in the country, can make one’s observations on heads and other natural objects.”

“The weather is changeable; is your carriage closed?” interrupted the Prince.

“It is a britscka, with a leather top to it,” replied Mrs. Rollmaus. “I must honestly avow to you that it has been quite an unexpected pleasure to me that this visit has afforded the opportunity of seeing your Highness, for I have heard very much of you.”

“I should be very grateful to you,” replied the Prince, “if you would kindly tell me what you have heard. I have hitherto believed that my reputation was not by any means so bad as it might be.”

“No one, however noble he may be, can escape calumny,” exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, eagerly; “they

talk of tricks. I fear your Highness will take it amiss if I mention this gossip."

"Tell me something of it," replied the Prince, "whatever it may be."

"They maintain that your Highness is convivial and lives quite boisterously, and other things which it would be unpleasant for me to repeat."

"Go on," said the Prince, cheerfully.

"That your Highness makes fools of other people."

"That is grievous," replied the Prince. "Is your coachman a courageous man?"

"He is somewhat surly even with Rollmaus, who indulges him much."

"Believe me Mrs. Rollmaus," continued the Prince, "it is a sorrowful business to be a prince. Disquiet from morning to evening. Every one will have something, and no one brings anything except bills. Thus all gaiety is sacrificed, one becomes sad, and slinks about through the bushes. My favorite recreation is a little quiet conversation in the evening with my old nurse and instructress, the widowed Cliquot, and to play a little 'patience.' Then one counts the good works that one has done during the day, sighs that they are so few, and looks for one's boot-jack. We are the victims of our position. If there is anything I envy the Professor's wife, it is her servant Gabriel, a trustworthy man, whom I recommend to your favorable attention."

"I know him," replied Mrs. Rollmaus; "I must acknowledge that the autobiography which you have given me agrees with all that I have discovered from the structure of your Highness's head, so far as your hat does not deprive one of the sight of it, which indeed is very much the case."

“I would be thankful to my cranium,” muttered the Prince, “if it would lead everyone to believe my words as easily as you do.”

“As long as I live, it will be a pleasure as well as a souvenir to me,” continued Mrs. Rollmaus, with an ambulatory curtsy, “to have been brought by accident to this intimate intercourse with your Highness, the remembrance of which I will, if I may be allowed to say so, recall to myself by your Highness’s picture, which I hope may be had in the shops. I shall place myself before it when I am in the singular number, as now my son Karl does with his grammar, and think of past hours.”

Prince Victor gave Mrs. Rollmaus a look of friendly benevolence.

“I will never allow you to buy my portrait. I beg permission to send you a copy as a remembrance. It is, unfortunately, not so true as I could wish. The painter has made me too large, and I am not quite content with the costume: it looks like a clergyman’s gown. Meanwhile I beg you kindly to imagine it without this superfluity. Has the Chief Inspector Rollmaus good horses? Does he raise them himself?

“Always, your Highness, he is famed for it among the neighbors.”

The Prince turned with fresh interest towards the little lady.

“Perhaps one could transact some business with him. I am looking out for some strong saddle-horses. What kind of a man is he to deal with?” he asked, frankly.

“He is a very sharp tradesman,” replied Mrs. Rollmaus, hesitatingly, and looking at the Prince with secret pity. “He is considered by his acquaintances



as an expert in horses, and—and, if I may say so—is rather knowing.”

The Prince pursed up his lips, bringing out a sound almost like a suppressed whistle.

“Then he is very unlike the highly honored lady, and I shall hardly be able to do business with him. Would it not give the Professor’s wife pleasure to visit you for a few days in the village of toads?”

“It would be the greatest pleasure to us,” exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, “but the house is empty, and is not furnished, and we must manage as best we can, and the victuals, too, as a rule, are cold.”

“Only in case of extreme necessity, I mean.”

Meanwhile Ilse was walking by the side of the Princess through the groups of citizens making their obeisances, but her heart was not so light as that of Mrs. Rollmaus. The Princess spoke kindly to her, but upon indifferent subjects, and she turned frequently to the other side to her lady. It was clearly not her wish to enter into more conversation with Ilse than was absolutely necessary. Ilse saw clearly that it was a show of favor before the world; she felt the intention of it, and asked herself secretly why it was necessary, and her pride revolted at this graciousness, which did not come from the heart. The Princess kept Ilse for some time in the most crowded part of the promenade.

“I leave the palace to-day,” said the Princess, “and go for a few days or weeks into the country. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there.”

At parting Prince Victor took off his hat politely, but only said: “The air is becoming sultry.”

Ilse brooded over this little incident as she returned with her companion to the Pavilion. She answered

the animated questions of Mrs. Rollmaus absent-mindedly, and only gave a half-look at the promenaders, many of whom now took off their hats to her.

Gabriel had prepared some coffee in honor of Mrs. Rollmaus, and had set the table in front of the door. There the ladies sat down. Mrs. Rollmaus looked enchanted at the blooming azaleas, praised the cake of the palace, and still more the princely personages, and chatted away in her best humor, whilst Ilse looked seriously down.

“I have seen some of the princely personages, and I should now like to see the fortune-teller. It is remarkable, dear Ilse, that my valuable connection with the Professor always brings in question the power of soothsaying. It is really not from inconsiderate curiosity that I wish to question this person. It is no object to me to learn about my future. I know sufficiently how this will all be. For to a certain extent we live under natural conditions; first the children come, then they grow up, one becomes older, and if one does not die too young, one lives a little longer. That has never been inscrutable to me, and I do not know what a person could now discover for me. It would, therefore, be some misfortune that would come to pass, and I do not wish to have that prophesied. I wish it only for the sake of instruction, to find out whether such a person knows more than we others. For in our days there are doubts about the powers of soothsaying, and I myself have never had a presentiment, except once, when I had the toothache, and dreamt that I smoked a pipe, which took place and had a nauseous effect; but this cannot be called wonderful.”

“Perhaps the fortune-teller knows more than oth-

ers," replied Ilse, absently, "because she has somehow made herself acquainted with their history."

"I have thought of something," cried Mrs: Rollmaus; "I would ask her about the silver soup-ladle, which, in an inexplicable way, disappeared from our kitchen."

"What will the lady give me if I tell her?" asked a hollow voice.

Mrs. Rollmaus started. At the corner of the house stood a large woman behind the flower-pots; from her shoulders hung a ragged cloak, her head was covered with a dark handkerchief, from under which two flashing eyes were fixed upon the ladies. Mrs. Rollmaus seized Ilse's arm, and cried out, terrified: "There is the fortune-teller herself, dear Ilse. I beg your advice; shall I ask her?"

The woman stepped cautiously from behind the plants, placed herself in front of Ilse, and raised her handkerchief. Ilse rose and looked annoyed on the sharp features of the withered face.

"The gipsy!" she exclaimed, stepping back.

"A tinkering woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus, displeased; "the secret knowledge of such as she is, is connected with poultry-stealing, and worse things. First they steal and conceal, and then tell where the stolen property is."

The stranger paid no attention to the attack of Mrs. Rollmaus.

"You have hunted my people like the foxes in the wood; the frost has killed them; your watchmen have imprisoned them, and those that still live lie within walls, clinking their chains; I rove alone through the country. Do not think of what was done by the men that night, think only of what I predicted. Has it

not come to pass? You look on the stone house opposite, and you see how slowly he comes along the gravel-path, to the room in which the naked boy hangs on the ceiling."

Ilse's countenance changed.

"I do not understand what you mean. Only one thing I see, that you are no stranger here."

"Many years have my feet glided through the snow," continued the gipsy, "since I passed through the doors of these black creatures."

She pointed to the angels holding tulip wreaths.

"Now disease has come upon me."

She stretched out her hand:

"Give to the sick woman of the high road, who once went on the same path that you are now treading."

The color rose in Ilse's cheeks, she gazed fixedly on the beggar woman, and shook her head.

"It is not money that I want from you," continued the gipsy. "Entreat the spirit of this house for me, if he should appear to you. I am weary, and seek rest for my head. Tell him that the strange woman on whom he hung this token," she pointed to her neck, "begs for his help."

Ilse stood motionless; her cheeks glowed and her eyes flashed angrily on the woman.

"What will you give to find your silver again?" asked the beggar, in an altered tone, turning to Mrs. Rollmaus.

"So you are the fortune-teller?" said Mrs. Rollmaus, angrily, "and not a penny will I give you. Any one who examined your head would find a fine organism there. I have often heard such gibberish. Away with you before the police come. One of your

people prophesied to my head-maid that she would marry a landed proprietor, and I was obliged to dismiss her, though she had been very useful. She began to attack even Rollmaus himself, although he only laughed at her. Go, we will have nothing to do with you."

"Think of my request," cried the stranger to Ilse. "I shall return."

The gipsy turned away and disappeared behind the house.

"They are scamps," said Mrs. Rollmaus, deeply irritated. "Believe nothing of what they say to you. This one talks worse nonsense than the others. I really believe, dear Ilse, you take to heart what this beggar woman has said."

"She knows this house, she knew well what she says," said Ilse, faintly.

"Naturally," exclaimed Mrs. Rollmaus; "they rove about and peep through all the crevices, they have a good memory for other people's business, but do not remember their own thievish tricks. I have a great suspicion of her as regards my soup-ladle. If this is the famous fortune-teller I am so disgusted as not to care to make any further inquiries. Ah! and you also, I see."

"I know the woman," replied Ilse; "she belongs to the band who stole our children, and wounded the arm of my Felix. Now her uncanny figure comes before me like a spirit, and her dark words excite horror in me. She threatens to return, and terror seizes me lest this woman should once more come upon me unawares. I must away from here."

Ilse hastened into the house, Mrs. Rollmaus followed her, and said, kindly:

“If she comes again, she shall be sent away. The best way of dealing with these prognosticators is to imprison them with bread and water.”

Ilse stood in the sitting-room looking timidly about her.

“He who hung the cross upon her was the master of this castle; and when she spoke those wild words to me at the gate of the farm yard, she did not mean my Felix.”

“She meant eight shillings, and nothing more,” said Mrs. Rollmaus, consolingly.

“How dare she compare my life with hers? How does she know whether the lord of this house attends to my words?”

Mrs. Rollmaus endeavored in vain to tranquilize her, by sensible observations upon the worthlessness of these female vagabonds. Ilse looked down, with her hands folded, and the consolatory speeches of her worthy friend were spoken in vain.

Strange voices were heard in the house; Gabriel opened the door, and announced the Intendant. The old man entered the room officiously and begged to be excused for the interruption.

“My most gracious master has commanded me to inquire whether a strolling woman has been begging here. She has slipped into the castle, obtained access to the Princess, and frightened her, just when her Highness was departing for the country. His Highness wishes to warn you against the stranger—she is a dangerous person.”

“She was here,” replied Ilse, “and talked wildly; she showed that she knew the house.”

The Intendant looked disturbed, as he continued: “A long time ago, her Highness, the deceased

Princess, took compassion on a gipsy girl whose mother had died on the high road. She had the creature instructed, and, as she was amusing; and seemed to promise well, she was at last taken into the castle and employed in small services; but she has badly repaid this generous treatment. At a time of heavy affliction in the castle, this person fell back into the habits of her childhood; she took to stealing, and disappeared. To-day, one of the servants recognized the maiden in this strange woman. His Highness, the gracious Prince, who is ailing, was informed of this by his valet and was much excited by it. Search is being made through all the streets and roads for the stranger."

The old man took leave. Ilse looked gloomily after him; but she said with more composure to Mrs. Rollmaus:

"This accounts for the language of the stroller, which sounded different to that of begging people in general, and it accounts for her wish to receive the pardon of the Prince."

But now Mrs. Rollmaus in her turn became depressed and sad.

"Ah, dear Ilse! if the witch has really lived here among these distinguished people, she may know many things that have happened in this house; for people do not speak well of it, and they say that in former times princely mistresses lived here. The house is not to blame, nor are we; it is only because the Hereditary Prince has gone to your father, and you knew him at the University, that people shake their heads at it; it is idle gossip."

"What gossip?" exclaimed Ilse, in a hoarse voice, seizing the hand of Mrs. Rollmaus.

"They say that you are the cause of the Hereditary

Prince coming into our country. We should all rejoice if you were to visit your father before you journey, as was intended; but I really believe, as long as the Prince is there, it would be better for you to remain here, or anywhere else. It is only for the sake of prudence," she continued, soothingly, "and you must not take it to heart."

Ilse stood silent and motionless; Mrs. Rollmaus continuing her comforting words, but Ilse scarcely seemed conscious of them.

It is not safe, Ilse, to teach young princes to use agricultural machines, and to fight duels; the tuition fee will be paid you doubly, and in new coin, as is the custom of the courts.

There was a long and uneasy silence in the room. Ilse looked wildly about; then she took a cane chair, and placed herself opposite to Mrs. Rollmaus, and her fingers flew over her work. "Do not let us talk any more of such calumnies," she said. "What is your son Karl doing? are you satisfied with his progress? and how does he get on with the pianoforte? It would be a good thing for him to understand something about music."

Mrs. Rollmaus recovered her spirits talking over the dances that her son Karl played; she chattered on, and Ilse listened silently, counting over the stitches in her colored wool-work.

The Professor returned, and shortly after the carriage drove up. Mrs. Rollmaus disappeared into the next room to pack up her cap in the band-box, and then took an eloquent leave of her dear friend, the Professor. Her last words to Ilse were:

"It may be long before we meet again; preserve your friendship for me even though I am far from you."



“What is the meaning of these solemn words of parting our neighbor has spoken?” asked the Professor, astonished.

“They mean that we are in a house, to be within the walls of which fills an honest woman with horror and dread,” answered Ilse, with flashing eyes; “and they mean that I wish to go away from here, and that it is time for you to take away your wife from unwholesome surroundings.”

She told him breathlessly what Mrs. Rollmaus had related, and what the beggar-woman had suggested.

“I am ensnared, Felix,” she exclaimed, “by my own fault, I am sorry to say. God knows that in my conduct towards the young Prince I had no thought of bringing your wife into disrepute, but I have been imprudent, and I am suffering for it horribly, horribly! Now I understand the forebodings which have tormented me for weeks past. If you love me take me away quickly from here, the ground burns beneath my feet.”

A sharp pang seized the Professor as he saw his wife struggling with agony, bitter enough to stun the strongest soul of woman, and to crush the noblest powers for years.

“It is as repugnant and humiliating to me as to you to look openly upon wickedness. I am ready to do all that I can to deliver you from this trouble. Let us calmly consider how this can be done. You cannot, in such a state of passionate feeling, decide what would be good for you, for your judgment is not unbiassed enough to choose your own course. To what old house that a tenant rents or a landlord opens, do not painful recollections attach? Even he who lives a simple life in a strange neighborhood, cannot escape

the attacks of idle gossip. Turn away your thoughts from that common woman. It would not become either you or me to depart like fugitives on her account. What have we done, Ilse, to lose our self-respect? There is only one wise method of dealing with the evil work of foolish and perverse accidents, to go forward firmly and to care little for it. Then the dissonance will pass away and perish of itself in the noise of daily life. Those who allow themselves to be disturbed by it, increase it by their own sorrow. Suppose that we were suddenly to leave this house, you would carry away with you the feeling of having left like one who had been conquered, and you would be incessantly pursued by the consciousness of a discordant murmur behind us which would not be silenced."

"You speak coldly and wisely," exclaimed Ilse, deeply incensed; "in spite of what you say, though, you little feel the injury your wife suffers."

"If you now had the self-possession for which I always admired you, you would not allow such unjust complaints to pass your lips," replied her husband, gloomily. "You must know that if I saw you in danger, I would this very hour take you away. Must I now waste words with you to tell you that. But even against the gossip of the weak, this residence is the best defense, for the Prince is away and you remain behind with your husband."

"I know the cause of this indifference," murmured Ilse.

"You know what binds me here," exclaimed the Professor, "and if you were to me what you ought to be, the sharer of my hopes, and if you had the same feeling for the value of the treasure which I seek, you

would, like me, feel that I should not needlessly turn away. Bear with this residence, dear Ilse, however irksome it may appear to you," he continued encouragingly, "the longest period is past. I am invited to pursue my quest in the country-chateau of the Princess ; there I anticipate that I shall find what will set us free."

"Do not go," exclaimed Ilse, approaching him ; "do not leave me in this dreadful insecurity, in a terror that makes me shudder at myself and every strange sound that I hear in these rooms."

"Terror," exclaimed the Professor, displeased, "terror of spirits. Rarely is life among strangers so easy and comfortable as this residence is to us ; there may be discord everywhere, and it is our own fault if we allow it to master us."

"Do not go," cried Ilse again. "Yes, there are spirits that pursue me, they hang day and night above my head. Do not go, Felix," she exclaimed, raising her hand ; "it is not the manuscript alone that allures you, but the woman who awaits you there. This I have known ever since the first day we came to this town. I see how the magic of her superficial soul ensnares you. I have until to-day struggled against this fear, from the confidence I had in my loved husband. If you go now, Felix, when I would like to cling to you, when I seek every moment for comfort from your voice, I shall begin to doubt you and to have the fearful thought that my trouble is indifferent to you, because you have become cold to me."

"What are you thinking of, Ilse?" cried the scholar, horrified ; "is it my wife that speaks thus ? when have I ever concealed my feelings from you ? and can you not read in my soul as in an open book ? Then, was

it this that lay so heavy on your mind? Just what I should not have considered possible," he said, frankly and sorrowfully.

"No, no," cried Ilse, beside herself; "I am unjust, I know it; do not attend to my words. I trust you; I cling to you. Oh! Felix, I should be driven to despair if this support breaks under me."

She threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed. Her husband embraced her, and tears came into his eyes at the grief of his wife.

"Remain with me, my Felix," continued Ilse, weeping. "Do not leave me alone just now. I have still a childish, simple heart. Have patience with me. I have been ill at ease here; I do not know why. I cling to you, and I tremble lest you should be alienated from me. I know that you are mine, and I struggle with the fearful foreboding that I shall lose you here. When you go out of the house, it seems to me as if I must take an eternal farewell, and when you return, I look doubtfully at you, as if you had changed towards me in a few hours. I am unhappy, Felix, and unhappiness makes one distrustful. I have become weak and faint-hearted, and I am afraid of telling you, because I fear that you will on that account have less respect for me. Remain here, my beloved; do not go to the Princess—at least, not to-morrow."

"If not to-morrow," he said, cheerfully, "then the next day, or some other day. I cannot forego this short journey. To give it up would be a wrong that we must not take upon ourselves. The longer I delay, Ilse, the longer you will be kept within these walls. Even from your point of view, is it not prudent to do quickly what would make us free?"

Ilse released herself from his embrace.

“You speak sensibly at a moment when I had hoped for a far different tone from your heart,” she said quietly. “I know, Felix, that you do not wish to give me pain, and I hope that you are true in what you now say, and conceal nothing from me. But I feel in the depths of my heart a long-accustomed pang that has often come over me in sorrowful days since I have known you. You think differently from what I do, and you feel differently in many things. The individual and his sufferings signify little to you in comparison to the great thoughts that you carry about with you. You stand on a height, in a clear atmosphere, and have no sympathy with the anguish and trouble in the valley at your feet. Clear is the air, but cold, and a chill seizes me, when I see it.”

“It is the nature of a man,” said the Professor, more deeply moved by the restrained grief of his wife than by her loud complaints.

“No,” answered Ilse, gazing fixedly before her, “it is only the nature of a scholar.”

In the night, when the scholar had been long sleeping, his wife rose by his side and gazed, in the subdued light, on the countenance of her loved husband. She got up, and held the night-lamp so that the yellow light fell on his peaceful countenance, and large tears dropped from her eyes on his head. Then she placed herself before him, wringing her hands, and striving to restrain the weeping and convulsions which shook her body.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE PRINCESS'S TOWER.

WHEN the Princess, at the urgent desire of her father, had returned to her home, the illustrious fam-

ily whose name she now bore made it a condition, not only that she should pass some months of the year at the residence of her deceased husband, but that she should have a special establishment arranged for her in her father's capital. A compact to this effect was concluded, the object of which was undoubtedly to secure to the young Princess a certain degree of independence. In order to fulfil the agreement in appearance, a princely castle in the country was assigned to the Princess for a dwelling, as there was no suitable building in the capital. The castle was half a day's journey from the city, at the foot of a woody hill, surrounded by fields and villages—a pleasant summer residence. The Princess had already spent some of the months of her mourning there.

It was a warm day on which the Professor set off to go to the castle. The air had not yet become cool after the storm of the night. There were fleeting shadows and bright sunshine on the sky and earth; the thick clouds sometimes cast a grey covering over the straight road along which the learned man passed; but then again it lay before him like a golden path, leading to the longed-for goal.

Thus did dazzling light and dark shadows flit through the soul of our scholar. "The manuscript will be found; it is concealed from us," he said to himself, and his brow became clouded. "If it should not be found, many will read with astonishment how deceptive appearances were, how near the possibility. Many will with regret resign the hope which the words of the monk had inspired, yet none will feel this regret so much as I shall. A thought which has for years occupied my fancy, and directed my eyes to one object, has gained the mastery over me. The free mind

of man plays with the thousand impressions of ancient and modern times : he restrains their power by the balance of his reason and strength of his will. But with me a small image of the faded characters of an old book has penetrated so deeply into my soul that the hope of obtaining it makes the blood course through my veins, and the fear of losing it paralyzes my energies. I know that my eagerness is too great ; it has hardened me against the childish anguish of my wife, and I myself have not become stronger since I have trodden the uncertain path of the poacher. Every one should be on his guard lest his dreams should diminish the sovereignty of his mind. Even the dreams of the best hours, when a soul innocently devotes itself to a great feeling, may turn a man away from the straight path of duty, that lies nearest to him."

A golden light broke over his countenance. "But if it is found! It is only a small portion of our knowledge of ancient times that lies concealed in it. And yet it is just this discovery that would pour a flood of light upon a landscape hovering in twilight, and several decades of ancient life would become visible to our eyes with as distinct an outline as if they lay in a nearer past. The discovery would solve a hundred doubts, and excite a thousand new ones. Every later generation would rejoice in the great gain, and would seek, with revived energy, for new disclosures. Even for her, who at the castle shares so warm-heartedly in my anxieties, I wish the pleasure of this discovery. To her also it would be forever a great remembrance, that she had taken a kindly interest in the first labors of the searcher."

Higher rose the mountains and more brilliant became the coloring of their masses. The line of hills in

the foreground stood forth from the misty distance ; blue glimpses of the valley were visible through the openings of the dark wood. The carriage rolled through a well-preserved forest ; a thick growth of firs and pines shut out the prospect for a time ; when the road led again into the open country, through grassy meadows and groups of trees, the castle lay straight before the eyes of the scholar. A massive, old-fashioned tower crowned with pinnacles rose out of a low wood ; the afternoon sun shone above, its rays forming long streaks in the vaporous atmosphere. The brown walls stood out in the lonely landscape, like the last pillar of a gigantic ruined castle ; only by the fresh-looking stone mullions of the well-fitted windows did one perceive that it was a habitable abode. Adjoining the tower rose the small chateau, with steeply-sloped roof and pointed windows ; in its moderate dimensions it formed a strange contrast to its massive companion ; but in spite of the disproportion of the parts the whole formed a stately relic of the middle ages. One could well see that its walls had afforded shelter and defense to many generations.

The tendrils of the wild vine twined up to the roof of the house and round the windows of the tower, which rose in seven stories, supported by strong buttresses. Thyme and grass grew above in the crevices of the crumbling stone, but the grass which a few days ago had covered the ground had been pulled up and the court and doors festively adorned for the new occupants. Banks of flowers and plants in pots were placed around in profusion. There was only one corner in which the hasty work had not been finished, and the remains of mossy green on the ground, and a



swarm of blackbirds that fluttered round the tower, showed that the building had stood uninhabited in a lonely country.

The Professor sprang from the carriage, the Marshal greeted him from the balustrade, and led him into the unpretentious guest-chamber. Shortly after he conducted him through a vaulted passage of the castle to the tower. The Princess, who had just returned from a walk, was standing, with her summer hat in her hand, at the entrance of the tower.

“Welcome to my Solitude,” she said ; “happy be the hour in which this old mansion opens its doors to you. Here you stand at the entrance of my realm. I have made myself at home in almost every part of the tower ; it is our female fortress. When these solid oak doors are closed we ladies can found an Amazonian kingdom, and without danger fire fir-cones upon the whole male world, for this is the fruit that flourishes best here. Come, Mr. Werner, I will take you to the place where your thoughts linger more willingly than with children of the present.”

A winding stone staircase connected the stories of the tower, each of which contained rooms and closets ; the highest was a loft. The Princess pointed mysteriously to the staircase.

“Yonder at the top, below the rafters,” said the Princess to the Professor, “the whole space is crammed with old household furniture. I could not restrain my curiosity, so yesterday I just peeped into the room ; the things lie heaped up in wild confusion ; we shall have much work.”

The Professor examined with pleasure the well-preserved stone-work of the arched doors and the artistic work of the old-time lock-smith. Little had been

done in modern times to make the walls look respectable or to repair damage ; but any one who took interest in the chisel and carving tools of the old builders, might perceive everywhere with pleasure that the tower could easily be changed into a masterpiece of ancient style.

The servant opened the door into the Princess's rooms. These also were simply arranged. The broken painted glass of the small window had been repaired with panes coarsely painted ; only fragments of the old pictures still adhered to the lead.

"There is still much to be done here," explained the Princess ; "and we shall gradually have everything arranged within the next few years."

The clatter of the Castellan's keys were heard in the anteroom, and the Professor turned towards the door.

"One moment's patience," cried the Princess, and she flew into an adjoining room. She returned in a grey cloak with a hood, which enveloped her in its folds, only the delicate face, the large beaming eyes, and smiling mouth being visible.

"It is only in this gnome costume that I venture to approach the dusty spirits of the lumber-room."

They ascended to the highest story. While the Castellan was picking out the key from the bunch, the Professor eagerly examined the door, and remarked, "More beautiful mouldings by your old lock-smith."

"I have hopes," said the Princess.

"Everything looks that way," replied the learned man.

The heavy door creaked on its hinges, and a large room presented itself to the eyes of the searchers. A bright light shone through the narrow openings in the wall upon the mysterious apartment ; atoms of dust were

seen whirling about in the straight shafts of air, while before and beyond all was confusion wrapt in semi-darkness. Old furniture was piled up in hopeless confusion; gigantic wardrobes with broken doors, heavy tables with balls for feet, chairs with straight backs and leather cushions, from which the horsehair bristled out; together with fragments of old weapons, halberds, corroded greaves, and rusty helmets. Indistinct and vague, the forms appeared among each other: legs of chairs, flat pieces of wood with inlaid work, and heaps of old iron lying all around. It was a chaos of frippery, the artistic products of many centuries. Their hand touched the table at which a contemporary of Luther had sat; their foot pushed against a chest which had been broken open by Croats and Swede; or against the white lacquered chair, with moth-eaten velvet cushions, on which a court lady had once sat, in a hoop dress, with powdered hair. Now all lay together in desolate heaps, the cast-off husks of former generations, half destroyed and quite forgotten; empty chrysales, from which the butterflies had flown. All were covered with a grey shroud of dust—the last ashes of vanished life. What once had form and body, now, crushed into powder, whirled about in the air; clouds of dust opposed the entrance of those who came to disturb its possession; it hung to the hair and clothes of the living intruders, and glided slowly through the open door to the rooms, where varied colors and brilliant ornament surrounded the inmates, in order there to carry on the endless struggle of the past with the present—the quiet struggle that is daily renewed in great and small things which makes new things old, and finally dissolves the old in order that it may help to nourish the germ of youthful life.

The Professor glanced like a hawk amidst the legs of tables and chairs in the dusky background.

“Some things have lately been removed from here,” he said; “there has been some sweeping among the furniture in the front.”

“I yesterday endeavored to clean a little,” said the Castellan, “because your Highness expressed a wish to enter here; but we have not gone far.”

“Have you ever formerly examined the furniture in this room?” asked the Professor.

“No,” replied the man. “I was only placed here last year by his Highness the Sovereign.”

“Is there any catalogue of the things?” said the Professor.

The man said there was not.

“Do you know if there are chests or trunks here?”

“I think I have observed something of the kind,” replied the Castellan.

“Fetch the workmen to move the things,” ordered the Princess. “To-day every part of this attic shall be examined.”

The Castellan hastened down. The Professor endeavored again to peep among the piled-up masses, but the glaring light from above dazzled his eyes. He looked at the princely child; she was standing in a costume of bright color at the door, like the fairy of the castle, who has ascended into the dwelling of the grey-bearded spirits of the house in order to accept their homage.

“It will be a long work, and your Highness will not like the dragging about of the dusty furniture.”

“I will remain with you,” exclaimed the Princess; “however contemptibly small may be my share in the discovery, I will not give it up.”

Both were silent. The scholar moved about impatiently among the chairs. Moths fluttered in the clouds of dust, and a brown martin flew out from the nest which it had built in a corner of the window. All was still; there was no sound but a slight regular tapping, like a pendulum striking the hour, in the desolate room.

"That is the death-watch," whispered the Princess.

"The wood-worm is doing its work in the service of nature, it dissolves what is decayed, into its elements."

The sound ceased, but after a time began to tick again, then a second; they tapped and gnawed incessantly, down, down, and further down! Over the heads of the searchers the jackdaws were croaking, and further off the song of the nightingale sounded softly upon the labor of those who were unearthing the past.

The workmen came; they brought one article after another to the front of the room. Thicker rose the discoloring dust; the Princess took refuge in the ante-room, but the Professor did not leave his post. He worked hard himself, raising and arranging things in the front row. He went back for a moment to the door to take breath, the Princess received him laughing.

"You have undergone a complete transformation. You look as if you had been awaiting resurrection in this room, and I do not think I look much better."

"I see a chest," said the Professor, and hastened back. Another confused medley of chairs' legs and backs were lifted away, and the workmen laid hold of a little chest which stood in the dark. "Set it down," ordered the Castellan, who quickly passed a large brush over it. It was carried to the light and appeared

to be a trunk of pine wood with an arched top ; the oil color of the paint had disappeared in many places. There were iron clamps at the corners, and a rusty key that held fast the staple of the lock, but hung loosely in the wood. On the cover of the chest, which was dusty and worn, a black '2' was visible. The Professor had the chest put at the feet of the Princess. He pointed to the cipher.

"This is probably one of the chests that the official of Rossau sent to the castle Solitude," he said, with assumed composure, but his voice trembled.

The Princess knelt down and endeavored to raise the cover, the lock broke away from the wood, and the chest opened.

Above lay a thick book, bound in parchment. Quickly the Professor pounced upon it, like a lion on his prey, but he laid it down again immediately. It was an old missal, written on parchment, the cover damaged and torn, the layers of parchment hung loosely in the book. He put his hand again in the chest, a torn hunting net filled the remaining space ; beside that some damaged cross-bows, a bundle of arrows, and small iron-work. He raised himself, his cheeks were pale, his eyes glowed.

"This is No. 2, where is No. 1," he exclaimed. He hurried back into the room, the Princess followed. "Forward, men," he cried out, "fetch the other trunk."

The men continued their work.

"There is something here," said one of the workmen ; the Professor hastened to the spot, raised and drew it out, it was only an empty chest.

The work went on. The Marshal also had been brought here by curiosity ; he eagerly viewed the old furniture, and caused those pieces to be placed to-

gether, which, according to his idea, might be mended and used in the castle. The staircase was filled with household goods, and one of the servants' rooms was opened that the old things might be deposited in it. An hour had passed, the room became more empty, the sun was sinking, its rays reflected the image of the opening in the wall on the opposite side ; the other chest was not to be found.

“ Remove everything,” said the Professor, “ even to the last piece of wood.

A heap of old lances, broken glasses and pottery were fetched out of the corner, also broken legs of tables, split pieces of veneered wood, and in the corner a great pewter tankard :—the space was clear. On the floor lay gnawed pieces on which the death-watch had already done its work.

The Professor entered the door again.

“ This room is cleared,” he said, with forced composure, to the Castellan. “ Open the next room.”

“ I do not believe that you will find anything in it,” replied the weary man. “ You will only find old shelves and stoves there that formerly stood in the castle.”

“ Let us go in,” said the Professor.

The Castellan opened the door hesitatingly ; a second room, still larger and less inviting, came to view ; sooty earthen pans, bricks, and slabs of slate, lay mountain-high at the entrance, and over these were wooden tools that probably had been used in the last repairs of the castle.

“ I am glad to see this,” said the Marshal ; “ such a load on the upper story is wrong. This lumber must be taken out of the tower.”

The Professor had ascended a hill of slate slabs,

and was seeking in the darkness for another trunk, but the chaos was too great.

“I will have it cleared out immediately,” said the Marshal, consolingly, “but it may take a long time ; we shall hardly get through to-day.”

The Professor looked imploringly at the Princess.

“Get more people,” she commanded.

“Even with that it will soon be dark,” replied the Marshal, prudently. “We shall see how far we can get. At all events the Professor may betimes to-morrow find the entrance prepared.”

“Meanwhile let us shake the dust from our clothes,” said the Princess, “and come into my library ; it lies just under us, you can there overlook the work of the people who are clearing away. The chest shall be conveyed into my library. I will take it with me, and shall expect you.”

Two men carried No. 2 into the library, and the Professor went unwilling to his room to dress.

The Princess walked about the room where the old chest had been placed, awaiting the return of the scholar. With a heavy heart she looked forward to meeting him ; she concealed in her soul a wish and a commission. The Sovereign had taken leave of her this time with more kindness than he had done for years ; before her departure, he had led her into a side room and spoken to her about Werner.

“You know that one cannot leave too much to honest Bergau ; I should be glad if you will also do your best to keep the learned man with us. I have got accustomed to him in this short time and would unwillingly miss his enlivening society. But I do not think of myself alone. I am becoming old, and such a man would be of the greatest value to your brother



for his whole life—a man in full vigor, who is always collected and calm in the midst of our distracting doings : I therefore wish this intimacy to be preserved and increased for you both : for you also, Sidonie. I have seen with especial satisfaction how enthusiastically you enter into the studies of our learned men. Your mind will not be sufficiently interested with the twittering of the well-mannered birds who surround us ; some assistance from a talented person will open to you a nobler conception of the world. Endeavor to gain this man : every kind of burdensome duty shall be spared to him ; what now makes his position uncertain shall be removed as soon as he is installed with us. I do not insist upon your speaking to him, I only wish it ; and I wish you to believe that in this also I am thinking of your future.”

Without doubt this was the case.

The Princess had listened to the words of her father with the quiet criticism that was customary between such near relations. But the words of the Sovereign on this occasion met with such an echo in her soul, that she expressed her willingness to speak to Mr. Werner.

“If you undertake this,” the Sovereign said, in conclusion, “you must not do it by halves. Employ all the mild influence that you can exercise over him, obtain his square word and promise for whatever he is inclined to accede to.”

The Princess now thought over these words with disquietude. Ah ! she would gladly have conveyed to the heart of this much valued man the wishes of her own, but she felt annoyed and perplexed that her secret feelings should be made subservient to the will of another.

The Professor entered the library of the Princess ; he gave a glance at the casts and books which were lying about, just unpacked and unarranged, and began :

“When one’s hopes have been so much raised, it is difficult to bear suspense. One cannot help laughing over the mocking accident which brings us in contact with a monk whose work is of no value, and withholds from us that of the other which is of immeasurable importance.”

The Princess pointed with her hand to the door : outside were heard the steps of people carrying something.

“Only have a little patience ; if there is nothing more to-day there may be to-morrow.”

“To-morrow !” exclaimed the Professor ; “a whole night lies between. Meanwhile the worm gnaws incessantly, and all the powers of destruction are at work. Numberless are the possibilities that separate us from our hope : that acquisition alone is certain which we have in our hands.”

He examined the chest.

“It is much smaller than I imagined. By what accident did the missal lie in it ? It is not even certain whence it came, and it is still very doubtful what may lie concealed in the other chest.”

The Princess raised the top.

“Let us meanwhile pay attention to the little we have found.”

She took up the parchment volume, and put it in the hands of the learned man. Some leaves slipped out ; the Professor caught hold of them ; his eyes contracted, he jumped up and hastened to the window.

“These leaves do not belong to it,” he said, read-

ing them. At last he exclaimed: "A piece of the manuscript is found."

He held out the leaves to the Princess; his hand trembled, and the agitation of his countenance was such that he was obliged to turn away. He hastened to the table and searched the missal, opening it leaf by leaf, from beginning to end. The Princess held the leaves in her hand in eager expectation, and approached him. As he looked up he saw two large eyes fixed on him with tender sympathy. Again he seized the two leaves, "What I have here," he cried, "is both valuable and discouraging; one could almost weep that it is not more; it is a fragment out of the sixth book of the annals of Tacitus, that we already possess in another manuscript. These are two leaves of a parchment volume, but between them many are lost. The writing is well preserved — better than I should have expected. It is written by a German, in the characters of the twelfth century."

"He looked quickly over the contents in the light of the setting sun. The Princess glanced over his shoulder curiously at the thick letters of the monk's hand.

"It is correct," he proceeded, more calmly, "the discovery is of the greatest interest. It will be instructive to compare this manuscript with the only one extant." He looked at it again. "If it is a copy," he murmured, "perhaps both indicate a common source. Thus the manuscript that we are seeking must be torn; these leaves have fallen out, and perhaps during the packing up have been shoved into a wrong book. There is much still that is mysterious; but the main fact appears to me certain, that we have here a remnant of the manuscript of Rossau, and this discovery

ought to be a guarantee that the remainder is at hand. But how much of it?" he continued, gloomily, "and in what condition will it be?"

He again listened anxiously to the steps of the men who were clearing away in the loft. He rushed out of the room up the stairs, but returned in a few minutes.

"The work goes on slowly," he said; "as yet there is nothing to be seen."

"I do not know whether to wish that it should go on quickly," exclaimed the Princess, cheerfully; but her eyes gave the lie to her smiling mouth. "You must know that I am very selfish in helping you to find the manuscript. As long as you are searching you belong to us. When you have obtained the treasure, you will withdraw yourself into your invisible world, and the retrospect alone will remain to us. I have a mind to close the remaining rooms of the house, and only to open one to you each year, until you have become quite at home with us."

"That would be cruel not to me alone," replied the Professor.

The Princess stepped up to him. "I do not speak mere empty words," she said, in a changed tone. "My father wishes you to make your home with us. Bergau is commissioned to enter into business arrangements, but they are not of the nature to determine your decision. Yet when I express the same wish, that you should remain with us, I do it from my own heart."

"This demand upon me is very unexpected," answered the learned man, with astonishment. "My custom is to weigh such proposals calmly, and from different points of view. I therefore beg your Highness not to require an answer."

“I cannot let you off,” exclaimed the Princess. “I should like to gain you in my own way. You shall choose your office and occupation here as freely as is compatible with our different relations : you shall have every kind of distinction, and every wish that it is in the power of the Sovereign to satisfy shall be fulfilled.”

“I am a teacher in the University,” replied the Professor. “I teach with pleasure, and not without success. My whole nature and the course of my education fit me for this vocation. The rights and duties which enclose my life have a firm hold on me. I have pupils, and I am engrossed with the work in which I wish them to partake.”

“You will never find pupils that will be more truly devoted, or cling more warmly to you, than my brother and myself.”

“I am not a tutor who can for any length of time oversee the duties of a prince ; I am accustomed to the rigid method of the professor, and to quiet labor among my books.”

“This last part of your occupation, at least, will not be lost to the world by your remaining here. This is just the place where you would find leisure, perhaps more than among your students.”

“This new life would bring me new duties,” replied the Professor, “which I should feel called upon to fulfill. It would occasion me also distractions to which I am not accustomed. You invite a man whom you regard as firm. True, in his own circle of life, that character he possesses ; but you have no surety that in another sphere of life he will continue to be so. Do not believe that under changed circumstances I shall retain the repose and calmness of effort that the mind of a worker needs ; and my dissatisfaction at inner dis-

turbances would certainly make itself felt upon those about me. But even if I could hope for all regarding my home and my private relations that would make life satisfactory to me, I must still take into consideration where I can personally be most useful; and I am not at present convinced that this would be the case here."

The Princess looked down sadly. The steps of the men who were to free the manuscript from the piles of rubbish still continued to sound above.

"Yet," continued the Professor, "if we were to be fortunate enough to find the manuscript, many days, perhaps many years of my life would be taken up by a new task, which would be so great that I might find my University occupations a burden. Then I should have a right to ask myself, in what surroundings I should best be able to advance this work. In this case, I should also have a right to leave the University for a long time. But if I do not find it, it will be painful to me to part from here, for my soul will long hover restlessly about this place."

"I will not let you off so easily," cried the Princess. "I hear only the words, duty and manuscript. Is the liking that we show to you, then, of no value to you? Forget, now, that I am a woman, and consider me as a warm-hearted boy, who looks up to you devotedly, and is not quite unworthy of your interest."

The Professor looked at the student who stood before him and did not wish to be considered a woman. The Princess had never looked so attractive. He gazed on the blushing cheeks, on the eyes which were fastened so expressively on his countenance, and on the rosy lips which trembled with inward emotion. "My pupils generally look different from that," he said,

softly, "and they are accustomed to criticize their teacher more stringently."

"Be content for once," said the Princess, "with finding pure admiration in a susceptible soul. I have before said how much I value your acquaintance. I am no empress who governs a kingdom, and do not wish to employ your powers in my interest. But I should consider it the highest happiness to be in intimate relations with your mind, to listen to the noble words you utter. I feel a longing to look upon life with the clear eyes of a man. You have easily, as if in play, solved riddles that have tormented me, and answered questions with which I have struggled for years. Mr. Werner, you have taken a kind interest in me; if you go from here, I shall find myself alone in those pursuits with which I should most prefer being occupied. If I were a man I should seek you as my teacher; but I am fettered here, and, I beckon you to me."

The learned man listened, entranced, to the soft voice that spoke so persuasively.

"I do not beg for myself alone," continued the Princess, "my brother also needs a friend. It will be his task to take charge of the welfare of many. What you could do for his mind would be for the benefit of others. When I look away from the present, and dream of the future of our princely house and of this country, I feel proud that we, brother and sister, have a presage of what will be demanded in our time from princes, and I feel an ambition that we should both, before all others, show ourselves worthy of this high calling. I hope to see a new life developed in my home, and my brother and myself surrounded by the best minds of our nation. Thus we should live sensibly and earnestly

together, as our times require ; it should be no pleasure-loving Court after the old style, but a hearty intercourse between the Sovereign and the mind of the nation. That will make us freer and better in ourselves, and will be an advantage to the whole people ; it will also be a bright remembrance for future times. When I think of such a future, then, Mr. Werner, I see you as the dear companion of our life, and the thought makes me proud and happy."

The sun was setting, and its last rays fell glowing upon the Princess and the head of the scholar. Sweetly sounded the song of the nightingale among the elderbushes ; the Professor stood silent opposite the beautiful woman who painted life to him in such rosy colors ; his heart beat and his strength failed him. He saw before him two eloquent eyes, and the sound of the entreating words, "Remain with us," rang with entrancing magic once more in his ear.

Something rustled near the Princess; the leaves of the manuscript which she had taken fell to the ground. The Professor bent down to pick them up, and as he raised himself again began, in a feeble tone:

"Your Highness takes a bright look into the future; my eye is accustomed only to read single lines in the history of past ages. Here lies my first task; my dreams hover about these leaves. I am only a man of the study, and I should become less were I to endeavor to become more. I know that I deprive myself of much, and in this hour, when a vision of a brilliant life shines before me so invitingly, I feel this more deeply than ever. But my greatest happiness must be, from within quiet walls, to impress upon the souls of others what will there blossom and bear fruit. My greatest reward must also be that in hours of triumph,



when filled with the consciousness of power, some pupil of mine will give a fleeting thought to the far-distant teacher, who has been but one among the thousands that have formed him, but one among the many sowers in the limitless fields of science."

Thus spoke the scholar. But while speaking, with a severe struggle for composure, what was true and honorable, he did not think only of the truth, nor only of the treasure which he was seeking, but of the greater one which he had left in order to pursue his quest with the beautiful fairy of the tower. He heard the beseeching words, "Do not go, Felix," and they were a timely warning. "When I return to her, will she be contented with me?" thought the innocent man. He was spared the necessity of asking the question.

The rolling of a carriage was heard below, and the steps of the servant who was coming to announce an arrival.

"Is your will so inflexible, your intention so firm!" exclaimed the Princess, passionately." But I am also obstinate; I shall continue my entreaties. War between us two, Mr. Werner! Farewell, till evening."

She hastened down the steps. The evening light disappeared behind dark clouds; the mist hovered over the meadows and hung on the tops of the trees; and the daws flew croaking round the walls of the tower. The door of the room above creaked on its hinges, and the Castellan rattled his keys, while the scholar looked lovingly at the leaves which he held in his hand.

*CHAPTER XXXVI.*

## ILSE'S FLIGHT.

ILSE was awakened by her husband's parting kiss ; she sat at her bed-side and listened to the sound of the rolling wheels.

"This has been a fearful night," she said; "after tears and anguish there came bad dreams. I was hanging over a precipice; from the depth below, concealed by fog, arose the noise of a waterfall. Felix standing above, held me by a handkerchief; his strength was giving way; I felt that, but I had no anxiety about it in my dream. I wished that Felix would let me go, and not sink with me. Pass away in peace, my dream, to thy portals of ivory; thou wast a good dream, and I have no cause to be ashamed of thee.

"He is on his journey, and I am alone. No, my Felix, you are with me, even when I do not hear your voice. Yesterday I was angry with you; I am sorry for it. I bear you within me, just as you have taught me, that the soul of man passes into and rests in others. That part of Felix which I preserve within me I will keep honorably, and quietly cherish in this hateful house."

She opened the curtains.

"It will be a gloomy day again; the finches are already sitting at the window, crying for the dilatory woman who has slept beyond the breakfast hour of her little ones. Outside all is in bloom, and the large leaves of the Schubart-plant blow about joyously in the moist air. But this rain will be more than my

father likes; the seed will suffer. The good God cannot please us all at the same time; we are indeed covetous.

“At home they gossip about me; my neighbor did not say the worst that she knew. I have not been used to this. When I became the wife of my Felix I thought myself raised above all the meanness of the world, but I now feel its sting in my soul.”

She passed her hand over her eyes.

“No tears to-day?” she cried springing up. “When my thoughts course wildly through my brain I will prove to myself that I have something of the scholar’s character in me, and will calmly look into my own heart and quiet its beatings by prudent reflection. When he first came to our house, and the noble spirit of his conversation aroused me, his image pursued me into my room. I took a book, but I did not know what I read; I took up my accounts, but I could not put two and two together; I observed that all was confusion within me. Yet it was wrong to think thus about a man who was still a stranger to me. Then in my anguish I went into the nursery, tidied all my brother’s and sister’s things, and saw whether the boy’s clothes needed mending. I was then a regular home body. Ah, I am so still; I hope it will help me now. I will put all my things together for I feel as if I should take a journey to-day, and that it will be well to have all prepared.”

She opened the closet, drew out her trunk, and packed it.

“But where to?” she asked herself. “Far away? How long it is since I had wings like a swallow, and could gaily fly with my thoughts into foreign parts! And now the wings of the poor little swallow are broken. I sit alone on my branch; I would gladly con-

ceal myself in the leaves, and I dread the fluttering and the chattering of my neighbors."

She supported her weary head with her hands.

"Where should I go to?" she sighed; "not to my father; nor could I now look with pleasure on mountains and old monuments. How can one have a heart for the forms of nature and the achievements of past nations when one's own life is racked and disturbed?"

"My Felix said that one should always consider oneself the child of the whole human race, and be elevated by the high thought that millions of the dead and living are united to us in an indissoluble unity. But who of those who were and are about me will relieve my tormented soul of the pangs that constantly trouble me? Who will deliver me from dissatisfaction with myself and from fear about the future? Ah me! It may be a teaching to inspire man in hours of exaltation, when calmly contemplating all about him, but for him who is writhing in torment and affliction, the teaching is too high, too high!"

She took from the shelf her little Bible, which had been given her by the good Pastor on her departure from her father's house, and drew it out of its cover.

"I have long neglected to read you, dear book, for when I open your pages I feel as if I had two lives; the old Ilse revives who once trusted in your words; and then again I see myself, like my husband, criticizing many passages, and asking myself whether what I find in you is according to my reason. I have lost my childish faith, and what I have gained instead gives me no certainty. When I fold my hands in prayer, as I did when I was a child, I know that I dare pray for nothing but strength to overcome, by my own exertion, what now casts down my spirit."

The gardener entered the room, as he did every morning, with a basket of flowers which the lord of the castle sent her. Ilse rose and pointed to the table.

"Set it down," she said, coldly, without touching the basket.

She had, at other times, frequently expressed to the man her pleasure in the beautiful flowers he had cultivated. It had always given him pain that the illustrious personages of the castle never noticed his rare plants, and he had been so pleased with the warm interest taken by the strange lady that he brought the flowers every morning himself, and pointed out to her the new favorites of the conservatory; he had cut for her the best he had.

"The others do not notice them," he would say; "and she remembers the Latin names too."

He now placed the basket of flowers down with a feeling of mortification.

"There are some new specimens of the *calceolaria*," he began, reproachfully; "they are of my own raising: you will not see others of this kind."

Ilse felt the disappointment of the gardener. She approached the table, and said:

"They are indeed very beautiful; but flowers, dear sir, require a light heart, and that I have not now. I have ill repaid your kindness to-day; but you must not be angry with me."

"If you would only look at the grey-spotted ones, exclaimed the gardener, with the enthusiasm of an artist; "these are my pride, and are not to be had anywhere else in the world."

Ilse admired them.

"I had taken great pains for many years," continued the gardener. "I had done all I could to obtain

good seed, but only common ones came; after I had almost lost courage, the new kinds blossomed all in one year. It was not my art," he added, honestly: "it is a secret of nature; she has given me good fortune, and relieved me from my cares all at once."

"But you took pains and did your best," answered Ilse; "when one does thus, one may trust to the good spirit of life."

The gardener went away appeased; Ilse looked at the flowers.

"Even he who sent you has become to me an object of dread. Yet he was the only one here who showed me uniform kindness and treated me with respect. Felix is right: there is no reason for us to be disturbed on his account. Who knows whether he is much to blame for the disagreeable reports about this house. I must not be unjust towards him; but when I look at his flowers, it seems as if an adder lay within them, for I do not know whether his soul is pure or impure. I do not understand his ways, and that makes me uncertain and fearful."

She pushed the basket away, and turned from it.

The maid who waited upon her came into the room, with a troubled countenance, and begged permission to go away for the day, as her mother was very ill in a neighboring village. Ilse asked kindly about the woman, and gave the girl the desired permission, with good wishes and advice. The maid went slowly out of the room; Ilse looked sorrowfully after her.

"Her heart, too, is heavy. It is well that Felix is not at home, for I can now be alone with my sorrow. It will be a quiet day, and this will be welcome after yesterday's storm."

Again there was a knocking at the door; the Castel-

lan brought the letters that the postman had given him for the Pavilion. There were letters from her brothers and sisters who kept up a regular correspondence with their distant Ilse. A ray of joy passed over her serious face.

"This is a pleasant morning greeting," she said. "I will to-day answer my little band in detail. Who knows whether I may have time for it next week."

She hastened to the writing-table, read, laughed, and wrote. Her uneasiness had passed away; she chatted like a lively child in the language and thoughts of the nursery. Hours flew in this occupation. Gabriel brought up and carried away the dinner. When in the afternoon he found her still bending over the letters, he lingered by her and hesitated whether he should speak to her; but as Ilse was so deeply engrossed in her work, he nodded and closed the door.

Finally, Ilse wrote to her father. Again her thoughts became sad, anguish rose from the depth of her heart, and lay like a burning weight on her bosom. She left her writing-table, and paced hastily about the room. When she came to the window, she saw the lord of the castle coming slowly along the gravel path towards the Pavilion.

Ilse stepped back quickly. She was not unaccustomed to the short visits of the Sovereign; but to-day she felt fearful, the blood rushed to her heart, she pressed her hands over her bosom, and struggled for composure.

The door flew open.

"I come to inquire," began his Highness, "how you bear your solitude. My house also has become empty, my children are gone from me, and it is lonely in the great building."

“I have employed my leisure in intercourse with distant friends,” answered Ilse.

She would not on this occasion mention the children to the Sovereign.

“Are the little ones who play about in your home amongst these friends?” he asked laughing. “Have the children again expressed their wishes to you?”

He took a chair and invited Ilse to be seated. His demeanor made her more composed; his manner was that of a discreet and well-intentioned person.

“Yes, your Highness,” replied Ilse; “but this time my younger sister, Luise, was the most active correspondent.”

“Does she promise to become like you?” asked the Sovereign, kindly.

“She is now twelve years old,” replied Ilse, with reserve; she is sentimental upon every subject and every blade of grass excites her fancy. It appears as if she were to be the poetess of the play-room. I do not know how these fantastical ideas have come into our family. In her letter she tells me a long story, as if it had happened to herself, and yet it is only a tale which she has read somewhere. For since I have left my home, more story-books have reached it than were there in my youth.”

“Probably it is only childish vanity,” said the Sovereign, kindly, “that leads her to substitute an invention for truth.”

“That is it exactly,” answered Ilse, more cheerfully. “She pretends that she lost her way in the wood, and that when she was sitting sorrowfully among the toad-stools, the little animals whom she was in the habit of feeding in our court-yard,—the white mouse in the cage, the cats, and the shepherd’s dog,—placed



themselves about her and ran before her till she found her way out of the wood. The cat together with the mouse, your Highness; that was silly! This story she related boldly as if it were the truth, and expected me to think it touching. That was too much—but I have given her my opinion of it.”

The Sovereign laughed, laughed from his heart. It was a rare sound that echoed through the walls of the dark room, and the god of love above looked down with surprise on the joyous man.

“May I ask how you criticized this poetic state of mind?” asked the Sovereign. “There is a poetical idea in the tale, that the kindness shown to others will always be repaid when required. But it is unfortunately only an poetic idea; gratitude is seldom met with in real life.”

“One ought not, in life, to trust solely to the help of others,” replied Ilse, firmly; “and one ought not to show kindness to others in order that it may be repaid. There is indeed a strange pleasure felt when some chord which one has struck brings back its echo to one’s heart; but one should not trust to it. A child that has lost its way should make good use of its five senses in order to find its way home by itself. But, certainly, one ought not to put forth poetical ideas as if they were real incidents. I was obliged to scold her; for, your Highness, girls in these days must have right ideas taught them, or they will soon lose themselves in dreams.”

The Sovereign laughed again.

Where are the wise and good animals, Lady Ilse, that will give *you* friendly counsel in your time of need?

“You are too strict,” continued the Sovereign.

“The witch fancy deceives the judgment of even us grown-up people; one is fearful without reason, and one hopes and trusts without justification. The person who could ever command a true, impartial judgment of his own position, would have a freedom that would make life hardly endurable.”

“Fancy confuses us,” answered Ilse, looking round, “but it warns us also.”

“What is warmth of feeling, and devotion to others?” continued the Sovereign, sorrowfully. “Nothing but subtle self-deceit. If I now am flattered by the joyful feeling that I have succeeded in sharing the wealth of your heart, that too is only a deception; but it is a dream which I carefully cherish, for it does me good. With a happiness which I have long been deprived of, I listen to the honest tones of your voice, and the thought is painful to me that I shall ever be without the sweet enjoyment they afford. It is of greater value to me than you imagine.”

“Your Highness speaks to me as to a true friend,” replied Ilse, drawing herself up; “and when I take to heart the kindly tone in which you now express your sympathy, I have to believe your honesty and sincere intentions. But this same fancy, which you blame and praise, disturbs also the confidence which I would gladly have in your Highness. I will no longer be silent about it, for it pains me after such kind words, to foster any unfounded feeling against you.” She rose hastily. “It disturbs my peace of mind to feel that I dwell in a house which the feet of other women avoid.”

The Sovereign looked astonished at the woman who, with such firmness, controlled her inward excitement.

“The fortune-teller,” he murmured.

“Your Highness knows well what fancy does,” continued Ilse, sorrowfully. “It has tormented my soul, and made it difficult for me in this place to believe in the esteem of which your Highness assures me.”

“What have they been telling you?” asked the Sovereign, in a sharp tone.

“What your Highness ought not to desire to hear from my lips,” replied Ilse, proudly. “It is possible that the master of a Court considers such things with indifference. I say that to myself. But it is a misfortune to me to have been here: it is a stain on a spotless robe, and I fix my eyes wildly upon it; I wash it away with my hand, and yet it always lies before me, for it is a shadow that falls from without.”

The Sovereign looked gloomily before him.

“I shall not use the subterfuges that you put into the mouth of a master of a Court, for I feel at this moment, deeply and passionately like you, that an injury has been done your honor. I have only one excuse,” he continued, with passion: “you came here as stranger to us, and I little thought what a treasure lay concealed near me. Since that, in our slight intercourse, you have awakened in me a feeling to which I yield irresistibly. It is seldom permitted me by fate to say undisguisedly what I feel. I disdain to use the impassioned language of a youth, for I do not wish to disquiet you. But do not think that I feel less strongly towards you because I know how to conceal my emotion.”

Ilse stood in the middle of the room, and a burning color rose to her cheeks.

“I beg your Highness not to say another word, for it is not right that I should listen to you.”

The Sovereign laughed bitterly.

“I have already wounded you, and you quickly make it plain that I labored under an illusion when I hoped for your affection. And yet I am so completely your slave, that I beg of you not to refuse your sympathy to a passion which glows so warmly within me, that it has at this moment entirely deprived me of my self-control.”

Ilse gasped:

“I must away from here.”

“Renounce that idea,” cried the Sovereign, beside himself. “I cannot be deprived of your presence or of the sound of your voice. However slightly it may gladden me, it is the happiness of my days—the one great feeling in a life without pleasure or love. The knowledge that you are near me maintains me in my struggle against thoughts that stupefy me in gloomy hours. Like the devout pilgrim who listens to the bell of the hermitage, I listen to the slightest chord that vibrates from your life into mine. Consent to accept the devotion of a lonely man,” he continued, more tranquilly. “I vow never more to wound your delicate feelings. I vow to be contented with that share of your life which you will freely give me.”

“I repent of every word that I have spoken to your Highness, and I repent of every hour in which I have thought with reverence of you,” exclaimed Ilse, with kindling anger. “I was a poor trusting child,” she continued, excitedly. “I bowed submissively to my Sovereign before I saw him as he is; now that I know him, he excites abhorrence in me, and I gather up my garment and say, Monster, begone from me!”

The Sovereign fell back in his chair.

“It is an old curse that echoes in my ears from

these walls; it is not your own heart that drives me from you. From your lips should only come words of love and compassion. I am not a tempter, I am myself a wanderer in the wilderness, with nothing about me but desert sand and towering rocks. I hear the laughter of children; I see the fair-haired group passing by me; I see two eyes fixed on me with kindly greeting, and a hand, with the filled cup, which beckons to the weary one; and, like a vision of mist, it has all disappeared. I remain alone, and I sink to my destruction."

He closed his hands over his eyes. Ilse did not reply. She stood, turned from him, looking through the window at the clouds which flitted across the heaven.

All was quiet in the room. Nothing moved, and no one spoke. At last the Sovereign rose slowly: he approached Ilse. There was a glassy look in his eye, and he moved with effort.

"If I have wounded you by what I have said in a moment of overwhelming passion, forget it. I have proved to you that I am not yet free from the weakness that hopes to gain a heart which would beat in unison with mine. Remember only that I am an erring one who sought comfort from you. It was an humiliating request: if you cannot respond to it, do not be angry with the wretched one who asks."

He gazed on her with a long, protracted look of burning passion, deadly, wounded pride, and something more, that inspired her with terror, but she looked him firmly and rigidly in the face. He raised a warning finger, and left the room.

She listened to his tread as he went away, marked every step as he descended, and when he closed the house-door, pulled the bell.

Gabriel, who was standing in the anteroom, entered quickly.

“I wish to go away from here,” exclaimed Ilse.

“Where to, Mrs. Werner?” asked the frightened servant.

“Where to?” echoed in Ilse’s ears.

“To my husband,” she said; but, as if listening to her own words, she shuddered. He also was in a house of the Sovereign. He was with the daughter of the wicked man. He himself was not safe there—his wife would not be safe with him. Where to? The question whirled in her head. The son of the cruel man was with her father, so she must not go home; her neighbour had said so. She sank her head as if stunned. A feeling of helplessness lay like a dead weight upon her; but she raised herself again, and approached Gabriel. “I will leave this city to-day—at once.”

The servant wrung his hands.

“I knew it would come to this,” he exclaimed.

“You knew it,” asked Ilse, gloomily; “and neither I nor my husband did? Was it seen to every passer-by, and yet a secret to him and me?”

“I noticed that there was something about this place that seemed uncanny,” answered Gabriel, “and that no one trusted the distinguished gentleman who just now left. How could I tell you what seemed only my foolish fancy?”

“It is not well to pay too little attention to people’s talk,” replied Ilse; “I wish to go to some place where I can find a woman, Gabriel. Get a carriage for me immediately, and accompany me to Mrs. Rollmaus. We will leave everything here, and you must return

to the house, that you may be on the spot when my husband comes back."

"Where shall I get a carriage?" asked Gabriel, hesitatingly.

"From the city, and not from the castle stable."

Gabriel stood and reflected. At last he said, abruptly:

"I shall go; be careful to prevent the lackey from learning that you are preparing for a journey."

"No one shall know it," said Ilse.

Gabriel hastened away, and Ilse locked the door and flew into the next room. There she collected all that was indispensable for the journey. She closed all the cupboards and wardrobes, and put the keys in a bunch. "When Felix comes, he shall not say I ran away unthinkingly." She went to his writing-table, and sealed up the letters in a packet. "So that no curious eye can look upon you," she said. When she packed up the letters of the children and her own answers, a shudder came over her, and she concealed the bundle rapidly beneath other papers. She was ready, and Gabriel had not yet returned. He seemed to linger long. With firm steps she went through the rooms. "You have grown more strange to me the longer I have dwelt here. What has become of the brilliant impression of the first evening? It was a cold splendor, hostile to my life. I would gladly root up every recollection of it from my soul." She placed herself on the spot where, in the night, she had looked on her sleeping husband. "That was my last sorrowful look at his dear face; when shall I see it again? I go from you, Felix; who would have thought it when we stood together before the altar? I leave you behind among wicked men; you also in danger, and I

go away alone, to seek safety for myself far from you. Who would have said some days ago that I should have marked him a liar to his face? I go, Felix, in order to save myself for you. Think of that, and do not be angry with me. I would not have gone for less cause." She sank down on a cushion, and wrung her hands with tearless sorrow. She lay for a long time in this condition. At last there was a knocking at the outer door. She jumped up and opened it, but she drew back terrified when she beheld the pale countenance of her faithful servant.

"I have not ordered a carriage," said Gabriel, "for it would be of no use."

"What do you mean?" asked Ilse, angrily.

"Any carriage that went from here would not take Mrs. Werner where she wishes, but only where another wishes."

"Then we will go ourselves, and take a vehicle in the city."

"Wherever we go," replied Gabriel, "we shall be observed, and if I attempt to call a carriage it will be taken from us."

"You are frightened yourself, Gabriel, and see danger where none exists," replied Ilse, annoyed.

"If we could only get an honest man to take you to Mrs. Rollmaus," continued Gabriel; "but it is doubtful whether you could get there. Do you see that man below by the castle? He goes slowly as if he were taking a walk, but he never turns his eyes from this house. That is one of our spies, and he is not the only one."

"Who has told you that?" asked Ilse.

"I have a good friend here who belongs to the castle," replied Gabriel, hesitating. "Do not be angry,



Mrs. Werner, that I asked him, for he knows all their tricks. It is possible, he said, that we may succeed; for one cannot assume that all the people of the city are robbers or deceivers, but it is uncertain and dangerous."

Ilse seized her hat and cloak.

"I am going, Gabriel," she said, quietly. "Will you accompany me?"

"Dear Mrs. Werner, wherever you wish," answered Gabriel. "But first listen to my proposal. My acquaintance thinks that the safest way would be, if the Crown Inspector should fetch you himself in the evening. The evenings are dark, and you may then perhaps be able to leave the house without the lackey or any one else remarking it."

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Ilse. "Who is your acquaintance?" she asked, looking sharply at Gabriel.

"He is true as gold," Gabriel assured her, "and I will willingly tell you later, but I beg you not to ask me to-day, for he has desired, for his own safety, that no one should be told."

"I trust in your faithfulness," replied Ilse, coldly; "but you yourself may be deceived; I will not follow the advice of a stranger."

"He has offered me a horse," said Gabriel, "it is outside the city. If you will give me a line to the Crown Inspector, I will ride there and bring the carriage in good time."

Ilse looked gloomily at the servant.

"Many hours must pass away, and I will not remain here alone. I will go on foot along the high road to my friends."

"Look, Mrs. Werner, at the sky; a storm is coming."

“I do not care for it,” exclaimed Ilse; “it is not the first time I shall have gone through the rain. If you do not choose to accompany me, you may wait here for my husband, and tell him that I have gone away to my home, and when I am with good people I will write to him.”

Gabriel wrung his hands; Ilse put on her cloak.

Suddenly loud altercation was heard on the floor below. Gabriel hastily opened the door; the bass voice of a stranger was scolding the lackey vehemently:

“But I tell you I am not the man who will allow the door to be shut in his face; she is at home, I say.”

Ilse threw off her hat and cloak, sprang down the stairs, and called out.

“Mr. Hummel!”

“Your most obedient servant, Mrs. Werner,” cried out Hummel. “I come immediately, only I will first express to this major-domo my high opinion of him. You are a scoundrel, sir, and an object to whom I wish such treatment as he deserves—a well-seasoned switch and a tight halter. I am coming, Mrs. Werner.” He ascended the stairs heavily. Ilse flew to meet him, led him into her room, and was so overcome that she laid her head on his shoulder and wept.

Mr. Hummel was silent, and looked sympathizingly at Ilse.

“So these are Court ways?” he asked, softly; “and this is the fashion in which people act here?”

“My husband is away. I wish to leave this place; Mr. Hummel, do help me to escape!”

“That is exactly my situation,” said Mr. Hummel: “I am implicated, myself, in an elopement affair. I have come to this city in order to convey to you a request from my daughter Laura, and to bring matters

to some settlement with the clergymen here. But where do you wish to go to?"

"To kind friends who will take me to my father's house."

"That will certainly be the right course," replied Mr. Hummel.

"In times of despair, when everything totters in the world, the child should go back to the father. His faithfulness remains; she is twenty years old before that of the husband begins. As your father is not here, allow one who knows what it is to feel anxious about a child to take the place of a father to you."

Ilse clung to him: Mr. Hummel pressed her hand, after his fashion, tenderly; but it was a hard pressure.

"Now for composure and cool blood. It can be no small matter which moves you so strongly. I will not leave you until I see you well protected." He looked at Gabriel, who made him a sign. "Do not trouble yourself further in the matter. Be quietly seated, and allow me to confer with Gabriel. I will take care of everything for you, and I shall answer for everything."

Ilse looked at him thankfully and seated herself obediently. Mr. Hummel beckoned Gabriel into the next room.

"What has happened here?" he asked.

"The master has gone away for a few days; meanwhile Mrs. Werner has been treated in an unseemly way; great wickedness is carried on here, and they will not let her go."

"Not let my lodger go?" cried Mr. Hummel; "ridiculous! I have a passport to Paris in my pocket, we will skip over this country like grasshoppers. I will fetch a conveyance immediately."

Gabriel shook his head. The confidants again conferred together. Mr. Hummel came back and said, with greater seriousness, to Ilse :

“Now I must beg of you to write a few lines to the Crown Inspector—to the husband, not to his wife, otherwise there would be confusion. You must request him, immediately after the receipt of this letter, if he is willing to do a great kindness, to come here in a closed carriage, to stop in the suburb, at the Black Bear ; and he must not leave his carriage. Nothing further. This letter Gabriel will convey to him. How he does so is his affair, not ours ; if he chooses to fly, like this ambiguous genius on the ceiling, who has forgotten its overcoat, it will be so much the better. Now the letter is written, forgive me if I read it. All right and accurate—away, Gabriel, quickly. When you have passed the castle, then make speed : till then, act like a composed philanthropist. I will allow you to whistle my Dessauer, if you can. If they ask you any questions, say you are attending to some business for me.”

Gabriel hastened away. Mr. Hummel placed his chair in front of Ilse, and looked at his watch.

“You will have to wait five hours for the carriage if all goes right. Meanwhile you must bear my company, I will not leave the house without you. Do not be troubled at the delay. I am glad of it ; for I wish to speak with you as with an honorable woman, to whom I can take off my hat with true respect, concerning my own affairs, which I have much at heart. We have time enough for it. I have also brought some papers to the Professor ; they are of little importance, but I will lay them on the table, and we shall sit oposite each other like people of business. Then I should be glad if you would give that Judas in

the servants' chamber a few instructions for me. Have the goodness also to take everything away that might lead him to suppose that you and I were going to elope."

Ilse looked round her, undecided.

"What shall I say to the man, Mr. Hummel?"

"You are so good a housewife," replied Hummel, politely, "that I can leave entirely to you to decide what you will provide for me. I have been travelling the whole day," and he made a significant gesture towards his waistcoat.

"Ilse jumped up; in spite of all her anxieties, she could not help laughing, and said:

"Forgive me, Mr. Hummel."

"That is the right frame of mind," replied Hummel; "there is no better remedy for tragic spirits than a well spread table. I beg, therefore that you will send not only for one plate, but for two. I could not eat if you were looking on. Believe me, Mrs. Werner, the noblest feelings are not to be depended on if an honest piece of bread and butter is not impressed on them as a stamp. It makes people calm and firm—and you will have occasion for these virtues to-day."

Ilse rang the bell.

"If the knave appears," proceeded Mr. Hummel, "mention to him my name and my firm. I do not generally travel incognito, and I wish not to be looked upon as a mystery here."

The lackey appeared. Ilse gave him orders to fetch the necessary refreshment, and asked him how it was he had denied her dear landlord admittance.

The man stammered an excuse, and went away hastily.

“When I came to the house I was aware that all was not right here. I asked after you at the castle and received no satisfactory answer. I asked a man at the back of the castle who was wandering about, which was your house. He looked at me like a cross-bill. You were travelling, he declared, and he tried to discover my secret. Thereupon there was a short conversation, in which cross-bill showed his spite because I in ignorance called him by his proper title of spy. The sentinel came up at this, and I saw that these jovial comrades had a great mind to arrest me. Then a young gentleman appeared, who asked the other the cause of the disturbance, and said he knew that you were at home. He accompanied me up to this house, asked my name politely, told me also his own, Lieutenant Treeclimber, and advised me not to be frightened away, that the servants were insolent, but that you would be rejoiced to see an old friend. He must be known to you.”

The lackey laid the table. Whenever he offered Mr. Hummel a dish, the latter gave him a withering look, and did not endeavor to make his office easy to him. While the servant was removing the things, Mr. Hummel began :

“Now permit me to talk of our affairs, it will be a long account ; have you patience for it?”

The evening had set in, darkness lay over the dismal house, the storm came on, the windows rattled, and the rain poured down. Ilse sat as in a dream. In the midst of the stormy scenes of the past day and the uneasy expectation of a wild night, the comfortable prose of the Park Street rose before her, where, fearless and secure, she was at peace with herself and the world, —so far as the world was not vexatious. But she felt

how beneficial this contrast was; she even forgot her own position, and listened with deep sympathy to the account of the father.

“I am speaking to a daughter,” said Mr. Hummel, “who is going back to her father, and I tell her what I have said to no one else: how hard it is to bear my child’s wish to leave me.”

He spoke about the child whom they both loved, and it was pleasant intercourse between them. Thus several hours passed.

The lackey came again, and asked respectfully whether Mrs. Werner had sent Gabriel away.

“He has gone upon a commission for me,” grumbled Mr. Hummel, to the inquirer; “he is looking after some money matters with which I did not choose to burden your honesty. If any one inquires from the city for me, I must beg, Mrs. Werner, to request this man to say that I am at home.”

He again looked at his watch.

“Four hours,” he said. “If the horse was good, and Gabriel did not lose his way in the dark, we may expect him every moment. If he has not succeeded, you may still be without anxiety; I will still take you from this house.”

The bell below rang, and the house door opened—Gabriel entered. There was a gleam of pleasure in his countenance.

“Promptly, at ten, the carriage will stop before the inn,” he said, cautiously; “I have ridden hastily in advance.”

Ilse jumped up. Again the terrors of the day and anxiety for the future passed through her mind.

“Sit still,” admonished Mr. Hummel again; “vio-

lent moving about is suspicious. I will meanwhile hold council once more with Gabriel."

This council lasted a long time. At last Mr. Hummel came back, and said, very seriously:

"Now, Mrs. Werner, prepare yourself; we have a quarter of an hour's walk. Yield yourself quietly to our guidance; all has been carefully considered."

Mr. Hummel rang. Gabriel, who had returned to the spy on the ground floor, entered as usual, and took several keys and a screw-driver out of his pocket, and said, cautiously:

"The first week we were here I closed the small back staircase and secured the door with a large screw; the people do not know that I have the keys."

He went to one of the back rooms and opened the entrance to a secret staircase. Mr. Hummel glided after him.

"I wished to know how I was to let myself in again," he said, returning to Ilse. "When I have taken you away some one must be heard moving about here as your spirit, otherwise all the trouble would be lost. Gabriel will take you down the back staircase, while I go out at the front door and keep the lackey in conversation. I will meet you a short distance from the house among the bushes; Gabriel will bring you to me, and I will be sure to be there."

Ilse pressed his hand anxiously.

"I hope all will go well," said Mr. Hummel, cautiously. "Take care to have a cloak that will disguise you as much as possible."

Ilse flew to her writing-table and in haste wrote these words:

"Farewell, beloved; I am gone to my father."

Again sorrow overpowered her; she wrung her



hands and wept. Mr. Hummel stood respectfully aside. At last he laid his hand on her shoulder: "The time is passing away."

Ilse jumped up, enclosed the note in an envelope, gave it to Gabriel, and quickly veiled herself.

"Now forward," admonished Mr. Hummel, "out of both doors. I go first. Good bye, Mrs. Werner," he called out, through the open door; "I hope you will rest well."

He stepped heavily down the stairs, the lackey was standing on the last step.

"Come here, young man," shouted Mr. Hummel, "I wish to have you stuffed after your death, and placed before the council house as a model for later generations of the love of truth. When I return you may depend upon it I shall again give myself the pleasure of expressing my high opinion of you; then I will reveal to the Professor the consummate meanness of your character. I have a great mind to make your worthlessness known in the daily paper in order that you may become a scare-crow to the world."

The servant listened with downcast eyes, and bowed mockingly.

"Good-night, courtling," said Mr. Hummel, going out and closing the door behind him.

Mr. Hummel walked with measured tread from the house, turning to the left side where a path entered a thicket; there he concealed himself. The rain poured, and the wind roared in the tops of the trees. Mr. Hummel looked cautiously about him when he entered the darkness of the spot where Gabriel and Prince Victor had once spoken to one another of the ghosts of the castle. There was a slight stir in the thicket, a tall figure approached him and seized his arm.

"Good," said Mr. Hummel, in a low tone; "go

back quickly, Gabriel, and expect me in time. But we must seek out dark paths and avoid the lights; you must conceal your face under your veil when we come into the open."

Ilse took the arm of her landlord and walked along, covered by the great umbrella which Mr. Hummel held over her.

Behind the fugitives the tower clock struck ten, when the outline of the inn outside the gate was seen against the darkened heaven.

"We must not be too early nor too late," said Mr. Hummel, restraining the steps of his eager companion. At the same moment a carriage came slowly towards them out of the darkness. Ilse's arm trembled. "Be calm," begged Mr. Hummel; "see whether that is your friend."

"I recognize the horses," whispered Ilse, breathless. Mr. Hummel approached the coachman's covered seat, and asked, as a password, "From Toad?"

"Ville," answered a firm voice. The Crown Inspector sprang down to Ilse; there was a little movement in the carriage, the corner of the leather curtain was lifted, and a small hand was put out. Hummel seized and shook it. "An agreeable addition," he said. Without speaking a word, the Crown Inspector unbuttoned the leather curtain. "My dear friend," cried a trembling female voice from within. Ilse turned to Mr. Hummel; "not a word," he said; "a pleasant journey to you." Ilse was pushed in; Mrs. Rollmaus seized hold of her arm, and held it firmly; and while the Crown Inspector was again buttoning the curtain, Mr. Hummel greeted him. "It gives me great pleasure," he said, "but for an exchange of cards this is not a favorable opportunity. Besides which,

our classes, according to natural history, are not the same. But punctuality at the right time and goodwill were mutual." The Crown Inspector jumped upon the coachman's box and seized the reins. He turned the carriage, Mr. Hummel gave a farewell tap upon the wet leather curtain, the horses trotted off quietly, and the carriage passed into the darkness.

Hummel looked after it till the heavy rain concealed it from his view, cast one more searching glance down the now empty road, and hastened back to the city. He went to the Pavilion through the most remote part of the grounds; at the spot where Gabriel had put the lady under his charge, he dived into the deep shade of the trees, and made his way cautiously through the wet bushes to the back of the house. He felt along the wall. "Stop on the threshold," whispered Gabriel; "I will take off your boots."

"Cannot I be spared this court toilet?" grumbled Hummel. "Stocking-feet are contrary to my nature."

"All will have been in vain if you are heard on the staircase."

Hummel slipped up the stairs behind Gabriel into the dark room. "Here are Mrs. Werner's rooms. You must move backwards and forwards in the dark, and sometimes move the chairs, till I call you. There is now another spy, they are talking together below. I fear they suspect that we have something on hand. They look at me askance. The lackey every day carries the lamps from the sitting-room, and nothing must be altered; it would create suspicion if he did not hear some one moving about in the next room. When all is quiet, then the lackey leaves the house, and we can speak to one another."

"It is against my conscience, Gabriel," murmured

Hummel, to remain in a strange house without the permission of the owner or lodger."

"Quiet," warned Gabriel, anxiously; I hear the man on the stairs; close the door behind me."

Mr. Hummel stood alone in the dark. He placed his boots near the arm-chair, walked around them, and sometimes gave them a push. "Very gently always," he thought, "for they are the movements of a Professor's wife. The demands which now-a-days are made on a householder exceed all imagination. An elopement from the house of a stranger, and acting the part of a lady in the darkness of night." The steps of men were heard outside, and he again pushed his boots. "Darkness in a strange house is by no means desirable," he continued, to himself. "I have always had a hatred of a dark room since I once fell down into a cellar; this gloom is only good for cats and rogues. But the most lamentable thing for a citizen is, that his boots should be withheld from him." He heard a light tread in the next room, and again moved the chair.

At last all became quiet in the house. Mr. Hummel threw himself back in the chair, and looked wearily around the strange room. A pale ray of light fell from without through a crevice of the curtains, and the tassel of the curtain and the gilded top of a chair glimmered in the darkness. Now at last Mr. Hummel might put on his boots, and then for a time he occupied himself with severe comments upon the world. His usual hour for rest had meanwhile come, and he was tired from his journey; he sank gradually into a dreamy state, and his last distinct thought was, "there must be no snoring in this princely darkness." With

this intention he closed his eyes, and said farewell to the cares of the world.

In his sleep it appeared to him as if he heard a slight noise ; he opened his eyes and looked about the room. He saw indistinctly that the wall looked different from what it had done. The large mirror that before stood there, seemed to have vanished, and it appeared to him as if a veiled figure stood in its place and moved. He was a courageous man, but his limbs now trembled with terror. He barricaded himself behind a chair. "Is this a magic lantern?" he began, with stammering voice ; "if so, I beg you not to disturb yourself ; I admire your skill, but have not my purse with me. But if you are a man, I should like a more distinct knowledge of the fact. I call upon you to show yourself in substance. I have the honor of introducing myself to you in this scanty light. Hat-manufacturer, Henry Hummel ; my papers are correct—a passport to Paris." He put his hand into his breast pocket. "As a respectable citizen is bound to defend himself in these dangerous times, it has been inserted in my passport, *avec un pistolet*. I beg you kindly to bear this in mind." He took out a pocket pistol and held it before him. He again looked at the spot ; nothing was to be seen ; the mirror stood as before. He rubbed his eyes. "Stupid stuff," he said ; "it was, after all, only a sleepy fancy."

The door of the house was closed outside. For a while Mr. Hummel stood looking round suspiciously, and perspiration rose on his brow. At last he heard Gabriel's knock at the door ; he opened it, took the light quickly from his hand, and approached the mirror so as to throw the light upon the frame and wall.

“It seems to stand firm as iron,” he said to himself; “it was only a deception.”

But he hastily seized his hat, and took the servant out of the room.

“I have had enough for to-day,” he muttered; “I wish to get out of this house as quickly as possible. I do not like to have you remain here alone, Gabriel. Early to-morrow I will call for you; I have business for the whole day in the city. Endeavor to sleep; in our beds we shall both think of this intrigue and of her who is still seeking a secure roof for protection from night-storms and spirits.”

Ilse traveled through the night; the rain poured in torrents around her, the storm howled through the trees, and the water splashed high from the ruts about the horses and carriage. It was only between the figures of the men on the front seat that she caught glimpses of the midnight sky, which hung heavy and dark above the fugitives. Sometimes a glimmer of light twinkled from the window of a house, and then again there was nothing but rain, storm, and black night. She maintained a terrified silence during the ghostly journey, Mrs. Rollmaus still clasping her hand. Ilse was driving into the world, a storm-lashed world, poor in light and rich in tears. There was uncertainty and fearful anxiety everywhere, whether she thought of the loved one whom she left behind her in the hands of the persecutor, or saw before her the troubled countenance of her father, and the fields of the estate where the young man dwelt whose neighborhood now threatened her with new trouble; but she sat erect.

“When he returns to the door over which the dark angel hovers, he will ask in vain for his wife. But I

have done what I had to do : may the sovereign Lord of life watch over me."

There was the sound of a horse's hoofs behind the carriage ; it approached nearer. Where the private road to the estate branched off from the highway, a cavalier galloped up on a foaming horse ; he spoke to some one on the coachman's seat, the carriage and rider rushed forward side by side for a few moments, then the rider reined in his horse. The Crown Inspector threw a branch of a tree into the carriage.

"The rider has brought this for Lady Ilse ; it is from the tree under her window, and the reckoning is paid."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### THE LORD HIGH STEWARD.

At the same hour in which Ilse was listening to the comforting words of her landlord, the carriage of the Lord High Steward was driving to the tower castle of the Princess. The Princess received the announcement with astonishment, and flew down to her reception-room. The Professor caused the chest with its contents to be taken to his room, and was in the act of bending over the manuscript, when the High Marshal entered below to deliver himself of his commission. Meanwhile the Princess awaited the old gentleman.

The Lord High Steward had been appointed to the honorable office of attendance upon the Princess : it was a considerate way of removing him from the person of the Sovereign. At the same hour every morning his carriage was to be seen standing before the wing of the castle which was occupied by the Princess.

His personal relations to the young Princess appeared cool ; in Court society he was treated by her with just as much distinction as was needful, and petitioners learnt sometimes that their requests were imparted to him. He was esteemed by the citizens on account of his benevolence, and was the only one of the lords of the Court concerning whom one never heard an unfavorable opinion. He dwelt in an old-fashioned house surrounded by gardens, was unmarried, rich, without relations, and lived quietly by himself. He was, it was supposed, without influence ; he was not in favor, and was therefore treated by the young cavaliers with chivalrous condescension. He was, notwithstanding all this, indispensable to the Sovereign and the Court. He was the great dignitary who was necessary for all ceremonious affairs ; he was counsellor in all family matters ; he was ambassador and escort in all transactions with foreign powers. He was well known at most of the courts of Europe, had acquaintances in the great diplomatic bodies, and enjoyed the special favor of various rulers whose good will was of importance to the Sovereign ; and as in our courts the reputation that one enjoys at foreign capitals is the standard of the judgment of the palace, the correspondence which he carried on with political leaders in foreign countries, and the abundance of broad ribbons of which he had the choice, gave him with the Sovereign himself an authority which was at the same time burdensome and valuable ; he was the secret counsellor for the Court and the last resource in difficult questions.

The servant opened the door of the Princess's room with a profound bow to the old gentleman. Indifferent questions and answers were exchanged, the Princess entered the adjoining room and intimated to



her faithful lady-in-waiting by a sign that she was to keep watch in front. When the conversation was secure from the ear of any listener, the demeanor of the Princess altered, she hastened up to the old gentleman, seized him by the hand, and looked inquiringly at his earnest countenance :

“Has anything happened? No trifle could have caused you to take the trouble of coming into this wilderness. What have you to say to your little daughter,—is it praise or blame?”

“I am but fulfilling my duty,” replied the old lord, “if I make my appearance in order to take your Highness’s commands, and to ascertain whether the residence of my gracious Princess is suitably arranged.”

“Your Excellency has come to complain,” exclaimed the Princess, drawing back, “for you have not one kind word for your little woman.”

The High Steward bowed his white head in apology :

“If I appear more serious than usual to your Highness, it is perhaps only the fancies of an old man which have intruded themselves at an unseasonable time. I beg permission to relieve myself of them by discussing them with your Highness. The health of the Sovereign is a cause of anxiety to us all : it reminds us of the transitory nature of life. Even the good humor of Prince Victor does not succeed in dissipating my troubled thoughts.”

“How does my cousin?” asked the Princess.

“He overcomes the difficulties of being a Prince in a wonderful way,” replied the High Steward ; but he is sound to the core ; he knows very well how to manage serious things cleverly. I rejoice,” added the courtier, “that my gracious Princess feels warmly towards a cousin who is faithfully devoted to her Highness.”

“He has always been true and kind to me,” said the Princess, indifferently. “But now you have punished me severely enough. What you have to say to me confidentially must not be carried on in this way.”

She took a chair, and pushed it into the middle of the room.

“Here, sit down, my worthy lord, and allow me to hold the hand of my friend when he tells me what makes him anxious on my account.”

She fetched herself a low tabouret, held the right hand of the old lord between hers, looking earnestly into his eyes.

“Your Highness knows the way of giving me courage to make bold requests,” said the courtier, laughing.

“That is more to the purpose,” said the Princess, relieved; “I now hear the voice and hold the hand of him in whom I most love to trust.”

“But I wish for your Highness a nearer and stronger support than myself,” began the old lord, earnestly.

The Princess started.

“So it was that which occasioned your Excellency’s journey?” she exclaimed, with agitation.

“That was the anxiety which occupied me. It is nothing—nothing more than an idea,” said the High Steward, inclining his head.

“And is that to tranquilize me more?” asked the Princess. “What has hitherto given me the power to live but your Excellency’s ideas?”

“When your Highness, while still in widow’s weeds, was called home, the wish of the Sovereign, making it a duty to attend upon you, was welcome to me; because I thereby obtained the right of carrying on this conversation with your Highness.”

He motioned with his hand to the seat, and the Princess again hastened to place herself by his side.

“Now when I see your Highness before me in the bright bloom of youth, richly gifted and fitted to confer the greatest happiness on others and to partake of it yourself, I cannot forbear thinking that it is wrong for you to be debarred from the pleasures of home.”

“I have enjoyed this happiness and have lost it,” exclaimed the Princess. “Now I have accustomed myself to the thought of renouncing much. I seek for myself a compensation which even you will not consider unworthy.”

“There is a difference between us of more than fifty years. A mode of life, proper for me, an unimportant man, may not be permitted the daughter of a princely house. I beg the permission of my beloved Princess,” he continued, with a gentle voice, to draw aside to-day the curtain which has covered a dark image of your early youth. You were witness of the scene which separated the Sovereign from your illustrious mother.”

“It is a dark recollection,” whispered the Princess, looking up anxiously at the old lord; “my mother was reproaching the Sovereign,—it was something concerning the fateful Pavilion. The Sovereign got into a state of excitement that was fearful. I, then but a little girl, ran up and embraced the knees of my mother; he dragged me off, and—” the Princess covered her eyes. The old lord made a motion to stop her, and continued:

“The after-effect of the scene was ruinous to the life of a noble woman, and also to that of yourself. Then for the first time the diseased irritability which has since darkened the Sovereign’s spirit displayed

itself ; from that day the Sovereign sees in you the living witness of his guilt and his disease. He has for years endeavored to wipe away from you that impression by kindness and attentions, but he has never believed himself to be successful. Shame, suspicion, and fear have continually ruined his relations with you. He will not let you go away from him, because he fears that in your confidence to another man you might betray what he would fain conceal from himself. He unwillingly gave in to the first marriage, and he will oppose a second, for he does not wish to see your Highness married again. But in the hours when dark clouds lie over his extraordinary spirit, he rejoices in the thought that your Highness might lose the right of secretly reproaching him. The thought that he did an injury to the princely dignity of his wife gnaws within him, and he is now occupied with the idea that your Highness might under certain circumstances forget your position as princess."

"He hopes in vain," exclaimed the Princess, excitedly. "Never will I allow myself to be degraded by an unworthy passion ; it has not been without effect that I have been the child of your cares."

"What is unworthy of a princess?" asked the High Steward, reflectively. "That your Highness would keep yourself free from the little passions which are excited in the quadrille of a masked ball there can be no doubt. But intellectual pastime with subjects of great interest might also disturb the life of a woman. Easily does the most refined intellectual enjoyment pass into extravagance. More than once has the greatest danger of a woman been when under powerful external excitement, she has felt herself to be higher, freer, nobler than her wont. It is difficult to listen to

entrancing music and to preserve oneself from a warm interest in the artist who has produced it for us.”

The Princess looked down.

“Supposing the case,” continued the High Steward, “in which a diseased man, in bitter humor, should meditate and work for such an object, the sound person should guard himself from doing his will.”

“But they should also not allow themselves to be disturbed in what they consider for the honor and advantage of their life?” cried the Princess, looking up at the old man.

“Certainly not,” replied the latter, “if such benefits are in fact to be gained by the playful devotion of a woman to art or learning. It would be difficult for a princess to find satisfaction in this way. No one blames a woman of the people when she makes a great talent the vocation of her life; she may satisfy herself as singer or painter and please others, and the whole world will smile upon her. But if my gracious Princess should employ her rich musical talent in giving a public concert, why would men shrug their shoulders at it? Not because your Highness’s talent is less than that of another artist, but because one expects other objects in your life; the nation forms very distinct ideal demands of its princes. If, unfortunately, the ruling princes of our time do not find it easy to answer to this ideal, yet to the ladies of these illustrious families the serious tendency of the present day makes this more possible than in my youth. A princess of our people ought to be the noble model of a good housewife,—nothing more and nothing else: true and right-minded, firmly attached to her husband, careful in her daily duties, warm hearted to the needy, kind and sympathizing to all who have the privilege of

approaching her. If she has intellect, she must beware of wishing to shine; if she has a talent for business, she must guard herself from becoming an *intrigante*. Even the great social talent of virtuosity she must exercise with the greatest discretion. A well-weighed balance of female excellence is the best ornament of a princess; her highest honor, that she is better and more lovable than others, without parading it, with goodness and capacity in everything, and with no pretensions of any kind. For she stands too high to seek conquest and acquisition for herself."

The Princess sat near the speaker, her head supported on her arm, looking sorrowfully before her.

"My beloved Princess does not hear me speak in this way for the first time," continued the Lord High Steward. "I have often felt anxious about the dangers which a high-flown spirit and active fancy prepare for you, the cradle gift of an envious fairy, who has made your Highness too brilliant and attractive. It is owing to these brilliant gifts that you have not the same aristocratic nature as your illustrious brother, the Hereditary Prince. There is too lively a desire in you to make yourself appreciated, and to influence others. One can leave your brother with full confidence to his own good nature. Every attempt to persuade the soul of the much-tormented child has come to naught. But you, that delicate artistic work of nature which now gazes at me with those open eyes, I have endeavored constantly to guard from an over-refined coquetry of sentiment. I am now the severe admonisher to high duties, because I anticipate the dangers which this love of conquest in your soul will bring upon yourself and others."

"I hear a severe reproof in loving words," replied

the Princess, with composure. "I should marry again in order to become distinguished."

"My dear Highness, I wish that you may obtain this great aim as the wife of a husband who is not unworthy of your devotion. Only in this way can a princess expect true happiness. Even this happiness cannot be gained without self-denial, I know it; it is difficult to every one to control themselves. To those who are born in the purple this virtue is ten times more difficult than to others. Forgive me," he continued, "I have become talkative, as often happens to us old people at Court."

"You have not said too much, my friend, nor too little," said the Princess, much moved. "I have always cherished the hope to live on quietly for myself, surrounded by men who would teach me the highest things that it is possible for a woman to acquire. On this path also I find tender duties, noble bonds which unite me with the best, and such a life also would not be unworthy of a princess; more than one have, in former times, chosen this lot, and posterity respects them."

"Your Highness does not mean Queen Christina of Sweden," replied the High Steward. "But to others also this lot has seldom been a blessing. Your Highness must remember that when a princess surrounds herself with wise men, she means always one man who is to her the wisest."

The Princess was silent, and looked down.

"We have now long discussed the possible position of a princess," began the old gentleman; "let us now consider the fate of the men who would be united by tender bonds to the life of an illustrious lady. Granted that she should succeed in finding a friend,

who, without unseemly pretensions, would attach himself with self-denial and real devotion to the active and varied life of a princess. He must sacrifice much and forego much; the right of the husband is that the wife should devote herself to him, but in this case a man must fetter the powers,—nay, even the passions of his nature,—for a woman who would not belong to him, whom he could only cautiously approach at certain hours as a friend unto friend; who would consider him at first, to a certain extent, as a valuable possession and a beautiful ornament, but finally, under the best circumstances, as a useful bit of furniture. The greatest sufferer in such a position would be the artist or scholar. I have always felt compassion for the walking dictionaries of a princely household. Even men of great talent then resemble the philosophers of ancient Rome, who, with the long beard and the mantle of their schools, pass through the streets in the train of some distinguished lady.”

The Princess rose, and turned away.

“Better, undoubtedly, is the situation of the man,” concluded the High Steward, “whose personality allows him to guide, by silent work, the life-current of his high-born friend. Yet even he must not only himself lose much of what is most delightful in life, but, even with the purest intentions, he will not always be able to give pleasure to his princess. He who would be more than a faithful servant diminishes the security of his princely mistress. Should such chivalrous devotion be offered, a noble woman should hesitate to accept it, but to endeavor to attract it does not become a princess.”

Tears rushed to the eyes of the Princess, and she turned quickly to the old man.



“I know such a life,” she exclaimed ; “one that has been passed in unceasing self-denial—a blessing to three ladies of our family. O my father, I know well what you have been to us ; have patience with your poor ward. I struggle against your words ; it is a hard task for me to listen to you, and yet I know that you are the only secure support that I have ever had in this life. Your admonitions alone have preserved me from destruction.”

Again she seized his hand, and her head sank on his shoulder.

“I loved your grandmother,” replied the old man, with trembling voice ; “it was at a time when such things were lightly thought of. It was a pure connection ; I lived for her ; I made daily self-sacrifice for her. She was unhappy, for she was the wife of another, and her holiest duties were made difficult to her by my life. I guarded your mother like an anxious servant, but I could not prevent her from being unhappy and dying with the feeling of her misery. And now I hold the third generation to my heart, and before I am called away I would like to impress my life and the sufferings of your mother as a lesson on you. I have never been so anxious about you as I am now. If my dear child has ever felt the heart of a fatherly friend in my words, she should not lightly esteem my counsel now, whatever brilliant dreams it may dispel.”

“I will think of your words,” exclaimed the Princess. “I will endeavor to resign my wishes ; but, father, my kind father, it will be very hard for me.”

The old gentleman collected himself, and interrupted her.

“It is enough,” he said, with the composure that befitted his office ; “your Highness has shown me

great consideration to-day. There are others who also desire their share of your Highness's favor."

There was a knock at the door. The waiting-woman entered.

"The servant announces that Lady Gotlinde and the gentlemen are waiting in the tea-room."

"I have still some business with his Excellency," answered the Princess, gently. "I must beg Gotlinde to take my place in entertaining our guest."

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Evening had descended upon the castle-tower, the bats flew from their hiding-places in the vacant room; they whirled about in circles, astonished that they had awoke in an empty habitation. The owls flew into the crevices of the tower, and searched with their round eyes after the old arm-chairs, on which they had formerly waited for the stupid mice; and the death-watch, which the scholar had carried down from the lonely room, gnawed and ticked on the staircase and in the rooms of the castle among living men. The rain beat against the walls, and the stormy wind howled round the tower. The wife of the scholar was driving through the night, flying like a hunted hare; but he was pacing up and down his room, dreamily forming from the discovered leaves the whole lost manuscript. And again he wondered within himself that it looked quite different from what he had imagined it for years.

The wind also howled about the princely castle at the capital, and large drops of rain beat against the window; there, also, the powers of nature raged and demanded entrance into the firm fortress of man. The darkness of the night seemed to pervade the halls and

the decorated rooms like gloomy smoke ; only the lamps in the pleasure-grounds threw their pale light through the window, and made the desolate look of the room still more dreary. The melancholy tones of the castle clock sounded through the house, announcing that the first hour of the new day was come. Then again silence, desolate silence, everywhere ; only a pale glimmer from the distance on the covers of the chandeliers and the golden ornaments of the walls. Sometimes there was a crackling in the parquet of the floor, and a draught of wind blew through an open pane upon the curtains, which hung black round the window like funeral drapery. Here and there fell a scanty ray of light on the wall, where hung the portraits of the ancestors of the princely house in the dress of their time. Many generations had dwelt in these rooms ; stately men and beautiful women had danced here. Wine had been poured out in golden goblets ; gracious words, festive speeches, and the soft murmur of love, had been heard here ; the splendor of every former age had been outdone by the richer adornment of later ones. Now everything had vanished and withered ; the darkness of night and of death hung over the bright colors. All those who had once moved about and rejoiced in the brilliant throng, had passed away into the depths. Nothing now remained of these hours but a dreary void and dismal stillness, and one single figure which glided about on the smooth floor, noiseless like a ghost. It was the lord of this castle. His head bent forward as in a dream, he passed along by the pictures of his ancestors.

“ The timid doe has escaped,” he whispered ; “ the panther made too short a spring : in rage and shame he now creeps back to his den. The powerful beast

could not conceal his claws. The chase is over ; it is time to set at rest the beatings of this breast. It was only a woman—a small, unknown human life. But the jade Fancy had bound my senses to her body ; to her alone belonged whatever remained in me of warmth and devotion to human kind.”

He stopped before a picture, on which fell the gloomy light of an expiring lamp.

“You, my steel-clad ancestor, know what the feeling is of him who flies from home and court, and has to give up to his enemy what is dear to him. When you fled from the castle of your fathers, a homeless fugitive, pursued by a pack of foreign mercenaries, there was misery in your heart, and you cast back a wild curse behind you. Still poorer does your descendant feel, who now glides fleeting through the inheritance that you have left him. To you remained hope in your hard heart ; but I to-day have lost all that is worth the effort of life. She has escaped my guards. Where to ? To her father’s house on the rock ! Cursed be the hour when I, deceived by her words, sent the boy among those mountains.”

He dragged himself onward.

“The third station on the road to the end,” he meditated, “is idle and empty play, and puerile tricks. So said the learned pedant. It coincides ; I am transformed into a childish caricature of my nature. Miserable was the texture of the net which I drew around her ; a firm will could have broken it in a moment. He was right ; the game was childish : by a stroke of a quill I wished to hold him fast, and, before the art of the Magister had accomplished its purpose, I disturbed the success of the scheme by the trembling haste of my passion. When the news comes to him that his wife

has fled, he also will pack up his books, and mock me at a safe distance. Bad player, who approached the gaming-table with a good method, to put piece after piece on the green cloth, and who in his madness flung down his purse and lost all in one throw. Curses upon him and me! He must not escape from me; he must not see her. Yet, what use is there in keeping him, unless I encase his limbs in iron, or conceal his body below, where we shall all be concealed when others obtain the power of doing what they will with us? You lie, Professor, when you compare me to your old Emperors. I am alarmed at the thought of things which they did laughing, and my brain refuses to think of what was once commanded by a short gesture of the hand. A ball and dice for two," he continued; "that is a merry game, invented by men of my sort; as it turns up, one falls and the other escapes. We will throw the dice, Professor, to see which of us shall do his opponent the last service; and I will greet you, dreamer, if I am the fortunate one that is carried to rest. Does thy wit, philosopher, extend far enough to see thy fate, as happened to that old astrologer, of whom thy Tiberius inquired about his own future? Let us try how wise you are."

He again stood still, and looked restlessly on the dark pictures.

"You shake your heads, you silent figures; many of you have done injury to others; but you are all honorably interred, with mourning marshals and funeral horses. Songs have been sung in your honor, and learned men have framed Latin elegies, and sighed that the golden shower has ceased that fell upon them from your hands. There stands one of you," he exclaimed, gazing with fixed eyes on a corner; "there

hovers the spirit of woe, the dark shadow that passes through this house when misfortune approaches it—guilt and atonement. It passes along bodiless to frighten fools, an apparition of my diseased mind. I see it raise its hand—it scares me. I am terrified at the images of my own brain. Away!” he called out, aloud, “away! I am the lord of this house.”

He ran through the room and stumbled; the black shadow hastened behind him. The Sovereign fell upon the floor. He cried aloud for help through the desolate space. A valet hastened from the anteroom. He found his master lying on the ground.

“I heard a shrill cry,” said the Sovereign, raising himself up; “who was it that screamed above my head?”

The servant replied, trembling:

“I know not who it was. I heard the cry, and hastened hither.”

“It was myself, I suppose,” the master returned, in a faltering tone; “my weakness overcame me.”

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In the early morning the Professor called to the Castellan, and rushed up the staircase of the tower. He went about the room, pushing boards and planks in all directions; he found many forgotten chests, but not that which he sought. He made the Castellan open each of the adjoining rooms; went through garrets and cellars; he examined the forester, who lived in a house near by, but the latter could give him no information. When the Scholar again entered his room, he laid his head on his hands; prolonged disappointment and the consciousness of his impotence overmastered him. But he chid and restrained himself.

“I have lost too much of the cool circumspection which Fritz said was the highest virtue of a collector. I must accustom myself to the thought of self-resignation, and calmly examine the hopes which still remain. I must not be ungrateful also for the little I have gained.”

He could not sit quietly by the discovered leaves, but paced thoughtfully up and down. He heard voices in the court-yard ; hasty running in the passages ; and at last a lackey announced the arrival of the Sovereign, and that he wished to see the Professor at breakfast.

The table was spread among blooming bushes on the side of the tower that faced the rising sun. When the Professor entered under the roof which protected the place from rain and the rays of the sun, he found there, besides the household and Marshal, the forest officials and the Lord High Steward, who thought, with more anxiety than the Professor, of the sudden arrival of the Sovereign. The old lord approached the Scholar, and spoke on indifferent subjects.

“How long do you think of remaining here ?” he asked, politely.

“I shall request permission to return to the city in an hour ; I have accomplished what I had to do.”

It was a long time before the princely party appeared. When the Sovereign approached them, all present were struck by his ill appearance : his movements were hurried, his features disturbed, and his looks passed unsteadily over the company. He turned first to the forester, who was in attendance, and asked him, harshly :

“How can you tolerate the disagreeable screaming of the daws on the tower ? It was your business to remove them.”

“Her Highness the Princess last summer requested that the birds be left.”

“The noise is insupportable to me,” said the Sovereign; “bring out the weapons, and prepare yourself to shoot among them.”

As the practice of shooting was one of the regular country pleasures of the Court, and the Sovereign had, even in the neighborhood of the castle, frequently used his gun on birds of prey or other unusual objects, the Court thought less seriously of this commission than did the Scholar.

The Sovereign turned to the Lord High Steward.

“I am surprised to find your Excellency here,” he said; “I did not know that you too had taken leave of absence for this quiet life.”

“My gracious master would have been surprised if I had not done my duty. It was my intention to have reported to your Highness to-day at the palace concerning the health of the Princess.”

“So it was for that,” said the Sovereign. “I had forgotten that my Lord High Steward is never weary of his office of guardian.”

“An office that one has exercised almost half a century in the service of the illustrious family becomes in fact a habit,” replied the High Steward. “Your Highness has heretofore judged with kind consideration the zeal of a servant who is anxious to make himself useful.”

The Sovereign turned to the Marshal, and asked, in a suppressed voice :

“Will he remain?”

The Marshal replied, distressed :

“I could obtain no promise, nor even a wish from him.”



“I knew it already,” replied the Sovereign, hoarsely. He turned to the Professor, and violently forced himself to assume a friendly demeanor, as he said: “I have heard from my daughter of your campaign against broken chairs. I wish to have some talk with you alone about it.”

They sat down to table. The Sovereign gazed vacantly before him, and drank several glasses of wine; the Princess also sat silent, the conversation flagged, the High Steward alone became talkative. He asked about a bust of Winkelmann, and spoke of the lively interest which the nation took in the fate of their intellectual leaders.

“It must be an agreeable feeling,” he said, politely, to the Professor, “to be in a certain measure under the protection of the whole civilized world. In the majority of cases the private life of our great men of learning passes away uneventfully, but our people delight in occupying themselves with the course of life of those who have departed. If happy accident brings a person into contact with gentlemen of your standing, he must take care that he does not suffer for all eternity under the hands of later biographers. I confess,” he continued, laughing, “that a fear on this point has robbed me of many interesting acquaintances.”

The Professor answered, quietly:

“The people are conscious that they have by the labor of scholars first been raised from misery; but with greater experience in political life, their interest in the promoters of our present culture will assume more moderate proportions.”

“I have told the Sovereign that you have found something here,” remarked the Princess, across the table.

“There has been a remarkable discovery made in an ancient sepulchre,” interrupted the High Steward; and he gave a diffuse account of a funeral urn.

But now the Sovereign himself turned to the Scholar.

“Surely you may hope to find the rest?”

“Unfortunately, I do not know where to search further,” replied the Professor.

“What you have found, then,” continued the Sovereign, with self-control, “is unimportant.”

It did not please the Professor that the conversation should again turn upon the manuscript; he felt annoyed at having to talk about his Romans.

“It is a few chapters from the sixth book of the Annals,” he replied, with reserve.

“When your Highness was at Pompeii,” interposed the High Steward, “the inscriptions on the walls attracted your attention. In those days a beautiful treatise upon the subject came into my hands; it is fascinating to observe the lively people of lower Italy in the unrestrained expression of their love and their hatred. One feels oneself transplanted as vividly into the old time by the naïve utterances of the common people, as if one took a newspaper in one’s hand that had been written centuries ago. If any one had told the citizens of Pompeii that at the end of eighteen centuries it would be known who they, in accidental ill-humor, had treated with hostility, they would hardly have believed it. We indeed are more cautious.”

“That was the hatred of insignificant people,” replied the Sovereign, absently. “Tacitus knew nothing of that, he only concerned himself about the scandal of the court. Probably he also held office.”

The Princess looked uneasily at the Sovereign.

“Is there anything in the contents of the parchment leaves which would be interesting to us ladies?” she said, endeavoring to turn the conversation.

“Nothing new,” replied the Scholar. “As I had the honor of telling your Highness, the same passage was already known to us from an Italian manuscript: it is about small events in the Roman senate.”

“Quarrels of the assembled fathers,” interposed the Sovereign, carelessly. “They were miserable slaves. Is that all?”

“At the end, there is another anecdote of the last years of Tiberius. The disturbed mind of the prince clung to astrology: he called astrologers to him to Capri, and caused those to be cast into the sea whom he suspected of deceit. Even the prudent Trasyllus was taken to him over the fatal rock path, and he announced the concealed secret of the Imperial life. Then the Emperor furtively asked of him whether he knew what would happen to himself that day? The philosopher inquired of the stars, and called out, trembling: ‘My situation is critical; I see myself in danger of death.’ At this passage our fragment breaks off. The incident may have been repeated—the same anecdote attaches to more than one princely life.”

A couple of daws flew round the battlements of the tower, they cawed and screamed, and told one another that underneath there stood a sportsman who was seeking his game. The Sovereign suddenly arose.

“There must be an end to the screaming of these birds.”

He beckoned to the forester. The man approached, and placed a weapon in his hands. The Sovereign placed the but-end on the ground and turned to the Professor, while the Princess, disquieted by the last

words of the Scholar, stood aside with her suite, struggling for composure.

“The Princess has told me,” began the Sovereign, “that you have some hesitation as to fulfilling a wish that we have all much at heart. I hope that the hindrances may not be insurmountable.”

“It becomes me,” replied the Professor, delighted by the kind words of the Sovereign, “to weigh calmly so honorable a proposal. But I have other things to take into account besides the cause of learning.”

“What others?” asked the Sovereign.

“The wish of a loved wife,” said the Professor. A sudden convulsion shook the limbs of the Sovereign.

“And how do you consider your relations to me?” asked the Sovereign, in a hoarse voice.

The Scholar looked at the man, from whose eyes darted a look of deadly hatred and malignity. He saw the muzzle of the weapon directed toward his breast, and the raised foot of the Sovereign feeling for the trigger. The flash of lightning impended, there was no room for flight, no time for movement; the thought of the last moment passed through his mind. He saw before him the distorted countenance of the Emperor Tiberius, and he said, in a low voice:

“I stand on the verge of death.”

“The Sovereign is sinking,” called out the High Steward.

He threw himself with outstretched arms towards his master, and seized his hands. The Sovereign tottered, the weapon fell to the ground, he himself was received in the arms of those who hastened toward him. The Princess flew up to them, and looked inquiringly into the pale face of the Scholar.

“The Sovereign has been attacked by a sudden dizziness,” answered the latter calmly.

“My master is losing consciousness,” cried the High Steward. “How are you, Mr. Werner?”

The hands of the old man trembled.

The Sovereign lay senseless in the arms of his attendants, and was carried to the castle.

The by-standers expressed with much concern their terror at the event and the Princess hastened after the stricken Sovereign. Before the High Steward followed, he said to the Professor, whilst giving him a searching look :

“It is not the first time that the Sovereign has been taken ill in such a manner. Was that a surprise to you? You did not know that the Sovereign was suffering in this way?”

“I know it to-day,” replied the Scholar, coldly.

A few minutes afterwards the High Steward entered the room of the Professor, who was preparing for his journey.

“I come to beg your indulgence,” began the High Steward ; “for I must trouble you with an acknowledgment which is painful to me. You have talked much lately in my presence to the Sovereign of the Cæsarian madness of the Roman emperors. What you then said was very instructive to me.”

“I now find,” replied the Professor, gloomily, “that the place was ill chosen.”

“More than you assume,” replied the courtier, drily. “To me it was peculiarly instructive, but not so much what you said as that you said it. I should not have thought it possible that any one would so acutely reason upon the past, and so completely give

up all judgment of that which was around him. You then told a sick man the story of his own disease."

"I have just discovered that," replied the Scholar.

"The Sovereign is diseased in mind. It is now necessary that you should know it. I have a second confession to make to you. I discover that I have misjudged you."

"I shall be glad if your present opinion is more favorable to me than the former one," replied the Professor, with dignity.

"In your point of view, yes," continued the High Steward. "I have for a long time regarded you in your relations here as a cautious man, who was cleverly following out his objects. I have learnt that you are not that, but something different."

"An honorable man, your Excellency," replied the Professor.

"We have nothing to reproach one another with," rejoined the courtier, bowing; "as you misjudged the Sovereign, so did I misunderstand you; but my mistake is the greater, for I am an older man, and I have not the excuse of a specially intellectual mind, which sometimes makes it difficult for a man to judge correctly of other natures. But we have both one excuse. It is seldom easy to form a just estimate of those who have grown up in other circles, and show a different combination of virtues and weaknesses. We are all liable to be confused in our judgment, according as our self-respect is satisfied or wounded. Where genial tendencies find no response, displeasure erects a barrier; and where powerful tones echo sympathetically to one's breast, there is the danger of too rapid intimacy. Thus I have put too low a value on your honorable openness and candor. I now pay the penalty, for

I have to confide to you a secret that I have no doubt you will accept with proper regard."

"I assume that your Excellency does not make this communication to me without a specific cause."

"There is a plan for keeping you in our city," interposed the High Steward.

"Proposals of this nature have been made to me since yesterday."

The High Steward continued: "It is not necessary for me to be anxious about your answer. You have learnt the meaning which is concealed under a veil of civility. Do you know why the Sovereign made you the proposal?"

"No; up to this morning I have not doubted that a certain personal feeling of kindness, and the view that I might be useful here, were the motives."

"You are mistaken," replied the High Steward. "It is not a wish to keep you here merely for passing private interests. The real motive is, as appears to me, the freak of a diseased mind, which sees in you an opponent, and fears a sharp-sightedness that will remorselessly disclose to the world a diseased spirit. You were to be fettered here; you were to be cajoled, watched, and persecuted. You are an object of interest, of fear, and of aversion."

The Professor rose.

"What I have experienced and what you tell me compel me to leave this place instantly."

"I do not wish," said the High Steward, "that you shall depart from here with displeasure, if this can be avoided; both on your own account and for the sake of many of us."

The Professor went to the table, on which lay the parchment leaves.

“I beg your indulgence if I do not regain my composure immediately. The situation in which we are placed is like that of a distant century; it stands in fearful contrast to the cheerful security with which we are wont to consider our own lives and the souls of our contemporaries.”

“Cheerful security?” asked the High Steward, sorrowfully. “In courts, at least, you must not seek this, nor under any circumstances in which the individual passes out of private life. Cheerful security! I must ask whether we have it in this century? It would be difficult to find a time in which there is so much that is insecure; in which the old is so decayed, and the new so weak.”

The Professor raised his head, astonished at the bitter complaints of the old man. The High Steward continued, indignantly:

“I hear everywhere of the hopes that one has in the nation, and I see an abundance of young student-like confidence. There is not much mature power, and I do not blame a sanguine man if he places his hopes on it; nay, I even admit that this youthful spirit is in fact the best hope that we have. But I am an old man; I cannot among these novelties find anything that commands my respect, where they affect the interests of private life. I feel the decay of vital power in the air which surrounds me. My youth belonged to a time when the best culture of the nation was to be found at Court. My own ancestors have for six centuries taken an eager part in the follies and crimes, and also in the pride, of their times; and I have grown to be a man in the conception that princes and nobles were the born leaders of the nation. I see with sorrow that they have for long, perhaps for



ever, lost this lead. Much of what you lately said exactly coincides with the last decades that I have passed through. It has been a sorrowful time; the hollow weakness in the life of the people has in a great measure deteriorated the higher classes. But there has not been altogether a deficiency of honorable and powerful men. What time has been entirely without them? But what should be the noblest blossom of the national strength is just what in this empty shallow time is most deeply diseased."

The Professor interposed :

"It is a cause for sorrow; but where, perhaps, the individual loses, the whole gains?"

"Undoubtedly not," replied the courtier; "if only the gain to the whole was certain. But I see with astonishment that the greatest concerns of the nation are carried on, on all sides, with school-boyish pettiness. Much that is valuable is lost; nothing better is gained. The delicacy of feeling which formerly expressed itself beneficially in all forms of intercourse, and the discreet management of important affairs, become rare. If these advantages did not suffice to form the character, as is perhaps needed in the present, they made life pleasing and beautiful. A secure feeling of superiority, and a gracious rule over others, was general at courts and in business; of this we are deprived. Diplomacy has ceased to be distinguished. One sets bluntly to work; not only nobleness of feeling, but even the pleasing show of it is wanting; an uncertain pettiness, a grumbling, irritable, reserved character has gained the upper hand at courts, and in diplomacy ill-bred frivolity, without knowledge and without manly will. Our princes rattle about like accoutred idlers; the old court discipline is lost, and one

feels oneself incessantly on the defensive, and seeks for safety in senseless attacks. It is impossible not to feel that by these acts one is irretrievably going downward."

The Professor smiled at the sorrow of the old lord.

"I do not blame you," continued the High Steward, "if you do not feel the misfortune of this change as deeply as I do. It is only a pity that it should always be the highest earthly interests which are thus trifled with."

"But is this misfortune so general?" replied the Professor.

"Some splendid exceptions have not been wanting," said the High Steward; "some were granted us at a time when we played the greatest tragedy before the world, as if here and there to preserve a bright romance. They have scarcely been wanting in a country which possesses the five qualities which are necessary to form a good court: an upright sovereign, an amiable princess, a high-minded statesman, some intellectual court ladies, and a superior spirit among the cavaliers. But these requisites are seldom found."

"Were they ever frequent?"

"They were the pride of our nation at the time from which my earliest recollections date," replied the High Steward.

"Just at this time we gained something else of which we may still be proud," rejoined the Scholar. "There was a short period during which the Court became the home of the most liberal culture of the time, and it was only through the rare political circumstances of our nation that this leadership was possible. Now it has passed into other circles, and we have exchanged the increased capacity of many for the distinguished culture of individuals."

“In this also there is a loss,” returned the High Steward; “distinguished men have become rare. I am ready to acknowledge the advance which the citizen classes have made in the last fifty years. But the capacity which a people develop in trade and commerce is seldom united with secure self-respect, nay, seldom also with that firmly-established position which is necessary to political strength. Too frequently we find a wavering between discontented insolence and over-great subserviency; covetousness abounds, and self-sacrifice is small. Wealth increases everywhere; who can deny that? But not in the same degré a comprehension of the highest interests of the nation.”

“Time will improve,” rejoined the Scholar, “and our sons will become firmer and freer; here too our future belongs to those who work laboriously.”

“Much may be lost,” said the High Steward, “before the improvement which you expect becomes great enough to secure to those who are struggling onward a salutary and active participation in the affairs of government. I am too old to nourish myself with hopes, and therefore cannot adopt your sanguine conception of our situation. I wish for the good of our nation, in whatever way it may come. I know it has passed through crises more critical than its present swaying between a decaying and a rising culture. But I feel that the air in which I live is growing more sultry; the tense excitement of contrast more dangerous. When I look back on a long life, I sometimes feel horror at the moral pestilence that I have contemplated. It was not a time of gigantic vices like your Imperial era, but it was a time in which, after short poetic dreams, the weakness of petty souls ruled and brought distraction. The figures which in this lamentable time

have passed away will appear to posterity, not fearful, but grotesque and contemptible. You, Professor, live in a new epoch in which a younger generation awkwardly endeavors to rise. I have no sympathy for the new style. I have not the courage to hope, for I have no power to promote the culture of the younger generation."

He had risen. The old man and the young, vigorous man, the diplomat and the scholar, stood opposite to each other; the one an advocate for the world which was tending downwards; the other a proclaimer of a teaching which was unceasingly to renew the old world; secret sorrow lay on the calm countenance of the old man, and feeling, vigorous feeling, worked in the animated features of the younger: a high mind and a refined spirit were visible in the open countenance of both.

"What we had to say to one another," continued the High Steward, "is said. I have endeavored to make amends for my mistake in regard to you. May the gossiping openness with which I have exposed myself to your judgment be some small compensation for my having been so long silent. It is the best satisfaction that I can give to a man of your sort. As respects the diseased state of mind of others, which was the subject of our conversation, there need be no further words between us; both of us will endeavor to do what is our duty concerning the men that are entrusted to our care, to preserve them from danger and to guard ourselves. Mr. Werner, farewell. May the occupation which you have chosen preserve your joyful confidence in your time and your generation for as many years as I bear on my head. This highest happiness

of man, I, an insignificant individual, have painfully felt the want of, as did your great Roman."

"Allow me, your Excellency, to express one request to you," replied the Scholar, with warm feeling. "Often may the unpractical activity of the new apostles evoke a bitter smile from you, and the unfinished work which we pioneers of learning throw off will not always satisfy the demands which you make upon us; but when you are compelled to blame us, remember, with forbearance, that our nation can only bear within it the guaranty of renewing youth so long as it does not lose respect for intellectual aspiration, and retains its simple honesty, in love and hate. So long as the nation renews itself, it may inspire its princes and leaders with new life; for we are not Romans, but staunch and warm-hearted Germans."

"Nero no longer ventures to burn the apostles of a new doctrine," replied the High Steward, with a sad smile. "May I say something kindly from you to the Sovereign, as far as is compatible with your dignity?"

"I beg you to do so," replied the Professor.

The Professor hastened to take leave of the Princess. She received him in the presence of her ladies and the Marshal. Few words were exchanged. Upon expressing the hope of seeing him soon again at the capital, speech almost forsook her. When he had left the room, she flew up to her library and looked down on the carriage into which the chest was being put. She plucked some flowers which the gardener had placed in her room, and fastened them together with a ribbon.

"His eye looked upon you, and his voice sounded in the narrow halls in which you are passing your life. It was a short dream! No, not a dream, a beautiful picture from a new world.

“As the womanly heart submits, in loving devotion, to the stronger mind of a life-companion, her eye fixed upon his, such is the happiness of which I have had a presage. Only once has my hand touched his, but I feel as if I had lain on his heart, invisible, bodiless. No one knows it, not even himself, I alone felt the happiness. Light, airy bond, woven of the tenderest threads that ever were drawn from one human soul to another, thou must be torn and blown away! Only the consciousness remains that the inclination which drew two strangers together has been forever a blessing to one of them.

“You, earnest man, go on your path, and I on mine; and if accident should bring us together, then we shall bow civilly to each other, and greet one another with courtly speeches. Farewell, my scholar. When I meet with one of your associates, I shall henceforth know that he belongs to the silent community, in whose porch I have humbly bowed my head.”

From the tops of the trees on which the princely child was looking down the birds were singing. The carriage rolled away; she bent down, and held the nosegay with outstretched hand; then with a powerful swing she threw the flowers on to the top of a tree; they hung among the leaves; a little bird flew out, but the next moment he again perched by the nosegay, and continued his song. But the Princess leaned her head against the wall of the tower.

The Scholar drove to the city with the chest he had found beside him. More rapid and stormy than on his coming were the thoughts that flitted through his soul; he hastened the coachman, and an indefinite anxiety fixed his looks on the rising towers of the capital. But amidst all, he ever saw the figure of the

High Steward before him, and heard the sorrowful words of his soft voice.

“Immeasurably great is the difference between the narrow relations of this Court and the mighty greatness of Imperial Rome; immeasurably great also the difference between the troubled Court lord and the gloomy power of a Roman senator. And yet there is something in the structure of the soul that has this day displayed itself to me which reminds me of a figure from a time long past; and what he said sounds in my soul like a feeble tone from the heart of the man whose work I seek in vain. For just as we endeavor to explain the present from the past, so do we interpret circumstances and figures of a past time in the light of the men that live around us. The past unceasingly sends its spirit into our souls, and we unceasingly adapt the past to conform to the needs of our hearts.”

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### THE MAGISTER'S EXIT.

PROFESSOR RASCHKE was sitting on the floor of his room. The bright colors of his Turkish dressing-gown were faded; constant perseverance in scientific service had given it a tinge of pale grey, but it still continued worthily to cover the limbs of its master. The Professor had seated himself by the side of his eldest son Marcus, in order to facilitate the latter's study of the first book of A, B, C. While the little one, tired of the pictures, was resting, his father made use of the pause to draw a small copy of Aristotle out of his pocket. He read, and made remarks with a pencil, not observing that his son Marcus had long



thrown away the picture book, and with the other children danced round their father.

“Papa, take your legs away; we can’t get round them,” exclaimed Bertha, the eldest, from whom, indeed, one might have expected greater discretion.

Raschke drew in his legs, and as after that he found his seat uncomfortable, he desired the children to bring him a chair. They brought the chair, and he supported his back against it.

“We can’t get around yet,” cried the dancing children.

Raschke looked up. “Then I will sit upon the chair.”

That was satisfactory to the children, and the noisy hubbub continued.

“Come here, Bertha,” said Raschke; “you may act as my desk.” He laid the book on her head whilst he read and wrote; and the little one stood as still as a mouse under the book, and scolded the others because they made a noise.

There was a knock; the Doctor entered.

“Ha, Fritz!” called out the Professor; “I hardly recognized you; I must try to recall your face. Is it right to set your friends aside in this way, when a friendly greeting might do you good? Laura has told me what has happened to your dear father. A heavy loss,” he continued, sorrowfully: “if I am not mistaken, two hundred thousand.”

“Just one cipher too much.”

“It matters little,” replied Raschke, “what the loss is, compared with the sorrow it occasions. I should have been with you, Fritz, at that time. I started immediately, but a circumstance interfered with my intention,” he added, embarrassed. “I have



long been accustomed to go to your street in the evening, and—well—I got to the wrong house, and with difficulty found my way back to the lecture.”

“Do not pity me,” replied the Doctor; “rejoice with me—I am a happy man. I have just now found, what I despaired of obtaining, Laura’s heart and the consent of her father.”

Raschke clapped the Doctor on the shoulder, and pressed first one hand, then the other. “The father’s!” he exclaimed; “he was the hindrance. I know something of him, and I know his dog. If I may judge of the man by his dog,” he continued, doubtfully, “he must be a character. Is it not so, my friend?”

The Doctor laughed. “There has been an old enmity brooding over our street. My poor soul has been unkindly treated by him, like the Psyche in the tale of Venus. He vents his anger upon me, and gives me insoluble tasks. But beneath all his insolence, I perceive that he is reconciled to my attachment. I anticipate happiness, for I am to-day to accompany Laura to Bielstein. On my friend’s account alone have I wished to start earlier on this journey. I cannot rid myself of one anxiety. I am disturbed that the Magister is in the neighborhood of Werner.”

Raschke passed his hand through his hair. “Indeed,” he exclaimed.

“I have distinct reasons for this,” continued the Doctor. “The dealer who was said to have brought the forged parchment strip of Struvelius to the city was sent to me by the mother of the Magister. I dealt severely with him, as was natural; but he assured me that he knew nothing of such a parchment, and never had sold such a sheet to the Magister. The anger of the man at the false assertion of the Magister has

made me very anxious. It confirms a suspicion that I have expressed in a letter with respect to the genuineness of another piece of writing which has been mentioned to me by Werner from the capital. I cannot help fearing that the Magister himself was the forger, and a terror comes over me at the thought that he is now exercising his art upon our friend."

"That is a very serious affair," exclaimed Raschke, pacing up and down, disquieted. "Werner trusted the Magister implicitly."

The Doctor also paced up and down. "Only think, if his noble confidence should make him the victim of a deceit. Fancy what a bitter sorrow that would be to him. He would long struggle sternly and self-tormentingly with a painful impression, which we should not be able to obliterate without great effort."

"You are quite right," said Raschke, again passing his hand through his hair. "It is not in him to be able to overcome moral delinquency without great excitement. You must warn him at once, and that face to face."

"Unfortunately I cannot do that for several days; meanwhile, I beg of you to make Professor Struvelius acquainted with the statement of the dealer."

The Doctor went away. Raschke forgot Aristotle, and meditated anxiously on the treachery of the Magister. Whilst so doing, there was a knock, and Struvelius, with Flaminia, stood at the open door.

Raschke greeted them, called his wife, begged them to sit down, and quite forgot that he was in his Turkish dressing-gown.

"We come with one wish," began Flaminia, solemnly. "It is with respect to our colleague Werner. My husband will impart to you what has moved us both deeply."

Raschke started up from his chair. Struvelius, whose emotion was only visible in his bristly hair, began: "We were called yesterday to the police-station. When the brother of Magister Knips fled to America, his things were taken possession of on the application of petty creditors, and as the greater portion of his effects were at his mother's house, they were taken away from there. Amongst them were utensils and portfolios which evidently did not belong to the fugitive, but to his brother; one of those portfolios contained tracings after the style of manuscripts, unfinished attempts to imitate old writings, and written parchment sheets. The officials had been surprised at these, and requested me to inspect them. It appeared upon closer observation that the Magister had long been occupied in acquiring the skill of imitating the characters of the Middle Ages. And from the fragments I have found in the portfolio, there can be no doubt that he has other forgeries in his collection, some of which answer exactly to that parchment strip."

"That is enough, Struvelius," began his wife. "Now let me speak. You may imagine, dear colleague, that Werner at once occurred to us, and that we were greatly alarmed lest the husband of our friend should get into trouble through the deceiver. I asked Struvelius to write Professor Werner, but he preferred to inform him through you. This method also appeared most satisfactory to me."

Raschke, without saying a word, took off his dressing-gown, and ran in his shirt-sleeves about the room, searching in all the corners. At last he found his hat, which he put on.

"What are you about, Raschke!" exclaimed his wife.

“Why do you ask?” he said, hastily; “there is no time for delay. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Struvelius,” he said observing his sleeves, and again put on his dressing-gown, but in his excitement he still kept on his hat, and thus attired, seated himself opposite his friends. Bertha, at a sign from her mother, gently took his hat off.

“A quick decision is necessary in this case,” he repeated.

“There is no reason,” continued Struvelius, “for withholding the property of the Magister from his mother; but, meanwhile, they would willingly allow you an inspection of the writings.”

“That I do not wish,” exclaimed Raschke; “it would spoil the day for me. Your judgment, Struvelius, satisfies me.”

There was some further excited interchange of views, and the visitors left. Again Raschke rushed stormily about, so that the skirts of his dressing-gown flew over the chairs.

“Dear Aurelia, do not be frightened; I have made up my mind. I shall set out to-morrow.”

Mrs. Raschke clasped her hands together.

“What are you thinking of, Raschke?”

“It is necessary,” he said. “I despair of shaking the firm views of Werner by letter. My duty is to try whether persuasive words and detailed representations will have greater effect. I must know in what relation my friend stands to the Magister. From certain intimations of the Doctor, I fear the worst from the activity of the forger. I have a short vacation before me, and I cannot employ it better.”

“But, Raschke, you wish to travel!” asked his

wife, reproachfully. "How can you engage in such an undertaking?"

"You mistake me, Aurelia; in our city I sometimes do lose my bearings, but in foreign parts I always find my way."

"Because you have never yet been alone in foreign parts," replied the prudent wife.

Raschke approached her, and raised his hand warningly.

"Aurelia, it is for our friend, and one must pay no regard to trifles."

"You will never get there," rejoined his wife, with sad foreboding.

"It is much easier to speed through half the world in a secure vessel than to go on two legs through our streets; half acquaintances are the most unreliable."

"Then the money for the journey, Raschke?" whispered Mrs. Aurelia, in a low voice, that the children might not hear.

"You have in your linen cupboard an old black savings-box," replied Raschke, slyly. "Do you think I know nothing of it?"

"What I have collected in that is for a new dress-coat."

"You wish to take away from me my old one?" asked Raschke, indignantly; "it is well that I have made the discovery. I would now travel to the capital even if I had no occasion for it. Out with the box!"

Mrs. Aurelia went slowly, brought the savings-box, and with silent reproach, put it into his hands. The Professor tossed the money, together with the box, into his breeches' pocket, threw his arm round his wife, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You are my own dear wife," he exclaimed; "and

now there must be no delay. Bring me Plato and Spinoza."

Plato was the silk cap, and Spinoza the thick cloak of the Professor. These treasures of the house were so called because they had been bought with the money earned by two books on those philosophers. The impression which the works had made on the learned world had been very great, but the remuneration very small. A commotion arose among the children, for in winter these beautiful articles were sometimes brought out for a Sunday walk. The little troop ran with their mother to fetch them.

"Be sure and bring them back, Raschke. I am so afraid you will lose one of them."

"As I have told you, Aurelia, in traveling you may depend upon me."

"I will write a few lines to Werner; he must take care that you keep them both. I will put the letter in your coat pocket, if you will only give it to him."

"Why not?" exclaimed Raschke, courageously.

The following morning Mrs. Aurelia accompanied her husband to the point from which the coach started and took care that he came to the right place.

"If you were only safely home again!" she said, piteously.

Raschke kissed her gallantly, and seated himself on his traveling-bag.

"The seats are remarkably high," he cried out, with his legs dangling. His traveling companions laughed, and he said, civilly, "I beg the gentlemen to excuse me."

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The lamps burned, and the moon shone through the white mist on the walls of the Pavilion when the

Professor returned there. No ray of light fell from the windows. The house stood gloomy and abandoned, and a blue phosphorescence seemed to glimmer above it. The door was closed ; the lackey had disappeared. The Scholar pulled the bell. At last some one came down the stairs. Gabriel appeared, and gave vent to a cry of joy when he saw his master before him.

“How is my wife?” asked the Professor.

“Mrs. Werner is not at home,” replied Gabriel, shyly. He beckoned his master into the room : there he gave him Ilse’s letter. The Professor read the lines, and held them in his hands as if stunned. This also was a manuscript which he had found. It informed him that his wife had gone from him : every word went like a dagger to his heart. When he looked at Gabriel he perceived that he did not yet know all. The servant told him what had happened. The Scholar pushed the chair from him ; his limbs trembled as in a fever.

“We will leave this house immediately,” he said, faintly ; “collect all the things.”

Like a Romish priest who prays in secret devotion to his God, he had veiled his head from the sounds which sought to penetrate his soul from the outward world. He had closed his ears and eyes to the figures that moved about him. Now fate had torn the veil from his head.

“Mr. Hummel would not depart before your arrival,” continued Gabriel ; “he is in great haste.”

“I shall go to his inn ; follow me,” said the Professor ; “but first mention at the castle that I have departed.”

He turned away and left the house. As he passed

by the castle, he cast a wild look on the windows of the room which the Sovereign inhabited. "He is not returned yet; patience," he murmured. He then went, as if in a state of stupor, to the inn. He ordered a room, and inquired after his landlord. Immediately afterwards Mr. Hummel entered.

"Good news," began the latter, in his softest tone; "a messenger from the Crown Inspector brings me the report that they have all made a safe journey. It must have been a matter of caution that there is no letter for you."

"It was indeed a matter of caution," repeated the Scholar, and his head sank heavily on his breast.

Mr. Hummel seated himself close to him, and whispered in his ear. At the last words the Professor sprang up in terror, and a groan sounded through the room.

"A man is not a screech owl," declared Mr. Hummel, pacifyingly; "and it would be unjust to expect of him that he should be able to distinguish in the darkness the head from the tail of a rat; but every householder knows that there are also worthless contrivances of architecture. These intimations I make to you only, to no one else. I sent my card a few days ago to your father-in-law. Little Fritz Hahn has, in your absence, become a Doctor Faustus, who will carry off my poor child under his fiend's cloak to Bielstein. May I announce your arrival there?"

"Say," replied the Scholar, gloomily, "that I will come as soon as I have settled matters here."

He held Mr. Hummel firmly by the hand, as if he did not like to part from the confidant of his wife, and led him down to the hall. New travelers had arrived there, and a little gentleman in a cloak and a beautiful



silk traveling-cap, turned, without looking from under a large umbrella, to the Professor, and said :

“I should be much obliged if you would show me to a room, waiter. Am I in the right place here?”

He mentioned the name of the city ; the Professor took the gentleman's traveling-bag from him, seized him by the arm without saying a word, and took him rapidly up the stairs.

“Very polite,” exclaimed Raschke, “I thank you sincerely, but I am not at all tired ; my only wish is to speak to Professor Werner. Can you arrange for an audience with him?”

Werner opened his room, took off his hat, and embraced him.

“My dear colleague,” cried Raschke, “I am the most fortunate traveler in the world : usually a pilgrim on the highroad is contented if no misfortune happens to him, but I have met in the carriage with modest and thoughtful men. The conductor on changing carriages carried my cap after me, and some one kindly accompanied me to this house ; and now when, for the first time, I stand on my own feet, I find myself in the arms of him whom I came to see. It is a pleasure to travel, colleague : at every mile-stone one observes how good and warm-hearted the people are among whom we live. We are fools that we do not deliver our lectures in carriages ; the anxieties of our wives are unjustifiable ; a man can manage by himself.”

Thus did Raschke exult.

“Who lives in this room—I or you?”

“You may remain with me or have the adjacent room, as you please,” replied Werner.

“Then with you ; for I wish to be without you, my friend, as little as possible.”

“You come to a man who is in need of consolation,” said the Scholar. “My wife is with her father; I am alone,” he added, with faltering voice.

“You look to me like a traveler who draws his cloak around him in bad weather,” exclaimed Raschke; “therefore what I bring you will at any rate not disturb you in cheerful repose. My business as messenger is to lower a human soul in your eyes; that is hard for us both.”

“I have to-day experienced what would shatter the foundations of the strongest structure. There can be but little that would shock me now: I am composed enough to listen.”

Raschke seated himself by him and told his story. He fidgeted about on the sofa, slapped his friend on the knee, stroked his arm, and begged for composure.

Again was a veil drawn from the head of the seeker, who had believed himself to be speaking alone with his God. The Scholar was silent, and did not flinch.

“This is fearful, friend?” he said, at last.

With that he broke off, and the whole evening he did not say a word about the Magister.

The following morning the Professors sat together in Werner’s room. Werner at last threw the two parchment sheets on the table.

“With these at least the Magister has had nothing to do. I myself fetched them out of the old rubbish: there lies the missal on the chest. It demands great self-control for me to look at that dearly-bought acquisition.”

Raschke examined the parchment.

“Highly valuable,” he exclaimed, “if it is genuine, as it appears.” He hastened to the chest and exam-

ined the missal. "Probably the initial letters of the book will afford some evidence as to whether the missal was used in the cloister of Rossau," he said. "I regret that my knowledge of monastic customs does not extend to this test."

He opened the chest and took up the contents. Of the absence of mind which usually disturbed him nothing was to be observed: he looked round with sharp eyes, as if he were searching the dark words of a philosopher.

"Very remarkable," he exclaimed. "Only one thing surprises me. Has the chest been cleaned out?"

"No," replied Werner, irritably.

"The three companions of a century's repose are wanting—dust, cobwebs, and grubs; yet there ought to have been something on the inside of the lid or on the bottom, for the chest has crevices which allow of the entrance of insects."

He rummaged again, and examined the bottom.

"Under a splinter of wood there hangs a bit of paper."

He drew out a tiny piece of paper, and a deep shadow passed over his noble features.

"Dear friend, compose yourself, and be prepared for an unwelcome discovery. On this fragment there are only six printed words, but they are the characters of our time: it is a piece of one of our newspapers, and one of the six words is a name well known in the politics of our day."

He laid the bit of paper on the table. Werner stared at it without saying a word; his countenance was changed; it seemed as if one hour had done the work of twenty years of care.

“The things were unpacked by me and again put back ; it is possible that the paper may have fallen in.”

“It is possible,” replied Raschke.

The Professor jumped up, and sought in great haste for his pocket copy of Tacitus.

“Here is the reading of the Florentine manuscript, comparison with the parchment sheets will throw light on it.” He compared some sentences. “It appears an accurate copy,” he said, “too accurate—awkwardly accurate.”

He held the manuscript searchingly towards the light ; he poured a drop of water on the corner of the parchment and wiped it with a towel ; the next moment he flung towel and parchment to the ground, and clasped his hands over his face. Raschke seized the leaves, and looked at the damaged corner.

“It is true,” he exclaimed, sorrowfully ; “a writing that had been on the parchment six hundred years would leave other traces on the material.”

He paced hastily up and down, his hands in his coat pocket, rubbed his face with the towel, and, perceiving his mistake, threw it away from him.

“I only know of one word for this,” he exclaimed—“a word that men unwillingly allow to pass their lips—and that word is villainy !”

“It was a piece of vile and rascally knavery,” exclaimed Werner, in a strong voice.

“Here let us stop, friend,” begged Raschke ; “we know that a deception has been intended ; we know that the attempt has been made lately ; and when we compare the place of the discovery and your presence here, we may assume as a fact, without doing injustice to any one, that the trick was intended to deceive you. Of the person who has practiced it we have

only suspicion, well-grounded suspicion, but no certainty."

"We will make it certainty," explained Werner, "before the day becomes many hours older."

"Undoubtedly," replied Raschke, "this certainty must be obtained, for suspicion ought not to continue in the hearts of men ; it destroys all ideas and thoughts. But the ultimate question remains : For what object was the deceit practiced ? Was it the willfulness of a knave ? If so, the wickedness of it is not, to an honorable mind, thereby lessened ; yet it is not the worst kind of turpitude. But if it was deliberate malice with intent to injure you, then it deserves the severest condemnation. On what terms are you with the Magister ?"

"It was deliberate malice to injure a man, body and soul," replied the Professor, with solemn earnestness ; "but the doer was only the tool—the idea was that of another."

"Hold," cried Raschke, again, "no further ; this also is only suspicion."

"It is only suspicion," repeated the Professor ; "therefore I seek for certainty. When I wished to go to the country castle I was detained from day to day under trivial pretexts ; the Magister was absent not long ago for a day from the work which was entrusted to him ; he excused himself on the score of illness, and as he was profuse in his excuses I was struck by a shyness in his manner. There was a wish to keep me here for reasons which you, in your sphere of feelings, can scarcely understand. It was hoped to attain this object by exciting the fanatical zeal with which I was afflicted, without entirely contenting it. Such is my suspicion, friend ; and I feel myself mis-

erable, more miserable than I have ever been in my life."

He threw himself on the sofa, and again concealed his face.

Raschke approached him, and said, softly :

"Does it distress you so much, Werner, that you have been deceived?"

"I have confided, and deceived confidence gives pain ; but in my sorrow I feel not only for myself, but for the destruction of another who belongs to us."

Raschke nodded his head. He again paced vehemently about the room, and looked angrily at the chest.

Werner rose and rang the bell.

"I wish to speak to Magister Knips," he said, to Gabriel, who entered. "I must beg him to take the trouble of coming here as soon as possible."

"How will you speak to him?" asked Raschke, stepping anxiously before his friend.

"I need so much consideration myself," replied Werner, "that you need not fear my violence. I also have been laboring under a disease, and I know that I have to speak to one who is more diseased than I."

"You are not diseased," exclaimed Raschke, "only shocked, as I am. You will say what is necessary to him, for the rest you will leave him to his own conscience."

"I will only say what is necessary," repeated the Professor, mechanically.

Gabriel returned, and reported that the Magister would call when he left the Museum in the evening.

"How did the Magister take the message?" asked Raschke.

“He appeared alarmed when I told him that the Professor was stopping at the inn.”

The Professor had ensconced himself in a corner, but the philosopher left him no rest; he kept talking to him about the occurrences at the University, and compelled him to take part by frequent questions. At last he expressed a wish to take a walk, to which the Professor unwillingly consented.

Werner led him through the gate of the city; as they walked along he briefly answered the lively talk of his friend. When they came to the inn from which Ilse had got into the carriage of the Crown Inspector, the Scholar began, with hoarse voice:

“This is the road along which my wife escaped from the city. I came early this morning along this same road, and at every step I felt what is the deepest humiliation to man.”

“Before her was light, and behind her darkness,” exclaimed Raschke.

He talked of Ilse, and now thought of the commission which his children had given to their aunt.

Thus the afternoon passed. Werner again sat brooding in his room, when Gabriel announced the arrival of the Magister. Before Raschke hastened into the next room, he once more pressed the hand of the other, and, looking imploringly at him, said:

“Be calm, friend.”

“I am calm,” replied he.

Magister Knips had profited by the refining influence of the Court. His black suit had been made by a tailor who had the princely coat of arms above his workshop; his hair was free from feathers, and his vocabulary had been replenished with new ex-

pressions of respect. He now looked furtively and defiantly around him.

Werner measured the man as he entered with a steady look ; if, before, he had had a doubt of the guilt of the Magister, he now recognized it. He turned away for a moment in order to struggle with his aversion.

“Examine this,” he said, pointing with his finger to the parchment leaves.

Knips took a leaf in his hand, and the parchment trembled as he cast a shy glance upon it.

“It is another forgery,” said the Professor ; “the reading of the first Florentine manuscript, and even the peculiarities of its orthography, are copied with a careful accuracy which would have been impossible to any old transcriber. The writing, too, betrays itself to be recent.”

The Magister laid the sheet down, and answered, with hesitation :

“It appears undoubtedly to be an imitation of an old script, as the Professor has already discovered.”

“I found this work,” continued the Scholar, “in the tower of the castle in the country, inserted in that torn missal, laid in that chest, and concealed among old furniture. And you, Magister, have prepared this leaf, and you have concealed it in this place. That is not all. Long before, in order to put me on a false track, you placed the register of a chest in the old records ; you invented the figures 1 and 2 for the chests, and further, you yourself wrote the register in order to deceive me.”

The Magister stood with lowered head, seeking for an answer. He did not know on what confession of others these deliberate assertions were grounded.



Had the Castellan betrayed him? Had the Sovereign himself exposed him? Terror came over him, but he replied, doggedly :

“I did not do it.”

“In vain do you seek to deceive me anew,” continued the Scholar. “If I had not already sufficient ground to say to your face that you did this, your demeanor in the presence of this sheet would be ample evidence. No sound of astonishment, no word of horror at such an attempt at forgery escaped you. What true scholar would look upon such a thing and remain silent, if his own conscience did not close his mouth? What have I done to you, Magister, that you should inflict upon me this bitter anguish? Give me some excuse for your action. Have I ever injured you? Have I ever aroused in you secret ill-will against me? Any reason that will make this abomination comprehensible will be welcome to me; for I look with dismay on this depravation of a human soul.”

“The Professor has never given me any ground for complaint,” replied Knips, submissively.

“Nevertheless,” said the Professor, “in cold blood, with indifference, with malicious levity, you have done your worst to me : it was wrong, very wrong, Magister.”

“Perhaps it was only a jest,” sighed the Magister ; “perhaps it was only put in that way to him who prepared the writing. He only perhaps acted by the command of another, not by free choice, and not of his own will.”

“What power on earth could command you to practice towards another so deliberate a piece of knavery?” asked the Professor, sorrowfully. “You yourself know right well what consequences this deception may have for myself and others.”

Magister Knips was silent.

“I have done with you,” continued the Scholar. “I shall say nothing of the plan which this falsehood was to serve, nor make any further reproaches concerning the injury that you have practiced towards a man who trusted in your honor.”

He threw the parchment under the table. Knips seized his hat silently to leave the room.

“Stop!” exclaimed the Professor; “do not move from the spot. I must be silent as to what you have endeavored to do personally against me. It is not so much on account of this manuscript that I have sent for you. But the man whom I see before me, on whom I look with an abhorrence that I have never yet felt, is something more than an unscrupulous tool in the service of a stranger; he is an unfaithful philologist, a traitor to learning, a forger, and deceiver in that in which only honorable men have a right to live, a cursed man, for whom there is no repentance and no mercy.”

The Magister’s hat fell to the ground.

“You wrote the parchment strip of Struvelius; the trader has informed against you in your native city. Your writings are confiscated and are in the hands of the police.”

The Magister still remained silent. He fumbled for his pocket-handkerchief and wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

“Now, at least, speak out,” cried Werner. “Give me an explanation of the fearful riddle, how any one who belonged to us could willfully destroy all that made his life noble. How could a man of your attainments become untrue to science in so despicable a way?”

"I was poor and my life full of trouble," replied Knips, in a low voice.

"Yes, you were poor. From your earliest youth you have worked from morning to night; even as a child you have denied yourself much that others thoughtlessly enjoy. You have in this way the secret consciousness of having obtained for yourself inward freedom, and a humble friendship with the great spirit of our life. Yes, you have grown up to be a man amidst countless sacrifices and self-denials which others fear. You have thus learnt and taught what is the highest possession of man. In every proof-sheet that you have read for the assistance of others, in every index of words that you have drawn up for a classical work, in every word that you have corrected, in every number that you have written, you have been obliged to be truthful. Your daily work was an unceasing, assiduous struggle against what was false and wrong. Yet more, and worse than that, you have been no thoughtless day-laborer; you have fully and entirely belonged to us; you were, in fact, a scholar, from whose learning many with higher pretensions have frequently taken counsel. You not only treasured in your mind a mass of rare knowledge, but you well comprehend the thoughts to which such knowledge gives rise. You were all this—and yet a forger. With true devotion and self-denial, you united malicious willfulness; you were a confidential and assiduous assistant, and at the same time a deceiver, bold and mocking like a devil."

"I was a tortured man," began Knips. "He who has lived otherwise does not know how difficult it is, in the service of science, to be ever following in the foot-steps of others. You have never worked for others who knew less than yourself. You do not un-

derstand the feeling that possesses one when others use haughtily, without acknowledgement and without thanks, what one has given them from one's own knowledge. I am not insensible to friendship. The Professor was the first who, in the last lines of the introduction of his maiden work, mentioned my name because I had been of use to him. And yet I have done less for you than any other of my old patrons. The copy which you then gave me I have put in the place of honor among my books. Whenever I have felt tired from my night's work I have read those lines; I have seldom experienced the like kindness. But I have felt the torment of having more knowledge than I had credit for, and I have had no opportunity to work my way out of my narrow sphere. That has been the cause of all."

The Magister suddenly stopped.

"It was pride," said the Professor, sorrowfully, "it was envy, that burst forth from an oppressed life against more fortunate ones, who, perhaps, did not know more; it was the craving for superiority over others."

"It was that," continued Knips, plaintively. "First came the idea of mocking those who employed and despised me. I thought, if I chose, I had you in my power, my learned colleagues. Then it became a purpose and took fast hold on me. I have sat many nights working at it before I went so far, and frequently have I thrown away what I have done, Professor, and hid it under my books. But I was allured to go on, it became my pride to master the art. When at last I had done so, it was a pleasure to me to make use of it. It was less for the gain than for the superiority it gave me."

"It is easy," replied the Professor, "to deceive

men of our sort where they are accustomed to place firm confidence. Where the acuteness that we acquire in our work is not brought into play, many of us are like children, and he who is colder and wishes to deceive may easily for a time play with us. It is a weak glory to exercise the art of Satan against the innocent."

"I knew that it was a devil with whom I was dealing; I knew it from the first day, Professor, but I could not guard myself from him. Thus it was," concluded Knips, seating himself exhausted on the chest.

"Thus it was, Magister," exclaimed Werner, raising himself up; "but thus it cannot remain. You were one of us, you can no longer be so. You have done an injury to the highest good which is granted to the race of man—the honor of learning. You yourself knew that he who endangers this honor is a mortal enemy to our souls. In our realm, where error daily threatens the limited powers of individuals, the determination to be true is a preliminary which none can be wanting in, without involving others in his own destruction."

"I was only an assistant," sighed Knips, "and few cared about me. If others had esteemed me as a scholar it would not have happened."

"You considered yourself so, and you had a right to do so," rejoined the Professor. "You felt the pride of your learning, and you well knew your high vocation. You well knew that you also, the humble Magister, had your share in the priestly office and in the princely office of our realm. No purple is nobler, no rule is more sovereign than ours. We lead the souls of our nation from one century to another; and ours is the duty of watching over its learning and over its thoughts. We are its champions against the lies

and spirits of a past time which wander amongst us clothed with the semblance of life. What we consecrate, lives; and what we condemn, passes away. The old virtues of the Apostles are required of us—to esteem little what is earthly, and to proclaim the truth. You were in this sense consecrated, like every one of us; your life was pledged to God. On you, as on all of us, lay the responsibility for the souls of our nation. You have proved yourself unworthy of this office, and I grieve, I grieve, wretched man, that I must separate you from it.”

The Magister jumped up, and looked imploringly at the Scholar.

The Professor spoke impressively :

‘It is my duty both towards you and others to speak out. What you have done to my fellow professors, and what you have prepared for similar attempts, cannot remain secret. Honorable men must be warned against the art which you have been led by a demon to exercise. But in this last hour in which you stand before me, I feel that I have done too little to help you against temptation. Without intending to be unkind, I have perhaps sometimes undervalued you, in comparison with others, and have forgotten how hard was your daily life. If you have ever felt depressed and embittered by my severity, I now atone for it. For when I, short-sighted, erring man, advised you to accept a position which was to raise you out of external need, I participated in your guilt, by exposing you to new temptation here. That gives me bitter pain, Magister, and I feel the anguish of this hour.”

Magister Knips sat exhausted and cowering on the chest: the Scholar stood over him, and his words sank like blows on the Magister’s head.

“I cannot conceal the fact, Magister, that you are a forger; you can never again move in our circle; your career is closed by your transgression, you are lost to learning, lost to all who took an interest in your work. You have vanished from the place which you held amongst us; nothing remains but a black shadow. Human powers laboriously trained, a spirit of uncommon acuteness and fullness, are lost and dead to us; and I mourn over you as over a dead man.”

The Scholar wept, and Knips covered his face with his hands. Werner hastened to his writing-table.

“If you require means to maintain your ruined life in some other neighborhood, here it is. Take what you require.”

He threw some money on the table.

“Try to conceal yourself where no member of our community will meet you. May all the good become your portion, which is still possible for you to have on earth. But fly, Magister; avoid those places where one shall think of you with the sorrow and repugnance that the faithful workman feels towards one who is untrue.”

Knips rose; his face was paler than usual, and he looked distractedly about him.

“I need no money,” he said, with faint voice; “I have enough for my journey. I beg of the Professor to care for my mother.”

The Scholar turned away, the strong man sobbed. Magister Knips went to the door; there he stopped.

“I have the Homer of 1488; tell my mother to give you the book. Though the thought of me be painful, yet keep the book. It was a treasure to me.”

The Magister closed the door and went slowly out of the house. The wind drove through the streets;

it blew against the back of the Magister, and hastened his steps.

“It drives,” murmured Knips again; “it drives me onward.”

At the open square he remained standing in the wind; looking towards the clouds, which were passing in hasty flight beneath the moon. Distorted figures hovered in the grey vapor and glided over his head. He thought of the last proof-sheets which he had read in his native town, and spoke some Greek words; they were verses from the *Eumenides* of Æschylus:—

“Rush on! rush on! rush on! ye messengers of vengeance!”

He went up to the castle, and remained standing before the lighted windows; the four black steeds which brought the Sovereign back from the tower castle to the city dashed past him, and he clenched his bony fist at the carriage. He then ran round the castle to the park side. There, against a tree, beneath the windows of the Sovereign’s apartment, he cowered; looked up to the castle, and again raised his fist against the lord of it, and sighed. He looked up at the dark boughs that towered over him, gazed at the sky and the grey flitting shadows which coursed along under the moon, and desperate thoughts passed through his mind:

“When the moon vanishes that will be a token to me also.”

He looked long at the moon. Amidst his wild thoughts a Latin sentence entered his confused brain: “‘The moon and the earth are but as little points in the universe;’ that is beautifully said by Ammianus Marcellinus. I have compared the manuscripts of this Roman; I have made conjectures on all sides with respect to his mutilated text; I have pored for years



over him. If I do here, in order to vex this ignorant lord, what was done to Haman, all this preparation for my Roman would be lost."

He rushed from under the trees and ran to his dwelling. There he collected all his possessions, put his small copy of Ammianus into his pocket, and hastened with his bundle to the gate.

They say he went to the same country to which his brother had gone before him—far off in the West.

He passed away, he hid his head—an unfaithful servant, and at the same time a victim of science. All his life long he had pondered over written words; now the living words, which penetrated from another soul into his, drove him from his home. Day and night he had been surrounded with the letters of books and learned writings which had flowed from the pen on to the white sheets; but the blessing of living words which pass from the mouth to the ear, and echo from heart to heart, had failed him at the right time; for what is in common use with us is also our highest boon. Its power is as mysterious to us to-day as it was to our ancestors; the generation of our literary period, accustomed to contemplate tones in their imaginations, and to estimate the powers of nature by measure and weight, seldom think how powerfully the echoing word from the human heart rules within us; it is mistress and servant, it elevates and annihilates us, it produces disease and health. Happy the living being in whose ear it sounds full and pure, who incessantly receives the soft sound of love and the hearty call of friendship. He who is deprived of the blessing of the conversation which flows from warm hearts, wanders among others as a living being in whom the spirit is separated from the body, or like a

book that one opens, makes use of, and puts away at pleasure. The Magister had sinned by the written word ; a cry of agony uttered by a human voice had frightened him into the misty and silent distance.

*CHAPTER XXXIX.*

BEFORE THE CRISIS.

THE cattle lowed and the sheep-bells tinkled, and the springing blades of wheat waved in the wind. The eldest daughter of the family was again walking in the garden, surrounded by her brothers and sisters. What has become of the glad brightness of your eye and the hearty child's laugh, Lady Ilse? Your countenance has become serious and your demeanor subdued ; your looks scan critically the men about you and the paths that you tread, and calm commands sound from your lips. Your home has not made your heart light, nor given you back again what you lost among strangers.

But it zealously exercises its right to be loved by you and to show you love ; it recalls familiar images to your soul, and old recollections awake at every step ; the people whom you fostered faithfully in your heart, the animals that you cared for, and the trees that you planted, greet you, and labor busily to cover with bright colors what lies gloomily within you.

The first evening was painful. When Ilse, accompanied by her neighbor, entered her home a fugitive, striving to conceal what tormented her, amidst the terror of her father and the inquisitive questions of her brothers and sisters, anger and dismay once more threw their black shadows over her. But on the breast of her father, under the roof of a secure house,

together with the feeling of safety, her old energy revived, and she was able to conceal from the eyes of her loved ones that which was not her secret alone.

Another painful hour came. Ilse was sitting late in the evening, as years before, on her chair opposite her father. After her story was told, the strong man looked down anxiously, used hard words concerning her husband, and cursed the other. When he told her that even in her father's house danger threatened her, when he desired her to be cautious at every step, and when he told her that in her childhood there had been a dark rumor that a maiden from the house on the rock, a child of a former possessor, had been the victim of a distinguished prince, she raised her hands to heaven. Her father seized them and drew her towards him.

“We are wrong to forget in an uncertain future how mercifully Providence has guarded you. I hold you by the hand and you stand on the soil of your home. We must do what the day requires, and trust everything else to a higher Being. As for the talk of strangers we care not; they are weather-cocks. Be calm and have confidence.”

The younger children chattered innocently; they asked about the charming life at the capital, they wished to know accurately what their sister had gone through, and above all how the Sovereign of the country had treated Ilse, he whom they thought of as a holy Christ, as the unwearied dispenser of joy and happiness. But the elder ones were more cautious in their language without exactly knowing why, with that kind of natural tact which children show towards those whom they love. Ilse accompanied her sister Clara through the upper floor, they arranged the room

for the guests who were expected, and placed an immense bunch of flowers in the room which Mr. Hummel was to occupy. Her brothers took her through the kitchen-garden into the narrow valley, and showed her the new wooden bridge over the water to the grotto, which their father had built as a surprise for Ilse. Ilse passed by the swollen brook, the water rushed yellow and muddy over the rocks, it had overflowed the small strip of meadow by its banks and flowed in a strong stream down the valley to the town. Ilse sought the place where she once, under the foliage and wild plants, lay concealed, when she read in the eyes of her Felix the acknowledgement of his love. This cosy nook was also flooded ; the stream ran muddily over it, the flowers were broken down and washed away, the alder bushes covered to their upper branches, and reeds and discolored foam hung round them : only the white stem of a birch rose out of the devastation, and the flood whirled round its lowest branches.

“The flood is passing away,” said Ilse, sadly ; “in a few days the ground will again be visible, and where the verdure has been injured the mild rays of the sun will soon restore it. But how will it be with me ? There is no light so long as he is not with me, and when I see him again how he will be changed ? How will he, so serious and zealous, bear the cold wind of adversity that has passed through his life and mine ?”

Her father watched her carefully ; he talked to her more frequently than formerly. Whenever he returned from the field he told her of the work that was doing on the farm ; he was always taking care not to touch on thoughts that might give her pain, and the daughter felt how tender and loving was the attention of the busy man. Now he beckoned to her from a distance,

and near him was walking a thick-set figure, with a large head and comfortable aspect.

“Mr. Hummel!” exclaimed Ilse, joyfully, and hastened with winged footsteps towards him. “When will he come?” she called out, with eager expectation.

“As soon as he is free,” replied Hummel.

“Who detains him there?” said the wife, looking sorrowful.

Mr. Hummel explained. At his report the wrinkles on Ilse’s forehead disappeared, and she led her guest into the old house. Mr. Hummel looked astonished at the tall race that had grown up on the rock: he looked with admiration on the girls and respectfully at the heads of the boys. Ilse did not to-day forget what becomes a good housewife in welcoming a guest. Mr. Hummel was happy among the country people, and delighted with the flowers in his room; he took the sprightly lad Franz upon his knee, and made him drink almost too much out of his glass. Then he went through the farm with the proprietor and Ilse; he was clever in his judgment, and he and his host recognized in each other sound common sense. At last Ilse asked him frankly how he was pleased with her home.

“Everything is magnificent,” said Hummel; “the development of the family, their curly heads, the flowers, the cattle, and the domestic arrangements. Compared to the business of H. Hummel, it is like a gourd to a cucumber. Everything capacious and abundant, only to my taste there is too much straw.”

Ilse was called aside by her father.

“The Prince is preparing to depart. He has expressed a wish to speak to you first. Will you see him?”

“Not to-day. To-day belongs to you and our guest, but to-morrow,” said Ilse.

On the morning of the day following, Professor Raschke entered his friend's room prepared for the journey.

"Has the Magister disappeared?" he asked, anxiously.

"He has done what he was obliged to do," replied Werner, gloomily. "Whatever his future life and fortune may be, we have done with him."

Raschke looked anxiously on the furrowed countenance of his colleague.

"I should like to see you on the road to your wife, and better still, with her on the road back to us."

"Have no doubt, friend, that I shall seek both roads as soon as I have a right to do so."

"Else counts the hours till your return," said Raschke, in still greater anxiety; "she will not be at rest till she has fast hold of her loved one."

"My wife has long been deprived of rest while she was with me," said the Scholar, "I have not understood how to defend her. I have exposed her to the claws of wild beasts. She has found from strangers the protection that her own husband refused her. The indifference of her husband has wounded her in that point which it is most difficult for a woman to forgive. I have become a mere, impotent dreamer," he exclaimed, "unworthy of the devotion of this pure soul, and I feel what a man never should feel—ashamed to meet my excellent wife again." He turned his face away.

"This feeling is too high-strained, and the reproaches that you angrily make yourself are too severe. You have been deceived by the cunning prevarication of a worldly wise man. You yourself have expressed that it is ingloriously easy to deceive us in things in

which we are not cleverer than children. Werner, once more I entreat of you to depart with me immediately, even though by another road."

"No," replied the Scholar, decidedly; "I have all my life long been clear in my relations with other men. I cannot do things by halves. If I feel a liking, the pressure of my hand and the confidence that I give does not leave a moment's doubt of the state of my heart. If I must give up my relation to any one, I must have the reckoning fully closed. I cannot leave this place as a fugitive."

"Who demands that?" asked Raschke. "You only go like a man who turns his eyes away from a hateful worm that crawls before him on the ground."

"If the worm has injured the man, it is his duty to guard others from the danger of like injury, and if he cannot guard others, he ought to clear his own path."

"But if he incurs new danger in the attempt?"

"Yet he must do what he can to satisfy himself," exclaimed Werner. "I will not allow myself to be robbed of the rights that I have against another. I am called upon by the insult to my wife; I am called upon by the ruined life of a scholar, whom we both lament. Say no more to me. Friend, my self-respect has been severely wounded, and with reason. I feel my weakness with a bitterness that is the just punishment for the pride with which I have looked upon the life of others. I have written to Struvelius, and begged his pardon for having so arrogantly treated him in the uncertainty that once disturbed his life. Here is my letter to our colleague. I beg you to give it to him, and to tell him that when we meet again I wish to have no words upon the past, only he must know how bitterly I have atoned for having been

severe with him. But, however much patience and consideration I may require from others, I should lose the last thing that gives me courage to live, if I went from here without coming to a reckoning with the lord of that castle. I am no man of the world who has learnt to conceal his anger beneath courtly words."

"He who seeks to call a man to account," exclaimed Raschke, "should have the means of getting firm hold of his opponent, otherwise what should be satisfaction may become a new humiliation."

"To have sought this satisfaction to the utmost," replied Werner, "is in itself a satisfaction."

"Werner," said his colleague, "I hope that your anger and indignation will not draw you into the thoughtless vindictiveness of the weak fools who call a brutal playing with one's own life and that of others satisfaction."

"He is a prince," said the Professor, with a gloomy smile; "I wear no spurs, and the last use I made of my bullet mould was to crack nuts with it. How can you so mistake me? But there are things which must be expressed. There is a healing power in words; if not for him who listens to them, yet for him who speaks. I must tell him what I demand of him. He shall feel how my words are forced down into his joyless heart. My speaking out will make me free."

"He will refuse to hear you," exclaimed Raschke.

"I will do my best to speak to him."

"He has many means of preventing you."

"Let him use them at his peril, for he will thereby deprive himself of the advantage of hearing me without witnesses."

"He will set all the machinery that his high posi-



tion affords him in motion against you ; he will use his power recklessly to restrain you."

"I am no bawling soothsayer who will attack Cæsar in the open street, to warn him of the Ides of March. My knowledge of what will humble him before himself and his contemporaries, is my weapon. I assure you he will give me opportunity to use it as I will."

"He is going away," said Raschke, anxiously.

"Where can he go to that I cannot follow him?"

"The apprehension that you will excite in him will drive him to some dark deed."

"Let him do his worst ; I must do what will give me peace."

"Werner !" cried Raschke, raising his hands, "I ought not to leave you in this position, and yet you make your friend feel how powerless his honest counsel is against your stubborn will."

The Professor went up to him and embraced him. "Farewell, Raschke. As high as any man can stand in the esteem of another, you stand in mine. Do not be angry if, in this case, I follow more the impulse of my own nature than the mild wisdom of yours. Give my greeting to your wife and children."

Raschke passed his hands over his eyes, drew on his coat, and put the letter to Struvelius in his pocket. In doing so he found another letter, took it out, and read the address. "A letter from my wife to you," he said ; "How did it come into my pocket !"

Werner opened it ; again a slight smile passed over his face. "Mrs. Aurelia begs me to take care of you. The charge comes at the right moment. I will accompany you to your place of departure ; we will not forget the cap or cloak."

The Professor conducted his friend to the convey-

ance ; they spoke together, up to the last moment, of the lectures which both wished to give in the approaching term. "Remember my letter to Struvelius," were Werner's last words, when his friend was seated in the carriage.

"I shall think of it whenever I think of you," said Raschke, stretching out his hand from the carriage.

The Professor went to the castle for a last conversation with the man who had called him to his capital. The household received him with embarrassed looks. "The Sovereign is just starting on a journey, and will not return for some days ; we do not know where he is going," said the Intendant, with concern. The Professor, nevertheless, desired him to announce him to the Sovereign, his request was urgent ; the servant brought as an answer that his master could not be spoken to before his return ; the Professor might impart his wishes to one of the aides-de-camp.

Werner hastened to the adjacent house of the Lord High Steward. He was taken into the library, and gave a fleeting glance at the faded carpet, the old hangings, which were covered with engravings in dark frames, and on the large bookshelves, with glass doors, lined within, as if the possessor wished to conceal what he read from the eyes of strangers. The High Steward entered hastily.

"I seek for an interview with the Sovereign before his departure," began the Professor. "I beg of your Excellence to procure me this audience."

"Pardon my asking you your object," said the High Steward. "Do you wish again to speak to a sufferer concerning his disease?"

"The diseased man administers a high office, and has the power and rights of a healthy one ; he is an-

swerable to his fellow-men for his deeds. I consider it a duty not to go from here without informing him that he is no longer in a condition to perform the duties of his position."

The Lord High Steward looked with astonishment at the Scholar.

"Do you insist on this interview?"

"What I have learned since my return here from the country compels me to do so; I must seek this interview by every possible means in my power, whatever may be the consequences."

"Even the consequences to yourself?"

"Even these. After all that has passed, the Sovereign cannot refuse to hear me speak before I go."

"What he ought not to do he will yet try to do."

"He will do it at his peril," replied the Professor.

The High Steward placed himself in front of the Professor, and said, impressively:

"The Sovereign is going to Rossau to-day. The plan is secret. I accidentally learnt the orders which were given at the princely stables."

The Scholar started.

"I thank your Excellence from my heart for this communication," he exclaimed, with forced composure. "I will endeavor to send a speedy warning beforehand. I shall not start, myself, till your Excellence has seconded my efforts to speak to the Sovereign before his journey."

"If you seek an audience through me," said the High Steward, after some consideration, "I will, as an officer of the Court, and from personal esteem for you, immediately convey your wish to the Sovereign. But I will not conceal from you, Professor, that I con-

sider a criticism from you upon past events as very risky in every point of view."

"But I am thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the criticism must be made," exclaimed the Professor.

"To the Sovereign alone, or before others?" asked the High Steward.

"If the ears and mind of the Sovereign remain closed, then before the world. I shall thus fulfil an imperative duty to all who might suffer from the dark fancies of this disordered mind; a duty from which I, as an honest man, cannot escape. If calm remonstrance will not move him, I shall publicly arraign him before the rulers and people of our nation. For it is not to be borne that the conditions of ancient Rome should again rise to life among our people."

"That is decisive," replied the High Steward.

He went to his bureau, took out a document, and presented it to the Scholar.

"Read this. Will you renounce a personal interview with the Sovereign if this paper is signed by his hand?"

The Professor read, and bowed to the High Steward.

"As soon as he ceases to be what he has been, I shall consider him merely as an afflicted man; in this case my interview with him would be useless. Meanwhile I repeat my request to procure an audience before the Sovereign's departure."

The High Steward took back the document.

"I will endeavor to act as your representative. But do not forget that the Sovereign travels to Rossau in another hour. If we ever see each other again, Mr. Werner," concluded the old lord, solemnly, "may both our hearts be free from anxiety about that which

sometimes one esteems lightly, as you do at this moment, but which one does not willingly allow one's self to be robbed of by the intervention of another."

The Professor hastened to the inn and called for his servant.

"Show me your fidelity to-day, Gabriel: none but a messenger on horseback can arrive at Bielstein in time. Do your best, take courier's horses, and put a letter into the hands of my wife before the Court carriages arrive there."

"At your command, Professor," said Gabriel, with a military salute, "it is a hard ride even for a hussar; if I am not detained in changing horses, I trust to be able to deliver the letter in due time."

The Professor wrote in haste, and despatched Gabriel; then he returned to the dwelling of the High Steward.

\* \* \*

The Sovereign was lying wearily on his sofa, his cheeks pale and his eyes dim—a thoroughly sick man.

"I had formerly other thoughts, and could, when I had touched the keys, play more than one melody; now everything changes itself into a discordant measure: she has gone, she is in the neighborhood of the boy, she laughs at her foolish wooer. I see nothing before me but the track on the high road that leads to her. A strange power eternally strikes the same notes within me, a dark shadow stands near me and points with its finger incessantly to the same path; I cannot control myself, I hear the words, I see the road, I feel the dark hand over my head."

The servant announced the High Steward.

"I will not see him," said the Sovereign, impe-

riously. "Tell his Excellence that I am on the point of departing for the country."

"His Excellence begs admittance," it is a question of an urgent signature."

"The old fool," murmured the Sovereign, "usher him in."

"I am unfortunately much pressed for time, your Excellence," he called out to him, as he entered.

"I do not wish to make a long demand upon the time of my most Serene Lord," began the courtier. "Prof. Werner begs that your Highness will consent to receive him before his departure."

"What is the cause of this importunity?" exclaimed the Sovereign; "he has already been here, and I have refused him."

"I must be permitted to make the respectful remark that after all that has passed, the honor of a personal interview cannot well be refused him. Your Highness would be the last to approve of so marked a violation of seemly considerations."

The Sovereign looked vindictively at the High Steward.

"All the same, I will not see him."

"Besides these considerations, it is not advisable to refuse this interview," continued the old lord, with emphasis.

"Of that I am the best judge," replied the Sovereign, carelessly.

"This person has become privy to certain things, the exposure of which, for the sake of the princely dignity, must be avoided, even at a heavy sacrifice, for he is not bound to keep the secret."

"No one will listen to an individual, and a dreamer at that."

“What he will divulge will not only be believed, but will excite a storm against your Highness.”

“Gossip from bookworms will not hurt me.”

“This person is a highly-respected man of character, and will use his observations to demand of the whole civilized world that the possibility of similar occurrences at this Court should be made impossible.”

“Let him do what he dare,” cried the Sovereign, with an outbreak of fury, “we shall know how to protect ourselves.”

“The exposure may yet be guarded against; but there is only one last and radical remedy.”

“Speak out, your Excellence; I have always respected your judgment.”

“What inflames the Professor,” continued the courtier, cautiously, “will become generally known; at all events it will produce a great sensation and dangerous scandal; nothing further. It was a personal observation only that he was compelled to make at the foot of the tower; it was a conjecture only which he gave vent to beneath the same tower. According to his assertion, two attempts have been made, and yet neither has been followed by evil consequences. To be able to provoke the public judgment of the civilized world on such grounds is doubtful. However upright the narrator may be, he may himself have been deceived. Your Highness remarks rightly that the irritation of a single scholar would occasion disagreeable gossip, nothing further.”

“Most admirable, your Excellence,” interrupted the Sovereign.

“Unfortunately there is one important circumstance that I have not yet added. With respect to that personal observation at the foot of the tower, the

Scholar has a witness, and *I* am that witness. When he calls upon me for my testimony and speaks of my personal observation, I must declare that he is right, for I am not accustomed to consider half-truth as truth."

The Sovereign started.

"It was I who restrained the hand," remarked the courtier; "and because that simple scholar is in the right, and because I must confirm his views concerning the state of my gracious master's health, I tell you there is only one last and radical remedy." The High Steward took the document out of the portfolio. "My remedy is, that your Highness should, by a great resolve, anticipate the storm, and high-mindedly consent to make this declaration the expression of your will."

The Sovereign cast a look on the paper, and flung it away from him :

"Are you mad, old man?"

"Insanity has not yet been discovered in me," replied the High Steward, sorrowfully. "If my gracious master would but weigh the circumstances with his usual acuteness! It has unfortunately become impossible for your Highness to carry on the duties of your high calling in the way you have hitherto done. Even if your Highness considered it possible, your faithful servants are in the painful position of not partaking of this opinion."

"These faithful servants are my High Steward?"

"I am one of them. If your Highness will not consent to give your princely approbation to this project, consideration for that which is dearer to me than your Highness's favor will forbid my remaining in your service."

"I repeat the question, have you become insane, Lord High Steward?"



“Only deeply moved ; I did not think that I would ever have to choose between my honor and my service to your Highness.”

He took out another document from the portfolio.

“Your resignation,” exclaimed the Sovereign, reading. “You should have added to it, ‘with permission.’” The Sovereign seized the pen. “Here, Baron von Ottenburg, you are released from your office.”

“It is no joyful thanks that I express to your Highness for it. But now it is done, I, Hans von Ottenburg, express to you my respectful request that your Highness would still, at this hour, be pleased to sign the other document. For in case your Highness should hesitate to fulfil the earnest entreaties of a former servant, this same request, from now on, will be forced upon your Highness’s ear in many ways, and by persons who would not use so much consideration for your Highness as I have hitherto done. Till now there has been one who has begged of you, a professor,—now there are two, he and I,—in another hour the number will become burdensome to your Highness.”

“A former High Steward, a rebel !”

“Only a petitioner. It is your Highness’s right, of your own free will, to make the high decision to which I endeavor to influence you. But I beg you once more to consider that it can no longer be avoided. Your Highness’s Court will, in the next hour, be brought front to front with the same alternative as myself ; for my regard for the honor of these gentlemen and ladies will compel me, on the same grounds which have led to my decision, not to be silent with respect to them. Without doubt, the gen-

tlements of the Court will, like me, approach your Highness with earnest entreaties, and, like me, will resign in case their entreaties are unsuccessful, and without doubt your Highness will have to find new attendants. Respect for the honor and the office of those who rule under you will oblige me to make the same communication to your Highness's ministers. True, these also might be replaced by less important servants of the State. But further, from loyalty and devotion to your Highness's house, from anxiety about the life and welfare of the Hereditary Prince and his illustrious sister, as well as from attachment to this country in which I have grown gray, I see myself obliged to appeal to every Government connected with ours for an energetic enforcement of this my request. As long as I was a servant of the Court, my oath and allegiance compelled me to silence and careful regard for your Highness's personal interests. I am now relieved from this obligation, and I shall from henceforth advocate the interests of our people in opposition to those of your Highness. Your Highness may yourself judge what that would lead to; this signature may be put off, but can no longer be avoided. Every delay makes the situation worse; the signing will no longer appear as the voluntary act of a high-minded decision, but as a necessity forced upon you. Finally, let your Highness bear in mind that the Professor has made in the Tower Castle another important observation,—another with respect to the conduct of a certain Magister; it is my destiny to know much which does not belong to the secrets of my department."

The Sovereign lay on his sofa, with his head turned away. He folded his hands before his face. A long oppressive silence intervened.

“You have been my personal enemy from the first day of my reign,” suddenly put in the Sovereign.

“I have been the faithful servant of my gracious master ; personal friendship has never been my portion, and I have never simulated it.”

“You have always intrigued against me.”

“Your Highness well knows that I have served you as a man of honor,” replied the Baron, proudly. “Now, also, when once more I beg of you to sign this document, I do not stand upon the right which many years of confidence give me with your Highness ; I do not advance as an excuse for this repeated importunity the interest that I have been entitled to take in the dignity and welfare of this princely house ; I have another ground for relieving your Highness from the humiliation of a public discussion of your Highness’s state of mind. I am a loyal and monarchically-minded man. He who has respect for the high office of a prince is under the urgent necessity of guarding this office from being lowered in the eyes of the nation. This he must do, not by concealing what is insupportable, but by extirpating it. Therefore, since that scene in the tower, there has been this struggle between me and your Highness, that I, in order to maintain your Highness’s exalted office, must sacrifice your Highness’s person. I am determined to do so, and there consequently only remains to your Highness the choice of doing that which is inevitable, of your own free will, and honorably in the eyes of the world, or dishonorably and at the instance of importunate strangers. The words are spoken ; I beg for a speedy decision.”

The old lord stood close before the ruler. He looked firmly and coldly into the restless eyes of his former

master, and pointed with his finger fixedly to the parchment. It was the keeper conquering the patient.

“Not now—not here,” exclaimed the Sovereign, beside himself. “In the presence of the Hereditary Prince I will take counsel and come to a decision.”

“The presence and signature of your ministers are necessary for the document, not the presence of the Hereditary Prince. But as your Highness prefers signing in the presence of the Prince, I will do myself the honor of following your Highness to Rossau, and beg one of the ministers to accompany me for this object.”

The Sovereign looked reflectively down.

“I am still a ruler,” he exclaimed, springing up; and seizing the signed resignation of the High Steward, he tore it up. “High Steward von Ottenburg, you will accompany me in my carriage to Rossau.”

“Then the minister will follow your Highness in my carriage,” said the old lord, calmly. “I hasten to inform him.”

#### *CHAPTER XL.*

##### ON THE ROAD TO THE ROCK.

TOWARDS the quiet country town which pious colonists had once built about the monastery walls of praying monks, and towards the rock on which the heathen maiden had once whispered oracles to her race, were now hastening along different roads horses and wheels, together with living men who were seeking the decision of their fate; here joyful, rising hopes—there downward, declining powers; here the pure dream of enthusiastic youth—there the destructive dream of a gloomy spirit. In the valley and over the rock hov-

ered the spirits of the country ; they prepared themselves to receive the flying strangers with the hospitality of home.

The early dawn sent its pale glimmer into Laura's study ; she stood by her writing-table, and cast a lingering look on the familiar book in which, with rapid hand, she had written the concluding words. She fastened the book and the Doctor's poems together, and concealed them under the cover of her trunk. She cast another look on the sanctuary of her maiden life, and then flew down the stairs into the arms of her anxious mother. It was a wonderful elopement—a quiet Sunday morning, a mysterious light, gloomy rain-clouds, contrasting strongly with the deep red glow of morning. Laura lay long in the arms of her weeping mother, till Susan urged her departure ; then she passed into the street, where the Doctor awaited her, and hastened with him into the carriage ; for the carriage was ordered to wait in a deserted place around the corner, and not before the house ; upon this Laura had insisted. It was a wonderful elopement—a modest, sedate traveling-companion, the object of the journey the house of a loved friend, and, lastly, a large leather bag containing cold meat and other victuals, which Mrs. Hahn herself carried to the carriage, in order that she might once more kiss her son and Laura, and bless them amid tears.

Spitehahn had for several days found it difficult to bear his lonely existence ; since the departure of the learned lodgers he had been much disturbed, but when the master of the house also disappeared, there was no one to recognize him. This morning he cast cold glances on Laura as she hovered round her sorrowing mother, and looked askance at Susan when she

carried the great traveling-trunk to the carriage; then he sneaked out into the street in order to give expression to his hatred of the neighboring house. But when Mrs. Hahn hastened to the carriage with the leather bag, he saw that something was wrong and he crept after his neighbor from across the way; and whilst she mounted on the step of the carriage to warn her Fritz of the sharp morning air, and to kiss Laura once more, he sprang upon the footboard and ensconced himself under the leather apron of the coachbox, determined to abide his time. The coachman seated himself, and supposing the dog belonged to the travelers, cracked his whip and started off. Another look and call to the mother, and the adventurous journey began.

Laura's soul trembled under the pressure of passionate feelings, which were called forth by this long-desired but dreaded hour. The houses of the city disappeared, and the poplars on the high road seemed to dance past. She looked anxiously at her Fritz, and placed the tips of her fingers in his hand. He smiled, and pressed the little hand warmly.

His cheerfulness was a support to her. She looked tenderly into his true face.

"The morning is cool," he began, "allow me to fasten your cloak."

"I am very comfortable," replied Laura, again putting her trembling hand within his.

Thus they sat silently together, the sun peeped modestly from behind his red curtains and smiled on Laura, so that she was obliged to close her eyes. Her whole childhood passed before her in fleeting pictures; and finally, she heard the significant words of her friends at her last visit. Her godmother had said to her, Return soon again, child; and Laura now felt

with emotion that this return was at an immeasurable distance. Her other godmother had kindly asked, When shall we see each other again? and a touching echo sounded in Laura's heart, Who knows when? All Nature was stirring in the fresh morning: a flock of pigeons flew across the field, a hare ran along the road as if racing, a splendid cluster of blue flowers grew on the border of the ditch, and red roofs shone from among the fruit trees. Everything on earth looked green and hopeful, blooming and waving in the morning breeze. The country people who were going to the city met them, a peasant sitting on his waggon smoking his pipe nodded a good morning to Laura, who held out her hand as if she wished to send a greeting to the whole world. The milkwoman in her little cart, who was going to sell her milk, also greeted her, saying, "Good morning, Miss Laura." Laura drew back, and, looking alarmed at Fritz, said:

"She has recognized us."

"Without doubt," replied the Doctor, gaily.

"She is a gossip, Fritz; she cannot hold her tongue, and will tell all the servant-girls in our street that we are driving together along this road. This distresses me, Fritz."

"We are taking a drive," replied the Doctor, triumphantly; "going to pay a visit to some one; we are going to act as sponsors together in the country. Do not mind these trifles."

"It began by our being sponsors together, Fritz," answered Laura, tranquilized. "It has all been owing to the cat's paws."

"I do not know," replied Fritz, slyly, "whether this misfortune did not originate earlier. When you were quite a little girl I kissed you once."

“I do not remember that,” said Laura.

“It was for a basket of colored beans that I brought you from our garden. I demanded the kiss, and you consented to give the price, but immediately after wiped your mouth with your hand. From that time I have liked you better than all others.”

“Do not let us talk of these things,” said Laura, troubled; my recollections of old times are not all so harmless.”

“I have always been kept at a distance,” exclaimed Fritz, “even to-day. It is a shame. It must not go on so; I must have some serious talk about it. Travelling together as we are, it is not fitting that we should use the stiff *you* in talking to one another.”

Laura looked reproachfully at him. “Not to-day,” she said, softly.

“It is of no use now,” replied Fritz, boldly. “I will no longer be treated as a stranger. I once heard the honest *thou* from you, but never since. It pains me.”

Laura regretted that. “But only when we are quite alone,” she entreated.

“I propose it for all time,” continued Fritz, undisturbed, “otherwise there will be continually mistakes and confusion.”

He offered her his hand, which she shook gently, and before she could stop him she felt a kiss on her lips.

Laura looked at him tenderly, but then immediately drew back and ensconced herself in a corner of the carriage. Fritz was quite different to-day from usual; he looked confident and bold. In the house he had always been modest, while Laura had more than once thought of this relation, and had written in her



book: "When two human beings are united in soul they ought to let each other know it." Now he used little ceremony. He looked boldly out of the carriage, and when they met travelers did not retreat as she had done after meeting the milkwoman, but looked as if challenging notice, and greeting people first.

"I must begin about the Hindus," she said to herself, "in order to turn his thoughts to other subjects."

She asked him about the contents of the Veda.

"I cannot think of it to-day, exclaimed Fritz, gaily. "I am too happy to think of the old books. I have only one thought in my heart: 'Laura, the dear girl, will become mine.' I could dance in the carriage for joy."

He jumped up from his seat like a little boy.

Fritz was fearfully changed; she did not know him again; she withheld her hand from him, and looked at him, suspiciously, askance.

"The heavens are covered with clouds," she said, sadly.

"But the sun shines above them," replied Fritz; "it will come out again in a few minutes. I propose that we examine the great leather bag which my mother gave us; I hope there will be something good in it."

Thus did the prose of the Hahn family betray itself, and Laura observed with secret regret how eagerly the Doctor rummaged the bag. She had, however, in her excitement thought little of her breakfast, so when Fritz offered her some of its contents she extended her little hand for it, and both ate heartily.

Something darkened the seat next the coachman; a misshapen head showed itself at the window, and a

discordant snarl was heard in the carriage. Laura pointed terrified at the apparition.

“Merciful heavens, there is the dog again !”

The Doctor also looked angrily at the hostile figure.

“Drive him away,” cried Laura ; “make him run home.”

“He will hardly find his way back,” replied the Doctor, thoughtfully ; “what would your father say if he were lost ?”

“He has been the enemy of my life,” exclaimed Laura ; “and must we now take him with us into the world? The idea is insupportable, and a bad omen, Fritz.”

“Perhaps we shall meet a wagon that will take him back again,” said the Doctor, consolingly ; “meanwhile we must not let him starve.”

In spite of his aversion he handed him some breakfast, and the dog disappeared again under the apron.

But Laura continued disturbed.

“Fritz, dear Fritz,” she exclaimed, suddenly, “you must leave me alone.”

The Doctor looked at her with astonishment. The *you* was an orthographical error which must be atoned for. He was again about to give her a kiss, but she drew back.

“If you love me, Fritz, you must now leave me alone,” she cried out, wringing her hands.

“How can I do that ?” asked Fritz ; “we are traveling for good into the great world.”

“Get up on the box by the coachman,” begged Laura, imploringly.

She looked so serious and depressed that Fritz obediently stopped the carriage, descended from it, and climbed upon the coach-box. Laura drew a deep

breath, and became more tranquil. Her words had influenced him. Intractable as he was, he would do much to please her. She sat alone, and her thoughts became more cheering. The Doctor turned round frequently, knocked at the window, and asked how she was. He was very tender-hearted, and full of loving attentions.

“The whole responsibility for his health rests on me,” she thought, “what hitherto his dear mother has done for him now becomes my duty. A delightful duty, dear Fritz. I will keep him from working at nights, for his health is delicate, and every day I will go walking with him, in the coldest weather, to accustom him to it.”

She looked out of the carriage, the wind was stirring the leaves; she knocked at the window:

“Fritz, it is windy, you have no shawl on.”

“I shall no longer use one,” called out the Doctor, “this effeminacy must be shaken off.”

“I beg of you, Fritz, not to be so childish. Put one round you, or you will certainly catch cold.”

“With a *you*, I will certainly not put it on.”

“Take it, my darling Fritz, I beg of *thee*,” entreated Laura.

“That sounds quite different,” said Fritz.

The window was opened, and the shawl put out.

“He is firm as a rock,” said Laura, seating herself again. “Complaisant as he appears, he knows well what he chooses to do, and, contrary to his own convictions, will not give in, even to me. That is all for the best, for I am still a childish creature, and my father was in the right; I need a husband who will look more calmly on the world than I do.”

It began to rain. The coachman put on his cloak,

and Fritz spread his plaid and enveloped himself in it. She became very anxious about Fritz, and again knocked at the window.

“It is raining, Fritz.”

This the Doctor could not deny.

“Come in, you will get wet and catch cold.”

The carriage stopped, and Fritz obediently got down and entered it, while Laura wiped away the rain-drops on his hair and shawl with her pocket-handkerchief.

“You said *you* four times,” began Fritz, reprov-ingly. “If it continues thus, you will have a large reckoning to pay.”

“Be serious,” began Laura, “I am in a very solemn mood. I am thinking of our future. I will think of it day and night, dearest one, that you may not feel the loss of your mother. Your dear mother has always taken your coffee up to you, but that is unsociable, you shall come over to me and take your breakfast with me; your Hindus must grant this half-hour to me. About ten o’clock I shall send you over an egg, and at dinner-time you will come over again to me. I shall take care that the cooking is good; we will live simply, as we are accustomed, and well. Then you shall tell me something about your books that I may know what my husband is occupied with, for this is a wife’s right. In the afternoon we will take a walk together in the streets.”

“What do you mean?” asked Fritz, “‘over there,’ ‘here,’ ‘in the streets’? Surely we shall live together.”

Laura looked at him with open eyes, and a blush slowly mantled over her face up to her temples.

“We cannot, as man and wife, live in different houses?”

Laura held her hand before her eyes and remained silent. As she did not answer, Fritz drew her hand quietly from her face, and large tears rolled down her cheeks.

“My mother,” she said, softly, as she wept.

So touching was the expression of her grief, that Fritz said, sympathizingly :

“Do not grieve, Laura, about her, we will live where you like, and exactly as you think fit.”

But even these kind words could not comfort the poor soul, whose maidenly anxieties cast a shadow over her future. The colored haze with which her childish fancy had invested her free life in the neighborhood of her loved one, had been dissolved.

She sat silent and sad.

The coachman stopped before a village inn to refresh himself and his horses. The young landlady stood at the door with her child in her arms ; she approached the carriage and civilly invited them to alight. Laura looked anxiously at the Doctor ; he nodded, the carriage door was opened. Laura seated herself on a bench in front of the door, and asked the young woman questions about her family, in order to show the self-possession of a traveller. The woman answered, confidently :

“This is our first child, we have been married scarcely two years. Excuse me, but I suppose you are a young married couple.”

Laura rose hastily, her cheeks glowed a deeper red than the rising sun, as she answered with a low “No.”

“Then you are engaged without doubt,” said the woman, “that can be seen at once.”

How could you discover that?" asked Laura, without raising her eyes.

"One sees evidence of it," replied the woman, "the way in which you looked at the gentleman was significant enough."

"A good guess," exclaimed the Doctor, gaily; but he also colored slightly.

Laura turned away and struggled for composure. The secret of her journey was apparent to every one. It was known in the city and was spoken of in the villages. Her betrothal had been settled by the talk of strangers. Yet her parents had not laid her hand in that of her lover, nor had any of her friends wished her happiness, but now the stranger on the high road came and told her to her face what she was.

"If the woman had known all,—how that I was eloping secretly with Fritz Hahn, without betrothal or marriage,—how would she have looked upon me?" thought Laura.

She entered the carriage before the coachman had finished feeding the horses, and again tears flowed from her eyes. The Doctor, who did not anticipate this change of mood, was about to enter, when Laura, quite beside herself, exclaimed:

"I beg of you to sit by the coachman, I feel very sad."

"Why?" asked Fritz, softly.

"I have done wrong," said Laura. "Fritz, I should like to return. What will that woman think of me? She saw right well that we were not engaged."

"But are we not?" asked the Doctor, astonished. "I consider myself as decidedly engaged, and the friends to whom we go will clearly look upon the affair in that point of view."

“I conjure you, Fritz, to leave me alone now ; what I feel I cannot confess to any human being ; if I become calmer I will knock at the window.”

Fritz again climbed on the coach-box, and Laura passed a sorrowful hour in the solitude of her carriage.

She felt something strange on her cloak, looked with alarm at the empty seat, and started when she saw the demon sitting next her, the enemy of her life, the red dog. He stretched out his forefeet, and raised his moustache high in the air, as if he would say : “*I* am carrying you off. The Doctor is sitting on the box, and I, the mischief-maker, the misanthropist, who have caused so much sorrow to this poetic soul, who have been cursed in her journal in both prose and verse, I, the common and unworthy being who used to lie at her feet, sit by her side the gloomy figure of her fate, the spectre of her youth, and the bad omen of her future life. I lie in the place where, in her childish poetry, she has long dreamt of another, and I mock at her tears and anxiety.” He licked his beard and looked from under his long hair contemptuously at her. Laura knocked at the window, resolved to leave the carriage herself and sit upon the box.

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Meanwhile the mothers sat anxiously in the hostile houses. Since her daughter had left, Mrs. Hummel trembled for fear of the anger of her husband. She knew from Laura that he had not objected to the journey to Bielstein, and only wished to appear unconscious of it in order to maintain his defiant character towards his neighbors. But of what was to follow, he would give no information ; when it came to a decision

as to what was to become of Laura and the Doctor, she felt there was everything to fear from him. Mrs. Hummel had encouraged the journey in order to compel the consent of the family tyrant; but now she felt distrustful of her own cleverness. In her sad perplexity she put her mantle on, over her morning dress, and hastened out of the house to seek consolation from her neighbor.

The heart of Mrs. Hahn was burdened with similar cares; she also was prepared, in her morning dress and mantle, to go over to Mrs. Hummel. The women met outside the two houses, and began an exchange of motherly anxieties. They made use of the neutral ground that lay between the hostile domains for quiet intercourse, and forgot that they were standing in the street. The bells sounded and the church-goers returned, yet they were still standing together talking over the past and future. The comedian approached them elegantly dressed; as he drew near he made a dramatic salutation with his hand. Mrs. Hummel looked with anxiety at her favorite guest, she feared his conjectures and still more his sharp tongue. His face was radiant with pleasure and his gestures were sympathetic.

“What a surprise,” he exclaimed, in the tone of a warm-hearted uncle; “what an agreeable surprise? The old quarrel made up; wreaths of flowers from one house to the other; the discord of the fathers is atoned for by the love of the children. I offer my hearty congratulations.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mrs. Hummel, perplexed.

“An elopement,” exclaimed the comedian, raising his hands.



Both mothers looked terrified.

“I must beg of you, in your remarks, to have more regard for the real state of things,” replied Mrs. Hummel with offended dignity.

“An elopement,” again exclaimed the gentleman triumphantly. “Quite in conformity with the humor of this house ; it is a master-stroke.”

“I feel confident from our old friendship,” said Mrs. Hummel, “that you do not mean to insult us ; but I must earnestly request you to have regard, at least, for propriety.”

The comedian was astonished at the reproaches of his patroness.

“I only repeat what I have just been informed of by post.” He drew out of his pocket a neat letter. “I hope that the ladies will convince themselves.” He read aloud : “‘I beg to announce to you the betrothal of Dr. Fritz Hahn with my daughter Laura, and their elopement this morning from her parents’ house. Yours humbly, Hummel.’ This quite answers to the character of our humorous friend.”

The ladies stood aghast. Then the rustling of a silk dress was heard, the godmother came up hastily, her hymn-book in her hand, and called out while yet in the distance :

“What does one not live to see? You naughty people ! Is it right that the friends of the family should first learn from the preacher in the church what is happening here?”

“What do you mean?” asked both ladies, quite confounded.

“That the bans of your children have been proclaimed in church to-day for the first, second, and third time. There was general astonishment, and

though you have acted in so unfriendly a way as to keep it a secret, all your acquaintances were delighted. Now the whole city is full of it."

Without speaking a word the two mothers flew into each others' arms in the open street, midway between the houses. The comedian stood on one side with his hand in his breast pocket, the godmother on the other with folded hands.

\* \* \*

It was also a troublous Sunday on the estate of Ilse's father. During the previous night a waterspout had burst on the hills, and a wild flood poured down where formerly the brook ran between the meadows. The oldest people did not remember such a rush of water. Before this the brook had been much swollen by the rains of the previous week, now it roared and thundered through the narrow valley between the manor-house and the sloping hills, and overflowed the fields where it was not defied by the steepness of the country and rocks. Furiously did the water rush and foam over the rocks and about the heads of the willows, carrying away the hay from the meadows in its course, uprooting reeds and tearing off branches of trees, and also the ruins of habitations, which, though far above, had been reached by the flood. The people of the estate stood by the edge of the orchard, looking silently upon the stream and the ruins it bore along with it. The children ran eagerly along the side of the water, endeavoring to draw toward them with poles whatever they could reach. They raised loud cries when they saw a living animal floating along. It was a kid standing on one of the boards of the roof of its stall. When the little creature saw the people stand-

ing near, it cried piteously, as if begging to be rescued. Hans put out a well-hook, caught hold of the plank, the kid sprang ashore and was taken in grand procession by the children to the farmyard and there fed.

Ilse was standing at the new bridge leading to the grotto. It had only been built a few weeks, and was now threatened with destruction. Already the supports were bending on one side. The force of the water worked against the lower end, and loosened the pegs. The foam of the water whirled round the projecting foot of the rock, which formed the vault of the grotto, and the power of the rising water made deep furrows in the flood.

“There comes some one running from the mountain,” exclaimed the people.

A girl came hastily round the rock, with a large kerchief full of fresh-mowed mountain grass on her back. She stopped terrified on the platform of the rock, and hesitated about crossing the unsafe bridge.

“It is poor Benz’s Anna!” exclaimed Ilse; “she must not remain there in the wilderness. Throw your burden away—be brisk, Anna, and come over quickly.”

The girl passed rapidly across the bridge.

“She shall be the last one,” commanded Ilse. “None of you shall attempt to go upon it, for it will not bear the pressure long.”

Her father came up.

“The flood will subside to-night if fresh rain does not fall; but the injury it has done will long be remembered. Below, at Rossau, it appears still worse; it has overflowed the fields. Mr. Hummel has hastened down, as he is anxious about the bridges on the road on which his daughter is coming. In the village

the water has entered some of the houses ; the people are preparing to move to our farm-yard. Go down and help them," he said, turning to some laborers, and continued, in a low tone, to his daughter: "The Prince has gone to the village to examine the damage there. He wishes to speak to you ; would you like to see him now ?"

"I am ready," said Ilse.

She went towards the village with her father ; there she ascended to the churchyard.

"I shall remain in the neighborhood," said he. "When the Prince leaves you, call me."

She stood by the side of the wall, looking at the grave of her dear mother and at the spot where the old Pastor reposed with his wife. The branches of the trees which she had planted here hung over her head. She remembered how fond her old friend had been of dilating on the fact that everything was just the same in the great world as in his village, the nature and passions of men were everywhere alike, and that one might make the same experience in their little valley as amidst the tumult of the Court.

"Here my father is master," she thought, "and the people are accustomed to obey us, his children, and to regard us as we do our rulers. And their children, too, might experience what others have had to experience, were their master an evil-minded man. Yet they may ask for justice at any moment and find protection.

"How will he, the proud man, bear that his wife should not find justice or protection from the injury which has been done to both her and him ? We ought to do good to those who injure us. If the wicked Sovereign should now come to me sick and helpless,

ought I to receive him in my house? and ought I to place myself by his couch, when such a mark of kindness might expose me to fresh insult? I have worn a white mantle; the stain which he has cast upon it, I see every hour, and no tears wash it away. He has taken from me my pure robe; shall I also at his bidding give him my gown? O high and honorable precept, taught me by my departed friend, I tremble to obey. It is a struggle between duties, and the thought of my Felix says to me, 'No.'

"I have done with the young Prince too, however innocent he may be. I know that he once sought encouragement from the simple woman with all the warmth of his heart, and my vanity has often told me that I have been a good friend to him in his high yet lonely life. Fearfully have I atoned for this vain pride. He also from henceforth must be a stranger to me. What can he still wish from me? I imagine that he thinks exactly as I do, and only wishes to take leave of me for ever. Well, I am prepared for it."

The Hereditary Prince came along the footpath from the village. Ilse remained standing by the wall of the churchyard, and bowed calmly to his greeting.

"I have made known at the capital my wish to travel," began the Prince; "I hope my request will be granted. And I have therefore come to say farewell to you."

"What you now say," answered Ilse, "shows that I have rightly judged your Highness."

"I had little opportunity of speaking to you in the city," said the Prince, shyly; "it would grieve me if you should deem me capable of ingratitude or of cold-heartedness."

"I know the reasons that kept your Highness

away," replied Ilse, looking down ; "and I am thankful for your good intentions."

"To-day I wish to tell you, and at the same time your husband," continued the Prince, "that I shall endeavor to make what I have learnt with you useful for my future life. I know that this is the only way in which I can thank you. If you should ever hear that my people are contented with me, you may feel, gracious lady, that I have to thank, above all, you and yours for the strengthening of my sense of duty, for an impartial judgment of the worth of men, and for a higher standard of the duties of one who has to guard the welfare of many. I shall endeavor to show myself not quite unworthy of the sympathy you have accorded me. If you learn from others that it has benefited me, think kindly of me."

Ilse looked at his excited countenance ; there was the gentle, honest expression which she had so often watched with anxious sympathy ; she saw how deeply he felt that something had interposed between him and her, and how thoughtfully he endeavored to spare her. But she did not fathom the deep and powerful grief of the young man, the poetry of whose youthful life a father had destroyed. She did not guess that the punishment which could not reach the father had fallen upon the innocent soul of the son. The injury that the father had inflicted had clouded the happiest feeling of his young life—his warm friendship for the woman to whom he clung with enthusiastic admiration. But the kind-hearted Ilse understood the full worth of him who now stood before her, and her cautious reserve disappeared ; with her old frankness, she said to him : "One must not be unjust to the innocent, nor be untrue to those whose confidence one

has had, as I have yours. What I now wish for your Highness is a friend. I have seen that this is what your life needs, and I have observed, too, how difficult it is to avoid forming a low estimate of men when one's sole companions are servants."

These kind words of Ilse broke down the composure which the Prince had been struggling to maintain. "A friend for me?" he asked, bitterly. "Fate early disciplined me; I am not permitted to seek for or enjoy friendship; poison has been poured over the love that I felt. Forgive me," he suddenly said; "I am so accustomed to complain to, and seek comfort from you, that I cannot help speaking of myself, although I know that I have lost the right to do so."

"Poor Prince," exclaimed Ilse, "how can you look after the welfare of others, if your own life is void of light? The happiness which I desire for your Highness's future life is domestic love, a wife that understands you, and would become the friend of your soul."

The Prince turned aside to conceal the pain that this speech occasioned him. Ilse looked at him sorrowfully; she was once more his good counsellor as before.

A beggar-woman crept round the wall of the churchyard.

"May I beg of you to day?" began a hoarse voice, at Ilse's back. "When it is not the father, it is the son."

Ilse turned round; again she saw the hollow eyes of the gipsy, and cried out, dismayed, "Away from here."

"The lady can no longer drive me away," said the gipsy, cowering down, "for I am very weary, and my strength is at an end."

One could see that she spoke the truth.

“The troopers have hunted me from one boundary to another. If others have no compassion on me, the lady from the rock should not be so hard-hearted, for there is old fellowship between the beggar and her. I also once had intercourse with noble people, I have abandoned them, and yet my dreams ever hover over their golden palaces. Whoever has drunk of the magic cup will not lose the remembrance of it. It has again and again driven me into this country, I have led my people here—and they now lie in prison, the victims of the old memories that pursued me.”

“Who is this woman?” asked the Prince.

The beggar raised her hands on high.

“In these arms I have held the Hereditary Prince when he was a child and knew nothing; I have sat with him on velvet in his mother’s room. Now I lie in the churchyard on the high road, and the hands that I stretch out to him remain empty.”

“It is the gipsy woman,” said the Prince in a low tone, and turned away.

The beggar-woman looked at him scornfully, and said to Ilse:

“They trifle with us, and ruin us, but they hate the remembrance of old times and of their guilt. Be warned young woman, I know the secrets of this noble family, and I can tell you what they have tried to do to you, and what they have done to another who flourished before you on yonder height, and whom they placed, as they did you, in the gilded prison, over whose portal the black angel hovers.”

Ilse stood bending over the beggar woman, the Prince approached her.

“Do not listen to the woman,” he exclaimed.



“Speak on,” said Ilse, with a faint voice.

“She was young and finely formed like you, and like you she was brought to that prison, and when the mother of this man removed me from her service because I pleased the Sovereign, I was appointed to serve the stranger. One morning I was made to ask for leave of absence from the imprisoned lady, because she was to be alone.”

“I entreat of you not to listen to her,” implored the Prince.

“I listen,” said Ilse, again bending down over the old woman, “speak low.”

“When I came back the next morning I found a maniac in the house instead of the fair-haired lady, and I escaped from the place in terror. Do you wish to know through which door madness made its way to that woman?” she continued in a low murmur. Ilse put her ear to her mouth, but sprang suddenly back and uttered a piercing shriek, hiding her face with her hands. The Prince leaned against the wall and wrung his hands.

A loud call sounded from the carriage-road, and a man hastily approached; he held out a letter while still at a distance.

“Gabriel!” exclaimed Ilse, hastening towards him. She tore the letter from him, read it, and supported herself convulsively against one of the stones of the churchyard. The Prince sprang forward, but she held out the letter as if to stop him and exclaimed:

“The Sovereign is coming.”

The Prince looked terrified at Gabriel.

“He is hardly a mile from here,” announced the exhausted servant. “I overtook the princely carriage, and succeeded in getting ahead of it. The horses are

struggling along the unfinished road, but the bridge between this and Rossau is now scarcely fit for horsemen or carriages; I was obliged to leave my horse behind; I do not believe they will be able to cross it, except on foot."

Without saying a word the Prince hastened down the road to Rossau. Ilse flew with her letter in her hand up the rock to her father, who came with Mr. von Weidegg to meet her.

"Go and pay your respects to your master," she called out wildly, to the Chamberlain. "My Felix comes!" she called to her father, and sank upon his breast.

People were collected near the temporary bridge between Rossau and Bielstein. Gabriel also hastened back to the water; he had met Mr. Hummel there, who was passing up and down along the bank looking across the stream.

"The world is wretchedly small," exclaimed Mr. Hummel, to his confidant, "people always meet again. One who has been galloping, like you, should take care of himself; you are exhausted, and look greatly changed. Sit down on this log and rest yourself like a sensible man."

He pushed Gabriel down, buttoned his coat, and patted him on the cheek with his large hand.

"You must be in great need of refreshment, but the best we have here is a water-perch, and I do not like to treat you like a despicable New Zealander, who in the booths at a fair consumes five cents-worth of raw whittings. Take the last restorative of a Parisian traveler."

He forced him to take a piece of chocolate.

A few steps from them, at the bridge, stood the

Prince with folded arms, looking at the water, which on the side of Rossau had spread itself over the meadows and low fields about the town. Rapidly did the expanse of water increase; on the nearest part of the new road, which had not yet been paved, puddles of water gleamed between the heaps of sand and the wheelbarrows of the workmen; the road projected like a dark strip out of the muddy flood. A few individuals were coming from Rossau; they waded through the thick mud of the road and supported themselves timidly by the smooth poles which supplied the place of the bridge-rails. For the water rushed violently against the beams instead of flowing deep under the arches, and the spectators on the Bielstein side called aloud to them to make haste. The Chamberlain hastened down to his silent master and looked anxiously in his face. He was followed by the Proprietor.

“If I could do as I wished, I would break these tottering planks with my own hands,” he said, indignantly, to Mr. Hummel.

“The carriages are coming,” called the people. The Sovereign’s carriage with four horses drove at a rapid trot through the gate of Rossau. Beside the Sovereign sat the Lord High Steward. The former had during the wearisome journey been in a state of gloomy stupor; an occasional wild word, and a look of intense hatred, was all his intercourse with his companion.

The courtier had in vain endeavored to draw the Sovereign into quiet conversation. Even the consideration of the two servants sitting at the back of the open carriage could not restrain the Sovereign’s mood. Exhausted by the secret strain of this journey the old gentleman sat, the attendant by his invalid, and his

sharp eye watched every movement of his companion. When they drove out of the town into the open country, the Sovereign began, musingly :

“Did you recognize the horseman that overtook us in such haste?”

“He was a stranger to me,” said the High Steward.

“He conveyed information of our arrival ; they are prepared to receive us.”

“Then he has done your Highness a service, for they would hardly have had any anticipation at the hunting-lodge of your Highness’s important resolution.”

“We are not yet at the end of our drama, Lord High Steward,” said the Sovereign, tauntingly ; “the art of foreseeing the future is lost. Even your Excellency does not understand that.”

“I have always been satisfied with observing cautiously what surrounds me in the present, and I have thereby sometimes guarded myself from being disagreeably surprised by the future. If by any accident I should myself be prevented from carrying out my *rôle* in the drama of which your Highness speaks, I have taken care that others shall act my part.”

The Sovereign threw himself back in his seat. The carriage went on through the mire, the horses floundered, and the coachman looked back doubtfully.

“Forward !” called out the Sovereign, in a sharp voice.

The Hereditary Prince awaits your Highness at the bridge on foot,” said the High Steward.

They went on at a good pace, the coachman with difficulty restraining his horses, who were frightened at the glittering expanse of water and the roar of the flood.

“Forward !” again commanded the Sovereign.

“Permit the coachman to stop, your Highness; the carriage cannot go further without danger.”

“Do you fear danger, old man?” exclaimed the Sovereign, his face distorted with hatred. “Here we are both in the water—the same fate for us both, Lord High Steward. He is a bad servant who abandons his master.”

“But I wish to restrain your Highness also,” replied the High Steward.

“Forward!” cried the Sovereign again.

The coachman stopped.

“It is impossible, most gracious master,” he said; “we can no longer go over the bridge.”

The Sovereign jumped up in the carriage, and raised his stick against the coachman. The man, frightened, whipped his horses; they reared and sprang off to one side.

“Stop!” cried the High Steward.

The frightened lackeys readily jumped down, and held the horses. The High Steward opened the carriage door, and scrambled out.

“I beseech your Highness to alight.”

The Sovereign sprang out, and, casting a look of vindictive hatred at him, hastened forward on foot. He stepped on the bridge, and the flood roared around him.

“Stay back, father,” entreated the Hereditary Prince.

The father laughed, and advanced over the tottering planks; he had passed over the middle of the bridge and the deepest part of the stream; only a few steps more and his foot would touch the shore of Bielstein. At that moment there rose up near the bridge a bent figure, that cried out wildly to him :

“Welcome to our country, Gracious Lord ; mercy for the poor beggar-woman. I bring you greeting from the fair-haired lady of the rock.”

“Away with the crazy creature,” exclaimed the Chamberlain.

The Sovereign gazed fixedly at the wild figure ; he tottered, and supported himself by the rails. The Hereditary Prince flew towards him ; the father drew back with a shudder, lost his footing, and rolled down the side of the slippery planks into the flood.

There was a loud scream from the bystanders ; the son sprang after him. The next moment half-a-dozen men were in the water—among the first, Gabriel, cautiously followed by Mr. Hummel. The gigantic form of the Proprietor towered above the stream ; he had grasped the Sovereign, while Gabriel and Hummel seized the Prince. “The Sovereign lives,” called out the Proprietor to the son, laying the unconscious man on the shore. The Hereditary Prince threw himself down by his father on the ground. The latter lay on the gravel road, the beggar-woman holding his head ; he looked with glazed-eyes before him, and did not recognize his kneeling son, nor the furrowed countenance of the stranger who bent over him. “He lives,” repeated the Proprietor, in a low tone ; “but his limbs cannot perform their office.” On the other side of the water stood the High Steward. He called out to the Chamberlain in French, then hastened back with the carriage to Rossau, in order to reach a safer crossing. It was with difficulty that the carriage was brought back. Meanwhile, on the Bielstein side, a plank was torn off the half-destroyed bridge and the Sovereign laid upon it and carried to the Manor. The children of the Proprietor ran ahead and opened the door of

the old house. In the hall stood Ilse, white as marble. She had been told by her brother that the Sovereign was saved from the water ; he was approaching the house, to two generations of which he had been a curse and a terror. She stood in the entrance-hall no longer the Ilse of former days, but a wild Saxon woman who would hurl the curses of her gods on the head of the enemy of her race ; her eyes glowed, and her hands closed convulsively. They carried the exhausted man up the steps. Then Ilse came to the threshold, and cried :

“ Not in here.”

So shrill was the command, that the bearers halted.

“ Not into our house,” she cried the second time, raising her hand threateningly.

The Sovereign heard the voice ; he smiled, and nodded his head graciously.

“ It is a Christian duty, Ilse,” exclaimed the Proprietor.

“ I am the Professor’s wife,” cried Ilse, passionately. “ Our roof will fall upon that man’s head.”

“ Remove your daughter,” said the Hereditary Prince, in a low tone. “ I demand admittance for the Sovereign of this country.”

The Proprietor approached the steps and seized Ilse’s arm. She tore herself away from him.

“ You drive your daughter from your house, father,” she exclaimed, beside herself. “ If you are the servant of this man, I am not. There is no room for him and my husband at the same time. He comes to ruin us, and his presence brings a curse !”

She tore open the gate into the garden and fled under the trees, burst through the hedge, and hastened down into the valley ; there she sprang upon the

wooden bridge, from which she had shortly before driven the village people ; the flood roared wildly beneath her, and the woodwork bent and groaned. A rent, a crack, and with a powerful spring she alighted on the rock on the other side ; behind her the ruins of the bridge whirled down to the valley. She stood on the rocky prominence in front of the grotto, and raised her hands with a wild look to heaven. Her eldest brother came running behind her from the garden, and screamed when he saw the ruins of the bridge.

“I am separated from you,” exclaimed Ilse. “Tell father, he need not care for me ; the air is pure here ; I am under the protection of the Lord, whom I serve ; and my heart is light.”

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### IN THE CAVE.

THE dark water gurgled and streamed through the valley ; the reflection of the setting sun shone on the bay-windows of the old house ; the wife of the Scholar stood alone beneath the rock overhanging the entrance to the cave. Where once the wives of the ancient Saxons listened to the rustling of the forest trees, and where the wife of the hunted robber hurled stones on his pursuers, now stood the fugitive daughter of the Manor on the Rock, looking down on the wild surging of the water, and up to the house where her husband's foe was resting in the arm-chair of her father. Her breast still heaved convulsively, but she looked kindly on the brown rock which spread its protecting vault above her. Below her roared the wild, destructive flood, while around her the diminutive life of nature carelessly played. The dragon-flies chased one an-



other over the water, the bees hummed about the herbs of the sloping hill, and the wood-birds chanted their evening-carols. She seated herself on the stone bench, and struggled for peaceful thoughts; she folded her hands and bent her head; and the storm within her bosom spent itself in the tears that flowed from her eyes.

“I will not think of myself, but only of those I love. The little ones will inquire after me when they go to bed; to-night they will not hear the stories of the city that I used to tell them, to put them to sleep. They were all wet after their fishing, and in the confusion no one will think of putting dry stockings on them. In thinking of other things I have forgotten to care for them. The youngest persists in wishing to become a professor. My child, you do not know what it is you wish. How much must you learn, and what a change will come over you! For the work which life accomplishes in us is immeasurable. When I formerly sat here near my father, I believed, in my simplicity, that the higher the office, the more noble were the men, and the most exalted of all the best, and that all that was important on earth was done by great and refined minds. And when the two scholars came, and I talked about books with Felix for the first time, I still imagined that everything in print must be indubitable truth, and every one who wrote, a thoroughly learned man. Many think thus childishly. But I have been an obstinate thing, and have vehemently opposed myself to others, even to my husband, who stood highest in my opinion.”

She looked with a sad smile before her, but immediately afterwards bent her head, and again the tears poured from her eyes.

She heard the call of her brother from the garden.

“Holloa, Ilse! are you there? The strangers are still in the house; they are making a sedan chair for the invalid; he is to be taken to the ranger’s lodge. Father is busy sending out messengers. The bridge at Rossau has also been carried away by the water; we cannot get to the town, and no one can come from the town to us. We feel very anxious about your getting back to us.”

“Do not mind about me, Hans,” said Ilse; “tell the girls they must not be so engrossed with the strangers as to forget our dear guest. Greet the children for me; they must not come to the edge of the water to bid me good night, for the bank is slippery.”

Ilse placed herself at the entrance of the cave and looked all about. Early that morning she had seated herself here, and when the water began to rise high, she had hastened over the wooden bridge to warn her brothers and sisters. Her work still lay on the bench, together with a book that had been given her by the Pastor when she was a girl. It was the life of the holy Elizabeth, written by one of the most zealous ecclesiastics of her church.

“When I first read about you,” she thought, “Saint Ilse of the Wartburg, my distinguished namesake, your life touched me, and all that you did and that was told of you appeared to me as an example for myself. You were a pious, sensible, and amiable woman, and united to a worthy husband. Then the longing for higher honor in his knightly order, and martial fame, made him blind to the nearest duty of his life, and he left you and the people of his home, and went to the wars in the far-off land of Italy. Two long years he wandered and fought, and finally returned, weary

and worn. But he found not his beloved wife as he had left her. In the solitude that surrounded you, you had yearned for your husband, and your overpowering sorrow had brought you to ponder upon the great mysteries of life ; your own life had been full of longing, and for this you had become a pious penitent. You wore a garment of hair, and scourged your back ; you bowed your head and thoughts before an intolerant priest. You did what was not right nor seemly ; to please your God, you laid the leper in the bed of your dear husband. In your over-strained piety you lost your warm heart and the modesty of womanhood ; you were canonized by the clergy ; but you, poor woman, in your striving for what they called the grace of God, had sacrificed human feelings and duties. It is not good, Ilse, that man and wife separate without great necessity.”

“When people act harshly towards those they love, they do so because some wrong has been done them or because they fancy themselves offended. But why should you care for invalid strangers on the couch that your husband had forsaken ? I fear me, blessed Elizabeth, that it was the spite of offended love, that it was secret revenge for having so hopelessly longed for your husband. Your history is no good teaching for us, but rather a warning. My sweet old friend Penelope, the poor heathen woman, was far more human than you and a far better wife than you. She wept night after night for her loved husband, and when he finally returned, she threw her arms about him for his having recognized the secret signs of the nuptial couch.”

Again a voice sounded from the other side of the water.

“Do you hear me, Ilse?” cried her father, from the other bank.

“I hear you,” answered Ilse, raising herself.

“The strangers are going away,” said the father; “the invalid is so weak that he cannot injure others; you are, in truth, separated from us. It is becoming dark, and there is no prospect of being able to repair the bridge over the water before night. Go along the valley on your side over the hill to Rossau, and there remain with some one of our acquaintances until morning. It is a long way round, but you may reach it before night.”

“I will remain here, father,” Ilse called back; “the evening is mild, and it is only a few hours till morning.”

“I cannot bear, Ilse, that my wilful child should sleep beneath the rocks in the very sight of her home.”

“Do not mind about me. I have the moon and the stars over me; you know that I do not fear the dwarfs of the cave, nor on my mountain the power of man.”

The twilight of evening fell on the deep valley, and the mist rose from the water; it floated slowly from tree to tree, it undulated and rolled its long, dusky veil between Ilse and her father's house. The trunks of the trees and the roof of the house disappeared, and the grotto seemed to hover in clouds of air separated from the earth amidst indistinct shadows, which hung round the entrance of the rock and fluttered at Ilse's feet, then collected together and dissolved.

Ilse sat on the bench at the entrance, her hands folded over her knees, appearing in her light dress, like a fairy woman of olden times, a ruler of the floating shadows. She gazed along her side of the shore on the mountain-path that led from Rossau.

The distant steps of a wanderer sounded through the damp fog. Ilse took hold of the moist stone. Something moved on the ground near her, and glided indistinctly forward—perhaps it was a night-swallow or owl.

“It is he,” said Ilse, softly. She rose slowly, she trembled, and supported herself against the rock.

The figure of a man stepped out of the white mist; he stopped astonished when he saw a woman standing there.

“Ilse!” called out a clear voice.

“I await you here,” she answered, in a low tone. “Stop there, Felix. You find not your wife as you left her. Another has coveted that which is yours; a poisonous breath has passed over me; words have been said to me which no honest woman ought to hear, and I have been looked upon as a bought slave.”

“You have escaped from the enemy.”

“I have, and therefore am here; but I am no longer in the eyes of others what I once was. You had a wife free from all taint; she who now stands before you is evilly talked of, both on account of father and son.”

“The noise of tongues dies away like the surging of the water beneath your feet. It signifies little what others think when we have done what is satisfactory to our own consciences.”

“I am glad that you do not care for the talk of others. But I am not quite so proud and independent as I was. I conceal my sorrow, but I feel it always. I am lowered in my own eyes, and, I fear, Felix, in yours also; for I have brought on my own misfortune—I have been too frank with strangers, and given them a right over me.”

“You have been brought up to trust in those who hold high positions. Who can give up loyal trust without pain?”

“I have been awakened, Felix. Now answer me,” she continued, with agitation, “how do you return to me?”

“As a weary, erring man, who seeks the heart of his wife and her forgiveness.”

“What has your wife to forgive, Felix?” she again asked.

“That my eyes were blinded, and that I forgot my first duties to follow a vain chase.”

“Is that all, Felix?” Have you brought me back your heart, unchanged to me as it was before?”

“Dear Ilse,” exclaimed her husband, embracing her.

“I hear your tones of love,” she exclaimed, passionately, throwing her arms round his neck. She led him into the grotto, stroked the drops of water out of his damp hair, and kissed him. “I have you, my beloved one; I cling firmly to you, and no power shall ever again separate me from you. Sit here, you long-suffering man; I hold you fast. Let me hear all the trouble you have gone through.”

The Scholar held his wife in his arms, and related all. He felt her tremble when he told her his adventures.

“Indignant anger and terror impelled me along the road to Rossau after the Sovereign,” he said, concluding his account, “and the delay for change of horses seemed insupportable to me. In the town I found a crush of vehicles worse than on a market-day; before the inn a confused noise of wheels, and the cries of men, drovers, and court-lackeys, who could not

cross the water. In the city I learned from strangers that the foe of our happiness had been overtaken by a fate which pursued him to the water. We have done with him, and are free. They called out to me that the bridge on the way to you was broken. I sprang out of the carriage in order to seek the foot-path over the hills and the road behind the garden. Then the dog of our landlord ran past me, and a coachman from our city came up to me and stated that he had brought Fritz and Laura to the town, but that they had gone further down the stream in order to find a crossing. You may believe that I would not wait."

"I knew that you would seek this path," said Ilse. "To-day you are come to me—to me alone; you belong only to me; you are given to me anew, betrothed to me for the second time. The habitations of men around us have disappeared; we stand alone in the wild cave of the dwarfs. You, my Felix, to whom the whole world belongs, who understand all the secrets of life, who know the past and divine the future—you have nothing now for a shelter but this cleft of the rock, and no covering but the kerchief of poor Anna for your weary limbs. The rock is still warm, and I will strew the grass of our hills as a couch for you. You have nothing, my hero in the wilderness, but the rocks and herbs, and your Ilse by your side."

The stillness of night reigns about; the stream rushes gently around the roots of the brambles; and the white mists hang like a thick curtain over the cave. Dusky phantoms glide along the valley; they hover, in long white dresses, past the rocky entrance, down into the open country, where a fresh breath of air dis-

solves them. High above, the moon spreads its white, glimmering tent, woven of rays of light and watery vapors; and the old juggler laughs merrily over the valley and down upon the rocky grotto. As the delusive moonlight harasses mortals by its unreal halo, so do they harass themselves by the pictures of their own fancy, in love and hate, in good and bad humor; their life passes away whilst they are thinking of their duty and err in doing it, whilst they seek truth and dream in seeking it. The spirit flies high, and the heart beats warm, but the hobgoblin of fancy works incessantly amidst the reality of life; the cleverest deceive themselves, and the best are disappointed by their own zeal.

Sleep in peace, Ilse. Thou sittest upon thy low stone bench and holdest in thy lap the head of thy husband. Even in this hour of bliss, thou feelest the sorrow that came to him and thee, and a gentle sigh sounds through the cavern like the movement of a moth's wings against the walls of rock. Sleep in peace. For thou hast lived, in the weeks gone by, through that which for all future time will be a gain to thee. Thou hast learned to seek in the depths of thy own life judgment and firm resolve. It would not be fitting, Ilse, that the lightly-woven tale of that which thou hast suffered, should separately bring up the lofty questions of eternal moment that thou hast raised—thy doubts and thy fierce battles of conscience. That were a too heavy burden for our frail bark. Yet as the mariner at sea, his eye fixed upon things below, recognizes in the waters beneath the reflection of the clouds of heaven, so will thy attainment of freedom, Ilse, be seen in the reflection of thy thoughts, in thy countenance, thy manner, and thy conduct.

Slumber in peace, you children of light! Many of



your hopes have been deceived, and much innocent trust has been destroyed by rough reality. The forms of a past time—forms that you have borne reverentially in your hearts—have laid a real hold on your life; for what a man thinks, and what a man dreams, becomes a power over him. What once has entered in the soul continues to work actively in it, exalting and impelling it onward, debasing and destroying it. About you, too, a game of fantastic dreams has played. If at times it has given you pain, it has still not impaired the power of your life, for the roots of your happiness lie as deep as it is granted man, that transitory flower, to rest in the soil of earth. Slumber in peace under the roof of the wild rock; the warm air of the grotto breathes round your couch, and the ancient vaulting of the roof spreads protectingly over your weary eyes! Around you the forest sleeps and dreams; the old inhabitants of the rock sit at the entrance of the cave. I know not whether they are the elves in whom Ilse does not believe, or the old friends of the scholar, the little goat-footed Pans, who blow their sylvan songs on their reed pipes. They hold their fingers to their mouth, and blow so gently in their pipe that it sounds sometimes like the rushing of the water or the soft sigh of a sleeping bird.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

TOBIAS BACHHUBER.

ILSE gently touched the head of her husband. Felix opened his eyes, threw his arms round his wife, and for a moment looked in confusion at the wild scene about him. The mist hovered like a white curtain before the opening of the cave; the first dawn of morn-

ing cast a glow on the jagged projections of the dark vault; the redbreast sang, and the blackbird piped; the pure light of day was approaching.

“Do you not hear something?” whispered Ilse.

“The birds singing, and the water rushing.”

“But under us, within the rock, some strange power is at work. It stirs and groans.”

“It is some animal from the wood,” said the Professor; “a fox or a rabbit.”

The noise about their seat became louder; something was pushing against the stone bench; it was working and sighing like a man who carries a heavy burden.

“Look,” whispered Ilse, “it is coming out; it is slipping round our feet. There sits the strange thing; it has shining eyes and a glittering cloak.”

The Professor supported himself on his hand and looked at the dark spot, where a small figure sat with hairy face, its body covered with a stiff, glittering garment.

They both looked motionless at the figure.

“Now do you believe in the spirits of this place?” asked her husband, in a low tone.

“I am afraid, Felix; I distinctly see the gold of the dress, and I see a small beard and a horrible face.”

She raised herself.

“Are you the Dwarf-King, Alberich,” asked the Professor, “and is the Nibelungen treasure concealed here?”

“It is the red dog,” cried Ilse, “he has a coat on.”

The Professor jumped up; the dog crouched whining before his feet. The Scholar bent down, felt a strange material round the body of the dog, and took off the covering; he stepped to the entrance and held it up in the dawning light. It was old rotten stuff,

woven with golden thread. The dog, freed from his burden, rushed out of the cave with a growl. The Professor gazed long on the torn tissue, let the rag fall, and said gravely :

“I see, I am at the goal of my long search. These are the remains of a priestly vestment. The dog has drawn this out of some hole into which he has crept ; the treasure of the monk lies in this grotto. But I have done with my hopes. A few days ago this discovery would have intoxicated me, now so dark a remembrance is attached to it that the pleasure that I might have had in what is concealed in these depths has almost all vanished.”

There were loud voices on the opposite bank. Hans hallooed again through the mist ; he greeted his sister and Felix who now came out from the cave on the broad rock, with the joyful news—“The water has fallen.” The other brothers and sisters rushed after him and came close to the water shouting and screaming. Franz brought a sandwich in a paper, and declared his intention of throwing this breakfast over to them, that they might not starve. The children contended against this decision, and eagerly devised a plan of throwing over a piece of twine on a ball and attaching the sandwich to it. Life on the estate had again resumed its ordinary routine.

“Has Fritz come ?” asked the Professor, across the stream.

“They are still at Rossau,” called out Hans. “The bridge has been repaired ; Mr. Hummel is up, and has gone down there.”

The father also came, followed by a troop of laborers, who brought beams and planks. The men went into the water and drove a support into the soft

ground, upon which they laid several slender tree-trunks across the water ; the Professor caught the rope which was thrown to him. After a few hours' work a small bridge was erected. The Proprietor was the first who passed over to his children, and the men exchanged a grave greeting.

“ If the men have an hour's time to spare during the day,” said the Professor, “ they may do one last work for me here. The hiding-place of the monks was in this cave.”

In the meantime Mr. Hummel was descending with rapid steps towards Rossau. The carpenters were still working at the bridge. He cast a searching look on the spot where he had caught hold of the young Prince in the water and murmured :

“ He went down like a cannon-ball. This nation has no capacity for the sea either in its upper or lower classes,—in this whole neighborhood they have not so much as a boat. Twenty years ago there was one here, it is said, but it has been cut up to boil coffee. The best thanks that one can give to this Bielstein man for the disturbance that we have occasioned him, will be to send him a boat to keep among his bundles of straw.”

With these thoughts he entered the door of the Dragon ; there he went up to the sleepy landlord and asked :

“ Where is the young couple that arrived yesterday evening ? ”

“ They are up stairs, I suppose,” returned the latter, indifferently ; “ their bill is to be paid yet, if you will know.”

As he was about to ascend to the upper floor, he heard a cry of joy.

“ Father, my father ! ” exclaimed Laura, rushing

down the stairs; she threw her arms round his neck, and gave vent to such warm expressions of tenderness and sorrow that Mr. Hummel at once became gracious.

“Vagrants!” he exclaimed; “have I caught you? Wait! you shall pay dearly for this escapade.”

The Doctor also rushed headlong down stairs, and greeted Mr. Hummel with outbursts of joy.

“Your carriage will bring the things after us; we will go on ahead,” ordered Mr. Hummel. “How did your Don Juan behave?” he asked, in a low tone, of his daughter.

“Father, he took care of me like an angel, and sat on a chair the whole night before my door. It was terrible, father.”

“And how does the affair please you? So romantic! It calls forth superb feelings, and one thereby escapes the almond-cake and the unseasoned jokes of the comic actor.”

But Laura pressed up to her father, and looked imploringly at him, till Mr. Hummel said:

“So it has been a cure? Then I will joyfully pay the bill of the Dragon.”

They walked out of the door together.

“How did she behave on the way?” he asked the Doctor, confidentially.

“She was charming,” he exclaimed, pressing the arm of the father, “but in an anxious state of mind; I was sent up on the coach-box four times that repentance overcame her.”

“What, and did you climb up?” asked Mr. Hummel, indignantly.

“It gave me pleasure to see that she was so deeply affected by the unusual nature of the journey.”

“‘It gives me pleasure that my poodle should go into the water,’ said the flea, and was drowned,” returned Mr. Hummel, mockingly. “Why did you not look calmly on the anxiety of my child? It would have saved you many a bond if you had been firm with her the first day.”

“But she was not yet my wife,” said the Doctor.

“O, it was tolerant mischievousness, was it?” replied the father, “may you bide your time.”

When they approached the courtyard, the daughter hanging on the arm of her father—which she would not let go—he began :

“Not a word to-day, now, about this abominable elopement. I have hushed up your thoughtless folly before the people here, and thrown a mantle over it, that you may be able to open your eyes ; you are announced and expected as quiet travelers. We shall remain here together to-day ; to-morrow I shall speak to you, in my office of father, a last word concerning your romance.

At the door the wanderers were joyfully welcomed by their friends. The Professor and the Doctor embraced each other.

“You come just in time, Fritz ; the adventure which we began here years ago will conclude to-day. The treasure of Brother Tobias is discovered.”

After some hours the whole party started for the cave ; the laborers followed with iron crows and levers.

The Proprietor examined the block of stone at the back of the cave. At the bottom on one side he saw a hole, the same through which the dog had crawled.

“This opening is new,” he exclaimed ; “it was closed by a stone which has fallen in.”

The large stone bench was with some exertion

rolled away, and an opening wide enough for a man to creep in without difficulty became perceptible. The lights were lowered into it, and showed a continuation of the cave sloping downwards, which went many yards further into the mountain. It was a desolate space. In the time of the monks it had undoubtedly been dry, but was no longer so. Roots of trees had driven the crevices of the rock asunder, or the strata had sunk, owing to the penetration of the damp. Thus an entrance had been given to water and animals, and there was a confused mass of litter from the wood and bones. The workmen cleared it with their tools, and the spectators sat and stood by, full of curiosity. The Professor, in spite of his composure, kept as close to the spot as he could. But the Doctor could not long bear to look on. He took off his coat and descended into the opening. Mouldy pieces of thick cloth were brought up ; probably the treasure had been conveyed in a large bag to its place of concealment. Then came altar covers and ecclesiastical robes.

There was a cry of joy, and the Doctor handed out a book. The face of the Professor was suffused with color as he took it. It was a missal on parchment. He gave it to the Proprietor, who now looked on with great interest. The Doctor handed out a second book ; all pressed near. The Professor sat on the ground and read. It was a manuscript of St. Augustine in a deplorable condition.

“Two !” he said, and his voice sounded hoarse from inward emotion.

“The Doctor handed a third book, again spiritual Latin hymns with notes. The fourth, a Latin Psalter. The Professor held out his hand, and it trembled.

“Is there more ?” he exclaimed.

The Doctor's voice sounded hollow from the cave.

"There is nothing more."

"Look carefully," said the Professor, with faltering voice.

"Here is the last," cried the Doctor, handing out small square board, "and here another."

They were two book-covers of solid wood, the outside ornamented with carved ivory. The Professor perceived at once from the style of the figures that it was Byzantine work of the latest Roman period—the figure of an Emperor on a throne, and over him an angel with a halo.

"A large quarto of the fifth or sixth century. It is the cover of the manuscript, Fritz ; where is the text?"

"There is no text to be found," again replied the sepulchral voice of the Doctor.

"Take the lantern and throw the light everywhere."

The Doctor took the second lantern in. He felt with his hand and pickaxe all round in every corner of the rock. He threw the last blade of straw out, and the last remnant of the bag. There was nothing of the manuscript to be seen—not a page, not a letter.

The Professor looked at the cover.

"They have torn it out," he said, in a faint voice ; "probably the monks took the Roman Emperor in ivory for a saint."

He held the cover to the light. On the inner side of one of the pieces, amidst dust and decay, might be read, in old monkish writing, the words :

"THE TRAVELS OF THE SILENT MAN."

The silent man was now drawn from his hiding-place. But he spoke not : his mouth remained mute for ever.

"Our dream is at an end," said the Professor,



composedly. "The monks have torn out the text from the cover, and left it behind ; there was no more room for the manuscript in the crowded bag. The treasure is lost to science. Our hand touches what was once the cover of the manuscript, and we cannot help having the bitter feeling of sorrow for what is irreparable, the same as if it had passed away in our sight. But we return to the light in possession of our faculties, and must do our duty in making available to our generation, and those who come after us, what remains."

"Was this genius called Bachhuber?" exclaimed Mr. Hummel ; "judging from appearances, he was an ass."

The Proprietor laid his hand on the shoulder of his son-in-law.

"After all, you learned men have been in the right," he said. "Close the opening by the stone bench again," he said, addressing the laborers ; "the cave shall remain as it was."

The party returned silently to the old house. The boys carried the books, the girls the bundles of torn monks' dresses, and made plans for drawing out the gold threads for themselves. The Professor kept the cover of the lost manuscript.

As they entered the house there was a sound of horse's feet on the other side. The Proprietor went to the door. The old Chief Forester drew in his black horse.

"I have ridden in haste through the farm to bring you news. Everything with us is topsy-turvy. We have Court Officials and Ministers, and doctors are fetched from every quarter. My people have all been sent out, and I myself have come to Rossau to order a courier. I fear his Serene Highness is very low ; he knows no one. The Hereditary Prince is now

awaiting the arrival of the Court physician ; as soon as he gives permission the party will start for the capital. All these terrible things are owing to the unfortunate additions to my quiet dwelling. One thing more, while it occurs to me—your son-in-law is searching for old papers and books. There are some chests at our place containing such lumber of ancient times, when the ranger's lodge was still a royal shooting-box. Over the door, from under the plaster, one can discover a foreign word, *solitudini*, which means, they say, 'in solitude.' The chests are rotten : in the course of the building they have been moved from their place. When things become quieter with us the Professor will, perhaps, look over them."

"Then here is the Castle Solitude, with the genuine chests of the official," exclaimed the Professor. "I shall never go to that house."

The Doctor seized his hat, and spoke in a low tone to Laura and the Proprietor.

"I beg leave of absence for to-day," he said, going out.

He did not return till evening.

"In the chest there are accounts for repairs to the monastic buildings and for the estate at the end of the seventeenth century ; there are, besides, some volumes of Corneille. The vicar who went to America is related to the Chief Forester."

"We have been led astray," said the Professor, calmly. "It is well that every doubt has disappeared."

"But," replied the Doctor, "there is still no proof that the old manuscript is destroyed. It is yet possible that it may come to light somewhere in fragments. Who knows but there may be strips on the back of some books?"

“On the books which the Swede has written in characters of fire at Rossau,” replied the Professor, with a sad smile. “It is well, Fritz, that the tormenting spirits are forever banished.”

Early on the morning of the following day a line of carriages left the ranger’s lodge; the first was closely curtained—it was the prostrate Sovereign, guarded by his physicians. Before starting, the Hereditary Prince beckoned the Chief Forester to his carriage:

“Is there any other way to Rossau than that by the manor-house through the Bielstein estate?”

“Over the ridge through the wood,” replied the Chief Forester; “but it is a roundabout way.”

“We will take the road through the wood,” commanded the Hereditary Prince. On the way he said to his attendant: “I expect from you, Weidegg, that, should occasion present itself, you will show considerate attention to the people who dwell in that house. I am the son of the sick Sovereign to whom a voice refused reception there. I shall, therefore, never again cross the threshold of that house; and I wish that you never again mention the name of that woman in my presence.”

The sad procession passed close by the spot where once the lightning had struck the pine-tree. The carriages moved at a slow pace along the ridge of hills upon the forest-road.

“Drive on ahead,” said the Prince; “I will walk a short distance alone.”

He stepped to the edge of the hill; the early dawn tinged the dark bushes of heather with a golden green. From that same height, where once a merry party had rested, the Prince looked down on Bielstein, which stood out in the white morning mist, on the roof and

balconies of the old house. Long he stood motionless ; the bell sounded from the village church through the mountain air ; he bent his head till the last echoes of the melancholy tones passed away ; then he stretched his hand greetingly towards the manor, turned quickly back, and went along the forest-road.

\* \* \*

The cocks crowed in the farmyard at Bielstein, the sparrows twittered in the vine arbor, and the people were preparing for the day's work. Then Mr. Hummel knocked three times with his ponderous fist at the door of the room in which his daughter slept.

“Get up, eloper,” he shouted, “if you still wish to take leave of your forsaken father.”

There was a noise in the room and a pattering of slippers, and Laura's head peeped through the opening in the door.

“Father, you are not going to leave us !” she said pleadingly.

“You have left me,” replied Mr. Hummel ; “we must have a few final words together. Dress yourself properly, and you shall accompany me down the hill. I will wait for you in the hall.”

He had to wait some time for his daughter, and paced impatiently up and down, looking at his watch.

“Gabriel,” he said to the servant, who came up to him in his best attire, “much misfortune arises from women's long hair. It is on that account that they never can be ready at the right time ; this is their privilege by which they vex us, and it is on that account that they maintain they are the weaker sex. Order and punctuality will never be obtained unless all womankind have their pig-tails cut off on one day.”

Laura glided down the stairs, clung to her father's arm, and stroked his cheeks with her little hand.

“Come into the garden, my little actress,” he said; “I must speak to you alone for a few minutes. You have succeeded in eloping, you have gone through the scandal,—in what state of mind are you now?”

“Uneasy, dear father,” said Laura, dejectedly. “I know that it was a folly, and Ilse says so too.”

“Then it must be so,” replied Mr. Hummel, dryly. “What is now to become of you?”

“Whatever you wish, father,” said Laura. “Fritz and I are of opinion that we must follow your wishes unconditionally. I have by my folly lost all right of expressing a wish; if I could still venture to make a request,” she said, timidly, “I should like to remain here for a short time.”

“Then you wish to get rid of your seducer?”

“He is going back to his parents, and we will wait, my father, until he has an appointment at the University: he has prospects.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Hummel, shaking his head. “All that would have been very sensible before the elopement; now it is too late. Your banns have been published in church, now, three times.”

“The people would not have it otherwise,” continued Mr. Hummel. “When it was known that you had eloped, the clergy could not avoid publishing the banns; you had not been long out of the gate when this calamity took place.”

Laura stood terrified, and a burning red suffused her cheeks. The bells of the little church by the wood below sounded. Mr. Hummel took a paper out of his pocket.

“Here are those cursed old godmother’s gloves ; I wish at last to get rid of the trash. Here you have your dowry, I can give you nothing more ; put them on quickly, that people may at least observe by your hands that this is a festive day for you. When it comes to the business of the wedding-ring you can easily take them off.”

“Father,” cried Laura, wringing her hands.

“You could not bear the idea of a wedding-cake,” said Mr. Hummel, “so you must do without a wedding-dress, and many other things. These dramatic attitudes would have been very suitable before the elopement, now you must be married without question either immediately, or not at all. Do you think that one goes out into the world for a joke ?”

“My mother !” exclaimed Laura, and the tears rolled from her eyes.

“You chose to run away from your mother, and if your father, out of consideration for these strangers, had not come, you would have had to do the business alone. You wished to escape from our homely, simple feelings.”

Laura laid hold of a tree with trembling hands, and looked imploringly at her father.

“You are not so bold as I thought. Now the timid hare in you comes to light.”

Laura threw herself on her father’s breast and sobbed ; he stroked her curls.

“Little Hummel,” he said, kindly, “there must be punishment, and it is not severe ; I am satisfied that you should marry him. He is a worthy man ; I have observed that ; and if it is for your happiness, I shall easily get on with him, but you must not immediately begin to hum and buzz if I sometimes bristle up in my

way. I wish, too, that you should marry him to-day, that is now the best course for all parties. You may exercise your bridal feelings later and go through your emotions as you like. Be brave, now, my child, the others are waiting, and we must not delay them. Are you ready?"

Laura wept, but a soft "Yes" was heard.

"Then we will awake the bridegroom," said Mr. Hummel. "I believe the sacrificial lamb sleeps without any foreboding of his fate."

He left his daughter, hastened to the Doctor's door, and looked into the room. Fritz lay fast asleep. Mr. Hummel seized the boots which were standing before the door and bumped them down beside the bed.

"Good morning, Don Juan," he shouted; "have the kindness to get immediately into this leather. These are your bridal boots. My daughter Laura begs you to make haste, and the clergyman is impatient."

The Doctor sprang out of his bed.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Terribly in earnest," said Hummel.

He did not have to wait long for the Doctor. He entered the garden where Laura was still sitting alone in the bower, uneasy, like an imprisoned bird that does not venture to leave its cage. Mr. Hummel led the Doctor up to her.

"There, you have her," he said solemnly. "It is a fine morning, just like that when I set out as a boy. To-day I send my child into the world, and that is another kind of feeling. I do not object to it if you live happily together, till first your children run away from you into the world, and then the grandchildren: for man is like a bird, he takes pains and

collects the bits of straw together for his home, but the young brood do not care for the nest of the parents. Thus the old raven must now sit alone and find few who will be vexed with his croaking. Take my stubborn girl, dear Fritz, and do not let her have too much of her own will. I have watched you for some time, and I will tell you something in confidence : ever since the affair of the cat's-paws it occurred to me, that in the end you would be no bad husband for this Hummel. That you are called Hahn is, after all, only a misfortune." He kissed them both right heartily. "Now come, runaways, for the others are expecting you."

Mr. Hummel walked before his children to the house ; he opened the door of the sitting-room where the whole family were assembled. Laura flew to Ilse, and concealed her hot face on the breast of her friend. The latter took the bridal wreath, which her sisters had brought, and placed it on Laura's head. Gabriel opened the door. Years before the Doctor had drawn his friend from the bramble bush against the wall into the church ; now he walked into the little village church hand in hand with his love, and again the children strewed flowers. When the clergymen joined the hands of the bridal pair, Ilse also clasped the hand of her husband.

"Your mother is wanting," said Hummel, to the bride, when she embraced him after the wedding ; "and the Doctor's family also. But you are citizen's children, and however exalted your feelings may be you must accommodate yourself to our customs. You will go from here back to your native town. There your mothers will keep the after-nuptials, and you, runaway, shall not escape the bad poetry. You must



excuse me if I am not at home on that day ; I have to make a business journey, and it is not suitable to marry one's child twice in a week." He then said, in a low tone to his daughter : "between ourselves, I do not wish to peck of the same wedding-cake with the Hahn family. You are not to live with me, nor in the house over the way :—that has been advised by our friends, and I think it quite right. After the marriage feast you may travel for some weeks, and then return to your own home."

"The bridal journey you will make alone," said the Professor ; "not with us. Ilse and I have determined, after a short rest, to return to the city. I have some months of the vacation still before me which I shall endeavour to make of use to a select circle of students. Among books we shall again find what we lost among strangers,—peace with ourselves, and peace with those about us."

It was about Easter the following year. Mr. Hummel and Gabriel stood dressed in festive black before the door of No. 1, Park Street.

"I was to see her, Gabriel," began Mr. Hummel, confidentially. "I took the money to her this time myself, because you wished it. I inquired concerning her of the people at the Inn and of the neighbors. She behaves with modesty, and her character is greatly changed. Much water, Gabriel," and he pointed to his eyes.

"You were kind to her ?" asked Gabriel, faintly.

"As a lamb," replied Mr. Hummel, "and she the same. The room was poor, one picture only hung there without a frame, Gabriel, as a remembrance of

her happy position in that house. It was a cock with golden feathers."

Gabriel turned away.

"At last the place became too moist for my dry constitution, but care has been taken of her. She is to be placed in a respectable business as a saleswoman, and as for the illegitimate Knips, the ladies will take care of him. I have spoken with Madame Hummel, and she with the Hahn woman over the way; they will arrange for the charitable collections. But as far as you are concerned, Gabriel, with all respect,—what is too much is too much."

Mr. Hummel respectfully seized Gabriel's waist-coat button, and twisted the averted face as by a screw round to himself. Then he looked into the sad eyes for some time without saying a word, but they both understood each other.

"It was a hard time, it was a mad time, Gabriel, in every point of view," began Mr. Hummel, at last, shaking his head; "what we went through with princes was no trifle."

"He was very light," said Gabriel, "and I carried him like a feather."

"That is nothing to the purpose," said Mr. Hummel; "the affair was creditable. Just think what it is to have saved a young Sovereign. That few of us can do. For a moment, ambitious thoughts came into my head—that is to say, the Chamberlain, no ill-disposed man and an old acquaintance of ours, sounded me on a delicate point when he last called."

"He also sent for me," interposed Gabriel, with dignity. "Prince Victor had commissioned him to send his respects, and to say that the Prince was to marry the Princess."

“Even this kind of householder becomes domestic,” said Mr. Hummel, “that is at least a beginning. Well, the Chamberlain assured me of his Serene Highness’s gratitude, made eloquent speeches, and probed me at last with a ‘predicate.’\* Do you know what that is?”

“Hum,” said Gabriel, “if it is something that is given away at that Court it would be like a colored tobacco pouch without any tobacco in it; it must be a title.”

“You have hit it,” said Mr. Hummel. “What do you think of Sir Court Hat Maker and Householder, Henry Hummel?”

“A swindle,” replied Gabriel.

“Right, it was a weakness; but I overcame it at the right time. Then I asked this Chamberlain, ‘what would you expect of me?’ ‘Nothing at all,’ he said, ‘except that you should carry on a distinguished business!’ ‘That is the case now,’ I said. ‘But what hats will they expect me to keep?’ For he, who has had experience like mine, becomes suspicious, and look you, Gabriel, then the fraud came out, for what was his idea and expectation? I was in his eyes a man who dealt in straw hats. Then I thanked him for the honor, and turned my back to him.”

“But,” said Gabriel, “there should be some concession with regard to this matter; we are on good terms now with the people over there; and if you have given your daughter to the family, why not also an article of business?”

“Do not interfere in my affairs,” said Mr. Hummel, irritably. “It is bad enough that I, as father, and in a certain degree as neighbor, have been

\* A title.

obliged to give up my old grudge. How can one irritate oneself now, when one is obliged to have one's hand pressed here, and to drink family punch under the cursed Muse there? No, I was a weak father, and as a neighbor, an inexcusably fickle man. But, Gabriel, even the worm which is trod upon keeps its sting. And my sting is my business. There the enmity still remains. Every spring, vindictiveness; and every winter, triumph. I have lost my child and made over my money to a coxcomb, but I am still man enough to hold my own against the fellow across the way."

He looked at the empty place on the door-steps, where his dog Spitehahn formerly used to sit.

"I miss him," continued Mr. Hummel, pointing significantly to the ground.

"He is gone," said Gabriel.

"He was a dog after my own heart," continued Mr. Hummel, slowly; "and I have an idea. What do you think, Gabriel, if we were to erect a monument to him in the garden. Here near the street; there would only be a low stone and upon it a single word—'Spitehahn.' When the doors stand open one could read it across the street. It would be a memorial of the poor beast, and especially of the good time when one could pluck the feathers of a Hahn without being indicted for infanticide."

"That will not do," replied Gabriel. "What would the son-in-law's people over the way say to it?"

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Hummel, and turned away.

Yes, Spitehahn had disappeared from the world. Since that hour, when in the dim grey of the morning he had wound round him the golden dress of the deceased Bachhuber like a ruff, he had disappeared.

No inquiries and no offers of reward had enabled Mr. Hummel to obtain a trace of him. In vain were the shepherds and laborers of the neighborhood, and even the magistrates of Rossau, set in movement—he had vanished like a spirit. The place on the steps remained empty; the blank which he had left behind in society was filled by a younger race of dogs in Park Street; the neighborhood in every walk along the street felt a satisfaction which they had long been deprived of; the cigar dealer again placed his stand near Mr. Hummel's garden; and the young ladies in white dresses, who went to the Park, gradually gave up the custom of turning away from Mr. Hummel's house, and going over to the straw side. The memory of Spitehahn passed away without regret from any; only with the old inmates of the street the remembrance of him remained as a dark tradition. Gabriel alone thought of the lost one evenings when he saved the bones for miscellaneous dogs of the neighborhood. But he did not wonder at the disappearance of the animal: he had long known that something mysterious must sometime or other happen to him.

There came a confirmation of this view, which furnished food for thought for the rest of Gabriel's life; for when, in the following autumn, he again went in company with his master and mistress to visit the Manor-house of Bielstein, directly upon his arrival he begged permission to have an afternoon's holiday, and, as he often did now, walked alone with his thoughts. He went in the wood, far past the ranger's lodge, amongst large mossy beech-trees, ferns, and bilberries. It was evening, and a grey twilight overtook the wanderer; he was uncertain of his direction, and, somewhat uneasy, sought the road to the house.

Thunder rolled in the distance, and sometimes a bright flash of lightning passed over the heavens, and for a moment lighted up the trunks of the trees and the mossy ground. Amid a bright flash he saw himself suddenly on a cross-road ; he started back, for a few steps from him a great dark figure was moving across the path, with a broad-brimmed felt hat on his head and a weapon on his shoulder ; it glided by noiselessly and without greeting. Gabriel stood astonished ; again a flash, and along the same road ran two dogs, a black and a red cur, with huge heads and bristly hair : suddenly the red one stopped and turned towards Gabriel, who saw at the back of the dog a tuft which it wagged. The next moment there was profound darkness, and Gabriel heard at his feet a slight whimpering, and it appeared to him as if something licked his boot. Another slight noise, and then all was still.

The people on the estate maintain that it was a poacher, or the great deer-stealer from the other side of the frontier ; but Gabriel knew who the night-hunter was, and what the dog was. He who had before sent the dog to Hummel's house, without money and without name, had also called him away. The hound now barked again in the night, when the storm blew like a hunting-horn, when the clouds flew under the moon, and the trees bent their heads, groaning, to the earth. Then he ran over the hills from Rossau, through the grounds of Bielstein ; he howled, and the moon laughed mockingly down on the place in which Tobias Bachhuber had deposited his treasures, and among them the cover of the lost manuscript.

But if no observer could be in doubt as to the fate of the dog, far more uncertain is the judgment of the

present day concerning another figure which hovers about the grotto.

What can thy fate be, unfortunate Brother Tobias Bachhuber? Thy conduct towards the manuscript we have been seeking transcends everything one could have expected of a Tobias. It is much to be feared that thy disregard of the highest interests of mankind may have injured thy social position in the other world. Grievous doubts arise, Bachhuber, as to thy heavenly happiness: for the wrong that thou hast done to us would have drawn tears from an angel. To us mortals it is impossible to think of thee with the confidence which thy true-hearted words would impress upon us: *hæc omnia deposui*,—I have deposited all this. That was an untruth, Bachhuber, and the wounds of deceived confidence will always bleed afresh.

Answer my question, Tobias—what views didst thou hold of the unity of the human race? of the bonds of union binding the souls of men of past ages with the souls of men of the present? or of that stupendous net-work, humanity, in which thou wert a mesh? Thy views were pitiable, indeed. Thou didst stuff the great manuscript, the hope of our century, into a bag and thou didst rip out the text when thou foundest the bag too full, and didst carefully preserve the covers for later generations! For shame, thrice for shame!

And yet, withal, thou didst ever hover restlessly about the cave of the forest, and since Swedish times didst bustle about unceasingly in the rooms of the old house!

Why didst thou do that, Tobias, silly monk? Is't possible that thou hadst something in store, that thou wast guarding something, for the happiness of those who came after thee, that thou wert, after all, laboring

for the unity of mankind that we said thou hadst no conception of?

Yes, a treasure was found. It did not have the appearance that our scholars thought it would, when their glance first rested on the faded letters of thy record. The treasure that both the scholars found, had clenched fists, and dimpled cheeks, and sweet, bright eyes. Their treasure came to them alive, nor was it of the silent kind. Bachhuber, can it be that thou hast frivolously transcended the rules of thy order? Was it thou that set down this treasure in the 'dry hollow place' commonly called a cradle? in the cradles of two homes?

To-day there is a great christening at the Professor's house—a double one. The Professor's son is called Felix, and the Doctor's young daughter Cornelia. Almost at the same time the children resolved to narrow the space of the over-crowded world by their appearance. The sponsors of the boy are Professor Raschke and Mrs. Struvelius; the sponsors of the girl are Professor Struvelius and Mrs. Raschke; but Mr. Hummel is godfather for both, stands in the middle and swings first one, and then the other godchild.

"I am delighted that yours is a boy," he said, to the Professor; "he will be fair and jolly. For womankind is rapidly getting the upper hand, and will soon become too powerful for us; we must strengthen ourselves by an increase, otherwise a complete revolution will take place. I am delighted that yours is a girl," he said, to his daughter; "the creature is dark and bristly; it will be no Hahn, but a Hummel."

The christening is over, and Professor Raschke raises his glass.



There are two new human souls in the kingdom of books, two more scholars' children in our blustering, curious, pedantic, and whimsical community. You children will take your first riding-lessons on your fathers' folios ; you will make your first helmet and your first dress from your fathers' proof-sheets : you will regard, earlier than others, with secret terror the books that surround your rosy youth. But we hope that you too will help preserve for a future generation the proud and lofty spirit with which your fathers have dedicated their lives to science, to thought, and to creative activity. You too, be you man or woman, must become the faithful guardians of the ideals of our people. You will find a national spirit that takes a stronger flight and makes higher demands on its intellectual leaders. As we in the present, so you in the future, will often be accorded a smile. But see to it that it be kindly. And see to it that the office that has come to you from your fathers, remain worthy of the people. And see to it that you too shall acquit yourselves as steadfast and honest workers in the fields of Science—true to your faith in the good genius of this our life."

Raschke spoke : and waved his glass.

"Pray, Professor Raschke!" exclaimed Mrs. Struvelius ; "you have my glass. My gloves are in it. Do not drink them, I beseech you!"

"True enough," said Raschke, apologetically ; and he poured with measured deliberation the wine from the flask on the gloves, to join with great appreciation in the toast he had offered.

But in the dimly, lighted corner, by the book-case, whereon the tiny record of our loved Brother lay, appeared the humble figure of Bachhuber,—Tobias

Bachhuber, observed by no one—in the resemblance of a nurse. He greeted, and graciously bowed his thanks.

When the friends had departed, Ilse sat on the sofa, the child before her in her lap. Felix knelt at her side, and both looked down upon the young life between them.

“It is so small, Felix,” said Ilse; “and yet all that was and all that is, does not make the mother so happy as the soft beating of the little heart in its breast.”

“Restlessly the thinking mind struggles after the eternal,” exclaimed the Scholar; “but he who holds wife and child to his heart, feels forevermore united in holy peace with the high power of life.”

The cradle rocked, as if moved by spirit hands. Thus does the treasure look, blessed Bachhuber, that thy active hand has helped bestow upon a future race. Thou hast not acted well by us. Thou hast done us wrong. But when we think how studiously active thou wast, in the old manor-house and elsewhere, to perform, to the glory of coming generations, the kindly offices of a match-maker, we cannot be angry with thee on this solemn, festive occasion. All in all, we must say thou wert an unfortunate, ill-starred fellow, and hast been the cause of much trouble. But thy heart was kind. And after all, Tobias, thou hast been taken up into heaven—with a question-mark it is true: for thou shalt ever wear on the back of thy celestial cowl a tag of Satan’s making—a mark for all future time of thy dealings with the lost manuscript of Tacitus.

[THE END.]

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