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DOCTOR JACOB.

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.

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By MISS ^matilda Barbara BETHAM-EDWARDS.

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DOCTOR JACOB.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR o'clock chimed from the old Dom Tower of Frankfort on the Maine; the sixty-two day-scholars of Fraulein Fink's institution disappeared by twos and threes; the back gate was closed after them, and the weekly half-holiday commenced.

Fraulein Fink loved her school, but she could not help breathing a sigh of relief as she crossed the square courtyard, around which the class-rooms were built; indeed, she even smiled to herself at the pleasant prospect of a leisure evening, a friend or two to tea in the garden, and a nice little display of sweets in their honor. Perhaps no inhabitant of the Free City worked harder than did Fraulein Fink. From eight in the morning till eight at night she was strenuously and anxiously occupied. A Jesuit striving doggedly after the conversion of a heretic may be compared to her; but no other workman, and no workwoman, however ardent. Her belief was Grammar; her first tenets of faith were the Subject and the Predicate, the major sentence and the minor sentence. In the cause of the latter, she won many a wrinkle and many a gray hair. Daily, she woke up to battle for the Predicate; daily, she girded her loins to fight for the major sentence.

Next to grammar, Fraulein Fink adored Goethe. Indeed, it would be difficult to tell which of the two was the greatest passion of her life. She was certainly quite as happy when discussing Wilhelm Meister or the Iphigenie with her friend Professor Beer, as when giving a lecture on grammatical construction in the first class.

"Without a sound mental occupation, or the frequent interchange of ideas with a masculine intellect," she would often say, "no sensible woman can be happy. My school supplies me with the former—my learned friend, Professor Beer, with the latter. I would not change my condition for the world."

In spite of such habitual cheerfulness, a life of unmitigated toil and of unceasing crusades for the Predicate began to tell upon Fraulein Fink's kindly features. The lines around her mouth were now deep and close; the cheek bones protruded a little, the temples sharpened off toward her slightly-silvered auburn hair. There are two kinds of vanity: a vanity of beauty and a vanity of ugliness; and she possessed the latter. You could not be in her company half an hour without her impressing upon you the facts of her plainness and of her advancing age. She persisted, too, in calling her hair red, and to contradict her was almost an offense—if anything could offend so complacent a person.

Fifty years of unprotected toil, and a plain face to keep company with them, would be an arid waste for the reflection of most women. Fraulein Fink could never talk of her past life too often nor too cheerfully. Der liebe Gott had, indeed, not seen fit to give her a husband, but He had bestowed upon her intellect and a sphere of usefulness. What woman could be more blessed? This was the way in which she reasoned.

Having performed her toilet—that is to say, having adjusted a prickly frilling of ribbon across her head, and a couple of rings on her freckled fingers, she passed into the landing. Here she paused a moment. Five large wardrobes fronted her; one containing the household linen, another the household grocery, another jam, pickles, etc.; applying the keys at her waist to several, she loaded herself with tea, china cups, loaf-sugar, and biscuits, finally she opened an adjoining door unceremoniously, and cried—

"Hannchen, are you ready to set the table?"

"In a minute, aunty."

And a right bonny girl, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, abundance of braided brown hair, white teeth, and a tall, plump figure, presents herself to our view, in the act of affixing a pink knot to her white dress.

"Your white dress, Hannchen!" said the aunt in a voice of displeasure; "it is surely clean enough for another concert in the Zoölogical Gardens."

Hannchen loved dress, and stood a little in awe of the Fraulein Fink.

"Indeed, aunty, the stiffness is quite out. Do you remember how I complained of the bad starch whilst ironing it?—and you *do* like me to look nice when the Frau Directorin comes, don't you?"

The last little device worked well. Fraulein Fink changed the subject.

"Is Miss Macartney out?"

"I dare say not—that's the worst of English governesses," answered Hannchen, pettishly, "they never make friends, and are always in the house when one doesn't want them. I don't see, either, why you need ask her to take tea with us, aunty; she has had her four o'clock bread and fruit with the rest. Let her amuse herself, as mademoiselle and Louise do."

"My dear Hannchen, Miss Macartney is an excellent instructress, and, unlike most of her countrywomen, can eat anything—her age, too, looks well for the school. It would be most unreasonable to offend her."

Hannchen pouted a little, but said nothing, and the two descended by a back staircase into the garden. Before this, they crossed the playground, which, with the pear-trees and benches belonging, was free to the three governesses, five boarders, and sixty-two day-scholars. Fraulein Fink, Hannchen, and the English governess, alone were privileged to enter the well-stored fruit-garden below. English governesses never plucked fruit on the sly, or made love to idle young gentlemen over the hedge, and they were rewarded accordingly.

Tea being arranged in the summer-house, Hannchen was dispatched to invite Miss Macartney, soon returning, however, with the satisfactory intelligence that that lady had already gone for a walk. Whether her governesses went out or stayed at home after school-hours, mattered little to the Fraulein Fink; so long as they appeared contented and kept clear of conspicuous scrapes, she allowed them perfect liberty, and felt provoked if they did not avail themselves of it.

Soon came the Frau Directorin. She was a pleasant, portly lady, bearing the same resemblance to her slim young daughter as a fruit-laden apple-tree to the five-year-old sapling growing by its side. Hannchen and her friend kissed each other warmly; the two elder ladies exchanged plenty of compliments, and as many affectionate greetings as if they had not met for ten years, instead of as many days. Then the little party sat down to tea.

"My dear Frau Directorin," said the schoolmistress (who would not have omitted the title for the world), "pray do not measure the number of your cups by mine. If the tea is good, enjoy it—but I abstain, and from a motive which you, I am sure, will commend. To tell you the truth, tea affects me in the strangest manner—it makes me gossip about my neighbors."

The two girls laughed aloud. Frau Directorin Heinrich reverenced the instructress of her daughters highly, and always spoke of her as a decidedly intellectual woman, whom few could understand, who ought in fact to have lived in the days of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder. She answered, with a good-humored smile—

"Indeed! But you never say any harm of your neighbors, dear Fraulein Fink, so that it little matters how much you gossip. Your tea is excellent, and, even if you do not join me, I will take a second cup."

Before the second cup was finished, she drew forth a large yellow pocket handkerchief and began hemming for the Herr Director; it had been purchased a bargain, and must, therefore, be discussed. Then the young ladies produced half-finished stockings and plied their knitting-pins. Fraulein Fink alone sat in idleness. She prided herself upon using needles and knitting-pins but seldom; other women were not born with so decided a capability for Goethe and Grammar—let *them* work to their hearts' content.

She leaned back on the garden seat and surveyed her laden plum-trees and plentiful lettuce beds with eyes that grew moist with feelings of pride and satisfaction. The pleasant garden, and roomy house adjoining, were her own—had been won by school-room drudgery—or rather, for we are transcribing her own thoughts now, by dignified and elevating services in the cause of intellectual development. All was quiet, and as the declining sun slanted through the interlaced branches overhead, and the rising breeze wafted a fruity air around, her heart swelled at the contemplation of her little territory. Had her friend Professor Beer been by, she would have quoted largely from Goethe; as it was, she descended to the only kind of sentimentality in which Frau Directorin Heinrich could sympathize.

"Ah! my dear Frau Directorin," she said, clasping her hands, "that blue sky—those green trees—the serene heavenliness of such an hour and such a scene—what good thoughts does not the dear God require of us for all these! When I think of the countless hours I have spent here, which have been as balm to my tired mind and limbs, I can only say, I care not how soon I go to the quiet God's-acre, and there rest without fear of a school bell forever!"

The Frau Directorin said something about her dear father having talked in the same way, bless him, years before he died; and what a reader of Zschokke he was!

Hannchen remarked that she wanted some cotton at the next fair; Elise Heinrich mooted the subject of a coming concert in the Neue Anlage, and Fraulein Fink submitted with a sigh to commonplaces.

By-and-by the four ladies went indoors to have a little music in the drawing-room, the schoolmistress stopping half-way at the kitchen.

"I will give out sausage and apple sauce for the dining-room supper," she said to Lischen the cook, "and we will have the same upstairs; but fetch us beer, fresh rolls and butter—two portions of each. Are the ladies in?"

"The English Fraulein returned a few minutes ago. Mademoiselle and the pupils I haven't seen."

The refectory was a large bare apartment, furnished with some rickety chairs, a hoarse and most unpleasant clock, two long tables, an old piano, and a couple of racks for books, afternoon doles of bread and fruit, etc. This room served both the purpose of refectory and place of assembly for the governesses and boarders when school-hours were over, and being lighted by a window painted yellow, it made every one look very bilious indeed.

Fraulein Fink peeped in. The English governess sat with her hands clasped over her temples in an attitude that caused the schoolmistress to start and utter a little scream. Miss Macartney had been hitherto an undemonstrative, sedate, comfortable kind of person. What sudden agony of terror or grief, or pain, had driven the blood from her lips, and the clinched hands so fiercely to her brow!

"My dear Miss Macartney!" said Fraulein Fink in her unsteady English.

The governess rose to her feet and bared her eyes with proud resolution to the inquisitiveness of her employer. They were fine eyes, having a gleam of Irish passion and poetry in them; the whole face, too, though the face of a woman past thirty, was not without beauty—a beauty perhaps which few would recognize, but which was real beauty nevertheless. For a deep olive complexion, black, waving hair, and a peculiar curve of rather full red lips, though seldom popularly received, are often accompanied by a rare power of expression.

"Something has happened to me, Fraulein Fink—I must give up my employment," she said, quietly and firmly.

Fraulein Fink was passionate, but surprise and incredulity stayed as yet the rising tide of wrath.

"What, my dear Miss Macartney?"

"I must leave this house—leave Frankfort, Fraulein Fink."

Incredulity was gone now, and the tide swelled slowly and surely to shore.

"What is your meaning? Have you lost your senses, Miss Macartney?"

The English woman sat down calmly. She had seen the schoolmistress in anger before, and she feared it no more than she feared the petulance of the youngest fourth-class scholar. One great fear—one great suffering—had caused all others to die within her long ago.

"I know that I am acting wrongly toward you," she said, in a quiet voice. "I know that I am failing in duty, and therefore losing my reputation as a governess. Perhaps I may come to want bread by the step I am about to take. I cannot help it—I must go."

"You shall not go."

"Try and keep me," answered Miss Macartney, in a mockingly civil voice, "try and keep me—all the Senate of Frankfort could not do it."

The tide of Fraulein Fink's wrath had broken on the shore now. She faced her, flaming and utterly uncontrollable.

"I will not pay you one kreutzer of salary!"

"I do not expect it. I forfeit it knowingly and willingly."

"But you cannot and dare not break your engagement with me. You would put me in the most awkward position—you would do great harm to my school—you would incur upon me expenses of which you know nothing—you would be a great loss to me. I have influential friends in the city—I know two advocates and a member of the senate: I will go to them and ask if there is no protection against such unprincipled dealings—I will compel you to remain!"

Miss Macartney understood Fraulein Fink thoroughly, and liked her. She was vexed to hear her rail after this strain, more because it lowered the schoolmistress than that it hurt herself; indeed, despite her powerful mental agitation, she could hardly help being amused by it. For some moments the fraulein raged in this way, and not till the storm was utterly spent did Miss Macartney speak. Then she said, sorrowfully and humbly—

"You have been kind to me, Fraulein Fink, and I would rather have wronged any one in the world than you—you have said no more to me than I had expected or deserved of you. I am sorry that I was rude. I am sorry that I must go—more than ever sorry that my going will inconvenience a friend whom I esteem."

"Why must you go?" asked the schoolmistress, in a milder tone. "At least you ought to give me an explanation; that is the least reparation you can make."

Miss Macartney shuddered.

"You might as well ask me to go into the streets of Frankfort and beg for bread. The one would be as easy to me as the other."

"You have had an intrigue with one of the rich Jew merchants living next door, and you fly to escape disgrace. Mademoiselle Lamy did the same last year, but hadn't the modesty to be ashamed, and I dismissed her—tell the truth, Miss Macartney."

Fraulein Fink was a coward, and had forgotten for the moment that she was dealing with an Englishwoman. When Miss Macartney rose and fronted her, she turned pale, and would have given two Prussian thalers to recall her hasty words.

"Am I capable of disgracing myself, Fraulein Fink?" said the governess, in a determined voice.

"I don't wish to offend you, but—but really your strange conduct leads me to say things I should not otherwise say."

"I ask again, and I ask with the determination of being answered—do you think me capable of disgracing myself?"

Fraulein Fink wiped the perspiration off her brow, and looked around her. No one was in sight, or she would have tried for victory a little longer.

"Well, my dear Miss Macartney, I think not."

"Thank you. In future, Fraulein Fink, do not be so ready to mention me in conjunction with Mademoiselle Lamy, or her deeds. Now, let us have no more quarreling. I must go—however much I may regret, however much you may threaten—if we were to talk here for twelve hours in succession, it would come to that. But we will not be enemies."

"Oh! do not go, dear Miss Macartney!" said the schoolmistress, with honest tears in her eyes.

"I like you—I esteem you—I am very sorry!" answered Miss Macartney, holding out her hand. "I may go far and not find a better friend. God bless you, Fraulein Fink!"

After a little further talking the two grew quite friendly again. Nothing could reconcile Fraulein Fink to her governess's abrupt departure; but she was a kindly loving soul, and seldom kept out of temper for more than ten minutes. A hearty gush of tears, therefore, with one or two quotations from Goethe, considerably relieved her troubled mind, and when she joined the little party upstairs, she was able to tell her story and enjoy her supper with almost wonted cheerfulness.

And Miss Macartney!

Swiftly and noiselessly she sought her humble bedroom—not to weep;—oh! no, her tears had ceased flowing long ago;—but to pack her trunks in readiness for the next day's journey. When all was finished, she threw herself on the bed and cried aloud—

"Oh! God, that I might die! Can I never hide myself and be in peace? Be pitiful, Christ, and let me die!"

CHAPTER II.

By six o'clock, Fraulein Fink was always up and stirring; half an hour later, quilts and beds would be hung from all the bedroom windows, and by seven the school-bell rang for coffee. The schoolmistress preferred to breakfast alone.

"Without a little tranquil reflection and enjoyment of Nature before beginning the day's duties," she would say, "I could never get through them. Sipping my fragrant coffee amid the fresh leaves and singing birds, with our beautiful Lutheran hymn-book open before me, I prepare myself for daily trials and difficulties, and also for my rest when it pleases God to call me!'

Accordingly, every morning Fraulein Fink might be seen in her long red dressing-gown and black velvet cape, bearing into the garden a tray, on which were placed a cup of coffee, a roll, and the hymn book of the Frankfort Church. She was no hypocrite. The contemplation of her blooming garden, and of some verse from Gellert or Klopstock, was no more and no less than she represented it to be. Her mind had been constituted a sentimental one, and she encouraged the tendency.

On the morning following Miss Macartney's disclosure, the good lady felt more than usual need of solitary prayer and reflection. People had very long tongues in Frankfort, and single women like herself were unprotected against them. How should she act so as to prevent unpleasant, perhaps injurious rumors, in consequence of her governess's departure? Above all, how should she act so as to prevent thereby pecuniary loss and inconvenience?

Now, the fraulein had two counselors to whom she always went with her troubles. The first, Professor Beer, who taught literature in her classes, was consulted on matters of mental difficulty alone, such as the desirability or undesirability of a new theory in elucidating complex construction of sentences, the necessity of algebra in the second class, etc. The second, Dr. Paulus, of whom we shall speak by-and-by, was her invariable resource in any perplexity concerning the practical affairs of life. Dr. Paulus, moreover, as a married man, was a more accessible authority than the professor, the latter gentleman being a bachelor.

Long before eight o'clock the stream of day-scholars began to pour in. Having seen that her governesses were at their desks in the different class-rooms, that Hannchen awaited her pupils at the piano (that young lady needed supervision, I assure you), and having courteously greeted two or three masters in the courtyard, Fraulein Fink set off for a consultation with Dr. Paulus. Luckily she had no lessons for an hour or two.

A pleasant walk through the public pleasure grounds led her into the open suburb, with gay gardens and white villas on either side. Soon she reached a Swiss cottage, having a very large letter-box on the gateway, inscribed with the doctor's name in imposing letters.

A hostile-looking young woman, slip-shod and rough-haired, showed her into the drawing-room, where she had ample time to pick and choose her words for the coming interview. Dr. Paulus was a Hanoverian, and a man of learning. He spoke the purest German, and gave the clearest, most logical opinions on every subject. Fraulein Fink, therefore, felt it to be as much of an effort to converse with him as to give a lecture on the predicate; in either case she had to clear her thoughts and to weigh her words.

Meantime, let us see what the doctor is about. His well-smoked, well-filled study adjoining the drawing-room is empty; the housemaid therefore ascends a second story, and opens the door of a small breakfast-room, with an abrupt—

"There is a lady below—Fraulein Fink"—returning to the kitchen without awaiting further orders. Dr. Paulus at all times inspired you with respect; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine any circumstances which could make him appear ridiculous. At the moment we introduce him he is dressed in a long dressing-gown, and has not yet shaved or adjusted his neckcloth; he is also occupied in beating up eggs, an occupation which would be rather derogatory to the self-dignity and appearance of most men. Dr. Paulus looked every bit as dignified and as learned in the above-mentioned act as he did when arguing on the Pentateuch with a long-bearded rabbi in the Jewish chamber. His lips were set firmly together, expressing a determination to do the thing completely. He did everything completely, whether it was the making of a pudding for his invalid wife, or the drawing up a statement for the religious society of which he was secretary.

Let us photograph him for the reader. Dr. Christian Paulus was in the prime of life. He was rather below middle height, but never gave the idea of littleness. He was weakly in health, but obtained general credit for robustness. Women thought him good-looking, though they found fault with his hair, it being of that black silky kind which clings straight and smooth to the head, and gives an idea of shrewdness almost approaching to cunning. Men never spoke of his looks. Critically considered, his features were unexceptionable. The nose was firmly cut, the brow straight and smooth, the eyes bright and penetrating, the mouth was decidedly handsome, and expressed an unmistakable resoluteness and rectitude.

Having taken clerical orders in England, and married an English wife, Dr. Paulus cultivated English whiskers, English domesticities, and made English the language of his children. Whilst the process of egg-beating went on, the following conversation took place between the master and mistress of the house, she, poor little lady, lying on a sofa in the adjoining room.

"Fraulein Fink must wait, Louisa—I'm determined this pudding shall go into the oven so as to be ready for your dinner. Doctors are doctors and no more. Had *I* taken you in hand a few months ago, administered port wine, good English chops, etc., I believe you would have been a strong woman by this time"

"I shall never be that," said a weak voice from the sofa; "I dare say I shall not feel inclined for the pudding after all. Don't trouble about it, Christian."

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor, sternly; "the pudding will be made, and you will eat it, Frau Doctor."

In five minutes the eggs and rice were mixed and duly spiced; the cook came to receive orders regarding the baking; Master Freddy, aged five, was installed by mamma's sofa, and requested to keep watch in quiet till further notice, and Dr. Paulus descended.

It took Fraulein Fink some time to tell her story; she always talked slowly, phrasing her sentences with a complexity of words; but to-day she was at extraordinary pains on account of Dr. Paulus being her listener. Simple and compound sentences were dove-tailed into each other with the precision of grammatical examples; ejaculations were accompanied with formal emphasis and pauses; the most rigidly classic words were substituted for idiomatic phraseology.

Dr. Paulus listened intently. He had a larger share of curiosity in other people's affairs than have most men of so learned a stamp; any new experience, any unusual incident, was to him as so much raw material of sociological speculation. He enjoyed a puzzle—especially a puzzle involving strange mental and moral conditions. He understood life thoroughly, perhaps no man better, and he knew how much that is mysterious, oblique, and inconsistent is mixed up with the ordinary course of existence.

When Fraulein Fink had finished speaking, he rubbed his chin, folded the skirts of his dressing-gown neatly over his knees, crossed his arms, and said, with a smile—

"You have not allowed the lady to go—of course, Fraulein Fink?"

"She goes after dinner—how can I prevent it, Herr Pfarrer? She requires no salary—we are under no bond—"

The doctor regarded her almost contemptuously.

"You must at least know whither she goes. Very strange things have happened within the last few years in this city, Fraulein Fink, especially among the English--please bear that fact in mind, the lady is English. I entertain the greatest respect for my adopted country, but it is a known fact that very ordinary specimens of the nation come abroad."

"Gott im Himmel!" cried the poor schoolmistress; "what is to be done? Consider, Herr Pfarrer, my difficulties. In the first place, I have to lose, perhaps with loss of pupils, certainly with extra personal exertion and great inconvenience, an excellent English instructress, a perfect mistress of style and syntax. Secondly, I have to rid myself of an unpleasant remembrance, which will for some time spoil my enjoyment of God's nature and my tranquil fulfillment of duty, and to spend perhaps three Prussian thalers in advertising."

Again the doctor smiled. It amused him to watch the workings of other people's minds, and to compare their conclusions on a given subject with his own. He liked to feel himself master of any new chain of circumstances, especially circumstances centered in one individual. Fraulein Fink should henceforth be left to her own opinions on the matter. Accordingly, taking out a note-book from his pocket, he said—

"Oblige me by answering one or two questions, Fraulein Fink. You are aware that my position as secretary to the C—— Society throws me into frequent contact with all the English who reside or visit here. Perhaps at some future time I may discover a clew to this perplexing occurence. First, then the name, age, and country of your governess?"

Fraulein Fink answered concisely.

"Then the exact time of her coming to Frankfort, the date of her leaving, and her proposed destination. Has she named the latter to you?"

"She only asked me to bespeak a porter to carry her luggage to the railway station."

"At what time?"

"Six o'clock—her lessons being then over."

"H'm!"

After a few minutes' pause he added:

"I will come and speak to this lady, Fraulein Fink, and see what my persuasions can do; and I dare say I shall be able to find you a suitable English governess without the necessity of advertising. Indeed, I know a young lady—"

At this juncture the hostile-looking housemaid above mentioned butted into the room, headforemost, and put a card into the doctor's hand.

He looked at it attentively, held it close to his eyes, and scrutinized the address; then laid it down, and composedly finished his business with Fraulein Fink. That good lady having bowed herself out, all cheerfulness and grammatical elegance, again Dr. Paulus took up the card. After a second and still more inquisitive scrutiny, he repeated the name aloud, as if to make sure whether it was strange to him or not—

"*The Reverend Dr. Jacob.*"

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Paulus entered the study with the conviction that he should find there some needy member of his Church seeking a chaplaincy in the Rhine provinces. Many a young brother he had helped to his wishes, and many, alas! he had been obliged to send away disappointed. To-day he knew of no opening, and it pained him to anticipate a sad face.

It struck him no less with surprise than with reverence, when he saw a majestic old man who looked as if need or humbling appeal had never come within the range of his experiences. Dr. Jacob stood up, and introduced himself with the quiet cordiality of one who knows that his cordiality is seldom given in vain. No wonder Dr. Paulus felt a little taken aback, a little lessened, in fact, by the stranger's side.

A handsome man at sixty, we may safely say, is more nobly, imposingly handsome than a handsome man at thirty. Soft silvered hair gives such wondrous calmness and grandeur to the features, especially if they be regular and commanding, and the complexion have a tone of vigorous manliness about it. Dr. Jacob possessed every possible physical advantage—a fine, well-posed head, six feet two inches of height, fine sensitive eyes, a clear healthful coloring, an English pair of shoulders, and the easiest, gracefulmost carriage in the world.

Dr. Paulus, despite his missing neckcloth, his well-worn dressing-gown floured at the elbows, and for the most part buttonless (for the Frau Doctor was ailing and incapable at all times), impressed his visitor not slightly. He was a gentleman—he was learned—he was a man of keen understanding;—thus much the Rerevend Dr. Jacob read at a glance.

Settling himself cozily in the arm-chair assigned to him by his host, he said in a remarkably clear, sonorous voice—

"I presume, my dear doctor, that coming, as I do, from the consul, you will not wish to be troubled with any letters of introduction on my part?"

Dr. Paulus bowed deprecatingly. He respected the consul, and was ever willing to serve him.

"I hear, however," continued Dr. Jacob, "that you are the very person to advise me on the matter of delivering them elsewhere. Coming here, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a servant in the same good cause as yourself, even were I without the influential testimonials that I possess, to whom else should I apply so fitly?"

"Coming in want and difficulty, coming under any circumstances, a servant of the good cause would find a hearty welcome from *me*," said Dr. Paulus, warmly. "Give me your hand, sir."

The two rose, clasped hands, and sat down again in a very friendly mood. Dr. Jacob was the first to speak.

"I am not officially connected with the Society for converting the Jews," he said, rather humbly; "to confess the truth, my circumstances are such as would not allow me, with a quiet conscience, to accept any appointment which might be the livelihood of some younger and needier man. I have no family to provide for—I am old—why should I stand in the light of others?"

Dr. Paulus folded his dressing-gown more smoothly over his knees, looking on its flowered pattern meantime. He was a just man, just to the value of a farthing, to the hired value of a minute; approving of the precept, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and he said so.

"My dear brother," replied the older man, leaning back in his chair, "perhaps there is less self-denial in my statement than you may suppose. True, that I have earned no guineas for myself throughout the course of my services—true, that I have earned some hundreds for the good cause, but I have had the privilege of working in my own way. I am impatient under shackles; the little good I can do in this earthly life, I prefer to do freely and originally. And now, to come to explanations. For many years, I may say, indeed, for the greater part of my life, I have regarded the conversion of the Jews as one of the most important and obligatory duties of our Church; and on returning from the East a short time since, I constituted myself as a special missionary to Jerusalem. It seemed to me a rational and not unworthy Christian speculation, to strike a decisive blow at the very nucleus of that great evil—Judaism; a few zealous voluntary workers have been often found to do the work of a large enlisted corps; at any rate, there is room enough for all. To Jerusalem, therefore, I am bound now—there I shall most probably die."

He watched the effect of this statement upon his listener with placid curiosity. Dr. Paulus looked up, but there was nothing to read in his face.

A long pause followed, at the end of which the latter said in a business-like way,—

"The idea is a grand one; you only require funds to carry it out."

"I require power," said his visitor.

"You require *power*," repeated Dr. Paulus.

Both threw a strange emphasis on the latter word, as if they knew what it meant, as if it tasted sweet to their mouths. Their eyes met, they studied each other for a couple of seconds, and not in vain.

Dr. Jacob continued—

"Having obtained such liberal encouragement from high official authorities at home, it is not unnatural that I expect some help abroad. My route lies through the Rhine provinces, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Turkey—surely the English residents of the towns through which I pass will not refuse sympathy."

"And contributions," put in Dr. Paulus, for he was a severely practical man, always setting before him the material no less than the moral relations of things.

"Well, I confess that my private means, however well economized, will not prove adequate to my needs, my dear sir," answered the other quietly; "and such an undertaking cannot subsist on itself—it must be supported. I will, if you please, read a report I have drawn up concerning my proposed plan, and the difficulties and exigencies it is likely to encounter. Also, with your permission, I will leave for your perusal one or two private letters from the Bishop of N—— on the subject."

Jacob's voice had a deep, sweet-toned ring in it, which would have made anything worth listening to; but the paper proved to be clear, concise, and highly interesting in itself. It was Dr. Paulus's habit, moreover, always to listen, never to hear; and every word of the report impressed itself faithfully on his memory.

"You are an excellent statistician, but an incomparable advocate," he said, when the reading was over. "Now the way to fill your purse—"

"To increase the funds of the mission," politely suggested the other.

"I beg your pardon. Yes, the way to increase the funds of your mission would be to put those arguments into a sermon."

Dr. Jacob's face lit, and he answered eagerly—

"Exactly. I must preach here."

He waited for a minute or two, then finding that Dr. Paulus was not likely to take the initiative, added in his usual tone—

"Of course there could be no objection to this?"

"You know our English chaplain?" asked Dr. Paulus, quickly.

"Not at all. But I intend calling on him this very afternoon—indeed, I also intended to ask if you would favor me with your company, and afterward dine in my apartment at the Hôtel de Russie."

"You are very kind, but I never dine out. The fact is, my poor wife is a great invalid, and to carve for six children would be quite beyond her strength. I will, however, gladly accompany you to Mr. Brill's."

"And you will not refuse to introduce me to Mrs. Paulus?"

The good husband hesitated. His wife was as yet probably *en papillotes*, and being pretty and interesting, never received visitors before she had undergone a curling operation from the hands of Lina, her maid. Any slight surprise or agitation was apt to bring on a fit of faintness and flushes; prudently, therefore, Dr. Paulus promised nothing, but quitted the room to ascertain how matters stood.

During his absence, Dr. Jacob fell into a reverie. It must have been a pleasant one, from the light in his eyes and the smile on his lips. Once he stood up and looked out of the window. To the right and to the left were handsome villas, each the representative of so much wealth and so much influence; beyond these rose the gray old Eschenheimer Thor, and the massive Dom, and the shining roofs of the rich free city.

Dr. Jacob looked on this pleasant prospect with the triumphant expression of a conqueror. When his host entered, the look had not passed from his face.

"My wife is awaiting the pleasure of an introduction—I am sorry we are obliged to make so much ceremony about it," said the latter, apologetically, and forthwith led the way to Louisa's sitting-room.

It was a pretty boudoir enough; Dr. Paulus had everything of the plainest and most unpretending kind in his own apartment and the children's, but the Frau Doctor could never have too much that was elegant, and tasteful, and delicate around her. She wore white, too, another element in the general airiness of the room, and being small, fair, and fragile, looked the very palest primrose ever put in a beautiful vase. A sturdy little fellow, dressed in a plain cotton pinafore, sat on the foot of mamma's sofa, wearing the demurest face in the world. Dr. Jacob's manner showed at once that he felt a great interest in the little lady. He asked a dozen questions about the baths she had tried, the physicians she had employed, and the benefits respectively derived from both. He even felt her pulse, and suggested a stimulant, with the affectionate solicitude of an old friend. Then he took Freddy to his knees, and began petting him in the way so agreeable to most papas and mammas. This, however, did not do. Dr. Paulus never allowed his children to be petted.

"You may go down-stairs to the nursery, sir, till mamma wants you," he said, with a voice that the most fractious child would not have dared to disobey, and Freddy slipped out quietly.

"Our children don't get spoiled, Dr. Jacob. I have quite enough to do to spoil *her*," added the master of the house, pointing to his wife; "and children grow neither faster nor better for it."

"I agree with you in theory, but I confess to an habitual failing in practice," replied Dr. Jacob; "children are so attractive and lovable even in their very naughtiness, that it requires a great amount of self-denial to correct them."

Dr. Paulus changed the subject. He did not approve of the sentiment, and he was as yet too unacquainted with the propounder of it to dissent on his own grounds. After some further conversation, the visitor left, first promising to meet Dr. Paulus at the Caffé Milani in the afternoon.

When he was gone Mrs. Paulus broke into an exclamation of delight.

"What a fine old man, Christian! and how kind and interested he is in everything!"

Dr. Paulus made no reply, being in deep thought. Louisa knew that she had no power to read his thoughts, and awaited an avowed opinion silently.

"A fine character—a powerful character, no doubt, Louisa;" and having said this much, the doctor mused again.

Louisa leaned back languidly on the sofa cushion, applied the scent-bottle to her nose, and drew a deep sigh.

"Are you in pain?" cried her husband, breaking from his reverie; "are you faint or cold?"

"Nothing, only the usual terrible weakness—don't mind me, Christian."

"But I *will* mind you, Frau Doctor. Will you have a little wine?—would you like a carriage for half an hour's drive?—what *would* you like?"

"Nothing would do me the slightest good. I am used to these feelings, and must bear them."

She closed her eyes, and the doctor watched her sorrowfully. He possessed deep religious feelings; his daily life was in keeping with the simplest and soundest principles of his church; his cheerful acceptance of the good as well as the evil of the world seldom flagged. But the sight of that pale face, whose beauty had been the one treasured flower of his life, often caused him to say bitterly—

"Would that I, or that one of my children had been stricken—would that the Almighty had seen fit to visit me with any other affliction but this!"

By and by, Louisa asked—

"Who is this Dr. Jacob? When will you spare time to tell me all about him, Christian?"

The doctor spared time then and there; it was an unusual thing for him to do, for very few indifferent husbands communicated so little to their wives as this devoted one did. Women were not made for business—they were not made for government—they were not made for judgment—they were not made for deliberation—least of all, were they made for reading character.

Such was the theory of Dr. Paulus regarding the capabilities of the gentler sex—a theory that would not do very well in England, but made him no enemies in Germany.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Jacob, meantime, was taking a leisurely and circuitous route to the city. Leaving behind him the majestic Eschenheimer Thor, with its sugar loaf tower and pointed buttresses, he turned into an alley of acacias, pausing every now and then to admire some elegant villa on his left, or to smile at some group of children playing in the gardens on his right. The full glow of the mid-day sky, the delicious softness and elasticity of the atmosphere, the superb leafage overhead, and the scents of flowers around, all helped to exhilarate his mind, and to make his pulse beat with a younger and more vigorous life.

Dr. Jacob, like most men of strong mental power and fine nervous susceptibilities, was ever peculiarly alive to outward impressions. An American poet says—

"What so rare as a day in June?"

and no one could have followed up his words to their fullest meaning better than Dr. Jacob. To him a soft air was as rich wine, a deep sky with no clouds in sight, more than a lovely subject of contemplation; both were as so much tangible happiness received into his innermost nature. He was utterly dependent on sensuous enjoyment, and could not understand any man being able to live without it. A simply intellectual idea was beyond his conception; there must be life, warmth, beauty about it to impress, much more, to attract him. Therefore, he loved music, painting, and sculpture beyond the best books, and though a critic in art and an artist in feeling, would cling partially to those artistic developments which have for their end pleasure only.

Thus, enjoying to his utmost the unbroken sky, the white villas, and glistening green leaves, he sauntered on till he came to the Friedburger Thor. There he saw before him the modest little lodge belonging to Herr Bethman's garden, the one so celebrated for the marble Loveliness enshrined there, the other for its terrible story of blood and revenge. Dr. Jacob had heard of Dannecker's Ariadne with the lively curiosity of an art lover, and had shuddered more than most strong men would do, at the incident of poor Lichnowsky's concealment and frightful death during the troubles of 1848. He determined to see the Ariadne.

Mr. Gibson has done a great deal toward breaking down the phalanx of purists in sculpture. He has proved that a Venus just warmed with the most delicate tints of life can be as lovely, as bewitching, as much of a goddess and more of a woman, than the same beautiful creation in the simple grandeur of colorless marble. We feel that the sculptor is a crusader, and a bold one, but we fear that few of his followers will go in his track, or will by any track reach the real Jerusalem, as he has done. Feeling this, and impressed by the conviction that true art can never be left enough to itself, can never, in fine, be too severely true, we would rather see Dannecker's Ariadne in the clear light of heaven.

The rosiness shed on it is a trick that only leads us to undervalue the real Beauty for an ideal one. Is not the real beauty enough of itself?

Dr. Jacob stood in silent enthusiasm before the statue. He was disgusted at the pink curtains drawn around it, and provoked at the young woman in attendance for wheeling it in a circle for his benefit. But the mystic beautiful period of Grecian godhead and godlike love was embodied there, and he suffered his fancy to give rapturous life to the embodiment.

The daughter of Pasiphaë is no longer forsaken and despairing from the neglect of Theseus; another younger, more loving, more lovely, has made her heart glow and her eyes soften. She forgets the faithlessness of the one whom she loved in the fondness of him who will save her from all that is evil. Dionysus is coming, and she meets him reclining on the panther. Beautiful, eager, yet calm, she looks for him, sees him; in another moment his kisses will be on her expectant lips; the happiness will be all his own which is half hers now. One can almost see the lovely bosom swell in its joy, and hear a word of greeting break from the parted lips. What womanly tenderness, what godlike tranquillity, what serene loveliness must have been present to the eyes and heart of the old Suabian artist!

"I wonder how Dannecker, being a South German, and accustomed to such homely types of beauty, ever conceived anything so charming!" thought Dr. Jacob, as he turned away. "Bah! that is a ghastly cast of that hot-headed, wretched Lichnowsky! When he said to his companion, 'Never mind those dogs!' speaking of the street mob, he little thought that the same dogs would hunt him like blood-hounds to the death."

Thus musing, he gave a handsome gratuity to the attendant, and passed out of the pavilion. A few streets where the houses were built after the fashion of old Frankfort, and where numbers of workmen and their wives were dining, and horses were being shod *sub dio*, led into the Zeil, that handsome street which is at once city and West End, Rotten Row and Fleet Street, to the Free City. The Zeil is always gay; there the rich Jewish families dash by in their shining carriages; the young merchants delight to exercise their fine horses; white-coated Austrian officers stroll arm-in-arm with the Frankforters in dark-green and red uniforms; the Bürgermaster's equipage, with its civic eagle and laced trappings, and grand servants wearing cocked hats and long blue coats faced with gold, helps to give variety to the scene; open fiacres, full of English tourists, are driven calmly by cabmen who are known by their red waistcoats and glazed hats—and by their civility. All is light-hearted life and enjoyment.

Crossing over to the old guard-house, where a group of Prussian soldiers were playing at pitch halfpenny, and eating apples, Dr. Jacob sauntered leisurely down the shady side of the street. The specialty of the Zeil is its shops of antiquities, and the luxuries most dear to Dr. Jacob's heart were rare *bijouterie*. At the first display of mediæval jewelry and battered plate, he stopped; at the second he put his hand on the door as if to enter; the third, he entered without pause or consideration. A drinking cup inlaid with uncut gems, and having exquisitely grotesque medallions on the sides, had taken his fancy, and he was not in the habit of controlling his fancies.

The English shopkeeper is civil; the German shopkeeper is friendly. The former is quite satisfied if you buy his article, pay your money, and say good-morning—he has no time for anything else. The latter asks more than he will take, expects and likes a little bargaining, receives your lowest bid good-naturedly, and gossips leisurely over the negotiations; his customers are generally in no greater hurry than himself, and both arrive at conclusions slowly.

Dr. Jacob liked this way of doing business; he was inquisitive, moreover, regarding the Frankfort people. He seated himself comfortably therefore, played with a trayful of rings on the counter, and chatted meantime.

"And what about my countrymen?" he asked, smiling rather slyly; "are there many here just now?"

"There will be more later—the Rhine season has hardly commenced yet—the English like the Rhine," said the jeweler, smiling also.

"But what kind of English come here to live? Are they rich? Are they liked?"

"To tell you the truth, a good many come who don't pay their debts," half whispered the shopman, evidently enjoying a few facts to himself.

Dr. Jacob winced.

"Ah!"

"And a good many who haven't paid their debts at home."

"Terrible!"

"And a few who have left worse things than debts behind them."

Dr. Jacob winced again.

"But the rich?"

"Of course I am not saying there are no rich English here. A wealthy Englishman has just purchased a villa at Bockenheim—"

"Ha!—his name?"

"Wood."

"Dr. Paulus will most probably know him," mused Dr Jacob, aloud. The jeweler caught up his words.

"Dr. Paulus knows everybody, and everybody knows him. Many English who come here are in mortal terror of Dr. Paulus, I assure you."

The clergyman's face lit.

"I imagined so. Dr. Paulus is a clever man."

"He is more than clever. He is as good as St. Paul and as deep as the devil—so people say, and I believe them. Many a bill has been paid through his mediation which never would have been paid otherwise; we tradesmen would run our legs off to serve him."

"You will take ten florins less for the cup—I have a fancy for such things and may come in again," said Dr. Jacob, abruptly, laying his well-filled purse on the counter; "send it to the Hôtel de Russie, and—"

All at once his eye was arrested by a ring that he had inadvertently pushed off the tray. A curious expression of surprise and incredulity passed over his face, followed by a slight pallor; then he exclaimed in a hard voice—

"Where did you get that?"

"Really I forget—so many of these things are constantly passing through my hands; but I have another of the same kind, far handsomer, and not much higher in price. This is marked with an initial, you observe, which most people object to."

"What initial?"

The question was asked slowly, and as if at some cost to the speaker.

"E."

Dr. Jacob rose to his feet and stood for some minutes looking out of the window. When he turned, his voice had regained its usual clear tone.

"You may put the ring with the cup. How much do I owe you?"

When the account was settled, Dr. Jacob left the shop, and proceeded on his way. He looked in no more windows. With his fine head slightly bent forward, and his lips moving nervously, as if some impatient thought were forcing itself into articulation, he hastened through the newly-called Schiller Platz, by the Caterina Church, and the crowded shop-windows of Jügel, nor passed till he reached the Caffè-Milani.

CHAPTER V.

You cannot find a house in suburban Frankfort which is not elegant or, at least, tasteful, and the Reverend Mr. Brill's was no exception. He occupied a charming villa fronting the blue Taunus hills, and the fruitful strip of country stretching toward Homburg. To the right and to the left, undulated those blooming pleasaunces which make the fair Free City like a May-day queen; whilst the fashionable Zoölogical Garden lay behind. The whole town offered no livelier or more aristocratic site; Mrs. Brill often recalled the latter attribute with satisfaction.

The villa itself was of a pattern with most modern German ones —with pure white walls, fanciful moldings, gilt balconies hung with creeping flowers, plenty of light, and space, and height, a gay garden attached, and a summer-house in brown carved wood, with pointed roof and trellised sides, overlooking the street. We imagine this description will answer for many.

Inside, all was no less compact, but a little the worse for want of feminine supervision. For instance, every floor was divided from the staircase by glass doors, the panelings of which had been originally painted in delicate white and gold arabesques. Alas! the panes were cracked, broken, and dingy, and the painted panels looked sadly suggestive of children's finger-nails, and naughty boys' hoop-sticks. We do not deny that the furniture was handsome; but we affirm that a satin sofa *will* look less elegant if a ragged stocking or two lie on it, and a child's soiled pinafore protrude from under the pillow; and we may be fastidious, but we imagine a dining-room is not the fittest place for a lady to sort linen in; nor can we reconcile ourselves to a breakfast cloth, crumby, greasy, spotty, being left on the table "from morn till noon—from noon till dewy eve."

The two gentlemen were ushered into Mr. Brill's study—that apartment partaking less of the elegance, but also less of the above-mentioned drawbacks, than the other two. True, that Dr. Paulus, having seated himself incautiously, rose up with an exclamation of irritation, and found that a bundle of dressmaker's work, with objectionable implements sticking upward, was lying on the chair. This, however, was a trifle.

Soon dashed in a pretty, wild-looking girl of twelve, showily but slatternly dressed, and holding a huge bunch of keys.

Dr. Paulus was no more disposed to spoil other people's children than his own; he had, moreover, always held a high hand in the Brill house.

"Send your papa to me, Flory—at once," he said, authoritatively.

Miss Flory liked to try for victory.

"Oh, Dr. Paulus! do wait a minute. I want you to tell me where we can get good tea; we have had shocking stuff from Schmidt's, and so dear! I won't go there again."

"Do you not see that this gentleman is waiting to speak to your papa?" reiterated the doctor. "Go immediately!"

Flory ran into the dining-room, red and indignant.

"How I hate Dr. Paulus! Papa, don't hurry!—let him wait and cool his temper. He has brought a gentleman with him, too, *that* will make him ten times crosser."

Mrs. Brill was one of those women who are always handsome, often slovenly, and not easily trodden underfoot by the world; she knew that her husband had less decision of character than most men, and she knew that Dr. Paulus had more. Therefore she aspired to the difficult policy of subserving the latter to the former where advantage accrued, and battling against both on all other occasions. Dr. Paulus had proved a true friend to Mrs. Brill many and many a time, and she felt sure that he would never prove an enemy; but he often acted the unpleasant rôle of monitor—this was the thorn in her side. Strive, lose her strength in the strife, as she might, Dr. Paulus's unassailability was as a rock against a broken sea, and had she been bad at heart she must have hated him. As it was, she respected, feared—and provoked him.

Putting down her newspaper, and adjusting her half-fastened collar and ribbons, she said, coolly,

"Wait for me, Tom, my dear. I shall have you doing and saying all sorts of indiscreet things, if you go in by yourself. Flory, have you unpacked the grocery?"

"Yes, mamma, and my next business is to go and get out some clean things for the boys and help Carline to boil down the bilberry jam."

"Can't you find time for a little writing and piano practice?" urged Mr. Brill, a rather pleasant, but helpless gentleman, who looked as if he were always trying to see his way through impossibilities; "do let her play on the pianoforte, my dear."

"What's the good? I played enough at her age—would you care for me to do it now, Tom? Come, let us see what the doctor has to say."

The husband and wife entered together, looking, as they really were, a fine pair, and as light-hearted as if such things as duns and executions did not exist. They received Dr. Jacob with no less cordiality than they received every English stranger, feeling that such cordiality might afterward prove to be so much money laid out at good interest. This calculation can hardly be called a peculiarity of the Reverend Thomas and Mrs. Brill. How many worthy souls there are, who scarcely trouble themselves to give a shake of the hands without first asking themselves—*cui bono?*

Having simply performed the ceremony of introduction, Dr. Paulus left Dr. Jacob to play out his own game; had he doubted the latter's capability or coolness, he would have made an advantageous move for him at once. But he saw that he was ready at emergencies and skillful at maneuvers, so he sat by in silent expectation.

Slowly and securely, knocking down with every sentence some possible or probable objection, Dr. Jacob advanced to his object, wheeled round it, touched it softly, then drew back, built plausibilities and pleasantnesses around it, threw a halo of benevolence and pity over it, finally let a little fragrance of personal advantage play within reach of it—then ceased and dashed the light of his fearless spirited eyes full on his hearers.

Dr. Paulus mentally clapped his hands. Mr. Brill smiled inwardly, thinking that the affair would be very nice and popular indeed; before assenting, however, he looked at his wife.

Her eyes expressed a dozen objections at once; they nudged him, made faces at him, spurred him, whipped him up to the hedge of opposition.

"Perhaps before accepting this gentleman's proposal, you and I had better talk it over, my dear—eh?" said her husband, perplexed.

"Upon my word, Brill," exclaimed Dr. Paulus, sharply, "you consult Mrs. Brill's opinion about what the cleverest lady can possibly know nothing—why trouble her on the matter? The question is: Do you object, or do you believe in any objection existing, to Dr. Jacob's preaching in your pulpit, for the benefit of the Jews?"

Mr. Brill was now fairly driven into a corner. He knew that no objection did exist, least of all in his own mind, but with Mrs. Brill's eyes fixed so defiantly on him, he dared not say so. She came to the rescue.

"I do not like to contradict you, dear Dr. Paulus, but I do think that on this matter I am allowed to have an opinion."

"And on any other matter whatever, Mrs. Brill," answered the doctor, with somewhat bitter suavity.

"Then listen, if you please. As Mr. Brill's wife, I am surely supposed to care for his interest, and also to know what is likely to prove well or ill for him."

Dr. Paulus smiled satirically.

"And," continued the lady, hotly, "not doubting that Dr. Jacob would preach admirably, and that his object is a most laudable one, I still say that there *are* objections."

"What may they be?"

"You shall hear, Dr. Paulus. In the first place, the more eloquently a strange clergyman should preach here, and the greater the impression made by him, so much the worse would it be for Tom—Mr. Brill."

"How so?" asked Dr. Paulus, quietly.

"Why did it lessen my husband's influence, when Mr. Laurence preached for several Sundays? Did not people begin to grumble and talk about complaining of the chaplain's doctrines? Excuse me, Dr. Jacob, for speaking plainly—Mr. Brill has a large family, and a great many enemies."

"People who are indifferent to me, my dear," said Mr. Brill, correctively.

"People who would see you turned out of your chaplaincy to-morrow, if it were possible," added the wife, with impatience. "Any enthusiasm for another clergyman, therefore, must be disadvantageous to us, Dr. Jacob. I am sorry to say, an ill spirit exists among the English here—everyone is jealous of everyone, and no two families live together in harmony."

"I know many families who live in harmony, Mrs. Brill," put in Dr. Paulus.

"Yes—German families; that is quite another thing."

Dr. Jacob now changed the subject, with the mild disappointed look of a man who suffered with his cause. He chatted leisurely with Mrs. Brill on various topics, and found her witty and entertaining—a little imaginative, perhaps, in describing people and things, but not ill-natured on the whole. Half an hour passed thus, at the end of which the two gentlemen took their leave, Mr. Brill first promising to pay Dr. Jacob a visit during the week.

"Perhaps you will sup or dine with us to-morrow," said Mrs. Brill, graciously. "You and my husband can then discuss the matter of preaching. We shall be delighted to introduce you into our little circle of acquaintances, and to make your stay in Frankfort agreeable."

Dr. Jacob bowed with a pleased smile as he drew on his delicate kid gloves. Dr. Paulus lingered behind to whisper in Mr. Brill's ear,

"Do, my dear fellow, send Flory to school. It is not only your duty to do so as a father, but as a Christian. For the hundredth time, let me urge this upon you."

"I will--I really will after the autumn holidays," said Mr. Brill, earnestly; but he had said the same sort of thing as earnestly over and over again, and Flory was still at home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE two gentlemen parted on the Zeil; Dr. Jacob entered the Hôtel de Russie; Dr. Paulus turned down the Allerheiligen Street toward the Fraulein Fink's.

It was just four o'clock as he passed through the school-gate, and the upper garden buzzed with merry voices; most of the young ladies had rolls of bread and baskets of fruit in their hands, half an hour being now allowed for such refreshment. Dr. Paulus made himself at home everywhere, and without entering the hall-door, coolly walked round the quadrangle, looking in at all the class-room windows. The fourth was empty, save for one weeping mite of six years, who had a punishment lesson to learn; the third resounded with the laughter of the housemaid, with whom the French governess was enjoying a gossip; he then looked into the refectory which divided the upper from the lower classes. There he found Hannchen in the act of very quickly demolishing a bunch of grapes, the same having been gathered without her aunt's permission.

"Good-day, fraulein. Will you tell me where I can find the English lady—your aunt fancies my mediation may be of some good. Has Constance been attentive to-day at her music?"

"Constance is always attentive," answered Hannchen, pocketing the half-plucked bunch of grapes. "It is very kind of you to come, Herr Pfarrer--I believe Miss Macartney is here."

And opening the door of the immense first-class room, she left the two together. You will perceive that Hannchen always found some happy way of slipping out of disagreeable encounters.

Dr. Paulus could not feel exactly distant to any one who had long been in daily intercourse with his daughter Constance, and who had once or twice taken tea at his house, so he held a cordial hand to the Englishwoman, saying pleasantly,

"You are going to leave Frankfort, Miss Macartney, and I am sorry to hear it. Fraulein Fink will not easily find so indefatigable a lady for her school, and I am sure Constance will not have her quaint German-English so patiently dealt with from a stranger."

"I am sorry too," answered Miss Macartney, lowering her eyes.

"Fraulein Fink has begged of me to try and effect an alteration in your plans," continued the doctor, watching her face attentively. "Of course, by so doing, I place myself in an awkward position. I have no possible right to advise, to persuade, least of all, to question you—yet can I effect my purpose without doing all these?"

Miss Macartney did not look up; she knew that Dr. Paulus was of different stuff to Fraulein Fink, and she feared both his scorn and his scrutiny.

"I would rather speak to you as a friend," added he, in a kind voice; "perhaps under no circumstances you would expect injudicious or careless advice from me--"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the governess, eagerly; "I know that you have before helped hundreds of friendless governesses by your counsel and interest. I would have come to you, had I dared."

"Granted, then, that you believe me incapable of ill-advising you under any circumstances; now that I come to you as a friend, you will surely look for prudence and expediency from me? I know the world better than you do—especially the mixed half-English, half German society of a town like this; and if you give me your confidence, I dare say I can help you—without such confidence, I should but make an effort in the dark."

Miss Macartney flushed and moved her hands nervously.

"Do you intend to give it me?" said the doctor, with some sternness.

Had Dr. Paulus been of a less decided and less strong-minded type, she would have flung an angry "No" at him, and so ended the matter. As it was, she sat powerless to speak either in gentleness or in anger.

"Self-interest is generally supposed to be the ruling power of the world," the doctor went on, coldly; "but I presume, Miss Macartney, from the step you contemplate, that you are utterly indifferent to it—in fact, that, unlike most ladies, you are regardless of your reputation."

That stung her.

"Who dares to accuse me of having forfeited it?" she asked, with wild eyes.

Dr. Paulus's lip curled with scornful pity; he had a way of despising whom he compassionated, especially women, and the curling lip betokened both feelings always.

"What and who will defend you? Your sudden leaving will not—those who are cognizant of it cannot."

"I do not ask for defense. Let people say what they please of me—I care little for the opinion of the world."

"It would be easier for me to say so," answered Dr. Paulus, with quiet emphasis; "a woman *must* care for it."

"A happy woman, perhaps—an unhappy one can be even indifferent to that. Oh! Dr. Paulus, you cannot help me—would to God that it were otherwise!"

"And what future do you plan out for yourself? Have you friends?"

"None."

"Whither do you go?"

"I do not know."

"This is utterly irrational, and unworthy of an Englishwoman," cried the doctor, impatiently. "Whatever you may say to the contrary, no one can help putting a bad construction on such a step. I do myself."

The arrow hit. With gleaming eyes she said—

"What kind of construction, Doctor Paulus?"

"You fear some disclosure that may injure your character."

There was no answer, but her head drooped, her whole attitude expressed despondent humility.

Though Dr. Paulus had a good heart, he was merciless when too much tried, and his patience had been sorely tried during this interview. A pitying look, a kind word, might have brought the woman's bitter haughty spirit contritely to his feet; he knew it, but wounded deeper than ever.

"I may seem hard to you, Miss Macartney; my hardest word is soft compared to the words and the looks you will encounter from others—depend upon that."

"I will hide myself beyond the reach of malice—I will defy it!" she said, with a faint attempt at defiance.

Dr. Paulus laughed bitterly.

"Defy *truth?*"

And he repeated the words with a meaning that she could not misunderstand. After a pause he added,

"I confess that you are to be pitied. When a woman loses caste, she loses what no other advantages in life can make up to her—but in your position, with the false step goes every other advantage. You must see this—you must know that even the homely hard-working life at the Fraulein Fink's is a phase of respectability to which you can never again attain—unless by great good-fortune. You would hardly care to enter an establishment where the principal was indifferent to her governess's antecedents; you would surely expect to be received in no other."

His candor and severity had brought her to the ground at last; crushed, wounded, and abased, she covered her face with her hands and moaned in her great wretchedness. When her passion was spent, she said in a voice that was dignified in its intense resignation—

"Perhaps I had better stay; anyhow I must suffer, and it matters little where. By going, I only put off a day of meeting that must come sooner or later; and by staying, I avert a calumny which could hardly cause me unhappiness, but might bring me to the need of bread."

"You speak of a day of meeting?" asked Dr. Paulus, fixing his piercing eyes upon her.

"I did, but I cannot explain the words to you—they escaped me inadvertently."

"If I appear obtrusive and harsh," Dr. Paulus added, "remember that it is not the first or the second or the third time such a matter has been forced disagreeably to my notice. Holding the position that I do, it is incumbent upon me to raise a strong protest against all domestic offenses which deteriorate from the character and comfort of the resident English here; every new scandal, every new breach of manners and morality, takes away from both in no ordinary degree."

Quietly, and as if with an effort to subdue some great dread, she answered—

"Never fear that *I* will make an Englishman blush for me. I am not the guilty being you imagine: perhaps at some future time even you will judge me less hardly; anyhow, you will surely defer your condemnation till my crime is proved."

"I have judged you according to circumstances," said Dr. Paulus, "and you cannot deny that they blacken you; if, following the clue afforded by them, I have been unjust, I ask your pardon."

Just then the fair head of Constance Paulus passed under the window. A softer look came to Miss Macartney's eyes; her lips quivered, and she said in a trembling voice—

"Whether I go or stay, never let Constance hear any ill of me—I love her best of all my pupils. You will not forbid her from continuing my lessons?"

"Certainly not," answered the doctor, a little touched.

He then rose to go.

"You will think this matter over," he said, kindly. "Of course, as the friend of Fraulein Fink, I have been reasoning on the side of her advantage, no less than of your own; but the two are one and the same thing. As far as I can see, and guided by your words, you could not but be your own enemy by a precipitate departure; by staying, you have nothing to fear—"

"You do not know all," she broke in, agitatedly.

"At least, nothing to fear from your own conduct, may I say?"

"Thank God, yes," she answered fervently, and held out her hand to him as if to show that it was clean.

"I believe, then, that I have fulfilled the instructions and wishes of the Fraulein Fink. Adieu, Miss Macartney; take counsel with the good lady herself—and, above all things, form no hasty resolution."

Long after the doctor's active figure had disappeared, Miss Macartney remained standing where he had left her. A great conflict was going on in her mind—should she go or stay? To these two points ever tended her thoughts, and hopes, and fears. To go, as she well knew, was to begin again the uphill battle she had begun long ago—to fight against privation and indignities and neglect, for the pitiful place of a governess—to pitch her tent in a strange place, with no welcoming faces and no friendly voices—to witness, daily and hourly, the meanest passions of human nature cropping up like weeds in spring, to despise and be despised anew!

If she stayed, she would have but one great suspense and dread, no fresh difficulties to contend with, no heavier trials than the daily labor of teaching—no angry and opposing influences, except Hannchen's petty meannesses, and her aunt's harmless fits of ill-temper. In a measure she was independent—that is to say, when her lessons were given, she was free to go where she pleased, and she had experienced enough of school life to value this privilege. Moreover, she was beyond the reach of scornful looks and contemptuous words, both of which she had received plentifully in a private family.

Should she meet him?—

She put her hand to her heart as she took in the full meaning of the words. Did she fear that it would break with the terror or the joy of such a meeting? Or did she believe, like the weary followers of pious Æneas, that "*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,*" the gods had some quiet haven of security in reserve for her? It would have been impossible to read anything from that pale, intent face.

CHAPTER VII.

In spite of Louisa's weak health and general incapacity, the household of Dr. Paulus was as well regulated and comfortable as liberal means and good method could make it.

The children were never allowed to be naughty—the servants were never allowed to be slothful—and, though the attainment of such ends as quiet and order involved continual anxiety, he found time for it.

At seven o'clock his coffee machine was brought in and set to work—and woe be to Master Louis, or his brother Bob, if they failed to appear before the coffee had run out. When the three elder children were punctual—when Constance had tidied mamma's bedroom, and prepared the invalid for breakfast—when Louis had given out the servants' daily stores—when Bob had heard the little ones say their prayers in the nursery—no family breakfast could be pleasanter than that of Dr. Paulus. But if one of these small duties should be omitted, the offender had no voice in the conversation—perhaps even no conversation took place; and if mamma were, in the smallest degree, neglected, the neglector's place would be vacant.

Severe as he was, merciless as he could be in the case of unfulfilled duty, Dr. Paulus was adored by his children, and an encouraging word from his lips was treasured as a gold coin, never to be made too much of. When they were good, he delighted to amuse himself with them, having a view to their mental development—led them on to argument and discussion—induced them to define and to discriminate—promoted their curiosity concerning such questions of daily life as were within their reach—in short, tried to form their characters for the world as it is, and not, as many parents expect it, or hope it, may prove to their children. A foolish or inconsistent speech met such a rebuke from him as generally silenced the speaker for the next ten minutes; a really clever one elicited a hearty laugh.

"Papa," said bright-eyed, ready-witted Bob, "Harry Brill said yesterday he wouldn't like to be like us, because we never go to Homburg, and the Bergstrasse, and those sort of pleasure-places. Wasn't that very rude of him?"

"And, papa," added Louis, a timid, sensitive boy of fourteen, with a face like a girl's, and a habit of coloring at the slightest reproof, "I told him that we should have plenty of pleasure and traveling when we were grown up."

"Hem! So you think, my clever Louis, my man of the world, that you are receiving your education at the Gymnasium in order to enjoy yourself in holiday-making ever after? A clever idea that!"

Poor Louis blushed painfully under his father's sarcasm, and returned to his bread and coffee with little relish.

Just then the letters came in, which were always a signal for silence, whether his wife was present or not. Dr. Paulus read his letters without a remark as to their contents, and without expecting a remark on the same subject from anyone.

Soon after, the boys, as was their wont, touched his cheek with their lips, and hurried off to school. Constance, however, being the only daughter and eldest child, enjoyed the privilege of unlocking papa's study for him before she left the house, and, what she valued beyond all her simple pleasures, a kiss and playful word or two besides.

When the doctor rose, she entwined her arms round his, and laid her delicate pink cheek on his shoulder.

"Come, papa," she said, "I must open the door of your prison, and see you shut in before I go. Is it not a funny idea that I should be your jailer, papa?"

"A very funny idea, Connie, but not the funniest that has emanated from your little head."

"Agatha Brill says I am such a baby for my age—ought girls of fifteen to be so very womanly, papa?"

"God forbid that you should be like Agatha—"

Dr. Paulus stopped short, and then added—

"If I find no fault with your babyishness, Connie, never mind a hundred Agatha Brills and their opinions."

"Miss Macartney does not find fault with me either, papa. She said, yesterday, 'Thank God every day of your life, Constance, that you have such a father, and suffer your heart to break rather than disobey him.' I do not quite understand why she should have said this—do you, papa?"

"It is time for you to go, Connie—run away."

She kissed him without a word, and tripped off. Dr. Paulus then seated himself at his high desk, sipped a glass of cold water, folded his letters, and placed them in one of the numerous little drawers of his desk. It was a peculiarity of his to burn no correspondence, excepting the most trivial; and for every class and genus of letter he had a separate place. He never mislaid a paper, or forgot its exact situation; and if any one had waked him up in darkest night for any specified communication, he would have been able to lay his hand on it within three minutes.

Hardly had he seated himself to work when a light tap and careless "Good-morning, Dr. Paulus," caused him to break off.

It was Mrs. Brill, who, in spite of her somewhat imperfect toilet and unkempt tresses, looked the very picture of handsome matronly importance.

"Ah! excuse my interruption—it shall not last more than five minutes," she said, sinking into the nearest chair. "I called about Dr. Jacob."

A smile passed over the doctor's face, as he pushed away his papers. He thought his friend Brill a fool to allow his wife such liberty of judgment and action, but she amused him excessively.

"The fact is," she continued, "Dr. Jacob must have his way. I have been thinking over the matter seriously, and have come to that conclusion. If we oppose him, we may displease the powers that be; if we make much of him, and pet him, we may do good to ourselves. I don't know what you think, Dr. Paulus, but I have always found enthusiasm for a cause to be another name for private advantage."

"Only in the minds of the sordid, I should hope," said Dr. Paulus, pointedly.

"Yes, in the minds of people no worse than their neighbors—people who live harmlessly, and do what good they can. Look at poor Tom and myself—we have a large family, and an income of three hundred and fifty pounds a year; we can hardly, on this, keep the wolf from the door; and if we paid our bills as regularly as we should wish to do, the wolf would come in. Now, we know that the Jews, and the Tasmanians, and the Patagonians ought to be converted; but is it in human nature that we should sacrifice great personal advantages to that end? Again and again I say, No. If, on the contrary, we could add a drop or two to the great ocean of Bibles, prayer-books, and tracts, collected for the conversion of the heathen, without harming ourselves, whose hands would prove readier than ours?"

Dr. Paulus had insisted to Miss Macartney, the previous evening, on the omnipotence of this very principle of self-interest; but when an illustrative truth was brought so nakedly and forcibly to him, he winced.

"Then you have discovered a reason in favor of Dr. Jacob's preaching?" he asked, curtly, and with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Yes, Dr. Paulus—a very efficient one, too."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly," rejoined the lady, with a pleasant laugh. "Tom and I are by no means anxious to appear better or more disinterested than we really are. The plain truth, then, is this—Dr. Jacob has high connections in England who may be useful to us."

"Of course, the motive little affects the result, Mrs. Brill, though I could have wished that you had found a better one. As far as I can judge, Dr. Jacob is a good man and a zealous missionary, and I am glad that Brill is inclined to allow him fair play."

"Tom had really less to do with the decision than myself," said Mrs. Brill, provokingly; "he was quite agreeable to either yes or no, as he always is."

She knew that Dr. Paulus stringently abhorred any reference to her supremacy as wife, and took a mischievous delight in pricking him with her little pins. Dr. Paulus, however, could prick too.

"Most ladies delight to rule their husbands, but you are the first I ever met with who was proud of the weakness that allows such government," he said, gravely. "I hope, Mrs. Brill, that Agatha and Flory are not accustomed to hear such sentiments from your lips."

"Oh! dear no!" she said, trying to hide her pique by a laugh. "Poor children! I only hope they may get husbands as kind as my poor Tom! By-the bye, Dr. Paulus, will you let Connie and Louis join my young people in the Zoölogical Garden to-night? The Mentz Band is coming, and the weather is so lovely!—do give them a treat!"

"Many thanks; but as I am obliged to go out myself, Connie must stay with her mamma; as to Louis, by the time he has prepared his lessons, the evening is nearly over."

"I do think, Dr. Paulus, that you are a little too strict with your children; they are very good, and Connie and Louis are charmingly unsophisticated and well-mannered; but a little bringing out would make them perfect."

Dr. Paulus thought Connie and Louis far from perfect, much less Agatha and Flory, but he said nothing. Mrs. Brill then took leave, having first expressed many sincere condolences on the continued indisposition of the Frau Doctor.

CHAPTER VIII.

If no *Bürgerin* of the Free City worked harder than Fraulein Fink, none in all Prussia could enjoy a holiday so well. Whether she entertained a friend or two to tea in her summer-house, or made a little party to the Zoölogical Garden on a concert night, or went to the theater or circus, or whether she walked alone to the cemetery and mused on the eternal quietude in store for her there, it was all the same. Her cup of contentment was ever filled to the brim. This last recreation bore the palm from the former more worldly ones. Fraulein Fink lived on sentiment, was cheerful on it, grew plump on it, made merry on it; but religious sentiment reigned supreme in her mind. Though an attentive member of the Lutheran Church, she not unfrequently absented herself from the Sunday morning's service, in order to pray by herself and preach to herself in the beautiful God's-acre outside the town. She would return from such musings in a very lively mood, discourse to Hannchen (who felt secretly bored by it) on the fragrance and shadiness of a certain little corner which she had selected as her final resting-place; then proceed to receive visitors, dine with extraordinary relish, and spend the rest of the day in harmless pleasures.

On the Saturday in question, Hannchen had cajoled her aunt into an unusually hilarious mood, the consequence of which was a resolution to join the Frau Directorin and Elise in the Zoölogical Garden. The expense certainly had to be considered; one shilling each being required as entrance fee, a further outlay of eighteen pence for beefsteak, ale, and potatoes, in case they stayed to supper, and, perhaps, another sixpence for ices. But Fraulein Fink was by no means parsimonious. If she resolved to spend fifty kreutzers, she did not sigh over them, make epitaphs on them, and try to make them do the duty of sixty. If she spent a couple of florins, her manner became rather more magnanimous, perhaps, befitting the importance of the expenditure; but she never pretended to spend more than she really did, or to treat the matter with indifference, as if she thought nothing of it. She did not know—as, indeed, few of her countrymen and countrywomen know—what it is to live for appearance. Gentility, more's the pity, is a home-bred English word. In Germany you see poverty in plenty; but genteel poverty rarely. The proverb, "Set the best foot foremost," is almost unknown to our cousins. Those who are rich, are rich; those who are poor, by not being ashamed of poverty, are really less so.

Fraulein Fink having given out eggs, flour, and sugar, for the school-room supper of pancakes and preserve, and having seen that Lischen was busily scrubbing the first of her four class-rooms, then proceeded to make her toilet. Soon she was joined by Hannchen, all a-bloom with feathers, flowers, and furbelows, and the two set off. You could not easily find a livelier or pleasanter sight than the Frankfort Zoölogical Garden on a concert day. Passing through an avenue where cockatoos and parrots swing on their stands, looking like splinters of some gorgeous rainbow caught on the trees, you come upon a large open space covered by tables, at which sit the youth and beauty and fashion of the Free City. A prettily-built restaurant is seen behind, and all around are shady walks, interspersed with the most fanciful homes ever conceived for bird, beast, or fish. At a little distance from the restaurant stands a raised summer-house, in the shape of a pagoda, and here gleam the white coats of the Austrian band; whilst they play, as only Austrians *can* play, some delicious waltz of the never-to-be-forgotten Strauss, or some stirring march of Jeschko, the petted Austrian band-master of Mayence. Gayly dressed visitors stroll hither and thither; Frenchified-looking children, with their richly-habited Jewish mammas, feed the grave young bears; sober professors go into ecstasies of laughter as they watch the gambols of the monkeys in their superb cage, or prevail upon the kangaroos to leap across their little territory; Russian nursemaids, wearing pretty white caps, hold some baby heir to a thousand serfs close to the guinea-pigs, or throw bread, for their amusement, to the swans and ducks swimming in the lovely willow-hung lakelet. You see the wealthy merchants' wives, followed by their children, under charge of a governess and maid from Fulda, the latter being something distinguished in that way, like an Ayah. Her costume is certainly marked, and charmingly picturesque. A high coronet, tight bodice, with colored braces, blue skirt bordered with red, just reaching below the knees, white stockings, and buckled shoes—what could be a more becoming toilet for the bearer of a baby? Of English tourists there are plenty, and here, for, perhaps, the only occasion during their Rhine trip, they leave Mr. Murray's book behind them.

After strolling a little, the four ladies chose a table having a good view of the gayest part of the scene, and sat down. By-and-by, Elise's brother joined them, and taking the seat next to Hannchen, began to amuse her, as even a whiskerless youth of eighteen could easily do, when no better beau was in sight.

A waiter soon came up for orders, and the two chaperons took into consideration the subject of supper.

If there is anything that keenly annoys a genteel waiter next to receiving no *Trinkgeld*, or vails, it is to see people indifferent on the subject of eating and drinking. This restaurant *Kellner* utterly despised those respectable quiet families who subscribe to the gardens merely for the music and monkeys; he looked with lofty pity on the ice-and-confectionery-eating young people, and by no means gave his best bow to the moderate old ladies and married couples who refreshed themselves with coffee. Those who called for a bill of fare, ordered a cloth to be laid, cutlets, salad, cheese, etc., he would respect from the bottom of his heart ever after. Now, Fraulein Fink knew of this waiter's idiosyncrasy as well as we do; she quite intended, moreover, to earn his esteem and enjoy a hot supper, but the latter fact was to her as a plump mouse to a triumphant cat. It was too much of a treat to be quickly enjoyed, and lost forever; it must be played with, dallied in the fingers, smelt near and beheld at a distance. Moreover, she did not wish to bring the waiter in question at once to that pitch of tender obsequiousness of which only a *Kellner* who hears the order, "Steaks, potatoes, salad, Gruyère cheese, ale," is capable. No, she liked to wait, to toy with his patience, to bring him to marble-like indifference to her existence—then to cause his back to recover its elasticity, and his legs their nimbleness, at one magical touch.

Antæus, they say, was the most agile giant living, so long as he touched the earth—but Plutus is stronger, for the faintest chink of an unseen coin works quite as much effect on the supinest waiter living.

Having ordered the savory dishes to appear in an hour's time, our little party found amusement in looking around them, and in listening with unaffected enjoyment to the music. After a while, the adjoining table was taken by a party whom we are bound to notice.

First came Mrs. Brill. She wore a sky-blue feather, and a pea-green dress, but looked wonderfully little the worse for such a contrast. Her younger children followed, all more or less over-dressed and handsome, and perfectly self-possessed in their behavior. Agatha, the elder daughter, came last, with a pretty modest-looking girl at her side; this was Katchen Eggers, an orphan, placed under Mrs. Brill's care for education. After a great deal of loud talking, in which even the younger children joined, they seated themselves and ordered ices. Mrs. Brill's sharp eyes were busy enough, meantime, and before the ices came, she knew who were at the tables within her point of sight, how they were dressed, and what they were eating.

She proceeded to make a great many remarks, which would look ill-natured on paper, but sounded unimportant enough as she threw them off, one by one, with the same good-tempered voice and easy laugh.

The Garden had now become full. It was a matter of difficulty to obtain either the possession of a table, or the attention of a waiter, and the alleys and walks glowed like tulip beds with the gay silks of the ladies.

By-and-by, a distinguished-looking Englishman approached from the entrance. There was something about his face and carriage that caused people to look at him inquisitively, especially the resident English, who always felt curious regarding strangers. Without having an air of wealth, he carried that tone of good-breeding and aristocratic habits which imply it; and without being consequential, he made his way through the crowd with a calm superiority of manner that is neither condescension nor haughtiness, but outweighs both. Channing said that his road to power was character, and Dr. Jacob entertained much the same conviction.

As he looked on so many representatives of rich families who were unknown to him—whose purses and houses were, as yet, closed to him—whose bows and smiles were as yet denied him—this thought was in his mind—

"I have come a stranger, but before many days I shall have found the way to many a heart, and an entrance into many a circle. Perhaps next week, I may have some of the most influential residents pressing round me, and honoring me here. We shall see."

His eyes soon fell on the Brill party, and, after a polite word or two of greeting, he seated himself beside the elder lady.

Dr. Jacob talked little, but talked well. He had a habit of throwing back his head and folding his arms, as if perfect ease were necessary to the exertion. And, without warming with any subject, he grew calmly eloquent over it, and lighted it up, so to say, by his wonderful knowledge of human nature and readiness at analogy.

With Mrs. Brill, however, he merely suggested, and listened—perhaps in this latter capacity lay the secret of so much experience of character, and power to read it. A mind of so common a caliber as Mrs. Brill's interested him no less than the vigorous and well-trained intellect of Dr. Paulus; no amount of meanness or insignificance seemed to pain him—perhaps, because he stood so far off from both. Therefore Mrs. Brill's tongue went at its fastest rate, and Dr. Jacob listened with a smile.

Mr. Brill now came up, and proposed a stroll round the Garden. Dr. Jacob gave Mrs. Brill his arm; her husband followed with Aggie; Katchen and the children brought up the rear.

As they made their way among the crowded tables, Mrs. Brill occasionally stopped to greet acquaintances, to whom she introduced her companion. She was in high spirits, feeling proud to hang on the arm of such a man, and delighted at the idea of creating a little envious inquisitiveness among her friends, as to whom the stranger might be.

The Brills had a large visiting circle—a chaplain must necessarily have such, in order to maintain his popularity and position—and Mr. Brill's stood on rather shaky foundations just now. It took them therefore some time to get clear of the crowd; which feat accomplished, Mrs. Brill gave a synopsis of her friends after the following manner:

"The Herveys are good people enough, but poor and pinched, and never give anything beyond a tea and turn-out; the Norris family are rich, but half American, and vulgar in the extreme; the Woods are *parvenus*, and only pass off as real coin among the homelier Germans; they drop their h's, make absurd mistakes in endeavoring to observe etiquette—but are kind-hearted and inoffensive; the family of exceedingly tall daughters are well-bred, unexceptionably respectable, and a little averse to pleasure, except of the most decorous kind. The Germans, you won't care to hear of?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Jacob.

"Fraulein Fink keeps a school, to which Aggie and Katchen go. The old gentleman, with his two daughters, is a Lutheran pastor, and a dear old soul, though exceedingly comic; that young officer, who bowed so grandly, is a captain in the Frankfort Cavalry and, *entre nous*, an admirer of our Aggie's. Ah! here comes our clever Jewish physician—isn't it very extraordinary, Dr. Jacob, that all our best physicians and lawyers are Jews?"

Meantime, let us see how Fraulein Fink is enjoying herself. The sun has sunk behind the blue Taunus range, the dews have fallen, the fanciful gas-lights twinkle in the avenues, the rainbow-colored silks are no longer to be distinguished from the foliage of acacia and laurel; the paroquets are housed for the night, and a few of the tables are cleared.

Fraulein Fink has had no disappointment regarding her hot supper. The cutlets were superb; the beer was undoubtedly Bavarian; the salad had its due proportion of beetroot and potato; and after a proper appreciation of all these, her heart expanded with content and benevolence.

"Ah!" my dear Frau Directorin," she said, clasping her hands enthusiastically, "we may, in our most exalted moments of intellectuality, imagine ourselves to be beyond the commoner pleasures of the palate. It is not so. This superb music, these lovely gardens, the tranquillity of the twilight sky, the mingled voices of happy fellow-beings—in fine, all the manifestations of beauty and goodness that bring us nearer to God and to man, are intensified, dear Frau Directorin, and strengthened, by a savory cutlet and a glass of good beer thereto."

"No doubt!" answered the Frau Directorin; "for my part I never think music sounds so well as when I am knitting stockings; and if I have just supped off baked potatoes and buttered rolls—so much the better."

Fraulein Fink, you will perceive, was by no means a hypocrite. Where she was weak, she owned to her weakness; where she was strong, she did not deny a pride in her strength. Her strength of intellect resembled a fortress—it looked all the more invincible for one or two rents in it.

At least so thought the Fraulein Fink.

CHAPTER IX.

At last came the Sunday appointed for Dr. Jacob's benefit sermon. It was evident that some unusual attraction existed, by the stream of people pouring into the small church facing the beautiful Goethe statue. Ordinarily, Mr. Brill's congregation was insignificant, owing, in the first instance, to the very irregular attendance of such English residents as were kindly disposed toward him; and secondly, to that complete non-attendance of the hostile party.

You may obtain a good insight into the habits and general tone of a household by the manner in which its members go to church. The austerely punctual in all weathers, who look out the lessons and texts, and fix their eyes devouringly on the preacher, may be set down as formal, uninteresting people. Some enter but just in time, blunder into the wrong pew, smile at their error, open the prayer-book at any place but the right, finally, on the clergyman's appearance, give their whole attention to the service—only fidgeting, perhaps, if the sermon prove too long. These are sure to be of the pleasant, open-hearted, free-spoken class, whom nobody dislikes, and who dislike nobody.

Then there are the unmistakably careless families—families who come in one by one, sometimes a quarter of an hour too early, sometimes a quarter of an hour too late, but equally unconcerned on either occasion. The mammas and papas of such families have generally left a glove or a pocket-handkerchief at home; have whispered discussions with the children, nudge, frown, and make signs to them, but are utterly unable to maintain a decorous behavior with all their efforts. You may be sure there are ugly discomforts in their house, as well as injudicious enjoyments—perhaps a debt or two, certainly waste and want.

Among the early comers were the Paulus family. Louisa, perhaps, was hardly strong enough to be out at all, but had expressed so earnest a wish to hear Dr. Jacob's sermon, that her husband could not find it in his heart to refuse her. Connie looked very delicate and pretty, in her simple straw hat and childish cotton dress, and the boys followed in the most exact order possible, looking none the less gentlemanly for their inexpensive paletots. Mamma alone wore anything costly. Her chip bonnet, her moiré dress, her velvet scarf, were the admiration of the children, and poor Connie wondered if, when she was grown up, she should ever have a silk frock or pale kid gloves.

The next comers were the Brills who entered with a bang and creaking of doors, a rustling of skirts, and a whispering of voices. One bench did not suffice for so large a party, and some discussion took place before a judicious division could be effected. Flory nudged Tommy, Tommy kicked Harry, Harry pinched little Jeannie, all to no purpose; at last Mrs. Brill pushed the two youngest children into a seat, and flounced down beside them; a struggle followed between Tommy and Flory for the vacant place beside her, in which Flory's crinoline got the day, and Master Tommy was obliged to follow gentle Katchen Eggers into the next pew

Then came Miss Macartney. She wore a thick veil, and crept quietly to her seat, without looking round. Her pupils, Katchen and Aggie, noticed that she did not, as usual, raise her veil when she rose from her knees; her hands, too, supported her low bent head. Was she ill?—or had she really done something wrong, of which she feared the consequences, as some of the girls whispered in the first class? Both Katchen and Aggie pondered over the matter till prayers commenced.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock, Mr. Brill rushed into the reading desk, his hair unbrushed, his cassock awry, his surplice tucked in at the neck. After kneeling down with the intention of praying—but, in fact, the poor man was too concerned about his lateness to do more than say the first text that came to mind—he rose, hitched the surplice to the left, pushed his hair to the right, made a sign to his wife involving some domestic secret, and began: "Dearly beloved brethren," etc.

Meantime Dr. Jacob had, with much dignity and unobtrusiveness, seated himself behind the communion rails. He knew that every eye was upon him, that every look and movement might be construed to his favor or disadvantage; and, without wishing or intending to act a part, he wished to create an impression. He did not put on a mask, and seem entirely lost in devotion. During the prayers and the Litany no one in the church prayed more fervently than he; but whilst the Psalms and Lessons were being read, he suffered his eyes to wander around the congregation.

It was but reasonable that he should feel interested in those who had welcomed him with open arms; it was only human that he should attend less to the portions of Scripture being read by Mr. Brill, and which he knew by heart, than to faces which were entirely new to him, and which it essentially concerned his mission that he should learn to read well. With a grave earnestness, therefore, he passed searchingly from one family group to the other, nor ended the scrutiny till his gaze rested on the occupant of the remotest bench—namely, Miss Macartney.

She was a governess and an Englishwoman—thus much he saw at a glance; the thick veil prevented a glimpse of her features, and he looked no more.

This short survey convinced him that he was among no ordinary, sober-minded English. Among the whole congregation, hardly one family could be said to typify our national character; that of Dr. Paulus approached nearest to it, but with wide differences. The doctor was German, and held German notions regarding a man's position in his house. His wife and children were not allowed to have impulses, much less opinions; they gave where he gave; they liked where he liked, and *vice versâ*. The other large families were of that gay, uncertain kind one is sure to find in a fashionable foreign town. Some were luxurious and generous; some came to church merely because they regarded it as a nationality that made them respected, and were, on principle, liberal through any other channel but that of the pulpit; some, though of high rank, had little to give, and gave either spontaneously or when driven to it. Tourists, as a rule, are not partial to extra outlay, and of tourists, there were many.

Dr. Jacob clearly saw that his only road to success lay through sudden, startling eloquence. Such a mixed assembly could not be expected to give readily to a remote charity; they must be drawn to it, fascinated by it, excited by it, awed by it. Statistical reports, he felt sure, would fall on the hearts of his hearers as hailstones on a snowed surface—he must have hot tears of pity, spasmodic rays of humanity, warm gushes of enthusiasm from them. Then all would go well.

Mr. Brill, though an orthodox clergyman in most things, could not help feeling that the morning service was a little too long, consequently he made quick work of it. He made quick work of his sermons, too, ordinarily, being signaled by Mrs. Brill when the term of twenty minutes had expired.

And now Dr. Jacob mounted the pulpit. Certainly the place became him. With his majestic silvered head thrown back, his powerful, full-chested form drawn to its complete height, his eyes brimming over with the largeness of his subject, he might well recall that prophet who stood up and called out to the people, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

At first the calm grandeur of his manner and the deep ringing tones of his voice alone sufficed to attract all eyes and ears; but soon a new and indescribable emotion stirred every heart. You might have heard the fluttering of a butterfly against the windows. Mrs. Brill looked awed and decorous. Dr. Paulus brightened and smiled from very admiration and wonder. The rich, worldly English expressed unusual disturbance of feeling. Miss Macartney sat with clasped hands and marble features, as if every word were striking some terrible conviction to her mind.

Dr. Jacob knew human nature well. He had been taught to know it in rather a skeptical school; and however high his ends might be, he generally made use of the lower rather than the higher qualities of his fellow-beings to assist him. To day he wanted money from his hearers. They were far from intellectual—far from devout; consequently, instead of trying to elevate them to a high standard of religious enthusiasm, he brought himself down to the level of that enthusiasm they could easiest feel, and, instead of teaching, moved them only.

He began his sermon by a gorgeous picture of the Jewish life in the Free City. He drew vividly the gleaming white villas, the smooth velvety pleasaunces, the marble statuary, the flowery carpets, the mimic lakes, the gilded furniture, the shining carriages, the fiery steeds, the obsequious lackeys, the kingly banquets, in fine, all the magnificence which makes up a modern Jewish *ménage*.

Then he dwelt on the charitableness, and honor, and talent of the men; the beauty and accomplishments of the women; the promising abilities of the child; and asked if the whole world could show a phase of society more brilliant, or more prophetic of power and success.

No; this race of merchant princes of Frankfort had no rivals in Europe, and could never have rivals. Generations might pass away, and still their names would fill the mouths of men, signifying wealth, and understanding, and influence—still their houses would be palaces, and their equipages equal to those of royalty. But this regality and this power were for earth only.

In the old Norse religion the power of Evil was represented by a giant who was mighty for life and death so long as his back was turned to the sun, but to face it was to die. So was it with this gigantic Jewish power. Whilst Death kept in the background, all went well. Spread the feast, bring in the wine, fill high the silver cups, let the sounds of sweet music and the sight of fair faces adorn the banquet, sprinkle perishable flowers around the costly meats, ere yet the sun touches the hills with its light. But slowly, surely, as the dawn of spring, comes that Sun of Righteousness, in the face of which the Giant must die!

In words, every one of which went straight and swift, as an Indian's arrow, to the mark, he proceeded to dilate upon that doom of death. He drew, in vivid colors, the voluptuous Time, and the dread Eternity; he enlarged upon the love of life common to all, and the dread of death, even as it is softened and made holy by Christian belief; he recalled many a solemn and peaceful death-bed which this belief had hallowed; he described many a terrible struggle that had taken place where such belief was wanting. Then, in short and gorgeous sketches, he recalled to his hearers some experiences of his past ministry in the East.

"It was sunset," he said, "and I lay under an olive-tree of my garden, thinking of many things that had happened to encourage me in my mission. Before me lay the Holy City bathed in burning light—I could see the Mount of Olives, and the road that led to Bethany. I could trace the foundations of that temple which Solomon built, of fir, and cedar, and algam wood, and decorated with gold of Parvaim and cherubim, and rails of blue, purple, and crimson. The garden celebrated for that Great Agony, and the bitter Hill of Calvary, were in sight. I was thinking solemnly of the desolation which had come to the Jerusalem of old, and wondering how the Jews could still hope, in spite of so much fulfilled prophecy, when the sound of a halting step caused me to break my reverie. Before me stood an aged man, weary and footsore from many days' travel. Indeed, so altered was he from over-fatigue, that I did not recognize him as a proud rabbi with whom I had argued in vain some months since.

"'Brother,' he said, in a feeble voice, 'I come from the city of —— to tell you that your prayers have not been in vain. I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Weak, stricken down to death, despised of my people, bereft of my child, the Joy and Glory of that new life have strengthened me, and brought me here. The voice of my home called me back, the face of my child called me many times—I know that, in gaining Christ, I lose *her*—and yet I come. Receive me into your Church, and let me lay my bones among the scenes of your blessed apostleship.'

"With a calm smile he prepared himself to receive the first sacrament of our Church. I had hardly pronounced a blessing when, with that smile still on his lips, he fell back dead!"

The preacher continued in this strain till, overcome by the force of his glowing words and the pathos of his passionate voice, every heart lay at his feet. The women trembled, and wept, and hid their faces. The men looked up rapt and wonder-struck. When he ceased speaking, every one drew a deep breath, as if relieved from some powerful spell.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Jacob's benefit-sermon created a *furore* among the English. Money poured in on an unexpected scale of liberality, and many proofs were given, beyond money's worth, of the enthusiasm created for his cause. The poorer of his countrywomen organized little bodies for weekly subscriptions, sewing clubs, Bible donations, etc.; little girls at school laid by a penny from the weekly twopence, and gave it to him without a tear of regret; anonymous tourists sent in bank-notes to the value of a dozen thalers; even among the German-English set, no slight exertions were made. One or two school-mistresses, having English pupils, asked the favor of an evening lecture from Dr. Jacob, and their pupils gave quite as readily to the Jewish Mission as to a silver wedding-gift for the master of drawing or literature.

Then another kind of enthusiasm spread widely. Not a day passed but little pink notes of invitation were laid on the doctor's table; from the rich English and American families came cards for dinners or suppers; from those of moderate means came meekly-worded supplication for his company to tea on such and such a day. Before a week passed two-thirds of the best English houses were open to him, and without appearing exultant at his success, he availed himself of the proffered hospitality just enough to gratify all and offend none.

"I confess, dear brother," he said to Dr. Paulus, "that this warm reception touches me—humbles me. I am, God knows, too unworthy of such kindness. Yet to draw back from it would appear thankless. Often should I prefer a quiet cigar with you, or a game of play with your children, to the luxurious entertainments made for me."

"On no account refuse them to come here," answered the other, apologetically; "I am not a man to vex myself without cause at what might appear neglect. If you come seldom you are none the less welcome, and I should be sorry for you to come at all when you would be doing yourself greater advantage elsewhere. It is a real pleasure for me to see you. I can answer for it that it is no less of a pleasure to my wife and the children, but we do not wish to make your visits wearisome through a sense of duty to us. Remember that."

So Dr. Jacob, because he felt that the Paulus family gave him just their heart's welcome, and no more—that, however much he might go, he would be received with the same sincere, quiet cordiality—that, however much he might stay away, he would still be held high in affection and esteem—went oftener to the pretty Swiss cottage than to any other house in Frankfort. And with, perhaps, greater pleasure.

No demonstrations were made in his honor; no costly meats were laid before him; no rich wines were poured in his cup. But the doctor's eyes never failed to brighten at his coming, and he was met with a warm hand-clasp at the study-door. Louisa's pale cheek flushed with pleasure, and the children would show as much controlled joy as they dared to do. Sometimes he would come in at five o'clock, when Louisa's tea was served in her sunny room, and, which was a very unusual thing, his presence always brought the doctor. Then Louisa, being petted and waited on by both, grew quite cheerful and forgot the never-ceasing headache.

But Dr. Jacob's heart ever yearned to children, especially to such gentle little children as those of Dr. Paulus, and he loved to come best of all when he was sure of finding all the little party at home. No one else would have dared to pet them as he did now; much less would any one have dared to invite them on half-holidays for little pleasure excursions to the forest or Zoölogical Garden—but he did it with impunity.

These days were like fairy-tales to the children. They treasured up the remembrance of them in after life, and never mentioned Dr. Jacob without sparkling eyes and eager lips. It was a bright time for all. Bright for Dr. Jacob, who forgot, in this pure home atmosphere, many deep anxieties and troubles of which no one knew; bright for Dr. Paulus, who loved to turn from work and care to the intercourse with a mind so vast and well stored; bright for Louisa, who lived on tenderness and sympathy—above all, bright for the children, who had enjoyed fewer fairy-tale days than fall to the share of most.

Fraulein Fink did not stand aloof from the general feeling. In early life she had spent a year or two in England, and though, poor lady, she was almost starved whilst acting as companion to an aristocratic spinster during that time, prided herself upon an enthusiasm for anything English ever after.

When, therefore, Aggie Brill and Katchen Eggers spread daily reports of Dr. Jacob's goodness and eloquence in the school, her curiosity knew no bounds. By lucky chance she obtained an introduction to him at the house of Mr. Brill, where she had called in the hope of settling up a long-standing account. Dr. Jacob made it a habit to be polite and pleasant to every one; but Fraulein Fink went home convinced that to her well-chosen phraseology and pure accent she owed his friendly chat and gracious compliment. She went home, therefore, much in the state of exhilaration with which she was wont to return after a reverie in the cemetery.

And now a grand idea took possession of her mind. We have before noticed that, though perfectly retired and modest in her conduct of life, and though entirely free from the kind of vanity so common to elderly ladies, the Fraulein Fink participated in a weakness to which that vanity leads. She was very fond of the society of the opposite sex. Half an hour's conversation with a clever man, she would say, was more to her than a poem of Goethe, or a holiday in the woods.

On no account must our readers deceive themselves as to the pure intellectuality of the pleasure; merely a chat on passing events would have been no more to her from masculine than from feminine lips. It was not the beard but the brains she adored. A man who thought women were only capable of listening to nonsense, she despised; a man, like Professor Beer, who discussed æsthetics, literature, or sociology with her, was a hero.

Now, whatever may be the privileges of a single lady and schoolmistress in England, in Germany they do not extend to the power of inviting a gentleman to tea with impunity. When the thing is done, it must be done warily, and under many palliative circumstances. If the gentleman be married and accompanies his wife, all is well; if he be old, his bachelorhood may be passed over; if he be a bachelor and middle-aged, nothing short of stringent necessity prevents busy tongues from wagging. For instance, when, some time since, Fraulein Fink had a great deal of business on hand concerning her citizenship (for she was a Saxon by birth, and only a Frankfort Burgherin by right of purchase and senatorial favor), Professor Beer was invited more than once to take "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," in her little drawing-room, and no one thought of scandalizing the matter. Professor Schwab, too, of the Gymnasium, had now and then supped with her in former days. But since Hannchen had grown to a fine young woman, and neither of the above-mentioned gentlemen was married, such pleasures must be given up. Tears often rose to Fraulein Fink's eyes as she recalled those "feasts of reason and flows of soul." She complained bitterly of the social bonds by which she was forbidden to enjoy a little intercourse with masculine intellects over a cup of tea or glass of sugar-water.

"Who can wonder," she would say "that *Bettina* ran into follies and excesses? Every woman of strong understanding and delicate susceptibilities is more or less tempted to step over the barriers which a false etiquette has put up."

As she returned home from Mr. Brill's at the time of which we speak, a vision of Paradise dawned on her lively imagination. To converse with Professor Beer was a privilege which no woman in Frankfort, she thought, could fully comprehend but herself; to match his intellect against that of Dr. Jacob, and by her own poor little power of suggestion, to evolve and elucidate the noblest thoughts of both, as in chemistry the tiny drop of acid changes and develops the properties of mighty bodies—this would be a delight indeed.

She could not ask Dr. Jacob to read a paper before her pupils, because two-thirds of them were Jewesses; she could not follow up her acquaintance with him by means of the Brill family, as she never visited at their house. Only one course, and that a bold one, could bring about her wishes. She must ask Dr. Jacob and Professor Beer to tea! She was known to have connections in England—what more likely than that a prior intimacy would be taken for granted, and prevent any remarks upon her invitation? Then he was elderly, a clergyman, and had come to Frankfort on a mission in which most Christian men and women took an interest. Indeed, after duly considering the matter, she was inclined to think that such a step would look well in the eyes of her patrons. As to Professor Beer, he had lately been at great trouble in the purchasing of her house for her, and it was a possible duty on her part to make him some little return. This view of the case she resolved to communicate to her friend, the Frau Directorin, at the next coffee-party.

Accordingly, one morning Dr. Jacob was surprised by a modest little letter from the schoolmistress, inclosing half a dozen florins contributed by herself and governesses to his Mission Fund, and begging his company to tea. With a smile, the clergyman put both letter and money aside.

"Why should I not go?" he thought. "The donation is small, but the spirit in which it is given should receive encouragement. How the hearts of the Frankforters are warming to me already!"

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CHAPTER XI.

Fraulein Fink often regretted the prevailing materialism of the age. She bewailed the charming simplicity of intercourse which she had enjoyed in Dresden thirty years ago, when people had met together merely to exchange ideas, and to sun themselves in the light of each other's intellects. Then no other elements were needed but sociability, sugar-water, and refinement, to form the most delightful circles in the world. Alas! that we must now link such gross things as beer, sausage, and cherry-cake, even to the sacred name of friendship! Fraulein Fink, however, had learned in the words of Goethe, "*Dass wir entsagen mussen*," and renounced, as she received, with cheerfulness.

A considerable conflict took place in her mind regarding the tea to be prepared for her guests: she wished it to be generous; she wished it to be refined; she wished it to be economical—the question was, how to attain all these ends without detriment to one. To meet the first exigency ham would be necessary, but it was certainly incompatible with the two others; accordingly ham received a veto, and confectionary took its place. A little display of chocolate, to give an aristocratic and convivial air to the meal, was also resolved upon.

But a more serious difficulty presented itself. Professor Beer, like most other Germans, only drank tea when he suffered from sick-headache or the loss of a relation; Dr. Jacob, most probably, never liked coffee, except after dinner; very few Englishmen did. To provide tea exclusively, would be to preclude all possibility of thirst on the part of the professor; to reverse the arrangement would be equally inhospitable to the clergyman. A bright thought dawned on her perplexed mind—Professor Beer loved beer as his ancestors loved it in the days of Tacitus; the latter beverage, therefore, with tea, anise bread, and sweet-cakes, composed her little feast.

Having made ready both her festal board and her person, Fraulein Fink next retired to the summer-house to prepare her inner woman. On any trying emergency, as we have seen, she resorted to solitude; and the promised pleasure, though a pleasure of the first water, brought deep anxiety with it. She must rub the work-a-day rust off her faculties in order duly to impress her visitors; and to that end she pondered over several ethical topics on which she was strong, repeated aloud one or two quotations that she resolved to introduce—in fine, put her mind in its Sunday dress, omitting no attraction of ornament, or coquetries of fancy.

Professor Beer came as punctually, at six o'clock, as if he was engaged to give a lesson; Dr. Jacob walked in leisurely, half an hour later, with the unconcerned air of a man who knows that his company is worth waiting for. Both visitors were as contrasted to each other as two men could possibly be, yet they soon fell into a pleasant animated conversation. The professor had lived long enough to value a good talker, no matter what might be his nation or view. Dr. Jacob liked everybody who was not dull or inquisitive. We must say a word regarding Fraulein Fink's revered friend and counselor, before proceeding with the evening's events.

A little beyond middle height, and framed for strength rather than symmetry, with a square, well-set head, a deeply browned skin, black curly hair, of that kind which looks as if it were spun out of iron, with a glint of steel in it here and there, a ragged beard, strongly marked features, expressive of an honest, healthy nature, and of a persevering and profound, but not of a lively or acute, understanding, Professor Beer stands before us no unworthy son of Adam. You might, at the first glance, designate him as the last man any woman could either despise or love. Hannchen admired him, 'tis true, but then she was one of those young ladies who admired all manner of professors on principle. Fraulein Fink, characteristically, owned to his outward imperfections, though to her they were but as the dark setting of jewels, only improving their brilliancy.

"I have the pleasure of knowing one or two of your pupils, Herr Professor," said Dr. Jacob, with his winning smile, "and from them I have heard your name often. Katchen Eggers, Mr. Brill's ward, is especially warm in your praises."

The professor blushed—not red, but a deeper brown. Personalities, however, complimentary, were as unpleasant to him as tea.

"The Fraulein Eggers is very attentive, but less clever than Agatha Brill," he replied, evasively.

Dr. Jacob continued, more as if following out a train of thought than diving into a subject:

"I pity this little Katchen, poor child! Mr. Brill informs me that she has no parents, and very few friends."

"But she has money, Herr Pfarrer," put in the Fraulein Fink; "and money, though it makes us gross, and inclined to forego our higher aspirations and youthful enthusiasms, undoubtedly *is* a consoler."

"And a tempter," added the professor.

"Say an avenging angel also," said Dr. Jacob. "If money leads us to sin, it also leads us to sorrow."

"Mine, earned by hourly and daily toils in the school-room," added the schoolmistress, "has brought me no sorrow at present; only second to the sincere gratification of having formed the grammatical style of some hundreds of young ladies, is the feeling of thankfulness and pure enjoyment and peace that money has brought me. When my good friend here, Professor Beer, assisted me in purchasing my right of citizenship, how infinitely happy I felt in buying the privilege with florins toiled for in no worse a cause! Ah!" added Fraulein Fink, rapturously, "nothing in my life equaled that moment. God be thanked!"

Whilst she was speaking, Dr. Jacob's eyes followed her with a curious, half-contemptuous, half-wistful expression. He concluded the subject rather skeptically:

"After all, money is the end and aim of life. We eat, we drink, we rise, we lie down—to gain money. We take up professions, we make friends, we adopt opinions, we hazard our soul's peace—to gain money. For money, we throw away health, youth—all that is best and beautiful under heaven. Money makes us slaves, sinners, rulers among men, saints in the eyes of the world. Well, the god must be worshiped, since it has been set up!"

Which speech Fraulein Fink, not quite understanding, answered by a random quotation from "Hermann and Dorothea," wherein a worldly-wise father advises his son to marry a well-dowered maiden.

"Sing a little song, my child," said Dr. Jacob, touching Hannchen's arm; "you shy little birds always have sweet voices."

The compliment was almost too delicate for Hannchen's appreciation; but the manner of it sent her to the piano, blushing like a June rose.

Dr. Jacob was a Goethe among women. The most trifling word from his lips carried a charm with it that none could resist. Whether his quiet eloquence, or sweet voice, or caressing manner, or noble features inspired such unusual homage, it would be difficult to say; certainly, he had only to hold out his hand for every warm little heart to drop into it.

Meantime, let us see how some other members of Fraulein Fink's establishment are occupying themselves.

Just as the drawing-room door opened to admit Lischen with the lighter and more elegant part of the tea, which was as dessert to dinner, Miss Macartney returned from her usual walk. It was, as we have remarked, a very unusual thing for the schoolmistress to entertain gentlemen visitors, and Miss Macartney, without being an inquisitive person, glanced naturally toward the open door, as she passed to her bedroom.

Years after she remembered that moment, with every minute circumstance attending it. She remembered how one red ray of sunset slanted over the polished floor of the gaudy little drawing-room, the position of every chair, the affected *pose* of Fraulein Fink's freckled hands; the tutorial attitude of Professor Beer, who sat as if he were narrating the Silesian War to the first class; the self-satisfied smile and blush of Hannchen in the act of rising from the piano; lastly, Dr. Jacob's large easy figure reclining in an arm-chair, the way in which his soft white hair had been pushed off his broad brow, the indolent toying of his fingers with a book, the complacent smile on his lips—all this was photographed in her memory sooner than we can write it.

She was a brave woman, and had learned her bravery in a spirit-taming war years ago, but her courage ebbed very quickly now. Only the fear of worse things than she had yet undergone, restrained her from a passionate cry. Every drop of blood fled from her dark cheek, every pulse beat as if she were in high fever, her knees trembled so that she could hardly help falling.

Just then a cruel laugh from behind recalled her to herself.

"So," hissed the light laughing voice of Mademoiselle Rappelin, the French governess, "you would like to be invited to drink tea with the Messieurs—eh?"

The drawing-room was closed now, and Miss Macartney had, in a measure, recovered from her agitation. She felt disinclined to quarrel, but the false blue eyes of the Frenchwoman were not easily shut when they had once been opened to anything. She determined to sound the depth of her suspicions.

"To whom do you allude, mademoiselle?"

"Don't be angry with me—if you admire him, I can feel for you. I adore sentiment—let us sympathize with each other."

And the French girl laughed again, as if the thing were really a capital joke.

"You are quite welcome to sympathize with me, or the professor, or with whom you please," replied Miss Macartney, in a voice of relief; "but I warn you that your sympathies with the Herr Levi, who lives opposite, had need be more closely concealed, if you wish to prevent a scandal. You mock me, mademoiselle—take care lest you mock me once too often. I would sweep the streets of Frankfort rather than stoop to be the spy of a flirt; but you may find me turning to that before I suffer your insolence."

Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders, and made a *moue* of discontent.

"The black bread and butter and taste of sausage are carried into the dining-room—will you not share our superb repast? I have sent out for five kreutzer-worth of beer to add to its splendor."

"I want no supper, thank you," coldly said Miss Macartney, and turned away.

As soon as she saw the Frenchwoman fairly in the refectory below, she descended by the front stairs, and closed the street-door behind her.

Tired as she was, she could not rest in the house. On she rushed, without a pause or slackening of pace, till she had passed through the upper Maine Gate, and reached that promenade aptly called Beautiful View, which looks on to the limpid Maine, and the old bridge with its golden cock; and the red towers of Sachsenhausen, whose people, with their old-world simplicity and comic brogue, are so deliciously rendered by the German Robson of the day.

Why do people always lounge on bridges? Whether to the Micawber class who are expecting something to turn up, there is a kind of cheerfulness in the calm onward flow of the water which shows them, if not fishes, at least where fishes might be, I cannot tell; but so surely as there is a bridge, no matter if crossing the Danube, beneath the hoary dome of St. Stefan's, or the Thames, with tempting ledges for suicidal temperaments, or the Seine, amid never-ending new buildings, which pet the people and hide old Paris from revolutionary eyes—it is ever the same. Bridges bring idlers.

Miss Macartney did not observe the calm loveliness of the scene; she did not see the blotch of gold, like a Templar's shield, on the Cathedral; she did not see how the princely houses on her right gleamed, as if of marble, against the warm purple sky; she did not heed the tiny plash of a pleasure-steamer gliding into the quay; or the low-lying tobacco and corn-fields stretching along the still, gray river, all aflame here and there, as if a shower of gold coins had been poured down on it; or the sounds of military music before the Burgomaster's house, hard by; or the voices of happy children in the street.

Utterly in self centered and unhappy, she retracted her steps slowly homeward. Choosing the winding public pleasaunce, rather for its quiet than for its beauty of lake, parterre, and rocky dell, she tried to bring herself to some course of action.

Should she make herself known, and run all hazards of the expediency of such a step—throwing down her die wildly, ready to lose or win all? Or should she wait, hardly in hope, hardly in despair, but silent and suffering? Could any one help her? Could Dr. Paulus?—if he were powerless to advise or assist, there was no counsel or aid in all Frankfort. Of this she felt assured. Fraulein Fink was her best friend; and Fraulein Fink was not the woman to trust with a secret. Dr. Paulus she could hardly call her friend, but he was wise, charitable, and a man of the world. She felt sure that he would pity and befriend her to the best of his power—but—

Something, that was the softest and best part of her woman's nature, held her back from a confidence involving a name still unspeakably dear. She recoiled from the idea, shocked, self-reproachful, humiliated—tears came into her eyes, and they fell, one by one, as she returned home.

It is recorded of Mungo Park that, when lost in the desert, way-worn, hopeless, without courage to go on, or patience to stay, his despondent heart was turned from its hard mood by the sight of a tuft of moss. The tiny, lovely creation, speaking, in its minuteness, so much of One whose hand fashions nothing amiss or in vain—the little living jewel, among endless wastes and arid rocks, declaring Spring to be yet in store for the world, and vitality, even in its most insignificant forms, a thing God gives and loves—this simple spray of moss melted the traveler's heart. "If God cares for the moss," he said, "surely he cares for me;" and he went on in a reliant frame of mind.

So is it with woman, and the love to which her heart clings. She may be exiled far from the reach of its influence—it may appear to be dead, cold, oblivious—on she wanders, in the desert of a loveless life, till the dreariness of it makes her grow bitter, weakens her belief in the God to whom she has burned incense; finally, she is ready to lie down and die, crying that all is vanity! Then, softening and warming her poor wistful heart, comes some good memory of the Atlantis left far behind. A little thing—the merest waif from summer days, long, oh! how long gone by!—is enough to bring back the old soft mood. She weeps, she prays, and goes on in the wilderness, looking toward the future.

CHAPTER XII.

THE attendance at the brilliant table d'hôte of the Hôtel de Russie was considerably increased next day by a family party fresh from the Austrian baths. It consisted of a heavy-framed, hard browed Bavarian baron, his handsome and witty French wife, a son who had just entered the Austrian service, and some young children, under the supervision of a tutor, or Hofmeister, and an English governess.

Dr. Jacob, who came into the *salle à manger* whilst the waiters were handing round wine-lists, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise as his eyes met those of the baroness.

"Ah!" she said, with the slightest shade of embarrassment, which was instantly replaced by the most well-bred smile in the world. "We little thought Frankfort had so agreeable a surprise in store for us—so we have met again, Dr. Jacob, to resume those pleasant hours we spent in solitary Ischl."

"Pretty, never-to-be-forgotten Ischl!" answered Dr. Jacob, occupying the vacant chair by her side, and bowing cordially to the rest of the party. "I have not had a holiday since."

"Take one now—there is no second Ischl, but the Bergstrasse is enjoyable enough with a pleasant party."

The baroness said this carelessly, and without looking up. Dr. Jacob spent a few seconds either in considering her proposition, or the ingredients of his soup. He answered, in his usual voice,

"Probably I may go there—all Frankfort does at this season."

"And after the rustication, you will re-enter the world."

"What does the baroness call re-entering the world?"

"Returning to Vienna, of course."

He laughed—his pleasant musical laugh.

"I wish, for some reason, I could do so. Vienna I shall certainly visit before long, but only on my way to the East, whither I am bound."

"That is to say," said the baroness, sharply, "you are resolved to undergo all sorts of torments from mosquitoes and Bedouins, in order to bring home some sarcophagus, written over with hieroglyphics, or mummy, and be talked about. The thing is fashionable."

"No," Dr. Jacob replied with seriousness; "I am by no means anxious to put myself in the mouth of gossipers. My object is purely and simply connected with my calling."

"In other words, you go upon business You never mentioned that ugly word at Ischl. Is this city of millionaires a kind of Midas, turning everybody into a money-maker?"

"All business is not money-making, my dear baroness."

The answer implied an error of tact in the question, and it was atoned for gracefully.

"But even 'business,' or words twice as unpoetical, shall be forgiven you, if you save us from *ennui* in the Bergstrasse."

Dr. Jacob bowed, and was about to reply, when the youngest member of the Ladenburg family plucked at his mamma's sleeve, crying vigorously,

"Mamma, won't you let Miss Hedge have a little wine?—the governess we saw at Wiesbaden always had some."

At which the baroness smiled pleasantly, shook her head, and continued her dinner. When the seventh course was finished, the baron began to be talkative.

"We shall have coffee and cigars upstairs in half an hour; won't you join us, Dr. Jacob? You used, I think, to smoke at Ischl."

"In good company—yes," replied Dr. Jacob, giving his arm to the baroness, and he did not relinquish it at the door of her room.

"Will you come in and wait for the coffee, or shall I send the tutor to fetch you?" asked the lady.

"Why that trouble? May I not have a romp with the children, as I used to do at Ischl?"

She scanned his features narrowly, and said, in a low tone,—

"Can you bear to recall that time?"

And he answered her so softly, that the two voices might have been taken for one.

"Why not? The pleasure was, at least, equal to the pain."

The children now came up with the evident intention of being made much of. Poets have often written of the tenderness and beauty of childhood: is not the childhood of poetry becoming rather an ideality than anything else? Are these flounced, furbelowed, elegant-mannered little men and women we see around us, anything like the children of poems and story-books? Nowadays, the little ones no longer make friends with birds and primroses and woodland joys—they do not live in the once child-world of simplest and most innocent tender things—they must have excitement, variety, worldliness—they must live in miniature the anxious varied life of society awaiting them—must have balls, theatricals, jealousies, fancies—in fine, must be children in size only.

The little Ladenburgs were by no means fit subjects for the enthusiasm of Wordsworth, Longfellow, or Victor Hugo. They had, it is true, good qualities intermixed with bad ones; but the former were less admirable on account of their disingenuousness, and the latter worse because they were the faults of worldly-minded men and women. As they crowded round Dr. Jacob now, it was not in delight at meeting an old friend who had played games with them, told them stories, given them holiday treats; they fawned on him and flattered him in remembrance of his lavish gifts only, and were already calculating the chances of new picture-books and bon-bon boxes.

But they were pretty, clever, and high spirited, and Dr. Jacob took the same amount of interest in them as in the artless, child-like loving Paulus circle. He had a strange earnest way of watching all children. You might fancy, from the expression of his face at such times, that he could see far into their futures—that shadows of sin and sorrow crowded thick and fast into his reach of vision—that he felt indeed "the days of man's life to be few and evil." Their merriest sallies made him sad, their most generous impulses brought a bitter smile to his lips. A man must have a tender heart and a long experience of the world to look on children so. Soon Hermann was sent to the tutor; Marie and Mathilde were dispatched to their governess; the baron and Count Josef sauntered to the balcony and the lady was left alone with her visitor.

Both were silent for some minutes, yet both seemed anxious to speak. A streak of red warmed the cheek of the baroness, and her lips moved nervously during the silence. At last she rose, and laying a white hand on his arm, said, deprecatingly,—

"Dear friend, say first of all that you forgive me!"

Dr. Jacob almost shook off her hand in his impatience.

"Let us not speak of it," he cried, vehemently; "if we are to enjoy each other's society we must utterly forget all that has happened. In the name of our former friendship, I conjure you to be silent."

"You say former friendship—is there to be no friendship now? Am I really unforgiven?"

"What have you done that you should ask that question? Your own heart alone can condemn or exonerate you—to me you have only been too generous."

He answered without looking up, and she sat down less tranquil than before. Her color went and came, her nostrils dilated, a dangerous light gleamed in her eyes. By-and-by, she said, coldly—

"I presume that you are no longer in ignorance of her whereabouts—nay, perhaps you have met."

"Would to God that we had met, Baroness Ladenburg!"

"I cannot see that it is an end to be desired," she continued, still coldly; "what good could result from such a meeting? None, I am convinced, that might add to the comfort or happiness of your life. Everything you can wish for is within your reach."

"Everything—but home—is that nothing?" said Dr. Jacob, not without bitterness.

The baroness caught up his words also, and with something of his tone.

"Home is a pretty word for girls and boys who make love to each other out of school. It is not for men and women living in the world. Wherever you are, your position and talents will procure you friends, influence, and much more that I could name if I liked."

"Go on."

"You have no right to trouble yourself about one who has thrown off all natural claims upon you. Would it not be more reasonable to solace yourself in the friendship of those who are ready to make sacrifices, who have already made sacrifices, to prove the strength of it."

Her voice had gradually softened in tone, and the last words fell honey-sweet on her listener's ears. His face changed from its retributive look. He held out both hands to her, with an implied willingness to be convinced.

"You can but know your own power—why blind yourself to the incalculable advantages to be derived from the exercise of it. Live, and do not content yourself with existence only. Frame your life after the most approved pattern of your Church. Does that pattern forbid the greater part of your victories and enjoyments? No—a hundred times, no."

"Yes—a hundred times, yes," answered Dr. Jacob with a disturbed look. "Would you force me to be a renegade? remember the difference between your Church and mine!"

"I do remember it; but your profession does not enjoin upon you the renunciation of human passions and weaknesses. You are a clergyman—you are but a man."

"Pretty sophist!" he said, smiling self complacently, as if, from his height of mental character and superiority, not dreaming for an instant that her words carried influence with them; "if I could only carry half your winning ways with me, what converts should I not make!"

"Yet I cannot make one. You flatter me by your words, and show that you despise me by your conduct."

Dr. Jacob was about to answer, when Count Josef entered. Coffee and the baron followed, and their *tête-à-tête* was not renewed that day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE baroness had formed a party to see "Don Sebastian" that evening; but Dr. Jacob declined her invitation to join it, and retired at once to his room.

Deep thoughtfulness had taken possession of him. At other times he would have thrown himself into the first arm-chair that offered, rung for a bottle of Rüdesheimer and the "Times," lighted a cigar, and indulged himself after his own heart. To-night he stood long and pensively at the window, looking out.

The Zeil appeared gayer than usual, for the tide of Rhine tourists was flowing in. The shops glittered with lights, and with the choicest treasures Frankfort could offer: rare antiques and bijouterie were displayed against a background composed of grotesque Majolica vases and cups; Tacchi's show of softly-colored Bohemian glass looked like a hanging conservatory filled with the richest flowers. To the right, Albert's wonderful toys made a gay blotch in this street picture. To the left were the quieter-hued but more beautiful collections of cameos and works of art cut in stag's horn. All the choicest treasures of Frankfort art and manufacture were arrayed to the best advantage; and ladies wearing unmistakable English bonnets clustered round them; broad-shouldered young squires strolled past the old guard-house, and bought grapes of the plump old woman who kept a movable shop there; no squalid beggars, no unfortunate street-sweepers, no demoniac-looking outcasts; very few care-worn faces spoiled this pretty picture—as pretty a street picture for color, character and cheerfulness as Europe can show.

Dr. Jacob took no heed of all these things. He did not see the purple and gold of the twilight sky, or the picturesque gabled roofs shining against it; he did not see the groups of gay ladies, or hear the merry laugh of children passing by. He did not heed the buzz of three or four professors discussing politics in the street below, or the sound of a sweet voice singing in an adjoining apartment. The placid stream of German life ebbing by him was as absent from his mind as the waifs and strays of English society that had drifted upon it.

Two voices in the balcony below broke his reverie. They were those of the baron and Count Josef, who had come thither to lounge away half an hour before going to the theater. What they talked of would not be pretty to transcribe were this narrative intended for readers of our sex only; enough to say, that they chatted jocosely on such subjects as one would hardly suppose a father would broach to his son.

Dr. Jacob shut his casement with a shrug of the shoulders, and an exclamation of disgust. He admired women, and was admired by them, as only few men are; but he admired no women who were immodest, and he would not have given a straw for the worship of all the flower of European Hetæræ. No one could win so easily—no one cared so little to win, except after his own fashion. Within the pale of refined society, among witty, delicate ladies and fair girls, he took pride in being able to supplant men who might have been his grandsons. He knew that his eyes and voice could still withstand the honeyed compliments and languishing glances of fashionable cavaliers, but he only exercised his influence in saloons and drawing-rooms. So far as his purity of life went, Dr. Paulus had no cleaner hand to offer a woman than Dr. Jacob. Therefore, to hear the husband of a pretty, brilliant woman conversing with his beardless son, on all kinds of Bohemian adventures, caused him to wince as if under sharp pain.

He paced up and down his luxurious apartment with drooping head and clouded brow. The baroness had proved herself in more than one instance to be his friend; the old kind manner, the old winning coquetry, were not wanting in her welcome to him; his coldness had still power to hurt, his frown still power to humble; he knew that her actions and words were under his command—yet he felt wearied. His empire over her was one that he was willing to relinquish. He did not need her now as he had once needed her, and she had served him more for her own ends than for his; surely there could be no injustice in withdrawing from an intercourse into which he had never pushed himself?

Other thoughts came to his mind; thoughts of his life before he called himself her friend, before he knew the spell of her wit, her beauty, her wiles. Some tenderness, some regret must have been mingled with these recollections, for, though he abhorred sadness, they clung to him, and even in his sleep they hovered fitfully around his pillow.

Traveling with three children, a grown-up son, a tutor, a governess, a French *bonne*, and a coachman, is not all pleasure, even to a competent hand at holding the domestic reins, as was the baroness. The children, being spoiled at all times and hardened to the utmost, naturally treated papa and mamma capriciously, as they were taught to treat their inferiors—being good-natured when it suited them, and overbearing at other times. Count Josef was ever teazing for money, flirting with the *bonne* on the sly, and provoking the English governess openly, because she refused to be flirted with; the tutor, good, harmless soul, was pleasant at all times, but especially pleasant at meal-times; played with the children, when mamma's ill-temper had driven them from her room, advised and consoled the governess in all her hours of need of unhappiness; smoked the baron's bad cigars, and listened to his coarse jokes with a smile; posted the father's, or the mother's, or the son's secret letters, without troubling himself to think what they were about—in fine, did much dirty work, with good will, and kept out of scrapes. The baron had an aggravating way of being amiable just when his wife wished him to be otherwise, and *vice versâ*. The English governess (it makes one's heart sick to see the number of our friendless young countrywomen abroad) had a still more aggravating habit of being neither amiable nor unpleasant, but simply indifferent; the *bonne* had hundreds of faults, and, in the eyes of her mistress, no humanities

To prevent this "chaotic haven of activities," as Mr. Carlyle says, from getting the better of her, involved no little amount of ability and will on the part of the baroness, and both these she possessed in a high degree. Prudence failed her in monetary transactions—that is to say, she generally made arrangements in advance of the baron's funds, thereby trying the patience of her tradesmen *ad infinitum;* but no one is infallible, and she had been brought up with rather lax principles as to debit and credit. In person the baroness was very attractive, with dark hair and eyes, a bright peachy complexion, rounded figure, small hands, and perfect taste in dress. She wore very bright colors, it is true; but small black-eyed ladies can do this with impunity, especially in a carriage, and she almost lived in her carriage. Her husband needs but a short description. There are several kinds of German barons; some are soldierly, chivalric, and good-tempered, a little heavy indoors, perhaps, and seen to better advantage at the chase, but always ready to smile at trifles, always ready to like what comes in their way, and always adored by their servants at a proper distance; a few are soldierly only in the cruel old-world way, go into paroxysms of rage if a valet or dog offend, vituperate any unlucky governess who manages to make their children fond of her, are unread in the ways of the world, parsimonious to miserliness in their dealings, and boors in society.

Baron Ladenburg was a type of the latter class Haughty where he should be gentle, cringing where it was his duty to be proud, wrong-headed on most matters, and opinionated on all; fond of his children after a manner that made them grow up without respect for himself or love for anybody else, fond of his wife after a manner that allowed her perfect liberty without the right or wish to control it, fond of all pretty women till they began to care for him; such was the Baron Ladenburg.

Knowing and valuing, as we do, the good and cheery qualities of the German national character, and wishing to present a fair portraiture of it, without picking or choosing sitters, it behooves us, nevertheless, to cut as much darnel as grows with the corn. You will find the rate of proportion about the same in Germany as in England.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two or three days after, as Dr. Jacob sat calmly answering a pile of letters one by one, Dr. Paulus entered in no ordinary state of excitement.

After a hurried greeting, he began:

"I have came upon an unpleasant business, Dr. Jacob—I am sorry to say that you have enemies in Frankfort. Whether you have knowingly or unknowingly made them, it is but just that you should be made aware of their existence."

Dr. Jacob looked up with his quiet, undismayed smile.

"My dear brother, who has not enemies? I only wish that all were as harmless as mine."

"Malice is never quite harmless," Dr. Paulus answered, shortly; "and no one, I think, has a greater right or need to disarm it than yourself."

"Why so?"

"The reason is obvious enough, but you must forgive me for stating it so plainly. You are a stranger here—granted that, in the short space of three weeks, you have created for yourself an interest and an influence which are quite surprising, they stand upon foundations of sand, and in an hour may be shaken."

"I do not understand you," said Dr. Jacob settling himself into a comfortable listening attitude; "who are the conspirators against me? What benefit to themselves, or what injury to me, do they propose by their enmity?"

Dr. Paulus answered by putting a letter into his hand. It was written in fair English characters, and was anonymous. The purport of it, from first to last, was pure and simple distrust. Dr. Jacob was not to be trusted, the writer said; his antecedents were unworthy of his calling; his so-called mission was merely a means of obtaining money; his life was in no wise framed after the precepts he taught. To Dr. Paulus, as one of the most respected representatives of the English Church in Frankfort, the letter had been addressed, in the hope that it might lead him to act warily, and with due consideration for the future. Dr. Jacob was making a tool of him, as he had already made tools of many good men and women; he was fore-warned, it rested with himself to be fore-armed.

Dr. Jacob read this strange letter with a singularly placid expression of face; and, after the reading, surrendered it silently to Dr. Paulus.

"What course of action do you propose to yourself?" asked the latter gentleman, inquisitively.

"Simply—none whatever. Such slanders can only influence the class of people to whose opinions I am indifferent; let copies of this letter be circulated here by tens and twenties, how could they hurt me with my real and valued friends—who are few?"

"I think," Dr. Paulus began, persuasively, "that you underrate the weight of such a matter. In my own eyes, it is serious; firstly, because the best people here are but too liable to suspicions; and, secondly, because the multitude (and you would do well to respect it) outnumber the thinking, reasoning people by far."

"That may be true, my friend; but fortunately, there is only one lie against me, and I can command a legion of truths. After all, to ignore malice is to disarm it. I am not of a nature to be easily moved from my equanimity by such things—why should an old man be at the trouble of stooping to root up a nettle that has stung him? No, no; the letter will run its course, unhindered by me."

"Will you not at least keep it?" asked Dr. Paulus.

Dr. Jacob smiled.

"On second thoughts, I will. It is a curious literary curiosity, and on your account, I should be glad to trace its origin—depend on it, the secret will out before long."

Dr. Paulus was one of those men who are always hot and hurried, who have a hundred things on hand, who do them thoroughly, and who have no leisure. Accordingly he rose to go when his errand was done.

"Come to us when you can," he said at the door; "it is the one delight of my wife and children to see you; but, pardon me, if I put my veto upon your bringing them any more presents. That costly vase of Louisa's, Connie's pretty ring, and the numerous books and toys given to the younger children have filled me with shame. Really, you will drive me to the pain of a refusal, if—"

"Nonsense!" Dr Jacob said, smilingly; "whilst I am here, you must bear with me—I shall soon be so far off that your dear wife and children will need some reminders of their friend."

And Dr. Paulus left the room, hoping that their parting was not to be yet. As soon as his step had died away, Dr. Jacob put aside his papers, and locking the door after him, sought the Baroness Ladenburg

Since the first day of their meeting he had only seen her twice, and in large societies—the first time at the *table d'hôte*, the second at a dinner given by the baron in his own rooms. Consequently, no words had passed between them beyond the merest conversational formalities. Once or twice the baroness had shown something of her former sparkling raillery and winning softness, but, ordinarily, she had been cordial, and nothing more.

She rose with a gratified look to meet him.

"This is really delightful of you!" she exclaimed, laughing gayly. "I was so solitary, and you have just saved me from falling into a passion with Josef for taking out my pet horse when I wanted him. Will you lunch with me off ices and confectionery, after the fashion in Vienna?"

"Willingly—but I must talk to you first, and my subject is serious."

"I have something also serious that I could communicate to you if it suited me," she answered, looking at him closely.

He drew the anonymous letter from his pocket, and, without preface, read it from beginning to end. She heard him attentively, and never once took her eyes from his face.

"What is your opinion as to the authorship of this?" he asked, scrutinizing her in turn.

"First of all, tell me on whom your own suspicion rests."

"I have hardly suspected any one at all: if I went deeply into the subject, there are several persons who might occur to me as capable of such folly."

"Why speak in enigmas?—of all people in the world, should *I* betray your secrets?"

She said this with an impatient flash of her dark eyes, and, rising to her feet, paced the room as she was wont to do when in a passion. Her bright abundant hair fell in loose braids over her blue cashmere morning-dress, and her delicate rosy cheeks looked more delicate still for the heightened color that excitement had given them. Undoubtedly she was a woman to be admired, despite her failings.

"I cannot understand this want of confidence in me," she went on, impetuously, "after our long friendship, after the many proofs I have shown of my inability to act contrary to your wishes; after my own assurances of regard, surely you will yourself allow that such conduct is alike ungenerous and uncalled for?"

He replied coldly:

"My dear baroness, I do not wish to vex you—on the contrary, I would do anything that might be reasonable and expedient to add to your happiness."

"My happiness!" she broke in, with impatient sarcasm; "you have proved long ago that my happiness is utterly indifferent to you."

"No—I have only proved that I respect you too much to allow even your happiness to stand in the way of your honor. We Englishmen give undivided friendship to one woman only—the woman we make mistress of our house and mother of our children."

"And when such ties are broken—broken beyond all possibility of re-union—as they are with you, you prefer to act up to your principles of barren honor at whatever cost to others?"

"And to ourselves. Remember that some self-sacrifice is involved, Baroness Ladenburg."

She sat down and met his eyes with an expression of doubt too plain to misconstrue; without appearing to notice it, he continued—

"We shall soon part, perhaps for years, perhaps for the space of our lives; will you not let me carry away a remembrance of kind words from you? Will you not be gentle and forgiving with me?—it is not for long that I ask it."

"In plainer words, you wish me to be submissive and obedient under your exactions."

"I did not say that. I have not yet exacted anything from you—I would rather not do so."

Her face lit. A triumphant, bitter smile played on her lips.

"You cannot throw me off so easily, if you would; it remains to be seen whether the power is all on your side. Dr. Jacob, since my arrival in Frankfort, I have been put in possession of a clew to the mystery which has saddened your life so long; in other words, I have seen the person whom you have sought, and still seek in vain."

"Is that the truth, and nothing but the truth, Baroness Ladenburg?" he asked, sternly.

"What better proof is needed than that letter?"

Though outwardly unmoved, she knew that the blow had hit hard; and, with crueler words still, assailed again and again the bruised, bleeding place.

"Who else would try to imbitter your life? Who else would be at the pains of dishonoring your name? No man, even with sufficient motive, would be mean enough to use so cowardly a means—a woman only can be generous to the utmost, and mean to the utmost. Whose heart but hers would rejoice at your ruin?"

"Tell me the naked truth," he said, vehemently, "and leave me to comment upon it. I *cannot* hear such things said of her, least of all by you."

"And if I choose to withhold both truth and commentaries?"

He was too self-controlled, and too unimpassioned a man to agitate himself lightly, but he could not restrain his impatience then. All his suspense, all his suffering, was written in his face, and she read both with mixed feelings. It was the aim of her life to obtain mastery over him; but she would sooner have foregone it, than won through the agency of another, that other whom he loved, but she hated.

"If I should withhold the truth?" she repeated.

"You will not refuse it," he answered quietly, and at the same time fronted her with implacable features; "nor will you torture me at will. Speak out, and at once."

"If I am good, I suppose you will buy me a toy—if I am naughty, to what dark cupboard will you consign me?" she said, with a scoffing devil in her eyes.

"I am in no mood for jesting, Baroness Ladenburg, and by heaven! if you trifle with me further, I will never see you, much less speak to you, again."

Then she burst from him in a passion of jealous tears, and walked to and fro, holding her hands before her face.

"Have you no heart?" she cried, between short, proud sobs; "have you no pity for—why should I not say it—for a woman who loves you? What are you that you should be so immovable? what am I that I should be so trodden under foot? My sufferings, my solitude, my affections are as nothing to you, whilst the sound of her name fills you with eager joy and longing. You drive me from you, and I have proved myself truer to you than she has done."

"Thérèse," he said, reproachfully, as one might chide a child; "Thérèse, before you say more, think of your children, and of the duty you owe them."

The tone of his voice and the touch of his hand seemed to calm her. After a few minutes, she looked up with hard, dry eyes.

"Hear me, then, and go," she exclaimed; "go if you will, to come again no more. She whom you seek is in Frankfort—I have the testimony of my own eyes to prove it."

"Such a possibility had occurred to me also," Dr. Jacob said, with the voice of a dreaming man; "but you have seen her, Thérèse?"

"I have seen her."

"There is no possibility of your being deceived?"

"Are you mad?" she replied, scornfully. "I was as near to her as I am to you now—I might have touched her had I stretched out my arm. Is her face of all others so easily forgotten by me?"

"Strange!" he murmured to himself; then added aloud—"Tell me when and where this took place—omit nothing."

"I was driving yesterday round the Rossmarkt," continued the baroness, "and had occasion to call at a jeweler's shop just opposite the Guttenberg monument. As I alighted, she passed me, our dresses brushed, and I think I was recognized—I know not. There is no more to tell."

"But this letter?"

"Is penned from her dictation, without a doubt. Who else would have conceived such treachery?"

His brow darkened.

"Remember what taught her treachery, Baroness Ladenburg. No, only her own words shall ever convince me that she has stooped to throw a dirty stone at me."

"You have not yet named those whom you suspect."

"I have ill-wishers in England. They would easily find agents here for their little game—well, let them play it out to their hearts' content. And now we will not recur to this subject again, or to any subject calculated to spoil our chat or our luncheon. Let me help you to an ice, and hear from you an account of 'Don Sebastian.' I heard that beautiful opera many years ago when at Munich."

CHAPTER XV.

It was characteristic of Dr. Jacob, that though the tidings he had just heard moved him more than anything else could have done, he composedly finished his letter-writing, took his usual stroll on the Zeil, lounged at Milani's, over the "Times," and, after a late dinner, set off to Mr. Brill's, in order to keep an engagement with the children. He was the idol of the young. Perhaps the serenest hours of his life were those spent among bright young faces and merry little voices. Perhaps the most troubled ones would have been avoided, had this atmosphere always remained about him. It is certain that the presence of childhood is a wonderful purifier of life: and Dr. Jacob felt convinced of this, despite his somewhat morbid habit of contemplating it, his sensibility to the nascent evil in it, and his distrust of human nature generally.

On the evening in question, he had promised to take the Brill children, with Katchen Eggers, to the theater, an amusement in which the young take share much more frequently in Germany than with us. To every German heart, from that of the deepest thinking Kantean philosopher to the humblest kitchen Lischen, or tiniest toddlekins in the nursery, the theater embodies all that is pleasant, free from care and full of delightful emotions. Accordingly, no sooner had Dr. Jacob set foot in the chaplain's garden, than Flory, Tommy, and Emmy ran out to meet him with wild excitement.

He smiled kindly on all, and allowed the youngest to lead him by the hand into the play-room. There he found Katchen dressed, like Werther's Charlotte, in white cambric, adorned with blue ribbons, busily cutting black bread and butter. Tea, in Germany, is for elders only, and the younger ones, without wishing or expecting anything better, go to their "afternoon bread" with unabated relish.

"Aggie and I, being the eldest, have coffee," said Katchen, with an artless blush. "Do, Dr. Jacob, join us? Run, Emmy, for a cup and a white roll."

"That will be delightful," answered Dr. Jacob; "and I have luckily brought a packet of nut-cakes with me. We are all your guests, Katchen; let us see what a good little hostess you make."

He sat down beside her, and the girl, flushing with pleasure, poured out her thin coffee with the prettiest shyness in the world. Katchen was Dr. Jacob's favorite. Perhaps on account of her sad story, he had felt such interest in her from the first. Five years ago, her father, who was a wealthy merchant in Russia, had brought her over to be educated at Mr. Brill's, that gentleman having been recommended to him by his banker. Whilst on this visit, Herr Eggers died suddenly, leaving the little orphan in her happy, but somewhat turbulent home, to grow up amid influences good and bad, and to have such lessons of life as chance might throw in her way.

She was now on the verge of eighteen, Undine-like, *ein wunderschönes Mädchen*, with chestnut hair, girlish, mirthful, wondrous blue eyes, and *mignonne* features; she had a dimpled chin, which the Germans esteem as a great beauty, and, moreover, a sign of inward purity, supporting their taste by a pretty church legend. It is said that the infant Saviour, when in a playful mood, pressed his fingers lightly on the chin of St. Barbara, who transmitted through generations this loveliness and mark of heavenly favor. Katchen might have been in the mind of that pupil of Francesco Vanini, whose timid, tender Madonna draws one from the more beautiful Del Sartos or Raphaels in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.

Character Katchen hardly possessed yet, nothing having happened to develope it; heart, feeling, impulse, she had in plenty, as will be seen hereafter.

Travellers in the Bavarian Tyrol are guided from the gloomy, albeit grand *Königssee*, to a tiny lake, entirely shut in by wild peaks. The waters of this lake are so limpid as to reflect every rosy cloud or golden ray of the heavens, every vein of color, every species of vegetation of the mountains; the lake itself is utterly without characteristic, save this most lovely one—its power of reflection, its utter oneness with the things it absorbs, and repeats, and recreates untiringly. All is still and solitary around. Only the dim sound of a cattle-bell on the heights, or some pictured Virgin nailed to the rocks here and there, recall the outer world.

The hearts of many pure women are like this lake, living only in the love of some stronger nature, reflecting, and contented to reflect, only what the nature first gives, loving it better for loving nothing less. And such was the heart of Katchen.

The play-room party was merry enough. Dr. Jacob did not so much amuse young people as lead them on to amuse him; he suggested, opened fresh fields for speculation, guided them within sight of a new object, then drew back. He was not a great talker at any time; close observers of human nature seldom are; but every word he said had originality in it.

As the girls rose to fetch their hats, Katchen locked her little hands around Dr. Jacob's arm, and said, simply—

"I almost feel sorry we are going to the theater. We are so happy with you here."

"Are you, my child?" he asked, fondly, and laid his hand upon her fair head reverently, as if he were giving a blessing. Just then Mrs. Brill emerged from the kitchen in rather a promiscuous toilet.

"Do let me speak a word to you before starting, Dr. Jacob. I would have come sooner; but my stupid cook has just broken a stew-pan, and it took me ten minutes to make her understand that she must buy another."

"As many minutes as you please, Mrs. Brill, if the young folks won't run away."

"I merely wished to say," continued the lady, in an undertone, "that should the opportunity arise, you might be so kind as to introduce Aggie to the Baroness Ladenburg, whom you mentioned last night as being an old acquaintance. Aggie is growing up, and—and of course with so many others growing up too, we wish the elder ones to get into the world."

Dr. Jacob's brow knit.

"The baroness is for herself charming," he replied, "and would, I have no doubt, be delighted to form Miss Aggie's acquaintance; but perhaps you are not aware, Mrs. Brill, that she has a son?"

"Quite aware of it," Mrs. Brill said, smilingly.

"This son, Count Josef, is hardly a fit person for your young daughter and ward to know. He is, to say the least of it, a *roué*, worse still, a beardless one; excuse me for speaking plainly, but your candor exacts mine in return."

She smiled off her disappointment, and the little party set off, the girls carrying scarves on their arms, for the cool walk home. Just outside the Gallus Thor was a fruit-stall, at which Dr. Jacob paused, in order to fill the pockets of the younger ones with peaches. Whilst so engaged, a delicate-gloved hand was laid on his shoulder, and the voice of all voices most unwelcome then, cried out in his ear—

"How delightful to see you *en famille*, Herr Doctor! Do let me join you, and I will promise to behave my best!"

"Good evening, Count Josef," answered Dr. Jacob, dryly.

"Won't you invite me to share in your evening's pleasure? Whatever your plan may be, I will fall into it delightedly. My mother is so out of temper that I would rather face all the troops of France than her; my father has put me into his black books because a five-hundred-florin bill has just come in from my tailor at Göttingen; the children and their belongings don't allow me a minute's quiet in the salon—was ever so miserable a wretch in the world?"

Dr. Jacob could not forbear a smile, and Count Josef continued—

"I suspect something has gone wrong with the baroness, for I do not know when I have seen her looking so thoroughly out of health, spirits, and temper as she does to-day. We used to say at Ischl, Dr. Jacob, that if mamma feared any one in the world it was you: have you scolded her or done anything to occasion this mood?

I know that mamma, like all pretty women, wants a great deal of admiration. Give it to her, dear Herr Doctor, for our unfortunate sakes."

"That I must leave for younger men, count; if, in the character of an old friend, I speak unpalatable truth to the baroness, I cannot help it. Remember, this is not the first time I have unwittingly made her angry."

"If I only had an ugly mother, I should be the happiest man alive," added Count Josef, philosophically; "a pretty, capricious woman is always on the look out for flattery, and always ready to take jealous affront—is delightful in every capacity but one—her mammahood. Depend upon it, the wise men of the world do well to make love to handsome girls, and marry plain ones. I shall act upon this principle myself."

Meantime, Dr. Jacob had fallen back from his young companions, in order that Count Josef's theories might not reach their ears, and they were now in the Komödien-Platz, opposite the theater. With a graceful apology at his intrusion, Count Josef followed the little party to their seats, and took his place beside the not unwilling Aggie. Katchen, always shy in the presence of strangers, sat next to Dr. Jacob, and with girlish eagerness kept her eyes fixed on the curtain.

The piece was "Katchen of Heilbronn." Katchen is a peasant maiden, and loves a lord of the land. In spite of his coldness, in spite of the difference of rank, in spite of the difficulties and dangers without number, Katchen follows her lover the world over, and by sole virtue of her dear love wins him at last.

One scene is charming. She lies asleep in a wood; her lissome form, dressed in the Wurtemberg costume of a hundred years back, looks all the prettier for the solitude around. Her fair childish features are rippled now and then with the smile of a happy dream. Whilst she is sleeping and smiling so, her beloved one comes that way. He is attracted by her loveliness, approaches her, takes her hand, and she speaks to him, still dreaming.

During the last and most poetic part of the play, Count Josef and Aggie paid little heed, having too much to say to each other, but Dr. Jacob watched Katchen with interest. With her small hands clasped, and her pretty head thrown forward, she seemed to drink in every word as it reached her ears; the love, the freshness, the beauty of the piece inthralled her, tinted her cheeks with a rosy bloom, lighted her eyes, and lent an eager joyous smile to her lips. Every now and then, her tears came, and her bosom heaved; but when the curtain fell, she turned away her face and said not a word.

"I haven't seen that piece so well acted in Vienna," said Count Josef, as the little party made their way into the Platz; "the Katchen was so in practice, too, I could not hear the prompter at all."

"For my part," said Aggie, "Katchen (not you, Katchen, my dear) was little less than a simpleton, and I wish the duke had married the princess instead."

"And what does our little Katchen say?" asked Dr. Jacob.

Katchen would not speak till Count Josef had dropped behind, and then it was in a half whisper.

"She was beautiful, and she did rightly. I should like to have been 'Katchen of Heilbronn.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

The clock pointed to three, and the twenty first-class girls were awaiting Professor Beer. Of all the masters he was the only one feared and loved by his pupils; M. Tremouly was a fop, and the young ladies tittered boldly when he was speaking, looked impudent when he found fault, and put little value on his praise; the poor old writing-master had given up the attempt at managing them long ago, leaving those to take heed who would, and the rest to their fate; the meek young Lutheran minister obtained a patient hearing for his religious lesson, because of Fraulein Fink's supervision; the ciphering master had to contend with whisperings, joggings, nudgings, and quiet jokes: mademoiselle, by bawling and vituperating, procured a little quiet; Miss Macartney's large firm eyes stared her younger pupils into awe, and the elder ones into something like attention.

Professor Beer had somehow obtained the complete mastery of these wild young things, though he was not an imposing man, and took little trouble about the matter. Every one of his pupils had, at some time or other, writhed under his unsparing sarcasm, and felt for the moment as if she hated him for life; but his next cheery smile would put her heart back into the right place, and all felt for him the highest veneration of which their careless natures were capable.

Let us glance at his pupils.

Nearest to the professor sits Katchen Eggers. She looks very pretty as we see her now, leaning intently over her book, both little hands supporting her head, with its weight of golden hair, her red lips pursed up desperately, whilst her eager eyes run over the syntactical rules which she will have to repeat to the professor. Her simple, spotless cambric dress, her neat collar and pink ribbon, her smooth hair, no less than retired manner, mark her from the others.

Opposite to her sits bold, black-eyed Miss Aggie, quite capable of writing the best German, English, or French essay of any girl in the school, but quite incapable of concentrating her attention upon any subject for the space of ten minutes. She knows that Professor Beer will whip her with some reproof, but she is too full of fun and too reckless to avoid it.

German girls remain children till they leave school—often till they marry, and you would look in vain among Professor Beer's grown-up pupils for one young lady possessing the quiet self reliance often seen in our girls of twelve. Moreover, you would find a bluntness of feeling, added to an outward roughness of manner, which are only found among the commonest English schools. Kindness of heart, quickness, application, are universal; delicacy of mind and gentleness of manner are rare. Professor Beer's elder pupils were for the most part rough-looking girls of sixteen or seventeen, with untidy hair, exceptionable hands, common features, careless dress, many wearing childish print frocks and long pinafores. Oliveskinned, black-eyed Jewesses formed no small proportion of the class.

At the lower end of the room sat Hannchen, that young lady having sat there many and many a time, in the hope of creating an impression favorable to herself.

"Do let me hear Professor Beer's lessons in literature!" she would say coaxingly to her aunt; "they are so improving." Consequently, the master had always for his *vis-à-vis* Hannchen's sprightly figure and bonny face. She always took off her apron at such times, showed her pretty teeth, scented her hair, displayed her plump white arms—in short, made every attempt upon the well-fortified heart of the professor.

And now his step is heard on the flag-stones, the girls shut their books, and hide their lunch-baskets under the table; Hannchen smiles and blushes as she turns to the quickly-opened door, and the professor enters.

He is a man of little ceremony, and with merely a bow to all, takes his place. First he glances over the list of attendant pupils placed before him, then selects the best-sharpened pencil from the case at his side, and without a word opens the copy book of Katchen Eggers. Professor Beer taught after his own method; he never allowed a lesson to be merely a lesson in itself; he dovetailed one into the other, thus leading his pupils, partly by rules given, more by suggestion, from the beginning to the end of a subject. He did not teach, he caused them to teach themselves; he did not put the ore into their hands, he merely guided them within reach of the mine. During his lesson, every girl felt that her mind was being probed, searched into, made responsible, exercised. Only bad teachers allow their pupils to be passive.

He proceeded through Katchen's composition, sentence by sentence, holding up every fault to the judgment of all, but selecting one pupil only to amend it. If she answered wrongly, those who could correct her held up one hand, awaiting the master's permission to speak out. Once or twice Katchen made this signal, and the professor could not have failed to notice that delicate little hand among so many red and coarse ones. Perhaps he noticed the prettiness of her dress also, and the grace with which her golden hair was braided round her small head. Certainly the orphan girl gained more than one smile from him, and no stinging satire during the lesson; but we ought, in duty to Professor Beer, to attribute this gentleness to Katchen's attentiveness and docility. The girls all drew a long breath when the composition was brought to an end, and the reading began. He read poetry well, hiding a natural hardness of voice by artistic skill and careful modulation.

To-day he read "King Sigurd's Bridal Journey," of Geibel, prefacing it by a few remarks upon the living poets of Germany. When he came to the description of Alfsonne, or the son of Alf, how—

> "She stood in sweetest girlhood time, her rosy features glowed
> Like the first blush of the morning, and her golden tresses flowed,"

his eyes rested on Katchen, and he thought that the poet might well have taken her for his ideal.

As soon as the lesson was over, and the professor rose to go, Katchen rose also, saying, timidly—

"I must say good-by to you to-day, Herr Professor, since I shall receive no more lessons."

"No more lessons, Katchen?"

"No, Herr Professor. I am already eighteen, and Mrs. Brill thinks that it is time for me to give up my studies. I am sorry, and I thank you warmly for your kindness and patience."

She held out her hand to him with a shy blush that spoke her gratitude better than words could have done. Feeling hot and yellow beneath the quizzical eyes of Hannchen and nineteen pert girls, the poor professor dared not do more than press the little fingers momentarily, and reply—

"I am very sorry also, Katchen, and for my part thank you for your unvarying attention. Accept my best wishes for your happiness, and remember that you have always a sincere friend in Felix Beer. Farewell, my child!"

"Won't you bid me good-by, too?" said saucy Aggie, all smiles and delight that the days of her thralldom were over. "I know that I have been a sad trouble to you, Herr Professor, but I couldn't help it. Pray forgive me!"

He shook hands with her, smiling somewhat gravely, and, with his usual bow, left the room, chafing inwardly at Mrs. Brill's decision, and wondering whether he should ever see Katchen again. Frankfort was not so very large; surely they should meet by chance now and then.

For that day and the next Professor Beer's shoes pinched him, pupils irritated him, dinners disgusted him. He had not the least idea that Katchen's blue eyes and rare golden hair could have anything to do with the matter; but he accepted his small crosses as the daily portion of mortal men, keeping alike the contemplation and discomfort to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Jacob did not sleep well that night, and rose with a determination to take an immediate step toward removing his suspense of mind. He maintained the maxim of the Roman poet, "*Carpe diem, quam minimum credula posteris;*" chafing at any evil which prevented him from enjoying the day's pleasures, simple or extraordinary; hating alike anxiety, pain, and unhappiness in any shape.

Leaving the hotel after breakfast, and turning down the Tonges Gasse, he soon found himself amid those narrow picturesque streets which yet remain of the mediæval town of Frankfort. Gloomy, yet grand old houses, resembling gigantic cabinets of stained oak, are on either hand, and with their gables jutting overhead, preclude every ray of sun. Irregular, bell-shaped roofs, with tiny dormers here and there, quaintly carved balcony and balustrade, panel and porch, complete the old-world look of the place. But in the market-place is found the finest picture of old German architecture in its domestic form. There you are surrounded by quaint fancies of the Middle Ages. To the right and to the left are the homes of those burghers who elected Charles IV.—whose apprentices dined off the ox roasted that day in sight of the Election Chamber—whose daughters hid behind the deep oriels, and listened to favored swains serenading in the dark.

It is not till you are inside the Romer, or town-hall, that you perceive its great claim on your interest, and Dr. Jacob passed into the inner court without pausing. But here he stood still to admire the fantastic designs in glossy, time-worn oak, on every side. Having ascended the staircase, he looked from the balcony over the old Römerberg or market-place, the grotesque houses around it, and the narrow darkened streets beyond, with a feeling of antiquarian enthusiasm. He had not come, however, to muse over imperial history in the Kaisersaal, or to pay a couple of florins for the sight of the golden ball, or to admire Steinle's flaming Judgment of Solomon. After inquiring of an official for the location of the representative police authority, he was ushered into a small room, the doors of which were surrounded by servant girls.

The police officer was a very plump man, with that air of conscious superiority that plumpness and absence of mustache or beard carry with them; and with eyes impressing you that they were examining, and would continue to examine you, and would, after such examination, form an opinion of you, with no regard whatever to your private feeling. He received his visitor courteously, though with some excitement of manner.

"Sit down, mein Herr. So Lina Schmolz has left your service? I feared as much. I trembled in my bed for fearing as much, mein Herr. I assure you, that terrible young woman has caused me more anxiety than my whole responsible office, my sick mother, my wife and five children, the youngest of whom is a cripple."

"Pardon me, but I do not quite understand you," said Dr. Jacob, with a smile.

"A thousand apologies from my inmost heart, mein Herr—if it is not Lina Schmolz, who then? I remember no female servant in English families likely to have misconducted herself."

"May I ask what department of police administration you represent?" asked Dr. Jacob, again smiling.

"It is my office to keep the books of all the cooks, nurses, and housemaids in Frankfort," said the officer, wiping his brow as if it ought to perspire; "and no slight work it is. Only think, mein Herr, there are several thousands of maid-servants in this city, and I have to hold the character of each in my keeping; without showing their book they cannot be hired; or, if hired, are liable to a fine. If a maid loses her place because she is saucy, the book says so; if she is light-fingered, the book says so—in fact, like Cain, the mark of her misdeeds follows her wherever she goes."

"This is quite a new state of things to me," replied Dr. Jacob; "but I will not detain you even to obtain further particulars. I will simply prefer the question which led me here. I am anxious to institute a private inquiry through the means of your authority—to whom can I direct myself?"

The Germans are not business-like people: they like to dilute a homœopathic dose of it in a large amount of small talk, trifling, smoking, beer, *pro re natâ.* Taken neat, it is physic to them. Consequently the police-director made a long preamble, beginning with his friend the Herr Direktor So-and-so, and ending with the grand shooting festival to be soon celebrated, before he returned to Dr. Jacob's question, which he finally declared to be out of his province.

"If you will not object, however, to wait a few minutes, whilst I enter the information of these young women in my books, I will summon my colleague, Herr Heine, a man of excellent understanding and great experience, and hear his opinion."

Whilst the police-director wrote down verbatim statements regarding the dismissals, mistresses, wages, and offenses of the damsels around him, Dr. Jacob was well amused by turning over the dingy leaves of a *character-book* lying on the table.

There he read how a certain Babele Meyer had been born in Höchst, on the second day of January, 1830; how she had been baptized on the fourteenth day after; vaccinated in due time; confirmed as occasion served, entered service at Frau So and so's on such and such a day; had received dismissal because she broke a pitcher at the well; had afterward gone to Frau Professor Haugh's, with whom she stayed two years, and so *ad infinitum.* An addendum read no less funnily—

"The said Babele Meyer is five feet one inch in height; has flaxen hair, and a mole over the left eyebrow; is inclined to be skinny, and has freckles."

By the time Dr. Jacob had got to the end of Babele's story, the officer had the honor to be at his service, went through a second preamble, with equally remote bearing on the subject, and then sent for his friend.

The second police officer was exceedingly tall and thin, and seemed to look down upon mankind generally from the heights of some secret inquisitorial power only known to himself. It was impossible to meet his eyes without feeling that they convicted you of some crime; their very glance made you guilty in your own mind, and you would go away from his presence with an uneasy idea that you were a kind of *Doppelgänger*, and had, in your second being, committed all kinds of wickednesses. His bearing was that of a gentleman accustomed to polished society, and his fine graceful figure looked well in the simple, soldier-like uniform of black cloth, ribbed with white, and decorated with stars, belt, and sword.

"Oblige me by stating, first, your name, occupation, and address, sir," he said, in unexceptionable English; "then your wishes."

"It is simply a matter of inquiry," Dr. Jacob said, handing the officer his card. "I am anxious to discover the abode of—of—a lady, whom I believe to be in Frankfort, and who, from private reasons, has been some time estranged from her friends. As I leave shortly for the East, I should wish to exert every effort during the next fortnight."

"The lady is English?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea of the probable time she may have been here. The passport system has been so altered lately, that all strangers arriving within the last three months have not required them. Before that period, passports of foreigners residing in Frankfort for a shorter or longer time were surrendered to us."

"Certainly within two years," Dr. Jacob answered; "but except by giving the lady's name, age, and probable occupation, I cannot help you further."

"Will you kindly write down these particulars?" continued the officer. "I can at least go through the passports of this and the foregoing twelvemonths."

Dr. Jacob took out a superb gold pencil-case and wrote the following:

"*Elizabeth Jacob. Aged thirty-five. An English lady, and accomplished—most probably she would be engaged as governess or companion.*"

"The lady is related to you?" asked the officer, sharply.

"Yes—she is related to me."

"Excuse me if my question appears impertinent. In our profession we are obliged to probe a thing, and view it in all its circumstantial relations. You wish to find this lady. I wish to assist you—what passes between us is confidential."

"I hope so," said Dr. Jacob, gravely; "otherwise I might have resorted to advertising in the daily papers, but the publicity would be most painful to me. Your mediation, I trust to find silent and speedy."

"Of course," answered the officer, musingly, and his eyes rested on Dr. Jacob with the evident intention of knowing him in all his circumstantial relations.

"Can I give you any further information?" asked the clergyman, rising.

"Thank you—for the present, no. You shall hear from me in a few days."

Whereupon Dr. Jacob bowed himself out. He did not go straight to Milani's, but made a variety of purchases on the way; now stopping at a perfumer's (for he was a Sybarite in his dressing-room) to choose scents, shaving-soaps, and kid gloves; now looking in at Albert's wonderful toy shop, for toys to please his little pets; now lounging on Jügel's counter over the newest editions of Tauchnitz, now selecting a pretty reticule or blotting-book for some lady friend whose name-day was near.

On returning to his hotel he met the baroness with her children, just returned from a drive. She gave him her hand cordially, and did not take it away at once.

"You dine no more at the hotel, because you wish to avoid me?" she said, in a low voice, adding, half defiantly, "or because you fear me?"

"To disprove both assertions, I will dine there this afternoon," he replied.

"But you must tell the waiter to save a chair for you in our proximity."

"And why not?"

He had accompanied her to the door of her room, and with a gesture she invited him in; the children ran to their governess, leaving the baroness alone with her visitor.

"If I could make you believe that I was asking you from any other motive than the mere pleasure of your society, I would ask you to speak with me for five minutes. I have something to say regarding that anonymous letter, and the writer of it. After what took place yesterday, you know me too well to suppose that my pride would stoop for any other end than that of mediation between you two."

"Perhaps you had better not try to mediate," he answered, coldly, and without looking at her; "such a position must, I think, hurt the interest and comfort of us all."

"Perhaps; but at least you will hear what I have to say?"

"I would not hurt your feelings for the world," Dr. Jacob answered in the same voice; "say anything and everything you like, without the slightest fear of your words receiving an unjust judgment at my hands. No one knows the generosity of your impulses better than myself."

"And no one has so cruelly crushed them. After all that I have suffered through you, I wonder at myself for being capable of enduring your presence."

He looked at her now with a softened expression, and beneath that look, the ice of her mood melted or seemed to melt; she clasped her hands over her eyes, and trembled violently. The sight of her agitation moved him, but he appeared to struggle against his feelings, and walked to and fro in silent conflict. At length he said, with a kind of stern tenderness—

"Would to God that I had never crossed your path, my poor child. As it is, I am unable to repair any harm I have done you—save by isolating myself, which I have done and which I intend to do. I think of you often, Thérèse, and never without regret. Can I do more?

"And I also am anxious to make reparation," she said quickly and nervously; "you shall see that I can still be as generous as you believe me to have been hitherto. I am determined to use all the means in my power toward effecting a meeting and reconciliation between yourself and Elizabeth. Could I do anything more devoted to you, or humbling to myself?"

"What chance have you of finding her?" he asked, with eagerness.

She was stung by his utter oblivion to the self-denial implied in her words, and only saved herself from a return of angry passion by a great effort.

"You men are always so calculating and egotistical! Nothing but the probability of promoting your own interest has power to awaken you from your lethargy."

"The matter in question seems to me a positive duty."

"Pick and choose words as you like, the fact is palpable, and bespeaks the innate selfishness of a man's nature; but I will not waste my strength in battling against it. I will carry out my intention, and leave you—leave you for ever, if you like. You ask me what chance I have of success. I believe I am on the right track. I believe that any day or hour may bring me face to face with her."

"How so?" asked Dr. Jacob.

"That does not matter. In case of either success or failure you shall know all; but you cannot quarrel with me for keeping so harmless a secret. And now a difficulty has occurred to my mind, Will she hear me? Will she speak to me?"

"If I do not mistake her character—no."

"Upon this matter I agree with you. Then again—suppose we meet by chance, in the streets—in a shop—anywhere—as is likely enough, since I frequent all the favorite resorts of the English, what guarantee could I give that your arms were opened to receive her?"

"Tell her of my proposed mission to the East, and of my yearning to see her before I go."

"Is it not almost certain that she will disbelieve anything and everything I say?"

"True—such an obstacle had not occurred to me."

"But," said the baroness, hesitatingly, "a written word or two of assurance would carry the force of truth with them. Speak your sentiments of affection and forgiveness, and coming from my lips, they would lose their conviction; write the same, and she can no longer doubt."

"Remember the strange import that your mediation would give either to a letter or message, or any token whatever," Dr. Jacob said, also with hesitation.

"Will you not trust me?"

Her voice had a hurt, humbled expression, that carried more weight with it than the most direct and passionate appeal could have done. He considered a little, and replied, earnestly—

"I will trust you, Thérèse."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before Lischen dished up the dinner, Fraulein Fink might be seen under the fruit-trees, picking up windfalls which she would afterward divide into several portions. These were intended for the four o'clock meal of the governesses and pupils, and with a Brödchen, or little roll, lay on the sideboard in their sight, conveying a delicate hint of future feasts. At twelve, the gong brought every member of the institution to the refectory, and then Fraulein Fink, with upraised eyes and clasped hands, said the following grace:

> "Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast,
> Und segne was Du bescheeret hast."

There was something very subtle in the way that the schoolmistress contrived to throw a charm and gracefulness over her simple table. Nothing could have been less pretending than the sorrel soup, or the second course of stewed vegetables, or the third, and last, of boiled beef and salad; yet she helped these dishes with such a look of pride, and ate them with such an epicurean relish, that in spite of *prima facie* predispositions to the contrary, you fell into the same mood, and could have sworn you had fared sumptuously at kings' tables.

Schoolmistresses are, or were, supposed to have a personal interest in the natural appetite of their pupils, to take great care lest their morbid craving for food be too much fostered, etc. But Fraulein Fink enjoyed her dinner, and liked others to enjoy it too. She helped her dish of snipped carrot and thick sauce, and cut up her peculiarly unprepossessing piece of beef, boiled down to the tastelessness of brown paper, with the smile that an epicure might wear when carving the first woodcock or venison of the season; and she pressed her governess to eat as hospitably and winningly as if she were entertaining friends at a dinner-party. Then, whilst the first course was changed for the second, she would make use of the opportunity to let her young friends hear good conversation, would discourse on passing events, or the poets she adored, in the most elaborate style.

The meal over, she would cut off a regal portion of meat for the servants and retire, leaving Hannchen to lock up the remainder, and wash up the spoons.

On the day of which we speak, as Fraulein Fink was crossing the courtyard, to her own rooms after dinner, Lischen met her with a card in her hand.

"A lady, beautifully dressed, and having a splendid carriage at the door, requested to see the English governess," she said, breathlessly; "never had a lady so grand come to the house in her time."

Fraulein Fink held one hand over her eyes to keep off the blinding sun, and with the other raised the card within reading distance. It was delicately bordered, and bore the name:

"MADAME LA BARONNE DE LADENBURG."

Doubtless some former employer of Miss Macartney's, thought the fraulein—these English were astonishingly respected—never had a baroness called on any governess in her institution before—it looked creditable both for her house and *employées*, and she returned to the refectory with a beaming face.

"Dear Miss Macartney, I congratulate you on your well-born connections. See, who is come to see you—if you will introduce me, I shall feel honored."

Miss Macartney looked at the card with a blank face, though she could not conceal a tremor.

"I cannot see her," she cried, almost fiercely.

"My dear Miss Macartney, your dress is adapted for the schoolroom, and your hair is nicely arranged, as it always is. Never mind your morning toilet—do not turn away a baroness."

The governess looked up, and a smile curled her angry lips. There was something so exquisitely humorous in Fraulein Fink's constructions and conclusions, that had she been on her death bed she must have smiled to hear them. The smile over, her nostrils dilated, and her cheek flushed.

"Perhaps you are right, fraulein—it would be a pity to turn away a baroness—especially a Baroness Ladenburg."

And with a proudly-held head, and still flushed cheeks, she crossed the courtyard, ascended the front stairs, and entered the drawing-room.

The two women formed a striking contrast. Miss Macartney was taller by the head than the baroness, and carried her height with that proud and defiant air which handsome women assume when they scorn vanity. She was moreover, perfectly simple, and simplicity adds wondrous dignity to such a stamp of beauty as hers.

Her hair was brushed, not without care, from her clear brow and knotted behind, leaving the well shaped and well-poised head in full relief; her fine features bore unmistakable witness to an easily stirred, wild, sincere nature; and her dress, though of the plainest kind, might have been worn by any lady of the land.

The baroness was pretty, and essentially a woman of fashion. The rustle of her sweeping skirts, the perfume of her lace handkerchief and pale gloves, the languishing indolence of her deportment, and the unalterable propriety of her set smile, would have created a greater impression anywhere than by the side of Miss Macartney. What constituted her real charm in society was lost in Fraulein Fink's modest drawing room. Perhaps she felt conscious of being at a disadvantage, for her reception of the governess was almost embarrassed.

"I thought you would have refused to see me," she said, with apparent surprise, "but it is wise and reasonable of you to be friendly. Of course I should not know of your location without having sought it."

"Why are you here?" asked Miss Macartney, coldly and naturally; "you surely have good reasons for taking such a step."

"The best reasons. I come to tell you many things, and to hear of some from your own lips. Are you happy?"

"Am I happy, Baroness Ladenburg? Ask your own heart that."

"Are you comfortable here? have you enough to eat and to drink? are the people kind to you? is there anything of which you stand in need?"

"By what right, and to what purpose do you cross-question me thus? Surely you must know that if I wanted bread, you would be the last person of whom I should receive a kreutzer. I beg of you to state your errand with the least possible reference to my present condition."

"Which is bad enough, I fear, though you are too proud to own it," added the baroness, in the same light tone; "and now listen—Dr. Jacob is in Frankfort."

"I know it."

The baroness glanced at her suspiciously.

"Yet you have not sought him?"

"To what end should I seek him, madame? and he has not sought me!"

"True—true," she replied, as if recollecting herself; "but for any possible reconciliation between you two the time is now or never. Unless you see him before he sets out for the East, the chances are a thousand to one that you parted at Ischl for ever."

"For ever?" said Miss Macartney, in a hard voice.

"Yes. Dr. Jacob is bound, as you have most probably heard, to the East, having no definite intention of returning. At his age, and with the contingencies of travel and climate considered, his return to Europe is hardly a thing to be expected."

Miss Macartney buried her face in her hands, and did not speak. She forgot for a moment the hated presence of the baroness; she only remembered the one natural tie of her life, and trembled at contemplating a future without hope.

Then the baroness added, in honey-sweet tones:

"It remains with you to obtain from him the restoration of all your claims; home, protection, love, all await you. Elizabeth—his noble heart is yearning toward you; his rest is broken for thinking of you at night—he seeks for distraction from his grief, in this arduous undertaking. Think of his silvered hairs, and relent."

"Oh! be moved to pity by my position," cried Miss Macartney, in a passion of suspense; "and give me the truth. For Heaven's sake, tell me that you have not been sent from him to me."

"And why not? Is not the message a welcome one?"

With tears of scorn on her cheeks, Miss Macartney turned from her visitor.

"But to make you the messenger. He who was once loyal and tender-hearted could hardly have sunk so low. I do not believe you, Baroness Ladenburg. Go—go, lest I insult you further."

"I will not leave you till I have told all the truth," said the baroness, with hidden triumph shining in her eyes. "Dr. Jacob opens his arms to you—but on conditions. You must ignore all real or fancied injuries done to you. You must not expect him for your sake to relinquish much that has brightened his life since you two parted."

Miss Macartney's eyes flamed.

"He never made those conditions, madame. He could not."

"We will see whose case is strongest, yours or mine," she continued; "you accuse me of slandering Dr. Jacob's character—let his own hand-writing convince you that I say nothing for which I am not amply supported by him. Read this letter from him to me, and form your own conclusions."

She placed in Miss Macartney's trembling hands the lines Dr. Jacob had written the day before for a very different purpose.

"Dearest Elizabeth," he had said, "forget all that has happened and come to me, for once and for all. Never was I more your own than now, when your affection and companionship could make my declining years happier and better than any of my life. Forgive me as I forgive you, and let us, at any sacrifice, love each other, and live for each other only. God bless you!

"STEPHEN JACOB."

"Well," said the baroness, without the slightest change of countenance, "to what conclusion does the reading of this letter bring you?"

If she expected a triumph, Miss Macartney was determined not to give her one. However much she suffered inwardly—and she did suffer agonies—there were no visible traces of them. She answered, with stinging bitterness,

"I have come to this conclusion, Baroness Ladenburg. The woman who could use such a letter for such a purpose, must be not only heartless, but without conscience, without, in short, those feelings which make her fit to touch an infant with her hands. Do you want to hear more?—listen, then. I do not believe that the worst woman in this city could have acted so basely; and if by any chance I ever touch you with the tips of my fingers, I will run to the nearest fountain and wash off the stain. And, now, adieu!"

In less than a minute Miss Macartney had rushed down-stairs, crossed the court-yard, and locked herself in her bedroom, leaving the baroness more discomposed than she had ever felt in her life. M. du Chaillu tells us how King Rumpo Chumbo and his followers said grace to their barbarous gods after a cannibal dinner. The same thing is often done in this civilized society of ours. For instance, Baroness Ladenburg, having done her best to poison by her *ruse* some of the closest, holiest, domestic ties, merely for vain and selfish purposes, returned home to say an *ora pro nobis* before the crucifix in her bedroom. She was a devout Romanist, and never allowed worldly affairs to interfere with her devotions.

Miss Macartney prayed also, but in a different mood. Broken, despairing, in tears, she could only raise her hands to Heaven, and repeat the plaintive words of a plaintive mourner of old—

"Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man."

She had no longer any hope. A gulf reaching to eternity now stretched between her life and that of him for whom she would have died.

What was death in comparison to an utter estrangement resulting from moral degradation? And as she thought of what he had been once, and to what he must have changed since, she forgot her own unhappiness, and prayed for him only.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two or three days after the events recounted in the last chapter, Louis Paulus was sent by his father with letters to the post office, and there met Dr. Jacob.

"My dear boy, how glad I am to meet you, just as I am starting for the gay Festhalle, now preparing for the shooting festival. You must go with me."

Poor Louis shook his head wistfully.

"Doctor Jacob, I dare not, much as I should like it. Papa expects me home at once."

"I will make it right with papa; do you think he would be angry with me for giving you a little pleasure, Louis?"

"Oh! no; but papa is particular on some points, especially as to our remaining out unexpectedly."

"And rightly, if alone; but with me, he could and would have no objection. Can you not trust to my judgment in the matter, Louis?"

The prospect was so enticing, and Louis was so impressible, that he allowed himself to be convinced, and jumped into the fiacre. The driver cracked his whip, and, for every one at that time was bound to the same spot, without a word, turned his horses' heads toward the Friedburger Gate.

It was the seventh of July, 1862, a day ever to be remembered in Frankfort annals, for its morning sunshine and evening tragedy.

To Louis Paulus, the great German Union Shooting Festival was, at present, as much of a mystery as it is to many of my readers. He knew that a Festhalle, or Pleasure Palace, had grown up like Aladdin's Palace outside the city; that every spare bed was being put in readiness for the six thousand free shooters who were to be quartered on the willing townsfolk; that a procession, almost unequaled in magnificence in past Frankfort history, was to inaugurate the week's shooting; that fireworks, theatricals, dancing, concerts, banquets, and toasts, were to fill up the eight days' festive calendar; that every house was to glow with the black, red, and gold banners of the empire, that every one was to keep holiday, and spend it in the Festhalle; finally, that the Frankforters were mad, and would remain so till their glittering patriotic pageant was over.

But Dr. Paulus did not think pleasure-seeking a necessary part of education: and, consequently, he had not yet taken a family ticket for the daily festivities at the Festhalle. Thackeray speaks of the delight of witnessing children's faces at a pantomime; and Dr. Jacob experienced something of this feeling in watching the enthusiasm of Louis. Reflected pleasure, like reflected light, is freest from blemish; though Dr. Jacob had gazed upon far more imposing and beautiful sights than the pretty pavilion-like Festhalle a-glow with festoons, flags, and ladies' silks—this, seen through Louis' large eyes of admiration, pleased him most.

At the triumphal archway, where all fiacres were compelled to halt, they encounter the baroness, accompanied by her husband, Count Josef, and some friends. Dr. Jacob would rather have met any one else just then; but it was his habit to take all surprises with a smile, and consequently his greeting wanted no wonted cordiality. Charming as the baroness ever proved herself to him, handsome as she undeniably was in the eyes of all, generous as her own acts seemed to show, he could but feel a secret distrust of her, a lurking dissatisfaction even when most fascinated. Had circumstances aided his resolution, he would never have sought or consented to further intercourse with her; but a web of chances (for in spite of Schiller's assertion, "*There is no chance*," we see such webs dragging victims to their doom daily) drew him into the charmed circle, and he saw and conversed with her constantly. To-day he had not sought her, neither had she sought him—yet they were again together.

"What news do you bring me?" were the first words of the baroness.

"None—and yourself?"

"If you lead me out of this crowd into the open air, I will tell you everything; but this child has ears."

"Not for French," answered Dr. Jacob, impatiently; "indeed, I doubt whether he has ears for anything now, since his eyes have so much to do."

He gave her his arm, and by means of his high stature, soon pushed a way through the thronged naves of the Festhalle. Hardly had he reached the curtains of black, red, and gold, which formed the only front wall of the airy edifice, when he reiterated,

"And yourself, Baroness Ladenburg?"

"Do not be sanguine—I have nothing favorable to communicate to you, since my mediation has been utterly fruitless, as you feared."

"And as I expected; but give me details—you have seen her?"

"Was I not determined to see her?"

"Your energy makes me envious. At least tell me how you achieved so speedy a success!"

The baroness stooped to arrange a flounce, and Dr. Jacob saw that she colored slightly; she answered, however, without embarrassment.

"By pure chance I met her in the promenade, and at once named you and your wishes regarding her; but I might as well have spoken to these stones. Dear Doctor Jacob, do not grieve for the loss of so proud, so cold, so unforgiving a heart."

"She has been injured beyond the limits of womanly patience—remember that," said Dr. Jacob, sadly; "whatever you say, do not condemn her in the face of so many palliative circumstances."

"Have you also had nothing to complain of? No—I cannot and will not absolve her. She, for once and for all, discards you; she will never see you, much less speak to you again; she shuts her heart entirely against all reparation on your part, and forgiveness on her own. Is this a noble way of acting? Would a loving woman treat you so?"

Dr. Jacob had turned a shade paler as he listened; his proud head now drooped a little; his voice answered mechanically.

"Be it so. God knows I have sinned toward her, and I must bear my punishment. I would rather not hear her judged by you, Thérèse—I would rather let her name rest undisturbed by my reproaches or your opinions. We have each acted as perhaps we were greatly tempted to do, and it is too late to atone for the evil effects of our actions now."

They soon reached the limits of the Fest Platz, or grounds belonging to the palace, and amused themselves by looking around. What a month ago had been only an arid common, was now a busy little colony, filled with every necessary building for the comfort or amusement of man. A police-station, a fire-office, a reading-room, dancing saloons, fountains, baths, smithies, bazaars, kitchens, slaughter houses, etc., etc., etc. Looking from the shooting-galleries, the scene was quite fairy-like. The green pavilion, stretching across a space of four hundred feet, and blooming with flags, festoons, and colored windows, the pretty gothic Prize Temple, on the pinnacle of which stood a colossal Germania, from whose hands streamed the national banner; the music, the gayly-dressed crowds, the throngs of carriages outside the charmed circle, the multifarious new phases of life and character which a national movement is sure to call into play—no wonder that Louis' brain whirled, and his pulses beat fast with pleasure.

By-and-by, the firing of a gun called all the willing to the banquet. Louis forgot the flight of time, forgot his father's impending wrath, and his mother's anxiety, as he followed Dr. Jacob and the baroness into the Festhalle. What with the astounding masses of people, the gorgeousness of the windows and picture galleries, the glare of banners, the strains of the band, and the clattering of plates, the poor boy almost lost self-consciousness. Then it was so novel and so delightful to dine at a *table d'hôte*, to be served by waiters wearing red and white caps, and taste of many dishes, each brought to table to the sound of a horn; and lastly, to see glasses drained, and hear long speeches about German Union, and German Freedom, Fatherland, future grandeur, combined nationalities, patriotic crises, Frankfort made the seat of a new parliament, etc.

Count Josef ate his dinner, and paid compliments to the cook with certain ungentlemanly reservations. He complained of the *canaille* —this sort of patriotism was gaining strength and increasing— swore at the ebullitions of indignation against one or two small principalities and powers, satirized the enthusiasm of everybody, and the Frankforters in general, finally declared his intention of starting for the Bergstrasse in a few days.

"Can't you persuade your friends, the Brills, to go there?" he half whispered into Dr. Jacob's ear. "I speak *au sérieux* when I say that those two little girls are the prettiest I have seen since leaving Vienna."

"What two little girls?" asked Dr. Jacob, sharply.

"Miss Aggie, the black eyed, and Katchen, the blonde. My dear doctor, don't tremble lest I am about to tease you on their account, for I have already obtained an introduction to the Herr papa. I only ask you for the sake of old friendship to persuade him that his daughter and *fille adoptive* require change of air. The Bergstrasse without a flirtation, must be as insipid as a roast goose without chestnuts."

"If you intend to flirt with Aggie and Katchen, I shall do my best to keep Mr. Brill and his family at home. Seriously, Count Josef, I do not like you to adopt that light strain when speaking of unsophisticated young girls."

Count Josef made an irresistibly droll *moue* of concern.

"*Allons!* What a fool I am when I begin to be confidential! So long as the young ladies are not *your* daughters, Dr. Jacob, I thought I was at liberty to flirt with them to my heart's content."

By this time smoking, effete speeches among knots of students, and a strong perfume of beer, made the crowded banquet-hall far from pleasant; and the baroness proposed a stroll outside. Having procured seats under the over-arching roof of the Prize Temple, they luxuriated in the Watteau-like scene around them.

There was something remarkable in the voluptuousness of that summer day. The air was heavy with a warm, golden effulgence; the purple heaven seemed on fire with the intense sunshine; the trees and herbage looked bowed and oppressed under it. Far off gleamed the white villas and green gardens of suburban Frankfort; and further still the steel-colored turrets of the Römerberg and the massive old Dom crimsoned beneath the sun; beyond all, rose the violet Taunus mountains, cut as sharp as topazes against an opaline sky.

Something Bacchanalian seemed to have taken possession of the pleasure-seekers assembled on the Festplatz. Already a band of students were raising shouts for German Union, and tossing their colored caps in the air; brightly-dressed ladies were smiling their sweetest smiles; children played about with boisterous enjoyment; grave men joked each other like boys. Not a serious or troubled face was to be seen.

"Be happy," said the baroness, touching Dr. Jacob's arm, tenderly; "this is not the place, and now is not the time, to think of all that you have suffered. Enjoy the present—let me teach you to enjoy it."

"First teach me to forget the past."

"And is that impossible?" she whispered, softly.

He looked at her, and felt that it was not impossible just then. Certainly the Baroness Ladenburg never looked handsomer or more bewitching. Her superb hair lay in glossy waves under her small lace bonnet: her cheeks were rosy with excitement and pleasure; her eyes looked subdued and gentle; her dress, too, might have made almost an ordinary woman look beautiful; the delicate pink feathers contrasting with the dark hair; the white dress just tinted with rose color, the incomparable softness and fineness of the lace shawl, enveloping but not concealing; well might Dr. Jacob admire.

"You are very beautiful," he said, simply; "I have never seen any other woman so beautiful—if I were younger I should be your lover."

She smiled with some coquetry.

"Having conceded so much, you must concede a little more. Am I charming?"

"Of course."

"And you find pleasure in my society?"

"Again the same answer."

"And I find pleasure in yours—therefore you will go with us to the Bergstrasse, when the Shooting Festival is over, and not be misanthropic? Dear friend, let me entreat of you to think of yourself—you are used to society, and you need it; you are unused to solitude, especially a painful solitude, and it irks you—give up the solitude and the painfulness whilst you can, and be happy."

"Do you really care so much for my happiness, Thérèse?" he asked.

"Infinitely beyond my own."

Count Josef and the rest of the party had strolled away, and no one saw the tear that fell from her eyes but Dr. Jacob. Seeing it, he dropped his voice to a tender key, and said—

"I will not be ungrateful; your friendship at least shall be sacred to me."

"And you will think no more of the past?"

"I will endeavor to forget it in your presence."

"Confess," she said, with brightening cheeks, "that your lines are cast in pleasant places. You have only been in Frankfort a few weeks, and you are received with pride and pleasure by dozens of good families; every one is ready to do you homage; every proof of admiration and desire of your friendship has been shown—who else could attain so easy a victory over all hearts? Your life might be all like this intoxicating summer day."

"And storms would still come toward sunset," said Dr. Jacob, half in jest, half in earnest; "see those clouds yonder—we shall have thunder ere long."

He had spoken rightly. Swiftly from the west, copper-colored clouds were rolling toward the Festhalle; and simultaneously there arose murmurs among the crowd that a tempest was impending; some sober fathers of families, deeming that a thunder-storm would have ample play for its wildest game in so light and fanciful a building, took the first *fiacre* and returned home. In less than ten minutes rose a fearful hurricane. The heavens were darkened with whirlwinds of dust and rain; the atmosphere was changed to intense cold, from sudden and appalling sultriness, till at last hailstones hissed like bullets against the fairy palace, and every blow worked woful mischief; the storm opening, as it were, its giant arms, crushed it like a young sapling.

Meantime, Dr. Jacob had half carried, half dragged the trembling baroness, and utterly helpless Louis, through the crowded transepts, and secured for them standing room under the music gallery. He thought that the extra thickness of this part of the building, added to the shelter of the gallery, would insure their safety, but even here every moment brought its peril. To stand still was dangerous—to rush forward was mad. With a kind of dumb courage, inspired by Dr. Jacob's collected manner, his two charges stood still.

The moment was terrible. The rattling of the hail, the roar of thunder, the crash of beams, the breaking of windows, lastly, and more awful still, the cries of the multitude, made the scene too awful ever to be forgotten. It seemed as if the whole structure was being uprooted and beaten in. Some rushed out, to be driven back by the masses of slate and timber that were swept from the roof; some crept under the tables and benches; hundreds fell on their knees and prayed. All at once Dr. Jacob put his arm round the baroness, and covered her eyes with one hand, crying at the same time, sternly—

"Louis, turn your face to me—do not look behind, if you love me."

But he spoke too late. Faint from the pressure of the crowd, Louis had drawn back, and ere Dr. Jacob's words reached his ears, he had witnessed the first death that shadowed his untroubled young life. Close behind him were standing, in a little group, the rest of their party, viz., the baron and Count Josef, with their friends. As the baron quickly stooped forward to escape a shower of broken glass, he was struck from behind, and fatally, by an iron-sheathed beam. Louis saw the momentary death agony; the blanched cheeks, the filmy eyes, the convulsed limbs. Heartsick, half crazed with terror, and haunted by the sight he had just witnessed, he rushed bare-headed through the living crowd and the flying missiles, through the morass of crockery, torn clothes, and broken benches, till he reached the solitary turbulent heath, which divided the Festhalle from the town.

CHAPTER XX.

Poor Mrs. Paulus was in no state of mental or physical health to bear such a storm, even had no immediate anxiety attended it; but Louis' unprecedented absence since the morning, and the terrible phenomenon, especially as connected with danger to her boy, had combined to bring on a fit of hysteria. Connie and the younger children, who were never taught to think of themselves when mamma was in distress, did their best to reassure her, bathed her brow, covered her eyes that she should not see the lightning, and repeated a dozen expressions of artless consolation. But their efforts were vain, and when Dr. Paulus came upstairs, all in a perspiration from damming up windows and mopping up floods of water, he grew alarmed at her state.

"Give me the wine, Connie," he said, "and you, Bob, go down-stairs and see if the servants are carrying out my orders: you little ones, sit still."

"That naughty, naughty boy," whispered Louisa, gaspingly. "Oh, Christian, if he should be in the midst of this!"

"Trust me, he is under shelter. Even an idiot would rush to the first house in such a storm, and boys seldom come to any harm," said the doctor, cheerfully.

"The windows of Connie's bedroom are broken in," cried Bob, from the landing, "and the servants are too frightened to stir—come, papa."

Dr. Paulus waited, however, till the storm was somewhat lulled, and in the first silence that followed its abatement, a faint ringing of the street bell was heard. Immediately after, Louis stood on the threshold, drenched to the skin, but, with the exception of a scratch or two, uninjured.

"Oh! mamma," he cried, "it was so terrible at the Festhalle, and the big trees are uprooted in the promenades, and the ground is covered with leaves, and some houses are unroofed—"

"You have nearly killed me, Louis: why did you go away?" Louisa moaned, and half-raised herself to take him to her heart. But a cold firm hand put the child and the mother apart.

"Louis," Dr. Paulus said, icily, "tell the plain truth quickly."

"Papa," sobbed the boy, in a piteous voice, "do not be so very angry with me. Dr. Jacob told me you would not mind my going to the Festhalle with him. I did hesitate—indeed I did, papa."

"I do not want your self-excuses, sir; I want the facts, and the facts only. Where have you been since eleven o'clock?"

"With Dr. Jacob, papa (sob)—I met him at the Posthof (sob)—and he asked me to go with him to the Festhalle (sob)—he said you would not be angry with me as it was his doing (sob)—and we went there and dined, and the storm came on (sob), and—a gentleman was killed—"

The last words were almost screamed out, so great was the child's terror at the recollection. Dr. Paulus answered, with a darkened brow—

"Your fault has brought on its own punishment, Louis. I make no further comments upon either; but recollect this—Dr. Jacob's invitation does not in the slightest degree excuse your conduct: he could not know whether you were acting as I most dislike—you *did*, and the whole sin is on your own shoulder. Look at your poor mamma's pale face, and pray to God to forgive you."

He turned to leave the room, and on the threshold added, coldly—

"Go to your room at once. If either of your brothers or your sister like to sit with you, I do not forbid it; but make no attempt to speak to me for three days."

"I will sit with you, Louis," whispered Bob, all impatient to hear the interesting details; "oh! what a precious soaking you've had!"

"Mamma, say you are not very angry before I go," pleaded poor Louis, brokenly.

"I hardly know what I say—don't cry, Louis, and put yourself between blankets—take the one off Bob's bed, and the eider-down pillow from the top, and I will ask papa if you may have some gruel. Now, go, for you are standing in wet clothes."

Louis went off with Bob, and soon Connie stole after them, bearing a basin of warm soup, which proved an immense consoler. The whole story was then given from beginning to end, not without shudders on the part of both narrators and listeners. At the close of the narrative Connie's cheek was pale with childish concern.

"The poor, poor man!—how terrible for him to die so suddenly! Oh! Louis, if it had been Dr. Jacob!"

Meantime, let us return to the Festhalle. Dr. Jacob's situation was one of strange perplexity; for a moment he stood in doubt whether to leave the agitated baroness to Count Josef's rather inexperienced handling, or the missing boy to his fate. Finally, he acted for both. Having, by an extraordinary amount of muscular and vocal exertion, made his way through the woful cowed throngs, he succeeded in placing the baroness in her carriage, whispered to Count Josef that he would follow presently, and then returned to arrange the orderly transport of the poor baron's body, and to make his search for Louis. It was dreary work. On either hand were seen drenched, bruised, and appalled creatures clamoring after lost friends or property; for, in the terror-stricken scuffle, families had been divided, and clothes literally torn to fragments. The unfortunate Festhalle looked like a child's card-house blown inside out, the supporting columns had been stripped of their moss and Alpine roses; pictures and panels had been discolored and rent away; banners were hanging in fritters. Where, an hour ago, had been all symmetry and decoration, were now ghastly ruin and disfigurement; and the tattered gloom everywhere apparent struck a keener chill to the heart because of the intoxicating sunshine and gorgeousness which had gone before.

Dr. Jacob had not observed Louis' flight, and accordingly he made his first search in the building and grounds. After much inquiry he learned that a boy answering to his age and appearance had been seen to hasten toward the town immediately after the most terrific crisis of the hurricane. With a heavy, though relieved heart, Dr. Jacob drove to the house of his friend. He loved Louis, and he would have given worlds rather than have been the author of so dire a holiday to any child; but the fact of Dr. Paulus's probable anger did not occur to him, for he was rather lax in his notions of parental and filial obligations.

His first question to the housemaid was regarding Louis, and finding that he had arrived home unscathed save by a wet skin, he ascended the stairs cheerfully.

"My dear Dr. Paulus," he said, taking both the doctor's hands in his own, "in the first place, forgiveness; in the second, forgiveness; in the third, forgiveness!"

"How so?" asked the other, in a friendly though grave voice.

"Have I not caused you uneasiness?—have I not brought your boy into the most frightful danger?—have I not perhaps led him from the path of duty?"

"Rest easy on all scores," answered Dr. Paulus; "after having so thoroughly inculcated obedience on the minds of my children, I hold no one responsible when they transgress. You did not say to

Louis—Disobey your father and come with me! I presume you did not?"

"On the contrary, I had no idea that he would be acting against your wishes."

"But Louis knew well on what points of duty I insist most stringently, and therefore the fault and the blame of it rest entirely with him. Dismiss the subject from your mind, I entreat you."

"Not till I have obtained grace for Louis. For my sake, let the matter pass over: after all, I am the culprit, and the error into which I led him has already met with sufficient punishment."

"What he has already suffered was not the fruit of my displeasure at his disobedience. You may thank God, Dr. Jacob, that you have no children; for tenderly as we deal with them, earnestly as we pray for them, how they grieve us! Is it wise, is it Christianlike, to foster their very vices from false feelings of affection?"

"Better to rule by love than by fear," put in Dr. Jacob, with mildness.

"Excuse me, but I think you take a wrong view of the matter," answered Dr. Paulus, warmly. "Are foul weeds pulled up without a wrench? Are men kept in due respect of law without wholesome fear? I will give you an illustration in point. In the old Synagogue of Worms (which you ought to visit) the stranger is shown three golden crowns over the pulpit, surmounted by a larger one; the guide tells you that the first symbolizes Understanding—the second, Law—, the third, Government—the larger one above, God; and the meaning is this—he who has no understanding abides by no law; he who abides by no law, does not obey his earthly sovereign; and he who does not obey his earthly sovereign shall little know how to obey God. Is there not much of wisdom in this Jewish symbol? To the child, does not his parent stand as his king or law-giver? Does not the whole order of the world hang on individual obedience?"

"True," replied Dr. Jacob, with a faint smile at his friend's earnestness; "but judge the errors of the head more leniently than the perversions of the heart. Louis did not go in the face of your commands—to the contrary."

"We will not discuss the subject any further," said Dr. Paulus; "tell me more of this grievous catastrophe. Has the Festhalle really suffered so much injury, and is it true that some one was killed?"

The matter was thoroughly talked over, and when his visitor had gone, Dr. Paulus lighted a cigar, and throwing open his window, leaned out contemplatively. He never smoked at his casement except in times of serious thought; for, as he looked upon all cases involving doubt or difficulty unfit for the shattered faculties of his wife, he had need of some dumb consolers. The cool dewy air of the evening, and a fragrant Havanna, furnished just enough companionship for his needs.

As he rejoined his wife, he let fall the following chance clew to his brown study.

"Dr. Jacob is a man of noble powers and great attainments, but—"

Mrs. Paulus was far too meek to ask the meaning of that but, but some time after she learned it, without any inquisitiveness. *Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.* May all passive wives be so rewarded!

CHAPTER XXI.

A WEEK had passed since the hurricane; the dilapidations of the Festhalle were repaired; its former gorgeousness was in part restored; the dire day's work well-nigh forgotten by the light-hearted Frankforters, and the Great Shooting Festival begun.

Immediately after her husband's interment, the baroness repaired with her children to the Bergstrasse, leaving only Baron Josef (as we must now call him) behind, who was in no humor to lose the gayeties he had so long anticipated. Early on the inauguration day, he set off to Mr. Brill's, looking very much like a doll soldier, in his extremely tight fitting white coat, pink facings, and plentiful silver buttons. We were in the habit at one time of wondering why the Austrian military are clad in such minute coats, but now the following happy solution has occurred to us. The state of finances obliges the government to such an economy—even the emperor himself sets the example. We will lay a wager that the imperial coat has not the breadth of a fat fly *de trop.*

Baron Josef appeared more attracted than ever by Miss Aggie; and as he had appropriated his balcony at the Hôtel de Russie to their use, and otherwise contrived to make himself agreeable, besides being, in his new rank of baron, agreeable under all circumstances, his reception by the Brill family was cordial in the extreme.

"Will you mind waiting a few seconds?" Mrs. Brill said, apologetically; "it is only to be expected that the girls must have an additional peep or two in the glass on such a day."

By-and-by Aggie appeared, looking very triumphant and handsome in her bright dress, flying ribbons, and manipulated *coiffure.* She gave Baron Josef an unembarrassed smile; and though only sixteen, might have passed for twenty, in her quiet way of receiving his compliments.

"Katchen is not quite ready, mamma," she said, when the greetings were over; "could we not as well walk on? She can follow with papa and Tommy."

Mrs. Brill knew very well that Aggie looked upon Katchen as a possible rival, and helped her to play out her little game. Accordingly, Baron Josef set off with his two fair charges, and Katchen was left to Mr. Brill's chaperonage. At this time she was in the children's room, helping to dress the youngest girl, and trying to keep Tommy from soiling his spotless white knickerbockers. There could not have been a greater contrast to the brusque brunette Aggie, than fair, fairy Katchen. Somehow, and without the slightest effort of her own, she always had on the dresses that best suited one so *petite* and so girlish—dresses of no special attraction but that of being innocent, snowdrop-like, and inartificial. To-day, in her white cambric and black lace *fichu,* worn, after the manner of German girls, around the shoulders, and crossed in front, with no adornment but her golden hair, she looked a very pretty type of girlhood, and an uncommon one, in spite of her simplicity.

Great was the astonishment of the trio when they descended to the drawing-room, and found it empty; the dining-room and study were next examined with like success; finally, Tommy called his papa lustily, and that effort proved also vain. The fact was, Mr. Brill, unknown to his wife (no one knew anything of anybody's motives in the Brill house), had gone out half an hour before, and finding himself in the neighborhood of the Hôtel de Russie, had asked for the baron's apartment, and there settled himself comfortably. Both the servants were absent on leave, to see the procession in what stray manner they could, and beyond a deaf old gardener, the house was empty.

Half frolicsome, half frightened, Katchen and her two little companions hastened through the gardens toward the town, every alley was alive with gayly-dressed pleasure-seekers; but not till they had passed under the triumphal archway at the Gallus Gate, and entered the street leading to the Ross-market, did they become impressed with the difficulty of their undertaking. The Ross-market being designed for the climax of the gigantic procession—viz., the grouping of the banners—was utterly barricaded on every side. Baron Josef had wisely chosen a back way, but inexperienced Katchen stood aghast and bewildered. Before her was the wide space of the Ross-market, with only here and there a group of committee members, wearing colored sashes, and the members of the different gymnastic clubs, in their brown Holland costume, with colored badges, who were self-constituted police during the festival. Beyond lay the Schiller-Platz and the Zeil, dazzling with the streaming flags of black, red, and gold, hung from each window, and crowded with gazers. Seeing the forbidden space before her, and the living sea opposed between herself and the Hôtel de Russie, knowing what a gorgeous and unparalleled pageant would be lost by retreat, and feling how vain the attempt to advance, is it unnatural that Katchen should shed tears?

"Let us jump over this railing," proposed Tommy, boldly; "if any one follows us, we can run for it. I'm not afraid of the best of 'em."

"But supposing we do gain the Zeil, think of the crowds, Tommy dear," said Katchen, in despair.

"I can see a clear space to the right—they are keeping it for the procession—it must move in, you know, before it moves out; twelve thousand men, horses, trumpets, and all, cannot drop from the sky."

Passionately desirous of seeing the procession, and at all times fond of fun, Katchen dexterously jumped over the rails, the children followed, and away they sped across the forbidden Rossmarkt. Just as they had set foot on the neutral territory, however, one of the amateur police stopped them.

"I am very sorry, fraulein," he said, politely; "but positively *no one* is allowed this way."

"But we have a balcony at the Hôtel de Russie," pleaded Katchen, with tears in her eyes, "and we shall have no chance of seeing the procession if we are obliged to turn back," and the young man, being gentlemanly, and gallant, sympathized heartily, though he seemed unable to help. Just at this crisis, one of the committee members came up, and to Katchen's great joy, she recognized her old master, Professor Beer.

"What is to be done?" said the athlete; "this young lady has a balcony on the Zeil, and I am especially ordered to permit no egress whatever."

The professor did not unwillingly find himself the paladin of his pretty pupil; though a grave, not to say an austere man, the sight of youth and loveliness always refreshed him like a dewy spring morning in the woods. Moreover, he partook of the chivalric, urbane, light-hearted humor which pervaded all classes just then, and quite in a youthful manner he took Katchen's hand, and led her to her destination. He even forgot to blush over the exploit.

Thus, happily, Katchen saw that splendid pageant which will not easily be forgotten by the Frankforters. Never were so many varieties of color, so many picturesque effects, so many enthusiastic feelings, so many intoxicating and patriotic hopes combined to form one universal jubilee. Music, mediæval costume, nationalities mingled and harmonized, banners and hymns consecrating an Utopian union of all Germany—what wonder that we were all mad with a mirthful madness in the good old Free City of Frankfort!

Whilst Aggie was coquetting with Baron Josef and throwing flowers to the Freeshooters passing under the window, whilst Katchen and the children were watching with large-eyed admiration the tawny fur-clad Germans dressed after the description of Tacitus, the twelfth-century bowmen in blue doublets and white hose, the fourteenth-century cross-bowmen in gray and red, the sixteenth-century match-lock men in brown and green, and wearing helmets, the fire-lock shooters of the Thirty Years' War in black jerkins and orange knickerbockers, the pointers in scarlet, bearing eagles and targets, the gigantic bouquet carried by little girls and boys in pink and white, the twelve first-prize cups carried by young ladies dressed like bridemaids, the hundreds of banners and the countless bands of music; lastly, the thousands and thousands of Freeshooters from all the German provinces, wearing oak leaves in their hats.

But, what is Dr. Jacob doing? This highly colored vivacious noisy scene was little to his taste, especially just then, for many things were troubling him. He had given up his balcony to the Paulus family, and enjoyed a vicarious pleasure in the sight of the enraptured young faces around him. The joyous huzzaing, the trumpets, the Alpine horn, and all the confused sounds and sights attendant on the spectacle tired his senses more than any exertion could have done. When, after five hours, it was over, he breathed a great sigh of relief.

"Thank Heaven, I shall be out of this tumultuous scene to-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow?—you do not seriously intend leaving us so soon?" said Dr. Paulus.

"Not entirely. I shall only stay a few days in the Bergstrasse, and afterward return to Frankfort to put all things in readiness for my journey."

"I am sorry from my heart that it must be so, and yet I would be the last to persuade you to delay your good errand," said Dr. Paulus, earnestly.

"I am sure you would, though I confess I could not easily withstand your persuasions. Frankfort has been very pleasant to me: had it not been for that terrible day in the Festhalle, I should look upon it as one of the most sunshiny spots I have ever visited."

"Ah, that sudden death created quite a sensation. By-the-bye, where is the poor widow?"

"Staying in the Bergstrasse," answered Dr. Jacob, "*en route* to Bavaria."

"Is it a great blow to her?"

"A great shock, undoubtedly; but these *mariages de convenance* do not nurture very warm conjugal feelings. I believe the baroness was married, when quite a school-girl, to a man she had seen but once—what can one expect?"

Dr. Jacob now led his visitors to table, where a pretty little dinner awaited them. He did his duties as host admirably, and recovered his wonted animation ere the first champagne bottle had been emptied. *Tum victu revocant vires.* Because, like the tired Teucri on the Libyan shore, we go to our repast with weary hearts and tired frames, rising up from the same refreshed and reinvigorated both mentally and physically, does it argue that we are epicureans?

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREVER there is a German village, you will find a "Golden Lion," and a "Golden Lion' presupposes a prosperous landlord. Goethe, in "Hermann and Dorothea," gives us a charming picture of this pastoral element; and to read it, is to pass a summer day in the Bergstrasse. The life there is the freest from care in the world It savors somewhat of sourkraut, has little that is refined or intellectual about it, but is merry with the music of water-mills; is philosophical, with a philosophy engendered from a calm, lovely nature and an undisturbed existence; is scented with wild flowers and freshly-mown hay, like a poem of Uhland's; is, in fine, the reflex of many pleasant idiosyncrasies of German life and character

On a hot summer morning, Dr. Jacob alighted at the little railway station of Bickenbach, and following a footpath shaded by plum-trees and acacias, betook his way to Jugenheim, one of the most frequented resorts of the Bergstrasse. As it possesses a mineral spring, and very picturesque surroundings, Jugenheim is partly rural and partly fashionable; to Dr. Jacob the experience was new, of so much homeliness mingling with the holiday life of the upper ten thousand in Germany. With us, we are never more luxurious and fine than when taking pleasure; to our cousins, pleasure is something so sweet in itself, that very few objective disadvantages take from the color of it. For instance, Dr. Jacob found the hotel (a Golden Lion, of course) flanked by a tumble-down street, swarming with pigs, geese, and bare-footed children; braided on each side by wooden cottages, with coarse blue shirts hanging from each tiny dormer, and fronting an open space, where the stony spring, or *Brunnen*, drew noisy, unkempt lads and maidens at all hours of the day; to him, the uncomeliness of the prospect was hardly charmed away by refreshing mill sluices, endless undulated woods, and beech-clad heights, overtopped by a superb sky.

Passing through a courtyard full of poultry, Dr. Jacob found himself in what must be called an offshoot of a kitchen, since here all the dishes were carved for the *table d'hôte.* This affair was the important event of the landlord's daily life. An hour before, or an hour later, Dr. Jacob would have found him a chatty cosmopolitan, a much-thinking politician, a village authority amid satellites; but now he obtained nothing more from him than a faint attempt at courteousness. To the right and left of him, were plates of various eatables; and his thoughts could not soar beyond them. In the *salle a manger*, a few minutes later, Dr. Jacob found him another being; lively as far as his extreme rotundity would allow, exerting a wonderful authority over his maids, the forty-two guests having never to wait for the fourth or fifth course, and never to ask a second time for bread or sauce.

The baroness and her children were inaccessibly hemmed in at the upper end of the room, and Dr. Jacob, having entered late, was obliged to take the only seat that offered. We may safely affirm that there is not one German of five hundred with whom you would not find yourself quite friendly, *i.e.*, if you responded to his initiative sociability. In five minutes, and before he had finished his soup, Dr. Jacob was in animated conversation with a pleasant, rosy-faced Wurtemberg officer, and his delicate, sentimental young wife. When biscuits and fruit came on, the gentlemen lighted their cigars; and soon after, most of the party descended to the garden, where the ladies knitted and read religious novels, and the children chased the chickens.

The baroness greeted her friend with a kind of forced apathy, which to strangers might have passed for grief under her new trial. The truth was that she had been disappointed in his behavior; she had looked for more than cold friendly services from him; she had expected him to leave Frankfort, friends, duties, and all else, to offer his sympathy and help. Beyond what the urgencies of the case required, Dr. Jacob, who was really the most warm-hearted and impulsive man in the world, did nothing. Yet, in spite of many counteracting influences, in spite of inner struggle and convictions of his better nature, he had come to the Bergstrasse to be near her once more. But his homage was too tardy to be met with much gratitude.

She began in a collected, business-like way—

"I have much to say to you about Baron Josef, and should have been glad of your advice on other matters earlier; but I will not waste time on useless reproaches to-day. I have formed a plan for my son's settlement—for his marriage."

"Indeed!"

"And you perhaps may be able to aid me; of course his marriage is the first thing to consider, and that once happily arranged, I shall feel free to enter upon other affairs. You know Katchen Eggers, the ward of your English friend, Mr. Brill?"

"Surely she is not the wife you have chosen for Baron Josef?" said Dr. Jacob, with dismay.

"And why not? She is well-educated, pretty, and will have a very large fortune—could I do better for my son?"

"I fear you will find them extremely unsuited. Katchen, I should say, has not one idea in common with Baron Josef. She is, moreover, too young"

"Pshaw! I was married at seventeen, and she is a year older; the younger Josef's wife, the better chance she has of being happy, since she would easier fall into his ways of thinking. I do not pretend to adorn Josef with good qualities that he is innocent of, but I contest that girls in far better positions than Katchen Eggers would have no hesitation in accepting such an offer. Luckily, young girls here are chosen for, and do not choose, which does away with a great deal of false romance and sickly sentiment."

"You are acquainted with Katchen's guardians, and they are agreeable to the contract?"

The baroness laughed satirically.

"Where was a young man in Josef's position refused? To obtain good alliances for daughters is the one end and aim of parents in Germany, and they are almost ready to sing a *Te Deum* when victory is won. I have not yet entered into correspondence with Katchen's uncle in Russia, but the issue of it is almost certain."

Dr. Jacob breathed a deep sigh, and sat for some time in silent thought. Beneath the garden height on which they sat, was a black, shiny pool, in the midst of which a spotless white rose had been thrown by some careless hand. His eyes grew riveted on the polluted blossom, as if he read in it some sad allegory.

"This match must not be," he said, gravely. "Baron Josef's wife would be fitter for her position were she chosen from the ranks of the world. Katchen would assuredly disappoint him, and their mutual life would not fail to be miserable."

"Married life with us means less than it does with you English; it involves fewer duties, fewer responsibilities, therefore fewer disappointments. Besides, Josef has *la tête montée* for Katchen already. There is love to begin with."

"Love," repeated Dr. Jacob, with irony; "you would hardly call Baron Josef's admiration for any woman love?"

"Not that kind of love which it is said in your country can exist between couples who have celebrated both a silver and golden wedding, I own. Josef is likely to tire of his wife in a year; but is it to be supposed that all other young men are as faithful as he is fickle?"

"I have seen very happy married people here as well as in England. Baron Josef is an extremely gay young man, and in proportion as he is gay, so is he unfitted for a quiet, pure-minded young woman like Katchen."

"After so many objections I suppose you will hardly talk to Mr. Brill on the matter—that is to say, throwing the balance of your opinion in my scale?"

"Certainly not."

"You might at least show a little more sympathy for my isolated position. Think of what I have lost in my late husband—protection, position, half my wealth, the direction of my affairs, the guidance of my children—all these I stand in need of, yet you are further from me than ever. Far better that you had never come to Jugenheim."

She rose and left him without another word. By-and-by she appeared at an upper window, beckoning the children indoors; but Dr. Jacob saw her no more that day.

The next morning, at an early hour, the Brills arrived. He was made aware of their advent by the loud voices of Mrs. Brill and Aggie in the passage, and by the obstreperous shouting and romping of the younger children. At that time most of the other visitors were at the baths; the pretty slope of back garden was quiet, save for one or two picturesque old women who were scrubbing earthen boilers in a purling spring, and the woodchopper's echoing ax in the adjoining thicket. The scene charmed Dr. Jacob's heart. The morning breeze blew freshly from the beech-clad heights rising to the right, amid which gleamed a pretty ducal Schloss; to the left, forming a ravine, towered gigantic hills of syenite; and below, flanked in by rock and woodland, lay green valleys, animated with rushing rivulets and pink cottages and water-mills, whose wheels were never silent. Beyond all, rose the endless beautiful Odenwald, or forest of Odin, a chain of mountains that glow in unspeakable green against an unflecked purple sky.

Laying down his book, Dr. Jacob took in all the goodness and loveliness of this idyl. Truly, he thought, is calm sunny Germany a place in which to educate one's self to contentment. The abounding beauties of nature, the unassailable tranquillity and unambitious domestic life, the love of simple pleasure, and the constant opportunity of gratifying it—in what country are there so many elements which go far toward forming a religious and harmless life?

Just then Katchen passed under his window, and ascended the garden-path, looking eagerly to the right and to the left, as if to take in all points of the prospect at once. Her fair hair shone like gold in the morning sun, and as she strolled along, swinging a wide-brimmed straw hat in one hand, and with the other touching the trellised palings, it was wonderful how her presence brightened and beautified the place. Her light figure looked all the prettier for her simple cotton dress, and there was a quiet dignity in the bearing of her well-set head. Her type of face was more intellectual than that of most German girls; whilst at the same time, she had all those attractions for which they are noted, viz., profuse and richly-braided hair, regular features, rosy lips, and delicate bloomy skin. As a rule, English women have less perfect features, but more vivacity and play of expression, than their German cousins; Katchen, however, wanted for no animation or power of speaking without words.

Dr. Jacob joined her with a smile, to which she responded, though as if with difficulty; never had he before seen her look sad.

"My dear child, you must bring no troubled thoughts into the Bergstrasse. What makes my little Katchen sorrowful on this sunny day?"

The tenderness of his voice caused her to turn away her face, in order that he should not see the tears it had called forth.

"I do not know that I ought to be unhappy," she replied, hesitatingly; "perhaps it is only discontent after all."

"Discontent with whom and with what?"

"I ought not to tell any one, you least of all, for it is ungrateful, not to say treacherous, of me to find fault with kind friends;" she lowered her voice, and added, "Mrs. Brill is as kind as a mother to me, but she makes me very miserable sometimes."

"You did not wish to come here?"

"It would be the same in Frankfort; she is continually making me feel humiliated, both for herself, for Aggie, and for me—why, oh! why did she consent to come here at the entreaty of Baron Josef?"

Hardly had the words escaped her, when she hastened to qualify them—

"I do not mean to be disrespectful to Mrs. Brill, or to say anything against your friend; but I cannot like him, and I hate to be near him."

She clasped her hands over her eyes and wept passionately.

"Dear Dr. Jacob, tell me how I ought to act?—this Baron Josef pays Aggie overt attentions, but he does that only as a blind: he makes love to me, he importunes me at every opportunity to hear him, and I have a horror of his presence."

"Do not fear to confide in me, dear child," he replied, kindly. "I know better than yourself Baron Josef's bad qualities, and I will protect you from him if I can."

"Will you?" she asked, smiling upon him in the gratitude and joy of her impulsive young heart. "Oh! I shall feel so safe, so happy now!"

"I confess that your disclosure surprises me," mused Dr. Jacob; "from all that I have observed and heard, I fancied Aggie was Baron Josef's attraction here."

"Yes you might well fancy so: he plays a deceitful part, and I have not the courage or the tact to disconcert him. I have once attempted to undeceive Mrs. Brill, but she laughed at me and called me a child; you cannot tell how miserable I have been the last few days."

"But now you will be miserable no more, and enjoy this lovely Bergstrasse with me?"

"Ah! that will be indeed delightful! How I long to be among those sweet-scented fir-trees, watching the squirrels—"

Mrs. Brill's voice close behind interrupted her speech.

"How d'ye do, Dr. Jacob?" she said, in her abrupt way. "Tom desired his kindest regards to you—poor, dear man, I wonder how he will get on now without me to look after them—by-the-bye, the oddest report is current in Frankfort concerning you."

"What may it be?" he asked, quietly.

"Katchen, will you mind going to Aggie whilst Dr. Jacob and I have our chat? Well," she whispered, ere Katchen was fairly out of hearing, "they say that you will marry Madame de Ladenburg."

"Who says it, Mrs. Brill?"

"All the world, and nobody in particular. Don't ask me to mention names, Dr. Jacob: and, moreover, they say that you have already a wife, from whom you have been separated some years."

"You may contradict both those assertions, Mrs. Brill; and now let us change the subject."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Shooting Festival was now at its height; every house was decked with garlands and the banners, gold, red, and black, of the empire; every day, thousands and tens of thousands flocked to the Festhalle, where a hundred rifles were fired off a minute, where gigantic banquets, and all possible amusements, were catered for the pleasure-craving populace. From six in the morning till twelve at night, the scene of festivity was crowded, and no one grumbled at being awaked from first sleep by the light-hearted Freeshooters cheering and singing strains from "Der Freischütz," as they returned home to their quarters. All day long the streets presented a study. There you saw the handsome Tyrolese, with his fantastic dress and agile figure; the John Bull-like Bremenser, with his green tunic, and sunburnt practical stolid features; the joyous Swiss, ever ready to drink or dance; the hard-featured, true-eyed Bavarian, ever foremost in the shooting-gallery, and wearing dozens of admission tickets in his hat; the slightly-formed, graceful, aristocratic Austrian; the bare-kneed chamois-hunter of Berchtesgaden; the wine-loving, sunny-tempered Rhinelander.

Inside the Festhalle, all was life and frolic. At one moment you would hear a distant cheering, and find every one mounting benches and tables, in order to see some lucky prize-winner borne round the building on the shoulders of his friends, all shouting and singing; at another, you would see a concourse of people round a trio of Tyrolese singers, who were elevated to a little platform erected *ex improviso;* or a vehement speech would be made, every patriotic sentiment being responded to by noisy enthusiasm, or a knot of students would get up a tremendous chorus to some original republican song, or a fancy fountain would send up its waters in all kinds of pretty shapes, or the favorite band-master Jeschko would wave his *bâton* and drown the buzz of the collected thousands in the rapturous melodies of Mozart. Beyond the proscribed limits of the Platz itself had congregated a vast assemblage of booths, dining-rooms, peddlers' stalls, peep-shows, dancing-saloons, and cigar and ice-shops. Here, as within the doors of the Platz, rich and poor mixed indiscriminately. Ladies and gentlemen sat down to take ices by the side of a group of soldiers smoking over their glass mugs of beer. Ladies might even with impunity join their husbands and brothers in toasts of the last-mentioned beverage, standing *sub dio.* Punctiliousness and conventionalism were absent. It was a rare intoxicating time of pleasure, of excitement, and of Utopian equality.

Dr. Paulus did not approve of his children's heads being turned by gayety; but he liked them to become acquainted with the world, and would have been sorry to keep them in ignorance of so remarkable a celebration as the first greatGerman Confederate Shooting Festival. Accordingly, he took them twice to the Festhalle, showed them every object of interest both within and without the building, explained the origin and bearing of Freeshooters' leagues in general, and of this one in particular; drew their attention to the different costumes and physiognomies; and held up to their reflection the folly of those parents who led children to so instructive a place merely to eat chocolate and ices! Dr. Paulus, it must be remembered, had no liking for his dinner except as it was the means of sustaining strength, and he entertained a horror of his children ever thinking otherwise. On the occasion of his second visit, he was in excellent spirits; true, that his poor wife was not by his side, but she had taken a charming drive in the morning, and had seemed a trifle better in consequence; the children were delighted with everything, and expressed their delight intelligently; sitting amid them, and watching the busy, joyous crowds around, perhaps the whole building held no happier man than Dr. Paulus.

A familiar tap on his shoulder disturbed his enjoyment.

"Well, Paulus, wonderful place this—what do you say to it, eh?"

It was Mr. Brill, looking good-humored, slovenly, absent as usual. With him was Mr. Horatio Wood, the new English resident at Frankfort, whom, it will be remembered, the jeweler mentioned to Dr Jacob in the early part of this story. Mr. Wood was a millionaire and a *parvenu;* one of those honest, H-aspirating men who, their fortune having outcropped their pretensions, go abroad in order to make the most of it. People did say that Mr. Wood's fortune represented so many ready-made three-guinea suits, five-guinea suits, ten-guinea suits, youth's paletots, etc., but we need not go to the root of the matter. Rich he was undoubtedly; generous he was no less, and important he must therefore be in a small English community. Mr. Wood had not been ill-received. Dr. Paulus worshiped the golden calf as little as he did the pleasures of the palate; and, though on friendly terms with the new comer, had held aloof from his costly dinners, because they were compliments he could not repay.

Mr. Brill continued:

"I suppose you know that Emily and the young ones are at Jugenheim, and that Dr. Jacob has gone there also?—Mr. Wood, what do you want to say to Dr. Paulus about Dr. Jacob?"

Dr. Paulus bit his lip and listened expectantly.

"The fact is," began Mr. Wood, in an unmistakably commercial way, "I cannot understand Dr. Jacob, and I should be better pleased if I did. I have done what I could for his mission, and have made him welcome to my house—but I'm uneasy in my mind about him."

"Upon what point?"

"I'm a plain man, Dr. Paulus, and I say upon many points. Had *you* called upon me for a ten-pound note for any mission; had *you*, time after time, drunk of my wine and eaten of my venison, I should have no more to say or think, but what was pleasant about it; in fact, you would have been heartily welcome. I know your position—I know your wife—I know your children; you are just what people think you to be, and nothing more. But no one knows what to think of Dr. Jacob."

"He is a clergyman, he is a gentleman, and he is a man of talent."

"True—true, but you don't understand me. You remember, the proverb, 'Where there's fire, there's smoke;' and it holds good in many things. Why should not people set a story about your having a divorced wife?"

"They may do it, for all I know," answered Dr. Paulus, with a comic face; "and I am sure I should not take the trouble to contradict them."

Mr. Wood drew his listener a little aside, and continued:

"But it is not pleasant to hear such reports of a man in Dr. Jacob's position. Just because he is learned, and preaches well, and is so aristocratic in appearance, do I feel provoked by his injudiciousness. Why does he not say he's married, if he is—or a bachelor, if he isn't? Mystery never did good service to anybody."

"I have no doubt that Dr. Jacob will be very happy to give you a satisfactory account of his domestic relations if you only ask him. How can he tell that such silly gossip gets afloat?"

"Why does such silly gossip get afloat?"

"Why are there fools in the world, and women who love scandal? But what is said respecting Dr. Jacob, derogatory to him both as clergyman and gentleman?"

"The fact is," put in Mr. Brill, with a smile, "it is in everybody's mouth that Dr. Jacob is going to marry the Baroness Ladenburg, and has a wife living meantime."

"Let the marriage take place, and the injured lady declare herself, then."

"For my part, Dr. Paulus," said Mr. Wood, somewhat nettled at his derisive tone, "this seems to me no laughing matter. Is it desirable for a small English community, like our own, to be scandalized—above all things, too, to be scandalized by a clergyman?"

"My dear Mr. Wood, I should not laugh had I any doubts in the world of Dr. Jacob's domestic relations; to me it seems unfair to pay any heed to statements hurting a man whose back is turned. When Dr. Jacob returns will be the time to learn all."

Mr. Wood seemed by no means to concur with this sentiment; and, after a little further chat, the gentlemen parted. Dr. Paulus returned home with the children, and Mr. Wood and Mr. Brill took coffee together, within hearing of the band.

"I told you Paulus would have nothing to say in the matter," said the latter, in his usual inefficient manner; "and indeed I am far from believing that Dr. Jacob would do anything to bring disgrace upon himself or upon us. The thing, Wood, is preposterous."

Mr. Wood shook his head. He was a new comer, remember, and wished to show his importance by making a great stir in some direction or other.

"Above-board is my motto—always was—and I must say Dr. Jacob is one too many for me. He puzzles me, sets me wondering, makes me keep my eyes open to see what he'll do next; and I always feel uneasy when a man makes that impression on me. You never need fear anything from those who do as other people do, and are no cleverer than the rest of us."

"For my part," summed up Mr. Brill, "I take people as they are, and leave my wife to judge of their characters—I find very few ill-natured souls, and no vicious ones in the world. Let each go his way unjudged, I say

In spite of his outward insensibility, Dr. Paulus had not listened to Mr. Wood's words without a feeling akin to uneasiness. Why had not Dr. Jacob made such suspicions impossible by a plain statement of facts in the first instance? Why had he so often shown himself in company with the Baroness Ladenburg, and why had he now followed her to the Bergstrasse? Then this *dolce far niente* life of his for the last few weeks—was not this a strange preparation for the hardships and toils of a mission to the East? Was his heart really so much in his sacred errand as he had represented it to be? Was he bound up in it? Did he pray for it? Did he live for it?

And the beautiful, worldly widow of the Baron Ladenburg—did Dr. Jacob really cherish an admiration for her beyond that becoming an elderly man and a clergyman? Had she, and she alone, led him to the Bergstrasse?

Dr. Paulus retired to rest that night with his mind made up. Immediately on the return of his friend to Frankfort, he would tell him the plain truth and ask plain truth in reply. His own friendship for Dr. Jacob, his position with regard to him as a missionary to the Jews, and their mutual calling, would excuse such inquiry.

"It shall be done," said Dr. Paulus, and his words, like the *sic placitum* of Jupiter, were never said in vain.

It would be difficult to trace the report concerning Dr. Jacob's marriage with Madame de Ladenburg to its proper originator. Certainly, there was no ill-natured reason which would have moved any one to such a course. Dr. Jacob was at this time the most popular man in Frankfort; the most sought after at men's dinners, the most idolized at ladies' soirées. Of the baroness, few people knew anything at all, but it was impossible that they could know anything of her so disadvantageous as to give rise to an unpleasant rumor regarding a ten days' widow. Circumstances, and circumstances alone, must be called to account for the story. Dr. Jacob had been often seen with the haughty, handsome lady in her husband's lifetime, and, after his sudden death, had made arrangements for the interment, had transacted money matters for her, had settled her accounts at the Hôtel de Russie, had finally followed her to Jugenheim.

Why could not Baron Josef have done all this instead of Dr. Jacob, seeing that gossipers are so plentiful and so uncharitable?

And if, as some more placid temperaments judged the matter, Dr. Jacob would in due time marry the baroness—*quid multa*, why so many objections? A man of sixty was not too old for a woman of forty, and there was no law, human or divine, interdicting a clergyman from a late marriage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Baron Josef arrived next day, and then little pleasure parties were got up with great vivacity on all sides. The baroness naturally favored all opportunities of throwing Katchen and her son together, as such might directly or indirectly tend to the consummation of her pet project. Were we to disclose the force of reasons *ab ovo*, which induced Madame de Ladenburg to desire this union so heartily, we fear our readers would find her rather too diplomatic and designing to suit their taste. In the first place, she had a great many debts, and Katchen's pretty fortune would help her in that respect; then it must be highly to her own advantage to have a daughter-in-law so inexperienced and so easily molded as she presumed this young girl to be. Katchen's tall, fawn like figure, and well-bred delicate features, heightened her desirability; for the baroness hated ugliness as a plebeian vice, and loved beauty as a patrician virtue; and to have a handsome wife would, in her view, enhance Baron Josef's importance and passion. When, therefore Katchen came to her one morning with a message from Mrs. Brill, she took her hand and said, winningly—

"My dear child, stay with me a little. I have a topic to discuss with you, which few young girls are unwilling to enter upon. How old are you, Katchen?"

"Eighteen," answered Katchen, blushing painfully under the close scrutiny of the baroness.

She is proud, thought the latter. I can see that by the swelling of her nostrils and the curl of her lip at my question: she is handsome, with eyes than can flash on occasions as befits the wife of a baron, and with fair hair and complexion which will contrast well with mine. I like you, Katchen Eggers, and I will show a real motherly love to you, if only you prove tractable to my wishes.

She said aloud:

"Eighteen is the rosebud time of life, when love and romance are to be dreamed of and lived for. Tell me, Katchen, would you like to have a lover?"

"I do not know—I believe I am happy without one."

"Happy because you have known no greater happiness; but a brighter lot is in store for you, Katchen--you will be married, you will have plenty of money at your command; you will travel, and have all kinds of pleasures within your reach; you will in fact, begin to learn what life really is."

The girl started, and looked with her pure, wondering eyes full at her listener: as yet she by no means comprehended the meaning of her words—she only knew that something in their tenor disturbed her.

"Well, Katchen," pursued the baroness, laying one hand silkily on her young companion's arm, "are you not anxious to know the name of this gallant lover, who is coming to lead you into fairy-land?"

"My lover, madame?"

"Your lover, Katchen; your very own. Listen to my description of him, and guess the riddle for yourself. Your lover then, is of the middle height, well-made, dark, with regular features and good mustachios; he dances superbly, plays on the piano and guitar to perfection, pays the prettiest compliments in the world, and lastly (which is no objection with young ladies generally, Katchen), he wears the uniform of an Austrian hussar."

"Baron Josef!" screamed Katchen, utterly shocked from all notions of propriety, and trembling from head to foot. "Oh! madame, let me go!"

She would have rushed at once from the room, but the baroness caught her hand and led her back."

"My dear child," she said, smilingly, "why this agitation? True, a baron does not fall to the share of every young lady, though she be charming, and ever so amiable; but do not be frightened—Josef is yours, hand and heart. You shall be my daughter, Katchen!"

"Oh! no, no—it cannot be!"

"And why not? Are you fearful of the responsibilities attaching to the name of baroness? I was at your age, but they sat lightly enough on my shoulders a few months after marriage. Look at the bright side of everything—think of the balls you will attend and the dresses you will have—"

"I cannot marry Baron Josef," said Katchen, gathering courage with the fresh danger suggested by every word of the baroness; "I do not love him. We should be very unhappy."

This to the baroness was wholly an unexpected objection: that a young girl should refuse a baron, moreover an accomplished, fascinating wearer of a military coat, merely because no practical kind of love existed between them, was to her an unaccountable folly. She laughed aloud, and replied—

"Love will come afterward, my little girl, on your part. On his, I assure you it is well established already; he is continually dwelling on your golden hair and blue eyes. What more would you have?"

Katchen's eyes were fixed to the ground as if by a spell, and only a slight tremor told the emotion within. She felt too powerless in the strong hands of her antagonist to strike another blow in self-defense; neither could she, in the first moments of her blind, childish fear, think of anyone powerful enough to deliver her. In passive silence she heard all.

"But for the present, this introductory dialogue will do; in a few days, I shall receive a letter from your guardian in Russia, which, if assenting, will bring the happy days of trousseau preparation, betrothal, and bridal-gifts, very near to you. Come and kiss me, Katchen, and let me see how prettily you can behave to your future mamma."

Still Katchen said never a word.

"Will you make no becoming little speech to me, no graceful indication, either by word or action, that may warm my heart to you? Foolish little Katchen, how backward you are to become conscious of your good fortune!"

The manner in which these sentiments were expressed savored of the most ingenuous womanly nature; but as the untutored rustic will detect the true coin from the false at once, so Katchen, simple and inexperienced as she was, felt that the clear ring of the right metal was wanting in them; and accordingly, instead of warming into tears or other girlish demonstrations, she replied,

"Oh! Baroness Ladenburg, let me go! I cannot say anything to you now—please let me go!"

And like a released lark, she flew out of the room. Her message was forgotten in her utter bewilderment; passionately desirous of solitude, and knowing that it was not to be had in the house just then, she stole out of the front-door of the "Golden Lion," turned down the narrow street abutting it, and crept into the stillness and shadow of the wood.

Seating herself on the trunk of a tree, she buried her face in her hands, thinking deeply. It was no imaginary danger that she had to encounter; it was no far off illusionary evil threatening her—oh, no!—the danger was but too real, the evil was but too near.

Who could help her? Could Mr. Brill?—he was her guardian, and had ever been kind and fatherly; would he allow her to be made unhappy? or must his course of action be guided by that other and unknown guardian in Russia?

Could Dr. Jacob? He was a friend of the baroness, and he was so good and so noble—would he not do his utmost to dissuade her from the project—would he not, by his eloquence, use an influence far stronger than that of easy, vacillating Mr. Brill? Had he not promised to aid her and counsel her in any troubles? Could she show her trust in him more than by confiding in it? The resolution to consult Dr. Jacob brought some comfort to her mind, though the very thought of Baron Josef as her lover made her tremble with fear. The birds of the air avoid by instinct poisonous herbs and berries; and with the innate abhorrence of her pure nature for anything evil, Katchen shrunk from the merest finger-tip contamination with him. She knew that he was selfish, dissipated, and unprincipled; she had heard him say cruel things in jest, and look dissolute looks in earnest. She knew, without giving words to them, the virtues in which he was most wanting, the sins to which he was most prone; and she feared him as children fear darkness, as the helpless stag fears the hounds behind it.

Having thus steadily confronted her trouble, and at last brought a little ray of hope within the circle of it, for Dr. Jacob seeemd as a tower of strength to her untried youthful mind, she returned home. Dr. Jacob's room adjoined the *salle à manger* down stairs, so that she could enter it without being observed by any one, the latter apartment being always empty in the afternoon. To her great joy, her timid knock was responded to by the well-known, well-loved voice of her kind friend.

"Come in," he said, gently, as she stole up to him like a frightened fluttering bird, with no strength beyond that of tears.

He took her hand within his own, and put the damp, lustrous locks from off her face, forbearing to speak till the first passion of her grief should be spent; then he said, in a calm voice,

"Katchen—why this despair? Have I not promised to be your friend always?"

"Oh! Dr. Jacob, save me from Baron Josef!"

"Baron Josef has not impertinently pressed his attentions upon you?" he said, angrily.

"No, oh, no; but the baroness—"

"And what has the baroness said or done to cause you unhappiness? Come, my child, sit down beside me and tell your story."

She obeyed him, going over the unwelcome ground with many tears, and ending by a passionate appeal to him for delivery.

"Baron Josef is false-hearted, and I hate him; I would rather die than be his wife!" she said, impetuously, and then she looked up into his face as if she knew that he could help her.

"You are right, Katchen. Baron Josef is neither true nor virtuous, and you must not marry him."

"If I could only get away from this place," added Katchen, pitifully. "Think how constantly I shall be compelled to see him and to listen to him! Oh, Dr. Jacob! what shall I do?"

"We must put an end to these marriage negotiations at once. I will to-day write to your guardian in Russia, and prevail upon Mr. Brill to withhold his consent. There will then be one obstacle less in the way, Katchen."

Her blue eyes shone like an April sky when the shower is over; and she carried his hand to her lips in the fullness of her gratitude.

"Will the baroness be very angry?" she asked, simply.

"I think she will," he replied, with a smile; "do you stand so much in awe of her?"

"Not whilst you are here; but were I alone, I would never dare to confront her. Oh, Dr. Jacob! you are so good, and so kind, what shall I do when you are gone?"

"Will you miss me, Katchen?"

"Were I with you always," she replied, speaking in a thoughtful, pensive way, "I think my life would be wholly different to what it is here. You are so unlike any one else I have ever seen; you have so much love and tenderness toward those who are weaker than yourself; you never say bitter words against those who have displeased you; you always try to make every one good and happy; you always win love because your own heart is so full of affection—"

She stopped short and blushed, for he had turned his face away.

"Am I wrong in speaking to you so? Are you angry with me?"

"My little Katchen," he said, and his voice touched her more than it had ever done, for so much of sadness was mingled with its sweet tones, "could I be angry with you for loving me? No, Katchen, I was thinking that were you my daughter, were you always with me, my own life would be twice as happy as it is now; and, oh, Katchen (for I am far otherwise than you deem), twice as good!"

"Good," she murmured, wonderingly—"how could your life be better?"

"Dear, would to God it were worthy of your admiration!—rather, I should say, of your love. But we are all weak, Katchen, and were I like Baron Josef, young, rich, and handsome, still comparing my own heart with your pure nature, I should stand back, and never dare to hold out my hand to you."

In reply, she held out both little hands to him, and took a fatherlike kiss and blessing from his lips.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Dr. Jacob, like the great statesman whose character is so much admired by the lady readers of Lord Macaulay's History, was a Trimmer. He loved always to trim between two extremes, alike avoiding pusillanimity and fool-hardiness, conservatism and innovation. He never willingly offended the most uninteresting acquaintance, or threw his conviction with undue warmth into any cause:

and because he was now called upon to oppose his beautiful friend, with no ordinary degree of tenacity, he found himself in an unpleasant dilemma. To offend the baroness irrevocably was by no means agreeable to him. We must have told our story badly if the reader has not perceived that he admired her extremely, and must at some former time have expressed his admiration, thereby giving her what would otherwise have been an unwarrantable influence over him.

Could Katchen be rescued, and the baroness kept in placidity? Here was the Gordian knot for our diplomatic genius! Having looked at the matter in all its bearings, Dr. Jacob at length resolved to write to Mr. Brill, urging on him the very strong objections existing to a marriage between his ward and Baron Josef; to write to Katchen's Russian guardian at once seemed rather a premature step in the present state of affairs, and might do harm, since he, the writer, was no relation of the young girl, and had no possible ground for interfering. Therefore, through Mr. Brill and the baroness, or through no one, could Katchen be freed.

After having written to Mr. Brill, he sought his lady-antagonist, who received him with a coldness of manner that augured ill for his cause.

"Have you come to take leave of me, Dr. Jacob?"

"Not yet, my dear baroness. I can surely spare myself a few days' holiday before giving up all holidays whatever."

"Are you really in earnest about this mission to the East?" she said, sharply; "do you fully intend carrying out your self-exiling project?"

"Fully."

She seemed to consider a moment as to the best way of expressing some innermost thought, and then added—

"To me it seems an unnecessary enthusiasm, and a very ill-timed one. At your time of life, one must leave self-sacrificing projects to younger men, and live a little for one's self. How do you propose fulfilling your duties to *her*—to Elizabeth, by such a course?"

"You presume what seems to me an improbability, and what seemed so to yourself a few days since. Have you not seen her in vain—have I not sought her in vain? I fear there is no more happiness in store for me, as connected with so dear a tie, Baroness Ladenburg; there are some sins for which one can never atone."

"Then you propose leaving Frankfort shortly, and leaving it alone?"

He sighed deeply.

"I can but submit to fate, and the consequences of my own acts."

"You are wrong," she cried, vehemently; "doubly, trebly wrong! With your brilliant talents and great powers of winning all hearts, with your wonderful aptitude for shining in society, and influencing everyone and everything within your reach, you are virtually committing suicide by retiring from the world. Again, you are a Sybarite, and you propose to yourself the life of a Spartan; you are fastidious on all points of refinement and etiquette, and you voluntarily banish yourself to a savage land. Where will be the enjoyment or satisfaction in such an existence?"

He answered her very slowly.

"I have already weighed these objections, and whether I may be wrong or right in the resolution to which they have brought me, I shall now adhere to it. Listen to me, dear friend. There is one whose hand would perhaps stay me from my course, were I daring enough to hold out mine; there is one whose warm woman's heart could perhaps consent to sacrifice much repute, much worldly advantage, perhaps much domestic peace for my sake. I am not too old to be insensible to her loveliness and her love, nor am I wanting in my appreciation of either; but I dare not take so much of beauty and so much of happiness to my heart, since where I have hitherto given my affection I have given unwittingly a curse."

Her head was bowed low over her clasped hands, and she heard him with a thrill of joy that made the blood dance in her veins, and the heart beat tumultuously in her breast. She was, however, too completely mistress of herself to be quickly overcome, and her voice had no quiver in it as she replied—

"Not a curse—only the withholding of it could be that."

"Thérèse," he said, with a slight tremor of his lips, "never think that I undervalue the deep and generous feelings I have called forth in your nature; never think that either in word or deed I hold your name as less dear and sacred because you have once shown yourself too generous to me; never think that I leave you without sorrow, or that I shall remember you without regret. But there are impassable barriers between you and me. You are rich—I have only moderate means; and there is a feeling—I cannot explain its nature, I cannot account for its existence—which would prevent any honorable man from offering his hand to a woman in comparison with whom he is poor. I have tried to combat with this feeling—I have wrestled with it more than once, but it is too strong for me; and such being the case, I may speak out my thoughts freely to you before we part. For, Thérèse, we must part."

He had risen, and now stood before her, and, taking her hands in his, he said, in a low key—

"We must part, Thérèse. Duty and circumstances alike lead us into different paths. Tell me that you forgive me, that you will keep a tender recollection of me. To-morrow, it behooves us to meet as friends only. To-day we are parting as lovers, and may dare to speak of love."

She rose, that proud passionate woman of the world, and flinging her arms around his own, laid her cheek on his shoulder, crying bitterly.

"Do not leave me—I cannot, cannot bear it! The love of my life, heart, and soul has been for you, and for none other; do not cast it away, do not teach me to hate you."

"Think of all I have said to you—think of the difference between your position and mine, between your religion and mine. It cannot be."

"If you loved me you would not say so. A woman sees no obstacle in the way where she gives her whole heart. Ah me! could I only believe that you loved me, I should be too happy," she moaned, with pitiful earnestness.

"If I had no regard for you, should I have come here?" he said.

"But you have come to torture me, to break my heart—is that love?" and she broke from him as if with sudden indignation.

He added—

"Should I have ever shown myself so tender of your reputation, Thérèse, should I have kept myself so far apart, had I loved you less worthily? Think tenderly of me, dearest—least of all, accuse me of coldness."

His words were very sweet to hear, though they tended to separation, and the baroness, melting gradually under their influence, allowed him to take her hands and look into her eyes.

"You have loved me; would to God that I could have made you happier, and taken you to my heart, dear one! For the last time, let me say it, and for the last, let me seal it with my lips."

He kissed her, and then led her to a seat, for she was trembling and over-wrought. To moot Katchen and her betrothal with Baron Josef was now wholly impossible. *Sive casu, sive consilio deorum immortalium*, affairs had taken a sudden and unexpected turn, quite putting out of the question any intervention on that head. Dr. Jacob stood in a very different position with regard to the baroness from what he had done on entering her room. Half an hour ago, he might have pleaded for Katchen, and perhaps won her cause; could he plead for anyone now with the woman who had offered him her love, her hand, her all, in vain?

Thoughtful and troubled, he left her; the solitude of his apartment recalled that last passionate phase of their intercourse. He loved the baroness no more, but he had loved her once, and it pained him deeply that he should cause her so much wretchedness. Her beauty, her impulsiveness, her attractions of manner, were not easily effaced from his memory: he regretted that she could not still be his friend; but had no obstacles existed, he would not have made her his wife. There he had deceived her. Some men can love a woman who is not wholly pure or good, can give up everything for her, can become blinded to her very faults. But Dr. Jacob, though by no means infallible, was not such a man. He could not make an idol of a woman whose soul was less white than God had made it. He could not bear the slightest speck upon a woman's small hand, though he was almost culpably temperate in judging men's errors.

Like the simple Norse peasantry of a primitive age, he held pure womanhood to be armor proof alike against the beast of prey or the temptation of sin; but if once a spot had flecked it, there was no longer beauty, no longer delight, no longer respect of man or beast.

It made him sad to think that for him all love, all loveliness, all joys of woman's nearest and best companionship were over. He was young in heart, though his hair was silvered; and but for one sad memory he would have rejoiced even now to make his home with some tender, gentle nature, and for her sake never to wander more. Affection, especially the affection of women, was inexpressibly dear to him: the sound of a woman's soft voice, and the sight of a woman's fair face, filled him with gladness and tranquillity. He possessed that strange power over the weaker sex which would have rendered his task easy, if he had set before him the pleasant one of choosing a wife; but conscience, reason, duty, alike forbade. No, frequent and fresh as might be the flowers around him, easily as the freshest would yield to his hand, he must go on and take no heed.

Then he thought of Katchen. He recalled the graceful outline of her light figure, the gloss and beauty of her golden hair, the tender sweetness of her earnest blue eyes, the numerous girlish simple charms of her manner In his youth he had loved and lost one just so winning and beautiful, and he felt that he would have given several years of the life that came after, to have wooed Katchen Eggers for one long summer day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fraulein Fink had a select little circle of acquaintances, who met at each other's houses once a fortnight, for coffee, knitting, and conversation; some years since, with a laudable view to improving the tone of these *Kaffee-Gesellschaften*, the worthy directress had induced her friends to vary their evening's amusement by readings from the Urania, Oberon, Wilhelm Meister, and the Cid; but the intellectual flame, for want of a little fanning, had expired soon after its birth, and long and heartily did Fraulein Fink regret it. Not being a wife and a mother, she felt less warm an interest in husbands' likes and dislikes, children's ailments and clothes, than did her married acquaintances; and when these topics had been fully discussed, nothing remained but small talk concerning the play, the gardens, and the affairs of the Frankforters in general. Politics, literature, and the world at large were ignored, as befitting only the Bettinas of society; for in Germany, Goethe's Bettina suggests the outrageous, unbecoming, and unfeminine blue-stocking. Books as books merely were not tabooed; the historical novels of Mühlbach, the religious ones of Wildermuth and the modern poets, being the most enthusiastically cited.

The Great Shooting Festival, however, brought a new and invigorating current into this stream that went "voiceless by," and the first coffee party, after every flag had been pulled down from the houses, was a very spirited affair indeed. Excepting Fraulein Fink, there was not a lady among them but could tell stories of the gallant Freeshooter, or perhaps Freeshooters, who had been quartered upon her household. One had entertained two Tyrolese, and she recounted, with tears in her eyes, the sweet simplicity of these children of Nature, their untutored ways, their love of music, their unsophisticated sayings; another had given bed and breakfast to a sturdy merchant from Bremen, who had sent her out to buy two silk dresses for his wife, and given the costliest to her; a third had offered the use of an attic to two pleasant young fellows from St. Gall, and all she could do to the contrary, they *would* make love to her girls, and present them with scents and trinkets; a fourth had housed a handsome Austrian doctor, who afterward invited herself and husband to visit him and his family in Vienna; and so on, *ad infinitum.* All had some pretty incident to relate and "some natural tears they shed," to think that the charming, unequaled, never-to-be-forgotten festival was over.

"For my part," said Frau Directorin Heinrich, "could we have such a festival again, I would willingly receive those dear men from Salzburg, though they *did* dirty my newly-polished floors, and drink an unaccountable quantity of coffee—bless me, I cried like a child when they went off!"

"And I," added Fraulein Fink, "could but weep to think that Germany will never realize the union and freedom of which every one has dreamed during this last fortnight."

"I don't think the Swiss thought much of that," put in Professor Beer's mother; "from what I could learn, they only cared for the beer and the Festhalle."

The Frau Beer was a plump little old lady, with short hair and mild blue eyes. She always wore a white cap with a black bow on the top, looking as if a crow had suddenly lighted there; and she never left off knitting, or looked at her pins, let the conversation be what it might. She lived with her two sons very happily, and knew not which to love most, for both seemed to live only for her sake. We have before remarked on the professor's admiration of Katchen, but any project of marriage was far from his mind. As to the elder son, Professor Edouard, he was too fond of his books, and his walking holiday tour, to dream of admiring ladies.

Besides the Frau Beer, was the merry German wife of Fraulein Fink's French master, Madame Tremoully. She had a fair round face, pleasant to look at, and a wonderful knack of laughing at nothing, and seeing fun in trifles. Then there were the wife and sister of a Lutheran minister, who had resided many years in the country, and bore the same comparison to the grammatical Fraulein Fink that a Suffolk farmer's wife and sister might do to a carefully-mannered schoolmistress in London; they perspired a good deal, though it was five o'clock in the afternoon, and sat on the sofa as if they feared it was going to break under their weight. These ladies made profound obeisance to Fraulein Fink, and never premised anything before backing it with her opinion. A lively advocate's wife, with a great predilection for sweets and scandal, and a very tall old lady who was too deaf to join in anything but the coffee, chocolate, and knitting-pins, completed the party, worthy Frau Beer representing the hostess.

"The only drawbacks to the whole affair," said the country Frau Pfarrerin, in a broad Suabish brogue, "were the smash of crockery, and the death of Baron Ladenburg caused by the hurricane. They say that five thousand pieces in all were broken, and as to the poor man, he hadn't a gray hair."

"One can well say," answered Fraulein Fink, "in the words of Neander,—

> "Das Leben ist gleich einem Traum;
> Gleich einem leichten Wasserschaum,
> Ist alle reine Herrlichkeit."

"But the baroness is not inconsolable," cried the advocate's wife. "I don't repeat anything without good authority, and I assure you she will marry again when the mourning is over."

"Ah!" came from all quarters of the room.

"Yes; moreover, she is to marry an Englishman, Dr. Jacob."

Fraulein Fink immediately gained immense homage by recounting Dr. Jacob's charming manner and agreeable conversation, of which she had been favored with personal experience. When the whole story of the memorable evening that he spent at her house had been given, the advocate's wife looked round with a mysterious smile.

"But you will all be surprised to hear what more I have to tell you," she said. "Oh! these English!—these English! Far from being rich, as people suppose, Dr. Jacob will marry the baroness in order to pay off his debts!"

"He lodges at the Hôtel de Russie, and lives there like a prince," said one.

"He gave the English clergyman's wife a splendid cameo bracelet," cried another.

"He gave Frau de Paulus a solid silver sugar-basin!" screamed a third.

"He has spent fifty thalers at Albert's on children's toys!" exclaimed a fourth.

"His room at the hotel is full of costly vases and books," added a fifth.

"He spends money as if he were a Rothschild," finally clinched Madame Tremoully, and then all the ladies sat in silence looking at each other. By-and-by their surprise died away, and those who, like Fraulein Fink, had seen Dr. Jacob, began to dilate on his handsome bearing, his winning voice, his sweet smile; he was quite a Goethe among them, and indeed they drew many a comparison between this wonderful Englishman and their idolized poet, for all German women idolize Goethe.

About eight o'clock the ladies separated, assuring the Frau Beer that never was coffee so good or cakes so excellent as hers. Certainly, both had tasted sweet to the palates of all; but remember, dear reader, that delightful bit of gossip concerning Dr. Jacob! Was ever coffee insipid, were ever cakes dry, when flavored with a spice of scandal? No, no! We say it in all charity, but at the same time with a strong conviction of its truth. I dare say Lucretia and her friends would not have kept so quietly to their spinning-wheels, had not some neighbor, or neighbor's wife, formed the topic, and therefore, bond of union, between them.

As soon as her visitors had disappeared, the active old lady, laying aside her cap, began to prepare supper. A very small kitchen, furnished by an extraordinary variety of green earthenware, stewing-pans, and bowls, adjoined the family refectory, and here, with the assistance of a comely maid, she soon concocted a savory though homely supper. The Beers were not rich, and only occupied a small flat on the fourth story in an unfashionable street; but they were comfortable, contented people, and always sat down to a well-supplied board.

When all was ready, she tapped lightly at the door of her sons' rooms, and then the little family sat down to table.

We must say a word about the elder professor. He was a very thin, fragile looking man, with large eyes, that had been used to the detriment of their luster, and a broad wrinkled brow, telling you of all sorts of Kantean studies and critical investigations, perhaps involving more mental power and exercise than many more practical and progressive subjects have done. He was not a dogmatic man, though fond of skirmishing in conversation, and could hold his own, in argument, against any dozen learned professors in Germany.

It was pleasant to see how much these two learned sons made of their unlearned mother; praising her cookeries with delicate flattery, as if she had been some young lady to whom they were making love; helping her to the nicest morsels; deferentially hearing her opinion upon topics of which she knew almost nothing, and taking for wit all her homely little sallies. Well might the Frau Beer be proud of her two professors.

"Thou eatest no potato-salad, my Felix," said the old lady, with concern; "surely there is something wrong with thee. Never but once have I seen thee refuse it, and that was when thy father died—poor dear father, how he loved good eating!"

Professor Felix smiled (it is wonderful how a smile can irradiate a hard-featured, brown-skinned man), and replied—

"No wonder that Edouard finds Chinese so easy, since his mother has bequeathed him such a memory. Holidays make me bilious, mother—when I have climbed up the Righi, I shall have a better appetite."

The conversation now turned upon the coming Swiss tour of the brothers, and the potato-salad was forgotten But it is not unnoticeable in our history, for people of Professor Beer's consistent character do not refuse a much-loved delicacy without reason; something more than holiday-making had taken away his appetite. The fact was, he had just heard the rumor of Katchen's betrothal with Baron Josef, and though the intention of asking for her hand himself might otherwise never have been more than a misty dream in his mind, to know her the betrothed of another caused him sharp pangs. It is a question whether Werther would have deemed Lottchen half so charming, had not that cruel Albert, like the dragon Ladon guarding the golden apples, stood between himself and his goddess. Had no such tidings reached his ear, Professor Felix would have turned to the potato-salad with ordinary relish, though in reality Katchen was no further removed from him now than before. But no amount of Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Scandinavian literature had rendered the professor's heart insensible to the graces and gentleness of that fair young pupil of his; and he recalled her shining hair, her smooth straight brow, her candid loving blue eyes, her rosy lips, her soft voice, with an angry self-condemnation, and a feeling of bitterness toward the young baron. He was not aware of her rich parentage, and he thought fiercely—Why did I not try for the prize? True, she is young and beautiful; perhaps not so young or beautiful, but my love might have won her! Ten years ago I lost Hedwig by not speaking in time, and she married a Jew doctor fifteen years older than herself. Katchen Eggers, like Hedwig, is won by the boldest wooer.

Professor Felix went to bed in a very disturbed state of mind, thinking of the sweet Hedwig he had lost years ago, of the sweeter Katchen he had later loved no less, and equally in vain.

A German poet has said, "Die erste Liebe ist die beste"—the first love of one's heart is sweetest; and many others have sung in the same strain. But we don't believe a word of it. True, that Paris returned to his spring-tide love, Œnone—but remember, dear reader, the intervening story of Helen and Troy, and all the passionate phases of it; did he seek Œnone till Helen was lost forever, and he needed a tender nurse for his wounded body and sick soul? Then Dido again; did she not vow eternal fidelity to her much-loved lord, Acerbas? What became of her vows when young Æneas, with his noble stature and lovely locks, and "purple light of love," presented himself at Carthage? Did she not use all womanly wiles to entice him to stay? Did she not, having enticed in vain, throw herself despairing on a funeral pile, and, like a swan, die singing her own death chant? No, no.

> "Oh, love, thus may'st thou know my love for thee,
> In that I once before have so well loved:
> We do not trust our treasures over sea,
> Unless the ship is proved."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Brill, with an unaccountable amount of energy, induced by a private lecture from Dr. Paulus, wrote back that under no circumstances would he countenance the marriage of his adopted daughter with a Roman Catholic, baron or no baron. He further added, that he had never approved of Baron Josef's intimacy with his family, and urged upon Dr. Jacob to reason with Mrs. Brill and Aggie on the matter; they wouldn't mind him, he added pathetically. Both mother and daughter had been aghast at the very idea of quiet Katchen securing such a prize, and eventually agreed that it was a satisfaction she was cheated, even if Aggie were in the same boat.

"After all, I believe Katchen's money tempted him," said Aggie, with worldly wisdom; "and if he *does* propose to me, why, mamma, we must manage papa, that is all. Baron Josef is none the worse for having been bred a Catholic, and I could go to church all the same," etc., etc.

Matters, therefore, went on smoothly at Jugenheim, except that the baroness seldom left her apartment, and never to join in the many excursions that were proposed and carried out. She met Dr. Jacob only at the *table d'hôte*, where they interchanged a few words of common courtesy, and parted without a hand-clasp.

That she was suffering, and suffering deeply, was plain to all eyes, though none guessed the cause. Perhaps her poor governesses and tutor fared worse in consequence; certainly she was never in good-humor with them for two consecutive hours, and treated her children with alternate indulgence and severity.

Baron Josef's spirits seemed in no wise damped by Mr. Brill's decision. He tormented Katchen less by his attentions than formerly; but flirted all day long with Aggie, romped with Flory, and gave presents to the little ones. Certainly there was a spice of *bonhomie* and rollicking good-nature about this young man that went far to cancel his rakishness in the opinion of those whom he tried to please; and he did try to please the Brills evidently.

"Why are you such a fool, Josef?" said the baroness to him one morning, when he had been showing Aggie undue attention in her presence; "those English girls are not to be played with, I assure you. It is a dangerous game, and if you get yourself entangled in a foolish marriage, what will become of you?—you are bound hand and foot by your Jew creditors already."

Baron Josef apostrophized his creditors in a very uncomplimentary manner, and continued,—

"Never mind me, mamma; I'll be the best of sons to you, if you let me go my own ways. I don't mean to marry the little black-eyed thing—it is only a flirtation, and in the Bergstrasse *ça se sauve;* one must flirt to get rid of the time. Why don' you flirt, mamma? —that was quite your forte, once."

"I tell you the pastor's wife does not look upon it as a flirtation; if so, need she have snubbed you when you appeared in the light of Katchen's suitor? Need Agatha have snubbed you?"

This flattered Baron Josef immensely; for the admiration of a German girl, and that of an English one, were not one and the same thing. He did not take up the cudgels again, but made great eyes at Aggie when next they met.

Dr. Jacob dreamed away the next few days in the manner that he liked best—reading pleasant books beneath the cool shadows of the beech wood; bathing at sunrise; chatting with the peasantry at all hours; climbing sunny heights at evening, and looking down upon the lazy happy villages below. This kind of life—the basking, as it were, in sunshine and summer sounds, this utter yielding to innocent voluptuousness—dulled him to every experience but enjoyment. All troubles, past and future, grew faint in his mind; he was happy for the time in the way that children and brute creatures are happy—making friends of Nature, and all that was hers.

Another influence was present. Not a day passed but Katchen grew nearer and dearer to him. He talked to her of the world in which she had hitherto lived so simply and so ignorantly; he led her on to views of life in its various relations wholly new, charming and absorbing to her; he guided her fresh young mind, step by step, from its childish wonder and bewilderment to the threshold of womanhood, and astonished as well as awed her by showing the distance she had mentally traveled under his guidance. Art, books, science, poetry, above all, life with its mystery and its sadness, were now subjects of reflection to her. He showed her what was beautiful, and she felt the beauty; he said what was good, and she recognized the goodness; he taught her what poetry could be, and she trembled before the sweetness of its power, in love with the life that was not the life of yesterday or to-day, but the new life he had made for her.

Katchen now felt that there were a thousand things existing in the world of which she should never have known but for him. The sweetness of Tennyson, the power and the pathos of Goethe, the sunny life of Lowell, the splendid fantasies of Shelley, the might and marvel that a picture, or a statue, or a landscape can possess—all these were opened to her as the leaves of a book which he had written.

And Dr. Jacob found almost as much fresh, sweet existence in these teachings. To watch the trembling, unsteady light of her eyes, the eager flush of her cheek, the rapt smile of her lips—to feel that he was leading this guileless and loving nature into an atmosphere worthy of it—to feel, above all, that the joy and the wonder and the tearful rapture were so much homage paid to himself—whilst yielding indolently to the charmed time, he hardly knew how far its enjoyment and piquancy were due to Katchen. He liked to have her with him, and confessed that he liked it; but he by no means imagined to what degree this liking went. He wished that she were his child—and was not that natural?

One morning she tapped lightly at Dr. Jacob's door, and begging permission to enter, put a small packet into his hand.

"I—I have felt so grateful to you, and so unable to show my gratitude," she said, with fresh bloom on her cheeks—" you must take this, I have been very happy in working it for you."

He broke the string, and found a delicately-worked traveling cap, very inexpensive, very simple but patterned in flowers, with such patience and skill as only German girls are capable of in embroidery. English young ladies read too much of Ruskin and Carlyle to spend time upon very laborious gifts, however grateful they may feel.

"My little Katchen, have you really set all these—all these stitches for me? That was too kind of you; you will make the cap a constant reproach when I wear it, for I shall think of your poor tired eyes."

"Oh, no!" she cried, eagerly; "you must think only of my glad heart. I was always singing over it, or thinking of the happy days I owed to you—perhaps a whole happy life. Who knows?"

Dr. Jacob turned the gift in his hands with unaffected pleasure.

"I have received many presents in my life-time," he replied, "but none so welcome to me as this. Others have been generous to me from motives of self-interest, of vanity, and petty ambition—you, from the tenderness and love of your heart. You must let me thank you for it, Katchen," and so saying, he kissed her on the brow.

It was surely neither wholly an unwarrantable nor strange act; for a man of sixty may kiss a girl of eighteen with impunity, when he entertains an honest, father-like affection for her, and has for weeks treated her as he might do a child of his own; yet Katchen trembled and blushed with an emotion which it would have been difficult to define. She had never trembled and blushed in his presence before—at least, from the same feeling. What had he said or meant, that her heart should beat so tumultuously, and the slow words falter on her lips—

"I must go now—" she stammered. "I cannot—"

"Where must you go?"

"Nowhere—that is, all the others are gone to the baths, and I had better go to meet them."

"Get your hat and take a little stroll with me instead," he said, smiling; "I will show you a spot fit for the fairies, and read verses to you that shall rhyme with the mill-wheels."

Katchen was ready in a moment, almost too happy in the prospect of a walk with him, and the two set forth gayly.

It was a perfect July morning. The white roads warmed the feet like hot lava, the broad unblemished sky glowed like purple adamant; sharp and clear against it stood out the mountain summits, here and there a gray ruin or white villa gleaming amid the rich, silent forest-green. In those upper regions all was motionless, hushed, and aglow with luxurious, lethargic warmth—but below, in the gold-green valleys, mill-wheels were turning endless crystalline cascades, and under the cool purple shadows of the lichened rocks a rude wooden cart or two drawn by oxen were wending their drowsy, tinkling way; here and there, a sunny yellow upland resounded with the voice of women reaping, in blue bodices and red skirts, or the glimpse of a bright red bloomy orchard, alive with apple-gatherers, broke the sultry stillness.

Dr. Jacob led Katchen through the village into a lovely ravine, where the beech-clad heights on either side threw deep shadows over dell and glade, and where no sound was heard but a single wood chopper's ax in the distance, and the monotonous purling of a stream at their feet. A curious circular stone table, with two or three broken granite columns near, reminded them that they were on the verge of the Forest of Odin.

German scenery, like German pastoral poetry, induces a calm inactive frame of mind, which in England is difficult to attain. Dr. Jacob was not the same man that he had been on coming to Jugenheim a few days since; his thoughts had flowed into untroubled channels, and the waters tasted sweet and refreshing to his soul.

"I shall often think of Jugenheim," he said to Katchen, after silently contemplating the scene around. "Pray God, my dear child, that this sojourn may be to you the happy threshold of a happier womanhood. For me, it is the Indian summer of a troubled life."

"Troubled?" echoed Katchen; "have those died who were dear to you? A man is so free and brave, and can throw his heart and soul into so many things—I cannot understand a man's life being sad. Women have no consolation under trials but to sit at home and work. Men have so much."

"Worse things than death can divide those who love each other, Katchen; wrong, estrangement, anger—death is better than either of these."

"You ought never to have been made unhappy, because you are so good," she said, earnestly, "you have made my life quite different from what it was, and when you are gone, I shall try to be as I know you would have me. If I could always go to you for advice and assistance, I should look into the future without fear; but though you have freed me, and given me happiness now, by-and-by other dangers may come, and you will not be near to help me."

Though he was an old man, it was very sweet to hear her say this; and he thanked her for her confidence.

"You must not call me good, my child. Many troubles and temptations have led me from my better nature, and made me faultier than I might otherwise have been; I trust to God to forgive me for my short-comings, but it pains me to hear such praises from your lips. Perhaps, when I am far away, you will hear evil of me—"

"I would not believe it!" she cried, with a flash of indignation in her large blue eyes.

"But if you were bound to believe, Katchen—if it were *true?*"

"Oh! no—no, you are jesting; you will be worthy of my esteem and love always," she replied, pleadingly, and locked her little hands around his arm.

He sat for some moments in deep thought, not looking at the glowing landscape before him, not looking on the fair earnest face by his side. New and strange thoughts were passing in his mind. Was this sojourn at Jugenheim really the Indian summer of his life? Or were joy and sunshine and affection in store for him hereafter? He looked into his own heart, and read there a sweet sudden conviction.

When he spoke his voice was moved.

"I am thinking, Katchen," he said, very slowly—"I am thinking that I should have been a better and happier man had I known you in my youth. I am thinking, Katchen, that the best and brightest successes of life are not worth the pure affection you give me now. I am an old man, and the fresh flower of the spring would wither if taken to my heart. Your hair is golden, but mine is gray, and though I love you—love you, Katchen I dare not ask you to be my wife. Tell me only, were I a younger and happier man, were I all and more than you deem me to be, could you love me—could you love me, sweet one, with the one dear love of your life?"

She did not burst into sudden tears, or tremors, or blushes, but calmly and gently crept nearer to him, whispering—

"I do not know if I could have loved you then—I know that I love you now. You found me a child, but you have made me a woman, and I love you with a woman's love. If you will take me to your heart, if you will let me follow you to the end of the world, I will thank God daily on my knees for so much happiness, and pray to become worthy of you."

Then she hid her face on his arm, and wept like a frightened child. For some time both were silent, but his hand passed caressingly over her hair, and that touch conveyed love and trust in it. When she grew calmer, he said, in a low, sad voice—

"My darling, I love you as I never thought to love again—perhaps for a few years I could make you very happy, but think of the great gulf between us two—think of my gray hairs, Katchen, and of the swift age stealing upon me. Did I think of myself only, I should, without pausing, place the white blossom of your pure young life on my bosom, and wear it proudly, and with deep thankful joy. But I think of you also, Katchen, and I dare not earn a short selfish bliss by such a sacrifice of another."

She heard him without a word, and he continued—

"Listen, Katchen, and judge whether I love you truly or no. To make you mine, would be to render my declining years the most perfect ones of my life. The sight of your fair young face, the sound of your sweet voice, the love of your innocent heart, would so alter and brighten my future that, did I hope for such happiness, I could not speak calmly of it to you now. You would give me your love, feeling that you made no sacrifice by so doing. I refuse it, because I look into far-off years, and know what they must infallibly bring."

"What must they bring?" asked Katchen, brokenly.

"Separation—separation for ever, my child. Remember that I can hardly expect more than a few years of life. Could I bear to leave you so soon?—could I be happy whilst we were together, knowing that death must divide us ere long. Would *you* be happy so?"

She put the damp golden locks from off her brow, and fronting him, said, with a strange pathetic eloquence—

"What you say only makes it plainer to me that we should not part now. Because you are old, should I not, loving as I do, cling closer to you? Because we may soon be separated, with no more meetings on earth for us, should I not grudge every moment spent away from you? You speak as if I should love you from duty, and not for love's sake—as if I should serve you with my hands, and not with my heart. Were only a day remaining to us, since we love each other, should it not be spent together? No matter whether the day were of summer or of winter, prosperous or unhappy, should we not make it our own? Let me go with you, let me judge for myself whether I chose wisely or no; only let me follow you and love you always!"

It was strange that Dr. Jacob, who had listened unmoved, a few days since, to the passionate outpourings of such a nature as that of the baroness, should be touched by the simple plaintive eloquence of this young girl. His eyes grew dim, his lips trembled, and he could not give utterance to his thoughts—his whole being was transfixed with wonder.

"Do you love me so, Katchen?" he asked.

"I have never loved before—I have no one else to love!" she cried, passionately. "If you leave me now, it will break my heart."

"Oh! my little one, think again; for in loving me, you will have much to bear. The world will make sport of you, Katchen, if you become the wife of an old man—the world will not forget that you are rich, and that I am in need of wealth—the world sets itself very bitterly against a precedent. Could you be patient whilst it scoffed at us both?—could you love me, and be happy in my love through all?"

"You do not care for me—I know it all now. Oh! why did I give my heart to you?—let me go, and never see your face again."

She would have broken from him, and fled like a fawn, but his strong hand and sad voice kept her back; pale, silent, and trembling, she allowed him to take both her hands, and speak his thoughts.

"Child," he said, "I am cruel only because I hold your happiness too dear to be trifled with. I have tried you, and you have shown me the steadfast loyalty of your nature. I have held up before you in its true light the sacrifices you will make in becoming my wife, and I find you fearless, and fond, and unshaken. Be it so, Katchen. I take all your love, God knows, humbly, as to my own unworthiness of it; but hopefully as to my power of responding to it. You shall be very happy, darling, so long as my dear love can make you—the rest we must trust to God. Let me kiss you, Katchen, and claim you henceforth mine."

When Dr. Jacob led Katchen back to the "Golden Lion" half an hour afterward, neither of them could realize their respective positions. For Katchen it was a joy wondrous, unexpected, wholly absorbing, to know that he loved her. He had been the first idol of her warm young heart, the mirror of all that was good, and chivalric, and dear; he had hitherto stood far above her, a god almost, in his talents, and virtues, and reverent bearing: now he had taken her to himself, to be, as long as life should last, his joy, his child, *his wife!* His wife, and he loved her—he had said that he loved her.

In her new triumphant happiness, Katchen longed for an opportunity of showing her love; she would be, through all, so true, so good, so loving to him!

To Dr. Jacob, the revelation of Katchen's love came as a dream in the night. He looked at her fair fresh girlhood and asked himself—What am I that I should, beyond other men, win so much love? Can I love her and shield her from suffering? Can I keep the bloom on her cheeks, and the peaceful light in her eyes? So far as his own powers went, he did not doubt that she could be happy. He knew that he possessed a strange influence over all women; that young and old alike yielded to it, and that his love was masterful, and could ever carry victory before it. His heart beat proudly and joyously at the new spring-tide awaiting him. She loved him; she had promised to be his wife. Had he not a right to rejoice? There was no thought in his mind of separation or wintery days now—to reward her trust, to respond to her love, to render life with him one blissful summer-day—for these ends must he henceforth live. *Nos Capuam sumpsimus.* Do not suppose that it was the young men only who forgot their soldierly duties and sworn hatred of Rome, amid the marble villas and myrtle groves of Capua. Many an inexperienced Ulysses, many a sage Priam doubtless doffed his shield and buckler, to take a short delicious rest; they knew that the Romans were not far off, they knew that their enemies were ready, yet they lingered and drank the cup of pleasure provided by the gods. Of course they saw their error afterward. Who is not weather-wise when the storm is over?

As they entered the garden Dr. Jacob said—

"It will be well for us to keep our own counsel, my child, for the next day or two. Till I have written to your guardian and heard from him, I cannot appear in the light of your betrothed; it would hardly add to your comfort to make our engagement known before it has been sanctioned."

He added, in a low voice—

"In a very short time, God willing, I will take you wholly to myself," and with a silent hand-clasp they parted.

"Good day, Herr Pfarrer," said the landlord, taking off his cap. "Let me offer you a glass of apple-wine; nothing like apple-wine for giving an appetite."

"Very willingly, Mr. Landlord; it is quite a pleasure to be thirsty here, since you have so many agreeable drinks. What news in the village to-day?"

The landlord rubbed up a glass mug with his white apron, filled it with foaming cider from the cellar, and then seating himself beside Dr. Jacob in the porch, answered his question:

"For news, Herr Pfarrer, there is mighty little, except that the uncle of my wife has just died, and the poor woman was so upset that she had much ado to finish making her cherry cake for dinner.

As we are his only relations, there will be a hundred florins or two, not to speak of wine presses and a handsome bit of orchard for us, so we have determined to have him carried to the blessed God's-acre decently, and to pay for a good funeral sermon into the bargain. The pastor was here not ten minutes ago to settle with me.

"'For fifty kreutzers, I *do* preach funeral sermons,' he said, 'but I can't recommend 'em for your uncle, as he was a man of importance; for a florin, I would do my duty by him; for two florins, you should have the best sermon your heart could wish for.'

"So I settled for the two florins, and my conscience is easy," added the rosy landlord, toying with his pipe. "Ah! Herr Pfarrer, one doesn't get a little legacy without many responsibilities!"

Just then a man, wearing the livery of a telegraphic messenger, came up, and placed a letter in the landlord's hand. It was for Dr. Jacob, and with some curiosity he broke the seal.

The dispatch ran as follows:

"From Herr Dr. Paulus, Frankfort, to Herr Dr. Jacob, Jugenheim.

"*I implore you to return to Frankfort without delay; your credit, your honor, all that is dear to you, is at stake.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How should he tell Katchen?

It seemed hard to leave her just when she so needed the strength of his presence; when he so needed the sunshine of hers. That short portentous message took all the summer from his heart—he felt no longer young, no longer buoyant. Brave to bear trouble as he had been at all other times, his spirit sunk now beneath the threatened evil. Had the blow come yesterday—a few hours ago even—he could have borne it, and not flinched; for it would have hurt himself only, but now— In the first selfish moments of his repining Dr. Jacob wished that Katchen were already his wife, already his own beyond the power of all temporary separations; moreover, he was but a man, and the charmed cup of pleasure had been raised to his lips—was it not but human that he should embrace the unexpected blooming May-day of his midwinter, crying like Faust—"Oh! stay, for thou art fair!"

Later, his conscience reproached him for such regrets. He blamed himself for having spoken of love to this fair young girl; he compared his own waning even-tide of life to her unclouded morning, and felt, in the bitterness of his self-judgment, that he would give his right hand to recall the deed.

But it was done past recall. He had yielded to the temptation, and must submit to its consequences, sweet or bitter, as they might prove to him. He had called forth her love, and he could not give it back again. He could not summon courage, and say to her—Take back this sorrowful sweet gift; return to your girl's dreams, and think of me as one who is dead; since the path you have chosen will be bordered with thorns, and rough to your tender feet, cease to love me—cease to desire my love, ere both have turned your bread to bitterness unalloyed, and your tears to tears past consolation.

Dr. Jacob was essentially a man of the world, and an adherent to common sense, and *Crassa Minervâ;* looking on his recent conduct to Katchen, therefore, he felt keenly that he had laid himself open to scorn, that he had acted in a manner unbecoming his gray hairs, that he had "done the thing which he ought not to have done." True, the remembrance of his late interview with the baroness was a little salve to his conscience, for was she not beautiful, and rich, and devoted to him? Had he not shut his eyes to all these attractions because duty forbade? But oh! unsophisticated human nature! how often in our quack-doctorings of conscience do we overlook the moving power of such and such an action, because the sequence was harmless! How often do we console ourselves for having done that virtuous thing, and avoided this evil thing, forgetting that the former tasted honey-sweet to us, and the latter of asphodel. He did not love the baroness, and he forsook her; he did love Katchen, and he cleaved to her. Neither course of action was in itself culpable—but surely the one as well as the other was based on self-interest and self-love.

Ten readers out of twenty perhaps will say Dr. Jacob's declaration to Katchen was unjustifiable. But girls of eighteen have loved old men before now. There was Goethe and Bettina; Montesquieu and Marie, and many other instances are in point. Besides, Dr. Jacob was no ordinary man; his noble features and stately bearing, his great conversational powers, his tender respectful ways to women, his sweet voice and sweeter smile, may have claimed many of these involuntary successes. He had never toyed with woman's affections, he had never gone out of his way to win bright-eyed smiles, or quick story-telling blushes; but they seemed his by inherent right. It is a question whether they made him happier.

To return to Dr. Jacob's gloomy contemplations. He sat at the window with the telegram in his hand, wondering how he should break the news to Katchen, wondering how she would hear it from him. Two hours intervened between the passing of the next train for Frankfort, and he resolved to defer the evil moment. She should be happy whilst she could. Now and then he caught a glimpse of her white dress as she fluttered bird-like in the garden shrubberies, so wonderingly, childishly happy; once she dared to look up at his casement, and though the action was a mockery, he kissed his hand to her gayly. He loved Katchen; her confession of love had filled him with proud, hopeful gladness, but it was less the disappointment of a lover than the self-reproach of an honest man, that made his spirit sore within him as he quailed from the sight of her now.

By-and-by, a rush of feet and burst of voices announced the return of the bathing party; the next proceeding would be dinner at the *table d'hôte*, and unless he seized the present moment, he must leave Katchen without a word of farewell. A very gentle "Katchen" sufficed to call her under his window, and the low-voiced command, "I have something to say to you," brought her into his presence at once.

Dr. Jacob often recalled Katchen as he saw her then. She had come quickly from the garden, and the action, as well as the pleasure of obeying him, had called up a soft blush to her cheeks and a glad light to her eyes. There was something of humility in her look of gladness that must have been very sweet to the eyes of any man —a look of perfect heart-trust and soul-surrender, a look that only a woman, pure from the world's taint, can give, and giving, gives but once. She knew that she was beautiful in his eyes, and rejoiced to be so; but she wished all other eyes to pass her by. Such a look of love, pure and simple, of love that knows no time, of love that is bewildered and staggered in its new unspeakable heritage, I have seen idolized by the old Madonna painters of Albert Dürer's school, and by no other.

Her fair hair was brushed off from the smooth straight brow and delicate ear, and carefully braided in a crown at the back of her head, giving singular purity and grace to her whole appearance; indeed, it was chiefly this purity that made Katchen so lovely in Dr. Jacob's eyes. He had seen many women far more beautiful, far more dazzling, far more charming, but he had seen none whom his heart so reverenced, none whom he would so unwillingly have pained, none, above all, whom he would so unwillingly have caused to blush for him.

She put a little bunch of flowers in his hands with a radiant smile.

"See," she said, "I have been thinking of you all the time. What will you say to me if I become so idle?"

He took the flowers from her hands, and placed her on a chair beside him without a word; then gathering from his silence and his face that something had happened, she cried, eagerly—

"Oh! have I vexed you? Are you angry with me? What have I done?"

"My darling, *you* have done nothing—it is I that must vex you, since I must leave you."

The glow of joy died from her face, and she looked at him with bewildered, tearful eyes.

"Leave me?" and she could say no more.

"Will you bear it bravely, Katchen?—will you believe, through all, that I love you?"

"You will soon be back again—say that you will soon be back again?"

He turned away from her pitiful, eager face, and continued—

"I hope so, Katchen—I believe so; but if not, if things should happen differently, if my conduct be misconstrued—if, in short, you hear much evil report of me—"

"Oh!" she cried passionately, "why do you speak of such possibilities?—why do you look so sad? Do I not love you, and belong to you, wherever you may go? Be true with me and tell me all."

"I will be true with you. I will put entire reliance on your candid, loving nature. Listen, Katchen; I am called to Frankfort, on affairs which I cannot explain to you now, but which affect my reputation. Difficulties await me there—anywhere; perhaps, even, my name may be held up to you as that of no true man or honest gentleman; perhaps it will be *disgraced,* Katchen: can you love me then? You are my betrothed, literally my wife; but I make no avowed claim upon you, till I have passed through the ordeal awaiting me. I am content that we are as strangers in the eyes of the world; for your dear sake, my Katchen, I will bear my burden alone—but through the storm, will you believe in my entire constancy to you?—whilst the war is waging against me, will you keep secret faith with me, will you believe in me?—and if I conquer, Katchen, if I am enabled afterward to hold out an unsullied hand to you, will you take it?"

"I do not know what you mean when you speak of disgrace," said Katchen, with earnest, childlike pathos. "I do not understand how any one can say or do anything which may make your name less honored than it is? but I know and understand that if people could slander you, could falsify your words and actions, could make you appear different to what you are, and unworthy of the love and esteem that all yield to you, I should love you still the same, and should find my way to you, no matter where you might be, and never leave you again."

Whilst she spoke, his face had become very sad; and now as he pressed her to his heart, a tear or two fell on her brow.

"Dear child," he said, in a broken voice, "would to God that I were worthy of you—would to God that my soul were as white and my heart as pure as yours! I have done wrong in winning your love, Katchen, and the punishment is already coming upon me. Can you forgive my error, can you forgive the sorrow to which I have already brought you?"

"Have you not brought me happiness also?"

"But if deeper sorrow, inconsolable sorrow comes, Katchen?"

"I could bear anything so long as I were with you," she said, quickly.

"God bless you, my Katchen! And now I have only one thing more to ask of you. Promise that, under no circumstances, you will suffer your faith in me to be shaken, under no circumstances you will believe that I am failing in love and truth to *you;* whatever else you are called on to credit with your understanding, let your heart grant me thus much?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; and no further guarantee was needed than the steadfast gaze of her blue eyes.

"But," he continued, in a tone of the deepest sadness, "if, thinking of yourself only, and of the numerous trials this engagement may bring you, I come, Katchen, to say we must part for life; for your own sake I shall say it, and hold by it. My path lies through dangers and difficulties, among which, perhaps, my sense of right may not allow me to lead you, you so young and so fair. You would be very happy as the honored wife of a young and honored man. If I cannot bear to shut you out from a long blessed life of domestic love and comfort merely for my selfish love, would you take this kindly of me?—would you believe that the present loss were worth the future gain?—would you not forgive me, and try to be happy in that same better way?"

But she answered never a word.

"Tell me how you would take this from me," he repeated.

For answer, she was kneeling and weeping at his feet, telling by her tears all the sweet simple story of her love, and then he knew that she loved him too well, that he had tried to save her in vain.

Like Undine's fountain, the latent hopes and joys of that warm young heart were opened, never to be sealed again. She could not unlearn to love him; and seldom to the heart of a lover had so sweet a conviction brought so sharp a pang.

"And now," he said, "I must go."

She watched him put away her poor happy flowers in his purse with a scared, hopeless look, but sat quite still and calm till he had locked his valise, and approached her; then, as a wounded bird flutters at the sight of the sportsman, and hides its head in blind terror, she turned away from him, and covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot bear it!" she murmured, shuddering; "I feel as if you were going away, and never coming again—why, oh! why did you say those cruel things to me?"

"Forgive me, my darling. I did it but to spare you greater suffering by-and-by—but, through all, you must love and trust me."

For a moment he held her to his heart; then he kissed her lips, her brow, her warm wet cheeks, her golden hair, her little hands, and, without a word more, left her standing there alone.

He did not know, when, a quarter of an hour later, he wended his solitary way to the little Bickenbach station, that she was near him. Whilst he had been taking leave of the Brills and the landlord, she stole out by the back-garden gate, and unseen, had gained an elevated vineyard path overlooking the road. There, hidden among the interlaced vines, she watched him coming from the "Golden Lion," his slow descent of the dusty slope, his final disappearance behind the brick-work of the railway offices. Poor child; it was the only consolation within her reach.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We must go back for a day or two in this history, to relate what occurred at Frankfort in connection with Dr. Jacob.

It is a warm, misty August morning, and Dr. Paulus sits at his desk, drawing up a monthly report for his society. Affairs are smooth in the Paulus house. Louisa has coughed a degree less of late, the children have been unusually helpful and reasonable, the servants have been satirized into something like sense—*in toto*, the domestic wheels are oiled, and run lightly. Dr. Paulus is habitually a cheerful man, never allowing troubles to make him outwardly morose, bitter, or melancholy; but to-day his pen glides over the paper with extraordinary alacrity, and the writer's face is complacent, as if every word that he wrote thanked him for such service.

By-and-by a knock, and "a thousand pardons, Herr Doctor," introduces the garrulous jeweler, whom we ourselves introduced to the reader in an early part of this story.

"Good-morning, Herr Schmidt," said the doctor, cheerfully; "have you sold all your prize cups, eh, and intend retiring for life? Come now, give me, in round figures, the profits of the whole affair to you."

Herr Schmidt was a rosy, round man, with eyes that were never in tune with his mouth, the former being sharp, Jewish, and speculative, the latter, supine, uncommercial, and conservative. He made use of his eyes when he bought, and of his mouth when he sold, giving his customers to understand that he was the easiest going man in the world, only desirous of small profits, by no means miserable if a gold watch or any other article went for half its value. All things considered, Herr Schmidt was a good-natured man and an honest tradesman, and Dr. Paulus respected him accordingly.

"You're joking, Herr Doctor. I sold a good many brooches and rings to the young Freeshooters for their sweethearts, 'tis true, but the cups did not pay—the fact was, they were too good."

"Nonsense," replied Dr. Paulus, who knew better; "you like to be thought a martyr, that's all—every one does."

The worthy jeweler did not answer, but looked to the right and to the left in rather an embarrassed manner, which, added to the expression of his eyes, led Dr. Paulus to believe that some unpleasant errand lay at the bottom of his visit.

At length the secret came out.

"I hope you will excuse my request, Herr Doctor; but you have so often helped me through difficulties with the English residents here, that, on the present occasion, I have come to you as the first authority."

"Ha!" said the doctor, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, "what new affair has been added to the calendar of our countrymen's offenses? Anything very serious?"

"Pray don't be angry with me, Herr Doctor; I couldn't help it, you know. If a gentleman asks my credit, I give it. I'm the more sorry in this case, as the debtor is a personal friend of yours. Don't think for one moment that I would proceed to strong measures, or otherwise annoy your friends; but when any one runs up a pretty heavy bill, and then goes away without any hints as to coming back, we tradesmen are bound to take precautions—to feel the ground safe under our feet, in fact."

"Ha!" said Dr. Paulus, "you mean the English chaplain, of course? Oh, have a little patience—"

"No, no, Herr Doctor; the English chaplain may owe for butter and meat, but he owes nothing to me, nor is he gone away that I know of. I am speaking of Dr. Jacob."

"Of whom?" cried Dr. Paulus, rising from his chair.

"Pray, Herr Doctor, excuse me: what could I do, you know? He owes me upward of two hundred florins, and they say that Frankfort has seen the last of him."

"Then they say what is false, and you may tell them so," answered the doctor, somewhat recovering from the first shock. "Dr. Jacob is on a visit to Jugenheim, which place, as you know, is but a short distance from Darmstadt, and, in all probability, he will return next week."

"You think that I need be under no uneasiness regarding my bill, then?" suggested the jeweler, timidly.

Dr. Paulus considered a few minutes before answering. To him, debt seemed almost next to murder in its criminality, especially debts contracted by those who do not need to work with those who do need it. He had seen a great deal of this genteel swindling in

Frankfort, which city, on account of its cheerfulness, and vicinity to Homburg, forms the *optata arena* of much flotsam and jetsam thrown off from distant European societies. Every one who has resided long abroad, knows how few of his countrymen he meets whom his soul delighteth to honor; and Dr. Paulus, more than any man, could bear witness to the loose principles, as to debit and credit, which had so often caused him to blush for the representatives of his adopted country. That Dr. Jacob had purchased things without possessing the power, much less the intention of paying for them, he did not for a moment believe; but he could not help censuring the imprudence, not to say culpable negligence, of which his friend had been guilty, in taking no notice whatever of such a debt before even a temporary absence from Frankfort.

"Of course Dr Jacob will return, and will pay you," answered Dr. Paulus, after a long cogitation. "What do you say is the total amount?"

"Two hundred florins for antiques, trifles in jewelery, etc. You may look at the bill, Herr Doctor."

Dr. Paulus ran his eyes over the paper handed to him, more and more amazed at his friend's proceeding. To a mind so methodical as his own, the very fact of owing for a chicken at the poulterer's or for a term's schooling at the Gymnasium, would have been detestable; but the idea of running up a bill for gifts to lady-friends and children, or valuable trifles in the shape of rings and snuff-boxes, was positively ludicrous. He gave back the account with a smile, adding—

"Dr. Jacob is generous, and seems somewhat of a curiosity lover. I can't say, for my own part, that I would give thirty florins for a battered salt-cellar in the shape of a sea-monster; but *chacun à son goût:* if every one were of my way of thinking, you would sell no antiques."

"And have no bad debts," said the jeweler, pathetically.

"We won't talk of bad debts yet, dear Herr Schmidt, if you please. Dr. Jacob is a friend of mine, and till circumstances tell a very ugly story against him indeed, I shall consider him worthy of my confidence and esteem."

"And you think I may be easy in my mind about this little bill, Herr Doctor?"

"At present I have every reason to think so."

"Thank you; a hundred thousand pardons for my interruption. Good morning, Herr Doctor," and the jeweler bowed himself out.

Hardly, however, had Dr. Paulus got into working order again, when a second visitation came, in the person of Mr. Brill.

"Here's a pretty business, Paulus; when will this unhappy place have a little peace, I wonder?"

"What now?—don't be agitated, my dear fellow. The government hasn't nominated a new chaplain, has it?"

"If it did, I should have only myself to blame. How will it sound at home when such a story gets about?—of course, not to my credit."

"What story?—I am quite in the dark at present."

"In short, then, this man who has preached in my pulpit, who has drawn money from my congregation, and who has been made welcome at my house, is a scoundrel!"

"My dear Brill," said Dr. Paulus, deprecatingly, "softly, softly!"

"Softly, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Brill, excited beyond measure; "the time is gone by for softness with regard to Dr. Jacob. I tell you he is a dishonest man, and if a dishonest man is not a scoundrel, my name is not Brill."

Dr. Paulus, being quite unshaken and incredulous, smiled contemptuously at his friend's sudden fit of energy; it was as good as a piece of first-rate acting to him, to hear Mr. Brill talking heroics against Dr. Jacob.

"It is rather unfair to condemn a man who is not able to defend himself," he added, gently; "granted that Dr. Jacob may have left a debt behind him, we have no proof of his inability or unwillingness to liquidate it."

"I wish you were half as lenient to *me* when my bills came in," said poor Mr. Brill, in an aggravated voice. "I get into debt merely for necessaries of meat, drink, and clothes; Dr. Jacob gets into debt for jewelry, and luxuries of every kind, which are useful to no man. You never excuse my debts, though I have nine children; but Dr. Jacob, who has none, seems blameless in your eyes."

"Not blameless entirely; but you would not have me call him a scoundrel when he can, and no doubt will, clear himself in a few days. Your own affairs we won't speak of; you know that I do most stringently oppose bill-running, and though my income is not larger than yours, and my family equally expensive, I avoid it—not without an effort, of course, but with great ultimate comfort in every way. If I have urged upon you the expediency of such a course, I have only been actuated by a sense of kindness."

"True, true! I'm very grateful, I'm sure, for the many little helps you have given me, and would take your advice if I could; but about Dr. Jacob—my dear Paulus, he is frightfully involved; and the worst of it is, people say he is no more bound to the East on a sacred mission than I am."

"Let us have proofs from these loose talkers: of what use for one to say this, and another to say that, of Dr. Jacob, each picking up his little lump of dirt to throw at him? I want to know—where are the proofs?"

"Well, certainly, proofs there are none at present—that is to say, with regard to the reality of his mission; the debts themselves are true enough."

"Debts?"

"Dr. Jacob owes several hundred pounds in this city. If this fact is not alone enough to awaken your suspicions, I think nothing would do so. Of course I was not made aware of these things till within the last day, for Dr. Jacob carried himself too much *en grand seigneur*, and was too well received of the better classes, to excite the slightest suspicion. When, however, a fortnight since, he slipped off quietly to the Bergstrasse, and day after day passed without tidings of him, his creditors grew naturally alarmed; some flew to the consul, some to me, and neither of us could give them much consolation."

Dr. Paulus had changed countenance at the first part of this speech, but now he was himself again, and fronted Mr. Brill with his usual unflinching eagle-like glance. His lip curled contemptuously as he said—

"Dr. Jacob is but an hour's journey distant from his enemies—let them seek him."

"No one is his enemy, Paulus, that I know of. I, for one, have no wish to hurt his character, and should be very glad if our worst fears should prove unreal."

"But it seems extraordinary to me, considering the state of panic into which you are all thrown, that some step is not taken for everyone's satisfaction in the matter. Is there any inseparable barrier between Jugenheim and Frankfort, Dr. Jacob and his creditors, Mahomet and the mountain?"

"The fact is, respectable tradesmen don't like to put any one under arrest."

"Arrest!" cried Dr. Paulus, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke. "If Dr. Jacob is put under arrest for such a sum, it would be a disgrace to every English resident in Frankfort—and, by Heaven, it shall not be so, were my own chairs and tables to go to the pawnbroker's for him!"

"Oh, dear, no! I didn't mean exactly to say that, dear Paulus, for of course people are not arrested till it is amply proved that they can't and won't pay their bills; what I meant to say was this—tradespeople have a great dislike to stringent measures till they are absolutely necessary, and in this case they are unwilling to act unpleasantly toward Dr. Jacob, whilst any hope remains of getting their money without it. You know, as well as I do, that a shopkeeper often loses a debt, rather than bring a customer into publicity—the affair would give him a bad odor."

"What is proposed, then? Are these magnanimous creditors of Dr. Jacob's to suffer matryrdom, or has some paladin stood up in their defense?"

Mr. Brill moved to the edge of his chair, ruffled his hair, sipped a little water that stood near, finally looked very hard at the door, and said--

"I did think of asking you to see into this matter. As a friend, you could easily put the inquiry to Dr. Jacob without giving offense."

"Whether he is a swindler, or not—eh? Such a question would give *me* offense, I think, Brill, friend or no friend who put it."

For the life of him, Mr. Brill dared not state the ultimate purpose of his visit, viz., to ask Dr. Paulus to go to Jugenheim, and make all things clear. The latter, however, anticipated him.

"I am not able to run down to Jugenheim to-day, nor shall I be to-morrow," he said; "but I will speedily take some step toward clearing up this mystery," and ringing the bell, he dispatched his servant with the telegram already given to our readers.

"Before sunset we shall, at least, have learned something," added Dr. Paulus, cheerfully. "For if Dr. Jacob is not forthcoming, we may safely infer there is danger, and if he makes his appearance, suspicion will be already falsified. I would keep my own counsel if I were you, Brill, and say no word concerning the matter at present. Talking we'll leave to the women."

Mr. Brill departed therewith, a little crestfallen under the implied rebuke, and quite determined to recall his wife, his *Penthesilea furens*, to the scene of action; for, somehow or other, circumstances always made a fool of him when no Mrs. Brill was by.

When he had gone, Dr. Paulus lighted a cigar, and fell into deep thought. His faith was not shaken in his friend, but it had received a blow, and though he did not like to confess the feeling to himself, he felt uneasy. What if the worst were true?—and this mission to the East nothing more than a charlatan's *ruse* and subtle theft? What, if Dr. Jacob should have deceived all his generous supporters, both as to his calling and his fidelity to it? Was he really a clerk in Holy Orders? Was he really of good birth and breeding? Was he really an honest man?

Whilst but half inclined to listen to these vagaries of a frightened fancy, Dr. Paulus could not restrain a gnawing anxiety at heart. He had loved this man. He had allowed his brilliant talents and winning graces of manner to charm and lead him; he had felt happier within sight of those beautiful eyes and that pleasant smile; he had loved to hear that mellow voice, that cheery laugh. Could all these attributes belong to a thief, a perjurer, a cunning coiner of gentle appearances, an intruder on respectable society? Was Dr. Jacob's exterior dignity and virtue but as the glossy husk of the Red Sea apple, hiding within rottenness, ashes, and vanity only? His heart said a thousand times, No. He recalled many and many an evening spent by Dr. Jacob among his family, when he had entered into their homely joys and troubles, tenderly solicitous of the invalid, fond and merry with the children, grave and earnest with himself, giving forth humane and enlightened sentiments on all subjects of discussion.

When Dr. Paulus returned to his work, it was with the fullest conviction of his friend's integrity. Perhaps his pen did not fly quite so rapidly as before, but the mind of the writer was made up, and who is not cheerful under such circumstances? To have made up one's mind is certainly one of the readiest specifics for mental serenity. Ulysses, there can be no doubt, was a miserable man whilst swaying between the call of love and the voice of conscience on the island of Ogygia. Rosy might be the charms of Calypso, sylph-like her flitting form, honey-sweet her whispered words—in vain, he knew that he ought to go, but he could not summon sufficient decision to do so, and the silken fetters that held him back, scarred his skin beyond all spears of Troy. But we feel quite assured that he slept soundly enough when he had once given the word—"*Dat operam ventus*, off and away." Calypso might make the place very hot to him when she found his matronly, homely Penelope was the mover of this resolution; but she could not keep him from feeling that he had acted like a man, and being self-complacent and generally agreeable.

CHAPTER XXX.

Though Dr. Jacob looked a little care-worn as he entered the Swiss Cottage, there was nothing in his appearance indicative either of very great anxiety or dread; he greeted his friend with a cordial, unshrinking hand-clasp, and asked after Louisa and the children as if nothing had happened. Indeed, he was so perfectly at ease, and so completely his old genial self, that Dr. Paulus at once negatived any secret suspicion he might previously have entertained, and felt ashamed that such had ever been the case.

Nothing is more embarrassing than for two friends to meet who have some explanation in hand involving the reputation of the one and the affections and esteem of the other; on such occasions, it is better to fire straight at the enemy, for the sooner clear ground is made, the better. Once let matters stand still for lack of sufficient courage to measure swords, and little hope remains of future understanding.

Dr. Paulus felt that circumstances might vilify his conduct so as to divide him from Dr. Jacob more effectually than any intended insult could do; he therefore lost no time in explaining himself.

"My dear doctor," he said, with a peculiar curl of the lip, which he wore when finding himself in difficult crises, "here is a pretty state of things!—and the worst of it is, you are not suffered to enjoy your holiday in quiet. Would you believe, that because you have left some unpaid bills behind you, all the English in Frankfort are prepared to dub you—*chevalier d'industrie*, I might say—I will, however, be more moderate and say instead, a run-away creditor. Write a check at once and stop such silly tongues."

Dr. Jacob smiled an odd smile, and replied—

"I think the worthy tradespeople here must have had many dealings with run-away creditors, to be so suspicious already. Had I gone to St. Petersburg or America, there might have been cause for alarm. But the talkers have not rested at the bills, Dr. Paulus; tell me the rest that is said to my discredit."

"I would rather you should obtain further enlightenment from any one else, I assure you, for to me it is painful enough to hear slanders of friends, much more to repeat them; simply, every one suspects you."

"Of what?"

"Of doing dishonorable things, of perverting to other uses the money obtained for your mission, of—but why go into all these disagreeable details? I know what gossip is afloat in the town, and what remedy best puts a stop to it. It only remains for you to deny all that is charged against you in the daily paper; your statement can be printed to-night, and by to-morrow morning it will be read in every house."

"But," said Dr. Jacob, anxiously, "who is for me and who is against me? Do you mean to say that such a justification is really necessary on my part?"

"Certainly it is. If such things were said of myself to-morrow, I should pursue the same course."

"It seems almost incredible that acquaintances, nay, friends, are so ready to raise the hue and cry against one; they might surely have waited a little."

"Your *friends* raise no hue and cry against you," said Dr. Paulus, reproachfully.

"Pardon me, my dear brother, if in haste. I spoke bitterly: I know that, excepting yourself, I can hardly call any one a friend here; still, I did look for something like generosity from people who have welcomed me to their houses, and treated me with more than the cordiality of mere acquaintances. Better had they withheld their dinners and *soirées* till they could put faith in me."

"So is it in the world," mused Dr. Paulus; "there is ever a star rising and falling; had nothing of this slander got abroad, your popularity must soon have waned. Goethe says, 'What does not charm, is dead;' and you, in the natural order of things, will soon be morally dead to this fickle world of fashion."

"I have been popular," said Dr. Jacob, slowly. "When I came to Frankfort a few weeks since, I said to myself that I would gain power; and what I have gained, I do not lose without an effort. I will not be trampled under foot."

"You are quite right, and I repeat, deny these reports, deny the slur on your domestic relations, on your sincerity of purpose, on your integrity regarding the charities intrusted to you; finally, on your antecedents. I have already written a declaration for you; sign it, and the matter is ended."

"You are very kind, my dear Paulus, but I cannot assent to such a course; the publicity of it would be alike distasteful to me and to others—at least, to many well-wishers. Any questions you may like to put to me, I will answer truly; but I have no inclination to publish a refutation of absurd charges in a newspaper."

"There is one question I should like to ask you, if I have your permission," asked Dr. Paulus, a little eagerly.

"One and a dozen."

"Have you ever been married?"

"I have."

"Is your wife living?"

"She is not."

"Pardon me for the question, but so many rumors have come to my ears regarding your domestic relations, that I shall be quite glad to know the truth. May I also ask if you are about to be married again?"

"I am, dear Paulus—at least I have proposed to myself such a happiness."

"I wish you every blessing with all my heart," said Dr. Paulus, rising, and holding out his hand; "pray, don't let my inquisitiveness appear impertinent—I—"

"Rest quite easy on that score, my friend," answered Dr. Jacob, with a warm shake of the hand; "since the first day I knew you, I have been your debtor for constant kindnesses; and I should before have given you my confidence, had not some former occurrences made my first marriage a very painful subject to me. But of that no more. The question now is—how am I to ease the minds of my creditors?"

"Pay them," put in Dr. Paulus, very quietly.

"But if I have not the money?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Dr. Paulus could not have looked more wonder-struck; he turned first red, then pale, jumped to his feet, sat down again, finally exclaimed—

"You are joking."

"Not exactly. The fact is, I have come with the purpose of confessing to you; and the *summa summarum* of my confession amounts to this—my remittances from England are not quite due, and till they are, I am the poorest man in Frankfort. It is nonsense for me to mince the matter with you; I am a bad financier, and always allow my wants to exceed my income, which unfortunate habit leads me into difficulties before I am aware. Now, no one is more desirous of clearing off this small heap of bills than I am, but I cannot do so till a few weeks are over. Of course, I could borrow —who likes borrowing? I will sign bills to the necessary amounts, and take any reasonable steps toward satisfying every one who has claims on me—what man can do more?"

There was a strange underlying lightness in his manner that hurt Dr. Paulus, and in spite of so much evidence to the contrary, filled his mind with vague uneasiness. Had Dr. Jacob come to him with a straightforward story and a straightforward appeal—"Lend me so much money till such and such a day," he would have written a check for him on the spot; but he could not bear this flippant tone, where such grave things as the reputation and honor of a clergyman were concerned, and his voice was almost stern as he replied—

"Excuse me, if I think the occasion hardly a subject for jest. For a man of your position and talents, the very idea of being doubted and slurred, bears odium with it, no matter who the doubters and slurrers may be. Of course, you know best what needs led you to incur those debts; and I do not believe that you would have incurred them without an actual necessity, or at least a cogent reason; still, my own feelings as to debt and credit are such, that I would make any sacrifice rather than keep honest, hard-working tradesmen waiting for their money."

Dr. Jacob's face changed; a perceptible shade of remorse stole over his features—his whole attitude bespoke humility. For some minutes neither spoke.

At length, Dr. Paulus, whose heart was full, approached his friend, and said, with a burst of bitter, honest passion—

"Tell me before God, as man to man, as brother to brother, as priset to priest, are you dealing fairly with me in this matter?—are you, in deed and in truth, a minister of Christ's religion?—are you a veritable missionary in His holy cause? Are you all, and no more, than you seem to be?"

The two men stood face to face in the broad full sunlight of the August noonday. There, in that little study, were the witnesses of its occupier's hard, unremitting toil of hands and brain; there, were the heavy folios of Hebraistic and Latin theology, from which he had collected innumerable evidences to wield against the rabbis in argument; there—were the carefully compiled reports of the last fifteen years, which had been drawn up with no ordinary labor by his own hand; there—were the orderly letter boxes, the daily used Book of Prayer, the piles of references, and all the countless little testimonies of an honest, toilsome man's daily work.

No doubt could ever be cast on the sincerity of his mission, the integrity of his purpose, the whiteness of his soul. So much good work he had measured out for himself to do, and he rose up every day contentedly to do it. No vain desire of men's applause, no craving for power, or luxury, or change—no ambition of dazzling the world had ever disordered that busy, healthful, well-ordered mind. No blot obscured that escutcheon. No ghost of the past would rise and tell its story against him. Dr. Jacob recalled his own life, which had been that of a Sybarite, and compared it with this wholesome Spartan one. For himself, he had tasted of pleasure, of power such as had never come within the other's dreams; his lines had been cast in pleasant places, his cup had been filled with rich wine—yet a feeling of envy now crossed his mind.

Which of the two was the happiest man? Who was the best Christian? Who could look back upon the best spent manhood? On whose grave would the spring flowers readiest blow? He staggered mentally as he drew this comparison, and, not without a strong effort, brought his mind to the starting-point from which so many winged memories had carried it.

"Are you all, and no more, than you seem to be?"

Could he answer that question and not lie? Could he evade it, and not show himself unworthy?

With working brow and pale, compressed lips, he said—

"Who is all, and no more, than he seems to be? I am a minister of the Church, and in my youth have served her not unworthily. If I have sinned, am I alone? If I have erred, where is the man who never took a false step? Take my hand, Paulus, for I can hold it out to you without shame."

"Oh, my brother!" cried Dr. Paulus, moved as he had never before been moved in his life, "I, at least, have no right to judge you, since I know my own shortcomings; but since you see your errors, let me implore you to desist from them. Let me beg you humbly, and from my inmost heart, to abstain from these small deviations from duty, which may, in time, become broad ways of destruction. You are a clergyman, and, beyond all men, should deal fairly, setting an example of rectitude and strict integrity. I am not a rich man, but I will gladly assist you in this matter, if you assure me on your word of honor, that no kreutzer subscribed for your fund has been appropriated to other purposes."

Whilst speaking he had drawn back, and now he fronted Dr. Jacob with a face of the deepest, most painful anxiety. He was not a hard man, and on the present occasion his heart was full of emotions; but he never allowed his feelings to overcome his moral convictions, and was rarely betrayed into any outward demonstrations of what might be passing in his breast. He was so rigid in the performance of his own duties that he showed little pity for those who failed, especially when they were of his own sex and calling. But he had loved Dr. Jacob, and though there was sternness in his heart, there were tears in his eyes, as he saw his friend cover his face with his hands, and heard his voice breaking under the words—

"May God forgive me, but I have done this thing."

It was a terrible moment for both men; terrible to the guilty one who spoke, terrible to the God-fearing one who heard. Perhaps in acuteness and suddenness of pain, Dr. Paulus suffered most, since it must always be worse for a hater of evil to become unexpectedly aware of some lurking sin in the friend of his heart, than for the offender himself; his remorse, his shame, his poignancy of grief, we can measure, ameliorated, as they undoubtedly are, by the innate degeneracy of his nature; but the other's grief and humiliation, and downfall of proud affection—these admit of less comprehension and less consoling.

Dr. Paulus had set up his friend on so high a pinnacle, that hardly an angel's story against him would have been credited. True, on more than one occasion, he had differed strongly with him on some points of ethical doctrine, but these were, after all, mere contests of opinion; never had he discovered in Dr. Jacob any besetting sin or any moral ugliness, defacing the goodness and sweetness of his nature.

What had he just heard? This man, with his silvered locks and lofty presence, with his mild eyes and benevolent smile, with his splendid talents and gracious manner—this man now stood before him, self-convicted of having perverted sacred money, of having virtually robbed a Christian community, of having foully disgraced a holy calling!

He groaned aloud, and tears—bitter tears—forced from the depths of his troubled and ashamed soul, coursed down his cheeks. The tears of such a man do not touch those who witness them, but they inspire awe, and nothing else could so keenly have impressed Dr. Jacob with a sense of his great forfeiture; for had he not forfeited all the love and esteem of that pure heart?

At length he rose, and laying one hand on the shoulder of Dr. Paulus, said, calmly—

"There is yet atonement to be made in the eyes of man, and forgiveness to be obtained from God. Will you be slower to relent than He? Believe me, the cruelest part of my punishment is the loss of your esteem, dear Paulus; give me your hand—tell me you are my friend still."

"God forbid that I, a sinner, should hold myself aloof from a fellow-sinner who has given me his confidence, and asked my help," answered the doctor, fervently. "No, Dr. Jacob, however much I may sorrow, and I do sorrow deeply, over this knowledge, it shall never be used hardly against you. Here is my hand. I give it, if not in the perfect brotherly love I gave it to you an hour ago, still willingly, hopefully, freely, since I believe that your first step will be toward the restitution of your error. Am I wrong in this conviction?"

Dr. Jacob responded by a second grasp of the hand, and the two men talked long and earnestly, finally parting with more cheerfulness than could have been expected from the result of such an interview.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Miss Macartney, being thoroughly nervous, unstrung, and wretched, had determined to leave Frankfort when the close of the summer term would allow her to do so without injustice to her employer. The course of our narrative, therefore, brings us to her last day in the Bleich Strasse, which last day is an important connecting link between her history and that of Dr. Jacob.

A fortnight had now passed since the commencement of the summer holidays, but Fraulein Fink good-naturedly allowed Miss

Macartney to remain under her roof till she could decide as to her future plans. Having found no difficulty in procuring a governess at this season, the worthy directress could show such kindness without hurting self interest in the matter; accordingly Miss Macartney was free to enjoy that unparadisiacal existence—life at school in holiday-time.

It was dreary enough. At seven o'clock, a little tray, on which were placed a tin of coffee, a yellow cup, two or three pieces of sugar, and a roll, was brought into her bedroom; the good-hearted housemaid would then volunteer a little gossip out of compassion, would perhaps tell her how she had been to the circus the night before, and how beautiful it was; or how Fraulein Hannchen had dressed in pink and white for the ball, and come home at two o'clock in the morning, etc.—to all of which Miss Macartney listened apathetically enough. Breakfast over, she would wander through the silent class-rooms, glad of the solitude, yet chafing against it, thinking, thinking, till her brain grew giddy and her heart sick. Sometimes she would cross the burning courtyard, and seek the welcome shadow of the garden, plucking a blossom here and there, looking to the right and to the left, yet heeding nothing. To her, occupation was now impossible. Whilst she worked for wages she earned them honestly. Now she was free; and freedom was a thousand times more unendurable than her former drudgery had been, since it left her to her thoughts.

At dinner-time, Fraulein Fink and Hannchen joined her, both in Sunday dress and in high spirits, anticipating some pleasant excursion to Homburg, Wiesbaden, or Höchst. How could they sympathize with a sad face when it was holiday-time? Miss Macartney did not blame them, but she wondered if they read of any sorrow in her heart, and she thought that in their places she should have acted differently.

Then came the long, drowsy, murmuring summer afternoon; the happy pipings of birds, the heavy incense of flowers, the golden glow of ripening fruit, the purple far off Taunus hills—how could these be lovely to her in her isolation and despair? How could she love Nature when her heart was bitter toward man? All these golden hours of sunset she would spend in the veranda of the refectory, aimless, idle, alike without fear and without hope.

After long hours of indecision, she resolved to go back to England, where she still had friends, and the day before starting was filled up with necessary preparations. Having packed her trunk and prepared her traveling bag, she put on her bonnet in order to make one or two farewell calls upon the parents of favorite pupils. On entering the zeil, she stopped at the shop of Herr Schmidt, the jeweler, and after a minute's hesitation, entered.

"I called," she said, falteringly, "in order to repurchase a little ring I sold to you some months since; then I wanted the money, but now I am in circumstances to present myself with it."

The ring was described and looked for, but to no purpose; at length, after some parley between master and assistant, the former said—

"I fear, madam, that you have come too late. I distinctly remember selling such a ring, with the initial E, to a gentleman in the beginning of last month."

Miss Macartney's lips trembled.

"It was the only relic I had of some one who is dead to me," she said, drawing down her veil, and turned away as if to go.

"Perhaps it can yet be reclaimed for you; the gentleman is well known to me, and might be induced to change it," exclaimed the jeweler, kindly and cheerfully, for his heart had just received comfort from the words of Dr. Paulus; "his name is Doctor Jacob, and he will be in Frankfort shortly."

Miss Macartney bowed, thanked him, and left the shop. She had resolved to go to England, believing the worst of Dr. Jacob, overwhelmed with shame at his course of action. Of his proposed marriage with the baroness she had heard but little, and indeed the bare statement carried so much contradiction with it, that very few English residents gave credence to such a story. Of his debts, she had heard enough to make her passionately desirous for flight. He was lost to honor, to herself, to the place that was his in the world by right; had he sought her and remained with her, she would have clung to him through all the sorrow, all the disgrace; as it was, they were irrevocably divided; there was nothing left for her but to go.

Her heart softened when she learned that he had bought her ring. It was a gift from him on a summer birthday years ago; she well remembered both the giving and the day; then she was a girl, with a girl's rosy smile and lightsome laugh, with a girl's happy eyes and harmless foolish dreams. He had come out to the garden and put it on her finger with a birthday wish, and she had kissed it for his dear sake.

Why would those thoughts come back to her? Was not the blithesome, bright-eyed girl virtually dead? Was not the affection which had once made his gift so priceless, dead also—dead beyond any hope of resurrection? All that had been innocent, and happy, and hopeful in her life was past: what remained for her but to drift like a withered leaf to that sea whence no waif is drifted back!

With tears still streaming down her cheeks, she took her way toward the residence of Dr. Paulus. She had purchased a farewell gift for Constance, and wished to thank her parents for many small kindnesses.

It was about that hour of the day when the intense noontide heat begins to wane, and the thick dusty leaves twitter again with songs of birds. As Miss Macartney entered upon the sweet-scented Friedhöf, or old cemetery garden, and felt the cool shadows of the acacias, her heart stilled a little from its emotion, and she felt that the world was pleasant. Perhaps there is no surer sedative to a troubled spirit than the calm, cool fragrance of a garden, especially a garden that is brightly colored with flowers, and has undulating shades and windings about it. In the old Friedhof, or "Place of Peace," whither we follow Miss Macartney, nothing of the graveyard remains, beyond quaint tombstones rising here and there from shrubberies of laurel and honeysuckle; but so moss-grown, so old-world are they, that you look upon them much with the feelings of Stephenson amid the sculptured sarcophagi of Copan.

Miss Macartney found her eyes drawn instinctively toward one of these strange monuments. It was a heavy cross of stone, black wit age, sacred in many places, and, by force of its weight, slanti gradually toward the ground. An angel in bas-relief, and two l of epitaph, in old German characters, to this effect, were engr upon it:

"Oh! ye who love the world and those in it, love no more, s all that I loved is lost, and what should I do now had I no Chris

There was something in these words that appealed to her feelin strongly. She felt so utterly alone, so sadly in need of some stronge faith than that by which her past life had been guided. Here was the record of a bruised heart and a blighted life, both of which had been healed and freshened by religious trust—could not such trust reach *her* also? could she not stretch out her hand in the dark, and yet touch the hem of the Saviour's garment? Her thoughts grew calmer and clearer as she recalled early teaching and early prayer; the balmy air, the peaceful garden with its bright flowers and gray graves, the under-toned pipings of birds, the far-off murmur of the city, soothed her, as prayer had seldom done. Yes, there was a God to befriend her, and to give her something, more than repose, when life and its troubles were over. She would learn to wait in patience and in hope.

Whilst the current of her idea was thus seeking a new and clearer channel, the gate of the Friedhof clicked, and Dr. Jacob entered. From the Zeil to the residence of Dr. Paulus, there was no shorter or pleasanter way than by the cemetery garden; and no quieter, which latter reason, perhaps, led him there on this occasion. Sauntering along, half from the grave thoughts and anxieties of his mind, Dr. Jacob's step fell noiseless on the smooth turf, and before either of them was aware, they stood face to face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The baroness received the intelligence of Dr. Jacob's abrupt departure with mixed feelings of self-reproach and dismay. She confessed to herself—and the confession was a very bitter one—that she had played her game badly. Only a few weeks since, every chance had been in her favor; she had seen a day on which Dr. Jacob and herself were both free, yet they were now divided without hope of reunion.

She did not doubt that Miss Macartney was the cause of Dr. Jacob's return to Frankfort. Of his circumstances she knew but little, and her married experiences with regard to debts, loans, and usuries, made her very reckless on the subject of money at all times; that money matters, therefore, were in any way concerned with this sudden movement, never once entered her head, otherwise she might easier have taken courage.

Her first impulse was to seek Mrs. Brill, to discover, if possible, some clew by which her future course of action should be governed. The baroness, as you will perceive, had great energy of purpose, and though foiled in this her dearest dream, was by no means disposed to give up all hope. She would have surrendered a third of her fortune to see Dr. Jacob at her feet. Is it possible that my readers don't sympathize with her? If she loved unwisely, at least she loved too well—and love had come little within her experiences hitherto.

"My dear Mrs. Brill," she began, with a well-feigned indifference, "I am quite disturbed about our friend, Dr. Jacob—what can have taken him away so suddenly?"

Mrs. Brill smiled, looked wise, finally said, bluntly—

"Truth will out sooner or later, and no one would accuse me, I think, of wishing to hurt Dr. Jacob's character. The fact is, Madame de Ladenburg, his affairs are in a very unsatisfactory state. I hear of debts, etc., etc."

"Ah!" answered the baroness.

"Yes, debts, I suspect, and nothing else, have robbed us of our friend. Tell me, dear madame, who and what are his friends—will they come to his aid?"

"I assure you, I know nothing of Dr. Jacob's friends."

"Then Heaven help the poor man—for the tradespeople of Frankfort have been at so much loss lately through unprincipled English that I fear they will have very little patience with him."

"What will they do?"

"What will they do?" said Mrs. Brill, laughing pleasantly; "arrest him, to be sure, my dear friend. Poor Tom would help him if he could, but nine children are hindrances to that sort of friendliness; Dr. Paulus may come forward as a friend in need, though I suspect he is far too prudent to do so. If nobody brings the poor dog a bone, why, the poor dog has none; in other words, if Dr. Jacob's friends cannot satisfy his creditors, his creditors will take the only measures in their power of satisfying themselves."

A new light was gradually breaking upon the mind of the baroness. As the difficulties besetting Dr. Jacob's path became clearer and clearer, she gleaned from them something like hope for herself. The very word *arrest* sounded sweet in her ears, since it might replace in her hands one chance of the many she had lately lost. If things came to the worst, if he were really seized by the servants of the law, would he not gladly accept money of her, rather than incur the disgrace of a debtor's prison? She knew his proud nature; she had seen how haughty he could be on occasions; could he bear to be put to shame in the eyes of all men? he, a clergyman and a gentleman! No, no, ten times sooner would he suffer himself to become her debtor; ten times sooner would he take her outstretched hand. The hope of such a triumph brought sudden brightness to her face, and sudden joy to her heart. Without wishing to betray herself, she tried in vain to conceal her eagerness—

"Dear Mrs. Brill," she said, hurriedly, "Dr. Jacob is a valued friend of mine, and I shall rejoice to aid him if the occasion arise; indeed, I cannot let him be put to any inconvenience whilst the money of which he stands in need is in my hands. But such offices of kindness coming from a lady to a gentlemen are very easily misunderstood and misjudged; and to bring my own name into disrepute would alike hurt both of us. You must know, my dear Mrs. Brill, that any feeling beyond that of friendship would be absurd between Dr. Jacob and myself."

"Of course," said Mrs. Brill, smiling assentingly, though her mind misgave her on the subject.

"Of course," added the baroness, smiling also; "and therefore I must act with circumspection. Only Mr. Brill and we two shall be cognizant of the matter."

"Certainly—if you wish it."

"I do wish it earnestly. It is just possible that Dr. Jacob might refuse any such offers from me at the onset, and Mr. Brill ought therefore to be trained in our tactics. May I write to him—or may I ask you to write to him?"

"Willingly," replied Mrs. Brill, rising to fetch her writing-desk. "I only wish poor Tom had so kind a friend when the quarterly bills pour in."

At which the baroness looked sympathetic, murmured something about feeling the warmest interest in her friend's husband, and her willingness to prove it by actual service—then dived heart and soul into the matter of the letter.

Mr. Brill must have been dull indeed, did he fail to perceive that, like the lover in the Norse tale, a very steep glass hill intervened between him and his golden apple. As subtle sentence after sentence flowed from her pen, dictated by the baroness, the good wife groaned in secret over Tom's perspective dismay.

"I hope Tom may fulfill your commission to your satisfaction," she said, when the letter was brought to an end; "but I would rather have done it myself, indeed I would—men are so unbusiness-like."

"How can he possibly mistake my meaning?" exclaimed the baroness petulantly. "The money is placed at his disposal, and he has only to act warily, that is to say, without at first exciting Dr. Jacob's suspicions. *Voilà tout.*"

And the letter was sent.

Leaving the baroness to her reflections, we will now return to some other members of our Jugenheim circle.

Mrs. Brill, as may have been already seen, concerned herself very little about Dr. Jacob's absence and the cause of it. Happily, she possessed that even temperament recommended by Horace to his friend Delius, which receives all chances and changes of this mortal life with tranquillity. Baron Josef rejoiced in his heart of hearts at the unexpected removal of so formidable a barrier between himself and Katchen; for Katchen was still fairer in his eyes than the coquettish Aggie. Indeed, Aggie already began to lose her freshness of charm, whilst Katchen, from having always held aloof, grew lovelier and more bewitching every day.

And Katchen!

For her, there was no longer any greenness of wood, or fairness of vineyard, or music of mill-wheels. Though she felt happy beyond measure in the proud consciousness of Dr. Jacob's love, even that happiness was alloyed with pain. He loved her, and she trembled and wept alternately. If he should be ill? If he should die? If he should ever love her less? Such misgivings would arise in her mind, only to be stilled by simple prayers.

On the second morning after his departure, she received a letter from him. Half in the hope of it, she had lingered within earshot of the front door, in order to meet the postman. He smiled at her eagerness, made a pretty speech about love-letters in general, and declared that he wished for no better task than to make her blush every day; but without heeding him, she hid herself in the garden. In her delight and excitement, she had not observed Baron Josef, who stood idling at an open window. But he saw the color mount to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes, as she took the letter; he saw her glide into the shrubbery, fluttering with shy happiness, and naturally he formed his own conclusions.

"Whew!"

A long whistle was followed by a longer oath; then, stealing in her track, he gained her hiding place unobserved. If Baron Josef had never before deemed Katchen lovely, the revelation must have dawned upon him then.

She sat under an overhanging acacia, the light foliage throwing sprays of shadow on her white dress and fair face, the golden sunshine adding fresh brightness to her hair, the pure green leafage making her delicate skin look more delicate still. Her head was bent eagerly over her lap, on which lay the open letter, and both hands were hidden in the loosened locks that fell under her straw hat. Baron Josef, as we have before indicated, had no soul for the best and highest degree of beauty; but he saw that Katchen looked prettier than ever, he felt that she was further from him than ever, and, with a dissolute man's recklessness, he resolved to recompense himself for his loss in the only way that he could.

Before she perceived him, he had seized the letter from its resting-place; then waving it high over her head, he cried, half in jest, half in earnest—

"Mein Fraulein, you have been very cruel to me, and I cannot refrain from revenging myself. This letter remains intact in my hands, but it remains till you claim it by some suitable reward."

As first Katchen hardly understood either his action or his words. Her color went and came, her bosom heaved, she tried to speak, and failed. At length she rose, and stretched out her hands toward her treasure.

"How dare you?" she cried, between half-stifled sobs; "are you not ashamed of such meanness?"

"Do not take my harmless joke *au sérieux*," answered Baron Josef, with mock humility. "If you choose to look divine, I cannot help growing desperate; and, as I have before said, the letter is yours for a small reward—a very small reward, indeed."

She would not pretend to understand his meaning, and turned her back upon him in childish scorn; it amused him to see her angry—he admired her far more in anger than in meekness; moreover, he liked at all times to play a reckless game which had for its end the kiss of a beautiful woman.

"Will you not purchase your letter so—will you not let me kiss you?" he whispered, coming closer to her.

Katchen shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Only one kiss on your hand to set against that priceless letter?"

"Never!"

"Not if I chose to read it by way of vengeance? Remember, Katchen, that I have no kind recollections to soften my heart toward you. I have loved you distractedly, and you have shunned me as you would shun a gorilla. If I growl, whose fault is it?"

With one hand he held both her own fast, and with the other raised the letter as if to read its contents; in spite of her efforts at self-control, Katchen screamed and turned pale.

"Is it from some clandestine lover—yes or no? I feel naturally interested in the matter, as you are still in some sort my betrothed; for notwithstanding Mr. Brill's veto, mamma and I shall win the day, Katchen. Without Dr. Jacob to back Mrs. Brill, we shall win the day; do you listen to me? Try to care for me, for I will make you very happy as my little wife—"

"I will die rather than marry you," cried Katchen, with something of her old courage returning. "If you knew how I disliked you, you would never come near me again."

"I love you, Katchen, indeed I do, and I'm not so bad-hearted after all. Here is your letter, and since you will not pay me for it, I must needs pay myself."

She would have broken from him, but he seized her hand and kissed it several times. Too frightened and shaken to struggle, Katchen submitted unresistingly to the affront, and when he released her, sunk trembling on the bank. Perhaps Baron Josef felt a little abashed then; anyhow, his face changed in expression, and his voice had a shade of contrition in it as he said—

"Are you angry with me?"

"Angry?"

The word died half unsaid on her lips; covering her face with her hands she wept unrestrainedly, forgetting her recovered letter, forgetting his hated presence even, in her shame. Baron Josef alone was to blame, no one had been near to witness his conduct, still she could not divest herself of the idea that Dr. Jacob would henceforth love her less. She must tell him; for was it not her duty to tell him everything? What would he think of her? She belonged to him, to him only, and Baron Josef, of all other unworthy men, had dared to touch her hand with his lips.

"Are you angry with me?" reiterated Baron Josef, in still milder tones.

"Go away," she murmured, brokenly; "do not speak to me again."

"When you grow calmer, you won't feel so bitter to me, Katchen. Remember how you have maddened me by your coldness, and how I have hitherto controlled my feeling for your sake. But you looked so pretty in your anger, I could not help myself—on my soul, I could not! If in a hasty moment I steal a kiss, do I commit a crime? Good Heavens! I wish there were no pretty faces in the world, since the ugly ones never get a man into trouble!"

"Please go," said Katchen, entreatingly. "If you stay, I shall only make you more angry."

"One little word of forgiveness, and I will vanish like Mephistopheles in Faust."

But Katchen said no word.

"Just look up and show me that your eyes are dry. I cannot bear to see a woman crying."

She looked up, and Baron Josef, who had a sort of humanity somewhere, strolled back to the house, wishing Katchen were kind, wishing dinner were ready, wishing a hundred things, possible and impossible, after the manner of idlers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

No sooner had Baron Josef gone than Katchen drew a long breath of relief, and collecting all her scattered powers of thinking, tried to devise some means by which she might henceforth avoid him. She did not recommence her letter at once, but kissed it, and pressed it again and again to her heart, with a vague sense of the comfort and happiness contained in every word. Whilst Baron Josef's hated kiss was still fresh on her hand, and the impress of his clasp still visible on her wrists, she felt unfit to commune with Dr. Jacob's good and beautiful affection. As the wild Kaffir tribes deem their altars defiled if only an infidel's shadow fall on them, so Katchen, having once promised herself unto the man she loved, could not brook a look, much less a word, of love from another. Some women, but not those whom we would make mistresses of our hearths and mothers of our children, can be true to their Ulysses, yet receive the suitors with a smile. To Katchen love was as a second religion.

At length, with her bright lips parted, and her long hair falling over the page, she began to read her first love-letter. Her first love-letter!

Dr. Jacob's letter to Katchen was tender and true, and told her all the love of the writer's heart; but as she read on, an indefinite underlying anxiety betrayed itself, that grew deeper and deeper with every word.

A little bird lighted on a branch near, and Katchen raised her head to hear its song. She knew that the letter had some secret to tell her, some secret which would bring pain, perhaps parting, and she was not brave enough to learn it yet. The sweet tenderness of his opening words had flooded her heart with joy; she felt so triumphant in his fondness, so sure of his loyalty, she must be happy for a little while. There was no sound but the far-off stroke of a woodman's ax, and the trill of the bird overhead; all was still dewy shadow and repose. The day and its sorrows had hardly begun.

Two or three minutes passed, and the little bird's song was over. She saw it droop its head, as if with sudden weariness or pain, then fly straight and swift into the densest part of the wood, and the great heart of the summer seemed saddened for a while.

Katchen again took up her letter, and read to the end. This time she did not linger over every loving word, and fix it in her memory before reading the next; she felt that she could not bear such terrible suspense any longer, and with wonderful effort, she controlled herself till the meaning of the letter was told.

And it was separation. Not separation for weeks, or for months, or for years, but separation without hope of reunion, separation without limit of time—separation for life.

At first Katchen was too stunned to estimate the full misery implied by such a word. She was too young, too sanguine, too guileless, to imagine any circumstances that could come like insuperable barriers between herself and Dr. Jacob. He spoke of error and selfishness on his part; he blamed himself severely for having sought to obtain her affections; he asked her pardon for known and unknown offenses, in the way that a father might do to a child he had injured. No wonder Katchen loved him better, set him still higher in her esteem and honor as she read these things—no wonder she saw in them self denying goodness and high-souled tenderness only. For her sake, he had resolved to sacrifice her love; for his, she resolved to cling to him still closer.

When she read the words "disgrace," "dishonor," "sin," she understood them in no wise as they were meant. Dr. Jacob wished to prepare her for the worst. He knew how much more would be said of him than the naked truth, and he knew that the naked truth alone was enough to break her heart. But he had worded his half confession with such marvelous tenderness that Katchen must have been less than a woman had she not loved him ten-fold more for it, and by drawing his own sacrifice in such strong colors, he but insured her greater trust and fervency. He laid before her the extent of his error in asking her to become his wife, followed out the probable effects of so unequal a marriage, pictured the bitter self-reproach he should incur by robbing her of a fairer home and worthier protector. Then he spoke of his own desolate life, and told her simply and pathetically how her sweet affection had promised to brighten it. In a celebrated picture of our own time, the artist has delineated war under its darkest aspect. The ruin and despair, the devastation of hearth and home and altar, are seen clearly, as in a vision. The individual woe and suffering seem to shriek in your ears. The chaos of all that was once beautiful, and earth-like, and happy, wearies your eyes as if with sharp pain. But in the window of a falling cottage, speaking of summer days, and young voices, and pure thoughts, is a rose, fresh, blooming, full of fragrant life.

Dr. Jacob might have had this picture in mind when comparing his own existence and nature to those of Katchen. But he had used his eloquence in vain. Every word that added to the mass of self-condemnatory evidence, proved him more guiltless in her eyes; he had not spared himself in order to save her, and to save her from what? Perhaps from the taunts of the world, perhaps from some deep anxieties—perhaps even from disgrace; would not all these be as nothing to her, if borne by his side?

Long and earnestly she sat under the acacia tree, trying to evolve out of her own trustfulness and love some consolation under this heavy unexpected trouble, trying to devise some way by which that trustfulness and love should best console him, trying to look hopefully into the future; above all, trying to believe that there would be no parting.

She resolved to write to him at once, and say, in her own poor simple words, how her heart must break if he left her; and somewhat cheered by this resolution, she returned to the house. Many tears fell over that little letter; many prayers and hopes accompanied it on its way. Like the lamp of the Hindoo maiden, it was sent forth on a sea of uncertainty, and the fate of it would bring joy or despair to the sender.

Hardly had the letter been sealed, when Mrs. Brill broke in upon her solitude, with a pleasant smile and a merry—

"My dear Katchen, I've such a piece of good news to tell you!"

"Good news for me?'

"Yes, child, you are looking just now as dismal as Gretchen in the play, and anything lively may be acceptable. Well, Katchen, I have just heard from your Russian *père adoptif*, who is by no means averse to Baron Josef as your husband; and who, moreover, has now come to something definite with regard to you. Of course, had Baron Josef chosen Aggie, we should have been equally delighted; but as Baroness Ladenburg, you will be able to introduce the poor girl, and find her a good husband one day—"

"I cannot marry Baron Josef," said Katchen, calmly.

"And why not?"

"I hate him, and he knows it."

"That is mere child's play between you and him," Mrs. Brill continued, unruffled; "if you have quarreled a little before marriage, you are sure to live in harmony ever after; and from what I have seen of Baron Josef, I believe him to be exceedingly good-tempered."

"Oh, Mrs. Brill!" pleaded Katchen, with tears in her eyes; "do, for pity's sake, be serious with me. Again and again, I say I will never marry Baron Josef; to whom else can I look for help if not to you?—and if you love me, you will do all in your power to prevent this matter from going any further. I am not the child I was—I believe I shall do something desperate and wrong, if you drive me against my will—"

"My dear girl, I would not have you unhappy for the world; but it is only in novels that young ladies say they will never marry Baron Josef or baron anybody else. Every woman marries *the man she wouldn't have had for the world*—no rule in algebra is surer. When I was a girl, I declared that nothing should induce me to marry a meek parson—didn't I marry the meekest of parsons, and would I change my Tom for any other husband in the world? No, no—my dear, the man who proposes to a woman is the one she marries; and the one, in nine cases out of ten, best suited to her."

Katchen burst into tears.

"If you knew how unhappy I am, you would not speak so lightly to me," she said, with some bitterness; "I will appeal to Mr. Brill; he at least cannot have the heart to force my wishes—he is fond of me—he is fond of *him*—"

"Of whom—Baron Josef?" asked Mrs. Brill, with surprise; "I think you are in error, Katchen."

She blushed and answered hesitatingly,

"I did not mean Baron Josef—I forgot what I was saying."

"Tom loves you dearly; so do I," continued Mrs. Brill. "I'm sure you have been like a daughter to both of us, darling, and I only wish our Harry were old enough to be your husband—but this marriage with Baron Josef would really be so advantageous in every way—"

Here a message from the baroness interrupted the dialogue, which was not continued that day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

After the before-mentioned interview which took place between Dr. Jacob and Dr. Paulus, Dr. Paulus set about a systematic arrangement of his friend's affairs, in order to give him an opportunity of clearing himself, both with regard to his debts and his fraud. The last word caused a deep shudder to run through the muscular frame of Dr. Paulus. He hesitated more than once as to the expediency and rectitude of one minister cloaking the sin of another—yet had not an erring brother confessed to him, throwing himself upon his love and Christian charity? Could he assume the right which belonged to One only, and condemn him straightway? Did not Christ himself command forgiveness, yea even, if the offense were committed seven times seven? Serious thought and earnest prayer left him tender toward Dr. Jacob, and he resolved to stand by him so long as he testified a penitent and deeply humbled spirit.

Accordingly, he lost no time in calling upon those creditors who had the most urgent claims, and by a simple adherence to truth, putting their minds at ease. He knew that Dr. Jacob had still a large sum in his hands, the remainder of a bounty collected for his mission, and he had his word of honor that no kreutzer of it should go toward any other purpose. He knew now also that his friend's income was small, and that speedy payments were impossible; but his own faith was still large, and like the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, it diffused itself over the hearts of others.

"Dr. Jacob does not seek to hide his difficulties," he said, "but he has means of overcoming them, if you will give him time. Were I a rich man, I would gladly relieve your fears; but I can only say, —what I should not say inconsiderately,—'Have patience with him, and he will pay you all.'"

It was a curious fact, and one not likely to escape the observation of Dr. Paulus, that of all Dr. Jacob's admirers, the richest and most influential deserted him now, whilst the poorer and humbler clung to him with renewed interest and affection. The Wood clique prided themselves upon passing him without a bow on the Zeil, and on excepting him from a dinner; but those homely little folks who had hitherto only dared to invite him once or twice, and then with a feeling of shame at their simple hospitality, now vied with each other in sympathy.

Dr. Paulus, as we have seen, bent no knee to the golden calf, and more than one cynical remark this contrast drew from him. He witnessed silently, but with inward contempt, the adulation and homage which had been paid to Dr. Jacob on his first coming to Frankfort; he had often prophesied to himself a reaction. The reaction had come in earnest.

Dr. Jacob seemed less hurt by the coldness of the one class than touched by the devotion of the other. With so many harassing anxieties on his mind, he could not afford to bewail trifles, and it was not in his nature to bewail at all. He made the least of all mere cares. He could forget his debts; but he thought every day and every hour of Katchen in her sadness.

Wofully did he regret that summer day on which he had wooed and won Katchen Eggers. He scourged himself with the sharpest self-reproaches, he tasted the bitterness of remorse in every morsel of bread, in every drop of wine. For himself, he could have borne all the dreary yearning after a lost love, all the sorrow of it, but he shrunk from inflicting suffering on her. Yet was it not better that she should weep for one day, rather than for long years? Was he not cruel only to be kind, in speaking the doom of separation? Was he not shielding her from evils of which she knew nothing—disgrace—dishonor?

He quailed before those terrible words, and to write them to one so pure, so fair, so loving, hurt him more than any scorn of man could have done. Indeed, the writing of that farewell letter involved the sharpest pain of his life's experiences; he knew how she would hope for it, exult over it, and hide it in her little eager hands; he knew how her blue eyes would dance with joy as she began it, and how they would grow weary with weeping before the end had come. Yet he felt lighter of heart when he had told her all. For she was saved, and henceforth no sorrow could hurt him.

The next day, amongst other letters, came two, which he read over twice, and with deep interest. The first was from Katchen, and its contents have been already suggested; the second from some of his principal creditors, and ran as follows:—

"Frankfort-on-the-M.,
"*Sept. 8th*, 185–.

"Most honored Sir,—We beg to inform you that, having before suffered heavy pecuniary loss from bad debts incurred by non-residents of this city, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of resorting to such protection as the law affords us, unless our account be settled within ten days from the present time.

"We have the honor to remain,
"Your obliged servants,
"Kräuter & Co."

Dr. Jacob's face darkened as he read. Only two days since Dr. Paulus had been assured by Herr Krauter himself that he was content to wait a little for his money, that he by no means wished to inconvenience his debtor, etc. In the face of these asseverations came an insolent letter, and a threat of arrest. Who was the mover of both? Krauter himself was a mild man, rather inclined to miserliness, but by no means inclined to hostile measures; some enemy had incited this step, and, whoever he might be, this enemy should be foiled. Dr. Jacob was proud, and even in his fall would allow no foot to tread upon him. To the last he would be himself.

But a debtors' prison!

The words sounded more terrible to him than they would do to most men, for he was essentially a Sybarite, loving luxurious rooms, costly wines, delicate meats, expensive liberalities, and refined pleasures. It was, moreover, not so much the contempt of others as self-abasement that he dreaded—less objective than subjective degradation that made a prison so formidable to him. Except as he shrunk from the contemplation of Katchen's sorrow, and that of one other, he cared little what the world would say or think of him. But he did abhor solitude, coarse living, homely surroundings, and personal restraint; and he despised human nature too much to feel respect for human law. The loss of friends, of peace of mind, of position, he accepted as from God, and the sequence of his errors; but he was very unwilling to suffer at the hands of men.

For hours he paced his costly apartment in the deepest thought, his head bowed, his hands clasped listlessly behind him, his grand figure bent. Once or twice, visions of happiness would flash across his mind, making him for the moment young, strong, and hopeful; through all, and in spite of all, he would cling to Katchen, and hide himself with her for one short sweet day of love. His life had been reckless, and far from immaculate hitherto, in so far as the laws of society were concerned; he had lived far too much in the world for his dignity as a minister of religion; he had acted carelessly, reprehensibly, with regard to money; he had squandered where he should have been miserly, had harvested where he should have been profuse. Why should he draw back abashed now from what in former days he would have done on the impulse? He was but a man, and she was so lovely, she loved him so dearly—the temptation must overmaster him; he would dare all for her sake.

For her sake! He started at those words as if a serpent had stung him. Was he not old, dishonored, unfit in every way to love her? Would not his death be bitter, and his grave without rest, if he sacrificed so fair, so promising, so happy a nature to his man's passion? Would not every word of love and trust from her lips cut to his heart like a sharp sword? If he confided in her, she must unlearn to love him; if he deceived her, he must lose her alike for ever!

In his youth Dr. Jacob had traveled in American forests, and he now recalled that stupendous splendor of parasitic vegetation, which adorns whilst it destroys alike the fairest and youngest of woodland trees. Draping them with sprays of silver, giving to every stem and branch an added beauty and grace, the poisonous Spanish moss gradually preys upon the vitality it embraces, till only decay and death remain.

Had not his love for women been like this dire parasitic plant? Had it not first made their lives more lovely, their world a paradise, their hearts triumphant—bringing slowly and surely in the end weariness, life without joy, and withered hopes? To few men was granted such a gift of winning love—to none had the gift been so fatal.

Many recollections that had been buried for long years crowded to his mind now; shadow after shadow rose before him, each with its retributive story. Vainly he drove them back—vainly he shut his eyes, and tried to exist for the present only. He had outraged the opportunities of the past, and they wreaked vengeance upon him when their time came.

With white working features he fought against Memory, against Hope, against Fear, against all the powers which he had hitherto defied. For the first time in life he felt that he was weaker than Fate, since he was unable to compensate himself for what she had taken away. This temporary agony but hardened his heart. He would not stoop to the dust before an inexorable Destiny—there was yet one sweetness he might win if he staked largely—and he resolved to stake largely. There was no God in his heart then; no craving for a mind at rest, for a life of rectitude, for a calm anticipation to death, for a perfected existence hereafter.

His case was desperate, and he brought desperation to meet it. In such moments brutal men have committed murder, despondent men have committed suicide, men of refinement and many lovable qualities have committed crimes of which we should judge only the most depraved to be capable.

Suddenly, as if with some new and direct bearing upon his ideas, he unlocked his desk and turned a roll of bank-notes in his fingers; for several minutes he played with them as he might have played with a pet dog, or with Katchen's locks.

"*To prison!*" he murmured, with a ghastly smile; and then he forced back the horror of the word, and fixed his eyes upon a dim golden Future only.

He seated himself at the table and wrote some letters in fierce haste, as if he feared some unforeseen accident might alter his resolution. In one envelope he merely returned Herr Krauter's bill with bank-notes to the amount. To Katchen and Miss Macartney he wrote a few words only.

Hardly had he sealed his letters, when a low tap, and a gentle "Pardon, sir," caused him to dash aside the paper money and assume a mien of composure.

The intruder was a delicate-looking, gray-haired woman of the middle age, having about her that air of poor gentility, which is unmistakable and touching. Dr. Jacob's heart smote him as he recognized in her the mistress of a small fancy shop where he had purchased countless articles in stationery and children's toys. He immediately drew out his purse, with an apology.

"Really, Frau Linder, I ask your pardon for such delay in paying your little account—has my thoughtlessness inconvenienced you? —if so, why did you not apply to me before?"

The woman look at him with a sad hesitation of manner, for which he could not account; her eyes seemed filling, indeed, and twice she tried to speak, but her voice failed.

"I fear you are in trouble," Dr. Jacob continued, hurriedly, and at the same time pressing a bank-note into her hand. "I have, perhaps, put you to anxiety and loss; let me repair them in the only way left to me."

The note was twice the value of the debt, and it was put back gently.

"I did not come to crave your help," she said, in the voice which women use toward those whom they love and honor; "but I came —I came—"

Her tears made the remaining words thick, though her listener lost no syllable.

"I came to crave your acceptance of mine, if it is worth having," she said, humbly and touchingly; "do not think of the debt, I know that you have others larger and more pressing, and I have lived frugally and saved money. Will you take a little loan of me till you are richer—my daughter and I should both be so much happier if you would—you are not angry with me, Herr Doctor?—oh, do not be angry!"

She might well have trembled at the expression of his face, and mistook it for anger. His eyes were hard and cold, his lips blanched, his brow contracted as if the wear and woe of many years were centered in so many minutes, his broad chest heaved, he seemed to gasp for breath. An awful tempest convulsed him. Coming as it did in the midst of evil thoughts, of angry passions, of reckless intentions and godless hopes, this woman's voice of charity and goodness smote his inmost soul like lightning. Its suddenness and pureness made the darkness around him tenfold darker. He staggered at the picture of hell so near to his vision, so remote from hers, and felt abased, smitten, abandoned.

"Do not be angry," she repeated, rising in her terror to go. "I will not mention it again. I thought, perhaps, even such a trifle might be useful just now."

And she secretly put back the poor little treasure of six thaler notes in her pockets, half crying still, and terrified at what she had done.

On the threshold, however, he stopped her with a voice that she would in no other place have recognized as his.

"Pray for me," he said; "if I dared to pray for myself to-night, it would be for such a heart as yours."

He held out his hand, then drew back with a strange gesture of after-thought, as if his delicate white fingers with their costly rings, were either either too pure or too bad to touch her coarse hard-working ones.

"God bless you!" he added, hurriedly; "thank you—thank you."

And he shut the door upon her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It is a stormy night, with copper-colored clouds and far-off portending peals of thunder. The pretty gaslights of the Zoölogical Gardens are blown out every five minutes, and though the band continues to play under shelter, and a hundred or two visitors sup and chat in the pavilion, the concert has lost its spirit.

At the other end of the town, streams of people may be seen wending their way toward the circus; officers with shining stars, ladies in full dress, servant-maids with neatly braided hair and spotless white aprons, groups of children, and a sprinkling of English tourists, pass under Fraulein Fink's window, in continued succession, all bent upon the same errand. Next to seeing the circus itself, was the pleasure of seeing the circus-goers; accordingly, Fraulein Fink, Hannchen, her friend Elise, and a very shy young cousin of hers, who stood in the place of beau to both girls, were collected at the drawing-room window, watching with interest every passer-by.

"I do wish," said Hannchen, "that somebody rich would marry me, and let me go to the theater every night! Wouldn't I make my husband some good soup, and knit him warm stockings, when he held out such rewards!"

Fraulein Fink hardly knew whether to reprove or no.

"My Hannchen, thou must cook and knit for him, whether he give thee pleasures or no. Is it not so, Theodor?"

"Of course I dare not say," replied Theodor, blushing and squeezing Hannchen's hand behind the chair; "we men are all selfish."

A little badinage ensued, after which Elise went to the piano, and Fraulein Fink began to prepare supper, thinking kindly of a time when she had loved to sit by the window with a young gentleman, and quarrel playfully. On a sudden Hannchen cried—

"Aunty, there must be a fire somewhere! See! the Bürgermeister's carriage has fetched him from the circus!"

The Burghermaster of Frankfort, like the Emperor of Austria, is always present in case of fire, and on this occasion no sooner had the poor man settled himself to the enjoyments of the circus than such a summons came. In less than a minute his gorgeous carriage dashed back to the town, followed by a train of stragglers, shouting—

"To the fire!—to the fire!"

"Himmel!" said Fraulein Fink, raising her hands deprecatingly, "how the wind blows! God help the poor creatures who are in danger!"

"I never saw a fire—do let us go, aunty!" Hannchen exclaimed, entreatingly. "With Theodor we can take no harm, and it would be so exciting!"

After some further coaxing, Fraulein Fink consented, and the little party set off. Guided by the stream of people, they traversed the Zeil, crossed the Schillerplatz, and entered the Rossmarkt, Fraulein Fink thinking all the time of the meteor Goethe's father saw there, on the night of the poet's birth. They were now within full view of the fire, but the press of spectators prevented them from advancing beyond the entrance to the narrow street where it was raging.

In Germany the military are always called out on such occasions, and forming a circle they prevent any one from entering the scene of danger, except those officially concerned in it. Consequently, there is no display of voluntary bravery, and much less excitement than we see on such an occasion in England.

It was a grand extravagant sight. The wide space of the Rossmarkt was flooded with wild lurid light; the bronze group of statuary in the midst glowed as if of molten gold; the upturned faces of the crowd were awed, and flushed, and eager; everything seemed alive with strange fiery-life—weird shadows and sounds scared the eye and the ear—the heavens were burnished. as if a second temple flamed out some dire prophecy—the churches gleamed blood-red—peaceful dwelling houses wore a fierce and strange aspect.

"It's like the infernal scene in Robert le Diable," whisperd Hannchen, nervously. "I don't like it—we had better go."

"Hush!" said Fraulein Fink, touching her arm; "see, who goes yonder."

Hannchen looked up quickly, and saw Dr. Jacob's tall form within a few yards of them. He was making his way quickly and quietly through the crowd, not looking at the fire, not heeding the fanciful pictures it made around him, not hearing the turmoil; evidently he was bent upon some speedy and important errand.

"I thought Dr. Jacob was in prison!" cried Hannchen. "The dear God be thanked that it is not so!"

"You may well say so, my dear Hannchen; for an hour's conversation with such a man is a thing to remember all one's life. I wouldn't have the dear man hurt for the world."

And Fraulein Fink sighed pensively as she turned her steps homeward.

Dr. Jacob, meantime walked straight toward the Main-Neckar railway station. He did not notice that he was followed at a distance by a short active figure, whose following was done so awkwardly, that one might tell at a glance it was that of a novice. Dr. Paulus, for it was he, had been led a little out of his way by the spectacle of the fire; and as his errand had had Dr. Jacob for its object, no wonder that he should stop short as soon as he caught sight of him. But it was unlike the doctor to linger and hesitate, and shield himself from observation behind the shoulders of taller men. We must explain this conduct to our readers. He had an hour before been thrown into great perplexity and vexation by the tidings of Dr. Jacob's impending arrest, and he was now hastening, good, true friend that he was, with a small packet of honestly earned money in his breast-pocket, determined to save him who had once been his friend, and whom he still loved—from so utter a degradation. Fellowship, that is to say, fellowship of ministry, was a strong feeling in the heart of Dr. Paulus; and, as we hope this narrative will show, the one weakness of his strong nature was Dr. Jacob, the man of so many errors, and so many attaching amiabilities.

But on coming suddenly upon him in this way, on being let, with no kindly warning, so cruelly into the light of a cowardly and damning intention on his part, namely flight, no wonder Dr. Paulus stood still, hit to the heart's core. At first pure and intense grief alone possessed him, but by-and-by the lion-like rage which is latent more or less in us all, and which nothing calls forth in greater intensity than outraged affection, overmastered all other feelings. He clinched his fist, and bit his lips till the blood came, hardly able to save himself from an imprecation, quite unable to save himself from a muttered expression of scorn and anger.

And then a terrible smile broke the darkness and stoniness of his face. This unexpected revelation of Dr. Jacob's intentions had given to himself the power of frustrating them, and he would use that power to the utmost. Was it not right, was it not incumbent upon him so to use it? He did not carry out his purpose at once, in spite of the storm raging within his breast, but followed in the other's track slowly. To have seen the two men without knowing their histories—the one so erect, and, despite all, still so proud in his bearing; the other so bowed, and pale, and humble—one would have at once imputed to Dr. Paulus the criminality, to Dr. Jacob the innocence.

They were now within two or three paces of each other, and still Dr. Paulus maintained his distance. Truth to say, as soon as his first bitter wrath and disappointment were over, his purpose grew weaker, and his courage waned. He felt it hard to go up like a policeman and make his friend prisoner. He dreaded the look of shame that he should have to encounter from those fine eyes—the flush of those beautiful features—the trembling and shrinking of that wonderful voice. The good man drew back abashed at the picture of the guilty man's abasement; it was as if the shame, and the sorrow, and the sin were all his own, and the nearer the meeting the more terrible it seemed. Had Dr. Jacob been a younger man, without white hair, and slightly bent shoulders, perhaps these contending emotions might never have troubled Dr. Paulus; but as it was he faced the painfulness and the degradation consequent upon his first resolution for a few moments, and then abandoned it.

It was clearly his duty to thwart Dr. Jacob's flight, yet he could not do it; because of the man's strange fascination, he could not do it; he felt this, he owned to himself the weakness and womanliness of yielding to such a feeling—yet he yielded.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Jacob, now unwatched, went up to the bureau and took two first-class tickets for a station between Frankfort and Heidelberg, purchased a newspaper and a cigar, then stationed himself opposite to the entrance and waited, as if expecting some one. By-and-by a fiacre drew up, and Miss Macartney alighted.

She was veiled and plainly dressed, but carried herself with a new and gladder air; her voice, too, sounded softer than we have hitherto heard it.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she asked.

He answered hurriedly, and led her at once to the platform. The train was not yet up, and they walked to and fro in silence. Once, as they passed under a lamp, he looked into her face, and asked, in an anxious voice—

"I have much, very much to tell you, Elizabeth, and I dared not write. Can you forgive me all and everything?"

"Have I not already forgiven?" she replied, and as soon as the implied reproach was spoken, she would have given worlds to recall it.

"Ah!—I forgot—yes—I can hardly hurt you now."

"Not whilst you love me," she answered, cheerfully

"I have many things to confess," he continued.

"Do not use that word to me."

"To disclose then, if you will; positive crimes, for which the law might punish me, and I shall ask of you more than one sacrifice."

"Not on her account?" she said, with beating heart.

"Not on her account."

"Yes," she replied, and then they were both silent.

Five minutes later, the guard blew his horn, the train started, and Dr. Jacob had done that deed which no after atonement could cancel. Had he stayed, bravely and humbly, to breast the tide of difficulties setting in against him, all would yet have been well, and the friends, the honor, and the position, so lately lost, might have been regained. Now they were gone and for ever.

He had staked for the last time, and largely. Would he lose or win?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HARDLY had Katchen recovered from the agitation into which Mrs. Brill's overtures had thrown her, when she received a message from the baroness, requesting an interview. At first, in childish petulance, she resolved to refuse; but on second and calmer thoughts, she deemed it best to consent. The blow must be struck sooner or later—better strike it now and have no more to fear.

Accordingly, she took her way, not without some trepidation, into the presence of the baroness, greeting that lady simply and coldly as her heart dictated.

"My dear little Katchen," began the baroness, in her blandest manner, "why do you avoid me and show such restraint in my presence? Do I not love you?—do I not wish to make you happy?"

"Perhaps so, Madame de Ladenburg: but your notions of happiness are very different to my own. I can't feel and think after a pattern, just as I copy my sampler."

And having said thus much, Katchen trembled and wondered how long her courage would last. The baroness meantime played with a delicate piece of silk embroidery, puzzled at the sudden change that had come over her neophyte, formerly so shy and meek, now so hostile and sarcastic. Was there a lover in the way, as her son guessed? She determined to sound to their secret depths those still waters of Katchen's nature.

"Of course you can't, love, and I should be the last person to force the impulses of your young heart. For instance, if I supposed that Baron Jossef had a rival, I would say no further word in his favor."

Katchen had not looked for this kind of attack; a hasty blush dashed her cheeks, she felt no power of uttering a word.

"If I supposed that you had a lover, Katchen, poor Josef and his sighs must remain unpleaded for—if not, I want to know, in plain German, what grounds of objection you have against him. Be candid with me, as behooves the subject. Have you, or have you not, another and more favored suitor?"

What could Katchen do or say? She felt the merciless gaze of the baroness fixed upon her, and she knew that alike confession or denial was fraught with danger. Should she confess all, and save herself that way? Or should she refuse Baron Josef merely on the plea of her own dislike to him? She had pledged her secrecy to Dr. Jacob, and she chose the latter course.

"Baron Josef is utterly unsuitable to me, and of my own free will I will never become his wife. If you were to question me a hundred times, Madame de Ladenburg, my answer would remain unchanged. Why will you force me to say that which must sound disrespectful in your ears. I find no fault with Baron Josef; I simply dislike him."

But the baroness had marked her changing color, her hesitating manner, and her quiet underlying earnestness of tone. Something had evidently changed the timid young girl she had first met into a resolute, passionate woman. Like the Goddess of Cythera, the baroness possessed a hundred *novas artes, nova consilia*, by which to obtain the mastery of a weaker mind than her own, and now they were all exercised to the utmost.

"And you won't tell me that other whom you like? Sly little Katchen!"

Katchen writhed under her raillery, and was already losing command over herself. Her antagonist saw it, and made another thrust.

"When a lover is kept so in the background, people are allowed to form their own suppositions regarding him, which suppositions are seldom favorable. My dear Katchen, let me speak to you as a mother might do, a mother who knows the world and the heartless people in it. Ten to one if this lover of yours has not heard of your dowry. A thousand to one, I may say."

"What right have you to say such things?" cried Katchen, starting to her feet in uncontrolled anger. "I will not stay to hear them from you. If I refuse Baron Josef, does my refusal give you a right to tyrannize over me?"

"Tyrannize over you!" laughed the baroness, lightly; "that is hardly a fair word, my child. I but strive to open your eyes, perhaps to some dangerous adventurer. You are young, pretty, and inexperienced—it would be a thousand pities for you to throw yourself away."

A beautiful smile, half of pride, half of humility, played on Katchhen's lips; she was comparing her own littleness to the greatness and strength of him she loved; and the comparison made her feel happier than any conscious superiority could have done.

"I shall not throw myself away," she said, almost involuntarily; and then she added, with a blush, "I am not ashamed of him I love."

"Then you infer that he is ashamed of you. One conclusion or the other must necessarily be arrived at, Katchen."

The stinging words drew Katchen into committing a further imprudence, which she regretted as soon as it was beyond recall, but which she could no more help than the bee can help stinging the hand which is ready to crush it. She felt, with no tangible ground for doing so, that her confession would be a triumph over her adversary, and what woman could have resisted such a triumph then?

"I am engaged to marry Dr. Jacob," she said, proudly.

The baroness did not speak, or change color, or tremble, but her eyes gleamed with reckless passion, and her hands plucked convulsively at the folds of her dress, as if she must crush something. When she looked up, so completely had she dissimulated the inner rage and scorn of her heart, that Katchen found some disappointment in her calmness.

"You are not surprised?" she asked, having grown more courageous since her daring avowal.

"Surprised, and why?"

"I cannot tell—I do not know," poor Katchen replied, blushingly.

The baroness added, in a tone of the deepest irony—

"Those who know Dr. Jacob well would hardly be surprised at anything he might do; it *is* somewhat of a precedent, I own, for a man of sixty to marry a child of eighteen, but I by no means affirm it is preposterous. What better guide can a young girl have than a man who might be her grandfather? Indeed, the mutual position possesses unequaled advantages. Such a marriage quiets the natural happy spirits of a young girl, brings her at once face to face with the hard realities of life; removes from her reach all those pleaant, though, perhaps, pernicious dreams of love and romance in which most youths and maidens delight; gives her, instead of a fondly foolish lover, the grave exactions and experienced councils of a parent. You have no father, in Dr. Jacob you will find one. For such a privilege, you are, doubtless, ready to renounce all other privileges of girlhood—truly, Katchen, you have chosen wisely."

Every word stabbed Katchen to the heart with bitter poison, and yet she could but listen to the end. With pale cheeks and heaving bosom, she awaited it.

"Dr. Jacob may have chosen less wisely. It remains to be seen whether of the two he will not renounce most; in his endeavor to render you happy, think of the many sacrifices he must make; in his endeavor to appear happy himself he will hardly fail to suffer also, since silence is acknowledged to be a bad remedy under trouble."

"I love him so dearly—my love must make him happier," whispered Katchen, half sobbing; "you do not know me—you do not know him."

Again the baroness laughed—that light sarcastic laugh which Katchen found harder to bear than her haughtiest or most stinging word.

"Not know him?" she replied, with curling lip and kindling eyes—"not know him?"

And she repeated the words with a cruel mocking suggestiveness in her tone.

"And if you do, Madame de Ladenburg, can you say that he is not good and noble?"

"Those are strong words, in speaking of mortal men, Katchen. Who of us is good and noble? Dr. Jacob cannot be blamed for partaking of the foibles of his kind. No man, Dr. Jacob least of all, could bear a close investigation as to the goodness of his life or the nobility of his character."

"I do not know what you call goodness and nobility, but I know that I love him, and that if he had as many faults as I believe him to have virtues, I could not love him less," replied Katchen, sadly and simply. "Let us not talk of him any more, since you say so much that makes me miserable. May I go now? I hope Baron Josef will be happy."

"I hope that you may be happy also, darling. Certainly it would have become you better to take the position of my daughter-in-law, than that of Dr. Jacob's wife—however, I can only say that I trust my pleasant words will prove as prophecies, and my unpleasant ones as vagaries of my brain only. Tell your lover how sincerely I hope for his happiness. *Your lover?* Katchen, when I think of Dr. Jacob's white hair, I can hardly believe it. Well, we live to learn. Adieu, child."

Once in the solitude of her own room, Katchen reproached herself bitterly for her imprudence. Why had she not forced herself to bear any sarcasms and any stings patiently for his dear sake? Was it not breaking faith with him?—and what would he think of her in consequence?

Holding her aching temples, she tried to clear her thoughts, and, if that were possible, to convince herself that she had done no real harm. Surely Dr. Jacob was of too high and too noble a nature to countenance subterfuge—surely, in advising her to keep silence, he had not intended her to deny him, should the need arise!

Oh! to have him with her again!—to feel the support of those strong arms, the consolation of that kind voice, the courage of that sweet smile! By his side how light must appear any troubles compared to those she endured now!

Dear readers, do not condemn Katchen's sentiments as childlike and unsuiting her position of heroine in this story. All heroines are not heroic, you know, and heroism is so difficult to define that in the end our little Katchen, timid and tender as she is, may come in for some kind of honor.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Early the next morning Katchen awoke with a vague sense of much misery endured and to come; all night long she had dreamed of it, and no wonder that, on awakening, the poor child's cheeks looked pale. The bitter fruits of her passionate confession were already in part reaped. Mrs. Brill and Baron Josef had obtained speedy enlightenment on the subject from the baroness, and to neither was the intelligence welcome or expected. Mrs. Brill stormed, wept, and laughed hysterically by turns, threatening to annul the engagement through the agency of her husband and his coadjutor in St. Petersburg, trying to annul it herself by railing against Dr. Jacob in the most unlimited manner. He was in everybody's debt, he had come no one knew whence, and was going no one knew whither—he might be a charlatan for all she knew, and certainly was a spendthrift—perhaps he had already a wife—indeed, she had heard more than one report on this head—perhaps *ad infinitum*. Moreover, Katchen had to endure endless taunts as to Dr. Jacob's personal disqualifications—not taunts after the manner of the baroness, for Mrs. Brill was really the most good-natured person in the world, but taunts that stung nevertheless. Of course Aggie and Baron Josef had each a congratulatory speech and an odd smile to accompany it, and even the children were full of rumor and curiosity. All things considered, and with the prospect of a strict and speedy veto being put upon her further intercourse with Dr. Jacob, it is not surprising that Katchen cried herself to sleep, slept wretchedly, moaning at intervals, and woke unrefreshed.

It was a bright bird-singing morning when she put back the heavy golden locks from her face, and sat up in her little bed, thinking. There were no curtains to her window, and she saw the green glowing summit of the Melibocus, and the white watch-tower crowning it, over which the sun was slanting its first languid rays. The broad, peaceful landscape, the glowing beechen woods, the far-stretching blue line of the Vosges hills, the calm, unbroken glory of the early summer morning, brought something like tranquillity to her heart. There is always something soothing to a troubled mind in the contemplation of distance, whether the space spanned be of sea, of plain, or of mountain range. However heavily-laden or heart-sick we may be, when our eyes wander over a wide extension of prospect, we feel that there is, at least, some spot which our troubles do not touch, some tiny haven, perhaps very far off and tedious to reach, but certainly within view, where we can cast off our burden and put on a cheerful countenance.

And Katchen took a little courage as she gazed upon the beautiful, friendly, far-stretching Odenwald. It seemed to entice her, to wear the face of a deliverer, to welcome her into its deep solitary summer. The very heavens seemed to stoop to her and draw her nearer. The forest leaves seemed to whisper, "Be true."

But, could she be true if she stayed and allowed them to part her from him for ever? Could she be happy, if she went?

There was something very terrible in the alternative. Either she must lose her old home, her kind guardian, her adopted brothers and sisters, or she must lose him—him whose love had made the world new and strange and beautiful to her.

Her heart was very bitter toward Mrs. Brill on account of her invectives, and bitter toward Aggie on account of her jests; the bare recollection of Baron Josef's face, when he had spoken a congratulation, was hateful. And she was full of unspoken love and tenderness for Dr. Jacob.

Still she paused, terror-stricken, on the threshold of her enterprise, and a gossamer thread might have drawn her back; instead of that gossamer thread, instead of one consoling hope, one loving promise of forbearance, came the dreaded possibility of a forced marriage with Baron Josef.

Slowly and sorrowfully, though with less of despair in her face, she dressed herself, put one or two necessaries for a journey in her bag, and descended to the garden. As yet it was but five o'clock. Lazily-driven cows, with tinkling harness-bells, were wending their way toward the hay-field, and here and there the uplands were swarming with mowers. But the host and hostess of the "Golden Lion" were chatting over their morning coffee, and did not notice Katchen's light step on the gravel. Unperceived, therefore, she passed into the street, through the fields, and so to the foot of the wooded Melibocus. A dog ran out of the Forester's house to bark at her, otherwise she pursued her way without interruption.

It would have been difficult to analyze her frame of mind then. She had as yet no precise intention of advance or return. She only felt that by the one course she should prove to Dr. Jacob the length and depth and breadth of her attachment, thereby linking her fate irrevocably with his; whilst by the other she should encounter much certain unhappiness. Without resolving anything she went on.

Dr. Jacob had mentioned in that second and parting letter that she might write to him in a few days at Heidelberg, through which place he should pass on his way to Vienna; and Heidelberg therefore formed the goal of all her hopes and wishes. To await him there, to prove beyond doubt that whatever the world might do she believed in him, to carry out by deeds rather than words the reality of her affection—this ambition made her eyes brighten and her heart beat quickly, as she followed the winding path of the forest.

Katchen had crossed the Melibocus many a time, and she knew, without looking at the guide-posts, the route that led to Auerbach, and the route that led to Zwingenberg. The latter place was passed by the trains to Heidelberg every two hours; accordingly, Katchen left the lovely valley and ruined towers of Auerbach behind her, keeping in view the Rhine valley and the Belvidere tower surmounting it.

As she continued to ascend, the prospect widened; between glowing vistas of birch and beech she caught glimpses of vineyard and village and ruined Schloss, all flecked with shadow; whilst here and there a wooded bluff had caught the first red burnish of the sun. Overhead, birch and beech made a leafy roofing, pricked scantily by the warm rich sunlight, whilst no sound but the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" broke the stillness.

It was very lovely, and Katchen drank in the loveliness, though her heart was full of tumult and misgiving. When she had gained the summit she sat down, thoroughly wearied, but forcing herself to think ere the tie for thinking would be too late.

Should she go on or turn back?

As yet there was ample time to follow either resolve. She might yet return to Jugenheim by the family breakfast hour, awakening no suspicions as to her intention, if indeed it had been an intention. She might yet avoid Mrs. Brill's anger, and Mr. Brill's vexation; she might yet return to the old happy home life. But the memory of Baron Josef turned all her half penitent thoughts to bitterness, and all her soft impulses to hardness and wrath. Hastily rising, she quickened her steps, never resting till she came in sight of Zwingenberg.

The Melibocus is a pleasant mountain to cross on a summer morning, the ascent being gradual, and the descent short; but Katchen had overrated her strength in the undertaking; and when she entered Zwingenberg, she could have cried for very weariness. There was no restaurant at the railway station, and she was therefore obliged to accept such a breakfast as the landlord of the "Golden Lion" could give her.

For, of course, there was a "Golden Lion" at Zwingenberg, with its cheery host in white stockings, green small-clothes, yellow jacket, and square cap; and this same individual bowed poor frightened Katchen into a large, smoky, dingy parlor, set a little cake of new bread and a cup of coffee before her, wished a friendly "good appetite," promised to inform her at what hour the train passed, finally made his exit, wondering what had brought so young and pretty a fraulein alone to the "Golden Lion" at that hour of the day.

Perhaps of all people, landlords and waiters wonder the most. They wonder what is in your carpet-bag, what you intend to order for dinner, whence you came, whither you are bound, if you are married or single, if your friends are well-to-do, if you keep a good cook, etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Two facts, sifted from a mass of rumor, blackened beyond any chance of redemption, Dr. Jacob's character in the eyes of his best friend.

Firstly, Dr. Jacob had left Frankfort at a time when his honor, his good name, his common honesty, behooved him to stay.

Secondly, he had previously liquidated a large debt by means of money not his own.

Dr. Paulus did not try to reason away these two courses of action. Both told him bitter, unpalatable, soul-sickening truth; but he met it bravely, seeking no sympathy from the wife of his bosom, the child of his love, or the friend of his confidence. Like St. Paul, he held that every man must bear his own burden, and he looked upon the need of sympathy as becoming women and children only. Do not call him hard—he had feeling, gentleness, love to abounding, in his heart of hearts: he simply held deep sorrow as something solemn, and wholly individual, for God's condolence, and the privacy of one's closet only.

Dr. Paulus therefore locked the door of his study, and battled with his great agony alone. He did not walk up and down, as he was wont to do in ordinary dilemmas; he did not light a cigar and sip wine, as he often found relief in doing when any grave question occupied his mind; but he sat down by his desk, and, burying his face in his hands, wept long and bitterly.

Homer felt the true dignity of tears when he depicted the horses of his heroes weeping because they foresaw the death of their riders; and he could in no other way have so nobly distinguished one animal from the rest of its fellows. But the tears of a wise and good man are sublime. A woman will weep for wantonness—a man never. A woman's tears are dried by sympathy—a man's must flow till every drop of his bitter cup is drained.

Since the death of a little daughter, years ago, Dr. Paulus had felt no such grief as he felt now. He did not think of his personal mortification. He did not think of the public scandal and private wrath resulting from Dr. Jacob's acts, all of which he should have to encounter. He thought only of the man he had loved, and the sins which lay on his head.

Better than a brother he had loved this fellow-servant in the Church; more than he should have trusted a brother, had he trusted him, and trusted to what purpose? To unstable promises—to perjuries—to gross, unmanly frauds!

Therein lay the sharpest sting of all. Dr. Jacob's cowardly flight hurt Dr. Paulus more than the culpable motive that had led him to flee; he could have forgiven open acts of dishonesty, of unwarrantable recklessness, but he felt that this stroke dealt in the dark was utterly beyond forgiveness. He chided himself for dwelling so much on his own loss, for his loathing to believe that his friend could be his friend no longer. In his deep anguish of mind even his judgment grew distorted, like a broken lens, giving false shape and coloring to all things that came within its reach. He felt it his duty to put out of the question the pleasant and friendly ties formerly existing between himself and Dr. Jacob, bringing the whole force and energy of his disturbed anguished mind to bear solely upon the sinner and his sin.

The sin was a terrible one, especially in a clergyman; and if Dr. Jacob should have falsified his calling, it would be more terrible still. This man, with his splendid talents, his refined manners, his scholarly education, his kindly nature, had shown himself beyond doubt a swindler, a liar, a coward. The enviable popularity he had gained so quickly by his great gifts and striking abilities, was changed for the publicity of crime. The polished circles of society in which he had hitherto moved and shone, were now shut from him as from the street-sweeper.

In his old age, too, he had forfeited all this. Or had his hair grown gray in shame? Was this last sin but the crowning phase of a false life, and not the mere fruit of impulse and desperation? Had he held out an unclean hand to his friend's pure wife and innocent children? Had he violated the sanctities of the hearth to which he had been welcomed so lovingly?—and violated them under the disguise of borrowed virtues and mock graces?

And the end? What would become of him in his disgraced and lonely age? Where would he hide his white and dishonored head? Where would he find comfort during the last enfeebled days of life? How would he meet death?

Dr. Paulus was a devout minister and a God-fearing man; no wonder that he shuddered at the contemplation of this supreme perversion. Had he once loved and honored Dr. Jacob less abundantly, he would not now have so wept and bewailed his fall; had he entertained less faith in the perfection of his character, he would not now have lamented so bitterly over his degradation.

In the quaint old town of Esslingen, in Wurtemberg, we remembered to have seen a dismantled beautiful Gothic church, subserving the purpose of a brewery. There, amid glorious arches, and painted altar-pieces, and sculptured figures of saints, echo all day long the coarse jests and songs of the workmen, the treading of horses' feet, the rolling of wine-presses—the ungodliest of sounds, making what was once a holy place utterly vile; what was once open and dear to all, an abhorrence to the least pure. Thus, also, it is with men.

Never had Dr. Paulus felt so much want of faith in humankind, never had he so needed a higher consolation than any to be derived from the world.

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" he cried, kneeling; and then he prayed humbly, as if the sin of his brother were his own.

The first person to confer with Dr. Paulus on the matter was Mr. Brill, who, poor man, brought a vast amount of suppositions and propositions, but no single thought upon anything. His hair stood off his forehead more awry than ever, his buttonless coat bore the signs of dust and dismemberment, his whole dress and appearance bespoke great agitation.

"What on earth is to be done now, Paulus?" he said, helplessly.

"I can stir neither hand nor foot, and yet everybody will be looking to you and me. The very fact of Dr. Jacob's preaching in my pulpit showed that I countenanced him. What reason had I to do so? It is a bad business, Paulus; and I fear we don't know the worst yet."

"Have you grounds for fearing so?" asked Dr. Paulus.

"Well, the fact is, there's a woman in the case."

"You say a fact—give me your proofs."

Mr. Brill felt in both pockets, then brought out a scrap of paper to the following effect:

"COMPANY OF COMMISSIONAIRES,
GUARANTEE MARK,
No. 33."

"Of course, you know that these commissionaires are thoroughly reliable; and that when employed they give you such a guaranty as this paper?"

"Of course," said Dr. Paulus, impatiently.

"The landlord of the hotel at which Dr. Jacob was staying, has naturally many commissions for these men; but on the day of Dr. Jacob's leaving, he employed only one, or rather only one was employed from the house."

"Go on."

"And that one, No. 33, took Dr. Jacob's bag to the station."

"But the woman—my dear Brill, do finish your story; you were about to divulge something about a woman."

"Wood gave me a very concise version of the whole affair. Wood, you know, is a sharp fellow, and never misses his game; but I have to beat about the bush a good deal before I find it. What he told me was this: the commissionaire saw Dr. Jacob shake hands with a lady, give her his arm on the platform, finally enter a railway carriage with her."

"It is not much to Mr. Wood's credit that he should run about collecting all manner of scandalous stories concerning Dr. Jacob, now that he is gone. Silence is what we want; silence for our own sakes; if the creditors do not take upon themselves to hunt him down, why need others? Take my advice, Brill, and remain neutral."

"You don't believe a word of this new report, yet I assure you Wood is a man of undoubted veracity."

"For all I know, it may be true, and Dr. Jacob has another sin on his shoulders. What remains for us to do? Nothing. I cannot, moreover, bring myself to believe that Dr. Jacob is bad in the way you would imply."

"Pray, don't say I imply anything, my dear doctor. I never implied anything in my life."

Dr. Paulus smiled contemptuously.

"Others imply, then. I cannot believe it without the strongest, most incontestable evidence, Brill."

"You have an astonishingly high opinion of Dr. Jacob still," said Mr. Brill, half enviously; "that man seems to have the power of fascinating everybody by witchcraft. Half the English ladies in Frankfort are shedding tears about him, and I wonder how many would shed tears it *I* were to leave to-morrow. Even Madame de Ladenburg writes to me saying that she is willing, for the sake of former friendship, to help Dr. Jacob out of his difficulties.'

"Did Dr. Jacob know of that letter?" asked Dr. Paulus, quickly.

"No; for Madame de Ladenburg especially begged me to keep silent, and if the aid were accepted, she said that the necessary money should be forwarded anonymously."

"It was *not* forwarded?"

"My dear fellow, on the very day that I received her letter, Dr. Jacob paid Messrs. Krauter and Co., and left Frankfort.

"What induced Krauter to resort to such a threat? Was Wood at the bottom of it?—he disliked Dr. Jacob from the first; as a *parvenu* is very apt to dislike a gentleman who so easily gets into the society from which he is himself naturally excluded."

"I don't believe for a moment that Wood and Krauter once mentioned Dr. Jacob's name in conversation. Wood is a good-hearted fellow, and would certainly be above such a thing."

"I think I will look in at Krauter's to-day," said Dr. Paulus, after some consideration; "I should like to be clear as to the moving spring of Dr. Jacob's sudden departure, which indirectly appears to have been Krauter's letter; but directly, I fear, was something else."

"You will set some one on Dr. Jacob's track?"

"To what end? For Heaven's sake, Brill, let us get quit of the business as soon as possible. *I* am not his creditor—*I* am not a minister of justice—I was his friend, and now am nothing."

"True, true," answered Mr. Brill, apologetically; "don't think I wish to bring Dr. Jacob to trouble, Paulus; I feel terribly grieved at his conduct, and almost as much ashamed as if I were myself the culprit. Had he been a lawyer or a doctor, or anything but a clergyman, the case would not have been half so deplorable—but a fellow-minister—it's too terrible to think of. And you advise us to take no heed, eh?"

"I will think the matter over alone, and then communicate my ideas to you on the subject," said Dr. Paulus, gravely; "a great many reasons exist for and against our acting either as Dr. Jacob's opposers or friends. If the slightest palliation can be found, I, for one, will stand by his side; if not—can I refuse to do my duty? Have I ever refused to do my duty?"

"Oh! dear no, dear Paulus. Go on."

"My meaning is simply this: let us stop, as far as lies in our power, all unmanly and unnecessary talking, and only act, if driven to it, by the force of moral obligation. Do you understand me?"

"You will wait till a clear case is made out against him, and if it cannot be made, will let the matter drop."

"Exactly."

"Then I will do the same, Paulus," said Mr. Brill, helping himself to a cigar; "by-the-bye, why don't you send Mrs. Paulus and the young ones to Jugenheim. Lovely place, plenty of new milk, *table d'hôte* at a shilling, etc."

He then took his leave. After a long consideration, Dr. Paulus changed his dressing-gown, and making himself neat and trim, as became a man of methodical habits, set out on a round of miscellaneous visiting, having one common end and aim. He resolved to obtain confirmation or refutation of Mr. Brill's story, and to learn, if that might be, alike the worst and the best concerning Dr. Jacob. Not curiosity, but a stern sense of duty, impelled him to this change of resolution. He could not hope to palliate, much less to justify, his heavy offenses, but he did hope to save him from the report of still heavier ones. We give the summary of his investigations as they were jotted down in his note-book.

Particulars relative to Dr. Jacob's departure.

Messrs. Krauter and Co. were actuated to their menacing letter by an anonymous communication they had themselves received on the previous day. The writer of it advised them, by all means, to resort to strong measures, as Dr. Jacob had wealthy friends, whose assistance only desperation would drive him to ask. Strange to say, the envelope bore the stamp and postmark of Hessen Darmstadt.

Private inferences.—Jugenheim lying in Darmstadt, and being at that time the resort of several family parties from Frankfort, might be judiciously examined on this head. Ladies were fond of anonymous correspondence; was it not possible that a lady had taken this means of revenging herself for some real or fancied injury? The names of Mrs. Brill and Madame de Ladenburg among others suggested themselves, but vaguely. Many things must happen before any conclusion could be arrived at.

Again, several facts had been brought to light by a further examination of No. 33 of the Commissionaires' Company. It appeared, from his statement, that the lady who met Dr. Jacob at the station had a considerable quantity of luggage with her, which he himself took off the fiacre. The driver afterward gave him a ride back to town, telling him, among other things by the way, that the lady, being English, paid him double fare unwittingly, *i.e.*, forty eight kreutzers, from the Bleich-Strasse to the railway-station, instead of twenty-four!

Here Fraulein Fink's testimony was valuable. Her governess, Miss Macartney, she said, left her institution on the evening of the fire bound, as she explained, to South Germany, though a few days previously, she had declared her intention of returning straightway to England.

Private inferences.—About the same time that Dr. Jacob made his appearance in Frankfort, Miss Macartney arrived at a sudden resolve to leave it—on the same day, and at the same hour that he fled from his creditors, she fled with him. No one could prove that an interview had taken place between them; no tangible evidence showed the slightest mutual relationship or intimacy—yet was it not to be inferred that some such tie must have existed?

Here was the mystery for the future to unravel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Katchen reached Heidelberg, she felt for the first time frightened at what she had done. Was it not wicked, immodest, nay utterly unpardonable, to throw herself into the arms of Dr. Jacob—however noble-minded he might be? Would he not despise her for the very thing she had done out of the depth of her dear love? Would he now deem her worthy to be loved?

In a scared, helpless way, she turned her steps toward the gigantic hotel which stares at the traveler with its hundreds of eyes as he leaves the railway, and seems to catch him, willing or no, in its arms. She chose it because it was near, and because she felt too weary and too spiritless to search for another. Never in her life had she entered an hotel before, except at Jugenheim. Would the people be civil to her, she wondered, or would they ask questions and confuse her by inquisitive looks? Would they let her have a plate of soup, or a cup of coffee, in her own room, and take no further notice of her? Oh! for some quiet cottage, like the mill-house at Jugenheim, with no one to encounter beyond the good-tempered housewife and her large-eyed happy children.

The door-keeper, in his grand, gold-laced hat and imposing uniform, did not ring the bell at Katchen's approach, evidently thinking that a young lady without luggage must belong to some party staying at the hotel. When, however, she lingered on the threshold, blushing and hesitating, he took off his hat and asked her wishes.

"A little bedroom, if you please—I have come to await a friend," she said, with a painful effort

A tremendous pull at the bell brought a very consequential waiter from the neighboring ante-room or portico, who eyed Katchen from head to foot, pondered for a minute before a large frame hung with numbered keys, finally took one from its hook, and begged her to follow him. Fashionable hotels make one feel as if one were a needle lost in an extremely large haystack. Katchen looked to the right and to the left, above and below; everywhere she saw endless suites of numbered rooms as similar and as numerous as the cells of a beehive. Being young and pretty, she obtained some sympathy from the waiter, who was himself young and handsome; and instead of leading her up to the fourth or fifth story (which he would have done had our heroine been a withered maiden lady or obese widow), he led the way through the long corridor looking on to the garden; and being roofed with glass after the manner of a conservatory, and otherwise made light, airy, and pleasant, contrasted agreeably with the somewhat somber dining-room joining it. Cheerful family parties were here taking coffee or ices, whilst glimpses of fruit and plate and glasses, in the *salle à manger*, betokened the early *table d'hôte.*

"Will you please to dine at the *table d'hôte* in half an hour's time, fraulein, or await your friends?" asked the waiter, blandly, whilst he drew up the blinds of her little room.

"I do not think my friends will come till to-morrow—that is—I am not sure," answered Katchen, timidly; "can I have my dinner here whilst I am alone? I should not give much trouble—a little soup would suffice for me."

Poor Katchen! she little thought that the more trouble you give at an inn the more money you pay, and, therefore, the more honor you obtain. Hotel-keepers adore a gourmand. Of course, every one looks at the world with different eyes.

"The fraulein would do better to dine at the *table d'hôte*—soup, fish, game, everything of the best, and cheaper than a private dinner—every one does," said the waiter.

"Very well," replied Katchen, with quiet resignation; and he took his leave.

We may safely affirm that hotel-keepers in general have as regular a scale of etiquette as of charges. If you occupy a small room on the third or four story, dine at the *table d'hôte* and drink cheap wine, or, worse still, water, he will blow with the air of a man who shows you signal benevolence in countenancing you at all; if you are domiciled on the second story, form one of a party of gentlemen, drink Rüdesheimer and champagne, smoke plenty of cigars, etc., he will incline his head as if you were really a Christian; but if you are lodged in a handsome parterre suite, order dinner at all hours, and in unlimited quantities, with extras and costly wines, have one or two servants in your train, and are always needing the use of a carriage, you will have the satisfaction of seeing the *Herr Wirth* bend within an inch of breaking his back, and die for you, figuratively speaking, on the spot.

How we pity single ladies, governesses, companions, and the like who travel alone. For them are no sweet smiles of welcome, no fawning flatteries, no signs of supreme joy on arrival, no sighs *de profundis* at departure. Of course, the landlord and his tribe of satellites are most civil, and the fair traveler gets what she wants: food, shelter, the neatest, tiniest of dormitories; but how humiliating to feel that the waiters never attend to her till every more important claimant is disposed of, that they crawl like snails at the timid clicking of her knife on the glass, whilst they run as if the devil were behind them when a fat *bon vivant* or a pert young officer but looks their way. The weakest have gone to the wall since the world begun.

It was not the conduct of the waiters, but that of the visitors, however, which called many indignant blushes to Katchen's cheeks, and made her long to rush away ere her dinner had been tasted. No sooner was she placed at the table, between a stout English lady and her very precocious and greedy young son, than inquisitive, merciless eyes were turned upon her from all quarters. If she had carried the evidence of a dubious character in her face and about her person, she could not have formed the target for sharper arrows of distrust. Young couples on the bridal trip, wealthy families setting out for Switzerland, dandies from Cambridge, and fops from the counter, alike gazed at her with supercilious inquiry. We must say, for the honor of their nation, that the sprinkling of Germans present forebore such an onslaught, and took Katchen simply for what she was.

Meantime, the six courses of fish, flesh, and fowl had been quickly passed round, and confectionary followed. Katchen could not resist a smile at the eager way with which sober-looking people seized the nearest plate of peaches or crackers, and transferred the contents to their own, in some cases making a tiny reservation for the sake of manners. It amused her no less to hear a lady, with superb silks and airs, recommending her husband to take the pudding with *syrup* since it was so good.

When at length an opportunity offered for escape, she stole to her own room, determined that nothing should again induce her to join the *table d'hôte.* Once more the thought flushed her cheeks—had she, by her own conduct, deserved this treatment? Might it not really be wrong for a girl to travel alone? She covered her face with her hands and thought long and deeply.

The letter had not yet been written to Dr. Jacob, telling him of her flight and its purpose. Till that letter should be written she might retrace her steps, since her terror of compulsory marriage with Baron Josef would alone excuse her flight. But the memory of that summer day, with its sweet joy and sweet sorrow, forced itself to her mind; she recalled Dr. Jacob's words of love—so simple, so pathetic, so tender; she contrasted him with all other men who had come within her narrow range of experience; she pictured his tall figure, his soft locks, his broad brow, his wondrous smile—she must love him; come what might, of trouble or shame, through her resolve, she felt that she must cling to him till the end.

And she wrote her letter—a very shy, childlike letter it was, but overflowing with trembling love and tenderness. She begged him to come to her at once, to let her stay with him as his child, if that might be, only to let her stay with him always, no matter whither his steps tended, or what new accidents had befallen him.

The railway station lay within a stone's throw of the hotel, and half hoping that the next train might bring him (for he had spoken in his last letter of soon passing through Heidelberg), Katchen seated herself on one of the shaded benches behind the platform, to wait and watch. No one was in sight but a little dwarf woman, with a basket of bouquets at her feet, and a half knitted stocking in her hands; a cheery, neat little creature, whom the landlord allowed to hand flowers round the *table d'hôte*, and thus earn a few kreutzers. She nodded pleasantly as she recognized Katchen, and held up a bunch of verbena.

"It is lucky to take flowers on a journey, fraulein," she said wistfully, and with a touch of cunning.

"But I am not going on a journey," replied Katchen smiling.

"Then welcome your friends with them, fraulein—so sweet, so sweet."

Katchen gave the little thing a kreutzer or two, and fastened the flowers in her girdle.

"They shall be kept for him," she thought; and she loved the poor dwarf woman for his sake.

By-and-by fiacre after fiacre full of tourists drove up, and one or two guards crept from their hiding-places like flies in winter time. One man, with an imposing mein, and a voice that might have vied with that of Achilles, put on a wonderful cocked hat, trimmed with gold lace, an embroidered coat and sash, folded his hands over a silver-headed staff of office, composed his features to suitable solemnity, and finally announced the coming train.

"From Frankfort, Mentz, Darmstadt."

Katchen trembled as she listened, and fixed her eager eyes on the glass doors through which all passengers must pass. Soon came the puff of smoke and the merry blast of the engine-driver's horn, which ushered in the "resonant steam eagle," as a modern poet has said. The solemn guard threw open the glass doors, the stream of new-comers poured in, Katchen half rose in her excitement, and sunk back again, chiding herself for her vain hope.

The Achillean voice startled her sad thoughts.

"Do you go by this train?" it said, fiercely, as if the question involved an important issue. On receiving Katchen's negative, the wearer of the cocked hat and sash disappeared, intent on herding his flock of passengers safely. When the train had dashed off again, Katchen saw him retire behind a desk of the guard's room, lay aside his uniform carefully, and emerge in ordinary clothes, looking blithe and utterly transformed.

Trains came from Frankfort twice more that day, and both times Katchen waited expectantly before the glass doors. The little dwarf woman disposed of her flowers, the guard donned his livery, and became *pro re natâ*, a sadder and a wiser man; travelers innumerable arrived and departed—but no one came for her.

"To-night he will get my letter," she thought, as she lay down in her little bed, "and to-morrow he will surely come."

So ended Katchen's first day at Heidelberg.

CHAPTER XL.

All things must be considered relatively. The fairest goal of the Trojan may be the pandemonium of the Grecians; the costliest dinner we enjoy in our lives is perhaps a tragedy to the cook; the most romantic ruin or waterfall becomes hateful to the cicerone; the grandest cathedral forms a daily scene of drudgery to weary beadles. What a curious chapter might be written on this subject! How interesting it would be to know the exact state of feeling in which a waiter finds himself when he keeps holiday, and is a guest. How nicely must be characterized a hotel keeper's contemplation if he travels and lodges at an inn! How funny to learn what passes in the mind of a sea-captain suddenly become passenger—a milliner ordering a bonnet for herself—a police officer whose house should be searched!

Heidelberg Castle has many relative aspects. To the lodging-house keepers, and other human spiders who live on the summer swarm of tourists, it is so much bait and sugar by which their prey is captured; to photographers, cicerones, and donkey-drivers, it is so much sunk capital from which a regular income is drawn; to the homely inhabitants of the town it is little or nothing, except on a festival; to the swaggering jovial students, it is a pleasant smoking resort; to the vulgar people, who travel because fashion dictates, it is very nice indeed; to a few art and nature lovers, it is alike a study and an enjoyment. What would it be without tourists? Verily, a paradise!

The second day of Katchen's sojourn was sadder than the first; no letter, no telegraphic message, no token, had reached her from Dr. Jacob. Four times in renewed hope she seated herself on the shaded bench, and watched a train come in; each time the guard we have before mentioned slipped from his chat and his coffee, to don the cocked hat and the solemn Quixotic mien; each time he asked her much in the way in which Achilles may have frightened the Trojans—"Do you go also?"—each time the dwarf woman brought her flowers; each time a stream of passengers filled the platform; each time, as the last face was scanned, she turned away sick at heart, and with gathering tears in her eyes.

A fifth train was due from Frankfort later; but so utterly desponding and perplexed was she, that she could not summon courage to brave another disappointment. She felt also that she was becoming an object of joke and speculation among the porters and fruit-sellers belonging to the station, and she could not endure the stentorian "*Fahren Sie mit?*" of the guard.

Listlessly, therefore, and with the mere hope of killing time, Katchen followed the shady chestnut walk skirting the town, and leading circuitously to the castle. A guide would have led her in the train of tourists and loungers, by a directer route to the principal entrance. She would then have passed under that gorgeous gateway in red stone, so youthful and joyous in conception, so redundant and rich in workmanship, under which passed the fair English bride of an Elector Palatine, hundreds of years ago. She must also have enjoyed, if it were possible for her to enjoy anything, that stupendous pile of architectural and sculptural magnificence, which for coloring, richness, variety, and poetic feeling, is unrivaled and indescribable, except in the hands of Victor Hugo. To read a page of his Rhine book is like drinking wine out of a skull, or dancing a Bacchanale on a tomb. Mingling, as Horace has done in his odes, an irresistible fancy and a genial philosophy, the great French author gives us Heidelberg in its artistic grandeur, its heroic pomp, its human mirth and mourning, its dust and ashes. There is nothing left to be said of Heidelberg which is not said or suggested in "Le Rhin" and "Hyperion."

The less-frequented path, which Katchen had taken, led her, by a sudden and steep ascent, to that part of the castle rising majestically above the town. To reach the terrace fronting it, one must creep like a mole under subterraneous chambers and passages innumerable, and Katchen felt a thrill of horror at being alone in such a place. Soon, however, she was dazzled by a glare of red sunlight, and a few stone steps brought her face to face with the beautiful façade of the Elector Frederick, whilst the silent town and the silver Neckar lay below.

Katchen had no eyes for the new, lovely, unequaled scene. She did not see the sunset flush on the river like spilt wine; she did not see the glow of the Heiligenberg, as if a crown were descending on it; she did not see the distant, far-stretching valley, sleepy and soft and voluptuous, as if awaiting the embrace of the tender summer night; she did not see the stately brightness of steeple and town—all coated and mailed and fiery, by the might of the setting sun. The terrace, commanding a view of so much that is varied and vivid, is broad and extensive, and surmounted at each end by a summer-house, or what now serves that purpose, having pointed roofs with heavy stone copings and long windows. To the first of these Katchen stole noiselessly, and stood looking down upon the grass-grown way by which she had come—dreaming, dreaming.

Projecting from the castle wall, amid sculptured figures of Paladin and Elector and Hero, was a massive lion's head in red stone, and in the open mouth of it a little bird had built its nest.

"That was in the spring-time," thought Katchen, wistfully.

"Ah, how long it is since then; the birds made their little home, and were happy—where are they now? Will they ever return?"

Something seemed to answer "No," and covering her face with her hands, she wept childishly, thinking that her own hopes had also outlived their spring, and would return nevermore. Suddenly her heart stood still with a great joy and wonder. For a moment she listened, half in doubt, half in mistrust of so much happiness; then she doubted no longer. She had heard the voice of Dr. Jacob —he was within a few yards of her; as he leaned over the parapet in indolent enjoyment, every word that he was uttering reached her ears.

"There is nothing more charming in Europe than this," he said, in clear, cheerful tones—"always excepting the view of Vienna from the Kahlenberg—Sobieski's Kahlenberg, you know. We shall see it on our way."

Why did Katchen's features grow sharp and livid as if the words had been subtle poison? Why did her hands clutch convulsively at the wall, and her slight frame totter? Why did she sink to her seat, stifling a low heart-broken cry?

Dr. Jacob did not stand on the terrace alone, and his companion was Miss Macartney. Her hand lay confidingly on his arm, her face looked up brightly to his; she was handsome, she was a gentlewoman, and the voice with which she answered him had love and trust in it.

"I can hardly fancy the panorama from the Kahlenberg to be so lovely as this, because the Danube is yellow, and the monotonous plain of Aspern must form a feature of it. But if you like it better, so shall I."

Is it matter of wonder that Katchen's young inexperienced mind should have formed a fatal conclusion upon such slight evidence? We think not. The simpler and sincerer a woman's nature may be, so the more certain is a nascent instinct of jealousy to lurk in it. Possibly it may lie dormant through life, and no one dream of its existence; but if a gossamer thread of suspicion but chance to mislead the judgment, no matter if Woodstock have only a mythical Rosamond, her dagger and poison are made ready. Virgil says, "Quis fallere possit amantem?" He should have said, "Quis *non* fallere possit amantem?"

Poor Katchen! she was already reaping the bitter fruits of her imprudent step.

At first, she hardly accused Dr. Jacob for having brought her to this misery, seeing in it the consequences only of her own blind self-deception. Why did she not believe him when he said that it was impossible for him to make her happy? Why did she not passively accept her sentence from his mouth? Why did she not abide by the truth as he had broken it to her, wisely, tenderly, lovingly?

And now she must drink the cup of desertion; full to the brim it was, and not of wine, but of poison, sickening, loathsome, asphodelian; making everything in the world look cruel and weird to her, making the faces of those she loved unnatural and pitiless, making all dear and familiar things cruel. He had deserted her for another, and she—what had she not done for him? Home, friends, peace, love—how much was forfeited—perhaps never to be won again?

What if Mr. Brill should withhold forgiveness, and send her to her Russian guardian with the brand of misconduct on her brow? What if she should be forced into a marriage with Baron Josef? Then the dread of scoff, and shame, and reproach—the agonizing terror of being ridiculed and scorned for the sake of her dear love—love so plentifully given—so cruelly betrayed. Could she survive it? Oh! why had he not told her all, and spared her this great suffering? His heart could not have become cold and merciless at once—he must remember that cloudless summer day at Jugenheim, when first he spoke of love—that parting in his room at the "Golden Lion"—and her letter, her poor little pleading letter, was it thrown aside, alike with every recollection of her?

She wept long and silently, unobserved and unobservant of the loungers who came and went. Any one near might have noticed that she shivered at times, as if chill, and breathed in a quick convulsive manner, but to mere passers-by she appeared to be sleeping. Meantime, the flush of crimson had died away from mountain, and river, and ruin—the bell of the old Dom called to vespers—the music ceased playing in the castle gardens, and evening stole on.

Katchen feared to stay, and dreaded to go. She thought she could better support her thoughts in the open air than in her lonely little room. Most of all, she dreaded the long wakeful night, and the morrow which must come. At length she rose reluctantly to return. As she did so, a man's figure came between her and the waning light, and a hand was laid upon her arm. With an indignant deprecation, she strove to free herself, taking the intruder for some wild rollicking student, but a whispered word from him undeceived her. It was Baron Josef!

CHAPTER XLI.

"I DID not expect to find you alone," he said, at the same time motioning her to the seat she had just relinquished. "What conclusions must I arrive at in consequence?"

"Do not think about me at all; you have no right to ask such questions," she replied.

"No right! Softly, Katchen. I will show you that I have the best possible right. Know, then, I am indeed to be your husband."

"You are frightening me by falsehoods, Baron Josef. Nothing shall make me believe that Mr. Brill would drive me to marry you."

"You require proofs—my appearance here is the best possible one, since as your lover I am certainly the fittest person to follow you, when you run away so romantically. But tell me, Katchen, why did you do it? Was it through love of somebody else, or through fear of me?"

Katchen was silent. He could not see her face plainly in the twilight, but he knew that she was trembling as if in fear.

"Won't you answer me?" he said.

No answer came.

"This is child's play, and, by Heaven, I will bear it no longer! Listen, Katchen, and judge whether you act wisely in mocking me. You are alone in Heidelberg, and utterly helpless in my hands. Why did you go? We are really to be married. The good

Fates and your guardian have so decided. Why not take me with a good grace?"

A bitter cry broke from her lips.

"Oh! why will you treat me thus?" she said; "I cannot bear it. I left Jugenheim because I feared they would force me to marry you, and—"

"Your confession to my mother explains the rest. Because you wished to marry Dr. Jacob. What a pity you did not choose a younger man to be my rival, Katchen. Because you wished to marry Dr. Jacob, eh?"

"Yes—"

"Why do you hesitate, when I am listening with the greatest attention? He asked you to come here, and wait for him, would you not say?"

Katchen tried vainly to frame an answer.

Baron Joset continued—

"Yet I find you alone, Katchen! Am I to infer from this that Dr. Jacob has played you false—the old wretch!"

"If I did wrong, and must suffer the consequences, is not that enough?" waited Katchen, now utterly at his mercy. "I acted in a moment's passion—I gave no thought to what might follow. Have pity upon me!"

"You are an incomprehensible girl, Katchen. I am but a year or two older than yourself, in a position to maintain you handsomely, in a rank to which most girls aspire vainly—and not wholly a bad fellow. Dr. Jacob is old enough to be your grandfather, is an adventurer, perhaps something worse. I loved you—Dr. Jacob did not; yet, of us two, you chose him!"

"How can you say that you loved me? Was not Aggie always in your thoughts? were you not always by her side?"

"That is folly, Katchen. You must know that man's patience has limits; and I grew tired of hanging about you when I found it was to such little purpose. True, that I really cared for you more than ever, but it is not agreeable to be snubbed at every opportunity; and you cannot deny that you treated me shamefully?"

"You have your revenge," she said, in a low calm tone; "take it, and let us cry quits."

"No, we do not cry quits yet, Katchen. Your whole life depends upon the decision you must make to-night—a decision which involves your marriage with me, or a worse fate. Three days ago, your name was free from reproach, and your reputation had no spot on it. I can hardly feel toward you as I did then. If you say you will try to love me, the confession will bring less joy with it; if you content to become my wife, I should lead you with less pride to the altar. Three days ago, your pride was child-like, but not wholly unjustifiable; you can afford to be so proud no longer. Putting my own inclinations out of the question, Katchen, I must sacrifice something in making you my wife now; any man must do the same."

"I do not ask the sacrifice," she replied, very coldly.

"You may not ask it just at present, but your view of the case will alter in time. You little know how much harm you have done yourself by this one foolish step; you little know how the truth will be thrown in your face, and how much more than the truth will be circulated and believed among those who know you. Had you gone off with your lover, all well and good: but the lover is not at his post, and you are dead beaten, as we soldiers say. Can you lift up your head after this, Katchen? or will you be wise, and save yourself?"

"How can I save myself?" she said.

"Very simply—marry me."

Her voice told all the scorn of her heart, though he could not see her features.

"Do you think I would marry you, Baron Josef?"

"I'm sure you might do worse. Remember that it is your only chance of escape from what women dread beyond loss of beauty, beyond loss of life even—from the world's slander."

Several minutes of silence followed. There was no sound but the plash of oars on the river below, and the wind stirring ghost-like shadows among the ruins. Her heart beat tumultuously as she sobbed without tears.

"Are you not afraid of that word, Katchen?"

His only answer was a pitiful moan.

"Never mind," he said, in a gentle voice; "do not be angry with me, Fraulein Katchen. I but tell you the truth. If you marry me, I swear that this reproach shall never be cast at you—that you shall have as happy a home as ever woman had. For your sake, even, I will try and tame myself a little. I know that I am a bad fellow, but many others worse than me make their wives happy. For the last time I say it, Katchen, I love you. For the last time, I ask it—will you be my wife? In spite of your avowed love for another—in spite of your folly in coming here—in spite of what must henceforth cling to your name in consequence—you are still in my eyes lovely and lovable. If I have been rough and rude, forgive me; if I have hurt your feelings, remember that you have often hurt mine. Do not think badly of me because I have represented what must necessarily give weight to my own cause; do not cry over my hasty words, but give me the right to comfort and protect you."

Katchen held out her hand, and said brokenly:

"If you have ever cared for me, be my friend now. God knows I need one."

"A friend can avail little, Katchen. Even your guardian—and he a priest of your Church—could not shield you from scandal and shame; neither can I—except as your husband."

"Oh! how can I marry you so, without love, without one kind and tender recollection of the past, without one hope for the future? We should but despise each other as years wore on. Baron Josef, it would be unnatural—wicked."

"Think of all that I have said, and do not decide too hastily. If you exercise your judgment calmly for ten minutes, you will see the actual necessity of consent, for it amounts to a necessity on your part; that is, if you desire one peaceful moment in life. Shall I give you half an hour for consideration?"

"Not so long," she replied, faintly; "half that time."

He struck a fusee on the wall, and held his watch to the light.

"It is now a quarter past eight, and in another quarter of an hour, I must have your answer. You will hear the church clock strike a minute before I come back to you; for I will meantime take a cigar on the terrace."

As he rose to go, he bent down, and touched her hand, whispering:

"Remember what I have said. It is a question of disgrace on the one hand, and a position and protection on the other; remember, also, that I love you, and would treat you tenderly."

Then he sprung forward, and left her to her thoughts. She could see his tall, slight figure and flashing sword at the upper end of the terrace: now he leaned on the parapet and looked down; now he entirely disappeared behind the sculptured coping of the tower, and she only saw his shadow in the gloaming. All was still, except the beating of her heart, and the fitful wind among the broken archways. She could not think, she could not reason: but reckless, desperate, and heart-broken, she dashed like a wounded bird against the bars of her dark prison.

CHAPTER XLII.

We must now conduct our readers to a cheery house in the narrow little street through which Katchen had passed a few hours before on her way to the castle. From the outside, which is dingy in the extreme, and abutting upon a dark and choked-up *cul-de-sac*, you would hardly imagine the interior to be at all cleanly, much less comfortable; but you would find yourself mistaken. The rooms to which we lead you are filled with velvet couches and walnut-wood tables, the floors are polished brightly, the eider-down pillows are covered with delicate chintz, the elbow cushions on the window-sills are frilled with the whitest lace—all is elegance and comfort.

The apartments in question open one into the other, after the German fashion, and are all half-boudoir, half-bedroom—that is to say, rooms furnished so as to serve any purpose. They have large windows, southward, looking upon the superb green height which supports the castle; northward, fronting the town and the river.

In the largest and prettiest room, a table is spread for supper, and a woman's figure moves busily hither and thither, intent upon preparing the meal.

When the dishes are brought in, the wine-bottles uncorked, the rolls spread with butter, and the meat adorned with cresses, she lights a lamp, and calls out, cheerfully.

"Supper is ready."

No answer came, and she entered the next room, where Dr. Jacob was sitting. An open book lay on his knees, but he was not reading. The expression of his face, could Elizabeth have seen it clearly, would have puzzled and pained her, there was so much suffering about it, and so much reckless, unsparing self-disdain.

She did not see this, however; placing her hand on his shoulder, she repeated:

"Supper is ready," in a voice that told of secret heart-happiness.

"Already supper! one is always eating and drinking," he said, wearily.

"We will wait till you are hungry, if you like," she answered, seating herself by his side, and the two sat together silently in the twilight. Elizabeth wanted to talk and be natural, but could think of no pleasant subject. She was no coward; only loving Dr. Jacob as few women love in their lives, she dreaded lest some confession from his lips should come to shake this love to its very foundations.

By-and-by she was startled by a strange question.

"Elizabeth," he asked, in a tone of voice that careless listeners might have taken for gay, or at least indifferent. "Elizabeth, did you ever read the 'Sorrows of Werther'?"

"Of course—why do you ask?"

"It is curious to read a book twice at different epochs of life, especially such a book as 'Werther.' I have just read it for the second time, and the first was long ago—very long ago—before you were born."

He continued, after a pause—

"You know that it was your mother's sister I was to have married, only she was weak in purpose, and whilst I held back till I should have taken my orders, she allowed herself to be persuaded into marriage with another. She was a blonde, and beautiful, and I was twenty-one. I read 'Werther' and Byron, to console myself, and between the two very nearly put an end to my foolish existence. As I read this story now, all those passionate frenzied follies come back to me; every page and every sentence recall thoughts and feelings they occasioned, and the marvel of it is, that I do not despise myself as I was then."

He laughed a laugh that had a terrible satire and conviction in it, and added—

"I wonder how many men find their maturer years better and pleasanter to remember than their youth! You will say that at twenty-one, with all manner of vague philosophies floating in my brain—with 'Werther' in one hand and a pistol in the other—with no higher humanities than a universal feeling of fellowship and pity, and a love or fancy for one pretty woman—with no greater aspirations for life than to end it unnaturally, or pass it unhealthily, I was not much that is worth recalling to mind. But you will grant that through all I was sincere, and sincerity is the virtue that we lose with youth. Whilst young, we do not deceive others, we do not willingly deceive ourselves; we do not cheat the world with borrowed moralities, we do not swallow this and reject that, because the world tells us it is meet so to do; we are free, and own no master. Now reverse the picture. Who is free in maturer age? Who can say, looking back on his life, that he has not given to conventionalism what he has refused to God? that he has not dealt fairer with the world than with Christ? Again I say, youth is virtue, and the beautiful alone is good. Was I not gifted with aptness and fitness for well-doing? Was I not trained to good faith, to purity, to honor? Was I not then kindly of heart, charitable of disposition, honest of purpose? Was I not educated in the schools of travel, art, books, and refined society? Was I not received as a brother and a disciple among the best and most learned of men? Was I not, lastly, true and steadfast in my belief of the Holy Word? Had I not an understanding to know what was right and what was wrong?"

He rose to his feet, and paced the room in great agitation; his brow was moist, his eyes were hard and bright, his chest heaved convulsively

"What availed all those?" he continued. "Nothing, nothing! Training, talents, good breeding, honorable calling, self-questioning, thought—none have been so strong but the leaven of the world has leavened them. I say, therefore, youth is virtue, even when it is vague, and purposeless, and dreamy. Never mind the fool-hardiness, the contempt of law, and society, and reason, the harmless errors, the impetuous shortcomings—I respect my youth, because it was sincere; I despise my manhood, because it has been false."

Said Elizabeth, tenderly, "Do not give way to painful reflections just now, when you so need quiet and calm. You have done much good in your life-time, and if you have fallen from your earlier and better aspirations, how few there are who have not done the same! When we were living in Suffolk, and you had the incumbency of Meadowfield, whose life was simpler and truer than yours? Do you remember how, a little motherless girl of thirteen, I was your housekeeper, and accompanied you in all your walks and parish visits? Do you remember the good, homely villagers, and how they loved you? Do you remember the little cripple you pensioned for life, the old blind woman you maintained in ease, the orphan girl you took to be my playmate, and made so happy, the children you fed and clothed and played with. Oh! my father, let your thoughts rest upon that time, if they must wander to the past—it was innocent, it was worthy of you, it was fruitful of good works."

"Good works!" he said, catching up her words bitterly; "a few pounds spent upon clothes and meat for the poor in the week, one or two helpless beings cared for, kind words dropped here and there —well, let them be called good works, since I can claim no higher."

She added—

"They may appear trifles to you, but they were not trifles to those who were benefited by them. You might have been more, but you were much to those around you. Your passionate eloquent ministry, was that nothing?"

"To those poor, plodding country souls, the tritest truisms would have had double the meaning and double the piety. No, Elizabeth, I have a talent for preaching, and know it; but not at Meadowfield was that talent likely to save souls."

The last words stayed on his lips as if they awakened a train of thought from which he would fain have recalled himself. He continued in a voice that told of great mental conflict—

"To save souls! Is it not wonderful that I should have set myself that task?—I whose own soul had such need of salvation! Oh! God, there is something awful in the complications of evil to which a desire for good has led. This turning of Religion into a trade, this drafting of indiscriminate men into the precincts of His temple, which loses its sacredness in consequence, is, I feel convinced, partly accountable for the errors of my life and that of hundreds of others. Do not think I shield myself from self-reproach; no, hard as I am upon others, I will not spare myself. To save souls!—the vainest, the least understanding, the least earnest men, now take up the craft of piety, and profit thereby as never apostles and priests profited when the life of the preacher was that of constant martyrdom. Put into one scale what the nation pays for its religious instruction, and put into the other what it receives in return. Which, think you, will kick the beam? But to return to myself. What did I give in barter for my tithes? I will go back to an earlier period of my life than that at Meadowfield, to a period of which you remember but little, namely, my ministrations in London. I had a church in the neighborhood of Mayfair, and made myself the fashion, partly because I had a trick of eloquence, and partly because I had deeply studied the human heart. I threw the entire passion and power of my mind and life into my sermons, existing in the week, but living only on Sundays. I believe that some few were led through me to intellectual aspirations, to an idea of prayer, of self-denial, of charity, of hopes of a future state—I believe that I went far to *save some souls!*"

There he stopped short. All the concentrated, self-consuming thought which had hitherto lain beneath the surface of his words, now expressed itself in the glance of his eyes and the working of his white lips. He tried to keep back the tide of passion, but it had ebbed too far. Raising his hands to his brow as if to steady the throbbing brain, he cried, almost wildly—

"Where was I?—what was I doing all this time?—I who talked of God, and taught the way to Christ. Was I better or worse than those who came to learn of me? Was I nearest to heaven or to hell when denouncing the unbelieving, or setting forth the rewards of the just? I cannot tell; I only know that my lessons and my Bible did not match. My preaching may have been sincere, my life was false. Elizabeth, you are a woman, and can pardon all errors but one—of that one I have not to blame myself. True, that your mother and I lived unhappily together, and ultimately parted; we did not part because I outraged her wifely rights: I was true to her whilst she remained with me, and even when we were no longer bound to each other, I lived a life of comparative purity. But the love of power, that is to say, of money, of influence, of position, lay at the bottom of all my sins. With every one, as with women, I strove for that moral influence which is only to be obtained by those who are at the same time weak and strong—weak, inasmuch as they are in vain; strong, inasmuch as they desire power, and set themselves to obtain it. I was not content with the power of my pulpit—I craved for the power of clique, of reputation, of the world. But these ends are not gained easily. To win the world, one must begin with falseness, glossing over foibles and cheats and cunning—cloaking all things with a fair outside, however foul the heart may be within; and to win money quickly, one must enter into speculation—gamble—throw into lotteries—bet on the turf—do anything, in fact, and not notice if the coin you pick up has a little dirt on it. I *did* win money—I will tell you how."

Elizabeth, who had been listening with pale face and suppressed breath, now rose, and placing her hand on his, said, imploringly—

"Why recall so much that is painful? If you would not spare yourself, at least spare me."

He looked at her with an expression of the deepest sadness, and said—

"My poor child, others will have less mercy for you than I. Sooner or later, you must know all, and better that you should know in part from my own lips—you will pardon it the readier."

Not heeding her deprecating gesture, he continued—

"I speculated, then—speculated honestly in the beginning, as most men do—dishonestly in the end, using alike ill-gotten money, and money that was not my own, for the same purpose—the attainment of wealth. Well, the affair prospered to a certain point. I lived luxuriously and had a good balance at my banker's, entered into brilliant circles, received my friends as if I had been a millionaire, and placed peers' daughters on my right hand at the dinner-table. But exaggerations never last, and neither did this phase of my life. Just escaping dishonor, hardly escaping bankruptcy, I first traveled to the far West, then retired to the country, to read the Scriptures to rustics, to tell honest, hard-working yeomen not to love the things of this world—to preach poverty, and simplicity, and content—I, who had, so to say, sold my soul in exchange for wealth and vanities! What greater parody could be found upon our whole clerical system, than this history of mine? Better the simple and safe Quaker doctrine of non-priesthood, better the sublime madness of Irving's prophetic manifestations, better the Romish superstitions of celibacy and asceticism, than the turning of Christ's word into a trade-company, by which incapable men are allowed to parcel out the Bread of Life, with no more conscience or discrimination than shopkeepers their wares. Again I repeat, that I do not justify myself, but I cannot help seeing the misery and error to which this state of things has led. But," he added, in a different tone, "I have talked till I am tired, and you are weary. Pour out the tea, dear child, and give me a cup here. I am not hungry enough to sit at the table."

Elizabeth obeyed, and followed her father with anxious eyes, as she ate her supper in the adjoining room. By-and-by he said—

"That poor child—little Katchen—I cannot help thinking of her, and reproaching myself on her account—indeed, I hardly remember reproaching myself at all, till I knew how much she cared for me."

"Every one cares for you," answered Elizabeth, somewhat sadly.

"Yes, and every one has reason to regret it, with the bitterest regrets of their lives. To whom have I brought comfort or happiness? To whom have I returned joy for trustingness, and love for faith. It has been my fate to win love, and to turn it to gall and ashes."

"If I judge Katchen rightly, her love will never be turned to gall and ashes, whatever may happen. Her nature is singularly constant and devoted, as all reticent self-contained natures are."

"Therein lies the sadness," he broke in, impetuously; "because she is so clinging and full of trust, I but tremble for her the more. Think of the sorrow she must endure from true, much more false reports. Think of her secret pining, her want of sympathy from those around her, her need of all that she found and lost in me. I formed her to myself, God knows, without dreaming of the consequences, without the remotest idea that she was learning to love me, whilst I only imagined she was learning to think; and, having taught her to love—involuntarily—I left her. True, that I left her, as the only way of repairing my error—the sorrow to her is no less real on that account. Poor child!—poor child!—a sad, strange experience has been her first romance, of which she made me the hero!"

For some time both were silent. When he spoke again, it was in a different voice.

"We had better continue our journey to-morrow, for many reasons. What packing you have to do may as well be done to-night, and then we can leave at what hour we please. Whilst you are busy over your portmanteau, I will stroll to the Poste Restante and inquire for letters. The night is lovely, and a little air will be better to me than anything just now."

He put on his hat, and nodding, with a smile which had little sunshine in it, he took his way toward the market-place. As yet the moon had but partly risen, and he saw only a shadowy outline of that sculptured façade under which little Katchen was striving to avoid her destiny in the form of Baron Josef. Poor little Katchen!

CHAPTER XLIII.

We left Katchen on the terrace of Heidelberg Castle with Baron Josef, unable to think, unable to reason, only feeling the oppression of a near and intense terror, a terror worse to her timid nature than darkness, or loneliness, or ghostlike sounds. She hardly feared that Baron Josef would do her harm; but she felt herself in his power, and, feeling this, she trembled and sickened with apprehension. He might extort a promise from her, and what then? To be the wife of a man she disliked so much, a man whose touch of the hand caused her horror, whose glance made her shrink back in disgust, whose insinuating voice called up blushes to her cheeks—could she bear that? Oh! no, no, if driven to it by hard necessity, she could marry any man she knew but him.

When more than half the allotted time had expired, a sudden hope flashed across her, a hope that braced her sinking powers of endurance, and cleared her confused thoughts. Baron Josef had separated himself now beyond ear-shot and eye-range, and it seemed possible to her that she might turn her knowledge of the ruin to some use, and evade him. She did not pause to consider the ultimate consequences of such a step, she only seized upon it as a present means of escape. To stave off the dreaded decision, to obtain delivery, and, at least, temporary freedom from his importunities—thus much might be gained.

Swiftly and silently she glided to the entrance of the subterranean chambers, pausing, with a shudder, before she ventured within their damp precincts. Fully to understand Katchen's repugnance to Baron Josef, we have only a to consider the step she was now taking. To most young girls darkness and solitude together go far to form the utmost concentration of horror, and with Katchen this was especially the case, since her nature was timid and inexperienced to a degree. Till she had known Dr. Jacob, her education had been that of a child; she had never traveled five miles alone, she had never judged for herself, nor found herself placed in any emergency; she had never needed presence of mind. But now two distinct courses of action lay before her, both involving no ordinary amount of suffering and terror. She must either confront the darkness or Baron Josef. She plunged into the former, and groped her way through several vaulted passages, till further progress was forbidden by a blank well.

Then she paused to listen. All was still as death, and the blackness and moldy atmosphere chilled her with horror. A streak of light showed her the path by which she had come, and she fixed her eyes wistfully upon it, as if it were a friend in that dreadful place. Some minutes passed; Katchen imagined them hours, and judging that Baron Josef would have returned to the town, she resolved to find her way back to the terrace, to take the longer and less frequented path homeward, and gain a refuge as quickly as possible; and, having once gained it, to refuse admittance to Baron Josef; then, if it were possible, to leave for Jugenheim by the early train, before he would be up.

But with every backward step her difficulties increased, for the entrance was much more difficult to find than to lose; soon not a ray of light, not a breath of fresh air, not a sound reached her. The damp stones chilled her feet, the sepulchral air sent a shudder through her young limbs; her breathing grew quick and painful. Alarm unutterable took possession of her mind. She fancied that she should wander there the whole night long, and die of fright and faintness; she imagined that some fearful voice would hiss in her ears, or some spectral figure appear before her eyes. All kinds of fantastic beings were reputed to haunt Heidelberg Castle, and of some she had heard. There was the white lady, who predicted to the Elector Frederick the fall of the Palatinate, and whose sad chanting is still heard among the arches of his palace; there were little wizard musicians, who sat whistling satanic airs in the ruined chapel of St. Udalrich; there were the two black knights, who pace the inaccessible frieze of Otto Henry, and many others.

These legends had delighted her in many and many a bygone hour; but they added fearfulness to her position now. Indeed, so great had become her dismay that she would gladly have extricated herself even by the assistance of Baron Josef. Half in hope that he might be within hearing, she called several times upon his name. But there was no answer beyond the hollow echo of her own voice.

An hour of such suspense would have turned her brain; it lasted only a few minutes, and yet they were minutes she never forgot. When a sudden ascent brought her into the fresh air and starlight, she was so utterly powerless that she sunk to the ground as one in a fainting fit. Her eyes were burning and dry, her heart beat with rapidity, and her limbs grew cold and moist. Nothing would have terrified her now.

But though she had escaped the horrors of the vaults, her present position was far from an agreeable one. She found herself on the platform of what had once been a running gallery, elevated some yards from the ground; and whilst, on the one hand, advance was cut off by a broken wall, on the other, there was no means of escape save by a flying leap. The wall was two feet thick, and crumbled to chinks in places; through these she caught glimpses of dark piles of masonry and massive towers, crowned with sprays of linden, and gloomy, ghost-like shadows around all.

By and-by, a warm glimmer of light drew her eye to a nearer part of the building which she had not hitherto observed. On looking closer, she saw a cluster of small square windows fronting the court-yard; figures were moving backward and forward, sounds of music and singing reached her ears, doors were open and shut with an echo. Katchen judged rightly that this was one of the wings let to visitors. She knew that many families hired rooms there during the autumn months, and with this knowledge arose a new hope. Parties were often formed among the occupiers of these tenements, to explore the castle by moonlight. The moon was slowly rising—oh! she would soon be discovered, and rescued! But she was so cold and weary that she felt hardly able to wait. The singing still continued, and such strains of it as reached her carried a strong spell with them, recalling happy days at Jugenheim. She fancied that the melody was one the Baroness Ladenburg used to sing; often had Aggie and herself stolen beneath her window to listen to her fine voice; and often on those occasions had Dr. Jacob caught them in the act, and laughingly punished them by pelting plums and flowers on their heads. Baron Josef was less obnoxious in those earlier days of their acquaintance; many a time his droll stories and wild songs had amused without shocking her. Then Mrs. Brill, ever careless, ever kind, ever cheery—always trying to give the young ones pleasure, or to help them at their lessons—the children's rough, affectionate ways—lastly, Dr. Jacob's deep toned voice, and the new sweet instruction he had given her—all these recollections came at once, and seemed more than she could bear.

"Oh," she cried, wringing her hands, with a pitiful burst of tears, "I was wrong—I was wicked to leave my home, and this is the punishment."

She wept for some time in a hopeless, childlike way; and by-and-by, grown calmer, folded her cold little hands, and tried to repeat a prayer. It was a very fragmentary one, merely two or three sentences from a collect, yet the act brought comfort with it. She felt less desolate, less isolated, after having made her simple want known to God. Poor child!—poor child!

At length a faintness, half the result of mental, half of bodily fatigue, overcame her. She rose with an effort to shake it off, but in vain; her limbs tottered, her head swam, and she fell, striking her forehead sharply against the jagged brickwork, but, happily for herself, losing all consciousness of pain and terror in the fall.

Soon after, the singing that we have mentioned ceased suddenly; the sound of a violently-pulled bell rang through the suite of apartments which Katchen had watched with such earnestness; footsteps echoed in the courtyard, and lanterns gleamed here and there. Evidently something had occurred to arouse the inhabitants of the Schloss.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN Katchen returned to consciousness, she found herself in a pretty room, with bright pictures hanging on the walls, shining sofas gleaming in the moonlight, polished floors, and a white porcelain stove, surmounted by a flying Cupid. All was strange and new to her. She felt sure that she had never before slept in that bed, with its crimson coverlet, over which the fine linen sheet was buttoned so neatly. She had never before looked out of those deep-embrasured windows, or seen that ebony crucifix placed on the opposite wall. Where was she? How had she come hither? What had happened since yesterday?

Slowly all came back to her; the heart-breaking revelation on the terrace—the interview with Baron Josef—the after-flight from him, and its dire consequences.

Did this stiff aching of her brow, and quick throbs of her pulse, mean that she was ill?—if so, who was taking care of her?

As if in answer to this thought, an adjoining door was opened softly, and a voice, tuned to its lowest and tenderest pitch, whispered her name.

"Katchen," it said, caressingly, whilst a gentle hand touched her cheek, "say that you are better—that you will sleep for our sakes."

And the baroness, for it was she, bent low, and touched the young girl's lips with her own; then, seeing her bewilderment, added—

"Darling, you are with friends, who will take care of you; do not reflect on what has happened—do not fear that you shall be driven to act against your wishes. Only think of yourself, Katchen, and try to recover the strength you have lost."

Katchen's first feeling was one of intense dismay, but who—especially in her feeble, overwrought state—could withstand words so loving, said in tones so sweet? After all that she had endured, the very fact of being sheltered and tended, brought intense satisfaction with it. She would rather have heard the voice of Mrs. Brill, of Aggie—of anyone she loved—but she was too unstrung as yet to awake to her real position.

"How long have I been here?" she asked, dreamily.

"Not long; but you must not talk till to-morrow, Katchen, and then I will answer all the questions you like to put to me; now try to sleep, whilst I sit here and watch by you."

What had made the baroness so thoughtful and kind? wondered Katchen. Was she really lovable and womanly after all?—was she drawn toward her by her son's love? Was she at least her friend? She could only accept the solicitude as it came, none other being at hand.

"You are very good," she said, brokenly; "too good, for I have not deserved it of you. Do not stay up on my account—I am tired, and shall sleep."

"But I shall stay till you *do* sleep, for there is some one who would never forgive me if I neglected you. Can you guess who that some one may be, Katchen?"

She answered, trembling—

"Baron Josef?"

"Yes—who else would follow me here from the same motive?"

"Where am I, madame?"

"In Heidelberg Castle, my pet. Would you desire a prettier or more romantic place in which to recover from an illness? The Brills will join us here soon, and we shall have no limits to pic-nics, drives, and excursions; but close your eyes, Katchen, and hear the rest to-morrow."

Katchen saw it all now. It was the voice of the baroness she had heard when imprisoned on the broken niche of the gallery; she was under the same roof with Baron Josef; she should see him to-morrow and the next day, and he would gain his own way at last.

Hours passed before she slept, and the sleep that came was hardly rest. Again and again she dreamed horrible nightmares of the subterranean chambers, and the isolated platform, and the weird spirits of the ruin. Once she woke up crying hysterically. The day was breaking then, but her watchers slumbered lightly, or not at all, for in a minute the baroness was by her side, bathing her temples, and holding a bottle of scent to her nostrils.

"Poor Josef is beside himself with anxiety," she whispered, ere she left her; "he has been sitting up in the next room, lest Adèle or I should fall asleep and neglect you; will you not send him a friendly message?"

"Tell him to forgive me," murmured Katchen; and hardly had she spoken than she feared that she had said too much.

"And he may see you for a few minutes to-morrow—let me say that?"

"Not to-morrow," pleaded Katchen, faintly.

"For one minute only! Think of his state of mind, and be kind to him—say for one minute, darling!"

What could Katchen do but consent?

Morning came, and found her more ill than they had feared. The wound on her forehead was deep and painful, and she lay prostrate in a low fever, caused by exposure to cold. Quiet and care, the doctor said, would restore her in a few days, but for the present all excitement must be strenuously avoided. This the baroness willingly conceded. It was especially her wish just now that Katchen should be under her own eye, and nothing could have happened so fortunately as an indisposition that might form sufficient pretext for her retention in Heidelberg.

Meantime the poor child lay on her little bed, as patient and meek as a wounded bird, but chafing at her imprisonment all the time. She longed to ask the baroness a hundred questions, and dared not. Why had not Mrs. Brill come to nurse her?—or Aggie? What right had the baroness to be so devoted, so more than kind? What had changed her humor so suddenly?—for Katchen could not easily forget the bitter words and the bitterer look of the last interview at Jugenheim. Her heart sickened at the prospect of more such words and looks, and yet how were they to be avoided except by a consent, which would bring even worse consequences?

In the evening of the next day she was subjected to a hard trial, for Baron Josef came to visit her.

"I have my mother's permission to come," he said; "but I await yours to remain; you are too much of an angel, I am sure, to keep a poor sinner at the gates of Paradise in despair; and I am a poor sinner indeed, Katchen, whom no saint can save but yourself, whether it be St. Catherine, St. Agnes, St. Martha, or any other holy person. You are a Protestant, you know, and it behooves me, before you become my little wife, to turn Protestant too. Therefore from henceforth I shall abstain from mass, give no money for the burning of tapers before the Virgin (which will be a great economy), and forbear crossing myself when I see a crucifix. You will like me better then, won't you? The Protestants *are* much nicer, I know; they don't prevent their priests from marrying, nor do they believe in purgatory and such things. Yes, I intend to read your prayer-book quite through, and get Mr. Brill to teach me what I ought to do. Will that please you?—will that make you believe that I'm fond of you?"

Katchen blushed beneath his look, and answered, timidly—

"You swear, and read bad books—Protestants don't do so."

He shrugged his shoulders, and suppressed an ejaculation of perplexity.

"My darling girl, all soldiers swear; it's incumbent upon them—part of their duty so to do, in fact; and as to books—who told you I read bad books?"

"I saw you reading Voltaire the other day, and Mr. Brill says his books are very bad."

"Well, then, I won't read Voltaire any more," replied Baron Josef, with a relieved look; "I won't read at all, if you object to it. Oh! you don't know what I would and what I wouldn't do for your sake. Can you forgive me for my behavior last night?—it was very rude, I know, but then you drove me to di traction—I'm sure Werther didn't feel so desperate when he shot himself for Lottchen's sake, as I felt then. Do forgive me—you must!"

"Don't say any more about it now—perhaps I was wrong also—"

"You wrong!—no, that couldn't be, except that you are cruel, and try me so. You never did a wrong thing in your life. But," and he tried to take her hand, and put his lips close to her ears, "when Dr. Jacob is thousands of miles away, and when you know that he is not so good and perfect as he ought to be, whilst perhaps you discover by degrees that I am not the bad fellow you have taken me for, how will it be then?"

Katchen burst into tears.

"What can I say, Baron Josef? Do not press me now. I am very unhappy—have a little patience—"

He declared himself to be gifted with twice the patience of Job on her behalf, and rhapsodized to his heart's content for another five minutes, when his mother summoned him away.

When the baroness joined her son, she appeared in excellent spirits, and full of hope for the future.

"Nothing could have happened more favorably for our plans than Katchen's extraordinary self-delusion regarding Elizabeth Jacob," she said, cheerfully. "I pretend not to know this, but I see she quite fancies that Dr. Jacob has brought a wife, or, at least, a sweetheart, to Heidelberg."

Baron Josef's face grew dark.

"Is that the plain reason of Katchen's despondency and meekness, mother?"

"Without a doubt. Child as she is, she has learned what it is to be jealous."

"And do you intend to prevent Dr. Jacob from seeing her before he leaves this place?"

"Am I a fool, Josef?"

"Pardon me for saying so; but, confound it, mamma, it isn't fair to tell her lies, and keep her imprisoned, as if you were her jailer. Let Dr. Jacob and me fight it out between us, the best man winning the prize; but do not give us any underhand woman's work—I hate it, and would not marry the prettiest girl in Europe under false pretenses."

"You are talking nonsense, Josef. By leading Katchen to think ill of Dr. Jacob, we are doing her the greatest kindness in the world. Though he does not actually say so, I can see that he wishes to marry her; and what chance of happiness exists for Katchen—for any young girl—with a man three times her age, and possessing but very uncertain means? 'Tis preposterous to speak and think of Dr. Jacob as we should do were he a young man, and really fitted to be her lover. After all, he may want her for her money—who knows? You must remember that Dr. Jacob's antecedents are very doubtful."

"You say he intends to marry her?"

"I feel sure of it; and if he once obtained access to Katchen, and won her back to him, which his strange eloquence could easily do, bars, bolts, and vigilance would prove in vain. The man is gifted with witchcraft, or something like it, in obtaining influence over people's minds—what mind so easily glamoured as Katchen's?"

"And if he glamoured her into running away with him to-morrow, I could not find it in my heart to dislike Jacob so very much," Baron Josef added, ruefully.

"No—because you, no more than anyone else, can withstand his enticing manners. But confess, Josef, is it not more reasonable to suppose that Katchen would be ultimately happier with you than with him?"

"I suppose it is, mamma," he replied, with a self-contented yawn. "A baron and a white coat generally *do* go far toward making a young lady's Paradise. Besides which, I make love splendidly—so fiery, so poetic! shall I give you a specimen?"

"I would rather decline—listen to me instead. If we wish to baffle Dr. Jacob, we must steal a march upon him, and leave Heidelberg before he has the slightest notion of such an intention on our part."

"Upon my word, Madame la Baronne, you would make an admirable general! To strike one's tents and leave the enemy in possession of a sacked city is a first-rate piece of strategy—what next?"

"Acting as if with Mrs. Brill's permission (which of course she would grant), we will take a pretty route into the heart of Switzerland, stopping here and there, and giving you ample time to exercise your boasted talents for love-making. Left to us two, Katchen will be ready to marry you in a week, and will be desperately in love within a fortnight. I know these young girls well; their hearts are light to break and to mend—and really you deserve Katchen after so much patience under rebuff."

"I love her desperately," said Baron Josef, with a serious face; "I do indeed."

"Keep your own counsel, then, and whisper no word of this projected start to any one—above all, say nothing concerning Elizabeth Jacob. And now let us have coffee."

Baron Josef could not repress a pang of self-reproach when he next saw Katchen's sad young face; he yearned to blurt out the truth, but more sober reflection followed. He thought of the loss such a confession entailed on himself, and of Dr. Jacob's gain; was he required to sacrifice her for another, whom no one could prove to be worthier? Besides, and herein lay the salve for his conscience, would not the truth consign Katchen to much positive and more probable unhappiness? Was he not really acting a kind and friendly part in concealing it?

Ulysses, by a plentiful use of wax, deafened his companions' ears to the fatal songs of the sirens. How many of us, no less crafty, stifle the voices of retributive conscience by self-justification?—a useful kind of wax in its way, easily adapted, abounding everywhere, and considered harmless, because it works in silence.

Meantime Katchen lay on her couch, thinking, thinking. Every passing hour made it plainer to her that she was a prisoner. For reasons she could only guess at in the dark, the baroness and Baron Josef never left the apartments simultaneously. If the former went out, the latter would invariably stay indoors, and *vice versâ*. True, Baron Josef did not force himself into her presence without first asking permission, but every half-hour came a message, a billet, a bouquet, a basket of fruit, or a new book from him. Then he had grown so incomprehensibly gentle and submissive to her—oh! she said to herself in her solitude, "I can but yield and end this warfare—it will be easiest."

As night wore on she chafed at her own weakness, and resolved to make a more determined stand—to turn upon the baroness, in fact, and demand her freedom; to tell Baron Josef for the last time, and firmly, though temperately, that she could never marry him. Meek as she was, her heart grew bitter toward the Brills, because of their silence and apparent indifference. Then she thought of Dr. Jacob, and wept, hiding her face on the pillow. If he would only come and say farewell—if he would only send a line or message of remembrance; but this terrible mystery and silence she could not bear.

About midnight, as she lay awake, pondering on her dangers, and trying to find any means of escape, she was startled by the sound of a pebble hitting her window. Involuntarily she jumped out of bed and peered out. A dark figure was standing on the graveled pathway, below, evidently awaiting the effect of his signal. Trembling in every limb with mingled excitement and perplexity, Katchen drew back and listened. Again a pebble was thrown up. Who could it be? Who would seek this means of communicating with her? Who cared for her, and connived at releasing her from imprisonment? Did Dr. Jacob? In spite of everything that had happened, was he anxious to say some parting word which the baroness would not permit? Had he come with explanations and excuses for his neglect of her? Should she see his face yet again, and hear his voice in love and tenderness?

Soon, however, the window of an adjoining apartment was thrown open, a light reflected from it flashed across her own, and a cheery bass voice called out—

"A pretty Herr Professor you must be, to wake up decent men at this time of night. Come upstairs, however, and turn to your right, where you will find me with cigars and beer awaiting you."

And another voice, equally bass and cheery, answered—

"Better late than never, Edouard. I was stopped at Berne, and had much ado to get here so soon. How's the mother?"

Katchen's heart leaped, for the speaker was her old master, Professor Beer. Excepting Dr. Jacob, no one had so large a share of her reverence as he, and now she felt a new vague hope inspired by his arrival. If she could only see him, or communicate with him, she might yet be saved. She knew that he was returning from a holiday tour in Switzerland, and she knew that he would pass through Jugenheim on his way to Frankfort. What so feasible as to intrust a letter or message to his hands, telling the Brills of her unhappiness? Could they learn from herself the real nature of the baroness's apparent kindness, she felt sure that they would come to her without delay. Mr. Brill loved her; Mrs. Brill was kind-hearted in the extreme; on the assistance of both she relied firmly, if she could tell them the truth which she could not do whilst under the surveillance of the baroness.

She leaned her aching temples on her hands and pondered. Her chance of rescue was now or never. To-morrow the professor might be gone; to-morrow her fortitude might give away, and the fatal promise might be given. The manner of accomplishing her purpose, however, had no slight difficulty.

Her room adjoined the sleeping apartment of the baroness on one side, and on other other a small drawing-room, communicating in its turn with a fourth; the latter, however, belonging to another suite of apartments, was always barred, and opened upon a different staircase. This staircase the professor had ascended, and it occurred to her that he might possibly be the guest for whom the fourth and last apartment had been prepared. All day, whilst lying on her couch, she had heard sounds of floor-waxing, window-rubbing, and pillow-shaking in that direction; what so likely as that the professor should have asked his friend to bespeak quarters for him?

Having dressed herself swiftly and noiselessly by the flickering moonlight, she crept on tip-toe into the drawing-room and listened. At first all was still; but by-and-by voices and footsteps sounded in the distant corridor; good-nights were exchanged; the door was shut, and she heard the professor humming a song to himself whilst he unstrapped his valise.

To Katchen's first timid tap came no answer; to her second, a hearty "*Herein*," and then she entered. All the figurative powers of Ossian would not enable us to portray the bewilderment of the poor professor. Retreating to a further end of the room with a dramatic bound, he looked at his visitor much as Macbeth looks at Banquo, or Orestes at the visionary furies. At length, gallantry overcame surprise, and he advanced with a cordial hand and friendly smile, really convinced that it was his little scholar Katchen Eggers, and no mythical delusion in her shape.

Very simply and sorrowfully Katchen told her story, leaving out that part of it concerning Dr. Jacob, and keeping herself solely to Baron Josef's importunities, and the baroness's machinations. She was unable to repress tears as she dwelt on her isolation and imprisonment; and she could not help reproaching Mrs. Brill for her apparent neglect.

"Tell them," she said, earnestly, and with a pathetic sadness that touched her hearer's heart, "tell them, that whatever they may think, I have not deserved this indifference; or if I have, I will never vex them again. I *cannot* marry Baron Josef—why will they break my heart? If I were to marry him, we should both be very unhappy, and his mother would hate me."

"God forbid!" interrupted the professor; "why on earth should anybody hate you, dear child?"

"You don't know Madame de Ladenburg, Herr Professor: she must have her own way, or revenge herself. She is trying to have her own way by marrying me to her son; and if I consent to please her, she would spoil my peace afterward. With all her apparent kindness, she can be cruel!"

"To think that you are entirely at her mercy is dreadful," said the professor, bringing all the logic of his well-trained mind to bear upon the case in question; "but I really don't understand the motive which should induce such extraordinary conduct on her part. As I have often taught you, Katchen, the weight lifted by a lever can only be in proportion to the momentum or moving power —so the energy induced must be *pro ratâ* with its cause. This lady may be very anxious for you to become her son's wife; but something more than this feeling is necessary to account for her extreme measures. If there was some one else she did *not* wish you to marry, affairs would be considerably explained."

Katchen crimsoned. She felt intuitively that ever since her confession regarding Dr. Jacob, the baroness had looked upon her with unfavorable eyes; but she could not define or describe the feeling, neither could she confide it to the professor. She replied, with childish simplicity—

"Why did she not choose Aggie? Aggie would so willingly have married the baron, and she cared for no one else."

Professor Beer looked up with the smile that Katchen had often dreaded in Fraulein Fink's class-room—an inquisitorial smile, a smile that portended a frown.

"And you did care for somebody else?—eh, Katchen?"

"I hardly knew what I was saying—I am very unhappy, and could almost wish to die," she said, piteously, and covering her face with her hands, wept without restraint.

How did the professor act?

His position was truly an embarrassing one; for though intimate with Sanskrit, and most Aryan tongues he was utterly unread in the simple language of a woman's heart. Moreover, you must not forget that Professor Beer was an old lover of Katchen's, and for the love of her had lost all appetite on a certain day noticed in this history. Here was a situation trying indeed, but one that could doubtless be made much of by a discreet tactician.

The professor knew no tactics at all in this science, and only acted upon the impulses of a chivalric though rough heart. Without sentimentalizing, he put himself again in the position of her master, stopped her tears with the voice of authority rather than the voice of affection; then, as she grew calmer, rewarded her obedience as he would have rewarded it in her school-days.

"That is well done," he said, gently shaking her hand; "and now, Katchen, listen to me. Do not distress yourself, or give way to unnecessary alarms, for I think I see a plan of speedily putting an end to this persecution."

Such a bright look thanked him! He received it with a pleased smile, and continued—

"I had intended to remain a day or two in Heidelberg; but for your sake I will alter my plans, so as to be at Jugenheim by to-morrow at noon. I will then lay the whole truth forcibly before your guardian and Mrs. Brill, and if they can be brought to see things in the same light that I do, you will be free to-morrow. I don't pretend to fathom the baroness's conduct, not knowing sufficient of her; but she has treated you unwarrantably—Mr. and Mrs. Brill *must* see that."

"Oh, Herr Professor!" cried Katchen, joyfully, and taking his great brown hands in hers, "how can I thank you enough? let me do something for you—let me work for you to prove my gratitude."

"Did I not say when you took leave of me that I would be a friend to you should you ever need my services!" he replied; "and I am only too glad of an opportunity to keep my promise."

"But you will let me knit you a pair of stockings, Herr Professor?" pleaded Katchen—"just one pair?"

"The mother knits and sews for me, and she would hardly lose her employment, little Katchen," answered the professor, somewhat wistfully; for he thought of what a home might be, brightened by so sweet and childlike a nature, and he dared not hope for it himself.

"What *can* I do for you, then?"

And again Katchen received a cold answer, though the professor's heart was kindling into all kinds of bitter-sweet emotions, for which he chided himself when left alone. Men of his stamp constantly reproach themselves with little reason, taking as folly or error what is natural and manly sentiment only; and throughout their lives, lingering modestly on the outworks, whilst more daring warriors win the citadel at a blow.

CHAPTER XLV.

It will be as well here to transcribe the letter that Dr. Jacob found awaiting him at the Poste Restante. It was from Mrs. Brill, and written with the dash that characterized all that lady's movements:—

"JUGENHEIM, *Sept. 5th*, 185–.

"MY DEAR DR. JACOB:—Fancy our surprise and fright yesterday when at breakfast our Katchen was missing. If any more Russian guardians offer us the charge of their wards with a thousand a year, never again shall Tom be induced to undertake such a responsibility. It was then eight o'clock: no one had caught glimpse of her but an old milk-woman, and she was too stupid to be of the least use in giving us a clew.

"She had seen her leave the 'Golden Lion,' and that was all. Why didn't the stupid old creature follow her, and just learn whither she was bound, to the right or to the left? But these German peasantry are so dense—give me my native Suffolkers, with all their impudence. Well, as soon as we had swallowed our coffee and rolls, we held a council as to what should be done. Every one seemed to be of opinion that I ought to go back to Frankfort at once, as it was most likely Katchen had gone home in a pet about Baron Josef. This, however, I must explain more fully to you. A great deal has been lately said by the baroness and myself regarding the suitability of a marriage between her son and our young charge, and we had mutually decided that unless she showed the most urgent and reasonable grounds of refusal, the engagement should be again brought on the *tapis*. Of course no one was more anxious than myself for the child's happiness; but young girls take such foolish fancies into their heads, and have so little judgment to boot, that I did not doubt Katchen would very soon come over to our side. The day before her flight she had an interview with Madame de Ladenburg on the subject, and now comes (to us) the most extraordinary part of the story. She confessed to the baroness that she loved you, and was engaged to marry you! Is she mad? Are you mad? Are we all mad? Of course I cannot for one moment believe that you ever contemplated so unprecedented a step; but Katchen, we all knew, did worship you in a most extraordinary manner, and it seemed just possible that she may have misunderstood some kind word or action of yours, which, coupled with her absurd prejudice against the young baron, formed a pretext for her flight. Katchen was always a strange child, a second Katchen of Heilbronn, I take her, who would follow any one she cared for to the world's end, and would abate no iota of her love, whatever treatment she might receive. Well, I started by the first train for Frankfort, and you may imagine my dismay in finding no Katchen. Poor dear Tom was out of himself, as the Germans say—raved, cried, and paced the room like a maniac. If Aggie had run away I think he would hardly have been in such distress of mind. We immediately drove to your lodgings at the hotel, but finding you gone (which surprised us no little), returned by the next train to Jugenheim, and there found, not indeed our Katchen, but a letter from you, the contents of which I need not repeat. That you ever dreamed of marrying the child I still won't believe; but that you had said something which she might have understood as an offer of marriage was now plain to us. And now, dear Dr. Jacob, answer all the following questions, either on paper or in person:

"Firstly—Why have you stolen a march upon us in this way, and left us in the dark as to your movements?

"Secondly—Why do you object to our Katchen marrying Baron Josef, or Baron anybody else?

"Thirdly—What made her fancy herself engaged to you?

"Fourthly—Who is this mysterious lady who left Frankfort in your company?

"Above all, I ask you to restore Katchen to us, since it seems beyond doubt that she has sought your protection from this marriage; remember that she is under age, and my Tom is responsible for her; remember that you are our friend, and are bound to treat us honorably. I am very angry with her, with you, with everybody. She has shown herself ungrateful and foolish beyond comprehension, and the fact of Baron Josef teasing her was hardly a sufficient reason to huff us all.

"The baroness, Tom, and Baron Josef, will follow this letter, and will not return without a proper explanation—and Katchen. They will stay at the Hotel S——. As you mentioned in your letter to her that you would be in Heidelberg to-day, I trust you will all meet, and soon set my mind at rest.

"The baroness is frightfully annoyed at Katchen's behavior, though she likes the child well enough to forgive her and make up a marriage yet. Clear yourself of any intention to entice Katchen from her home, and I promise you an invitation to the wedding.

"Adieu. Tom will tell you what a ferment Frankfort is in regarding your abrupt departure. I hate tattle, and forbear.

"Yours truly,

"EMILY BRILL.

"P.S.—But for your letter to Katchen I shouldn't have known where to write to you."

"Oh! my little Katchen!" said Dr. Jacob, as he read this letter to his daughter; "what have I done, to what unhappiness must I have brought you!"

"Katchen left Jugenheim, and alone?"

"Think of it only—that child, that timid young creature, Elizabeth; there must have been more than mere annoyance at Josef's attentions at the bottom of such a step. It is possible that—"

He broke off suddenly, and for some time remained silent. When he spoke his voice had a melancholy triumph in it:

"Katchen has followed in the steps of all other women I have known and loved—she, so young, so simple, so untutored. She has given me her whole heart, and in this last wild act of hers I but trace the consequences of my own imprudence. Whilst I was developing her intellect and leading her into new fields of thought, I was but teaching her to love me; whilst thinking to enlarge her character and elevate her taste, I was but making her more truly a woman. I might have known how it would be—I might have divined that books, ideas, nature, were only understood and loved for sake of the teacher. Can I wonder that her romantic, untutored young nature should have run into this extreme of self-devotion? Can I blame her, who was young and weak, for falling into an error which I had no strength to avoid though strong, and a man of sixty years? She loves me, this little

Katchen—loves me in my time of failing strength and whitening hairs. Strange!—that there should be youthfulness about me still—I, who have lived several lives in one, and each phase burning with passion and action. Well, I am not old yet, or Katchen would not love me."

And again he laughed, that self-derisive painful laugh which had once before so chilled Elizabeth's heart. "Supposing," he continued—"supposing that anything should happen to this poor child on her wanderings—any harm, no matter in what shape—and it is not impossible, would not that be a comfortable subject for future contemplation, a self-satisfying subject, I should rather say, since it must touch upon my vanity? For younger men, few women leave their homes nearly broken-hearted; but for me, this fair girl of eighteen summers rushed out into the world with all her sorrow and her innocence, and has come to harm! Good Heavens! after this I ought to have enough vitality to live another youth! But now it is no time for talking. Did not Mrs. Brill say that Katchen was not found at Frankfort, and that they were seeking her here? Katchen gone!—it seems still hard to believe. What do you think, Eizabeth?—can we seek her?—shall we find her?"

"There is a great probability of her being here," replied Elizabeth; "she knew that your route lay through Heidelberg, and evidently desired to seek your protection from Baron Josef's persecutions, which must have been far more repugnant to her than the Brills supposed. She had no other friend but you—to whom else should she have gone?"

"How dreadful to think of the poor child alone in this place, so uproarious with student life as it is! We must set about our inquiry at once—but where to begin—there is the difficulty."

A further discussion followed, at the end of which Dr. Jacob put on his hat and went straight to the hotel named in Mrs. Brill's letter. There he found, not Katchen, indeed, but the little room she had quitted a few hours ago, and the somewhat startling intelligence that she had started out for a walk, and had not been seen since. He moreover found, to his disgust, not Mr. Brill, but the address of Madame de Ladenburg, who was domiciled in Heidelberg Castle. From the lips of that lady he learned of Katchen's safety under her roof; and therewith, for the time being, was obliged to content himself.

He made an appointment with the baroness for the next day, the circumstances of which will be narrated in the coming chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN he alighted in the courtyard, she descended, hat in hand, and met him on the threshold.

"Let us talk here, or stroll in the gardens," she said, with apparent nonchalance; "I have been a prisoner all day long, and pine for a breath of air."

"You have stayed indoors on Katchen's account—that was kind," he replied; and then giving her his arm, he led her through the courtyard without speaking. Passing under the old portcullis, with its sculptured knights and hanging teeth, they entered that superb avenue of rare trees which sweeps the ruins in a curve, and which even in the tourist season can boast of solitude. By-and-by they seated themselves in the most secluded part of it, overlooking a broken fountain, whose Undine had long since passed away, and a torso of some water-god, to whom no joyful waves paid homage. A little strip of once cultivated ground, and an unsightly pool of black slime, added to the weird aspect of the place; whilst merry strains of music from a distant restaurant seemed to mock all that was past, even the haunt of forgotten gods and of buried legend.

Dr. Jacob was first to speak.

"I have much to say to you, much perhaps that will be unwelcome to your ears; but it must be said now or never. Have I your permission to speak?"

"How can I silence you? Circumstances have thrown us together, and we must both make such use of them as we think best. Reproach me if you like, I will find a way of revenge."

"And so can I," he said, quietly, as if giving utterance to the merest commonplace.

"But at least you will acknowledge that chance has put the best card in my hand."

"Explain yourself."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then spoke with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks.

"The best card is now in my hand, and I intend to play it well. With your daughter I have no more to do—*she* cannot divide me from you now; but the fate of Katchen Eggers will henceforth be decided by myself alone. Can you guess what kind of decision I shall make?"

"You would like her to marry Baron Josef—that is only natural."

"And you would like to marry her yourself—I find that unnatural."

"We do not meet to-day to argue matters of opinion," he said, with impatience; "let us confine ourselves to facts. For good reasons of your own, you desire and intend that Katchen should become the wife of your son; for equally good reasons, I intend to thwart the project as much as I can. I speak in earnest, madame, and I repeat—Katchen shall never become the wife of Baron Josef."

"I am quite willing to keep to facts, for, in this instance, they favor me. Katchen is ill; she is placed under my charge; she is full of bitterness toward you because of your seeming neglect; she sees Josef daily, and under the most advantageous circumstances. Now, let us judge of your own chances of success. You are separated from Katchen, not only by the course of events, but by more stubborn things still—stone walls and vigilant watchers. You might convince her of your faithfulness, you might induce her to disbelieve evil reports of you, you might win her again, and for ever, always supposing the last barriers to be overcome. If not, what avail your powers of persuasion? what avails your eloquence? what avails your tenderness?—you will never see Katchen Eggers again till she is Josef's wife."

"You have no right to prevent me, and no power," he replied, catching somewhat of her reckless manner; "for the present, at least, Katchen belongs to me, and not till she has canceled that right by her own lips will I relinquish it. She promised to marry me; perhaps for her own happiness I shall relinquish that promise—but whilst it is not withdrawn, I act as her husband might do. You may threaten, Baroness Ladenburg—I can threaten also; we will see who is the victor."

"We will see," she said; "for the present I can withstand you; by-and-by, you will find I have not boasted vainly, and I am content to await your verdict."

He fell into deep thought, striking his stick resolutely on the turf as if it gave him pleasure to crush the daisy roots. When he spoke, his voice was searching, and his face was moved.

"Tell me, Baroness Ladenburg," he asked, watching her features narrowly, "what day of the month is this?—the twenty-third of September, I believe!"

A bright thread of crimson scarred her cheek like a saber-wound; her eye-lids drooped as they met his gaze; the words she tried to speak, died away unuttered on her lips.

"The date is fixed in my calendar, and you can hardly have forgotten it, Thérèse."

"Can a past folly or sin never be allowed to rest in its grave?" she cried, bitterly; "are *you* more merciless than Fate?"

He continued in the same voice.

"On the twenty-third of September, seven years ago, you were prevented from ruin—and disgrace—from all kinds of unhappiness, by one whom you have hated ever since—do you deny that, Thérèse?"

"You say from all kinds of unhappiness—that remained to be proved. We might have been happy—we *must* have been happy, had you loved me."

"I did love you—as well at least as any one can love the wife of another man, the mother of another man's children. You were beautiful and unhappy in your married life; I was free, and I admired you; we were thrown much together, and my admiration grew into love. I take upon my shoulders all the blame, all the sin, all the sorrow of it. But I was not so led away by my passion as to entertain the thought of dishonoring your husband, your children, above all, yourself, even for one mad moment. Grant this much to me, Thérèse, that I never once allowed my love to get the better of my reason; in the letter, we were innocent, though in the spirit, guilty. Never once did I breathe a word of temptation in your ear. Small as this justification is, let me take it."

"You are ready to justify yourself—is there no excuse for me? I was young, admired, and neglected as a wife; is it no slight exculpation for my madness that I had little comfort in my home—that I was driven to take such consolation as the world offered? Of all others, do you judge me harshest—you, for whose sake I did this thing? I, at least, acted generously."

"You acted generously to me, but to another it was otherwise. Listen, Thérèse, and I will recall the story. We met at Ischl in the height of the season, when parties of pleasure were formed every day, and we had ample opportunity of intercourse. Elizabeth was with me, and she was so unfortunate as to excite the admiration of your husband; do you deny that she resisted his attentions with all the dignity and tact she possessed?"

"She disliked him from the first, and was, moreover, engaged to marry an Englishman at the same time, is it matter of wonder or commendation that she acted as she did? An opposite course would have been idiocy on her part."

"She treated the baron with the disdain he merited, and grew daily colder to you, a coldness hardly to be wondered at, since any daughter would have shown the same feeling toward a married woman whom her father admired. If Elizabeth was the only one among us who adhered to the right—however much she came in our way—we must, at least, accredit her equal to her deserts. Let us look at what we ourselves contemplated. Do you remember the letter you wrote to me on the twenty-third of September?"

He drew a faded paper from his pocket-book and held it toward her. She shrugged her shoulders defiantly and turned away her head.

"You remember it, Thérèse, and not without cause; but do not think that I reproach you for having written it—for any proof that you have given me of your overmastering love; God forbid! I am weak, I have sins enough of my own, and whatever happens, I shall ever remember your erring love with tenderness; I shall ever be grateful for it—but I cannot think of it without thinking also of the sins it led you to commit against another—that other innocent; and my heart hardens to you on her account. You wrote to me in a frenzy of unhappiness and jealousy, asking me to take you away from your unfaithful husband and loveless home, consenting to give up honor, children, all, for my sake. In an evil hour I consented. Look back upon the past, Thérèse, and ask yourself whether you lost or won in that desperate game."

"She saved us for her own ends," broke in the baroness, with passion, "and with no consideration for my interests; cold, calculating as as she is, only prudence and circumspection have ever actuated her. Do not hope to win me over to Elizabeth. She divided us—I hated her. That I hated her only proved that I loved you. Do you condemn me for my affection even?"

"You know that I condemn you in no part of your conduct toward me," he continued; "a man can but have softness in his heart for the woman who loves him. No, Thérèse; but I hold you responsible for the after-loneliness and sorrow of Elizabeth's life. She discovered our place of flight, and saved her father's honor—saved you from all that is dearest to a woman, and from immeasurable evils. How did you requite her?"

His voice trembled, his eyes grew dim, as he added—

"You separated us by a falsehood that imbittered my heart toward my child, and made me appear her worst enemy. When, after a necessary absence, I returned to Ischl, she was gone no one knew whither. Do you deny that you drove her away? Do you deny that you robbed her alike of her lover and of her father? And by what means?—by whispering slanders to the one—by garbling a letter of the other, so as to make him appear the contemner of his daughter's honor. A letter that I wrote to you, perfectly harmless in itself, was copied so dexterously, and with such base interpolations, that in it I proved myself as alike regardless of parental duty, of good faith, of any principles whatsoever. Elizabeth believed that, for your sake, I was willing to countenance the baron's undisguised admiration—to purchase, in fact, a short lived enjoyment by the sacrifice of her honor and her peace. Oh! Thérèse, Thérèse! have no bad dreams come to you after such dark work? Have you never repented the hearth that you made desolate, and the heart you tried to break?"

She looked up to him with something of her old bewitching beauty, with something of the melting tenderness which he had never yet found strength to withstand, and answered, in low tones—

"Have you forgotten that we were happy for a little while? Have we not had our dreams also? I loved you—to be loved by you for a day, for an hour even, seemed to me worth the winning--but an obstacle stood in the way, and I threw it recklessly aside. Can you blame me—you for whom I dared so much! Is not the strength of love to be measured rather by its power for evil than for good?"

"No," he answered, fiercely; "no, a hundred times, no. I have often done wrong; I have seldom acted up to the incontestable creed of right in my mind, and I have thoroughly enjoyed life at intervals, perhaps no man more so. But I should be a happier man now, had I always obeyed the broad and homely principles of rectitude. The ancients had a superstitious reverence for the threshold of their temples, and never placed the left foot on it. I see here, Thérèse, an analogy to our common Christian life; and I believe, with the worshipers of Apollo, that, as the first footsteps set under evil auspices never reached the adytum, so, with us, the first willful sin leads further and further from the presence and peace of God. I believe now that every falling away from the rigid dictates of conscience is so much aggregate of bitterness in the cup of life, to be tasted at the last, when youth, and bloom, and success are gone. There is no throwing away those dregs, Thérèse. I have done good indirectly, and on a large scale, giving beyond my means, lifting up the fallen, clothing the naked, soothing the last hours of the dying. I cannot remember that I ever hurt any one by a harsh or unjust word. Yet because I have been too weak to follow out my better and less impulsive duties—too careless in living up to the every-day standard of virtue; too lax in fulfilling the simple obligations of a citizen—these impulsive benevolences, these off-shoots of good, give me little satisfaction now. Believe me, Thérèse, and I speak to you as a friend only, and without any reference to our respective positions either in the past or the present—the most generous soul, the most tender heart, the most liberal hand, avail nothing without integrity of purpose. We may console ourselves in youth and in middle life, by, so to say, an illegitimate virtue; but in old age Truth in its nakedness and beauty takes affright at it, and leaves us sitting in dust and ashes, and prone humiliation. We may defy the prejudices and authority of men, and set up for ourselves codes and statutes in which pleasantness takes the place of principle, and loose liberalities of sentiment take the place of universal charity and love of human kind. No matter—we deceive ourselves—we deceive others—we cannot deceive God, or flee from His silent reproach at the last."

"My religion has more heart in it than yours," she said, eagerly; "and therefore must be better adapted for weak, ever failing creatures as we are. We Romanists deal with human nature as it is—you Protestants with human nature as it ought to be."

"It is not a question of religion," he replied, in a sorrowful voice; "but a question of cause and effect. As surely as the stone thrown forward moves in a parabola—as surely as the circumference of a circle is in proportion to its diameter—so surely must the evil, or a vicarious one, come back to the projector. But of this no more. You and I have sowed, and must reap accordingly."

A long pause ensued. At length the baroness broke it impatiently.

"You know all—have you any more reproaches to make? Are we to part in peace or in war at the last?"

"That is as you yourself decide, Madame de Ladenburg; if you are willing to give up Katchen, I have no further reference to make to the past—for you, as well as for myself, I am content to have it henceforth buried."

"And if I am not willing?"

"I shall use it as best I can to frustrate your intentions. Mr. and Mrs. Brill would hardly leave Katchen in the hands of you, after my most urgent dissuasions to the contrary."

"Good, easy Mr. and Mrs. Brill like me too much to be set against me from hearing a raked-up story of old days, if that is what you mean. Had they not trusted me implicitly, think you they would let Katchen remain in my charge now? And you forget your own shortcomings, my friend—your bills, your broken promises, your enemies without number. No—do not play with fire; let me go my own ways in peace."

"Yes!" he repeated; "yes, we will each go our own way in peace—after a little; but first, I must save Katchen."

Just then, as if a white dove had suddenly alighted at his feet, piping joyfully because the cage was left far behind, Katchen herself stood before him—not the rosy, radiant Katchen he had first known, but a Katchen more lovely still, with a woman's sweet trembling love in her eyes, and a woman's smile, half of joy, half of doubt on her lips.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"You will save me!" she cried, stretching out her hands toward him; "yes, you do not care for me any longer, but you will still be my friend—I feel sure of that!"

The baroness, who had been accustomed to surprises all her life, took this crowning one with extreme evenness of temper, at least as far as could be seen from without; she also held out her hands, though not far enough to reach Katchen.

"My dear girl, this is a little rash of you," she said, in a fond, chiding way; "really I feel as if I ought to scold—I could find it in my heart to do so. But are you gifted with divination that you find us in this secluded spot?"

"I thought I heard your voices from the window," replied Katchen, still addressing Dr. Jacob with a deep blush; "and I stole down-stairs, and saw you go this way. I have been resting under the trees a long, long time in sight; but you never looked round, and at last I summoned courage to come. Oh! I have been so unhappy! I have wanted your help so much?"

She looked up wistfully, as if expecting a smile of welcome, a hand-clasp, or a kindly word; but none came. For two or three minutes she thus waited, the large tears gathering in her eyes, the suppressed sobs heaving her bosom, the little hands trembling.

Still Dr. Jacob's face was averted. Then a long pitiful look of suffering came to her eye—a look of inexpressible wonder and despair.

"I would not have come," she said, half choking with childlike passion, "to make you angry or vexed; but I thought you were too fond of me for that; it is such a little while ago since you always gave me the kindest word and smile of any one, and I do not know what I have done to deserve your anger now. It was wicked to leave my home, but I did it out of my love for you—all the wrong I have done has been out of my love for you. Baron Josef says I have disgraced myself. I thought lightly of his words when he spoke them; my heart will break since I find that you think as he does. But he and Madame de Ladenburg have a right to say cruel things to me, because I have repulsed them. I have done it all for your sake, and yet ever one is kinder to me than you—"

"Yes," replied Dr. Jacob, sadly, "every one is kinder to you than I am."

There was a silence of some moments, during which Madame de Ladenburg's soft hand stroked the young girl's hair.

"My dear Katchen," she said, gently, "indeed you are misjudging Dr. Jacob. Remember, darling, that very many and great objections exist to—to his marrying you: you are young and do not know the world, but he is a man of experience, and, out of his very fondness for you, hesitates on the threshold of such an imprudence."

Katchen broke from her caressing hands with flaming eyes.

"Don't speak to me, Madame de Ladenburg—least of all, don't speak of Dr. Jacob just now—I cannot bear it. You have only kind motives, I know; but I shall appear ungrateful if you try to comfort me by defending him. Oh! perhaps I am wrong and wicked, and he has never deserved my anger, after all."

"Child," said Dr. Jacob, "no reproaches from your lips could hurt me as your confidence has done; not because I have been false to you, Katchen, but because my whole past life is unworthy of it. Could you know that past life, could you read my heart, you would feel that this apparent falseness is just the one truthful, blameless feeling of which I need not be ashamed. False as I have been to the world, to society, to my better nature, I have been true to you, and true only to you, my Katchen; because I have been true, and we are separated now—because I loved you as my child, we must be separated in the future. Could I bring you to shame and sorrow and trials numberless—you, so pure, so young, so unfit to bear them? Could I take you out of your youth and innocence for my own selfish ends? No, no, I am not good—I am not noble, I am quite unworthy of your affection—and I must leave you."

She drew nearer to him and said in a timid, beseeching voice—

"But you do not go alone. There is some one else who loves you very much, who—"

Dr. Jacob half caught up her meaning with a melancholy smile.

"You would fain believe me happy, my poor child; well, I shall not be alone—I shall have a nurse when I am ill, and a companion when I am tired of my own thoughts—a companion, moreover, who will care for my comforts beyond her own."

"You will have a wife, and that is why you are so cold to me," Katchen said, a true woman's jealousy and reproach underlying her words; "you should have told me this at first—it was not generous, not just."

"A wife, Katchen!"

The baroness tapped Katchen's shoulder with a merry mocking laugh, and repeated the words, too, adding—

"This then is the reason of your melancholy reverie, little Katchen! Well, a woman is a woman all the world over, no matter whether she has seen fifteen summers or fifty! I could have relieved your cares in a moment, had you only confided them to me, Katchen. Dr. Jacob may have had a dozen sweethearts in his time, but he has certainly no wife: you must be thinking of his daughter."

Katchen's cheeks crimsoned, and for a moment she stood still, overcome with shame and bewilderment. Then she drew nearer Dr. Jacob, and bending her golden head low over his hands, said, half in joy, and half in penitence—

"I felt that I could never be your wife, that I am not worthy; but what shall hinder me from still being as your child? You have a daughter who will look upon me as her sister, for your sake, and we might live so happily together. When you are out, we can arrange your room, and make little dishes for you that you like; and in the evenings you will read to us. Ah! we shall be so happy! I can play pretty well on the piano—the music of Mendelssohn and Schubert, the composers you like best; that will please you in the twilight; and I will improve my handwriting so as to be able to copy letters for you, and be of use. There will be enough for us two to do—your daughter and I—and yet we shall never feel that we serve you well enough. Shall it be so—will you let me call you father?"

"My Katchen, listen," replied Dr. Jacob, much moved: "such a life as this can never be for me—you, I trust, will have all and more than the happiness pictured in it, but you could have little happiness either as my wife or as my adopted child. Ah! how willingly I would have your innocent lips call me *father*, how gladly would I accept the services given by you with such love and joyfulness—but, Katchen, I dare not take you with us, I am not good enough, not happy enough. Hard as it is for you, my poor darling, it must be; this one meeting is our parting. And why?—because I am not good, and honorable, and true as you once thought me—because I am unable and unfit to call myself your protector. For your sake, dear child, I would gladly feel young again, would gladly cancel the years that are past, and the thoughts and deeds which have made them unworthy of you; but I cannot do this—it is too late, I can only recoil from the Past as I have made it, and take the dreary Future as it comes. But for you, Katchen, life may be beautiful, and good, and happy yet—*must* be, since you are so innocent and loving; forget me, forget everything connected with me, and hope afresh."

The young girl drew nearer to him, weeping bitterly.

"I could not if I tried," she said; "how could I wish to forget you?—even if you forsake me now—"

"Katchen," cried Dr. Jacob, in a passion of reproach, "if I forsake you now—though," he added, very sorrowfully, "forsaking is hardly the word—it will be just the one self-sacrificing deed of my life. I dare not drag you, sweet one, down to the level of my abasement; if I dared, I were the most heartless wretch under the sun."

He motioned her away, and covered his face with his hands; but she clung to him, forgetting the presence of the baroness, forgetting everything in the abandonment of her grief.

"Forgive all that I have caused you to suffer, and be happy for my sake," he said, softly, kissing her. "It is better so. None in all my life have I loved so well, and yet we must part. Farewell."

When the baroness, who was too well bred to remain within apparent earshot all this time, saw Dr. Jacob moving away alone, she returned to Katchen, all caresses and smiles.

"Don't cry, darling," she said; "you shall not be forced into anything against your will, and by-and-by, who knows, Josef may appear no worse than other men. Be brave, little one; you are not the first woman whose heart has been nearly broken by Dr. Jacob."

And Katchen's pride did what her self-control, unaided, could not have done.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

At noontime the same day, Professor Beer made his appearance in the apartments of the Brill family. He found Mrs. Brill sorting shirts and stockings for the laundress, Aggie reading the newspaper, Flory writing down the week's expenditure (that young lady being housekeeper), Mr. Brill penciling his Sunday's sermon on the backs of old letters, and Harry and Emmy playing at marbles. Nothing could equal the suavity and good-humor with which Aggie's old master was welcomed, nor the interest testified in his narrative.

At the first mention of Katchen's tears, Mr. Brill jumped to his feet, in extreme agitation.

"My dear Emily," he said, with as much reproach as he dared put into the adjective, "did I not say, over and over again, that I ought to fetch Katchen myself? What do we know about Madame de Ladenburg? Pleasant, accomplished, stylish, and that sort of thing, she undoubtedly is—but whether a good woman, or trustworthy, never seems to have troubled your head. I wish, my dear, you had listened to me in the first instance."

"But, papa," said Flory, sedately, "Katchen was in the wrong to run off to Heidelberg as she did—remember that."

"Wrong or right, she belongs to us; and the baroness is a woman of the world, of whom we know next to nothing. Don't you hear from the Herr Professor that she was unhappy, and worried to death about Baron Josef."

"Well, Tom," broke in Mrs. Brill, "I do think you take the matter rather *au sérieux;* the baroness is not an ogre, and Katchen stands no chance of being starved, poisoned, or beaten; she may hear rather more said in praise of Baron Josef than she likes, 'tis true—but he won't carry her off and marry her *nolens volens;* and, of course, I shall allow her to follow out her own inclinations ultimately. How could you go to Heidelberg, when you had two church-meetings to attend? How could I go, with all the children here—and the journey and hotel expenses would have been a dozen thalers at least! The baroness kindly offered to relieve me of the task, as she was bound thither; she has money enough at command, and nothing else to do but spend it—shouldn't I have been an idiot to refuse such an offer?"

"I shall go to-night to bring Katchen back anyhow," rejoined Mr. Brill, somewhat sulkily.

"You have my hearty concurrence, my dear," added his wife, with the greatest good-nature. "Katchen will doubtless value her home a thousand times more after this temporary absence, and I hope we shall find her a good husband in time. What do you think, Herr Professor?"

The professor declined an opinion, and Aggie said, pertly—

"You will at least own that Katchen is pretty. Herr Professor, a kind of Madonna—in fact, with blue, sleepy eyes, and yellow hair! Gentlemen admire that style of beauty!"

"And other kinds of beauty, too," added the professor, emboldened by Miss Aggie's attentions; and that young lady, being at a loss for beaux just then, contrived to keep up a battledoor and shuttlecock conversation with her old master, till the bell rang for *table d'hôte*, which he joined.

Whilst the professor was pleading for Katchen, and Dr. Jacob sat with the baroness beside the broken fountain, Elizabeth busied herself in making purchases for the coming journey, and in writing to her old friend, Fraulein Fink. She was very sad. Vague fears and misgivings forced themselves to her mind regarding the future; for she could not believe that her father had done with the world yet, the world that had flattered him, fondled him, forgiven him, kept him to itself for so many years. She saw, with secret satisfaction, his evident weariness and desire for repose; but she stood in fear of his master-passion—the love of power. Oh! she thought, if he were only able to enjoy simple pleasures, and, above all, could find in a library what he could never find in life—then all would be well!

She was right. Had Dr. Jacob made friends with books, and applied his fine intellect to higher pursuits than the study of man for his own small and selfish ambitions, the world would never have been so bitter to him. In our libraries we meet the highest intellects without fear, and are not crushed by them; we bring our own susceptibilities and dreams into the confidence of the poet we love best, and feel half-poets by so doing. With Plato and Homer, with Pascal and Molière, with Spenser and Newton, we are alike at home, unembarrassed, and purified. All good books are Bibles.

In the midst of Elizabeth's melancholy thoughts, a visitor was announced, whom she little expected to see—viz., Dr. Paulus. He shook hands with her, expressed his satisfaction at finding her at home. and then plunged at once into the pith and marrow of his errand.

"I believe," he said, with a slight smile, "that it is Dr. Jacob's daughter whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Jacob's daughter," she replied, not without a certain proud sadness.

"Miss Macartney, pardon—Miss Jacob," he continued, "I will be plain with you, and state the motive of my visit at once. We are friends, are we not, and understand each other? You love my child, and will therefore more readily excuse anything I may say to hurt your feelings. Connie loves you, and for many other reasons I am bound to show you respect and consideration. I repeat, we are friends?"

Elizabeth gave him her hand in reply. He went on in a business-like way—

"When, some months since, you declared it your intention to leave Frankfort, was not that intention formed on account of Dr. Jacob's arrival there?"

"It was."

"And on account of the arrival of another person—the Baroness de Ladenberg?"

She half rose, with a flush upon her cheeks, and said, impetuously—

"Is it necessary, is it right to question me thus? Oh! Dr. Paulus, I know he has committed many grievous faults, but he is my father, and so dear to me—forbear!"

"I would forbear if it were possible," answered Dr. Paulus, with the imperturbable face of an operating surgeon; "and I ought, before asking such questions, to have stated my reason for doing so; I will, however, hasten to repair my omission. You must know that your father's debts in Frankfort—"

"Debts!" repeated Elizabeth, turning very pale; "were they not paid?"

"Some were paid; and far better would it have been had they remained standing. Do you understand me, Miss Jacob?"

Her lips trembled, and the words she spoke failed to reach his ear. He could not bear the look of misery and shame that came over her face, and rose to the window. By-and-by, she said, faintly—

"Tell me all—it is right that I should know."

Before proceeding, he glanced at her; she was white and overwrought, but he read in her firmly-closed mouth and steadfast eyes a courage that was ready to encounter the worst.

"The debts that remain," he continued, "are sufficiently large to cause anxiety to the creditors, though they are trifling in comparison to those that were paid, as is supposed, as is proved almost beyond certainty, by Missionary Funds in your father's possession. I am sorry to make such communications, Miss Jacob; but sooner or later you would have learned them, and I cannot fulfill the purpose of my errand without full explanations on my part as well as on yours. Perhaps I can still in some measure help you; I have come to do so if I can. I must first, however, learn some particulars as to Dr.

Jacob's previous history. The fact is those of his well-wishers who yet stand by him will take an active part in his behalf, if they find that his past life deserves it. We know him to be eloquent, learned, charitable, full of social amiabilities; but we would fain know more. Believe me, you will best serve his interests, and, consequently your own, if you consent to answer such questions as I put to you."

"I will trust you," she said; "God knows I have need of your help and advice. Ask me what you please."

Dr. Paulus took out his note book, and commenced an investigation, which is owed in justice to the reader.

"Your sudden intention of leaving Frankfort was formed in consequence of your father's *liaison* with Madame de Ladenburg, was it not?"

"I feared that such a *liaison* existed," she replied, "and for many reasons was averse to meeting Madame de Ladenburg; but as far as she is concerned, my father's conduct did not disgrace me. There was no *liaison*, Dr. Paulus."

He looked up sharply.

"My dear madame, Dr. Jacob accompanied her in her drives, was constantly at her house, followed her to the Bergstrasse."

"There was no *liaison*," she repeated, firmly.

He made a note of her statement, and continued—

"Some circumstances of a serious nature had previously divided you from your father—he was living in apparent ease, you were governess in a day-school—how are we to account for such a state of things? Dr. Jacob's best friends cannot help throwing the balance of their opinions in your favor."

She answered, as if with great difficulty—

"It is a long story, sir, and I would sooner submit to torture than repeat it; but you have a claim on my confidence, and I will go over the unwelcome ground as quickly as I can. I have said that my father's name is unjustly linked too closely with that of Baroness de Ladenburg; but she has been my enemy for years, and my enemy because I opposed anything like intrigue between herself and him. Ultimately she divided us. This was seven years ago, in the year 185—; a few months after our acquaintance began. We were staying at a watering-place in Austria, my father, myself, and—and—an Englishman, who was to have been my husband. It is usual in such places for the inmates of the same hotel to form intimacies; there was therefore nothing extraordinary in the fact of many pleasure excursions being arranged between the party of the baroness and ourselves. Enough to tell you that this woman conceived the most violent fancy for my father—a fancy which led her into intrigue after intrigue for her own end. She falsified circumstances so as to convince me that my father was my bitterest enemy, and she convinced me that I was the hardest and most undutiful daughter."

"Then the baroness deceived you both?" said Dr. Paulus, biting his lips in perplexity.

"Yes, by making me believe he was her lover, and her unscrupulous lover; and, what is worse still, by making me believe that he countenanced her husband's admiration for myself. Oh! Dr. Paulus, it is a dreary history—have you not heard enough?"

"Answer two questions," he said, kindly, "and then we will leave the baroness and all connected with her. Was Dr. Jacob quite ignorant of her double-dealing in the matter? Was he really blameless in his conduct toward you?"

"Yes, a hundred times, yes," she answered; "he was absent when she practiced the deceit on me, and had therefore no opportunity of clearing himself. I imagined him to be cruel, cowardly, and cold; how could I do otherwise, when she showed me a letter in which he declared himself devoted to her, and ready to sacrifice me for her sake—?"

"The letter was forged!"

"It was forged, naturally, but I had no suspicions of fraud, and, worked into the utmost anguish, passion, and despair, by its poison, I left my home. For seven years I supported myself as a governess, hiding my place of abode and only gaining trace of my father now and then. *They* met again and again at Ischl, at Baden, at Vienna; I saw neither till a couple of months ago."

Dr. Paulus then asked several questions relating to Dr. Jacob's earlier history, the bearings of which can be given in a few words. Elizabeth dwelt with some natural pride upon the brilliant period of her father's youth, when, leaving Oxford with high honors, he first took society by storm, winning hearts as easily, perhaps easier, in the salon than in the pulpit; how he was courted by the world, and how he courted it; how he became the most fashionable of fashionable preachers, numbering dukes, statesmen, authors, and skeptics, among his congregation; how he entered into aristocratic circles, and married the penniless daughter of an Irish peer; how he impoverished himself by a luxurious *ménage* and a lavish charity, and tried to retrieve such expenditure by speculation; how he lived unhappily with his wife, and separated from her after the first six years of marriage; how he finally left London on account of pecuniary difficulties, passed some time in a country village, fulfilling there the duties of pastor, unexceptionably; how he traveled, and then afterward accepted a chaplaincy in the East, where he lived with his daughter till the period of his acquaintance with Madame de Ladenburg—all these facts need only be skimmed over for the reader's benefit.

"And now," said Dr. Paulus, when Elizabeth's recital was ended, "I can only thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, and assure you it shall be used solely with a view toward assisting Dr. Jacob in his difficulties. I confess I do not exactly see my way clear at present, but I will do my best; meantime, let me advise you, as a friend, to quit Heidelberg at once. He is not safe here."

She looked up with a new and sudden terror in her eyes.

"They will not put him in prison?" she whispered. "Oh! it cannot, must not come to that!"

"We will hope and trust not, my dear madam," answered Dr. Paulus, rising; "but remember my advice, and act up to it. I give it to you without authority, mind; I have no right whatever to warn you, even were I doubly assured of the necessity of warning—"

"Thank you—you are very good," she replied, offering her hand, which he shook, and then hurried toward the door briskly.

Just then a slow but firm step sounded on the stairs. Dr. Paulus recognized it at once, and changed countenance.

"Your father!" he murmured, in a low tone. "I would rather not see him, dear Miss Macartney—Miss Jacob. I *cannot* see him."

Putting her finger on her lips to implore silence, Elizabeth went to the door with the intention of preventing Dr. Jacob from entering, but she was too late. As she touched the handle, he pushed it from without, and before the face of Dr. Paulus had changed from its expression of consternation, he stood before them. It was strange then to observe the way in which these two men changed places with each other. Dr. Jacob, from an inner consciousness of humiliated pride and self-degradation, grew rigidly cold and haughty; though in his heart he bowed down before the rectitude of the other's life. Just because he compared it to his own with such disadvantage, because he felt how much healthier and nearer Heaven was this honest, plodding Christian career, than that of his own startling, meteor-like success; because he remembered his last and worst sin, almost as it were a sin against Dr. Paulus, did he shrink from want of a better self-dignity into self-contempt, which shows a surface prouder than pride.

Dr. Paulus, on the contrary, erect, cheerful, full of confidence, and personal dignity as he was on all ordinary occasions, now drooped his crest, and folded his wings like a conquered fighting bird. All the light went out from his eyes, all the briskness from his square symmetrical figure, all the authority and elasticity from his voice.

"Forgive me if I intrude," he said, utterly at a loss for composure; "I came in the hope of being of service—that is, I will do all within my power—"

"You are very kind," broke in Dr. Jacob, cutting his friend's sentence in halves with an icy voice; "but I cannot accept your kindness, since I have forfeited all right to it. Thank God, I am not too old to work yet—I can still, perhaps, pay my debts without the aid of charity—and," here he blushed a little, "earn back the money I have misappropriated. See, I have a little of it left."

He emptied the contents of his purse on the table, in all amounting to about fifty pounds, and then added to the heap his rare diamond ring, his antique breast-pin, his watch and seal; Dr. Paulus watching him with disconcerted eyes as he proceeded to fold up both money and trinkets in paper.

"Let them go to the fund which I have robbed," he said, holding out the packet to him; "it is not vain to hope that I may replace the rest in a few months. I will do my best. To promise more would be useless."

An embarrassed silence followed, during which Dr. Paulus eyed the folded paper forced upon him, as if it contained hot coals; at length he rose to go, bade adieu to Elizabeth cordially, then advanced to her father with outstretched hand.

"Let me wish you well at parting, sir," he said, in a nervous voice; "for we shall never perhaps come again in each other's way. God bless you!"

The outstretched hand was not taken, but at the last words, spoken as they were with honest, impetuous, manly feeling, a change came over Dr. Jacob's features. He felt that this good man's heart still went with him, still owned him, still absolved him; in spite of all that had happened, in spite of their antagonistic lives, past and to come, in spite of the guilt on one side and the rectitude on the other, nature had it all her own way now—the warm brotherly, human affection gushed forth, hiding the surrounding darkness, illumining it, warming it, opening upon it vistas of distant light, and distant though not unreachable heavens. If Dr. Jacob had ever put faith in any man it was in Dr. Paulus, but to this point of forgiveness his belief had not reached. He could not conceive a sympathy broad enough and strong enough to bridge over the deep gulf of difference lying between them; he could not think well enough of himself to imagine Dr. Paulus hoping for him, caring for him, making allowance for him still. The very reason of his coldness, was this feeling. Had Dr. Paulus been less virtuous, he would have held up his head in spite of his virtue; had Dr. Paulus been less modest, he would not have wanted for self-confidence in his presence.

His heart was melted now to that point which renders the strong man like a weak woman, the man of the world like a little child. He took the hand held out to him, a hand as warm and cordial in its clasp as it had ever been, and said—

"The worst of all is, that I have played traitor to you. For the sake of your little ones, forgive me."

Men of the strongest mental powers, men who would have suffered martyrdom for a principle in the Dark Ages, men who meet pain and death, and all the things most terrible to us, with unflinching eyes, are just those men least capable of hearing certain emotions, hardly of pleasure, yet akin to it, hardly of pain, yet painful. For instance, to feel that Dr. Jacob gave to him, what he gave no one else, namely, the sincere penitence of his richly-gifted though erring nature—to feel that his sorrow, his tears, his trembling words, his shaking hands, were all as so much homage to his own less noble but juster, steadier self—never had Dr. Paulus been a sadder and a humbler man. He measured generously the great difference between them, giving the other his full measure of superior gifts, his grand persuasive voice, his large and liberal mind, his overflowing charity, his sweet humanities, his capabilities of wisdom and virtue. Oh! to what pitch of perfection might he not have arrived!—whilst to himself no such possibilities had been granted, yet he was walking on smooth pastures of self-respect, ease, public esteem!

He did not trust himself to speak, but his moist eyes and quivering lips told Dr. Jacob as much, perhaps more, than words could have done. The two men clasped hands and looked in each other's eyes silently, each reading the other's thoughts, each feeling that it was for the last time, each sad that their parting should have come, and come thus!

Dr. Paulus hurried away, full of thoughts which he communicated to no one—thoughts which made him grave for days after, which impressed, in some degree, all the after-phases of his outward as well as his inner life.

CHAPTER XLIX.

As soon as Dr. Paulus had gone, Dr. Jacob begged to be left alone; and Elizabeth, feeling that she could not urge upon him the necessity for leaving Heidelberg just then, reflected long and earnestly on the intelligence she had just received. She was a woman of great energy and promptitude, excessively proud as to fulfillment of duty, and scrupulously careful as to justice in monetary transactions. All her life this last principle had waged war with the opposite one ruling her father's actions; but in leaving Frankfort, the city of so many successes and humiliations, she had hoped that he would begin life on a simpler and more wholesome *régime*, spending sparely, and asking credit of no one. She was bitterly disappointed to find that he had left heavy obligations behind him. Had he clearly and candidly explained the state of his affairs, however culpable he might have proved himself in so doing, she would have loved him better for the confession, and set to work with the double strength of love and pride to release him from difficulty. But this reticence on his part hurt her more than the most startling revelations could have done. She would set to work no less strenuously now, though with less heart.

Revolving many practical womanly plans in her mind for making money and earning comforts for him, she put on her bonnet and walked toward the town. It occurred to her that whilst at the Poste Restante, the official had started on hearing her name, and at the same time interchanged a look with one of his colleagues. This circumstance awakened her suspicions, and with the natural quickness of her sex, she immediately linked it to the threatened danger suggested by Dr. Paulus. Were they watched? Would her father be tracked like a common thief? Would he be hurried off to prison just as he had crossed the threshold of a newer, calmer, better life?

She was right. They were watched.

Before leaving the market-place, she stopped at a fruit-stall, in order to look round, and then caught sight of a tall, slim figure in the distance, that had been well known to her in Frankfort. Perhaps our readers may remember Dr. Jacob's visit to the Römer, detailed in an early chapter of this story, and the introduction he received upon that occasion to two police functionaries, one of whom boasted of an extraordinary tallness of stature and vigilance of eye. This gentleman, wearing the sword and peculiar uniform of his profession, would have attracted notice anywhere—firstly, for his giraffe-like elevation above his fellows; and secondly, for his wonderfully bright and observant eyes, that seemed to have the power of seeing everything at once, and not only the shell but the pith and marrow of it also. Elizabeth Jacob had little difficulty in understanding his sudden advent in Heidelberg. Her father's debts had placed him in the power of the law, and its agents were on his track.

She had a very ready store of expedients, and after a short but decisive deliberation, the following points seemed clear to her:—

Firstly—The only chance of present escape lay in giving her watcher a false clew.

Secondly—The only chance of final escape, lay by the Neckar, since the rail would already have been made unsafe.

Thirdly—The only chance of escape at all lay in promptness.

Having followed out these conclusions to their ultimate end and practicability, she walked leisurely toward her lodging. We have before mentioned that it was situated in a narrow street leading to the less frequented entrance of Heidelberg Castle, fronting green heights, and having narrow gardens at the back stretching toward the river. Elizabeth Jacob took in at a glance all the advantages and disadvantages of this position. Could she once succeed in baffling her vigilant pursuer, so as to gain an hour's time, all would be well; and if she succeeded in her object, it must be by making use of the river. But the difficulty of persuading Dr. Jacob to flight, added to the difficulty of getting him quickly to the water's edge, was the heaviest she had to encounter. Her first step was to ascertain the amount of danger she should incur by blinding the people of the house as to their movements.

"If the Hausfrau is at home," she said to the cook, who was bearing in water from the well, "tell her that she may prepare coffee for us in an hour's time; and, Lischen, should a gentleman call here inquiring for Dr. Jacob, say that he will find us in the Castle Gardens, for we are going thither at once."

Lischen disappeared in the culinary regions, and Elizabeth entered her own apartments, locking the glass door after her, and drawing the curtains closely behind it, so as to convey the idea of absence to passers-by. Hastily collecting her money and valuables, she sought Dr. Jacob, who was seated in the sitting-room overlooking the garden, his hat and stick beside him, as if just laid by.

"Dear father," she said, "I want to ask a favor of you—the afternoon is so cool and lovely, and the river lies so temptingly before us, humor my whim, and take a row with me."

"Now?" he asked, listlessly.

"Now," she answered, opening the door of the innermost room that led to the garden. "See, we have only five minutes' walk if we choose this way to the water's edge. Oh! be quick, lest the air gets too cold. Come!"

She had not been able to restrain a certain agitation of manner, and it aroused him.

"You have some reasons for this—tell me?" he asked, anxiously.

"I am burning to enjoy the Neckar that Schiller loved," she replied, with a forced laugh; "and if we delay, there wil be no more sunset on the hills. Was I not always passionately fond of Nature and poetical association? Let me have my own way."

"Oh! yes," was the absent answer, and they entered the garden together. This back way to the river proved by no means an enticing one, passing as it did through many a choked-up *cul-de-sac*, and abutting upon the unventilated town shambles. Nor was the prospect from the landing place suggestive of pleasure-trips. No pretty boats or gay steamers were in sight; the river was muddy and low; the neighboring slaughter-houses and fishermen's beer-houses exhaled unwholesome smells and sounds; the shore swarmed with squabbling chidren, barking dogs, and wretched geese; excepting one or two dingy craft, laden with fruit and vegetables, there was nothing to convey the idea of any possible transit.

Dr. Jacob shrugged his shouders.

"We have come to the wrong place," he said, "and had better cross the bridge, and enjoy a pleasant walk instead of this mythical row, Elizabeth. Anyhow let us get out of the fearful atmosphere prevalent here by the quickest possible route—it is stifling."

Just then a boatman appeared from one of the beer-houses we have above mentioned, and jumping into the midst of the cabbages and potatoes, prepared his oars as if to set off. Acting upon a sudden and involuntary idea Elizabeth addressed the man in Suabish German, asking his destination. He replied that he was bound for a village a few miles up the river.

"We are desirous of going there by water to-night," she said; "will you take us?"

Germans are never shocked or surprised into incivilities at a precedent, and the boatman assented good-naturedly, merely adding, that he never had taken any such passengers before, and was doubtful if they could find a dry seat.

"Are you mad, Elizabeth?" asked Dr. Jacob, who had understood only the drift of this dialogue; "it is all very well to enjoy a sunset on the Neckar under some circumstances, but to do so in company with reeking krauts and onions is not to my taste, if it be to yours."

"Father," said Elizabeth, quickly and firmly, "we *must* leave Heidelberg to night. Every moment that we linger brings new danger with it—if you do not go with me now, the last years of your life, instead of being spent in happy ease with me will wear away miserably in prison. Come, whilst there is yet time; your best friends wish you to save yourself. There is nothing to keep us here—there is everything to drive us away. Oh! for my sake—"

Tears were in her eyes, and a trembling eloquence was in her voice as she spoke, but he stood like one beyond the reach of either.

"Come," she reiterated, gathering fresh energy as she saw all the danger of his indifference, "no time must be lost if we would save ourselves. For God's sake, father, listen to me—"

"Why should I not remain here, to bear the just consequences of my acts? Except that you need me, there is nothing to make life or its privileges valuable to me. The cards that I won are taken out of my hands, and I have no energy to play for them again. Let the worst come!"

"No, the worst shall not come! You are old, and I am your daughter—your daughter who loves you, and who has lost you so long. My father, do not break my heart, and take from me all that is worth living for. Am I not alone in the world? Who else will cleave to me if you forsake me? Oh! suffer me to be happy at least!"

He was touched now, and had turned away that he might not be pained by the sight of her tears.

"And Katchen?" he asked.

"Katchen has nothing to fear from the future. You could not serve her better than by leaving her, since in forgetfulness of you lies her best chance of happiness. If not for mine, for Katchen's sake, father?"

They entered the boat and placed themselves on a heap of hay, so as to be sheltered from the rising breeze. The boatman lighted his pipe and plied his oars. Silently and swiftly they passed under the shadow of the crested Jettenbühl, and ere the hills had cooled from the burning flush of the sunset, Heidelberg Castle grew faint and faded before their eyes, recalling a tattered crimson banner which some victorious Titan had set up in the upper air ages ago, and never wind or storm had ruffled since.

CHAPTER L.

SHORTLY after the events recorded in our last chapter, a curious meeting took place at the house of Dr. Paulus. It was composed of all those persons more particularly interested in Dr. Jacob, and as they have for the most part already made the reader's acquaintance, we will proceed without delay to report their transactions.

Dr. Paulus is the first to speak. He looks a shade thinner and older than when we saw him first, and a few white hairs are perceptible in his close black locks; his voice, too, wants its accustomed decision and cheerfulness. It is evident that the late strange phase in the history of Frankfort has hurt him to an unusual degree.

"My friends," he began earnestly, and with a deep underlying vein of feeling, "I could weep with you to-day, if no heavier and more incumbent duties than those of brotherly love and Christian pity for the lost sheep of Israel had called us together: but, if I read the Scriptures aright—and I have made it the first aim of my life so to do—when we have expended prayers and tears innumerable—yea, tears that had their source in the most hidden, most painful humiliation that a Christian can feel—when we have taken the bitterness of our tribulation between our teeth—tasted it and swallowed it, as so much physic sent from the hand of the Great Physician of our souls, trusting and hoping that much healing, comfort, and spiritual health will arise to us thereby—then I say, my brothers, that so, being strengthened, and purified, and enlarged, both in the muscularity of our bodies and souls, we shall no longer abide in the Temple, but come forth into the open air to do our work manfully. So now, having lamented, wept, and prayed over the transgressions of him whom we loved once to call friend and brother, let us no longer delay to examine the sins of which he is accused, rendering justice alike to him and to those honest and hard-working people whom he has wronged. But first, let me ask all of you here assembled, to bring forward no facts concerning Dr. Jacob which do not directly and immediately bear upon the object of our meeting; and also let me entreat you to remember that our meeting can have but one object—viz., the administration of justice in our small community, and the prevention of further such transactions and conspiracies as may tend to the slandering and contemning of our church, and, in consequence, to the displeasure of its great and only Head. Firstly, therefore, I call upon those persons having claims of any description whatever on Dr. Jacob, to lay them before me."

Mr. Wood then rose, and with some haste and vehemence, objected to the form of Dr. Paulus's proposition.

"You affirm, Dr. Paulus," he said, "that we are here assembled to render justice to Dr. Jacob; but, as far as my experiences go, it is more usual to speak of bringing a criminal to punishment in such cases. Again, might it not be as well to say *the person calling himself Dr. Jacob*, since we are quite ignorant as to the veracity of his title?"

Dr. Paulus bit his lip.

"If you would kindly allow me to follow out my own plan of conducting this meeting," he answered, icily, "such questions should be ignored till a later and fitter moment. I am in a condition to answer you fully, and am willing to do so: but it seems to me that Dr. Jacob's liabilities must necessarily form the first object of inquiry. What is the opinion of other gentlemen present?"

Mr. Brill coughed violently, and by that means escaped giving an opinion at all. The creditors naturally held with Dr. Paulus; only one English gentleman, and he a new-comer, supported Mr. Wood.

The bills were then laid on the table. Dr. Paulus glanced over them without remark, but Mr. Brill could not forbear a titter, and Mr. Wood broke out into open invective.

"Thirty-five florins for eau-de-Cologne alone!" he exclaimed, with a sneer: "more money than my wife has ever spent upon perfumes in her life—and this sum in about eight weeks! Really, gentlemen, we must take the extreme lavishness of the man's debts into consideration! Debts for bread and clothing I can look over, where there is a willingness to pay; but debts for knickknacks which only shop-boys and dandies ever dream of wanting—it's disgusting!"

"Dr. Jacob was also fond of pale kid gloves, it seems," added Mr. Brill; "for here is an account for twenty pair, dear me! and I never had a pair of light gloves in my life! One would think he was born a duke!"

"It is very singular that no article for which he got into debt was absolutely necessary," said one of the new-comers; "upon my word, this Dr. Jacob must have had the strangest turn of mind."

"The strangest want of principle, you mean," bitterly retorted Mr. Wood. "I have no common patience with gentlemen swindlers. Look here—twenty-five thalers for carriage hire! Seven thalers for soda-water! Thirty thalers for books! And, upon my soul! twenty-four thalers for a musical box!"

When all the bills had been examined, Dr. Paulus quietly summed them up and declared the sum total. No one made any remarks, and he then asked permission to read one or two letters, lately received from England, concerning Dr. Jacob. As he read on, his voice gained cheerfulness and his brow cleared.

"Dr. Jacob," so ran the first letter, "is, as he reports himself to be, a clergyman of the Church of England and a Doctor of Divinity. I subjoin the register both of his ordination and assumption of degree, extracted from the clergy list. He was introduced to me a few months since, whilst on a passing visit to England, by a letter from my brother in the church, the Bishop of J——, who mentioned him as having labored zealously and conscientiously as a chaplain in the East for several years. I subjoin the bishop's letter for your perusal. Dr. Jacob's fore and after history is unknown to me. He struck me as being a remarkable man, full of eloquence in the pulpit, and, for a clergyman, unfortunately fascinating in society. It was said that he had formerly lived too much in the world, but his bearing was at all times in keeping with his profession. If Dr. Jacob has left your town in debt, I feel assured that it was not a premeditated offense."

This letter being signed by a well-known statesman, and backed by the further testimony of a bishop, created a new and deep impression upon the hearers of Dr. Paulus. Mr. Wood's face changed from contemptuous animosity to grave concern. Mr. Brill looked sorrowful and, for once in his life, decided. The creditors with one accord took up their bills.

Then Dr. Paulus spoke again.

"You are now convinced," he said, with some pardonable triumph in his voice, "that Dr. Jacob came among us as no pretender to the dignity of Christ's minister. Whatever sins he may have committed—and I own they were many and great—he committed under no falsely assumed character, but as a clergyman. As a clergyman, therefore, we must judge him. I now call your attention, however, before entering minutely into Dr. Jacob's defalcations, to the circumstance that some absurd reports have got afloat regarding his personal history, and an anonymous letter that I received after his arrival in Frankfort has been adduced as evidence against him. This letter (I speak on the testimony of the writer) was written out of sheer private malice by a lady, with whose name Dr. Jacob's has been often coupled—Madame de Ladenburg. Again, you have heard, doubtless, that he left in company with another lady—and she was hinted at one time to be his wife—at another to be a less reputable connection. I can assure you, on the most incontestable evidence, that this lady is his daughter. I have had opportunity of previously forming her acquaintance, and can add, that she is a person of eminent good qualities and accomplishments. Having so far cleared Dr. Jacob from all charges of falseness—"

"I object to the words 'all charges of falseness,'" broke in Mr. Wood, hastily; "it was falseness to promise payment, and afterward break such a promise."

"Having proved, at any rate," continued Dr. Paulus, "that he appeared among us as no counterfeit of the real coin of gentleman, we must now consider his offenses. I own their magnitude alarms me. For debt is something so degrading, so harassing, so shackling to the freedom of a man, that I can understand no one obtaining the least thing on credit, necessary or unnecessary, without forfeiting all self-respect and peace of mind. True, that Dr. Jacob's debts are not large; nevertheless, they are large compared with the time, circumstances, and means which we must set against them, being all contracted in a few weeks, under no pressing need, and with small chance of payment. Again, and this is the crowning sin and sorrow, we miss one—that one the largest debt of the number. Think of it, my brothers, the money that Dr. Jacob had earned in a holy cause—the money that had been consecrated by prayer, and given by charitable people for the conversion of erring fellow men—this money went to the vainest of secular purposes. He was a clergyman, and gifted with marvelous eloquence, sweet graces and humanities, a mild, lovable, ineffable manner; he had served the Church faithfully under trying circumstances, had prayed by her altars, had blessed and taught her children—this man, so strangely gifted, so experienced in the world, so full of love for others, so tender toward the old and the weak, so beautiful of aspect—this man suffered himself to be tempted of the Devil, and fell! Instead of judging him, should we not rather pray for ourselves, seeing that we know not how we also may be led astray? We must believe, looking on all we know of his past, we must believe that he halted and looked back in the dark, trying to catch the Saviour's hand on those terrible waters of temptation. Who will say that he should have proved himself stronger? And we have lived calmly and in temperate atmospheres, having the bread and wine of our homely lives within reach, and perhaps born with no inherent cravings for more. But let me cease, and having spoken out freely, invite all who are willing, to do the same. I fully admit Dr. Jacob's culpability, but I would urge upon you such circumstances as may mitigate your indignation against him."

He sat down, somewhat pale and over-wrought, for his heart had been poured out into his words, and with him excitement was as wearing as it was novel. He had moved others also. Mr. Wood looked crestfallen. Mr. Brill twice rose and sat down again, finally delivering himself of a chaotic jumble of words, that had very little meaning whatever. A long silence was followed by a warm discussion, during which, many minor points of this history were touched upon, and many extraneous feelings of discord and jealousy inadvertent to it were brought forward. The meeting, however, ended satisfactorily in the following resolutions:

Firstly—That all sums collected at the English Church by missionary preachers, in future, should be duly taken account of, and held in keeping by, the church warden, till its expenditure.

Secondly—That no clergyman should be suffered to preach without a previous personal introduction to the chaplain, consul, and church-wardens.

Thirdly—That no clergyman should be allowed to make subscriptions, except in the church, and publicly before the congregation.

Fourthly—That a small indemnity should be collected among the English for the neediest of Dr. Jacob's creditors, and that such installments as might henceforth arrive from Dr. Jacob, Dr. Paulus alone should administer.

The assembly then broke up.

CHAPTER LI.

It is Easter Monday in Vienna, a year after. The stream of vivacity and national lightness of heart, which has been frozen during the long Lent asceticism, breaks forth into sudden sunshine, and floods the streets with an unceasing ripple of gayety. Truly, there is no second city for pleasantness like Vienna, and it reaches the height of its ebullient liveliness in Easter. Whether you stroll along the Graben, with its gay shops and painted allegorical shutters, its streams of omnibuses and droskies, whose horses wear gaudy trappings, and whose drivers never raise the pipe from their lips save to shout as they turn a corner; or whether you lounge in the lovely aisles of living green of the Prater, enjoying its smooth undulating sward, its gleaming islets, its bands of music, its glittering carriages and clatter of horses' feet; or leaving the seven-storied houses of the city, its bazaars and arcades, its unmacadamized streets, its princely cafés and hotels, all white and shining and warm in the clear sunlight; its towering cupolas, its quiet old cloister of the Scotch Benedictines, its gigantic barracks, and light bridges spanning the ever-curled Danube; its majestic St. Stefan's; its ramparts, and far reaching emerald green Glacis, flanked by palaces, and shaded here and there by chestnut alleys—everywhere crop up evidences of that volatile happy humor which renders the Viennese the most charming people under the sun, and the readiest to seize all Easter Mondays of life by the forelock.

But among the happy hundreds of thousands who are seeking pleasure within and without Vienna on this festive day, we are only concerned with one, and him we find strolling leisurely down the Graben, looking at the group of short-skirted Sclavonian peasants, with their holiday headgear of white linen and high leather boots—at the gay heap of Easter eggs for the little ones in the windows—at the regal Lichtenstein equipage, with its footmen in scarlet coats and silver shoulder-knots—at the pretty Hungarian ladies with their national braided cloaks and delicate lace shawls, pinned under their chins by way of bonnets—at the Imperial carriage, with its four white horses and orange-liveried postilions—at the elegant and *spirituelle* Viennese, with their small chiseled features, brilliant color, and tall fawn-like figures—at the knots of priests in long coats, broad-brimmed hats, and shining top-boots—at the military without number, wearing white uniforms and gay facings.

A smell of incense pervaded the streets, for prayers were being said in all the churches, and Dr. Jacob quickened his steps in order that he might not lose High Mass in the glorious old Cathedral of St. Stefan. He rarely entered a place of worship from motives of curiosity, and abhorred the Romish doctrines; but to-day his spirits were strangely out of tune with the joyfulness around him, and his nerves, after a long quiescence, had, on a sudden, threatened a terrible reaction. He felt that some strong excitement was his only remedy against extreme depression just then; and being no longer young, and no longer able to sun himself in the joy of wine or the smiles of women, he turned to St. Stefan's to be thrilled and moved and electrified by the most majestic music that the world offers.

Music is so much a religion in itself, that even the believer who stands as far removed from a Romanist as Cancer from Capricorn, cannot choose but worship when he hears a "Benedictus" or "Gloria" as it is given on a festival in the churches of Vienna. To those who would fain seek from the unfathomable Paternity of God, a consoling belief that not the creeds but the lives of men will prove wings to bear their spirits nearer to him in Eternity, it brings a feeling of humiliation and sweet fellowship to pray by the side of one who adores the same power in different ways.

Dr. Jacob paused a few seconds to delight his eyes with the matchless and massive grandeur of St. Stefan's, awed at the towering height of it, the gloom and breadth and somber antiquity of it. He was pained to see so many gaudy waxy Virgins, and ghastly Saviours trimmed with paper flowers, marring the rugged though powerful bas-reliefs that cover the outer walls. On every spot that his eye rested, he saw representations of Apostolic history and monkish legends with pious ejaculations in barbarous Latin. Having contemplated the stupendous tower, with its delicate proportions of arch and buttress, standing clear and defiant against the upper sky, and the roof, with its red and green tiles softened and mellowed by age, he entered, bestowing kreutzers here and there on the wretched old creatures who begged and counted their beads in the slanting sun.

Inside, the perfume of incense was rising in thick clouds and obscuring everything. By-and-by, when his eye had become familiar with the darkness, he could trace rich sculpture, fanciful wood-carving, altars and tombs of gleaming marble, delicate rose windows, lighting up the darkness like stars. He could not make his way for the throngs of worshipers, but stood beneath the stone pulpit of St. John Capistran. Silence prevailed—for the host was being elevated, and all present were on their knees; acolytes in white and red surplices were swinging the censers backward and forward. Soon the six gorgeously-robed priests retired to their station beside the altar, and the darkness and stillness and gloom were pierced by a woman's thrilling, pathetic voice. She was singing the "Ave Maria." Rising from notes of soft but steady passion, the voice ascended to its poise in the upper air, swift and straight like a skylark; then, when all the cloggings of earth and humanity were left far below, it swayed gently to and fro, in sweet pulsations of tenderness and entreaty, a messenger between earth and Heaven—God and man.

Dr. Jacob leaned upon a carved coping of the pulpit stair, and mused. He was not subject to impulsive emotion of any kind, much less to religious emotion; but he had been living for months past with one aim and intent—namely, to turn back the current of self-reproach that had set in from his past life, and had failed miserably. He felt now, as he had once said, that there is no fleeing from the silent reproach of God.

As the strain of that wondrously moving voice fell upon his ear, his heart softened. The purity and sweetness of it subdued him from his hard mood, and forced him to self-examination. Looking down into the clear pitiless waters of the past, he saw there all the *gaza Trojæ*, the broken weapons, the dishonored escutcheons, the solid armor, the ruined spoils of a life that might have been glorious, but had been apples of Sodom only. Talent, wealth, friends, every gift of fortune had strewn the threshold of his manhood, and he had trampled them like grass beneath his feet. What had he done with his youth? What had he done with his fullness and prime of years?

Every one has seen pictures whose first sketch of the master has been filled in by his pupils; of Michael Angelo, for instance, with lovely outlines of saints' heads, and crude backgrounds, wanting in all his thought, purpose, and color. And so, many noble ideas of the great artist have no sooner left his fashioning hand, than all is marred, disfigured, changed. Something of this thought was in Dr. Jacob's mind, as he leaned, half dreaming, half thinking, in the gloomy nave of St. Stefan's. The gayety of the city without, his inability to attune his mind to the prevailing temper, his late monotonous and quiet life, all these formed so many chords which the "Ave Maria," as a key-note, had struck. He entered the cathedral in just that mood when men are easily moved to lightness or sobriety of mind, and, instead of either, he found himself unwillingly forced into the presence of a retributive memory.

What had he done with his life?

To that point his thoughts ever returned, and with increasing bitterness. In his old age—in the days of failing strength and fading grandeur of manhood, he must reap the harvest that he had sown when all the world was smiling on him. Therein lay the crowning self-reproach. No second harvest blooms for the despiser of the spring; no peace comes with the whiteness of a dishonored winter. He had lived joyously, recklessly, lavishly—grudging nothing to others, asking for himself but the homage so willingly accorded; seeking atonement for short-comings in duty by undue acts of liberality; upholding happiness, and beauty, and ease, at all risks; despising life, except for the enjoyment it yielded him—despising goodness, even when it hindered his pleasure.

Destiny was too strong for him now. He could resist much; he could not resist the slow, irrevocable approach of old age and infirmity. His triumphs were over. Others might enter the same lists, and break victorious lances in the same cause; for him there remained no more charm of the world or of society. A quiet armchair, a helpful woman's ministry, a Bible in large print, a short slow walk in the sun, a little gossip of the world and men and books, a few waifs and strays from the great sea of literature and politics—these only were needed in the haven of old age into which he was drifting. For this he had lived, and other men before him!

And the end! When the Bible should be shut for the last time; when the movements of the outer world, however large and startling, should be nothing more to him than to the grass already growing in the churchyard; when to-morrow should no longer mean light and movement, sights and sounds, pain and pleasure, but stillness, and darkness, and infinity—how would it fare with him then? The simple ineffable religion of Christ had of late seemed insufficient for his great loneliness, his great need. He had entered upon new fields of speculation and religious theory, seeking from philosophy what he could not find in the Gospel, losing his own individuality in the new luminous atmosphere around him, throwing heart, soul, understanding, into one great effort—the effort of Hope.

There is no hell he had said to himself; there is no punishment for sin, no Satan, no miserable Hereafter; deviation from the right is but the fruit of circumstance, the result of character, and is amply canceled by the sorrows and sufferings of life; each soul is no property of man, but a particle of the great cycle of Being, which has for its center one head, one beginning, one end, and around which revolve all lesser cycles, gaining, in each phase of motion, light, intensity, and grandeur. There is no human Birth, no human Death, but Life, Life Omnipotent, and Life Eternal, in which each human unit has a share; sin and sorrow are good and necessary, forming the night of the moral Universe, at their darkest, being illumined with merciful stars, and leaving gentle tears behind.

But grand and inthralling as he had found this religious system, there was yet wanting something of which he stood in need. He owned to himself that the Temple he had thus raised was too vast, too lofty, too spiritual for his small human capability and comprehension. He could not weep in it, he could not pray in it; he could not hide his face in it during the hours of weakness and despondency.

No—the Cross, with its emblematic shame and suffering and afterpeace; the Man of God, with his sublime simple goodness, and outstretched hands to bless all—hands which were pierced because he was better than other men; the prophet, priest, and king, who is brother alike of the strong and weak, the highly endowed and the idiot; whose life had such sweetness and sadness and solemnity, whose death such heroic suffering, whose resurrection such emblematical teaching—here, and here alone, is the best altar for the sick heart and fainting soul.

But he could not kneel before it. He could lose himself in a vague sort of devotional ecstasy anywhere—in a mosque, in a cathedral, in a synagogue, before a village sanctuary—but he felt further than ever from that simplicity of mind which enables one to clothe one's inner self with a creed as with a garment.

Without a church, without a home, without a duty—where then was his consolation? His capacity for power and pleasure was almost gone; he was poor, he was lonely—worst of all, he was old. He smiled bitterly as he reviewed this introspection, despising all humanity in himself, and thinking what a poor thing life was at best. Well, there was yet the instinct of existence, the undying delight in common air, sky and the seasons with their fruit. If books, if men and the world of art grew wearisome, this remained. To a temperament so sensuous as his, death could never come like a friend.

He left St. Stefan's as the last knot of worshipers were disappearing, and the sacristan's keys jingled down the aisles. Leaving the gay Graben to the left, he threaded his way through countless arcades and bazaars, and entered a gigantic house overlooking the Esterhazy palace and the old church of the Scotch Benedictines. Having ascended four flights of spiral stairs, he rang the bell of a pretty though modest *ménage*. A pleasant-faced landlady brought in supper, and hovered about him, petting him in the way which all women did naturally. When she had gone, he threw himself into an easy-chair, and took up a letter in Elizabeth's handwriting —for Elizabeth was not living with him now. He had found domestic life with her unbearably monotonous and full of retributive memories, and, seeing him fretted by her very tenderness, she went away under some plausible pretext. They had been parted too often and too painfully ever to live together in comfort, and she preferred to go whilst there yet remained a feeling of affection which could not have endured continued trials and shocks. Dr. Jacob read her letter with alternate smile and sigh. She wrote to him from a little town on the Rhine, where she had fallen in with some old friends—amongst those, him who had been, and was still, her lover, and she told him scraps of Frankfort news. He read, Katchen was about to marry, and none other than her old master, good, ugly, gaunt Professor Beer; then he read how Baron Josef had engaged himself to a young Jewish lady with an enormous fortune, and how the baroness had again appeared in Frankfort, taking the lead of the greatest circles, and having suitors innumerable at her feet; then he read of the Brills, of the good Dr Paulus and of his sick wife, of the little schoolmistress, Fraulein Fink, who had just married her niece, pretty Hannchen, and of others whom he had dazzled and dismayed a little while ago.

A little while ago! It seemed like a dream to him now—the last dream of so many, and perhaps the fairest. He put the letter aside, hoping that he might never hear of that time again; regretting that of all the rich gifts bestowed upon him at his birth the power of forgetfulness had been withheld. He could still enjoy, he could still think, he could still act; but he could not forget, and recollection was less bearable than intellect without faith, solitude without hope, old age without love.

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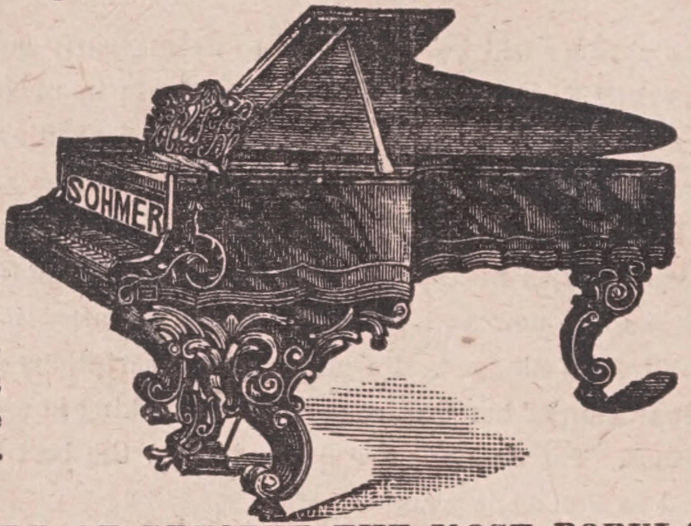

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