

LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

823  
W924f  
v.3



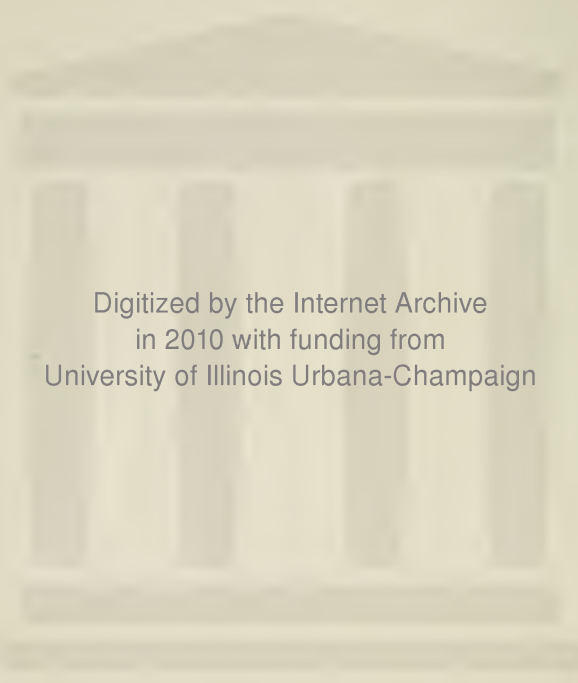


F I D E S,

OR

THE BEAUTY OF MAYENCE.

VOL. III.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

# F I D E S,

OR

## THE BEAUTY OF MAYENCE.

Adapted from the German.

BY

SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, BART.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:  
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1866.

*The right of Translation is reserved.*

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL,  
BLENHEIM HOUSE.



823  
W924f  
v.3

B O O K VI.

LENNIG AND JEAN BAPTISTE.

VOL. III.

B



## CHAPTER I.

THE month of October, which had been ushered in by terror and flight, those weeks generally so cheerily festooned with vine-leaves, and consecrated to mirth, had passed over the town very portentously. For the last ten days, however, the Mayennese had breathed more freely, as their fears of a severe and long-lasting siege had been assuaged by the surrender of the fortress to the French General-in-Chief Custine.

A polite enemy had marched in to take the place of the German garrison, and the sweet promises of a new freedom sought as cheerfully to gain a place in the hearts of the surprised citizens.

It was a pity that the season of the year did not favour any grateful expansion of thought. A heavy and melancholy atmosphere brooded over the desolate landscape, and threatened the fall of the first light snowflakes, as a sequel to the destiny which had fallen on the town. To this may be added the effect caused by the celebration of a very

solemn festival, at the time we write about. The bells tolled for the dead masses of All Saints' Day, and these hours spent in mourning, and melancholy family reminiscences, drove the people in crowds to the different churches. The only unusual thing to be noticed on this occasion was the throng which pervaded all the public places, for the streets swarmed with French soldiers of the line and National Guards, the drums beat, the noisy *ça-ira* sounded merrily, and the "Marseillaise" roared from the discordant brass bands.

On this solemn day the curious appearance of the French was especially noticed, for they were just as ragged and dirty at the present time as they had appeared twelve days before, after the unexpected capitulation. The populace laughed, but the right-thinking Mayennese citizens could with difficulty accustom themselves to this merry and animated uncleanliness, which was not merely paraded openly, but had taken up its quarters in the domiciles of the better classes.

The dissatisfaction prevalent among the inhabitants ought not, in fact, to be wondered at. The Mayennese citizen, who had ever been accustomed to decorated and powdered parade soldiers, with their closely-fitting coats and breeches, well-polished gaiters and glistening arms, entertained a contemptuous feeling of disgust for such dirty and

ragged fellows, some of whom did not even wear the blue uniform, with its red facings, but helped themselves out with the best *bourgeois* coat or peasant's blouse they could get hold of, and, with pistols in their belts, more resembled brigands than regular troops. These merry strangers presented a strange contrast to the "priest-soldiers," with their stiff carriage and pedantic movements. In their military drills, and the manner in which they were exercised, they scarcely kept step, they carried a pipe in their mouths without being punished for it, or played tricks on their officers. And how strange it seemed, in comparison with the former strict discipline, to see a National Guardsman standing as sentinel, with a lump of uncooked meat fixed on his bayonet, a loaf of ammunition bread attached to his firelock, or a fish, in a linen bag, fastened to his knapsack, and suspended over his cartridge-box!

But even if all these peculiarities of the soldiers belonging to the new order of freedom might excite only temporary notice, and in the end be found quite natural, still there was no lack of other manifestations which aroused a feeling of invincible disgust. These soldiers of the *Garde Nationale* were filthy to such an extreme that no one liked to undertake the purification of their linen, and, in consequence, they might be seen on

the flat banks of the Rhine, half undressed, and, while singing and whistling, busily engaged in washing their clothes. It was quite horrifying, too, to observe that the soldiers in every street, and in open day, gave way to propensities which caused every respectable citizen to entertain no very high notion of the cleanliness and decency of the apostles of this new liberty, and which threatened the city, generally kept in such a state of propriety, with both actual and moral pollution.

During a requiem in the Cathedral a Capuchin monk wandered through the streets with a wallet, and made inquiries about the Ecclesiastical Councillor Garzweiler's residence. When he knocked at the door he distinguished in the passage a feminine giggle, and a manly voice uttering a few words in broken German. A pretty young woman opened the door, and a French officer, of prepossessing appearance, left the house at the same moment.

After being ushered up-stairs, the monk entered the room, and stood near the door, with the salutation, "Jesus Christ be praised!" smiling, and desirous to see if Garzweiler still remembered him. The latter had advanced towards him with a serious and inquiring glance, and said, after a short time spent in reflection,

"My God! Hilarion Wagnmüller!"

“Then you still remember me?” inquired the Capuchin; and Garzweiler offered him his hand, with the words,

“Certainly, Hilarion, although your red beard has gained a chocolate tinge.”

At this remark the monk threw his wallet on one side, and embraced Garzweiler.

Each measured the other, while comparing their present and their former appearance, and sighed at the recollection of the happy years which had elapsed since their last interview. They called to mind the sweet season when they had lived as neighbours on the cheerful banks of the Main—Hilarion in the Capuchin monastery at Wertheim, Garzweiler in the Franciscan at Milteberg. Hilarion’s reminiscences presented themselves with a much more attractive hue than his friend’s, who would indeed have preferred to sink them in oblivion. Garzweiler at last desired to be informed what had brought the other to Mayence, after an absence of such duration.

“Where do you come from now?” he inquired.

“Straight from Krautheim,” was the reply; “I am here as the Elector’s legate *à latere*.”

“The Elector at Krautheim!” cried Garzweiler, with astonishment; “we fancied him in Eichsfeld.”

“Nothing of the sort, old fellow; he’s at Kraut-

heim, residing in the old château. It is true that no one could have expected such a thing."

"Yes, yes," added Garzweiler, with an ironical smile; "the Condenhove, of course, is also at Krautheim?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the monk, as he held his fat stomach, "I understand you, old fellow."

Garzweiler had quickly reflected that the monk might have a secret mission, and asked him, while concealing his curiosity under the cloak of a jest, whether his wallet was an honest beggar's pouch, the property of the monastery, or merely served as a safe-conduct.

With a smile full of cunning, the monk raised the wallet from the floor, selected a marked loaf from a number it contained, and as he laid it on the table, begged for a knife.

"Wait a moment, I'll give you wine to your bread," said Garzweiler, as he rang the bell. "I quite forgot how we ought to treat Capuchins, if we wish them to speak."

The young maid-servant, who had already made all preparations, immediately, on hearing the bell, entered with a sealed bottle and some biscuits. Garzweiler ordered a cover to be laid for the monk at the dinner-table, with the remark, "You know, to-day is a fast day, and I cannot offer you any meat."



To which Hilarion replied, as he looked at the maid-servant,

“Ei! ei! you make fasting and abstinence too severe, Ignatius, by allowing yourself to be waited on by such a charming person as that.”

“My old servant,” continued Garzweiler, with indifference, “has left me—she was a spy on me, and deceived me. Now I have chosen a young and pleasing person, who pays more attention to her looking-glass than to my conduct, and who causes the French to suspect me of a weakness of the heart, behind which I can conceal my policy. You see,” he cleverly added, “I am quite frank with you.”

“You were always a clever fellow,” said the monk, with a laugh; and began making merry at the circumstance that Garzweiler had been tricked by the lamb with which he wished to decoy the French, alluding to the young officer he had met in the passage.

“I know! I know!” exclaimed Garzweiler, in a tone of annoyance. “I must contrive to quarter him elsewhere—he is the most light-headed and impudent fellow in the world; his name is Cardinet, and he is one of Custine’s adjutants. This is one of the consequences of the new liberty and equality, that not even ecclesiastics are free from soldiers, but are burdened like anyone else.”

In the meantime, Hilarion had with a knife cut the bottom of the loaf from the upper crust, and now shook a bundle of letters out. Garzweiler threw a transient glance on the addresses, but at the same time quietly filled the glasses, betraying no curiosity, and treating the whole matter of the mission as of very slight import, with the intention of arousing the monk's vanity, and urging him to make a fuller communication on the subject.

Hilarion lay stretched out at his ease in the fauteuil, twining and untwining his triply-knotted girdle round his coarse brown hand, and urging the moderate Garzweiler to drink, only that he might more frequently fill his own glass.

"Then you positively will not try my bread?" he said, with that comfortable laugh so peculiar to a priest. "But I wonder whether the spiritual and secular councillors these letters are addressed to will follow the Elector's invitation? But what have you in Mayence?—it is no longer the old and golden city—it is filthy now—with dirty soldiers and French stench!—we may well say the French have contaminated you with their liberty! Faugh! I am quite disgusted with it!"

"And that is something, too, for a Capuchin to say," remarked Garzweiler, with a laugh.

"I'll measure my girdle round you if you laugh at me, you ex-monk!"

“Keep your holy rope, and do not forget the three knots fastened in it,” Garzweiler warned him; to which the monk replied, with a smile,

“It is true, old boy. The holy Francis must have supposed his sons very forgetful, to induce him to bind the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience on a rope round their bodies, as other persons make knots in their pocket-handkerchiefs.”

“Did you purposely mention obedience the last, Hilarion?”

“No; that is the order generally given to them, but everyone may arrange them according to his own good pleasure. But my top-knot stands for obedience.”

“Quite right, Hilarion; this knot rests on the stomach, and, in consequence, has a great command over its lord and master.”

“Be quiet, you satirical fellow, or rather tell me whether I can lodge with you for the couple of days during which I deliver my letters and receive the answers, or shall be obliged to go to our monastery, and solicit shelter from the superior.”

“You will attract less notice by lodging in the monastery,” said Garzweiler, “and can do me a service there, by sounding the monks a little.”

“Eh! have you anything for me?” interrupted Hilarion. “I am like a captain who has happily

discharged his cargo, and am now waiting for a return freight. Tell me what you have got for me?"

"I have something to give you for the Elector. I did not lately stand very well with the old gentleman, but at the present moment no one can do him better service than myself. But we will speak on this subject and some other matters at a more favourable time. You will go towards evening into the monastery, sound, with your accustomed cleverness, the Capuchin fathers, speak with your superior, and bring the right persons to dine with me to-morrow. My adjutant will be on duty, and we shall be quite alone. The monks must go into the country, and rouse the clergy and peasants against the French. I will put them on the right track, and, as a reward, give them a number of masses to read, for the benefit of the monastery."

"At what price?—how much a dozen, Ignatius?" inquired Hilarion curiously.

"Up to the present time a hundred good masses for the dead cost twenty-six florins, sixteen kreutzers—that is, sixteen kreutzers apiece; but I have a quantity at twenty kreutzers."

"Listen; let me have a half-hundred of them," entreated the monk. "I will give up for them three dozen I have to read at home; for with us the price is much lower."

“But, friend, would you permit the poor souls to wait so long?” cried Garzweiler with pretended anxiety.”

“Oh! Ignatius, how far behind the time you are,” replied the monk, as he refilled his glass. “Do you not know it all depends on the intention? When the masses have been arranged and paid for, it is as efficacious as if they had been read. Don’t you consider that the poor souls live in eternity, in consequence are bound to no time, and therefore the exactness of the day and hour is unimportant.”

Garzweiler laughed loudly, and cried, “What! So then the philosophic spirit has knocked at the gates of your monasteries, and puts some of its wisdom in your beards? With the mighty Kant, you argue about space and time, quality and quantity, in the matter of your masses for the dead.”

Hilarion, with an embarrassed smile, pressed the snuff in his box into a tight mass, and Garzweiler rose from the table. He advised his guest to deliver some of the letters before dinner, and to return at an early hour; and as he assisted him in sorting the epistles, it struck him there was none among them for the Government-Councillor von Wallbrun.

“Oh! at the Wallbruns’ I have already left a whole loaf-full,” whispered the monk with mysterious

importance. "The Countess ordered me to deliver them immediately on my arrival. Affairs look badly with the Baron ; he lies under the heaviest weight of the Princely displeasure. A dismissal from his post by the Elector, a letter from the Countess to break off his marriage, all his bridal presents to his Josephine, and that sort of thing, were contained in the loaf of bread."

This information disquieted Garzweiler, and he walked in deep thought up and down the room, so that his perturbed state attracted even the monk's attention, and he timidly asked him what was the matter. Garzweiler tried to satisfy him with a "nothing, nothing;" but Hilarion, in consequence, became only more importunate in his inquiries.

"I am merely pleased at this mad young fellow's good fortune," replied Garzweiler, with ill-concealed vexation. "This visionary hothead stays behind in Mayence ; he, a noble, who had formerly been a member of the Electoral Cabinet, remains without joining the Club. Must he not naturally be regarded as a spy left behind by the Elector? And any one who wished him evil might have annihilated him. But now this disgrace at the Elector's hands will be his protection ; it has been brought to him at the very right moment. Is not this a fool's luck?"

He angrily walked to the window, and Hilarion,

with a pious salutation, turned to leave the room. Garzweiler hastened after him, and, while accompanying him through the ante-chamber, said :

“Do me the kindness, friend, not to say anything in the town about the Baron’s misfortune, or the Prince’s displeasure. It will injure him among the citizens, and, besides, I have other reasons for making this request. I will speak with him myself. Be silent, and a half hundred of my dead masses will fall into your hood.”

Hilarion regarded Garzweiler with widely-opened eyes, nodded in a friendly manner, and offered him his hard brown hand as a tacit sign of acquiescence.

## CHAPTER II.

THE Club, which was too zealous to postpone its customary meeting on account of All Saints' Day, had, on the contrary, inscribed on the programme of the day's business a subject which contained great attraction for even the more serious and devout citizens—namely, the declaration of the merchants of Mayence. It was an answer to General Custine's proclamation, which, after the occupation of Mayence, had been made known to the inhabitants, announcing that they were at liberty to select any constitution they pleased, without any limitation to their free choice. The learned bodies were the first to make up their minds, which they did in favour of the reception of the French Republic. The merchants, on the other hand, in their reply, sought to decline the French Constitution, as unsuitable for the people of Mayence, and expressed their preference for a constitutional prince in firm union with the German empire. This declaration troubled the zealous Clubbists by the fears it gave rise to as to the unfavourable im-



pression this view, taken by the more respectable portion of the citizens, might have on the guilds and the country people. They had, therefore, prepared several speeches, intended to remove the effects which this determination might probably have, to disprove the views taken by the merchant class, and, as it were, to save the Republic.

The discussion was appointed for All Saints' Day, and was a subject which necessarily aroused the most lively sympathy among the anxious as well as the change-desirous part of the community. Crowds, therefore, pressed before the accustomed hour of meeting into the gallery of the academic salon in the new wing of the palace, Baron Francis being among the number.

As soon as some slight quiet was obtained by the president's bell, and the sitting had been opened by a short address, Professor Hoffmann mounted the tribune, to give a comprehensive explanation as to princely government and the representatives of the people. He then passed with a leap to the Elector, whose mode of governing he adduced as a proof of his further assertions. These went to show that a people, so long as they suffer a prince, or even the name, within their territory, can never live so securely, so prosperously, or so happily, as they can without him; while the representative limits of princely authority are

insufficient for the public welfare, or, if more closely regarded, are only deceptions.

Hoffmann was now mounted on his favourite hobby, which he had often nearly ridden to death in the reading-room and the wine-houses. He was also well versed in all matters relative to the Mayennese Court and State management, and, therefore, with calculations and figures, he laid before them the revenue and expenditure, debts and loans, parsimony in the actual necessities of the state, and the extravagance displayed in useless court frivolity; reckoned the cost of princely mistresses and favourites, and summed up the old gentleman's private and government sins in a very unsparing manner. As a proof how subservient the nobility had shown itself towards the Elector, and how indulgent the Elector had been towards the nobility, the speaker introduced anecdotes, partially known occurrences, and the names of respected families, spoke of a "Court Pander Society," and a "Chamberlain Creating Association of fungi," which had sprung up in a single night at court, and taken deep root in their newly-acquired posts.

"In this way," he said, "are family affairs and debts regulated, old offices resuscitated, and new ones created. Hederdorf is made Curator of the University, Fechenbach's brother Lieutenant-Colonel, and

Ritter's protectress obtains for her lover an assessor's post in the Exchequer."

These were well-known names, and immediately a stormy disturbance ensued in the galleries, as the applause into which the people wished to break out was put down by equally loud expressions of dissatisfaction from the respectable class. The speaker, however, did not allow himself to be stopped by this disturbance, but continued in an attempt to prove, by the history of nations, an hereditary attachment to despotism in the princely races. His remarks did not pass without lively applause from the gallery, and Hoffmann recurred to the advantages contingent on having France as the protecting power of the Rhenish territories, as no kingly wars were to be apprehended from a nation where royalty no longer existed, which was the case under monarchs, who ever laid their dominant interests in the scale of peace or war.

The conclusion of his speech was especially high-spiced for the merchants :

"Where can we find a political evil," the speaker asserted, "which is not ten times greater in a monarchy than in a republic, and where a blessing which in a monarchy is not ten thousand times less than in a free state? You Mayennese, are bounteously favoured by the confluence of two streams, of which the like cannot be found in all Europe,

while Frankfurt's low banks are only visited by the Main; and yet the Dutch trade avoids your nearer princely residence, to throw itself into the arms of the more distant democracy of this free city. Have you no eyes, merchants, for the gracious bride-glances of richly decorated Liberty? Up, then; the gaze of all is directed on you, on the right and the left, in the east and the west, along both banks of your golden river; from Holland to Switzerland, all arms are now extended imploringly towards you, and anxiously await your decision. Prosperity or misfortune—a curse or a blessing! You have it in your power to free thousands on thousands of your neighbours—yes, all subjects of Germany—from their tyrants, and reinstate oppressed humanity in its holy rights and God-like dignity. Oh! do not neglect or lose, in a dreamy sleep, the precious, irrevocable, perhaps only moment in which you can give despairing mortality that blessing which a goddess alone, that goddess who felt mercy for the Franks, can bestow!”

This last idea so outraged Baron Francis, that, yielding to his impetuous and contradictory sensations, and to the outburst of his feelings, he hardly heard the stormy conclusion of the speech.

The next speaker, Pape, by his mere appearance, completely roused many of the more reflecting

auditors to take part against him. He was a professor and minor canon at Arnsberg, and had, in order to acquire a more extended sphere of efficacy, migrated to Colmar, and become the director of the National Seminary in that town. He had now arrived in Mayence, as commissary for the Upper Rhenish department, in the suite of Custine. However quietly he spoke about the compatibility existing between the French Constitution and Catholicism, still in his character of a Benedictine priest, and through the subject of his speech, he displeased the Mayennese citizens, who, in spite of their torpidity in religious matters, were accustomed to feel great affection for all clerical externals, and, as easy livers, reckoned those superstitions and ceremonies against which Pape spoke, among the piquant enjoyments of their religion.

Francis had felt pleased with many of the views taken by this enlightened clergyman, but the conclusion of his speech, which re-advocated a republic, soon marred this satisfaction, and in his despair of hearing anything which might benefit him, he took advantage of a movement among the closely-pressed listeners, to work his way through the mass which filled the gallery, and leave the building.

## CHAPTER III.

ST. HUBERT, on the morrow of All Saints' Day, ushered in a dull Saturday, but with business brisk in the market, for the first time since the entry of the French. At first the country people in the immediate neighbourhood had not ventured to the town with the productions of their fields or their gardens, till the behaviour of the French had caused confidence to be restored in commerce and trade, and, in consequence, curiosity and profits now drew the country people in still greater numbers to Mayence. Here they heard of the solemnities which, during the afternoon, were intended to accompany the planting of the first tree of Liberty, and every person, whose home in these short days was not at too great a distance, remained in Mayence, to assist at this novel spectacle.

In the afternoon crowds pressed to the palace wing, in which the Clubbists had collected for the formation of the festive procession. A few pale autumn beams fell through the rain-exhausted clouds which covered the sky over the red palace.

In the courtyard of the old château a brass band played patriotic melodies ; while a worthless mob, more eager than the anxious citizens for the proclaimed liberty and equality, was engaged in noisy behaviour among themselves, insulting to every passer-by. They had gone through a good tutorage in the arts of mocking and tormenting others before the door-steps of the higher nobility, where heretofore not even the most respectable citizens had been able to pass without being insulted by the arrogant servants.

Larger and larger groups of serious citizens were gradually collecting, and seemed employed in a very difficult inquiry. Francis, driven towards them by his observant restlessness, recognised some of his neighbours in the gallery the day before, and addressed them ; and the reverence with which these careful men saluted the Baron, showed that they had not allowed themselves to be led astray by the consequences accompanying the lately proclaimed liberty and equality. Several confessed to him that they had become still more unsettled from yesterday's violent speeches, and had therefore a wish to apply for advice to some man in whom they placed implicit confidence.

“ Yes, if you, Baron,” cried Wiedenheimer, “ remained among us, we would listen to you.”

Francis gave him a hint to be silent, and the

brass band at the moment interrupted them with the incessant *ça-ira*.

The procession began unfolding itself beneath the portal of the wing of the palace. A townsman marched in front, carrying a young pine-tree, decorated with tricolour ribbons, and a red Phrygian cap attached to the top. As leader of the procession, the president of the club, chosen for the week, followed him with a Jacobin sabre in his hand, displaying great exultation in his manner and gestures. The Clubbists walked two and two, each distinguished by a round brass medal, stamped with the initials L and E, which hung from a tricolour ribbon affixed to their button-hole.

On the old market-place was an old iron monument, supported on three stone pedestals, about the origin and meaning of which very different reports prevailed. Of all these traditions, the Clubbists selected the one most known, which they adapted to scenic action, hoping thereby to rouse the partly vacillating, partly disaffected citizens, by means of allegorical representations of old Tyranny, in favour of the new Liberty.

A countless mass of people had collected and surrounded the circle formed by a body of the French National Guard around the monument. The leafless linden-trees on the neighbouring pro-



menade, and the iron railings of the episcopal palace, were scaled; the windows of the houses in the vicinity were occupied by head on head. Curiosity had caused persons to mount even on the highest roofs and the towers of the adjacent cathedral. Within the circle sat the general in command, Custine, on horseback, with a small mounted retinue. Among these, Houchard, the colonel of the *chasseurs à cheval* (who had come from Frankfurt, where his regiment lay, to join in the solemnity), drew the eyes of the country people upon him—a man of good figure, but, when on horseback, stooping greatly, with his countenance so frightfully disfigured by sabre cuts, that half his lip turned upwards, and one of his eyes was almost in the middle of his cheek. Custine was a much more agreeable object, a man of serious and awe-inspiring demeanour, distinguished by a long and pendent moustache, and by sharp eyes, which incessantly moved backwards and forwards under his shaggy brow.

The solemnity began with the “Marseillaise,” and the Clubbists joined with a wild chorus in the impetuous melody. After this, the President of the Club swung himself on to the monument, and delivered a speech, in which he made use of the popular legend, and reminded the people of those days when the Elector Diether von Isenburg, while

fighting with Adolphus von Nassau for the Electoral dignity, disquieted Mayence by nocturnal attacks and daily battles.

“And now listen, my Mayennese brethren,” he cried, with much expression in his tone; “hear what this happy hour portends for you and your descendants, after such recollections of the grievous fate which afflicted your ancestors. That Elector who was driven away by his own citizens, when through his good fortune he returned in triumph, deprived the town of its fair privileges and freedom; and as he firmly wielded this iron mass on which I now stand, in your market-place, he cried, with that contempt so natural to princes, ‘Here, my people, I lay a butter-roll for you, and as soon as the sun has melted it away, you shall enjoy your rights and your liberties.’ What hopes remained to the honest Mayennese people after this eternal deprivation of their liberty? Yet this very day that sun has risen which was predestined to melt away this butter-roll of tyranny. Away, then, with this memorial of crafty princely domination which lies beneath my feet, as a symbol of your lasting servitude! Let that spot of earth, which no sun has cheered for so long a time, from the present bear the tree of Liberty! And now let us remove this arrogant iron mass, which, awakened from its long rest, shall circulate as freedom’s

harbinger of victory; for we intend to coin it into medals, bearing the inscription, 'Melted by the Sun of Liberty!'

Wedekind, after springing down, gave the monument three solemn blows with a hammer; after which some smiths, before ordered to the spot, loosened and removed the mass with crowbars, to the merry tune of the *ça-ira*. The ornamented tree was securely fastened down, after which Wedekind cried, "Long live Liberty!" and a partial echo from the spectators followed. The Clubbists embraced one another, and joined hands for a dance round the tree of Liberty, in which some began to waltz, while others cut the most extraordinary capers.

Francis and Forster had accidentally met in the crowd, and stood on a door-step regarding the whole scene, amusing themselves particularly with Erasmus Lennig, who had been invited by a friend to take a seat at a window on the ground-floor.

Fresh peals of laughter saluted the departure of the procession. Lennig noticed, among the crowd which followed it, a Jew he was slightly acquainted with, and called to him.

"Well, Moses Hecht, what do you say to the tree there—to this decorated emblem of Liberty? Perhaps you furnished the ribbons for it?"

“The ribbons!” replied the Jew. “No, Herr Lennig, I had no blue left, and they wanted all three colours.\* Well! what I do say to the tree? Look at it yourself—it is a tree without roots, and wears a cap without a head.”

Lennig laughed loudly. “By Jove! the fellow’s right,” he cried; “in that remark he has spoken the whole future of the present Majesty. But be quiet and get away, Moses; don’t you know that prophets are stoned in their own country?”

If our young friend Baron Francis had in former days, when engaged in employment, been unwilling to lose a single evening of the Forsters’ society, he now knew how much his presence was calculated on, and what joy he caused Madame Thérèse by making his appearance at her tea-table. This evening devotion, these vespers of friendship, as she jestingly termed them, entered into the plan of her life, and she meant it more than half seriously when she laughingly heaped maledictions on General Custine for scattering her evening circle and frightening away her dear friends. “It is very kind of you, Baron,” she said more than once on her friend’s arrival, “to adhere to your old devotion. No, the revolution shall not overturn

\* Alluding to the tricolor, red, white, and blue; and, at the same time, to the Mayennese and present Hesse Darmstadt colours, red and white.

all the altars—the candles shall be lighted immediately, and the tea-kettle commence singing.”

On this evening, while engaged in conversing on the subject of the procession, a late visit was announced by violent knocking at the house door and noisy laughter on the stairs. Thérèse recognised a female voice, and did not appear much pleased with this domiciliary visit. It was, in fact, as she expected, Madame Caroline Böhmer, who made her appearance accompanied by her husband, a Professor of the Gymnasium at Worms, who had much recommended himself to General Custine, on his march towards Mayence, by his enthusiasm for the revolution, and his accurate acquaintance with the state of things in that town; and, after the capitulation, had followed the General in the capacity of secretary. His wife, a daughter of the celebrated orientalist, Michaelis, of Göttingen, was a youthful friend of Thérèse's, a talented and fiery woman, and the picture of voluptuousness. A spirit of independence, which had bound them together by the ties of mutual friendship, had almost degenerated into the ridiculous with the professor's lady through her marriage with a fantastical man, and the political excitement into which she was drawn with him; and Thérèse could not help recognising in it, not without repugnance, some traces of her own way of thinking, much

exaggerated and distorted though they were.

After their entry into the room, they both rushed on Forster—the lady to embrace him as an evening salutation, and Böhmer with reproaches at his not having assisted in planting the tree of Liberty.

“You exclude yourself from the Club!” he cried, pathetically. “Woe to you! Do you know that you have been mentioned to General Custine as a dangerous character? Only a few days ago you were honoured by a most friendly reception from this great man as deputy from the university; he entertained the highest opinion of you, expressed his delight at your excellent knowledge of French, which no one here speaks so well as yourself, and now he must recognise in you a concealed aristocrat.”

“Oho!” cried Forster, laughingly—“what has given him such an idea?”

“What has given him such an idea?” replied Böhmer. “Do you fancy, then, we are not aware that you stand on a most intimate footing with a spy of the Elector’s—a certain Baron Wallbrun?”

The terrified pause of embarrassment which followed these words was only momentary; and when Forster said, with a noble outburst of passion, “Here sits the Baron,” Francis sprang up,

and advanced towards the retreating Böhmer, as if about to demand or take personal satisfaction. Forster caught him by the arm to pacify him; while Madame Böhmer sprang between them, and said, with friendly glances,

“A moment, Baron. A young man so pleasing and so handsome as yourself cannot be what my overhasty Böhmer just called you. Do you hear, George?” she said, after turning to her husband; “you must give the Baron an honourable explanation.”

Böhmer, very ill at ease, attempted by lofty words to get out of the scrape into which he had fallen, and cried: “What! Baron?—how can you use such an appellation, Caroline?—are there still any Barons in Mayence? We are all citizens, and on the same footing of equality; Liberty and Equality are our gospel.”

“Böhmer,” interposed Forster, with great seriousness, “here stands a young man of honour, whom you have grossly maligned, and to whom you must make an ample apology.”

“Apologise!” cried Böhmer.

“Yes, apologise,” declared Forster, “on my guarantee for him, or I must show you to the door.”

“Quite right, dear Forster,” said Madame Böhmer, with a laugh—“turn him out!”

“Are you aware that I made the remark on

very sufficient grounds?" said Böhmer. "The young citizen has been pointed out to the General as what I named him, and we have the assurance of a reputable ecclesiastic of high rank that a certain Wallbrun is an agent of the Elector's. And, in truth, a young nobleman who belonged to the cabinet wrote the protocol at the conferences of the ministers of German tyrants, and remains behind after the universal flight—what must we believe of such a person?"

"That he is a man of honour, who will not desert his native city, but is determined to share its fate," said Forster.

"But he keeps himself continually at a distance from the Club and the friends of the people," objected Böhmer. "The Club is the destiny of Mayence. Caroline, what do you say to that remark?"

"What?" said Forster eagerly. "Have you not announced unbounded liberty?—is not Custine's proclamation affixed to every corner, in which each citizen is allowed perfect liberty of conscience? It is even stated in it that in the event of slavery being preferred to those benefits with which liberty endows you, it is left to yourselves to choose which despot shall lay his fetters on you. Is it not then permitted to the whole town, if it thinks proper, to remain in allegiance to the Elector? But



my friend, were he to deem it necessary, could defend himself against every priestly denunciation, by producing a very ungracious mandate of dismissal from the Elector. I therefore only ask you, Böhmer, whom do you believe most?—Forster or the priest?”

“Forster, certainly—Forster before all!” cried Böhmer, and attempted to embrace his friend; but the latter kept him at a distance, and pointed to Francis, as he again repeated, “Apologize.”

At the moment when Böhmer turned, with a look of unwillingness, to the Baron, his wife moved between them and said,

“My honest enthusiast is in a difficulty, and his honest wife must help him in the hour of need. You are a man of honour, Baron, and Böhmer begs your pardon for misconstruing your motives. You forgive him?”

“The more so, my dear lady,” said Francis with a smile, “as Citizen Böhmer was not acquainted with me, and therefore had no wish to insult the person now standing before him.”

“Quite right; that’s what people call logic. Embrace me, as a sign of reconciliation.”

Our young friend, more surprised than vexed, offered her his hand. She was not, however, satisfied with this, but embraced and kissed him with the words, “’Tis a fraternal embrace for my husband.”

Thérèse offered her guests some tea, which had been made expressly for them. Böhmer swallowed the contents of his cup restlessly, and with many interruptions, and went to work not in the most cleanly manner. The eyes and ears of the persons sitting near him were little edified by his manner of eating and drinking, and when he brought his mad projects on the carpet, and boastingly related all he intended to propose in the club, and carry out in Mayence, he insulted the sound sense of his hearers. Much of his conduct took its rise in mere arrogance, but some of his schemes bordered on insanity. Thus he spoke with great satisfaction of his plan that all school and writing-masters in the French Rhenish provinces should be ordered only to permit their scholars (to arouse the true feeling of liberty in them at the earliest age possible) to write the words "Liberty and Equality;" and when their hand was well practised in this, to pass to other appellations found in a republic, such as "Administration, Municipality," &c.

When he saw that Forster only smiled contemptuously, he became more and more violent, till he was warned to moderation by his impatient friend, and hurried away with some evil-minded threats. Madame Böhmer, however, did not follow her fugitive lord, but, after a hearty laugh, related several droll anecdotes about her husband's

fancies, and furnished proofs of them from his domestic life. Francis, just as little attracted by the handsome lady as he had been by her disagreeable husband, rose, after praising Forster's excellent remarks, and took leave. Madame Böhmer challenged him to wait a few moments, and then escort her to her own house. But our young friend replied to this flattering offer, with great politeness of speech and demeanour,

“Pardon me, I dare not encroach on my host's duties, and deprive him of that pleasure. You see, madam, I am still sufficiently an aristocrat to adhere to prerogative and privileges. But pray do not betray me to your husband.”

He hurried away, but heard her cry after him,

“Wait, my little Baron, wait. I will cry quits with you for this !”

## CHAPTER IV.

A TRIFLE is often sufficient to give the preponderance to a balancing scale, and in much the same way was the meeting with the Böhmers tolerably decisive for our young friend. After the tea and the excitement of the last evening, he awoke at an earlier hour than usual, and awaited the late day-break, engaged in reflections as to his own personal position and the public situation of Mayence. The last weeks, which, since the capitulation, he had spent in variable ill-humour with the French, rose before his mind in a very lively manner, and his determination manifested itself more and more, as the day gleamed on him through the heart which was cut out in the shutters. At first disgusted by the disgraceful flight of the nobility, then prostrated by the unexpected surrender of the fortress, and at last offended by the nonsensical behaviour of the friends of the people, he now saw himself without occupation or sympathy, end or purpose. Now, too, he wanted the zeal requisite for his old, dear, and delightful studies; and out of the

house he found no society, and even under his own roof he missed the domestic habits of association with his mother and sister.

He visited them both, for one or two days, regularly every week, but their desponding dissatisfaction at a forced stay in the country during the winter season made their society irksome to him. Even on his last visit, a few days before, his sister had terrified him by her enigmatical behaviour. He had found her pale, carelessly dressed, and melancholy. A secret from which she herself seemed to recoil, caused her to shrink from answering her brother's questions, though he did not remark with what confusion and vehemence she left the room when the Baroness-mother took a *rouleau* from her desk, and begged him to send it to Jean Baptiste.

Cecilia had begged Francis to persuade his discontented mother to go and spend the winter with her sister at Münster. This proposal was evidently very agreeable to the Baroness, but she would not leave without Cecilia, and the latter expressed her determination not to join her in the journey, though her resolution was more decided than her reasons were valid.

In Mayence the Baron had lately noticed only excited or intoxicated men, dirty soldiers, or uncleaned houses, and he felt a certain degree of

shame when he appeared in the street as carefully dressed as formerly. He was now less particular in his attire, in accordance with the general state of the town and public circumstances, since everything must needs be reduced to a revolutionary level by the spirit of freedom and equality. Whenever, as was often the case, he noticed, in open day, so many improprieties on the part of the French soldiers, he murmured, with bitterness, to himself,

“Now we know, at length, what is the use of this *sans-culottism*!—to defile, without much trouble, all the streets, and the whole world.”

Still Francis, in the first season of his discontent, had not without a struggle yielded to the impressions caused by what was novel and unexpected. He had attempted to gain the mastery over them, and subject them to an examination, and to a new although painful conviction. In consequence, he joined the crowds which flocked to the Academic Salon, and listened to the speeches of the Clubbists. Nor did he turn aside, as heretofore, with contempt, from the wine-houses frequented by the better class of citizens, but visited them, to discover the bias of public opinion.

Our young friend, in his conversations with Forster and Madame Thérèse, gained an even clearer insight into the once so animated and now

already vacillating *penchant* of the Mayennese for the French Revolution; for Forster made him understand that a people which had been so long kept in a state of nonage, must necessarily lose that dependence in their own judgment and position, which alone could have opposed the storm and pressure of the new forms. The flight of the nobility and rich families had caused a stoppage in trade and commerce; the inexplicable surrender of the fortress, which could only be considered the result of disgraceful treachery, had filled the better-thinking with despondency; the greed for advantage, employment, or situations had gained a mastery over the idle and covetous, and in consequence, all rushed to the Club, which showered such brilliant promises upon them from the cornucopia of the Jacobin's cap. But they soon saw their anticipations deceived, or beyond their reach, and their liking changed to a feeling of dislike towards the uncleanly strangers, who not only disturbed their old habits of ease, but deprived them of the already lessened enjoyment of *bourgeois* life, raised the prices of their daily necessaries, and awakened their religious zeal by sarcasms and interference in ecclesiastical matters. Every day more and more chairs stood empty in the Club, and the brass tokens disappeared from the coats of the citizens.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Francis, after the lapse of a few days, found an opportunity of paying a visit to Lennig, he met there, besides the family, a notary, who was just on the point of leaving the room, and a good-looking young man in the modern French costume, who moved on one side at the Baron's entrance, evidently much embarrassed. On the table lay writing materials and documents, empty wine-glasses and the remnants of some refreshments. All this showed that some business had been officially completed or prepared, while the fair Fides seemed at the same time rather excited.

After the first salute, which was as cordial and easy as it had formerly been, Father Lennig said with a smile,

“I suppose you do not recognise this young gentleman, Baron?”

The young man turned with a smile of confusion, and advanced towards the Baron, to offer him the solution of the enigma. The trousers and short waistcoat and the elegant coat displayed his graceful figure in a very advantageous manner, and a mass of dark unpowdered locks overshadowed his healthy and animated countenance.

“Of course I recognise him,” replied the Baron; “I not knew Jean Baptiste!”



The latter, still ill at ease, advanced to the Baron with a slight display of diffidence, as he said,

“Allow me to presume so much on the present liberty and equality, as to offer you my hand, Baron and citizen.”

Francis, much struck by this polished mode of speech, took the boatman’s hard hand, and said,

“The universal equality has not extended to our hands, for mine are still very tender. But welcome in your new costume, which betrays a thorough alteration. Well, well, may the revolution favour all as much as you.”

While the young boatman blushed, the Baron said, as he took some refreshments from Fides’s hand, with a friendly nod,

“So you intend to lay your earnings out in landed property?”

“Well, you may call it landed property, Baron,” replied Jean Baptiste with a haughty smile, “for people give different meanings to the same term; but it is not so tremendous as your estate at Oestrich.”

He stuttered and ceased, turning scarlet, and evidencing painful embarrassment. Lennig laughed and said,

“See there, how high he wishes to soar!—Yes, Oestrich, but he is ashamed of himself, and up to

the present has behaved with the modesty peculiar to a cavalier of the new chronology, and never boasted of his great haul. He has purchased a small property of my daughter, which was left her by her deceased aunt at Alzenau, and we have just completed the transaction."

Francis then turned the conversation to the purpose of his visit.

"Candidly, dear Lennig, tell me whether you agree with the French liberty and equality."

"No!" replied Lennig, "and a still louder and second no."

"And our Jean Baptiste?" continued the Baron; "but in truth, I can answer that question myself, when I notice his French costume, and remember his desire to become a person of importance. Still, I fancy, a man like yourself ought to have acquired with the nobles' money some of their noble sentiments; and as you were formerly a bold and resolute man, we may now hope to find in you the courage best adapted to oppose this new and oppressive dominion of Liberty."

When Francis expressed his astonishment at the careless silence with which Jean Baptiste received this remark, the latter declared that many things now lay heavy on his heart, which dis-

tracted him, and often confused his views; but he added that he had already made up his mind to visit the Baron, and reveal all to him.

“It relates to something,” he said, “which may probably cause you sorrow, but which promises fair for me. However, I belong to you, and will obey you with body and soul!”

He seized the Baron’s hand with an inward emotion which astonished all present.

“You’ll visit me, then; I’ve something for you from my mother,” said the Baron.

To which Jean Baptiste replied with a blush,

“What, and you tell me that in such a friendly tone?—can things have already got so far?—is so much gained already?”

“It is not so very much,” said Francis; and then turned to Lennig to explain to him his views as to the present condition of Mayence, and communicate his theory. Before all it would be absolutely necessary to encourage and unite the “friends of Germany” in the town, and then secretly enter into correspondence with the German powers. The Elector, however, Francis gave it as his opinion, must be given up once for all, for his own flight and the Club’s revelations of court secrets had deprived him of all confidence.

On the Baron’s next visit to the Club, Böhmer

mounted the tribune with two folios in his hand. With animated gestures and frequent hemming he urged the necessity of the citizens, who had been so long unsettled, and had partly deserted the Club, at last making up their minds, and declaring themselves either for or against the blessings of liberty. At the conclusion of his speech he raised the two books in the air. The one bound in red morocco, decorated on both sides with golden caps of liberty, and provided with tricolour ribbons to fasten it, was denominated the "Book of Life," and was intended for the enrolment of the names of those citizens who voted for the abolition of the old monarchical constitution, and gave their allegiance to a Rhenish Republic. Out of the same book he read the introductory form, to which all were to bind themselves by the signature of their names, in a very pathetic voice. It sounded thus—

“In the name of the Almighty, we, the undersigned, do homage to that law which places the highest power in the hands of the people, and permits it to entrust its development to those persons whom it elects from time to time; and we recognise Liberty and Equality as the vital principles on which a good state constitution must be raised. As the noble French nation has been the first to rear a new form on these principles, we therefore

accept this constitution, as far as it exists, with pleasure, and in the way we shall arrange through our deputies, in common with the plenipotentiaries of the French nation.”

After these words he pointed with gestures of disgust to the other much thinner book, bound in black cloth, on the cover of which emblems of tyranny had been depicted instead of caps of liberty, and which was fastened with two black chains. This obnoxious book was intended for those who, of their own free will, wished to reassume the yoke of despotism, and display themselves as slaves. That which gave a serious conclusion to this fantastical proceeding, was the added threat that such friends of slavery should also be treated as slaves.

Lively applause sounded from the hands of many of the Clubbists, while an ominous silence prevailed in the galleries.

At this moment the Baron, who was greatly outraged by this ceremony, noticed his friend Forster among the Clubbists, who now rose and seemed to be speaking very vehemently across the table to his neighbours, in opposition to Böhmer's motion. A fresh feeling of anger drove the Baron to take an over-hasty step, for it seemed to him that Forster's indignation was the last hold by which he could restrain his friend, and draw him back

from his faulty connection with the Club, and he therefore called down into the salon with a loud voice, as if his own expression of anger should be a warning to Forster :

“ What a motion is this ! Do not such measures stand in open contradiction with General Custine’s proclamation of the 26th of October—with the announcement that it was left free to every citizen to give his allegiance either to a republic or the so-called despotism ? And now good or evil treatment is to be coupled with this choice. Is this any longer liberty ? Is it not, rather, real tyranny ? And this proclamation—did not a certain Böhmer sign his name to it in attestation ? How many persons of that name have now sprung up in Mayence ? ”

Boisterous applause from the galleries rewarded this speech, during which violent gestures on the part of Böhmer and many Clubbists might be noticed, though their voices could not be distinguished till the president’s bell caused quiet to be restored. Now the spectators could hear Böhmer’s wild expressions against aristocrats, and manifold abuse against uncalled-for speeches from the gallery. The discussion as to how and where the two books should be deposited for signature, under the care of a committee, was interrupted by a Clubbist, who breathlessly burst into the hall, and,

taking a station between the president's chair and the speaker's tribune, informed them that he had just arrived from Weissenau, where he had ordered the tree of Liberty to be planted, in pursuance of a decree from the Club. All had proceeded prosperously, accompanied by the music of the band, up to the dance round the tree, with which the people had refused to comply. The speaker also stated that he had clearly seen a Capuchin, who pressed into the crowd, and led the people astray by speaking to them of Baal worship and a golden calf of Liberty.

“In short, they refuse to dance,” he cried, as he turned to Böhmer. “What is to be done? They refuse to dance.”

All had become quiet, when Böhmer, after a little reflection, stretched his arms out widely from the tribune, and said in a solemn tone,

“*La danse ou la vie!*”

While Stumme, much embarrassed at this order, which he did not know how to understand, looked first at Böhmer, then at the president, a certain Gutensohn, porter at the Exchange, rose at the Clubbists' table, and took the word, stuttering and with laughable confusion.

“That is right; the Club requires to be respected! In the whole town it is said, ‘There are none but rascals belonging to it.’”

He reseated himself quickly and coughed. A few sounds of laughter were heard from the gallery as another Clubbist sprang up and cried in a hoarse voice,

“What the foregoing speaker said is quite true.”

The double meaning in these words excited still louder laughter ; but when another made the equally awkward proposition that “the Club should, before taking any further steps, examine whether there was any truth in the statement of the last two speakers,” there was no end to the merriment in the gallery, and the president’s bell was once more smothered in the disturbance.

Francis, who was not affected by the laughable nature of this *intermezzo*, but rather discontented with himself and the discussion, left the place.



## CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH the Baron on the next morning did not repent of his lively anger at the red and black books, still he could not pardon his own indiscretion in having spoken so vehemently from a gallery where he had, till now, felt ashamed to stand, and at having interrupted the discussions of a club so abhorrent to him; and this thought caused him much pain.

In the next place, Forster, whom he esteemed so highly, and through whose civil and cosmopolitan opinions he had improved himself, thwarted his expectations by joining the other party, and it pained and confused him to feel himself deserted by this noble-minded man, and forced into the opposition.

He hurried to his house, and found him still seated with his Thérèse at breakfast. In the excitement of his temper he embraced him vehemently, contrary to his usual quiet manner, and then cried,

“ Oh! my friend, then you have really joined the Club? Heavens! how could you be drawn

away to that party, from which yourself as well as I fear every misfortune for Mayence? Do you not notice a mad people's government springing up from it, which threatens to become much worse than the unbounded autocracy of the Elector?"

"For that very reason have I determined on joining the Club, my friend," replied Forster with calmness. "It is now high time that good and honest men should unite to strengthen the new form of our political life in its vital powers, and so precipitate the evil and destructive——"

"And that is the very thing which horrifies me, dearest Forster; this new form, as you term it—what is it, then? You wish for these French—this *sans-culottism* which abashes and defies us? Oh! Madame Thérèse, beloved friend, I still trust that you will assist me in recalling our dear and noble George. Men like Forster ought not to desert our German nation and Fatherland!"

"Dear Baron," replied Thérèse with forced merriment, "I feel a terror at politics, which, like Medusa's head, have so altered Caroline, the friend of my youth; but I am delighted to hear the word 'Fatherland' sound so harmoniously from your lips. You visit Father Lennig frequently?"

"This is no time for jesting, dear Thérèse," interposed Forster; "our friend is much moved, and we must come to a right understanding."

“Oh! if you but knew, dearest Forster, what horror I felt at seeing you yesterday at the Clubbists’ table,” cried Francis, not without emotion. “I found myself in the tumult of this hall, in the confusion which has seized on the town, as it were tossed on a stormy sea, and in the moment when I gazed on you, clouds obscured my Polar star, and the magnetic needle of my compass was drawn by some malicious power from the eternal fidelity of its direction. You restrained me from the disgrace entailed by flight; and now, when I consecrate myself to the only struggle which becomes a true-hearted man, you fly from the holy ground on which we stood hand-in-hand, with lofty determinations and silent vows. Oh! how desolate I feel now, and am, if not disheartened, yet utterly powerless!”

He threw himself into a *fautueil*, with looks and gestures which betokened deep and inward sorrow.

A pause ensued, as neither, it seemed, wished to take the initiatory step towards a rupture of their friendship; and Francis would neither be the first to say farewell, nor did Forster wish to hold him back. At this moment Thérèse advanced between them, and the Baron exclaimed, in his painful embarrassment,

“Oh! what do you say, then, dearest lady?”

E 2

“ Ah ! little remains for me to say,” she replied, “ except that I pray you to feel that calmness and confidence in the cause of truth, which is mine, and which bids me await with courage poverty, discomfort, or, if it must be so, obloquy and scoff. I am not fanatical, but I saw this was the path taken by Forster.”

Forster pressed her hand with a look of affection, and the Baron cried,

“ Oh, my God ! I must then separate from all !”

“ Why must you do so ?” inquired Thérèse, as she walked between them. “ Is it, then, so utterly impossible that two friends of a pure metal and stamp should keep themselves free from the errors accompanying a passionate season ? Must, then, the bitterest hatred of the heart be employed to give expression to the opposite nature of your opinions ? Give one another the hand ; a world of mutual benefits remains for your minds and hearts, beside the tricolour tilting-ground of this unhappy winter.”

The friends regarded one another. Forster smiled, Francis offered him his hand, and they gave each other a hearty shake ; after which the Baron kissed Thérèse’s hand, in gratitude for the preservation of their friendship. On his taking leave shortly after, she accompanied him to the door and said,

“My tea-time is still the same, dear friend, and although all my tea-club has deserted me, do you remain true in your allegiance to me. My husband is now drawn into the vortex of business, and no one troubles himself about me. Remember, when the early twilight falls on us, how softly my kettle sings—a much more pleasant melody than the confused hum in the academic salons—and think what pleasant stories you can tell me then about a lost Countess, of a gold key which was thrown away, and so on. You see Forster has betrayed many secrets, of which you yourself ought to have informed me. You must, however, tell me all about it at some other time, and I will assist you in finding some enchantment which will give it a most happy conclusion.”

After this evening Francis was seldom absent from Madame Forster's tea-table; and, indeed, what could keep him away, except a happy hour spent at Lennig's? His days, though not unemployed, were still spent without any proper business, and the November evenings commenced earlier with every day. Whenever news derived from the Club or from the papers, relative to the panic and anxiety felt by the German Courts, disheartened him, or the secret meetings with Erasmus and the friends of Germany excited him, he longed for the quiet University Street, and for the solace

he was ever certain to find in the regular singing of the tea-kettle, and in Thérèse's delightful conversation.

One evening he entered so impetuously into her presence that she smilingly cried on seeing him, "Good evening, St. Michael!" and when he regarded her with astonishment she added with a laugh, "Have you then no dragon beneath your stamping foot?"

Francis laughed with her.

"You already know my dragon—the Club?" he remarked, as he took two printed notices from his pocket, of which the one checked the liberty of the press, and forbade the sale as well as the propagation of papers termed "hostile to the people."

"And the other?" inquired Madame Thérèse, as she cast her eye on the clock.

"The other," he replied, "threatens with severe punishment all who, through verbal or written expressions, bring French or Mayennese republicanism into evil odour."

"But why do you accuse the Club?" asked Thérèse. "The orders have been promulgated by the Administration."

"That is the very thing which annoys me," exclaimed the Baron. "We have long known that the Club was mad; but we did not expect that the Government would become the instrument of this

raging assembly, nor did we think it of our good Forster. On the contrary, he wished to reform the Club. Yes; a pretty reformation! And then again, how these men raved when the Elector, after long patience, put a few salutary restrictions on revolutionary pamphlets and papers! The Club has very rapidly outstripped the Electoral despotism."

"You have three minutes left you," remarked Thérèse, as she looked maliciously at the clock, and Francis, while joining in her laugh, grew calmer.

This remark referred to a merry agreement which they had made, that the events of the day, like the Polonaise at a Court ball, should have precedence, but that only a quarter of an hour should be allotted to them.

The cheerful humour which the lady displayed, however, soon disappeared when she noticed a letter that lay on the table, and she sighed as she confessed to her sympathising friend that a grievous foreboding had seized on her after receiving this letter, although full of the most affectionate advice.

"It is from Monsieur de Rougemont," she said, "an old friend of my father's, who resides at Neuchâtel, begging me to leave unquiet, and, as he thinks, threatened Mayence, and retire to Switzer-

land. I do not know what fears can be entertained for this town, and do not understand the reasons of my childish apprehensions; perhaps it is only natural anxiety which we are apt to feel at the thoughts of a long journey at this season of the year, but still I cannot shake them off; for Forster seemed to fear some danger for Mayence, and has given me to understand how consolatory it would be for him, in the present menacing state of things, to know that I and my little Rosa were in a place of safety."

Our young friend, as he entertained equally serious thoughts about the probability of a siege, to which Thérèse evidently alluded, did not attempt to calm her fears; for what would be more desirable to get rid of the French than a German recapture of the town? And without exactly expressing this expectation, he still gave some hints about it.

"You know," he said, "that the Prussians and Hessians are advancing towards Mayence, and have already summoned the French commandant to a surrender of that place. As good friends of the Fatherland, we must hope that on German ground they will be more successful against these meddling French than they were in a foreign land, where they were the intruders, and had to pay a bitter price for it. The first victories in the cam-



paign enticed the Prussians deep into the land, and to destruction ; they were unfortunate advantages. I have lately read a letter in which the misery of the army was depicted in terrible colours. The horses fell in masses, hunger and dysentery laid the men low, and only too quickly did illness and desertion destroy the half of that fair army with which the celebrated Duke of Brunswick so threateningly entered France. The Prussians have already been driven back on the Rhine in such a state that, as I heard yesterday, fifty dead soldiers are daily thrown into the river at Coblentz. Poor exiles ! who are not at rest even when dead ! Let us hope that no satisfaction will be sought beyond the Rhine for the arrogance of our rulers."

The evening commenced so cheerfully thus ended in melancholy. Madame Thérèse was much dejected, and Francis, as he wished her good night, bore home with his thoughts of her departure a forestalled sense of sadness.

## CHAPTER VI.

MANY days had already elapsed, and Francis had almost forgotten Jean Baptiste's promised visit, when the latter was one morning announced. The cavalier of Liberty and Equality, as Lennig had termed him, did not enter with his old confidence, but behaved very diffidently, and drew a deep breath from his boatman's chest, as if weighed down by a heavy burden on his heart. The Baron advanced in a kind manner towards him, much astonished at this strange uneasiness in a young man generally so bold; but his cheerful address and familiar jest at the young boatman's despondency only served the more to confuse him.

"I do not deserve this kind reception, Sir Baron," he said; "see, it quite unmans me. I wish you had met me with blows, for then I should have thought I had suffered punishment for my faults, and so regained some of my old and mad courage. Something remarkably unpleasant has happened, Sir Baron—what do I say? unpleasant!—no, wrong. Would you had better known me

as a bold and honest fellow, before you were obliged to regard me from this improper position ; for now I am no longer what I was—but, in truth, externally too, I am no more so. Families of note have nothing further to do with me as a boatman ; you know, in fact, I have given up my business, and if I still keep a few gondolas and oarsmen, it is only in the same way that the higher classes have their carriages and horses ; and if I do now and then take the oar in my hand, it is as a cavalier sometimes seizes the reins and plays coachman.”

“Dear Jean Baptiste,” remarked Francis, “I am sure this is not what you wished to tell me—I see you are so moved, so shaken—I am sorry I cannot understand you. But you have something which lies heavy on your heart. Well, make up your mind to confide in me, and have your say out.”

“Yes, Sir Baron, I am quite at fault in the commencement,” said Jean Baptiste, with a sigh. “I know, as a good Catholic, I ought to confess my sins before I can awaken repentance and sorrow. Oh ! Baron,” he then exclaimed, seizing Francis’s hand, so impetuously that the latter retreated in terror, “you must know, your gracious sister, the Baroness, I mean to say Cecilia, and myself, humble as I am, liked one another well, and came

together beneath the shade of your family tree, and now another branch is about to spring forth—ah! thank God, it is out!”

Even if this figurative language had been less significant, any doubt would have been cleared up by the recollection of Cecilia, whose state, at his last visit, now rose up vividly before her brother. But only imagine the Baron's horror! He tottered back with corpse-like paleness, and as his overladen heart drove the blood with more violent pulsation into his cheeks, he rushed frantically on Jean Baptiste and seized him by the collar. The young boatman, drawn backwards and forwards by this outburst of passion, remained silent till the Baron, who could not yet utter a word, loosed his hold of him, hastened to the chimney, and violently pulled the bell. Then Jean Baptiste cried with determination, as he assumed a threatening position,

“What would you do, Baron? Listen; if you treat me insultingly, God have mercy on your soul! The time of the noble hunting-whip is past—dare not order a servant to——”

The servant rushed into the room.

“Your Grace?” he asked with a terrified look at his master. But the latter had walked with folded arms to the window and remained silent.

“Gracious Baron!” repeated the servant.

A calmer temper now re-assumed its sway over the

Baron, and he regained sufficient self-possession to see in a moment that by any precipitate behaviour he would peril his sister's reputation.

"Your Grace rang?" said the servant, for the third time.

It was not so easy for Francis to gain the right tone as well as the right idea, as he said, with forced nonchalance,

"Ha! it's you, Frederick—a bottle of wine and some——"

But still more angry at the restraint he was obliged to put on his righteous passion in the presence of its author, as soon as the servant had left the room he threw himself on the sofa. Jean Baptiste fell on his knees before him.

"You can do what you please to me," he said. "Yes, pay me for it—it pains me to see you so frightened. I pray you vent your passion on me, if you please, for I have deserved it."

But Francis, in the struggle of his conflicting thoughts and feelings, was not yet able to speak. When the servant had retired, our young friend sighed,

"Oh! my poor Cecilia, how could you so forget yourself!"

At this painful expression Jean Baptiste felt freed from the weight which pressed on his own heart. He raised himself to his full height, and as

he fancied he could now say something in his defence, remarked,

“Yes, Baron, it is a very serious affair, when we reflect what tricks the present time plays us! I will tell you how it all came about. I have thought a great deal on it, and have become quite faint from sheer reflection, for you cannot believe how painful it is to a man who has always worked with his hands to try to help himself with his head. Well, as you know, I carried the Baroness’s effects to the estate, and your gracious sister and myself—but you must not think that was the first time we came to know one another—oh, no! Cecilia and I had spoken together several times before, and trifled and played with our hearts, so to say, like children with fire. And then I helped to carry everything into the château—it was in the mad days of the flight, or just after it, and I had taken a great deal of money. I will not say that I had become proud, Sir Baron—no, I knew my proper station; but look ye, when everything is so topsyturvy, people of quality running away, furniture piled up in improper places, the wax lustre rubbed off the tables, nothing any longer in order, at such times the old respect ceases in a great measure, too. Baronesses have no longer a “von” before their names to keep a man in check, and are dressed in their lightest clothes

without any whalebone. The boatman, too, had laid his oar aside and unfastened his jacket. At the same time it was a hot day; your gracious mother was enjoying her mid-day nap, the servants were lazy, and your sister wished to arrange the furniture in her own room. I helped her all alone, and there again I find everything in confusion. I offer her something, she takes it from my hand. Look ye, in such cases there rules a human liberty and equality which was not introduced from Paris. People feel like Adam and Eve; “gracious Baroness” and “M. Jean Baptiste” are no longer to be heard—it’s simply Jean Baptiste and Cecilia. We played again, as I said before, like children, with the fire, and the flame burst forth before we were aware of it.”

The Baron, confused and ashamed at this picture of portentous still life, remained silent, and Jean Baptiste proceeded with his reflections :

“What’s done cannot be undone. Our father Adam found this out when he and Eve had shared the apple between them. Be so gracious as to forgive me, Baron. It will not be my fault if you are ever ashamed of me. I do not wish to boast, Baron, nor spare myself, but who in the end is to blame for the whole misfortune? We *bourgeois* summon Liberty and Equality, and who drive us to this step? Look ye, if the nobles had remained,

firm, and behaved in a manner worthy of themselves, there would be no equality now; but when the higher people lessen themselves, and in the end even run away, equality is the immediate result. I know it is said that the *bourgeois* are rising in the world; but I know, for my own part, I have ever found it easier to fall than to climb."

This simple worldly philosophy caused the Baron to feel some shame, and made him at the same time doubt as to the prudence of Cecilia's conduct, so that for her sake he became more gently disposed. He now looked for the first time since the conference at the young man, and asked him on what terms he had since been with the Baroness.

"She will not see me!" replied Jean Baptiste, sorrowfully.

"And it remains so?" asked the Baron.

"Must I not obey her?" replied the young man. "But I hoped that, when I had made matters right with you, she would be again reconciled with me, and not treat me so haughtily; and that is the reason why I came to you—otherwise I would have left the difficult revelation to the gracious—to Cecilia."

"But how make matters right—what do you mean by that?"

"With your assistance, Baron. You should tell me what I ought to do or leave undone, and the



season I think which brought about the misfortune could also make it right again. I could settle very comfortably on a quiet and retired estate, and we could be married. I must of course acquire some exterior polish; but that does not require any conjuring, and we could live quietly till the varnish got dry. My heart, I believe, is as good as any Baron's, and Fernecorn is an honest name in the present day."

"Indeed!" cried Francis. "Do you then think that that which the storm of passion or the daring of the moment has stolen would offer a lasting foundation for a quiet future? Passion moves quicker than love, but the latter alone bestows that equality which rivets its blessed bond, not for a moment of intoxication, but for eternity. It is a question whether Cecilia does not hate you—whether her momentary self-forgetfulness does not seek its revenge in lasting anger."

Jean Baptiste regarded the Baron with widely opened eyes, and then said in a tone of vexation,

"I should be sorry, for your sister's sake, dear Baron, if she thought to forget, through hatred, that which can only be made good by love; and she would despise herself if she were to hate me on account of that unhappy hour. You understand me? I, Baron, love her now, although at that moment I—I know not what to call it; and if I was

a very daring fellow when I clasped the charming Baroness in my arms, now I have the courage to give up everything for the sake of her and your happiness. Go to her, Baron ; perhaps she does not exactly hate me, but her situation makes her despair when in her mother's presence. Assist her, and do not desert her now ; and when she is calmer, if she is still determined not to have anything to say to me, then tell her that Jean Baptiste will not for a moment stand in her way, if she prefers to remain a noble Baroness. I will tie the whole weight of the nobles' money which I have earned round my neck, and throw myself into the Lürlei on the Rhine, if through it Cecilia could remain right noble, and our child must absolutely become a young Baron."

He rapidly passed his hand over his eyes and turned to the door. The Baron hurried after him, and as he pressed his hand, said with as much warmth as honour,

" You bear the fireproof stamp of true nobility, dear Jean Baptiste. Calm yourself ; after dinner I will go to her and see how this difficult affair can be best arranged. Cecilia may, perhaps, be reconciled to you, or her child may, at a late date, cause her proud heart to yield. But do not think ill of her, even if she were to hate you ; you cannot understand what a daughter of our rank feels in

such a position. Perhaps, too, she only hates in you, herself and that common weakness through which she has lost her noble self-restraint."

He offered him his hand, and the Baron was compelled to suffer the powerful boatman to draw him towards him, press him firmly to his bosom, and kiss him as he cried affectionately,

“ Brother Francis !”

## CHAPTER VII.

A MISFORTUNE so unexpected, through which the Baron felt as much for his mother as for his sister, filled him with sorrow and anxiety. His restlessness at one moment impelled him to fly to the country seat; at another, some unsettled fear restrained him; and even if he found an excuse for his delay in the fact that he had no expedient for the entangled affair, still, on the other hand, he was obliged to confess that it could be best talked over with his unhappy sister. For Cecilia, her own misfortune pleaded and demanded forgiveness and assistance from her brother; but still he could not blame the horror, even desperation, he felt sure his mother would feel. Francis spent the day in a very excited state, passed a sleepless night in reflecting how an awful rupture between the mother and daughter might be averted, and only on the following morning felt in a proper state to meet his family with the requisite ease.

This was the first Sunday in Advent, the second of December, and thin snow flakes fell from the

heights of the Taunus range on the Baron, as he passed over the floating-bridge in his calèche. Many persons were crossing in hasty terror from Castel, who, on being questioned, stated that, since daybreak, a violent cannonade had been heard from the higher ground at Hoheim, and the news had arrived that the Prussian General Count von Kalkreuth was besieging Frankfurt, after, to no purpose, summoning the French Commandant, Van Helden, to surrender. The wind brought the cannonading and platoon fire clearer and clearer to their ears, through which a retreat of the French might be presumed.

Step by step, as the Baron was compelled to pass over the floating-bridge, he reflected whether it would not be better to await in Mayence the result and consequences of the encounter. But his feelings for his family gained the victory, and he was just about to order the coachman to drive quicker after passing the bridge, when he observed Forster and Thérèse walking in the neighbourhood of Castel, who had wandered over directly after dinner to look at the works thrown up by Custine to strengthen the place. Masses of peasants, who had been driven to the entrenchments, worked among the French soldiers with picks and spades, waggons and carts. Engineers were running about with plans and measuring tapes, all in busy haste,

as if this new outwork must be thrown up before nightfall against an advancing enemy. And, in fact, while the Baron was conversing from the carriage with his friends, a French horseman came galloping along the road from Hocheim, who cried to the officers, "Treason! massacre! vengeance!"

The Frenchmen who were employed on the works ran together, listened, and a hundred-voiced echo repeated the threatening words. Many of the peasants took advantage of the confusion to make their escape. Other fugitives on horseback brought the more accurate news that the people of Frankfurt, in agreement with the Prussians, had risen against the French garrison and that General Neuwinger, who had hurried thither with his battalion, had been driven back by the combined Hessians and Prussians, who were now advancing on Mayence.

"That will not happen so very quickly," Forster gave it as his opinion, "for Custine has marched to join Neuwinger with a division of his troops. We will not, on this account, hurry your departure, dear Thérèse, although these occurrences must fully determine us to make the necessary preparations, for I shall not be tranquil in such threatening afflictions till I am assured of your safety."

"Then you must return soon, dear Baron," said Thérèse on parting, "or I shall not be able to bid

you adieu. It were best for you to accompany me into Switzerland, for you will quite forget your evening tea devotions, and in such tempestuous times as the present nothing is so dangerous as to forget good old habits."

Perhaps I may give you a companion, dear madam, even if I do not escort you myself," replied Francis, in such a quick and animated tone, that Madame Forster considered it more than a mere jest.

A thought of his sister had, in fact, suddenly occurred to the Baron like a good inspiration, and on the road he formed his plan for making the proposition to Cecilia.

"If she would only consent to it," he reflected, "and few alternatives are left her. She could go in mourning, as the young widow of an officer who had fallen before Frankfurt or Mayence, with a good but unfamiliar name, into Switzerland. Madame Forster would offer her excellent society and support in all the difficulties which await her."

The cautious brother found this plan not only the best for Cecilia's personal wants, but a preservative of her reputation. While the Baron drove along the banks of the Rhine, sunk in such deep reflections, the married pair had turned again towards the bridge. They met there some friends, members of the club, with the fantastic Böhmer

and his wife at their head. Fear and anxiety spoke in the countenances of these excited persons, and Böhmer no longer dared to pass the middle of the bridge, but took Forster by the arm and turned with him towards the town, though at times looking back in terror. Madame Caroline, who noticed this, and liked to torment her husband, said,

“Dear Böhmer, have you not your eyeglass with you?—those are not Prussian uniforms you see coming from Castel.”

All smiled, while Böhmer, in a few Latin quotations, praised liberty and the sweetness of dying for one's country.

Some French fugitives pressed past them—National Guards, who, to make flight easier, had partly thrown away arms and knapsacks, and, as they hurried towards the town, abused Frankfurt treachery and the Prussian cannon. Forster, in condolence, cried to one of them, “Vive la République!” at which he turned round with a look of comical contempt, and replied, “Sacré Dieu! elle vivra bien sans vous!”

Thérèse was still laughing at this outbreak of the bitterest chagrin, when a captain of cavalry, lightly wounded in the arm, recognized Böhmer as he passed, and stopped to speak to him. Numerous persons from the town soon pressed together to



hear the report the officer gave while seated on his jaded horse.

With great good-humour he narrated the particulars of the battle before the walls of Frankfurt, as far as he had been engaged in it during the morning. The Hessian Grenadier Guards had been roughly handled there, but the French garrison of Frankfurt had been entirely made prisoners. General Neuwinger, who had hurried to join them with a heavy detachment, had not displayed any great activity; so that the Prussians, by Rödelheim, had attacked General Custine's vanguard with a terrible cannonade, and were enabled to drive him back from the banks of the Nidda. The captain had made this announcement in French, but as he regarded the dense mass of persons on the bridge, he cried in a loud voice in German, perhaps through good humour, or perhaps with the vanity he felt at his knowledge of the language,

“Oh! the Prussian cannonade was tremendous—six times to our once. Ah! our papas ran away at Rossbach, and we at Frankfurt. I have lost everything but—bah! it is easy to get more.”

“That's bad for the French,” cried Lennig, who had hurried up, with an assumed appearance of sorrow.

“Oh! no, citizen *chose!* not bad for the French, but very bad for the Clubbists!”

He saluted them with a laugh, and rode off to his quarters.

Custine withdrew his main body of troops from the other bank of the Rhine, and made preparations for the defence of the town, and those places on the stream where the enemy's passage might be feared; while a strong garrison was left in Castel, where the fortifications were in a state of rapid progression.

This retreat of the French brought so many wounded into the town, that the hospitals in the old cathedral convent and the Schönborn Hôtel no longer sufficed, and room was made for them in the Electoral palace. The Administration occupied apartments in the Deutsche Haus opposite, and the Club was equally compelled to give up its splendid salon for a Lazaretto; Custine alone still kept possession of the apartments formerly occupied by the Elector.

After Francis had returned in the midst of all these movements one evening at a late hour, he hurried the next morning to Forster's. Before the house a loaded carriage was standing, and upstairs he found Madame Thérèse ready dressed for her journey, and in her husband's arms. Our young friend entered the room as if expressly ordained to lighten this painful farewell. Thérèse uttered a loud cry of joy, just as susceptible hearts

try to expel one violent emotion by another.

“I had already given you up with sorrow, my dear Baron,” she said, “and am therefore the more delighted to see you, though only for a moment. But you wished to give me a companion? There is a place in the carriage, and if it’s necessary the coachman will wait another day.”

Our friend stood before her perplexed, thoughtful, and troubled in spirit. His delicate secret weighed upon his mind, but it required a stranger’s assistance, and though he did not hesitate for a moment about giving Thérèse his unbounded confidence, still he was at a loss for the moment how to break it to her. He had hoped to have time to reflect on his communication, and to find the proper hour for it alone with Thérèse, and now time pressed and Forster was present.

“I could not return before,” he said, therefore, with hesitating reflection, “for it cost me much trouble before I could persuade my mother to a journey to Münster, but it was absolutely necessary, and I accompanied her to Coblenz, where a cousin undertook the office of escorting her further. Then I had my poor sister——”

“Poor? Is the good Baroness ill?” asked Thérèse, with a lively expression of sympathy.

The word had escaped him in his distraction, and he now made up his mind to answer Thérèse’s

question with a short affirmation, and so break off his communication, when at the very moment the coachman asked in the passage for the packages which were to be placed inside the carriage. Forster hurried out with his little Rosa in his arms, and our friend, taking advantage of this favourable opportunity, whispered,

“My sister is now in the most unhappy position into which a maiden can fall, however happy a married woman may feel at it. I wished her to be your companion into Switzerland, but in her present condition she is absolutely determined not to appear before you. I alone must find her a place of refuge, and I know not how to help myself.”

“I can assist you, dear, good Baron!” replied Thérèse hastily. “I will remain for the present in Strasburg, and, indeed, Forster is not pleased at my journey to Neuchâtel, as it is Prussian. In Strasburg I will find a quiet and respectable family——”

“Excellent! For the young widow of an officer killed before Frankfurt. You understand? I will conduct her thither; there are still some weeks left us, and you can write to me beforehand, but——”

Thérèse understood his embarrassed question, and as she offered him her hand, she whispered,

“’Tis a secret, my friend.”

Francis seized her hand to kiss it ; his looks, his eloquent smiles, expressed the gratitude he felt in this moment of melancholy parting, and in the confusion of his feelings it was just possible he heard the warning crack of the coachman's whip, for he offered her his arm and led her to the carriage.

The moment was very painful, the farewell silent through foreboding sorrow. Forster handed her the child into the carriage, and for the last time Thérèse's moistened eye rested on his swarthy countenance, her hand on his heated lips.

"We shall see one another in Switzerland," cried Francis as if inspired, and Thérèse, who could not speak, answered with a nod of delight.

The carriage left the door at a rapid pace, and Forster rushed into the house, where Francis found him leaning on the window-sill, and giving way to a violent burst of tears. He embraced him and seized his hand.

"Ah!" sighed Forster, "that even what is necessary should demand such painful sacrifices ; but it must be so, dear friend. I shall become calmer now that I know that my treasures are safely stored up. Sieges, desolation, epidemics, here threatened them with a thousand dangers, and has not my Thérèse's abode in her once so happy home become hateful to her? She turned her gaze so

gladly into the Schönborn Garden, and it is now the courtyard of a lazaretto. Now that I stand alone, my noble friend, the Prussian bombshells no longer cause me any terror."

Francis, to distract his friend's thoughts, told him that he had already met some strolling parties of Prussians in the Rheingau, and on one occasion had shown Professor Hoffmann a great service in the easiest possible manner.

"How so?" inquired Forster. "I know he was sent into the Rheingau by President Dorsch, to save, or else destroy, the provisions of meal and corn left there by the *émigrés*."

"He did not succeed in doing so," explained Francis. "He was obliged to make arrangements for his escape, was seized on the road by some Prussian hussars, and brought before the captain, who had just stopped my carriage. Hoffmann was not a little terrified when he recognised me; he threw an imploring look on me, while he treated me as an utter stranger. He represented himself as a soap-boiler from Sohr, returning from a visit to his sister at Kreuznach, and gave his name as Michael Kerz. The officer measured him with a practised eye. 'We know,' he said, 'that some of those cursed patriots came across, but have no closer description of them.' I was silent, and Hoffmann was allowed to proceed. The droll part

of the matter was that the captain was watching for this very Hoffmann, of whose wanderings in the Rheingau he had already received notice. He assured me that General von Kalkreuth possessed a list of the Clubbists from a monk in Mayence; and I could easily remark in this gentleman's manner, so eager to catch patriots, that our Jacobins would fare but badly in Prussian hands."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH Lennig's exertions the party of the friends of Germany had been silently strengthened. On the long dark evenings the members collected by turns at the residences of the more respected citizens; for it was a wandering club, which, through this very want of settlement, sought to escape notice.

Lennig and the Baron devoted many a quiet hour to their patriotic designs. An effective attempt must soon be made by the friends of Germany, as the commissaries of the National Convention were daily expected from Paris, who were to take possession of the Rhenish lands occupied by Custine, in the name of the French Republic. Clear-seeing persons were sensible that these deputies of the revolution would not hesitate so long in incorporating this new conquest of the French Republic, as the Mayennese had vacillated in declaring themselves with energy in favour of a German prince. In the wine-houses might constantly be heard the cry of even respectable citi-



zens, "Whoever wins us has us." Francis and Lennig, therefore, determined to commence the combat against the Clubbists in their own camp. For this purpose Lennig determined to join the Club, and this step as soon as taken caused a great sensation. Erasmus, through his station, and as a member of the vicegerency, was held in high respect among the citizens, and in consequence the Club received him into its ranks with noisy rejoicing, not suspecting that the weight of this distinction might fall into the scale against themselves. Erasmus now constantly visited the evening meetings of the *soi-disant* friends of the people, and was not long without due influence in them, while for his sake, to take part either for or against him, the wine-houses were now thronged.

Lennig and Francis, who smiled at this excitement, were sitting confidentially together, and working at a speech the former intended to deliver in the Club. Our young friend's state-jurisprudence was united to Lennig's practical views, in order to complete something which should gain a decided influence among all classes of citizens; and Erasmus and the Baron, did not deceive themselves as to the effect their common composition would have. In truth, through the working of the German party, a very numerous and mixed audience made its appearance in the club locale, which

was situated, since the academic salon had been converted into a lazaretto, in the play-house behind the Countess Condenhove's mansion. This locality, which could not be called brilliant in comparison with their former splendid place of meeting, was sparingly lighted by one single and highly-swung chandelier. However, on this day the obscurity of the place favoured the impression made by Lennig's speech, and the applause which was bestowed on it; for there were many cowardly souls among the audience, whose enthusiasm only ventured to display itself in twilight. At first a great silence of expectation and astonishment had prevailed; but when some of the more violent Clubbists, in their rage and anxiety, had commanded the speaker to be silent, a violent tumult arose. After each call of silence from the Clubbists, followed an encouraging cry from the people for the continuance of the speech, and every expression of applause from the boxes and the gallery drew the reverse from the pit. Lennig had expected something of the sort, and in consequence did not lose his smiling self-possession, but as soon as the storm burst, he reefed his sails, to spread them again with the first calm.

Lennig, after concluding his speech, retired from the box, accompanied by shouts of applause from

the gallery. Many of the audience at the same time left the theatre without waiting for further discussion, as if they were once for all determined on this vital question for Mayence.

The Clubbists, who had been compelled to silence, did not, on that account, remain inactive, and during this very night the more violent consulted with Böhmer as to what ought to be done. This hot-headed man, however much he might expose himself to General Custine's laughter and sarcasms, through his *bizarre* manner, was not without influence as his secretary in matters which presupposed a special acquaintance with Mayence, or which threatened the mistrustful and vain French with embarrassment, so that in such circumstances he could carry many exaggerated measures. Through this it ought not to be wondered at, that on the very next morning an edict of Custine's appeared, which summoned the citizens to deliver up within five days all the fire-arms they had received from the arsenal at the time of the French advance, or possessed as their own property ; while, at the same time, a domiciliary search and a fine of 500 florins were threatened for every fire-arm concealed.

In order, too, to disarm Lennig's speech, Metternich proclaimed, with much noise, a refutation to

it, through which a numerous audience of excited and scandal-seeking inhabitants was attracted into the theatre on the appointed evening. How astonished were they to find French sentinels at the entrance to the boxes and the gallery, who loaded their muskets in the presence of the crowd. The Baron and Lennig immediately left the house in haughty anger, and drew away many terrified persons after them.

The speech was now spread through the country in thousands of copies. This brought Baron Francis on the idea of also having Lennig's speech printed, to allow the people an opportunity of examining both sides of a question so affecting their future welfare.

The next day he was seated with Erasmus, engaged in busy reflections as to how the impressions could be most safely diffused, when the printer brought the manuscript back in breathless haste.

"I have been threatened with the destruction of my home and my press!" exclaimed the terrified man.

The Baron asked for a written authority from Custine, the administration, or the municipality, and as no such document had been sent to the printer, our young friend instructed him as to the power of the press in a state possessing liberty and equality; while Lennig made him understand that

they only tried to terrify him, as they had no power to prevent him publishing it.

The timid printer adhered to his determination. Whatever explanations were made him, he assented to their truth, but could not be induced to take the MS. back. His fear of the people's power had more effect on him than perhaps his respect for a superior command would have had.

In addition to these annoyances, more overclouding, nay, even outraging impressions daily arrived, which would have disgusted the Baron, now so easily excitable, with any longer stay in Mayence, had he not been quite taken up by his patriotic designs and his heart's affection. The want of cleanliness in the town increased with the lengthening evenings. The wantonness of the soldiers quartered on them, who fired their muskets whenever the humour seized them, terrified the citizens, and had in fact caused several accidents. At the same time immorality spread around in a frightful manner. Citizens' daughters avoided crossing many streets without an escort. The complaints of the inhabitants became daily more urgent, and caused a sharp order of the day from the general commanding the forces, in which bounds were placed on the conduct of the soldiers of the army of the Republic.

On one of the quieter evenings, as our young

friend was returning home from Lennig's, he received on the steps a billet from the trembling hands of a female dressed in a dark cloak. No answer was returned to his question as to who the letter came from ; but the person who delivered it bowed with a long look from beneath her hood, and then floated lightly down the street. The Baron, on arriving in his own room, read these few lines, not without astonishment :

“That which is dearest to your heart is threatened, and yourself, with your impolitic policy, will hardly be able to hold your ground in Mayence long enough to protect the person you love. If you wish a solution of this enigma, trust yourself to the guidance of that hand which will be offered to you to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, beneath the pale lantern of the Hôtel Dienheim.”

The light burned pallidly in the oppressive fog of a December evening, and threw a shuddering half-light over the Mitternacht's Platz. Solitary figures, which, perhaps, through the name of the locality, seemed like midnight spectres, moved in opposite directions through the quiet streets. What appeared most terrible was the sight of two gloomy persons who came up the narrow Mitternacht's-gasse and glided through the half-open door of the Hôtel Dienheim. Francis recognised two monks, and thought with surprise what these pious fathers

could have to do in a house the inhabitants of which had fled, with other more sensible persons. At the same time, the person he expected approached unnoticed, and the same female figure stood suddenly before him, and floated down the gloomy street. As it was only on one side bounded by a few antique houses, on the other by the tall windowless buildings of the arsenal, it seemed by night a gloomy abyss which led into the depths below. At the end of the street were a couple of small houses, from which noise and laughter could be heard, as our friend was drawn by his conductress into the first of them. He felt his way through a narrow passage, up a still narrower stair, where a lighted room presented itself to calm his fears, kept very clean, strewed with fine sand, and slightly perfumed by juniper berries. The girl half turned away, as if ashamed to allow herself to be seen, and after laying aside her dark hooded mantle, threw a handkerchief over her white shoulders, and offered to take the Baron's cloak, as if to conceal her embarrassment. But Francis declined it as he bent an inquiring glance on the girl, who, gracefully built, stood in pleasing confusion before him, and, after a silent pause, turned a dark and speaking glance upon him. At the same time a mass of loosely confined hair fell on her shoulders, and covered her pale but attractive countenance.

Her dress was lighter than was fitting for the season of the year, and seemed rather adapted to the room, which was overheated by an earthenware stove.

“Seat yourself, Sir Baron,” the girl at length said in a voice which trembled through emotion.

Francis seated himself on a willow chair, and turned his glance on the white-washed walls, which were ornamented with a few pictures. A pastil hung over the commode, the portrait, as it seemed, of an ecclesiastic in a lay garb.

“It seems very pleasant here, especially after passing through such dreadful streets,” said the Baron, somewhat confused; and then added, after a pause, “But I should really like to know——”

“Yes, your Grace,” replied the girl, as she bent her eyes on the ground. “I was ordered to offer you the choice whether you would hear an important communication from my mother’s cards, or from a lady, a friend of yours?”

Francis, surprised by the pleasing voice and the choice manner of expression, added in a more friendly tone,

“With all due respect for your mother’s cards, my pretty child, you must yourself perceive that I can put more faith in the tongue of a friend, as I feel certain of discovering a new one in this region.”



“Then your Grace must be so kind as to wait a little—the lady has not yet arrived.”

“And your mother?”

“Is in the adjoining house, Sir Baron.”

“Then you have two dwellings?” remarked the Baron, and the girl became red as fire as she replied,

“Yes, we were obliged to take this one, as customers came in such numbers to the other—people of rank, and inferior persons, and——”

“Then you helped to lay the cards?” inquired the Baron.

“No, your Grace, I was obliged—my mother wished me—to entertain the persons who waited——”

She was silent, and a tear glistened in her long dark eyelashes.

“What’s your name, then?”

“Dorothea, your Grace.”

“Forget that title, my good Dolly,” said Francis with a smile. “Titles have been abolished in Mayence, and you must act in accordance with the present equality, after allowing so many liberties to be taken with you—is it not so?”

Dorothy turned with a sigh from the Baron.

“Is your mother, perchance, the celebrated fortune-teller, Steiglehner?” inquired the Baron.

Dorothy nodded her head.

“I heard formerly about her,” continued Francis.

“She is said to have told many wonderful things by the cards. But you will not lose anything by the arrival of the French, for though they have done away with so much religion, they do not object to a little superstition.”

Dorothea regarded the Baron with a smile, and he asked what her father was.

“Clerk to the Vicarship,” she replied.

“Ah! then that is the reason he dressed something like an ecclesiastic.”

“Oh! no, Baron; why do you think so?”

“Is not that his portrait? It resembles you, surely.”

Dorothea found something to arrange at the window, and said in a gentler tone,

“No, Sir Baron, that is the Ecclesiastical Councillor Pattberg, a friend of my father’s, now in Eichfeld. My God! I hear steps.”

The door was opened, and a girl with painted cheeks and flimsy dress rushed into the room, but stopped on seeing a stranger, and said, while standing at the door,

“A moment, Dorie.”

Dorothea made her violent signs to go, but she tripped in, and whispered in her ear, loud enough to be heard by the Baron, “Chadelar.”

“Once for all, I will not,” replied Dorothea with vehemence, as she pressed her out of the room.

“Chadelar,” inquired the Baron, “what does the General’s adjutant want here? He surely will not come in.”

He rose with violence; the first thing he felt was the embarrassment at being found in such a place; then the warning contained in the billet occurred to him, and the suspicion was excited in him that he had been here enticed into the danger against which he had been seemingly cautioned. But how astonished did he feel when Dorothea threw herself in a suppliant posture before him, and cried as she clasped his knees,

“Help me, Baron! I am deserted by God and the world! Never did a gentleman, so pure and noble as yourself, come here before. Be then a good apparition to me, and do not leave without accomplishing a pious work. Save me!—aid me in leaving this house!”

Francis, deeply impressed by the suppliant tone and look of the repentant girl, held out both his hands to her. He felt himself, at the moment, to be a saint who saves a soul from perdition, without reflecting what advantage he, as a man, possessed in this heavenly pleasure, by the additional taste of sensual satisfaction caused by so charming a figure. Dorothea had raised herself by the assistance of his merciful hands, but before he could give his promise, or the girl express her gratitude,

the door was gently opened at this moment, and Madame Caroline Böhmer entered the room in a man's cloak.

“Aha!” she cried, on observing Dorothea, who was drying her eyes, “my Iris floats on her rainbow! I can guess; shall I expound mythology to you? You see, as I come from the cold into the warmth, I spread around some of my husband's frosty learning. But you know that the Goddess Iris was a sister of the Harpies; and my Iris there was just such a ravishing goddess, and has now quickly reassumed her rainbow. In truth, my dear little Iris, these Magdalene tears suit your face very well. How is it, Baron—can you do anything for the poor girl? Has she confessed to you how long her heart has tenderly dreamed about you, and palpitated for you alone?”

“Oh! Madame!” exclaimed Dorothea, with blushing anger, “how greatly you abuse my confidence! I know you are a wild lady; but to humiliate me thus——”

She left the room with a violent burst of tears.

## CHAPTER IX.

SUCH a rapid succession of unexpected events must have necessarily embarrassed our susceptible young friend, but in a few moments a lively feeling of irritation against the lady who had just entered gained the upper hand.

“It was you, then, Madame Böhmer, who summoned me hither?” he inquired, in a tone of vexation, and while arranging his cloak, which had fallen off his shoulder.

“Aha! he’s angry,” said Madame Caroline with a laugh. “Pardon me if I have disturbed you, but you stood so like a log before the girl, that I could not imagine you wished to bathe in those Magdalene tears. I do not believe it even now, as I know with how little premeditation you entered this notorious house.”

“Certainly, to see you, Madame, at your invitation,” he replied.

“He must be very angry, for he is getting coarse,” she said to herself, though loudly enough for him to hear; “but passion becomes a man’s

countenance, as well as tears do a girl's. Well, I will not detain you long, dear Baron—in fact, I have only to speak of your departure, as you shall soon hear? Do you know that you have not a very dear friend in Father Garzweiler? *Nota bene*, what I now tell you I have heard from confidential persons near Custine, and they are consequently official secrets, so I trust in your silence. This priest, in the first place, denounced you as a spy of the Elector's; but as Forster and other friends of yours appeared on your behalf, and as we know the Elector's spies through our own, this rogue of a father did not succeed. He has, however, talked so much and so long to the officer billeted on him about a certain Fides Lennig, that he has determined to change his quarters, and remove to Lennig's. Cardinet, one of Custine's adjutants, is a friend of mine—I would say of Böhmer's—and I can assure you he is as daring and unscrupulous as you suppose him polite and pleasing; and Garzweiler seems to have given him such a light idea of Fides, and of your connection with her, that you may expect the worst from him. Do me the favour, then, Baron, to remove Fides altogether from the house; then, perhaps, Cardinet will immediately return to his old quarters."

"Do *you* the favour? I thought you were acting on my behalf," reminded the Baron.

She replied with a confusion she seldom displayed, and with high-flown language,

“ It is the noble duty of all women to see that a maiden is not insulted either by word or look—therefore, that is the first thing ; and then, in the second place, I wrote you that you behave with a great want of policy. Your friends have scarcely given bail for you when you hide yourself behind Papa Lennig, urge him on, allow him to make speeches which bring the whole Club into harness, and hold secret *bourgeois* meetings. Do you think, then, we have no listeners and eaves-droppers?—and do you know who is our best spy?—Father Garzweiler. You, dearest Baron, through your intimacy with the dear girl, and Garzweiler’s desire of revenge, have drawn the worst dangers on Fides, and, at the same time, behave in such a way that you must be sent from Mayence. Do you, then, forget all the chivalry you owe your lady? It would be safest for you to join my husband, but I will not advise you to it, for I see clearly you have no great opinion of me. And now I have arrived at the right point. Do you fancy I have invited you here to reveal all this to you from any love I bear you?—If you do, you are quite mistaken. I only wished to bring you here for this reason : ever since you treated me so impertinently at Forster’s, I set my head on it that

you should escort me home. *Allons*, Baron, give me your arm."

And without awaiting his polite expressions of gratitude, she caught him by the arm, and drew him laughingly out of the room. On hearing this laugh Dorothea came out of a downstairs room, and advanced to the stairs with a light. They had, however, scarce gained the narrow passage, Caroline in advance, when arms were grounded before the door of the house, and an officer entered, in whom Caroline, not without terror, recognised the Adjutant Cardinet, of whom she had just been speaking. The adjutant as well seemed not a little surprised as he cried :

"You here, Madame, and with a young gentleman?"

"Quite right, *mon ami*," she replied, "only that I have just come out of the lower room, and the young gentleman probably wishes to go upstairs. We met here with our candle—is not that a dangerous rendezvous? But I had not thought, citizen adjutant, that you came here, too, to consult the cards."

"And I, madame, have long suspected you played false," was the reply. "But let me see what are trumps with you to-day."

As, with these words, he turned the light in Dorothea's hand to look impudently in the stranger's



face, he exclaimed, with malicious surprise: "*Mon Dieu!* citizen Wallbrun. Ha, madame, is that the card you play?—but I'll trump it. Ha! ha! I have just come from your house, citizen, and as I was informed you were expected home to supper, I thought I would first drink a glass of punch here. But now I am immediately at your service—follow me."

"Follow you whither?" inquired the Baron in some anxiety.

"You are arrested, and will hear further to-morrow."

"How can I be arrested?" inquired the young man passionately. "Have I committed a crime?"

"Citizen Wallbrun," replied the soldier, with a slight smile, "do you regard me as the judge before whom you have to defend yourself? I am the Adjutant Cardinet, you must know, and have received orders to arrest you. Do you understand me?—If not, some further explanation awaits you at the door."

Before the dispute could become more violent, of which the insulted Baron gave some signs, Caroline had quietly pulled the girl, who was standing near her, by the dress, and said, as she led Cardinet by the arm towards the house-door, "A word, *mon ami.*"

At this moment Dorothea blew out her light,

and drew the Baron into the room, the door of which she bolted after their entrance. She hurried with him into a back room, opened the window, and, as she assisted him through with his cumbersome cloak and sword, pointed to a garden-wall, and whispered, "The Hôtel Dienheim." As thoughtfully as quickly she locked the door, pulled a heavy oaken table against it, with the assistance of two girls who were sitting by the stove, while the panel was already yielding to Cardinet's furious kicks, put out the light, and escaped through a third door, which led into the adjoining house.

Through the girl's precautionary steps, the Baron had gained sufficient time to swing himself up the high wall by the help of a palisade which separated the gardens of the two small houses. He found himself, after descending on the other side, in what appeared to be an extensive garden, and suspected that it stretched behind these houses, and belonged to the Hôtel Dienheim, which Dorothea had mentioned. His eye had scarcely become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, when he noticed from the grass plot on which he stood a narrow path leading to the wall he had just climbed over. He moved a few steps further, and stood on a glittering gravel road, which brought him to the palisades dividing the garden from the offices. The palisades were kept in bad order, and afforded plenty of gaps

through which he could pass ; but the door of the yard was locked, and our friend hesitated about causing a disturbance by knocking, and so betraying himself to his pursuers. A pale gleam of light fell through a window on the ground-floor, which, however, was closed, but a part of the next dark window was open, and an empty wine-cask, which stood at the bottom of the steps, being easily rolled beneath it, a means of entrance was thus offered. The fugitive had scarce gained the window-sill, when he heard men speaking and laughing in an adjoining front room. He crept through the room to the door which connected them, and recognized Garzweiler's voice. He trembled at the sound ; his flight had led him from an open to a concealed enemy. But nothing was left him but either to advance or retreat. A beam of light through the door shewed him a sliding window, which, as the speaking became louder, he ventured to open a little. He then really saw Garzweiler with some Capuchins seated at a well-covered table, waited on by an old servant who was moving in and out of the room. While the excited fathers were paying due attention to the bottles, Garzweiler had fetched some letters from a cupboard, about which a most animated discussion arose, and which he gave the monks as he read the several addresses. They were directed to clergymen or bailiffs in the

occupied Rhenish provinces, and were received by the jovial monks with some coarse jests at the preachers of liberty who were stationed there. But how astonished the young man was when Garzweiler delivered a letter for a Prussian commissary of war to the care of an aged and quiet father; it could not have been the first letter either, for they spoke of the commissary as an old acquaintance.

The father hid the letter in a secret pocket contrived beneath his hanging capote, and emptied his glass to the success of his mission. These occurrences, and the expressions which fell between whiles, did not allow the listening Baron to entertain any doubt as to a secret correspondence carried on by Garzweiler with the Prussians. How surprised he was to find this man now so unexpectedly on the same road as himself for the advancement of the German cause! Madame Böhmer had, however, declared him to be the best spy the French had. Which party did he then serve, and which betray?

The Baron had no time to reflect on this question, as he heard from the garden the violent voice of a man, and noticed, in the light of a lantern, some French soldiers, who had already arrived so near him, after following his traces from the fortune-teller's house. He hurried into the passage, in

order, if possible, to escape by the house-door, but at the moment muskets rattled on the steps, and the knocker was violently wielded. Francis slipped back into the room as the soldiers pressed into the courtyard, and he found himself cut off both in front and rear. Through the door he saw the monks had risen, and were running about in the greatest alarm. Garzweiler had opened a window and a shutter to look out, and turned to his guests with the frightful words, "French soldiers are at the door—are we betrayed?"

One of the monks, in his wish to escape, opened the door behind which Francis was standing, and fell back so violently, on seeing the Baron against Father Florian, that the aged monk was driven against the table, and the bottles and glasses were thrown down, and voided their contents on the ground.

"Gently, gently! I am the person in danger," cried the young man. "They are pursuing me, and have followed me through the garden. Save me, Father Garzweiler—conceal me somewhere."

And, as he noticed how the father breathed freely again at this pleasing intelligence, and shrugged his shoulders, he added with determination, "Do not delay! If they capture me, I will tell them where to look for the letter hidden under Father Florian's hood—I heard everything."

Now it was Garzweiler's turn to feel terrified. He trembled, ran backwards and forwards, and rubbed his cold forehead, as if to find a safety thought in the deep wrinkles which covered it. In the meanwhile, the knocking at the door of the house and the yard became terrific, and the old maid-servant, whose stay in the room had been unnoticed, asked still more anxiously if she should open the door.

"No, no!" cried Garzweiler, in a subdued tone. And in his angry embarrassment he rushed on the trembling old woman with closed fists and abuse.

"You have lost your head, father," said Francis contemptuously, to whom the danger had given deliberate courage. "Do you open the house-door yourself, and entice the soldiers in, while I jump out of this window."

He already stood on the chair he had placed beneath the casement, after having fastened his cloak firmly, and drawn his sword. Garzweiler had hurried out and opened the door with a polite and pressing invitation to the guard to enter. When the Baron heard their footsteps in the passage, he leaped through the window into the street. A soldier, who had accidentally not yet entered, noticed the leap, and rushed with his musket at charge on the fugitive, who had sprained his ankle

between two of the paving-stones. The young man parried the weapon, and attacked the soldier with such vehemence that he fell to the ground. Regardless of the pain, the Baron limped across the Mitternacht Platz into the dark and winding streets that led to the Flax-market ; light footsteps which he heard following him, driving him on with still greater feelings of fear.

## CHAPTER X.

THE fall of the soldier, which had so fortunately saved the Baron, brought Garzweiler into a serious dilemma; for the man, who had been merely thrown down by the force of the blow, and who was saved by the leathern band of his cartridge-box from a severe wound, had quickly picked himself up, and, by his account of the escape, had put Cardinet—who had, in the meantime, been admitted into the court-yard—in a violent and over-hasty passion. He gave orders to arrest all the persons in the house.

“Nightly meetings take place here, and the foes of the Republic are favoured,” he cried with threatening gestures.

To which Garzweiler, who had regained his self-possession, replied with smiling ease,

“You see by these empty bottles, Citizen Adjutant, against what enemy we have conspired, and by these fish-bones with what fury we have politicised.”

“Why, then, was not the door immediately opened to us?” inquired Cardinet.



“We felt ashamed at being found on such a battle-field,” replied Garzweiler, “as this is Friday, and consequently a fast-day, and we wished to clear away as quickly as possible, though, as you see, we were not successful.”

“But Wallbrun was also here. How was that?”

“Are you not just engaged in hunting him? You drove the hare towards us—and, indeed, I did not even see him. Where did he come from, Father Thomas, while I was opening the house door?”

The monk replied, “He came in through this door. ‘They are after me,’ he cried, and sprang out of the window.”

“Then we shall find his traces. Come, Citizen Cardinet.”

With these words Garzweiler seized a light and opened the door which led into the back-room. Here they saw the marks of the Baron’s sandy shoes, where he had stood behind the door, under the window through which he had entered, and on the cask in the court. These appearances were quite convincing to Cardinet, as he at the same time knew best whence the Baron had come, and the greatest possible length of time he could have been in the house.”

“Yes, Citizen Cardinet!” said the father with

affected sorrow, "a good booty has escaped us both. I wish I had known he had been coming into my preserves, or had at least been in the room."

And with a confidential nod, he whispered in his ear, "The fathers could not hold him ; they know nothing about it ; you see how perplexed they stand there."

After this he very politely invited the Frenchmen to supper, which was served up afresh, with what was still in the larder or could be quickly prepared, and ordered the Capuchins to help him in attending to his guests. They followed him at a sign into the kitchen, where he quickly received the letters back, and gave them instead well-filled bottles. The soldiers did justice to the excellent wine, and when they began to get merry, would insist on the Capuchins sitting down with them. The latter, who had become sober through the fright, behaved for the second time in a manner worthy of the liquor. Monks and *sans-culottes* strangely fraternizing helped one another industriously, and embraced in drunken friendship. Broken German, hashed French, poured from their stammering tongues, while the soldiers began to pull the monks by the beards, and the monks took the liberty of shaking the soldiers by their *queues*. With this familiarity, both in front and rear, they passed the

longest night of the year—long enough to witness, without the shadow of a doubt—both monks and soldiers as drunk as it is only possible to become on the right or left bank of the Rhine.

Baron Francis had not been able to walk far before he found himself exhausted by the pain in his foot and his inward emotion. He turned therefore towards the person who was following him, resolving to sell his liberty dearly. The figure approached him bashfully, and at a call from him, Dorothea stood before him.

Her appearance brought something reviving with it for the desolate young man, and he asked about the issue of the occurrences in the house. Dorothea, in order to escape Cardinet's anger, and to watch the success of her attempt to save the Baron, kept herself concealed on the ground-floor of the adjoining house till the fugitives' traces were discovered. Then, attacked by fresh anxieties, she had crept out, and had followed the Baron on his escape through the streets.

Francis, touched by her emotion, took her hand with kind expressions of gratitude, and drew her near him on the bench. "What is the matter, good Dorothea?" he asked, after a silent and painful pause. "Why, you are crying?" At the same time he passed his hand gently over the girl's forehead and cheek.

“I am so happy, your Grace!” was the trembling reply.

“As after a good action, is it not so?” he said. “You have done me a great service, and I have to thank your sensible heart for my present liberty.”

“Ah! if I could always serve you!” sighed Dorothea. “But no! I desire too much; we cannot do penance for our sins in heaven!”

“Are you then such a dreadful sinner? Go, good child, and calm yourself with the consolation which you find in the Bible; thou hast loved much, and much will be forgiven thee!”

“Ah, no! Now I feel for the first time how it is possible to love, and therefore something I dare not tell you pains me so much.”

“And still you must tell me,” declared Francis. “This, too, is a holy place; regard this little portico as a confessional, and I will be a gentle priest.”

After some little hesitation, Dorothea whispered:

“Ah! I have insulted your noble image by thinking of you in the midst of my sins!”

With this strange confession of love, the unhappy being fell in tears at Francis’s feet, which she kissed, as her mother had once before done Garzweiler’s. This movement of humiliation painfully affected the young Baron, and he took Dorothea’s hand to raise her up.

“Yes, yes!” she cried, as she pressed his hand to her burning lips, “you alone can raise me. When you stood before me in the warm and lighted room, not, like other men, regarding me importunately, but with such a pure and affectionate look, I then felt for the first time what a nobly-minded man really is; and, at that moment, it seemed to me as if a warm fountain welled up in my heart and filled my whole bosom, even my very eyes, with sorrow and penitence; and a voice cried within me, ‘Now, Dorothea, is the time to quit thy former paths; the beautiful and the good has appeared to thee—seize his hand, instead of that of thy protecting angel, who has deserted thee.’ So assist me now; I will not return to my mother, I will serve and be penitent. I felt a fair and happy feeling of forgiveness when I put out that light to save you, which has so often been extinguished for my disgrace and humiliation.”

While Dorothea was silently weeping before the young man, he considered what he could do for her. His sister Cecilia occurred to him, who intended to travel to Strasburg, where Madame Forster had prepared a place of refuge for her, and had now only to send him the last communication as to all preparations being made, previous to her own departure for Switzerland. Francis felt for the girl’s situation with a compassion quite new to

him. He spoke a few mild and soothing words to her, rose from his seat as the clock struck nine, and permitted himself to be led further, as he leaned on her shoulder and threw his cloak around her. As he dared not go home, lest the French might seize him there, he thought of Forster, and seeing a light in his friend's house, he entered. He found him engaged in an occupation which presaged good—in reading letters which had arrived from his Thérèse, and a postscript to the Baron was the guest's offering with which Forster received him.

After the Baron had related his adventure, and begged a present shelter for himself and Dorothea, the suffering foot was examined. A cheerful conversation was commenced; but the events of the evening affected the Baron too nearly to prevent him from displaying his political dissatisfaction with them. He complained of the increasing tyranny of the passionate and hot-brained Clubbists, who turned the heads of the French, and made the condition of affairs still more complicated.

“These fools are also to blame,” he said, “for the municipality being compelled to share its police authority with the military. Only in this way could yesterday's vexation have occurred when a Mayennese citizen was dragged from a wine-house to the town police-office, and maltreated

with twenty-five blows with a stick. And why was he thus punished? Because he had drunk the healths of the Emperor and the King of Prussia."

Forster also disapproved of such harsh treatment for a mere piece of imprudence.

"You cannot even term it imprudence," cried the Baron; "such acts of imprudence cannot happen in a purely free state. That citizen with his toast only answered some abusive speeches against Austria and Prussia, with which a miserable fellow had aroused the anger of all the guests. If, then, public liberty entails the consequence that it is allowable to abuse potentates, it must be equally permissible to drink their healths."

Forster expressed his hope that the expected Commissioners of the National Convention would cause an alteration in the Club, and introduce a better spirit into it.

"The people of the town cause, besides, a great deal of mischief, for their lukewarmness stirs up the bile of the zealous Clubbists. A much more lively spirit prevails in the country; from Spires to Bingen all give their votes in favour of an incorporation with France and the reception of the French Constitution; and this, my dear friend, is the only way to restore the tranquillity of Europe. Do they seriously think on the other bank of the

Rhine of regaining by force that which has voluntarily separated from them?"

Such expressions could of course only bring more clearly before the young man's mind the difference between their views and position, and he was silent. But Forster seemed to have much that weighed heavily upon his mind; he complained of his desolate state and the burden of the labours laid upon his shoulders.

"It would cost me little," he said, "to sacrifice myself altogether. My only wish would be to find it worth the trouble, and to gain something for others; else, by God! the life I lead now is not worth a moment's thought whether I lose it or not. In truth, now that you are under my roof, dearest friend, I might carry a lantern all round Mayence without finding a man. And exactly because they are deficient in everything they do not feel the want. There is not a spark of will or resolution, no power, no activity, no reason, no talent, no feeling, no affection. In this so utterly isolated position, I do all that lies in my power, without a hope of effecting anything material. Shall I confess the truth? I now make curious reflections on my own fate, and find my Thérèse was right in her assertion that only easy men succeed and find friends. Even the free republican has not the choice of remaining independent of



his fellow-men, their views and passions, without paying the penalty of being on all sides constrained. I have nothing to say against the General, the Commissaries of War, or the President of the Administration ; but I labour incessantly, and see clearly that this kind of uncorruptible integrity is more feared than honoured ; and though they profit by my good-will, they evince for me no further sympathy, as I will not serve their selfishness."

Francis listened to his friend in silence, but not without internal compassion ; and Forster, who had not for a long time enjoyed such a happy hour, gave way to his excited feelings. That which seemed to have affected him most painfully among the many public voices which judged his conduct in Germany, was a letter from his wife's father, Heine of Göttingen, who reproached him with ingratitude towards the Elector.

"Ingratitude!" he exclaimed. "Was the Elector the rightful owner of that which he gave away? Did he not bestow the people's property? And how long has it been the law that the advantage of one man should precede the welfare of many thousand? And lastly, can I control events, or is he the man to have compensated me had I left this town, without considering how meanly I should have acted in taking such a step? But papa Heine

always speaks of regarding one's own interest alone, and insists that a man should ever act for himself, and not reflect whether he possesses a fatherland."

The pure and noble conviction which was expressed in Forster's speech reconciled the young Baron, to a view the tendency of which he could not approve, or rather to the friend who was guided by such high principles; and it was deep in the night before Forster conducted him into a quiet back room, and, with a cordial embrace, wished him good night.

The next day the Baron was confined to his room by the pain of his foot, and laid himself on the sofa to read and write while it was being attended to. Dorothea waited on him with the most grateful care, and while doing so behaved more modestly and respectably than the Baron could have expected. For a past life, even when repented of, still is not conquered, and that which we acquire in a circle of immorality is not so easily laid off as that we lose in it. But now the Baron might compare Dorothea with a bird which had passed the moulting season, and displayed a new and glistening plumage. For the sake of the office which he intended her to assume, he observed her closely, ordered her to do many things, and, by a short and rapid conversation, watched her way of thinking and temper of mind. When he afterwards tried to

prepare her for service with his sister, he was glad to find she knew nothing or little of Cecilia. He gave her a few hints how to behave to the gracious lady, who was, to his regret, somewhat impatient, and not sufficiently humbled in her deep sorrow at the loss of a beloved husband. Dorothea made him the fairest promises, and Francis suffered the rest to depend on his sister, to whom he intended to present her in the course of a few days.

In spite of the silence which prevailed in Forster's house, in the immediate neighbourhood of the concealed fugitive, still some of the movements caused by the Saturday's market found their way to him. Dorothea told him of the numerous little fir-trees which were already bought and carried past for the next Monday evening—the children's trees of "Liberty," as the Baron termed them, "ornamented with the gifts of a pious faith." Friend Forster brought him news from the town, and told him, with some anxiety, what preparations had been made at the several gates to prevent his escape; and that the boatmen also had been warned against carrying him across the river. Forster hinted that all this had been set on foot by Cardinet, who was notoriously in Madame Böhmer's good books, and who seemed to suspect his *amie* of a rendezvous with the Baron. Forster was generally not very well inclined to this lady, but the Baron gave it as his opinion that she only looked

kindly on all the General's adjutants out of her excessive love for her husband. They now considered what had best be done, and Francis at length sent for Jean Baptiste, and explained his situation to him.

"Nothing has been forbidden me," said the young man, much cheered by seeing Francis; "it is well known I have sold my boats and retired from business, but how could such a prohibition affect me when the question is to do you a service? Besides, how much is now forbidden, and the Mayennese say very truly, 'It is easier to forbid than prevent,' when all are starving. Yes, yes, I'll put you across in my private boat. The oar is always a pleasant instrument in my hand, and I shall introduce it into my coat of arms, as Willigis, the wheelwright's son, did the wheel into the town arms. I will only advise you to cross in open day, when the least attention is paid to the movements on the river."

Preparations were made for this step, but Francis did not wish to leave the town without giving information of his intention to Fides, warning her, and bidding her adieu. This letter occupied his entire attention the next morning in the silence and solemnity of the last clouded advent Sunday.

Francis informed his beloved friend of as much of his adventure as he thought proper for her ears,

to warn her of the danger which threatened her. On this point Madame Böhmer's advice, though, as it seemed, only given through jealousy, was approved in his heart. He was compelled to allow that through him Fides was exposed to the disgraceful persecution of a daring soldier; that she was misused by his enemy Garzweiler, only either to insult him, or to entangle him in a dangerous quarrel with the hostile officer. He understood the strange fatality that the dangers he had in foreboding hours feared for his beloved should now be brought about by himself, and he entertained an unsettled anxiety about the whole of his conduct in this unhappy and eventful time. These reproaches, which he was compelled to cast on himself, and his care for the peace of the charming Fides, made him so terrified while writing, and through this terror so tender and enthusiastic, that deep affection, confiding love, and lofty passion betrayed themselves in his every word, and could least of all remain unnoticed by an equally affected heart. The young man forgot the determination he had come to in such a degree that the whole history of the dusky evening and the presaging flower flowed imperceptibly from his pen into the dreamy contents of his epistle; and even when he ventured in disguise across the Cattle-market to his own house, to give orders for its management during his absence, he brought his

romance back with him, and enclosed it in the envelope.

In such strange ways is an undecided man conducted towards his destiny. Nor did Francis suspect how much more rapidly he had advanced in his timid concealment than in all his former visits to the Umbach.

## CHAPTER XI.

ON the Monday, at an early hour, Francis made all preparations for his flight. A distant, sullen cannonade commenced the day, and Forster, who had hurried out to gain information, returned with the supposition that the Prussians had already begun their threatened bombardment of Königstein.

The movement this caused in the town was very agreeable to our friend, as it promised to withdraw the attention of the French and the Clubbists from the Baron on his passage to the river. But towards mid-day a new disturbance more fully aroused the town. The *generale* was beaten, and brought soldiers and citizens to the *qui-vive*. At first it was believed that the united Austrian and Prussian armies were advancing against Mayence, and fear and rejoicing at the same time proclaimed the different sentiments of the inhabitants. These suppositions were confirmed when all the battalions, with their full accoutrements and lively music, marched across the Cattle-market to the Palace-

square, and the ammunition and baggage-waggon followed, with their full complement of horses. The news also spread that a division of cuirassiers and mounted chasseurs had advanced at an early hour on the road to Worms.

The crowd accompanying the troops had not quite passed, when Forster arrived from the town, and summoned the Baron to hasten to the Rhine.

“A cordon is being formed from the palace to the New Gate,” he said, “so that at a later hour you will be cut off from the river;” and as the Baron regarded him with surprise, he laughingly added, “It is not for you, dear friend, it is not made for the capture of a fugitive Baron, but for the reception of the deputies of the National Convention, who are at length coming from Strasburg, and will arrive in a couple of hours.”

“The deputies! who have come to incorporate the left bank of the Rhine with the French Republic?” cried the young man in a lively tone. “It is a strange fatality that I am compelled in the same hour to leave Mayence. But now flight is no longer a disgrace. I will hasten to that side, where my peaceful estate lies; and still it pierces my heart that the golden arabesque of the left bank should be torn from the Imperial ornaments of Germany.”



“A jewel, through its fall out of its setting to decorate the other bank,” said Forster, embracing his young friend.

“To our sorrow the more valuable jewel is too firmly fixed,” sighed Francis, while pressing his face close to Forster’s bosom.

But there was no time to lose, and Francis, dressed in a wide-skirted *bourgeois* coat, pulled a broad-brimmed hat deep over his forehead, and took a joiner’s measure in his hand as a stick. He then followed Forster through the little Lang-gasse, and at the corner of the winding Stein-gasse threw a parting glance towards Fides’s dwelling. Our young friend regarded it as a good omen that his beloved was at the moment looking out of the window, probably at the occurrences in the street. What would he have given to feel certain that she recognised him as he raised his hat in salute!

When they had reached the appointed place of embarkation, without hindrance, Jean Baptiste was just pulling his boat to the spot. From the St Martin’s Tower floated the large tricolour flag, for Custine had given up his apartments as an honorary abode for the national deputies.

“And what sort of fellows are they who are about to enter the Electoral palace?” the Baron inquired.

“ We shall see,” replied Forster. “ Of Newbell I know he was syndic in Colmar ; Hausmann is also from that place, and it will soon be shown how the Mayennese wine-casks agree with Merlin de Thionville, the son of a brewer.”

Jean Baptiste had run his boat on the bank, and the Baron sprung in, after a rapid and silent farewell from Forster. Behind him the French drums rattled, before him the sullen roar of the Prussian cannon re-echoed from the Taunus mountains.

The boat floated diagonally across the stream to a point where a coachman awaited him on the road to Biberich with a calèche. After he had changed his clothes and returned his disguise to Jean Baptiste, he drove along this road at a quick pace.

He soon arrived at Hattenheim, and already saw his delightful estate, situated a little further down the stream. In Hattenheim he hoped in a few days to greet Jean Baptiste and Dorothea, in order to reconcile Cecilia with the young man, and to present her future servant to her ; and he therefore stopped at the familiar inn, to make the necessary arrangements for their reception. As he threw back the right-hand leather of the carriage, the stately landlord advanced to the door and doffed his cap ; but as soon as he recognised the Baron, he hurried back in great alarm and

called his daughter. Sabina made her appearance in great despondency, a girl who generally came so officiously to meet the Baron, and had ever felt so flattered by his salutation of "dear neighbour." She listened distractedly to the Baron's commands, as in her embarrassment she arranged her dark and shining locks, and at the same time cast a stolen glance at the upper window of the inn.

Francis, much astonished at this behaviour, bent over the door to look up; and as he noticed a Prussian officer through the panes, he asked if they had any soldiers quartered on them.

"Ah! now the Major has seen you," replied Sabina, trembling. "Hasten away, the Major commands here, and has you on the list of patriots. He's watching for you."

She seemed unwilling to say anything further; nay, she even appeared afraid of having betrayed too much, and hastened back into the house without another word, as she heard an upper window opened.

The coachman drove on, but had scarce passed through the village when the Baron heard a signal of alarm from the inn. He ordered the coachman to drive quicker past the wall of his estate, over which he cast a melancholy look towards the windows of the château. As he entered Oestrich he noticed

a cavalry picquet following him at a sharp trot. He ordered the coachman to pull up near a barn ; and as he sprang out of the carriage, bade him drive on, as fast as he could towards Mittelheim, and then crept along behind the village to the well-known house of the ferry-master Cratz. The latter, much surprised—nay, almost alarmed, soon regained sufficient self-possession to give the Baron a most cordial welcome.

“Is it really you, Sir Baron?” he said. “We could not at all imagine how we could get you from Mayence for our present purpose ; and now you have come of yourself, as if you had fallen from the clouds.”

“Yes, yes, 'tis I, dear Cratz,” interrupted the Baron ; and, after a few rapid words about the mistake which caused him to be pursued, he begged for a place of concealment.

The ferry-master bolted the house-door as the first step, and then, after some reflection, led the Baron upstairs. When he had arrived here, he begged him to remain a moment at the door of the front room, which Garzweiler had formerly occupied, and which he entered gently. After a pause, he opened the door to the anxious Baron with a sign of caution. Conceive the young man's astonishment, however, on entering a dark room with curtained windows ; and he did not at first recog-

nise the place, till Madame Gertrude bade him welcome from a bed hung round with drapery, on moving nearer to which, he saw a new-born babe lying in her arms. Cratz, however, would not allow him to speak, but compelled him to stoop down between the bedstead and the curtain, the folds of which he arranged in a careless manner. In front of the house, meanwhile, could be heard the trampling of horses and cries of the riders, who had found the carriage empty, and had made inquiries after the fugitive in the village. Cratz gave a serious sign to the nurse, who was warming woollen and linen clothes for the infant at the stove, and then hurried down to open the door to the soldiers.

While an animated dispute could be heard on the ground-floor, within the space which contained the bed a whispered conversation was carried on between the two faces, one of which looked out from the bedclothes, and the other between the folds of the curtain.

“ Oh ! Baron, I cannot at all understand——”

“ I trust I have not frightened you, dear neighbour. I was not aware——”

“ Oh ! no, Baron, it is not that ; but you were never before so uncomfortable in our house.”

“ Ah, bah ! I only hope they will not find me and carry me off, for though it will not cost me my head, still it would be very disagreeable. Be-

sides, I must hold the young stranger at the font—is it a boy or a girl?”

“A glorious boy, your Grace!” replied the nurse.

“And not yet christened?”

“Not yet; he happily came into the world yesterday morning,” replied the same personage, with a pleased smile at the thought of the Baron’s christening present.

“Ah, God! they are coming up!” cried Gertrude in terror, as she saw Francis stooping down.

“Madame Cratz, for heaven’s sake, do not make a sign,” warned the nurse; “and don’t try to stop the child crying, whatever you do.”

“Take Nazi in your arms, Madame Dotzler. Do you not see the naughty boy pulling curiously at the curtains?”

Cratz opened the door and said aloud—

“Dear wife, do not be frightened; a fugitive is suspected to be in our house, who probably passed here, and escaped into the open fields; but the officer must convince himself.”

“And you allow this, dear husband?” replied Madame Gertrude, with a clever assumption of anger. “Have Prussian gentlemen so little anxiety about frightening a bed-ridden woman, or are we in an enemy’s country?”

“Pray be quiet, madame,” said the major on

entering. "I must be certain there is only a child."

He looked sharply round the room, felt the curtains, and as at the moment the child, which the mother raised up, began to cry, the officer said in his disappointment, and with a common dialect, "Well, that's no Baron; he behaves like any *bourgeois* brat."

With these words he laughingly left the room; and after examining all the apartments on the ground-floor, he quitted the house with a dozen hussar oaths.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the Baron left his curtained hiding place, the lying-in woman felt a bashful confusion at the sight of the young nobleman, in place of terror, which had now disappeared. But Francis's easy manner made up for such unusual familiarity, which necessity alone had brought about.

“There, you see what can happen to a man in the present day,” he said jestingly. “In Mayence I was pursued because I would not become a Clubbist; and now here, because I am considered one.”

To spare the poor woman's feelings, the young man did not mention the name of the person who had caused this double and contradictory persecution; for he did not entertain the slightest doubt but that the list of patriots, with his name at the head, had been transmitted to the Prussians by Garzweiler. Instead of revealing this, he sought to give a meaning to these strange freaks of fortune by merrily saying,

“So you see that men who entertain evil designs



against us frequently are unaware what good they really do us. I have been borne beyond the common bounds of propriety, to the bed of a dear neighbour, in order to carry the child at the font, and so fulfil an old promise."

This very promise had caused the good woman no little anxiety, and it was only the Catholic custom of not leaving a child long unbaptized, which had induced her to accept the clerk to the bailiwick of Eltwill as godfather; but now of course his services must be declined, and he must be informed of it early the next morning.

While the Christmas-tree was lighted for the little Nazi by his mother's bed, and the child and the nurse rivalled one another in their joy, the Baron's position was discussed. Francis was disposed to yield himself to the major, and explain the mistake which had arisen in regard to himself; but Cratz decidedly objected to such a step.

"Yes, the major alone could settle the matter," he said, "but all suspicious persons who are caught by day or seized by night are carried about from pillar to post, and that, too, in no very friendly manner. Only two days ago, the young student Wenzel, a hopeful youth, luckily escaped. On the road to Rudesheim, while going to visit his mother at Johannisberg, he turned into a wine-house at Eibingen, and there heard from the land-

lady, who did not know him personally, that the officer quartered on her intended, during the night, to drop on one of those rogues of patriots. Wenzel asked in a careless manner what the rogue's name might be, and when he heard his own, he naturally made the best of his way from the place, and succeeded in escaping."

According to all Francis heard of the temper and feelings of the Prussians toward Mayence and the Club, he was easily persuaded to put up with a hiding-place in a house which had been already searched. The secret was imparted to Parson Chambion, who undertook to make the necessary arrangements with the Baroness Cecilia, as it was to be feared that the major would now watch more sharply all who came to or went from the château. On the next evening, after the christening had been completed in the house, Cratz, under cover of the night, carried the Baron in his boat to the estate, and back again, after he had conversed on the most pressing matters with his sister. As the Baron dared neither stay in his own house nor return to Mayence, Cecilia made up her mind to depart for Strasburg as soon as possible, under his protection. Dorothea perfectly satisfied her, according to her brother's representations; she only found it inconsiderate on his part to have appointed to meet the girl so near the château, where she

could learn from any one the true state of Cecilia's affairs, our friend having quite disregarded so necessary a precaution. The Baroness's haughty bitterness against Jean Baptiste still continued; and she could not be persuaded on any account to allow him to enter her presence; at the same time, though Francis found his sister more collected and confident after his mother's departure, he noticed she was very harsh and decided. In consequence, he begged Chambion to send Dorothea back to Mayence, and to order Jean Baptiste to Oestrich.

The Baron had great difficulty in restraining the young man when he found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the château in which he knew Cecilia was, and where the most eventful hour of his life had passed. Nothing was left the Baron, in his sympathy for him and his care for the family secret, but to deceive him as to his sister's sentiments and plans, and to keep him in bounds by delusive hopes of the impending future and a visit to Strasburg. This expectation, as it offered his thoughts a settled object, made the impetuous young man calmer; and Francis gave him an insight into his own situation in Mayence, to bring him gradually to another subject. He delivered to his care messages to Lennig, disclosed to him Adjutant Car-

dinet's designs on Fides, and even suffered him, in order to gain his confidence, to notice some of his feelings towards his charming cousin. How rejoiced Jean Baptiste was at this last revelation! How greatly he saw himself strengthened in his own attachment, when he found in the Baron a sympathizing coadjutor in his own so nearly allied views! He promised everything Francis desired, and especially determined not to take his eyes off Cardinet, and to watch over Fides. He remained in this exalted temper till Francis got rid of him with a message to Dorothea to hold herself in readiness in Castel for the journey. He embraced the Baron with an impetuous farewell, as he recited the following verses with a malicious reference to Fides and Francis, though they portrayed too truly his own position with Cecilia :

“ She spake to him, she sang to him,  
The fatal die was cast;  
Half drew she him, half sank he down,  
And disappeared at last.”

Gertrude, although she had only observed the young man for a quarter of an hour, found him much altered in appearance and demeanour, and they spoke for a considerable time on the subject. Francis, to whom the matter was very painful, did not restrain his reflections for the alleviation of his own heart.

“How remarkably human destinies develop themselves,” he said; “and so at the present moment old noble money and new *bourgeois* liberty carry away in their vortex a young man originally excellent without both. Jean Baptiste, since he has given up his occupation, lives continually in strange fancies; the moving stream, which usually employed his imagination with its cheering current, has now forsaken him, and he spends his idle days and hours in wondrous dreaminess and enjoyment. The Dutch riches, that seduction on the glittering bosom of the river, formerly drove the sails of his busy boat, till the domestic gains, which fell into it, in an allegorical sense, sank it. At first Jean Baptiste was elected a member of the Club, and displayed himself as an active ally of it; but he soon began to vacillate, through the thought whether he should best pursue his good fortune on the old or the new road. The gold enticed him towards noble possessions, the liberty towards revolutionary associations, without the higher import of the one or the tendency of the other being rightly understood by him. Thus this gifted young man lost, or, we may say, threw away, with the oar for which he was born, the balancing pole of his morality, and he retired from the circles in which he was esteemed, without finding any higher sphere in which he would be

recognised. Now he commences to feel this, and his wishes drive him from Mayence, to which place all his reminiscences enchain him. I might say the flight of the nobility acts on his money, but the stream on which he acquired it continually seduces him with the mysterious attraction of its pale green waves. Now this stream has gained, unfortunately, a new and, till now, unknown charm over him, and given him a very serious tendency. On visiting me a while ago, as he now frequently does, he found me very busy with an important letter which I had to write to Strasburg. I begged him to sit down, and he found an open volume of poems which I had been reading, and felt interested by the title of one of them, 'The Fisherman.' It is a sweet ballad of one of our poets, Goethe, whose acquaintance I had a short time before made. A fisherman, as he is casting his nets, is drawn into the depths by a sprite, who raises herself above the waves, to protect her subject fishes. These verses powerfully affected the dreamy Jean Baptiste; I was obliged to give him the book on the spot, and he now constantly carries it in his pocket, though he never reads any other than this ballad."

The friends did not quite understand all this, and, in truth, the Baron could not quite explain to them a condition which had its rise in an unhappy love-secret, but, in consequence, reflected

the more deeply over such a peculiar state. The passionate bond of the moment appeared to him like a spring-storm of sensual youth. What a different temperature had been left behind in these two hearts by that kindling flash, in which the overladen elements had discharged themselves! The cold hauteur of rank had been awakened in Cecilia, while in Jean Baptiste's May-warm bosom a serious and yearning affection had gradually grown up. But still Francis could not altogether reproach his sister for it. In her pride, the sensibility of a heart otherwise gentle appeared to be aroused afresh; while in Jean Baptiste, a manly disposition threatened dissolution in the sultry gloom that clouded his mind.

With all proper precaution, the Baron had, by means of Chambion, obtained a safe-conduct from the Prussian major for Cecilia, her coachman, and her man-servant. They thus passed in safety through the Prussian picquets to Castel, which was occupied by the French. Cecilia here descended at the inn, to which Dorothea had been ordered to come, and remained till Francis, dressed in his own family livery, had helped to arrange the baggage on a post-carriage which had been hired for them.

During this proceeding, and while the metamorphosis of the Baroness into the mourning widow of a Prussian officer also took place, Jean Baptiste

approached, enveloped in a cloak, having accompanied Dorothea across, in order to enjoy at least a distant view of Cecilia. Francis noticed him, and advanced to hurry the imprudent man away, but at the very moment he saw a monk coming along the street, in whom he recognised Father Florian. The letter to the Prussian Commissary of War occurred to him, and his first thought was whether the father might not be returning from Wiesbaden with the answer. After making a sign to Jean Baptiste, he therefore went to meet the father, and begged him to follow him into the inn-yard, where, behind a stable-door, he said to him in terror-stricken whispers,

“ I have waited here to see you, pious father. The Ecclesiastical-Councillor Garzweiler sent me with that man there, whom you perhaps recognise. On the bridge a guard is posted, which searches every monk. The whole affair has been discovered, and if you by chance have a letter from the Commissary of War, you are to give it to this unsuspected man, who will safely carry it across. Have you one ?”

The monk, who seemed to regard the servant's countenance rather mistrustfully, had hardly nodded, in spite of himself, in answer to this question, when Francis told the young boatman to examine carefully under his hood. Before Father Florian had



regained his usual composure, Jean Baptiste had found the secret pocket, and taken out of it a letter, which he delivered to Francis.

“Now go, in God’s name,” cried the latter, “and inform your master, Garzweiler, that Baron Wallbrun sends him his compliments, and will know how to put the letter to a right purpose.”

Florian now first recognised the Baron with a cry of terror, and entreated that the letter might be returned to him.

“No, good father,” said our friend with determination, as he put the letter into his pocket; “Garzweiler has denounced me to the French as a spy, to the Prussians as a Clubbist, and both falsely. Tell him he must withdraw both accusations within eight days, or I shall put his letter into General Custine’s hands. And now go on your way, and cross the bridge.”

The monk hurried away, after repeated but useless prayers. Francis entrusted the letter to Jean Baptiste’s especial care, as he could not take it with him, and then hurried into the inn. After a few moments, Cecilia entered the carriage in her morning garb, accompanied by Dorothea. Francis swung himself on to the box, and the carriage began to ascend the road to Hoheim.

Jean Baptiste went, full of reflection, some part of the way after the calèche, till it escaped his no-

tice in a cutting. His thoughts then turned from Cecilia to the Baron; with both he tried to calculate his future prospects, and still arrived at nothing settled. His wishes hurried away before the heavy and slowly progressing carriage to Strasburg, till the deep bell of the cathedral reminded him of Mayence and the Baron's messages. He hurried back, and while busily engaged in reflecting on them, a bible story from his childish years recurred to him in the strangest manner. He fancied himself the young Jacob, who was compelled to fly, after so cleverly gaining his father's blessing, and serve among strangers for his beloved Rachel. This idea cheered him, and gave importance and weight to the Baron's requests. So much for him to do, and the highest prize his heart could hope to win rose before him, and divested him of the melancholy mood in which leisure to brood over his sorrows had till now kept the active young man. He felt as if new-born, and so excited that he fell on the boatman Christian's neck, whom he met on the bridge, and cried aloud :

“ Ah ! wist thou how the tiny fish  
With us no sorrows know ;  
To sport with them thou'dst quickly hie,  
And drown betimes thy woe.”

But the purpose, which had made him for a

moment so cheerful, threatened him with trouble as he revived. Jean Baptiste, on arriving at his own house, received a summons to the Ecclesiastical Councillor Garzweiler. He thought on the letter which had been entrusted to his care, and as he was afraid to deposit it in his commode, which, in his carelessness, he often left unlocked, he hid it without much reflection in one of his boatman's jackets, now no longer used, and which hung in his *garderobe*.

Garzweiler's hostility to the Baron caused him much anxiety ; bound as he was to both, he did not know which he ought to set in the background in such an exceptional case. It was fortunate, therefore, that the contradiction he feared did not occur, for the father did not demand the letter which the Baron had delivered to his care, as Father Florian, who had already hastened away before Francis had given him the letter, could not have informed Garzweiler of the fact. The Ecclesiastical Councillor merely inquired into all the particulars of the meeting, and seemed much pleased at hearing that the Baron was on a long journey, although he complained that through it the unpleasant misunderstanding would last the longer. His chief request, however, was that the young man should observe strict silence on the subject.

At his uncle's, where Jean Baptiste had his first message to deliver, he found Fides busy in remov-

ing to Felix Blau's, for the duration of Adjutant Cardinet's stay in their house ; for, as a member of the Administration, this old friend of the family had no soldiers quartered on him. In the same way the many Clubbists, regardless of the universal equality, permitted themselves exceptions from law and order, so that the subalterns in any official station treated their non-clubbistical superiors with marked disrespect ; others entered the courts of justice with covered heads, and were guilty of many other impertinencies. Erasmus, after receiving the Baron's written warning, had agreed with Blau on this way of escape for his daughter, and still laughed with constant pleasure at his idea of outwitting the blackguard Frenchman, as he termed him. Erasmus listened to Jean Baptiste's representations, much delighted at the sympathy evinced by the gracious gentleman for "his house," as he called it, although, at the same time, he regarded his Fides with a proud and satisfied smile.

When Jean Baptiste found himself alone with Fides, full as he was of his own love-hopes, he did not conceal all the Baron had confessed as to the sentiments he entertained for her, and Fides listened with a conscious smile. There was nothing in it which surprised her most secret thoughts ; but still all this gained new importance through her cousin's acquaintance with it, for she fancied she heard in

it an echo of recognition from the world. No longer, either, did she feel any fears on the subject, and the calm and proud manner in which she smiled clearly showed what a great alteration had taken place in the public life of Mayence, and in her own heart. Still her delicacy kept her cousin's confidences within proper bounds, and she at last changed the conversation by a jest, as she smilingly named him the shield-bearer of an absent knight, and begged for his good squire-like devices to defend her against the presumptuous officer.

They were still conversing together, when Cardinet's servant, an Alsacian of very crafty appearance, brought several packages belonging to his master, and expressed a wish to arrange his room. Jean Baptiste did not neglect this excellent opportunity for making the fellow's acquaintance; and as he seemed to be attracted by his impudent jests, and behaved with great openness of manner towards him, he soon partly gained him over, and had good hopes of employing his new acquaintance for the Baron's advantage.

In this position of affairs, New Year's day was ushered in by loud merriment; but a new activity arose with January among the different parties, as though their views had received a fresh impetus from the bright and cold weather.

During the festivities held in honour of the

three Commissaries of the French nation, an edict had been drawn up by the Administration, relative to the reception of the people's votes in favour of the New Constitution of the land, which were delivered to the care of the several employés in the departments of Mayence, Spires, and Worms, that they might at the same time arrange the election for deputies to the approaching Rhenish-German National Assembly.

In support of this weighty business, the Club sent out manifestoes through the country, in which solemn promises were made to the inhabitants of the benefits of a contented life, abundant food, and necessary clothing, by means of the fraternal French Constitution; while, after their daily labour, they could rest with the pleasing conviction that a loving divinity had formed them into reasoning men. Great excitement was caused by these proceedings among the peasantry, especially against the new preachers of Liberty, who did not always meet with willing listeners.

More and more citizens followed the example set them by Professor Vogt, and erased their names from the list of Club members, while they took the French cockades from their hats and button-holes, and shared in the jokes and sarcasms vented on the Clubbists' metal decorations.

In consequence of some serious disturbances,

Custine had gallows erected on the four chief squares of the city—the Palace Platz, the Cattle-Market, Corn-Market, and the Old Burial-Ground. However much these whitened posts might cause horror by day and fear by night, still witticisms and sarcasms were ventured even against these dangerous instruments, which were called, from the hangman who erected them, biting enough, “Matthew’s Trees of Liberty.”

A decree of the Administration, in which it was made a duty of the inhabitants to give in the names of the spreaders of false reports, as well as of all other disaffected persons to the municipality, was all that was requisite to lead the citizens into temptation, in addition to their other fears, or leave them a prey to every evil-minded person. No one ventured any longer to speak in mixed company, and each withdrew silently and timidly within the protection of his own four walls.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN such seasons family apartments are accustomed to become more habitable; the porcelain stove shares in the general pleasure, the cheerful walls smile in the honest lamp-light. Such evenings were now experienced at the mild and affectionate Felix Blau's.

Fides, who did not wish to be regarded as a mere refugee under the roof of her paternal friend, had undertaken the management of his domestic affairs. Probably Catherine, "the fair-haired Petra," would not have so willingly resigned her bunch of keys, had not young Nub occupied with the most polite attention their place at her side. This agreeable young man, since he had undertaken the delivery of his teacher's lectures at the high school, seemed now also to be paying court to his *chère amie*, with whom, however, he could only reap the latter moth of love. He was glad to amuse her with his views of taking advantage of the present time so favourable to young ecclesiastics, and arranging his household economy comfortably through wed-



lock. Nub was not without talent, and possessed a pleasing susceptibility for all that was high or important in life; all he required was depth and strength of character. In consequence, he clung to his teacher Blau with an affection which could only be compared with his enthusiasm for Jacobin philosophy.

On these long and familiar evenings Erasmus Lennig constantly made his appearance either alone or accompanied by the "mother," and Blau also invited one or two friends on whom he could rely. On such occasions a few dishes were prepared, good wine loosened the tongues of the guests, and they tried by their conversation to pass through the mist of the present into the cheerful future. Blau, the real Clubbist, agreed with Lennig, the apparent one, in his opinion of the comfortless state of Mayence; the only difference was that his gentle thoughts would not allow him to look so far as Lennig's courageous heart did. The noble-minded ecclesiastic was much exhausted by the unhappy turn of things, the passionate storm in the Club, and the tangled labours of the Administration. The financial department had been entrusted to him, and the drain of the public revenues seemed to work sympathetically on the excitable bosom of this man, so full of feeling as he was. Still he con-

stantly spoke with penetrating affection even of the overclouding eclipse of public life, and the necessity of such preventing catastrophes; but while he gave himself up to them with good confidence, he still seemed to fear a relapse into the old system—the vengeance of a banished and returning power, which might have more good fortune than conscience. All that could be heard of the arrogance and hostile threats of the Prussians against Mayence frightened those honest members of the Club, among whom Blau, as well as Forster, might be counted, and determined them beforehand to turn their backs on Germany, and await their personal safety from France, whence they had hoped the success of the revolution.

“We have, it is true, first to undergo the violence of popular domination, years which will not pass without trouble and fear,” said Blau; “but ’tis only the wantonness of first free youth, which advances towards a ripening and reflecting future, in which will be recognised the universal interest felt in tranquillity and order. What, on the other hand, have we to expect from a senile and whimsical regency, whose interests and family advantage are separate? Do not speak to me of the salubrity of misfortune, of the teaching of painful experience, the repentance and improvement of absolute rulers. Absolutism is like an

aged man, whose brain is too dry and heart too contracted for the deeper impressions of the present, and only preserves a faithful recollection of his long past years, his youth spent in undisturbed power. In misfortune he does not recognise his own faults, but what his subjects owe him during the period of his banishment, and he gives them double punishment for it on his return. Would anyone assert that absolutism neither learns nor forgets anything, there would be nothing remarkable in the statement, nor anything more be said than what we see daily in every grey-headed man who forgets his yesterday and day before, and only turns his coquettish glances on his own happy years. The 'By God's grace' will be the first thing to afflict us again. But what does your oracle Moses say on the subject, Erasmus? To declare that a regent is responsible to none but God for his actions is a despotism which is more intolerable than the oriental."

With such convictions possessing his ecclesiastical friend, Erasmus could only expect him to assume a serious demeanour when he, one evening, arrived in a cheerful state of excitement, with a packet of letters which an inhabitant of Spires had secretly brought. They contained news from the Baron, written from Frankfurt, and a postscript from Spires. Lennig only mentioned concisely many

things which had occurred to his young friend, and could alone interest Fides. Through the mediation of Huber, who was still stopping in Frankfurt, as also of Sömmering and exiles from Mayence, the Baron had succeeded in convincing the Prussians of the falsity of the accusation made against him, and in obtaining a safe-conduct, addressed to the officers stationed in the Rheingau. At Huber's, too, he had received agreeable news relative to Madame Forster, then at Neuchâtel. Huber himself had made up his mind to send in his resignation, and retire to Switzerland, to the support of the lady. The following Lennig read aloud :—

“What, however, I must regard as a special interposition of Providence, is the fact that there arrived on the eve of my departure—only guess who, my dear Lennig—and descended at the Römischer Kaiser—who?—his Archiepiscopal Grace, the Coadjutor von Dalberg, with a small retinue, among whom I found a Mayennese, an old acquaintance of yours—the Government Councillor Doctor Stricker, that lively and amiable man who seems to fill the whole world with his smiling good-humour, and who may well be termed liberal, both in the domestic and the political import of the word. I naturally deferred my journey, and allowed myself to be presented to the

coadjutor. I revealed to him my 'Dalberg idea,' and the secret of the Mayennese united in his name, and you can imagine how graciously I was received through it. Satisfaction was cradled on the prince's prominent under-lip, for this jovial, talented, and humane gentleman is not without some feelings of refined sensuality, and has his share of ambition. He was engaged on a journey to Krautheim, to hold a conference with the Elector, and invite him to Erfurt. I was compelled to visit him frequently, and we there spoke of the present and the future. As regards his reception of the Government, all that he fears is the opposition of the Elector, and of the allied forces, who have determined, once for all, to restore the old system unconditionally, and would look on it as agreement with the revolution to allow any scope to what is reasonable. In this way his lively fancy sported between his hopes and his fears, and caused him at one moment to style me Excellency, at another poor banished man, as he thinks I should be exiled by the Elector, but, on the other hand, received into his own ministry. In return for these good opinions and views, I am afraid I at length insulted him; for when he heard that my sister accompanied me, he insisted on visiting her. Gallant as he is, from his corns to his tonsure, and although his visit to Cecilia was

to take place by day, and through the door, not, as it is said to have happened to another lady in Erfurt, by night, and through a window, still my sister remained resolute in her determination of declining every visit, and the next morning we departed, without taking leave of him. Now, then, there exists in Frankfurt a Mayennese union, which will effect, by means of the Austrian and Prussian powers, the dislodgment of every Frenchman from the Rhenish lands. I have been initiated into it, and am appointed to my post at Mayence. You see, therefore, that, whatever it cost, I must return thither. Help me, then, by means of Garzweiler, on whom we can put the thumb-screw of the suspicious letter. For the present, I send you a number of impressions of a summons to our fellow-citizens—spread them about as far as lies in your power.”

Here, where the letter referred to Fides, Erasmus broke off and delivered it to his daughter. Their different views led to a discussion, in which the gentle earnestness of Blau, who was often interrupted by a hacking cough, failed to convince his old friend of the serious consequences likely to ensue from the printed letter. “With Böhmer’s phantasies and Custine’s mistrust, what misfortunes might they not draw on Mayence!” he cried, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

They were still conversing on the subject, when Jean Baptiste, who at times made his appearance among them, entered the room in a state of fretful excitement.

“There’s something at work,” he exclaimed, “and I cannot find it out. The Frenchmen are real scoundrels, for didn’t I think I’d got that fellow of Cardinet’s quite tight, and yet I cannot learn anything from him. He abuses the people of Mayence, and threatens them with I don’t know what. I would not mind betting there is something brewing in a redoubt they are going to hold, for Cardinet wants to borrow of me a clean boatman’s dress. I can’t imagine what it all means.”

“It’s well we can furnish the explanation,” interposed Blau. “It is a redoubt in honour of the Commissaries of the National Convention, from which, it is expected, no real Clubbists will keep away. I advise you, friend Erasmus, by this opportunity, to regain your credit at such a cheap rate. We’ll conduct your daughter to it between us, and so assume a good appearance of ease before the suspicious Cardinet.”

Fides, whatever novelty and attraction a masked ball possessed for her, only consented on condition that “her knight,” as she laughingly termed the Baron, returned to Mayence to protect her ;

and Erasmus, without offering any objection to Blau's proposals, added,

“ Oh ! Cardinet is now very civil, and is so very obliging and condescending, that I would fear he meditated some treachery, were he not so colossally frivolous.”

“ Well, well,” Blau gave it as his opinion. “ As long as Garzweiler is at his back, I should not place implicit confidence in him.”

“ There are good grounds for Garzweiler backing him,” interrupted Jean Baptiste ; “ for he has, I think, reasons enough to make himself liked by the French. If we were to use our letter against him, one of our four gallows would receive its first appendage.”

At the word letter, Erasmus produced his packet, and with a malicious smile at Blau, who disapproved of it, gave his nephew a quantity of the papers for diffusion, with the warning to go very cautiously to work.

Jean Baptiste read one of them—it was roughly printed, and to the following effect :

“ MAYENNESE CITIZENS,

“ INHABITANTS OF THE TERRITORY OF MAYENCE,

“ Your liberation is rapidly approaching. Await it with calmness. Your fidelity and firmness are known to your rulers, and they are silently



working for you. The brave Prussians, Hessians, and Austrians, who are advancing for your salvation, also know and honour your integrity. Reckon on them, reckon on us. A termination is appointed for the tyranny of your oppressors—the time is at hand when virtue and crime will each obtain its merited reward. In spite of all exertions on the part of the disturbers of quiet, legal order, safety and prosperity will return to Mayence and the whole country.

“YOUR ABSENT FRIENDS AND RULERS.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

THIS paper, which rapidly passed through the hands of the "friends of Germany," caused the most lively sensation, while it summoned up anxiety on one side, and still more exaggerated expectations on the other. The more sensible members of the Club did not neglect drawing the popular notice to the uncertain origin and negative contents of the paper; but it was precisely in this mysterious vagueness that the fancy of all parties found space and impulse for all they feared or desired. A piece of childishness also assisted in heightening the fears of the Clubbists. One morning might be seen hanging on the gallows of the burial-ground, to the amusement of all the passers-by, the effigies of General Custine, the President Dorsch, and the ex-priest Pape. However rough and vulgar the attack was, still these men, marked out by public odium, did not remain indifferent; but when, besides all this, a few days later, a paper written in French, and apparently emanating from the higher circles, was found appended to the

lately raised tree of Liberty, and containing these lines,

“ Arbre de Misère  
Bonnet de Corsaire ;  
Guerre de Brigands,  
Avis aux honnêtes gens !”

it appeared to Custine's partisans full time to meet a so arrogantly threatening conspiracy. The customary morning and evening tolling was now suspended by an order of the day from Custine, probably through fear lest the outbreak of a revolutionary mass or vespers might be joined to such a peal. Patrols now marched by day through the streets, and all was on the best road for still stricter measures, when a great event suddenly convulsed the world, and awakened different anxieties for the General in command.

On the 26th January arrived in Mayence, by means of mounted despatches, the news of the unhappy king's execution on the preceding 21st, which caused a still deeper chasm in society, not merely between the inhabitants friendly to Germany, who were quite stunned by this blow of the guillotine, and the Club, which resounded with wild speeches and brutal proposals for congratulatory addresses, but between the French troops of the line belonging to the garrison, who heard the news of this execution with lively displeasure, and the

National Guards, who knew not how to moderate their rejoicings. The bitterness existing between the two corps rose daily even to a threatening and violent outbreak, and caused the General to entertain apprehensions lest the Mayennese conspirators might join with his own troops and arm themselves by their means. A severe order from the town Commandant General, von Wimpfen, warned all the inhabitants, while negotiations were pending with the troops, to close their doors and windows at the first sound of disturbance, and to keep themselves quiet till the restoration of order was proclaimed by the roll of the drum. The severe weather, which generally curtails the people's comfort, increased, moreover, with their fears; the Rhine was covered with thick ice, and it was necessary to remove the bridge. All gave way to the feelings which precede a siege, while many regarded this as the prelude to it.

On one of these miserable days Francis returned to Mayence, with the commandant's permission, though not without taking some precautions. Contrary to his calculations, he had been compelled to stop a longer time in Frankfurt, frequently on the road, and in Strasburg, for the sake of his afflicted sister, to assist her in becoming accustomed to her new position. This he had great difficulty in effecting, and had suffered sufficient annoyance

in forming a counterpoise between Cecilia's excessive demands and Dorothea's humility.

But the Baron had hardly commenced to look back on the last restless weeks and feel pleased with his study, from which he had been so long absent, when Jean Baptiste, who had been informed of his arrival, disturbed his equanimity. Jean advised him to keep quiet for the present at least, for which purpose he offered him a room in his own remotely-situated house, behind the Red Gate.

"There is something in the wind," he said, repeatedly, "but I have not yet been able to gain scent of it; but the way in which Garzweiler so timidly, and Cardinet's servant so roguishly, inquire whether you have not yet returned, or whether you distrust the permission given you, seemed to me very suspicious; and a paper of the priest's has rendered me still more serious. But what will you think of me on hearing I have become such a mistrustful spy? In truth, this Garzweiler has sunk me very low, and it is a really rascally life here in Mayence."

"A paper, Jean Baptiste?" asked the Baron.

"Yes, listen," and the young man commenced his narrative. "He sent for me, and, as I entered, I noticed him draw a paper cautiously from the table to the sofa; then he stood up, and began to converse about you. He said he had now removed all cause for

misunderstanding, and hoped to receive the letter you know about, from a man ever so truly noble as yourself, and would prefer it from your own hands. He had some very important matters to talk with you about, and felt sure you would be as little likely to betray him as to do wrong to your own noble heart. While talking thus, the Adjutant Cardinet entered, and they walked to the window and conversed in French. In the meanwhile, my eye fell on the paper; and you know what an excellent sight I have. And what was written on it? Nothing but name after name. Garzweiler fetched the paper, and gave it to the adjutant. As he afterwards conducted him out of the room, and returned again, he cried with closed fists, ‘Oh! these French! only think, my honest Jean Baptiste, they now intend to carry away a number of our first citizens as hostages to France, in order to feel sure of the tranquillity of the town.’ I thought no more on the subject till it occurred to me all at once last night, whether the paper might not contain the list of those citizens who were to be chosen as hostages—what do you say?”

The Baron, as he seized Jean Baptiste’s hand, said with a lively expression of anger,

“Yes, my honest, watchful shield-bearer, you may have guessed rightly. Perhaps the father

made out the list himself, and if I did not stand on it, has mentioned my name. For what could he do better for himself?"

Under these circumstances, the Baron did not venture to go out before nightfall, and then accompanied Jean Baptiste to Blau's dwelling, to see Fides, and warn Lennig; but as several friends were upstairs on this evening, whom Francis would prefer to avoid, he returned with the boatman to the latter's house. The next evening the great masquerade was to take place, and nothing was left him but, by Jean Baptiste's assistance, to concert the proper measures to discover Fides and Lennig among the masquers. He found that Fides intended to go as a pilgrim, and hoped to meet Lennig in a similar dress.

Our friend immediately ordered such a costume to be obtained for him, in which he trusted he should run less danger of being recognised; and this dress seemed, at the same time, most consonant with his present unsettled life.

In the course of the day a kind of procession took place, which, either by accident or design, had lately been introduced by the French, as an addition to Custine's important proclamations. Behind a body of drummers the Commissary of Police rode at the head of twenty-five heavy dragoons, the two first of whom carried their carbines at full cock, the

others their drawn swords. The procession was concluded by the Civil Sergeant on horseback and the police officers on foot. At all places where streets met, and on all the squares, a halt was commanded, and the proclamation was preceded by a roll of the drums. Slowly and loudly was then read an edict of Adam Custine's, General-in-chief of the Vosges, addressed to all the citizens of the province between Landau, the Moselle, and the Rhine, inclusive of all nobles, clergy, and officials residing within it, whatever rank or station they might formerly have held, as well as all members of the university, seminaries, and ecclesiastical foundations, summoning all who had not yet sworn to Liberty and Equality, to give in, before the 21st February a written declaration, in the place of an oath, that they would remain true to the people and the principles of Liberty and Equality, and give up, not only the Elector and his party, but all their former prerogatives and privileges. At the same time, it was threatened that all those who refused to give in the declaration should be regarded as hostile to the public liberty and the French Republic, be removed beyond the frontiers, and delivered up to the enemy, whose treacherous accomplices they were.

A thick fog had set in with the evening. Through the Red Gate might be heard the cracking noise of



thickly-thronging ice-blocks with which the Rhine was being coated; and Jean Baptiste, who had long been accustomed to watch the changes on the river, offered to wager that the ice would set in the damp and cold atmosphere.

The house was surrounded by a curious mob, the stairs and ante-room already crowded with masquers, and a noisy, laughing, moving mass received the pilgrim Francis and the Swiss Jean Baptiste on their entry into the salon.

Our two masquers moved about in the room to find the female pilgrim. The waltz hindered them on all sides, as it forced its way through the crowd of spectators, like a toilsome whirlpool in a pent-up stream. At the moment when Francis saw his mask in the crowd, an Egyptian priest caught him by the arm, and, while making mystical signs in the air before him with his staff, conducted him beneath the chandelier in a side room, where he poured into his ear these solemn words, interrupted at times by a cough,

“Slave of Destiny, whose crushing car thou helpest to drag—reflect! Fly ere thou becomest a witness of the struggles which the frightful oath of abjuration to the Elector has prepared for thy fellow-citizens.”

Once again Sarastro raised his staff as he rested his trembling left arm on his bosom, when an ex-

traordinary figure capered between him and Francis, who had drawn back in astonishment, and drew a number of laughing masquers in its train. Behind them the priest had disappeared, and the mad figure turned back once more and danced round our pilgrim with ridiculous gestures. It was a feminine figure, clothed in various colours, and having its plump waist encircled with a tricolor scarf, from which depended two tablets before and behind, the one in front bearing the word "Liberty," the other the word "Equality."

This sharp and sarcastic, even improper application of the two political nostrums, only caused a partial and hidden laugh, for many took umbrage at it, and others seemed to fear the joke might be badly received. Besides, the concealed jester could not long remain undiscovered, as he drew universal attention by his fantastic capers. He had scarcely danced up and down the room a few times, before single and then repeated cries of "It is Dielter—the mad-brained Dielter!" were heard, and the professor found it advisable to disappear.

The Baron, in the meantime, made his way through the crowd in a state of confusion, and tortured by the most contradictory thoughts. He again sought Fides, and still could not forget the priest's enigmatical words, which constantly haunted him. He asked himself repeatedly, "Who could

have been hidden behind the mask—friend or foe?” and whether it would not be better to leave a place where he had been personally recognised, and his most secret thoughts laid bare. However, while our friend was looking round for the unknown, to demand an explanation, he saw Fides leaning on the arm of a quack-doctor, under which costume he knew Father Lennig was concealed.

This strange figure delighted the spectators, and seemed taken from actual life, as such erratic gentlemen of the medical profession were still to be found in many places among the peasants, to whom they ventured to sell their remedies, composed of pounded earth, wormwood mixed with spirit, or a decoction of camomile and dandelion root, all fresh from their own manufactory. Under a suitable mask, with a copper carbuncled nose, red frizzy hair, and bush-like moustache, the travelling quacksalver wore a dark blue uppercoat with gilt buttons, a red waistcoat, with traces where gold lace had once been, yellow leather breeches, half covered by the high narrow boots, a huge cocked hat, and an old German rapier. From a tray, in which he carried his stock in trade, he dispensed, with half Latin phrases, his remedies, to which our Erasmus, in his political petulance, had attached some bitter titles, in reference to several public

topics in Mayence, through which he was unfortunately rendered too conspicuous.

Francis led his mask away, after a few customary phrases, in order to speak confidentially with her in an adjoining room, and impart his anxieties to her; but a Moor who had followed them pressed so close to them, that Francis raised his arm to punish his impertinence and thrust him away, when the latter drew a dagger and stood on his defence. Fides was terrified, and led her friend away into the dancing room. The Moor, however, followed at their heels, and Francis, in order to see for whom the pursuit was intended, separated from Fides. The Moor then followed close behind her. While reflecting what was best for him to do, a boatman joined the Moor, in whom Francis, remembering Jean Baptiste's communication, recognised the Adjutant Cardinet, who was accompanied by a blue domino. After hearing the Moor's report, the boatman looked sharply at Francis, who was standing near them, and, with a movement towards him, demanded something of the Moor, when the latter secretly gave him his dagger. The boatman concealed it in the breast-pocket of his jacket, and drew out at the same moment a letter, which he shewed to the blue domino with lively gestures of astonishment. The latter, recoiling in terror, hastily clutched at the letter, but at the same moment the

mistrustful boatman tore it again from him, and hurried with it into the adjoining room, where Custine was amusing himself with the deputies of the Convention. The Moor had also crept towards this room, though without ever entirely taking his eye off Fides.

These mysterious events, which the Baron had noticed with great excitement, caused him to feel an unsettled fear. He hurried to Fides, who had waited for him, as it had struck eleven o'clock in the room, and many had already unmasked.

“I cannot delay any longer,” he said. “I dare not show myself; will you not, too, leave, dear Fides? I will accompany you home—a fear torments me—come.”

“How can I do so, Baron?” she replied, not without embarrassment. “My father will look for me in vain, and be anxious about me.”

“Where is your father?”

“I do not see him this minute—indeed, I have not seen him for some time.”

“And Professor Blau?”

“Went home long ago—he cannot bear late hours.”

“Was he masked, dear Fides?”

“Yes, as Sarastro.”

“That was he?” cried Francis, pleasantly surprised. “Thank God! he frightened me very

much. But I must go—all are unmasking. How much I still have to tell you, dear Fides! I will wait below at the corner of the Carmelite's Street—try to make your escape after speaking to your father—I shall not be calm without it.”

At these last words he seized her hand and departed, after gently pressing it. At the door he met his Swiss, from whom he had been long separated, and who also was trying to get away. Jean Baptiste seized him by the arm, and drew him aside with the whispered words,

“God be thanked that I have found you again; but now quick—quick!”

Before the house all was quiet, and the curious mob had retired. At the same moment the music ceased, the noise of the salon could alone be heard, and the light gleamed more palely in the thicker growing fog.

“The letter—the Prussian letter to Garzweiler!” exclaimed Jean Baptiste in terror. “I was so distracted at the moment when I wanted to find a safe hiding-place for it, that I forgot I had placed it in the jacket when I lent it to Cardinet. Now he's found it and delivered it to Custine. What, in Heaven's name, will be the end of it?”

“Let it be, Jean Baptiste,” said the Baron, after some reflection; “I shall quit Mayence, and you can give me as your authority. You received the

letter from me—kept it for me; what do you know of its contents, or whence it came? Nothing—and they will have no charge to bring against you.”

They had moved into a niche of the wall which united the coffee-house to the first houses of the Carmelite's Street, and Francis, as he took off his pilgrim's robe, which might prevent his moving quickly, urged the young man to go up once more, at least to the door of the dancing-room, and fetch Fides. Jean Baptiste obeyed, though not without some unwilling hesitation,

While our solitary friend, after wrapping his gown round his shoulders to ward off the damp cold, walked backwards and forwards in painful disquietude, he noticed near him a dark spot on the Carmelite's Platz, which, on drawing nearer, he made out to be a chaise with a masked driver, who drove away on his approach. This seemed to him very suspicious, and he retired again into his corner. Before long he could hear some lively whispering in the court of the coffee-house; a little door in the wall was opened, and two masks came out with their cloaks thrown over them.

“Pray come, Mademoiselle,” said one of them; “the chaise is standing at the corner, and your father is waiting for you in it. You must make haste, as they are searching for him—they wish to

arrest him. His friends have saved him. Pray be quick; you must accompany him this night as far as Weissenau."

"No, no; first you said he was in the courtyard, now you say he is in the street. Who are you? What do you wish to do? But wait an instant—let me go on alone."

And while the two men retired a little, a graceful figure hurried towards the street, and called in a loud voice,

"Is anyone there?"

It was Fides, and her loud cry was evidently intended for the Baron, whom she knew to be in the neighbourhood, and who now quickly advanced and replied,

"Here I am."

"Back there!" ordered a third in French; who, in the meanwhile, had come round the corner of the house, and immediately Cardinet, in his boatman's dress, pressed with upraised dagger so impetuously on the Baron, that, as the latter retreated and put himself on guard, he ran, without noticing it, on the sword the Baron had drawn, and fell with a cry to the ground.

A pause of silent horror ensued on this unexpected misfortune, while the two masks escaped into the courtyard, and Fides sank into Francis's arms.



Who can say how long our stunned friend would have delayed on the dangerous spot, had not Jean Baptiste come to them with the terror-fraught words:

“Away!—away! my uncle is a prisoner—persons are being arrested in the town—hostages are being selected and carried off!”

The blue Domino, who had followed him, advanced at this moment towards them, and said in a hollow voice, as he pointed to the prostrate body,

“Save yourselves—save me!”

They passed rapidly across the Carmelite's Platz. The chaise had hurried away at the disturbance.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHITHER? This was the difficult question on this cold and gloomy night. Jean Baptiste, who entertained mistrust against the Domino, did not dare return to his own dwelling, though so close at hand, but turned towards the Red Gate, at which, since the bridge had been removed, no special guard was placed. Here, then, these four persons stood trembling from fear and cold, to the dismal accompaniment of the hollow murmur of the ice flakes.

“Across the river!” cried the Baron.

“Across the Rhine, through the thickly-setting ice? It is not impossible,” replied Jean Baptiste.

“The flakes will drive less violently, because the ice is so thick,” objected the Baron. “We need only go diagonally with the stream; whether we land at Biebrich or elsewhere, only let us reach the other bank.”

“In this darkness—this suffocating fog?”

“Anything is preferable to remaining here; the

gates are closed ; the river alone is left to us—not only the letter, but Cardinet's corpse, pursues us here. Besides, who knows whether we are not already among the number of those whose arrest has been ordered ? The only thing in our favour is that we did not unmask, and so were not recognised."

"But the corpse," replied Jean Baptiste in terror ; "it is dressed in my clothes—the murdered boatman—the ghost will enter the boat and sink us !"

"Superstitious folly," murmured the Domino, in a hollow voice ; "let us cross. Jean Baptiste is a practised boatman, and I will bring happiness and a blessing."

Francis fancied he recognised the voice, though disguised, when they suddenly heard a patrol advancing.

"Let us escape their notice," he said ; "after twelve we will meet here again—come."

The Domino disappeared. They had no time to conjecture who he might be ; besides, his presence was fraught with no peril to them, as he had as much reason as themselves to fear the present danger. The Baron sent Jean Baptiste with commands to the servants at his house and to the Umbach to calm Madame Lennig, and give her news of her daughter, whom for greater safety he

intended to conduct to the convent of the Italian Nuns.

Fides, who in the meantime had reflected on all that had passed, behaved with admirable courage. Her fears for Francis alone weighed on her heart, with all the terror aroused by so horrible an hour and the impending passage of the river. Through these feelings, and not merely from the damp cold, her limbs trembled and her teeth chattered as she hurried, on Francis's arm, through the quiet dark streets.

They soon stood under the arched portico. Francis was compelled to pull repeatedly and with violence at the bell, which was to wake the virgin convent from its first sleep. In the meanwhile the trembling girl, wrapped in his pilgrim's gown, rested once more, as formerly in the beehive of her garret, but with what different sensations, on the breast of the man she loved.

"Would you were not compelled to cross the Rhine!" sighed Fides.

"Tell me that thou lovest me and art willing to become mine," he exclaimed, "and I go with the blessing of thy protecting angel, with thine and my life happiness—and that will not be submerged—for thy sake not—"

"Oh, my Francis!" she whispered, and threw her arms round his neck.

A blessed moment, a pure flush of promise, broke from this gloomy midnight hour. The former seal of their union, which had been imprinted on her virgin forehead, now melted on their lips in the glowing confession of love. All the terrors of the wintry night had disappeared, and the happy Fides's trembling was caused by palpitating love.

At this moment the sliding window in the convent gate was opened, and three nuns, with their veils thrown hastily over them, threw the glimmer of their lamps on the strange apparition of a pilgrim who prayed for admission, and in whom the sleepy sisters soon recognized a former pupil. The little gate was quickly unbarred. "Receive and protect my bride," said the Baron; "she will explain all to you."

Fides had entered, Francis stood without, and their hands were clasped over the consecrated threshold. Once again did they interchange the tender names of Fides and Francis, the "thou" of betrothal, and near the door which separated the convent from the world their lips, so soon about to part, met once more under the downcast eyes of the nuns.

"Fare thee well, my blessed Fides."

"God guide thee, my Francis!"

"Good night, Sister Beatrice!"

“Jesus Christ be praised, Sir Baron!”

And the lamps of the sisters disappeared after these mutual salutations.

For the first time in his life our young friend passed unconsciously through the long streets to the Rhine, where he found Jean Baptiste in the inlet. He had pushed his boat from the shore and fetched some cloaks and refreshments from his own house. He kept a lantern he had brought with him concealed, in order to excite no attention, although it threw its light scarce six paces through the dense fog.

“The boat is too small for three,” he said, as the Domino at this moment advanced from an old shed; “one must remain behind.”

“Which one of us two?” the Baron asked of the Mask in a sportive tone.

“Not I,” was the abrupt and gloomy answer of the Unknown, at which Jean Baptiste cried angrily, “Pray enter, Baron.”

“Will your oar deny its benefactor?” said the Domino, who took off his mask, and was recognized to be Garzweiler. “What forces me to fly,” he continued, “but your betrayal of my letter? The least you can do is to take me with you and save me as well as yourselves. I would advise you to do so; for my person will not weigh your boat down so heavily as my curse!”

“You are mistaken, father,” replied Jean Baptiste, in a tone of vexation; “not we, but that rascally letter, betrayed you. But get in, in God’s name! Let chance now direct us!”

Garzweiler entered the boat, and took his seat by the Baron.

“One of you hold the lantern up for me!” cried Jean Baptiste, as with great exertion he laboured to cut his way through the grinding ice blocks.

The Baron raised the lantern in the air, and Jean Baptiste continued in a murmuring voice:

“The thing does not give more light than a piece of rotten wood! Light and cries for help would be suffocated in this cursed fog. If Lucifer were to hold his fiery tail before us, it would be of more service.”

“We shall be frozen up,” he continued; “the cursed north wind must begin to blow—the ice is setting; we cannot advance, except by trying to get away over the ice.”

The wind cut sharply; the boatman flapped his arms across to warm and dry his wet hands.

“Pull the seats out,” he then commanded, after a little reflection; “we’ll lay them out, and try to cross on them.”

The two men, with great exertion, succeeded in pulling up the seats. The boatman laid the first

over the ice-flakes, which were stationary, or only partly moving, and mounted on it with his boat-hook in his right hand, offering his left to his successor.

“You take precedence, father,” said the young Baron. “Do you hold the lantern, and I will carry the other board.”

In this way they now all stood outside the boat, and advanced with trembling knees to the extremity of the board. Jean Baptiste then laid the other, got on it, and drew the first after him. The Baron then, as rear man, raised the board they had just passed over, and gave it to Jean Baptiste to be laid down again in front. In this manner the dreadful procession advanced on these narrow planks, half senseless from cold and fear. The lantern only afforded them sufficient light to see the thick fog, which seemed to congeal around them. Not a sound was to be heard but the grinding and cracking of the ice, which gave way under them, or was thrown up in masses around them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, when the fog had risen, a small skiff might be noticed in the middle of the frozen stream, which rose above the ice. Conjectures were framed as to how it arrived there, or



who were the unfortunates buried beneath the ice, to whom it served as a tombstone; but a thick snow-storm soon removed this enigmatical memorial from the sight of the inhabitants.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.



BOOK VII.

BARON FRANCIS.



## CHAPTER I.

A DEEP blue sky stretched above the mountain summits of the Jura, and cast its light into a narrow and long valley which lay ensconced among the rocks. The July sun was already sinking behind the western wall; in the half light were piled up the colossal masses of limestone, mounted on the jagged and precipitous platforms, and fringed with bushes and fir-trees, while a few pines on the summit sported in the breeze, and shone in the effulgence of the evening sky. On the lower steps of the mountains hung some solitary châteaux, surrounded by scanty vegetation, while a few goats were climbing the neighbouring rocks. Cheerful houses, with their bright windows, stood on the banks of a rapid stream, which assisted in watering the little flower-beds and kitchen-gardens. All was still and silent in the houses; through the large windows might be seen male and female figures stooping over some manual work. An old half-blind woman sat in one of the gardens, and listened to the prattling of a merry little girl, who

was never weary of trying to make the old Frenchwoman understand her childish German.

When the sun had sunk deeper behind the rocky summits, and the shadows of the valley slowly rose on the eastern mountain wall, Madame Thérèse Forster returned from an evening walk on Huber's arm. They entered the little garden, and took their seats at a table which was already covered. Huber laid his book on one side, and enticed the little Rosa on his knee, while Thérèse moved backwards and forwards to prepare their simple meal. In the meanwhile the landlord, Etienne, came out of the house, in a light dress and stooping position, and gave Thérèse a letter just arrived from Neuchâtel, with his most friendly "Bon soir." He then called his little son Michaud to his side, who had to carry a box of finished watch-works before nightfall over the mountain to Valangin. After that Etienne, while taking a quiet pinch of snuff, seated himself near Huber, and said, with joking curiosity,

"You only came to our house yesterday, Madame, and you receive letters to-day. Ha! Madame, you have more friends than Monsieur 'Uber!"

Thérèse, who had looked through the letter, answered, with smiling emotion,

"I have a husband besides, dear Monsieur Etienne, and you can give me some good advice.

He is on the road hither from Paris—can I receive him here, or would it be better for him to remain at Pontarlier, on the French territory?”

“I do not understand you, Madame,” remarked Etienne, rather anxiously.

“You are quite right, Monsieur Etienne,” said Thérèse, with a melancholy smile; “you do not know how matters stand. Listen: the state of Mayence you must be acquainted with; my husband was a member of the Administration over the Rhenish provinces which Custine occupied. The Commissaries of the National Convention, who had been sent from Paris, have held a great Rhenish-German national assembly, in which all declared themselves for the French Republic, and chose my husband, with two other Mayennese, as deputies to be sent to Paris to effect the incorporation of the Rhenish province with France. This deputation arrived in Paris about the end of March; my husband spoke in the National Convention——”

“Ah! your husband, madame,” interrupted Etienne, with a reverential bow, and Thérèse continued—

“After which, the incorporation of the Rhenish province with France was carried with acclamation. Since that time my husband has remained in Paris. At first the important business occupied his time, and when it was in his power to return,

the Prussians had advanced on Mayence, which town they are now besieging. You see, then, under these circumstances my husband wishes to visit us for a few days, to discuss several matters of great interest to us. But may he venture to enter the Neuchâtelese territory, which belongs to Prussia?—is his liberty not endangered here, dear Monsieur Etienne?”

“Ah! now I understand you, madam,” he replied. “Yes, we certainly belong to Prussia, but only our aristocrats on the borders of the lake, in their palaces and country-houses, are well inclined to that nation; here on the mountains we are Swiss. Ah! madame, what have we in common with a king who resides three hundred leagues away from us—and what do we gain from him? Our high persons send their sons to Berlin, and allow them to take service in the army or at court, but we and our children make watches for Europe. Believe me, madame, our time-pieces go more correctly than the Prussian policy; our watchsprings are better in accordance with the time than those of the Berlin ministry. Let your husband come, without fear; the road to Pontarlier passes not far from this place, and Neuchâtel will not discover that a Mayennese deputy has entered our little valley on this side of the Chasseral.”

Etienne rose. “I must take a short walk be-



fore I enjoy my salad," he said, as he secretly took a pinch of snuff, and then cried up at the window, "Madelon, come down—leave your watch-faces. My daughter works too hard," he added with pride; "she is as industrious as she is clever, and enamels excellently. But look at her grandmother there, she was once the first *artiste* in painting and enamelling, but the paint has ruined her beautiful brown eyes. Good evening, dear mother; pray go into the house before it gets cooler—come, I will lead you to it. There is a wing of a fowl left—enjoy it to your salad."

"Come here first, madame," said Huber; "a glass of this red wine will do you good—'tis real Cortailod."

"Ah! Monsieur 'Uber, you are very kind!" cried Etienne, as he offered him his snuff-box with great politeness.

"When my friend Forster arrives," added Huber cleverly, "then, Monsieur Etienne, you must give us the honour of your company to some bottles of this excellent wine, which we will empty with great silence as to our visitor's name."

Monsieur 'Uber, you are quite charming," replied Etienne. "See, now, ever since you have lived at my neighbour Vidal's I have again looked at the house. We are rivals, Vidal and I; not in love—oh! no. My Cataut I have known since her

confirmation ; but we are rivals in skilfulness. He only makes watch-screws, and I make several of the smaller wheels, while my fusees are in great request, and this he envies me. I earn, too, more than double he can in the week—ah ! Madelon, is that you?—come.”

Madelon, a pale thin girl, with a sunken chest and blinking eyes, took her father’s arm. Etienne, as he passed Vidal’s house, sung, probably his own composition,

“ Bon soir, Vidal, mon cher Voisin !  
Me violà heureux à ton chagrin.”

“ I fancy,” said Huber, “that the prospect of my Cortaillod will keep this Etienne silent ; if he knew of the price set on Forster’s head, I would trust him less.”

The evening was so unusually mild beneath the coloured splendour of the sky, which gleamed over the dark mountain summits, that our friendly couple remained seated till deep in the night. A glass of the Cortaillod had raised Thérèse’s spirits, but it was not the letter alone which had affected her, for she had been for a long time very serious at the thought of Forster’s visit ; nor was her only trouble that George through it hazarded his personal safety, and her peaceful asylum in Neuchâtel. This visit was specially intended for the considera-

tion of the arrangements for their common welfare ; and though Thérèse's heart did not allow her any choice between her friend and her husband, still thoughts occurred to her which she should have entertained before, and which yet were compatible with innocent sentiments.

“What a heavy burden and oppressive care would a wife and child be for a banished man,” she was glad to say ; “and we must try to lessen it by every sort of self-support. And how could I leave my beloved German Fatherland, and remove to France, where my George even does not feel himself happy? No, dear Huber, we may perhaps succeed in getting his banishment reversed, and attracting him again to us.”

Thérèse, having employed and comforted herself with these thoughts, was now much shaken by a passage in the letter. She ordered a lamp to be brought, and read these extracts to her friend, not without tears :—

“‘After so many years of grievous labour, everything I have undertaken for my advancement has been unsuccessful, and I begin the world as it were anew, without knowing how or with what, for I am now cut off from all Europe, overburdened with debt, without means, without support, and almost without prospects. I have offered to accept anything they give me, were it even a mission to

St. Domingo or the East Indies, but in this awful vortex everyone is swallowed up who has no backers to make him of importance, and, above all, no impudence or self-conceit. Learned services, and even the talents of the man of business, are no longer of any value; the man who rises to the surface seizes the helm, till the next, stronger than himself, thrusts him away. In short, for the first time in my life, all my resources are of no use to me, and I stand here as helpless as a child which has no power to support itself.'

"He writes in a more cheerful manner of the price set upon his head;" and Thérèse read further:—

"So then a hundred ducats are offered for my capture. The poor rogue of a Prussian general, not to know better the value of such a head! I would not give six kreutzers for his.'"

"And still I find it consistent with the general state of Germany," said Huber, with painful bitterness, "that a head which they knew so little how to esteem when they might have employed and honoured it, should not now be taxed highly when they wish to cut it off. Our misfortune is that we have so many excellent heads to serve, and such miserable rulers, and that nothing really good is accustomed to dwell beneath the *toupet* of an Excellency."

Thérèse passed over one passage of the letter, till she was driven in-doors by the cool breezes which now began to pour through the valley. She then said with some confusion,

“I had written to him about the insulting demeanour and remarks with which the society of Neuchâtel receives us, dear Ferdinand, and to it he now replies, ‘Dear wife, bear calmly with the follies of thy honest neighbours—they have not astonished me, for I had thought beforehand it would be so. You can oppose them by nothing better than the strict observance of those rules which you have laid down for yourself, and, at the same time, by the most perfect contempt of their narrow views. I wish myself the satisfaction of being for one moment in so strict a circle, and of stopping all their mouths, for this I esteem the first prerogative of virtue.’ Is not our George a noble man?” she exclaimed. “He alone among thousands regards our position in a true light, and not the slightest suspicion gains access to his great heart.”

Huber was thoughtfully silent as he raised the lamp. In this way he accompanied Thérèse to the door of her house, not forgetting the rule he had imposed on himself, of never entering it with her.

But the upper windows in Etienne’s and Vidal’s houses remained open, and two figures appeared

at one and the other, who inhaled the free air of the mountains, and looked up to the star-lit sky which reigned over the black ridge of the Jura.

## CHAPTER II.

FOR the short time that Forster intended to stay, Etienne had cleared out an attic for his use, which was furnished with everything absolutely necessary by the time he arrived at Thérèse's, after receiving at Pontarlier a letter from her. The meeting was on both sides silent and affectionate, not without tears, which flowed equally from joy and sorrow. Painful retrospections, frightful anticipations, pressed on the hearts of the married couple; and, though Forster appeared to be in a very good state of health, still something lay on his mind which might have aroused fears as to his real state. While formerly the courage and elasticity of his spirits had easily raised him above corporal suffering, now his wearied heart seemed to take slight part in the good appearance of his person. He seemed, too, much altered in his behaviour, and, even though he was as tender and attentive as ever to Thérèse, still he discountenanced every mark of affection shown to himself; while, on the

contrary, he met Huber, immediately after the first embrace, and without any further explanation, with the intimate "thou." He kissed and embraced his little Rosa with redoubled fondness, but never entrusted her to any one but Huber, and then with a fixed and long gaze in his friend's countenance.

The first hours passed in the exchange of remarks on all that had happened to them since their last meeting, and Thérèse expressed her satisfaction at having left Mayence at the right season.

"But oh! these people of Mayence!" she exclaimed, "with how many anonymous letters and miserable accusations have they followed me even to this place!"

"Did I not predict it?" replied Forster. "And still, how difficult it would be for a good creature like yourself to believe in the shameful conduct of the Mayennese Clubbists! How should raw boys—for such were the greater part of them—students, and people without education or principles, become all at once virtuous?"

Thérèse allowed the truth of this, but pitied the honest members among them, who, in the event of Mayence being taken by the Prussians, would be treated as badly as the vile.

"And still the cause of these honourable persons," she observed, "was a righteous one, even if the



rabble erred in their ways and means, and even in their views."

"Whatever the impending fate of Mayence and of Europe may be," replied Forster, "one certain conviction I have beforehand, that the present period is one of those which most clearly prove the dependence of the universal destinies of human races on a higher arrangement of events; and as we do not know our own lot, nay, not even what or who we are, what then remains to us but the old obligation—the only one we have toward ourselves—of behaving in a manner worthy of ourselves? This, too, is the only principle of morality; thousands on thousands of things which men esteem allowable by their own abstract rules, and which exhaust all their obligations, are not possible for me; on the other hand, many things are allowed me which are considered faulty by mankind, through the wrongful inferences they draw from their rules, or so-termed prejudices."

In this intercourse, so full of love and thought, how quickly the days passed! and about their future so much had to be arranged! With a melancholy feeling of humiliation, Forster ever refrained from the secret matter on account of which he had come, and it seemed that his heart, so constantly affected, would never gain the proper self-possession

for such considerations. This brought a species of painful expectation into the circle, so familiar and affectionate as it was; and Thérèse, who tried to remove this want of unison, had drawn from her husband's complaints about his desolate position some hopes that he would the more easily approve of her design of remaining in Germany and caring for her own support. In a favourable moment she therefore began to speak on the subject, and revealed to her husband what she had already commenced. She had translated tales from the French, and had attempted a German story, to assist her friend Huber, who had undertaken the support of his banished friend's family from the proceeds of his literary labours. With hesitation and maiden-like embarrassment, the wife, generally so much at her ease, gave her husband her first literary attempts, which had been much improved in style by Huber's pen. At first Forster sought to conceal his emotion by jests and friendly remarks; but sorrow soon unmanned him, and he was obliged to leave the room. Yes, the most painful reflections drove him through the peaceful valley, till the noisy stream and the proud prospect of the Jura had calmed his tempestuous heart.

The same quiet path, and a shady seat on some projecting rocks under the whispering pine trees, had ever been gladly sought by these three friends,

and the long silent afternoons had been spent in confidential communications. The thoughts and feelings of these true German immigrants—what strangers were they beneath the limestone precipices of this solitude! How pathetically their words sounded among the wild bees which hummed around the scanty flowers of the lonely Jura valley! The boisterous storms of the day had cast these three loving friends into such a valley, and exposed them to the childish envy of poor watchmakers!

On such an afternoon, a young pedestrian crossed the heights of Valendys and descended into the valley, accompanied by a guide who carried his luggage. He inquired at the few houses for Thérèse's abode, and in expectation of her return took a seat at the garden table, already spread for the approaching repast. Through his guide he made inquiries for a lodging for a couple of days, and found Neighbour Vidal willing to give him a sleeping place. In the meanwhile he had produced letters and a closely-written book, and employed himself in writing and making notes, till he heard well-known voices from behind the hedge. With what shouts of joy was he saluted after the first feelings of surprise! And he who had come to take them unawares, how was he astonished by the unexpected sight of Forster! "Baron Francis!" the latter exclaimed, as he embraced him, "ah!

what an unexpected addition to the happiness I sought here!"

"Did I not promise our dear Madame Thérèse a visit in Switzerland?" said Francis, as he offered her his hand.

In order to conceal her emotion, Thérèse in a hasty manner inquired whether he had come from Strasburg? and as, with a painful look, he acknowledged he had, she asked much terrified, half aloud,

"Has then——?"

"Ah! yes!" was the whispered reply.

"My God! surely not dead?" she murmured.

"Only the child; the mother is, after long and dreadful suffering, well, and down there in Neuchâtel."

"What secrets have you together?" inquired Huber jestingly; but the confederates were silent, and declined answering any question. Thérèse evinced great activity in running from the garden to the house while saying,

"But to-day—tea! We will here celebrate, after the old fashion, the miracle that the circle of my tea-converts, the presbytery of our dispersed society, has been reunited among the lofty mountains of the Jura. The consecrated vessels, it is true, we have lost, and I especially mourn for my tea-kettle, which at the same time represented our oracle, now sharing in the siege of Mayence.

However, in the present day we must learn to put up with everything."

"And tell us, too, of your wonderful night escape across the icebound stream," cried Forster; "but I must beg your pardon for not having yet commenced to speak of your own affairs, dearest Baron, and—you do not even know, Thérèse, that the Baron is affianced?"

"With—?" she inquired anxiously; to which Francis answered cheerfully and much pleased,

"Calm yourself, dear lady; with the right Fides. How could I embark on the most serious and hazardous event of my life otherwise than—with faith and belief, and at the same time with the holiest confidence? Such was my betrothal, and my passage of the Rhine on that dreadful winter night, and I can say that faith did not fail me in the right hour. But," continued the Baron, after receiving their congratulations, "how shall I be able, on such a cheerful and warm summer evening, to describe ice and fog in sufficiently cold and frightful words to give you an idea of that night? For the fog I have in truth that rocky wall, and it really, as it surrounded us, seemed as fixed and impenetrable as that."

Francis then pictured, with all the cheerfulness of a happy temper, that nocturnal passage in the most horrible colours; and he produced a

very strange impression when, in conclusion, he said that the three despairing fugitives, after unspeakable fear and exertion in the dense fog, had arrived at the same bank again from which they had attempted to escape at the peril of their lives.

“In contradiction to those Mayennese,” said the Baron, “who, after the capitulation, cried, ‘We have lost the town!’ we could say with equal desperation, ‘We have gained it!’ And which of us was the richer for it? But, stiffened with cold, we at length found the right measures, which we ought to have taken from the commencement, had we not been more confused by unsettled fear than by the fog. Each of us sought as quickly as possible (for morning was breaking) a place of concealment. I found one at my dear Forster’s, Jean Baptiste with an old aunt, who was already up for matins, and Garzweiler hoped to find a safe nook among the Capuchin fathers, as no monastery is ever without such. A circumstance favoured us. After daybreak, when the occurrences at the Redoubt were discovered, a portion of our costumes was found on the bank, and the skiff was seen in the midst of the frozen river; no one, therefore, doubted that we lay under the icy gravestone, and so none thought of searching for us. My first step was to inform Fides, by Forster’s help, of my safety, and to make prepara-

tions for my further flight. This I easily effected, after a few days, in disguise, and arrived at Strasburg, happy that I was no longer involved in the lamentable occurrences at Mayence, of which I can tell you from my Fides's journal, for it was delivered to me a few days ago by Jean Baptiste, who, as fortunate as he is daring, made his escape to Strasburg from the besieged town."

Night had fallen over them while engaged in this interview. The friends retired to Thérèse's room, and seated themselves around the lamp, which was less brilliant than their animated conversation. If Forster, even in those days of their last meeting, had many things to complain about, although in affectionate words, now, when Francis could not refrain from speaking about them, with many melancholy reflections and doubts about his own conduct, the pent-up tide burst from his painfully affected breast.

"Oh! my friend!" he cried, as he embraced the Baron, "must we be removed to this distance, that we may, as if from a pinnacle of the world, regard our different paths? In the noble warmth of your heart, how many prejudices of rank you surrendered, when you followed the light footmarks of the age up to a point where, through the flight of the Prince and the nobility, our hearts beat together with the impulse of a common anger.

At that time no masses of ice, as on the night of your betrothal, but the wrecks of a time-hallowed sovereignty, which broke up of itself, covered the fair German river. But our common road soon parted ; I joined the Club, and you dreamed of a—I know not what—return of the old power in a healthier condition. Which of us erred the most—I in the new, or you in the old ? But why do I ask such a question. We both held firm to one conviction—that political liberty is the first necessity of our fellow-men and fellow-citizens, and we are pained to see they cannot acquire it—that villains rob them of it, or that they have not sufficient power in themselves to assert it. In truth, this sorrow is fruitless, and our efforts can do little to promote true freedom. When I reflect how little all that I have done since last November appears now adapted to the end, I oftentimes feel inclined to wish that I had quietly retired from Mayence, and settled down in Hamburg or Altona, without taking any share in working out the destinies of nations. When, on the other hand, I consider that only in this way could my fate take the direction which could make one in my position feel certain of having given satisfaction to his political principles, that only in this way a certain development of myself was possible—a development which, though immeasurably painful, was still peculiarly



improving—and that through all this I bore within me the consciousness of having acted in accordance with every conviction I entertained, and not through mere passion—when I consider these things, then I am content with all that has happened.”

“But I,” sighed the young Baron, “who will give me the same consolation if the old system returns, with all its corruption?”

“Oh! still you have learned much,” replied Forster; “you will perceive it whenever you have to act again. You have learned that all volition, when carried beyond a certain extent, becomes a game of chance, through the uncertainty attached to it. Great practice and experience, a widely-ranging judgment, are requisite, if a man wish to determine when action must commence, and when he, with painful self-restraint, must yield full scope to events, that he may not injure the good. We Germans still require a long course of tuition, and, as dogs are taught by blows to know their masters, so, on the other hand, the rod of misfortune must drive the animal nature out of us. I honour fidelity and patience as fair and manly virtues, but you must yourself allow that it is but slight praise for so great a nation as we might become, if nothing is lauded in us but our constant and all-suffering attachment to our hereditary Princes, who can be valued for nothing but their legitimacy.

Must we pay so high a price for it as to become a *nil* in the world? You are young, spare yourself for better days—raise a family, and may Heaven bless you with sons, in whom a new spirit for the future may spring up! The position of Germany, the character of its inhabitants, the degree and peculiarity of their cultivation, the mixture of constitutions and legislatures, in short, its political, moral, and physical relations, have predestined for it a slow and gradual perfection and ripeness; it must acquire wisdom from the faults and sufferings of its neighbours, and perhaps the higher classes may, by degrees, concede a liberty which the lower could only gain by violence and a desperate convulsion. The precipitancy of reformers may check this quiet progress—the regents may promote it, both in opposition to their most settled plans. In fact, the Princes, by their untimely interference in the affairs of France, have set the tranquillity of Germany on the cast; but on this occasion imprudent apostles of Freedom justify in the eyes of the people, on whom they wish to thrust their liberty, the severity of those measures by which a few rulers oppose all changes. In consequence, we ripen in the hatred of all arbitrary dominion, and God have mercy on those possessors of authority who may refuse liberty when it is earnestly desired! In our old subservient position, in our

thankful bows for the praise given to our fidelity, we do not know how great we are in spirit and in heart; but were we once to arrive at our full growth, we should stand above—I will not say all German thrones—but all European nations!”

Forster ceased, and a thoughtful silence reigned around the lamp. He closed his eyes with a melancholy smile, which soon changed into the earnestness of slumber. Francis nodded to Huber, and both rose gently, kissed Thérèse's hand, and left the room with friendly looks.

## CHAPTER III.

AFTER the fatigues of his walking expedition, and the lively emotions of the evening, the Baron slept more soundly than a betrothed so far from his beloved is wont to do. When he awoke and went into Huber's room, he found it already empty. He moved to the open window, and from it saw Thérèse, who made signs to him from the little garden, and invited him to join their breakfast-table, which was already covered with coffee, butter, and honey.

“I have a great desire to hear your communication,” she said, “and this hour is granted us for it, as Huber is engaged with George on a matter which has been procrastinated day by day. I slept very restlessly, for as I did not like to wake my husband from his sweet sleep in his chair, I was obliged to watch him for a long time. Afterwards I dreamt of your sister, and of the misfortune she has suffered through a miscarriage.”

“Yes, these weeks passed like months,” said Francis, as he gradually sank into his narrative; “I told you before that it was brought about by a fall, caused by my sister going quickly across the room, and catching her foot in the carpet. She was confined to her bed for a long time, but it was, perhaps, not so much corporeal exertion from which she suffered as the gnawing affliction, the secret sorrow, which had deeply undermined her health. You can imagine how much I was tortured by a kindred feeling of anxiety. We fortunately had very attentive people in the house where we lodged, and Cecilia’s servant proved her value by effective good sense and unremitting care. As long as I received letters from Fides, I felt no want of the best refreshment for my heart and of true exaltation of mind; but this happiness, so rich and affecting, ceased when the Prussians began at length to prevent all communication with Mayence. How melancholy a man feels when deprived of his dearest enjoyment, and that, too, the only one he has in exile! As some consolation, I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman, who proved afterwards of great service to us, a Herr von Humbert, of Neuchâtel, who had been wounded in the right arm in the affair at Marienborn, and who wished to perfect his recovery in the company of his mother and sisters.”

“Marienborn near Mayence?” inquired Thérèse, and the Baron continued:

“Yes, according to this gentleman’s description, the main-guard of the Prussian army is stationed there, in the midst of entrenchments and batteries, which, commencing from the left bank of the Rhine above Mayence, encircle the town at the distance of a mile, and are again connected with the river below it. The French ventured a sally against this place by night, in order either to kill or make prisoner the Commander-in-Chief General von Kalkreuth at Marienborn, and Prince Louis at the neighbouring Chaussée-haus. In this attack, which was unsuccessful, Humbert and several other officers were wounded. A handsome man as he is, he made himself valuable and interesting to us by his elegant manners, his narration of his affectionate meeting with his mother and sister, and his severe opinions as to the corrupt condition of the Prussian military and civil services. We were glad to be accompanied by him on to the platform of the cathedral, where such a glorious prospect could be enjoyed over the green stream, towards the dark heights of the Schwarzwald, and were still better inclined towards him as he seemed disposed to stay in the town for our sake. Although himself occupied in the restoration of his health, he evidently took a tender interest in my

recovering sister, and, with seriously intended merriment, he proposed a festival, in which both should celebrate their convalescence on the Righi or some other interesting station in Switzerland. Now, my dear friend, as you only know Cecilia from her blameable side, I cannot sufficiently express to you the happy change her whole character has undergone through the crisis of her moral consciousness and her weakening illness. It is astonishing how, with every day of her recovery of her former charms, a calm affectionate soul displays itself, and causes her to regard the serious side of life. Her natural goodness is no longer overclouded through the impatient desires of her heart; her pretensions are modest, her expectations moderate, and her opinions correct. With the consciousness of her moral loss, I may say she has ceased to feel herself a Baroness, at least in the way she formerly did. She thus regards Humbert's amiable attentions less seriously than he offers them, and I doubt whether, with her present scruples, she would decide on consenting to his wishes, which he has disclosed to me in confidence, however much the auspicious event would delight me, if the situation, which with a good purpose we have supposed for her, should become true, and the feigned widow of a dead officer eventually become the wife of a wounded captain. Herr von

Humbert has too much respect for the sorrow of the widow of a deceased comrade to wish to assume immediately his vacated place on the battle-field of life, however gladly I would see him take it, for my mother's sake, who has returned to our estate in the Rheingau, and longs for our society. But, to return to my sister—we cannot so easily divest ourselves of the associations of our guilt, and Jean Baptiste has unexpectedly made his appearance. His desire for Cecilia, as he told me, and dreams of infidelity towards himself, had driven this unsatisfied man to escape from the besieged town by a desperate night-voyage on the Rhine. In Strasburg he inquired after us—in Bâle we were easily found. After such an amount of exertion, I despaired of sending him away, and cautiously prepared my sister to see him. Cecilia received him with admirable calmness and friendliness, spoke with sense and perspicuity of their mutual position; and while she urged him to turn to Heaven, she assumed such an exalted demeanour, that she moved the natural and sensitive man to tears and unconditional subjection. In return, she permitted him to stop eight days with us; and as Herr von Humbert at that moment entered the room, she took the opportunity of presenting Jean Baptiste to him as a young Mayennese, who had often rendered our family great services. It would have been



better had she left this to me, for I saw what an evil impression the falsehood contained in her words made on Jean Baptiste, who at the same time noticed the tender manner of this highly-born man to Cecilia, and was expected to bear with it in silence. However, I was glad that the matter was so far arranged, as I now dared to hope I should soon enjoy an opportunity of looking for you, my dear friend, in the mountains, whither you had retired contrary to my expectations, and where now Herr von Humbert invited us, in his mother's name, to visit his exquisitely situated country-house. It seemed to me very opportune for Cecilia's sake. I persuaded her to take the step, but remained behind myself with Jean Baptiste in the Hôtel des Alpes. Now I knew Cecilia to be in perfect safety, and found her in her quiet chamber, happy at having broken off the connexion which till then had weighed so heavily on her heart. How delighted she was with the lovely view over the green sea, the blue Jura, the vine-clad hills, and the pleasing country houses! I then thought still more on my dear Madame Forster, and determined to visit you without delay. First, however, I was induced to join the party to the neighbouring Chaumont, for which we were happily favoured with one of those rare and cloudless evenings on which to enjoy the lovely prospect over

the lakes of Neuchâtel, Myrten, and Biel, as well as the fruitful hills to Solothurn, Berne, and Friburg. My sister had found at the country-house Rousseau's 'Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire;' and this book, which she had read with *ennui* in Mayence, now quite enchanted her. She had taken it with her, and now read to us, as we rested on the summit, the praises of St. Peter's Isle in the neighbouring Lake of Biel, on which the Hermit Rousseau, after his banishment from Geneva, had for two months inhabited a room in the bailiff's house. As Cecilia now, at the sight of the magnificent scenery, easily fell into a state she had never yielded to before, she read with much emotion a passage which, as far as I can recollect, runs thus: 'Que ne puis-je aller finir mes jours dans cette isle chérie, sans en ressortir jamais,' &c. The wish to visit this spot, which had been hal- lowed by the abode of a celebrated and strange man, even seized on me, so that we determined, after my return from the mountains, we should make an excursion to it. Jean Baptiste had noticed tears in Cecilia's eyes as she read this passage, and I was obliged, on the road home, to translate to him the pathetic words, which made him very thoughtful, and must have reminded him of Goethe's poem of "The Fisherman," which I found the next morning lying open before him, as I said farewell

to him, and gave him a few hints as to his behaviour to Cecilia. You see, then, dear friend, how matters stand at present—as I fancy, very favourably, with the exception of Humbert's attachment to my sister, which still threatens us with some embarrassment."

Thérèse had listened to this communication at first with great anxiety, but towards the end with waning attention; for the arrangements, which were not yet completed between Huber and Forster, seemed to disquiet her a little. But the two friends soon arrived arm in arm, and with well satisfied looks. They conversed on the weather, and as the sky was slightly overcast, and the breeze somewhat fresh, they determined to stroll to Valangin, and dine there at that renowned inn the Crown. In consequence of this, and through the excursions made during the next day, the Baron did not find any opportunity of reading to them his Mayennese Journal, which he had compiled from the letters he had formerly received, and the descriptions of his beloved Fides, which Jean Baptiste had brought him. Besides, too, the young man did not wish to trouble Forster with reminiscences of Mayence, as he saw how beneficial the quiet of the Jura valley was to him.

The Baron found himself confirmed in the opinion he entertained of his friend's state of mind, when

a letter arrived from Paris, which summoned Forster thither, and, although a prospect for the future was thus opened to him, still it painfully oppressed the unhappy man by the necessity of leaving his family.

“I must accept and attempt everything,” he said, “although it is almost impossible that a man of my way of thinking, my principles, and my character, can assume a public post there and at the same time benefit the State. Virtue, integrity, good intentions, devotion, are as nothing; the Shibboleth, the party cry, is everything. And can a free man allow this to be the all in all? If my attempt is unsuccessful, I will voluntarily retire to my literary occupation and work for Voss and Treutel. What I earn from Voss will cover my debts and help to support my child. Treutel’s payments will be sufficient for my modest wants. I know not yet where I shall pitch my tent, but I should wish it to be near the Rhône, in or not far from Lyons, as soon as quiet is restored there. How lamentable it is not to be able even to say what we will, as we do not know what obligation or necessity lurks behind it! I have no interest in exalting myself in my own eyes, but I should lie were I to assert that any miserable cause has thrown me into an active career. Had I been able to act in a manner contrary to my convictions and

feelings, I might have been now a member of the Academy at Berlin, with a salary on which I could at least have existed; and yet who could have paid me for the consciousness of shame at having disavowed those principles which I have so constantly proclaimed? For let no man say I could have gone on writing and thinking in Berlin in the way I had commenced."

"You ought to write the history of the times," said the Baron. "Who could do so as well as you?—who lived like you in the stormiest current of the day, and stood so soon at its culminating point?"

"I cannot do it," replied Forster. "Oh! since I know that there is no virtue in the Revolution, it disgusts me. I could lay aside ideal dreams, and advance to my object with incompetent men, fall by the way, rise again, and then proceed onward; but with devils and heartless men like those in France, I should feel it a sin to humanity, to holy mother earth, to the light of the sun, ever to find only selfishness and passion where I expected and desired magnanimity; always words only for feelings; ever boasting instead of actual existence and action. Who could bear with this, or describe it? It is not repentance which causes me to speak thus. Liberty and Equality!—the consciousness of vitality tells me that these principles are and

ever have been closely bound up with my feelings, and I cannot and will not disavow them. But wherever I find in the present day virtue and integrity still existing, it is among people who quietly go along their road, far away from the agitation of public business. Such happiness is now the subject of my dreams. For you, my young friend, it is still open—follow it!”

“Oh! and how much this happiness is contracted and mutilated,” replied the Baron, “at this moment I cannot say; but come and share it with us.”

“Yes, I am banished from the German territories,” observed Forster, mournfully.

“The victory of the German cause will be accompanied by magnanimous forgiveness, or, better said, by discernment and intelligence,” declared Francis, with warmth. “I will set every engine in motion, that you and your actions may be understood and valued in the way as I understand you, and, as far as I can, I will be a guarantee for you with my person and property. Promise me you will then come to the Rhine and live with us. We will again pass the happy hours as we did those thus allotted to us when we looked forward to our united future, and had a foretaste of the enjoyment of life and its active duties together.”

Forster, much moved, but with a melancholy

shake of the head, embraced his young friend, in whose anticipations of the magnanimity and intelligence of the Prussians he did not seem to share. But, more than this conviction, the painful necessity of parting from his family probably agitated his heart.

The morning of separation had now irrevocably arrived. Francis and Huber, while waiting for their friend, who was still engaged with Thérèse, wandered backwards and forwards in the garden. Forster at length came downstairs with his wife, and holding his child in his arms, he advanced before them, Huber and Francis accompanying him along the stream to the place where the valley contracted, and where, beneath the shade of a projecting rock covered with fir-trees, the horse was standing on which he intended to ride to Pontarlier, and from that place travel to Paris. He ordered the animal to be led a little way along the road, to put off for a short time the painful moment of departure; but at length he was compelled to stop, and with a deep inspiration he threw a parting glance at the high mountain wall of jagged rock, as if he wished to summon up courage by the sight of its shattered and still so proud precipices.

“’Tis a strange position in which I now find myself,” he said to Francis, as he seized his hand in farewell. “I shall not be understood by those

who are no common-place men; they will not comprehend how I can do that which I yet cannot leave undone. But though I must advance on my road without being able to see further before me, as a wanderer in darkness and mist, still I will not resign the possibility of giving my share to the universal tranquillity. Ah! in this hour I rightly know how much my misfortunes have altered me," he said, as he turned to Thérèse; "see, dearest, I feel no lack of courage and strength, but of that free and cheerful activity of mind which I ever possessed while hope lasted. I have reached what men in my position deem themselves fortunate in making—the haven of resignation. But the name itself tells us it is the last desolate refuge for a heart buffeted by storms. I am calm, but I am ruined!"

He set his little Rosa down, merely, as it seemed, to stoop, and pushing back her little hat from her forehead, kissed her, to conceal his tears, which fell thickly on her auburn locks. The little girl, as if she felt the full depth of this all-melting moment, embraced his knees, as she pressed her face to them firmly and immovably. Then Forster raised himself with closely compressed lips, seized Thérèse's and Huber's hands, which he joined in one another, embraced the pair with tears and trembling, kissed his wife and his friend, and leaned



once again on Thérèse's shoulder, while his manly chest heaved violently.

“Take the child away from me,” he whispered, as soon as he was able; and each of the newly united took the child by the hand and tore her with difficulty from her father. When thus freed, the painfully affected man rushed from the spot, mounted his horse, and galloped towards the rocks, round which the road bent. Here, in his rapid career, he looked round once again, and waved his hand, the last sign the three left behind ever had from their never-to-be-forgotten friend.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE Baron found himself, after Forster's departure, in a very unsatisfactory temper. The more purely and deeply he bore in his own bosom his friend's sorrow and foreboding separation, the more easily was he disturbed and annoyed by the sight of Thérèse and Huber, whom he now found much busied together. Forster had joined their hands, and they now clung to each other with more intimate affection, as, till now, they had only felt they were born for one another. Their attachment, as if in proof of its reality, was at no pains to conceal itself, although the anguish they felt in bidding their friend farewell did not prevent their being touched by his magnanimity, and each shared alike the surrender of the past. Francis, however, yielding to the strange influence of his easily-moved spirit, could never get rid of the idea of smiling heirs, and felt himself desolate among them, as he could have no part in their joy. The image and memory of Forster, in consequence, drew more nearly to him; he fancied he alone

rightly understood the unhappy man's sorrow, and alone shared it, for he, too, notwithstanding all his exertions, was threatened with shipwreck through the misapprehension of the selfish world. In this partly true, partly over-excited disunion, it was only a certain delicacy, and his natural *hauteur*, which restrained him from quickly breaking off his visit, and returning to Neuchâtel with the demeanour of an insulted person. That, too, which had a share, though probably unnoticed by himself, in arousing his secret displeasure, was the thought that he would now have fewer opportunities than formerly of reading extracts from the Mayennese Journal of his affianced Fides, and thus satisfying the innocent vanity of his own loving heart. Instead of this, he took the dear letters with him as companions on his solitary walks, when he employed himself in noticing the strata and formation of the Jura limestone, and examining the scanty mountain vegetation; or visited the scattered houses, to observe the labours of the watchmakers, although deriving little pleasure or instruction from the sight of those skilful operations in which he now seemed so interested.

Thérèse, in the meantime, quickly recovered herself, and, with her exquisite tact, requested her young friend, whose estrangement she had noticed, to oblige her with some extracts from the journal.

With tolerable cheerfulness Francis consequently brought the carefully-kept volume with him one hot afternoon into the garden, where, beneath the broadly-spreading walnut-tree, he began to read it, though he selected only those passages which described interesting occurrences, and the intestine condition of Mayence, as while reading he felt a delicate unwillingness to draw attention to those passages in which Fides expressed her feelings, her dreams, and her love, though he justly felt so proud of these outbursts.

To his great dissatisfaction, while busily reading, he was interrupted by a messenger, who delivered to him a letter, marked as of great importance, written by Cecilia in a hurried manner, and containing the following :—

“ MY DEAREST BROTHER,

“ Your return to Neuchâtel is delayed beyond the time I expected, and with every hour I am drawn into a difficult position, which makes your counsel and assistance absolutely necessary to me. Herr von Humbert honours me with attentions which cause me to apprehend a declaration of his attachment and wishes; delicately-minded as he is, he only waits, I feel sure, for the moment when I leave his family abode, and am free from all other considerations. My daily prayer is that

Heaven may fend my heart from a true attachment, the privileges and hopes of which it has forfeited. On the other hand, Jean Baptiste, who has not yet left us, considers the Captain's attentions—at which I am so terrified—as favoured by myself, and his conduct in consequence begins to be as much remarked by the family as it disquiets me. He alternately sinks into a dreamy state, which gives him an appearance of having lost his senses, and then gives way to a jealousy which threatens me with the most horrible embarrassment. You assured me of the silence of his better heart, but have I not been compelled to learn, by a terrible lesson, what power a moment of passion may gain over our good intentions? The eight days of his stay are past, and when Herr von Humbert yesterday let fall some expressions about his impending departure, I quickly, in order to determine it, proposed the excursion which we had delayed till your return, dear Francis, the tour to the lake of Biel and St. Peter's Island, and I gave him to understand we could thus accompany him a part of his road. He heard the proposal without a reply, and it appears to me he regards it as a settled plan to get rid of him. While we are to-day making our little preparations for the excursion, I am told he wandered all last night in the mountains. A dreadful fear weighs on my heart, for what strange

fancies often occur to us while in such a melancholly condition! It now disquiets me that the island on which I am to take leave of the unhappy young man bears the same name as that islet on the Rhine where, on that festive evening, in the moonbeams, I, to my sorrow, gave him the first opportunity for his behaviour towards me. Is this not ridiculous? In the end my fears are nothing more than my concealed anxiety lest Jean Baptiste should not leave us at the island to pursue his journey, but return with us. Hasten, then, my dear brother, as you have already displayed such patience and affection towards me, to my side, and interpose, with your usual kindness, between me and the unhappy young man. You alone have still any power over him. If you are unable to arrive in time for our to-morrow's party, wait our return at Madame de Humbert's, as she does not join us, or come to meet us on the road to Biel. All will be right once more, when I know you are at my side, and the fact that I may expect you removes a great weight from my heart,

“ To our happy meeting,

“ CECILIA.”

This letter, which was merely intended to induce her brother to hasten his return, disquieted him with reproaches, which he made himself, at not

having foreseen this threatening catastrophe, in his desire to enjoy Madame Forster's society. His easily aroused imagination pictured in very unpleasant colours the misunderstanding which might ensue between the new and the old lover, of such different position and education. He saw his sister's shameful secret threatened with revelation, her connection with Jean Baptiste, through his jealousy, explained to the family, the latter outraged, the captain with his noble plans and proper pride insulted, and Cecilia, as a *soi-disant* widow, banished from the circles of the strict Neuchâtelese society. His fears drove him to an early departure, which he could scarcely excuse to Thérèse and Huber; and his uneasiness increased when he found, on examining the letter more closely, that it had been accidentally delayed, and only delivered that morning instead of the preceding night. Now he determined to be present at least on the return of the party from the Lake of Biel, were it only to calm Cecilia, and he hoped to arrive at a tolerably early hour at Neuchâtel, as the breeze had sprung up to cool the air, and the greater part of the road was a descent.

He now hastened with the messenger, who carried his baggage, past Valendys, through the fruitful Val de Ruz, and the pleasant pass which the stream hurries through on its way to join the

lake. The precipitous Jura already threw its shadow over the town, as Francis reached the country-house, where he found Madame de Humbert anxiously waiting for the return of the party, and terrified at the lateness of the hour. From several remarks which fell from the well-born lady, Francis could conclude how embarrassed they already felt from Jean Baptiste's enigmatical behaviour, and how much they desired the solution of it. The Baron, not knowing what might have happened at the departure of the unhappy man, hesitated to give any explanation of it, which might, perhaps, only have shamed and exposed himself. In this way the painful twilight hour passed before the carriage drove up to the garden, and our friend, who had hastened to meet it, to his great astonishment only saw Captain von Humbert, the latter's sister and Dorothea, descend from it. They hurried towards him, Humbert embraced him, and Rosalie seized his hand, while Dorothea sank on her knees before him and pressed the hem of his coat to her eyes. These signs of sympathy, and their despondency, were adapted to prepare the Baron for a misfortune which was legibly enough expressed on their horrified countenances. At length, Humbert conducted the Baron to Cecilia's chamber, and related to him, with faltering accents, often interrupted by



inward emotion, all the events of the day. Dorothea, too, after the captain left the room, collected herself sufficiently to inform him of her own suppositions, as well as to repeat to him certain expressions which had fallen from her unhappy mistress, and to communicate what Jean Baptiste had confidentially imparted to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

We hesitate to give particularly the exact words employed in this narrative of misfortune, and to describe the torturing effect it had on the Baron, but relate quite simply events which, after a sleepless night, he regarded with more resigned sorrow.

All five of the company had made the journey in a very quiet manner, much embarrassed by Jean Baptiste's melancholy and thoughtful behaviour. Cecilia especially had evidenced excessive apprehension, and, in consequence, they secretly promised themselves a much more pleasant return, especially if the Baron arrived to take Jean Baptiste's place in the carriage. On the passage across the river to the island, the unhappy young man awoke from his lethargic state, and manifested a strange and, to Dorothea, who knew his former avocation, a disquieting fear and shuddering at the water.

On St. Peter's Island they went over the bailiff's house and inquired for the room formerly inhabited by Rousseau. A young gentleman from Lausanne, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the philosopher, had hired it for a couple of weeks, but was polite enough to receive the pilgrims, who entertained the same feelings on the subject as himself, in the room. He praised the happiness consequent on his stay, and read to them, with great feeling, the passages of the "Rêveries," which referred to the place, and with which they were already well acquainted. The young stranger's excited condition seemed to have a cheering effect on Jean Baptiste, although he understood so little of the conversation, which was carried on in French.

After they had partaken of a meal they had ordered beforehand, they wandered through gardens and vineyards to the highest point in the island, and seated themselves in the shadow of the splendid oaks which cover the precipices, looking northward towards the lake. Here, during the varying conversation, Humbert spoke of an excursion to Lausanne and Geneva, which he felt sure would make a wondrous impression on Cecilia. She entertained this delightful hope with smiles of pleasure; and, at the same moment, Jean Baptiste rose impetuously.

"I travel as well!" he cried—"but I must go

alone! Must I then really depart alone?"

All had risen, and Cecilia said kindly, though firmly,

"Oh! you have plenty of time; 'tis only six miles to Biel, and I would advise you not to go further to-night, that you may keep the morrow fresh and entire for the passage of the Jura and the fair Münster Thal."

"Indeed! is that all you advise me?" he replied, with a wild look. "Stay the night in Biel?—alone?—and the long road to Basle, and the tedious journey to Strasburg?—and—how far is it to Mayence?—and what shall I have to do here?"

He had spoken this in a rising tone of childish desperation, then became thoughtfully silent, and showed signs of an inward struggle, while the rest held their peace through embarrassment, and Cecilia turned pale. At last it appeared that he regained his self-possession, for he cast a look around, and said very calmly,

"I should have liked to see the Baron, and say a few words to him; but he probably has good reasons for staying away. Dare I say it to you, Frau von ——?"

He bowed to Cecilia, who advanced with a haughty demeanour, led him on one side, and walked a little distance with him. The others followed down the pleasant path which skirted the banks of

the island ; and Humbert, who did not take his eye off the pair, fancied he noticed they were having an animated discussion, and that Cecilia especially spoke with very decided gestures of disapproval.

Below them, where the rocks shelved, and a narrow path led between them and the water, Jean Baptiste suddenly remained standing, as if he saw something which surprised him. He took Cecilia by the hand, and pointed to the object. Herr von Humbert hurried towards them, his sister and Dorothea following, and then they saw a young gentleman sitting on a projecting rock, with his fishing-line thrown into the lake.

“ Oh ! what a dangerous place you have selected ! ” cried Herr von Humbert, in terror to him ; “ one slip, and you will fall in. Do you not know this is the deepest part of the lake ? ”

At this loudly-uttered warning, and as if inspired by the words, Jean Baptiste declaimed still louder, and with wild gestures, towards the fisherman,

“ She spake to him, she sang to him,  
 Why wouldst thou lure my brood  
 With human art and human wiles,  
 To leave their quickening flood ? ”

And as he turned to Cecilia, and seized her hand, he cried,

“ Ah ! wist thou how the tiny fish  
 With us no sorrows know,

To sport with them thou'dst quickly hie,  
And drown betimes thy woe."

And in a moment he embraced her, and swung her in the air. She uttered a cry of terror, but before Humbert could seize the desperate man with his left hand, his right being still fastened in a sling, the latter had hurried to the dizzy verge and thrown himself with his beloved into the lake. For a few seconds both were seen struggling in the waves, before they sank for ever; and Dorothea had already rushed with frantic cries for assistance to the landing-place, while the young gentleman had thrown himself into the lake to save them. While Herr von Humbert ran to and fro in despairing helplessness, at one moment crying to the struggling man, then hastening to assist Rosalie, who had fainted, the ferryman arrived with his boat, very fortunately for the young Frenchman, who was just sinking, and before all helped him into the boat, and then laid him on the bank. But in vain he tried, with his boat-hook, to find the drowned. The sullen lake held its prey too firmly.

We will leave the afflicted family, and the melancholy explanation of the misfortune, which could only act confusingly and oppressively upon them. Francis, who determined to preserve his sister's

memory unsullied before the world, avoided giving any satisfactory grounds for Cecilia's hapless fate, by telling them her former history, and found himself, through such restraint, and the improbable suppositions he advanced, estranged from an amiable family to which he would have preferred giving proofs of his grateful sentiments. We will leave Francis to the comfortless duty of watching till the lake gave up its dead, and the cemetery of Mustadt offered them a common grave at the foot of the lofty Gestter. In the meanwhile, till we again meet the young man, more composed, and waiting the advent of more important events, we will impart some extracts from his journal, which will enable us to understand the weighty occurrences that happened in Mayence during the time employed by our late narrative.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM THE MAYENNESE JOURNAL.

“February 7th.

“A couple of days have passed since I left the refuge afforded me by the Italian nuns, and again became the daughter of my sorrowing mother. I could, without any difficulty, leave my hiding-place, for Cardinet was buried, and the man on whose sword he had run was safe—yes, not even known; and Garzweiler, with Jean Baptiste, who had both been tracked on account of the letter, were supposed to have found a grave beneath the ice. My mother, too, longed for my company; for although she had sent my father in abundance everything he required, and was calmed on his account, still she could not feel comfortable on being deprived of his society and support; such was her affection that she felt herself in his absence quite deserted. I was obliged to undertake the management of the house, and she now lives only for devotion. Ah! how I longed to leave the convent! I was led thither by thee, Francis of my heart, to pray for thy safety on that

dreadful night when my mind lay in an intermitting fever of joy and fear—yes, joy and fear. How could I have ever supposed they could exist together, and at the same time enter the heart of an affianced woman! They disturbed me, too, dreadfully in my prayers. But, now I knew thee to be in safety, and I felt then I must leave my place of refuge. But still, although I knew thee to be so far removed from me, I seemed to be more intimately connected with thee. My first walk was to thy house, for I wished to guess the window from which I should look out with thee for the first time. But I quite forgot this purpose when, to my horror, I saw a bricklayer busily employed with chisel and mallet in removing thy arms from above the gate. My first thought was that this was done in pursuance of thy commands, perhaps—that I might feel no terror because of thy noble birth when thou leddest me into the house. But I soon heard that the armorial bearings were being defaced on the noble houses by order of the municipality; and my dear Professor Blau told me that even the Electoral hat on the new fountain was to have been cut into a cap of liberty, but that the sculptor Pfaff had advised them to make such a cap of tin, and fasten it over the other one; which would be easier to do, and would have the advantage that, in any change of circumstances, they could again remove the Phrygian cap,



and display the Archiepiscopal hat uninjured. Our good Blau laughed heartily at this, and expressed his opinion that a famous diplomatist had been spoiled in the sculptor, and that he ought to be recommended to the Prussians, in case they might wish to form a *separate treaty*. This I did not exactly understand, but in one thing I considered him wrong, when he prophesied there would soon come a day when everything would be provisional. 'No, dear friend,' I said to him, 'not my love and Francis's word.' "

"February 18th.

"There is an extraordinary movement, an indescribable terror in the town. General Custine issued an edict that the inhabitants should provision themselves for seven months; but it is not only the fear of a blockade—the twentieth is approaching besides, on which day all the inhabitants must take an oath of abjuration of the Elector, and swear to maintain liberty and equality. By this the citizens believe they will not only lose their old prince, but their ecclesiastical head, and now torture themselves with the fear that they will be deprived of their religion. All the proclamations emitted to appease the people are of no avail, while the several Guilds, the members of the Exchequer, and the Town-council, who have determined to refuse the oath, have sent in petitions and ex-

planations, in which they pray to be spared such an ordeal, and appeal to the express terms of the capitulation.

“The ice, which formed on that night of the masked ball, has been broken up by warm rain and southerly winds. It caused a real disturbance, in addition to the excitement which already prevailed in the town. Alarm shots were heard during the night, proclaiming the pressure of the ice, which the battery dispersed with cannon balls. Drums rolled in all the streets to wake the citizens, who then hurried to assist the threatened inhabitants of the lower town. In the restless state in which I now ever am, I could not stay at home, but ran down to the river with the maid-servant. We found the waters pressing through the gate, and as no one knew how high they might yet rise, the denizens of the ground-floors began to save their property. Then I truly saw how closely necessity and daring are allied to one another, for the boatmen moved in skiffs, and even on planks, out and in through the gate, so that it was momentarily expected they would be carried away by the stream. The fear was at the greatest when the Maine ice pressed across the stream by the Fisherman’s Gate. All were hard at work but one, who, remaining the calmest, rendered the best assistance, and that was the old

chestnut-tree at the wooden battery, for all the more dangerous masses were broken against it. In consequence they yesterday decorated it, to the sound of music, with lemons and ribbons, and hung a tablet, with the following verses on it, as a sign of distinction :

‘Thou chestnut bold, with vigour blest,  
Stood’st forth anon at Heaven’s behest  
To shield the goodly city Mayntz  
’Gainst floods and ice’s insolence.’

Jean Baptiste came to me to-day, and told me that, in the alarm raised by the breaking of the ice, he could no longer remain in concealment. He happily saved the life of a captain of the sappers, but was brought before General Custine, who asked him where he had hidden himself. With an impudent look, he replied, ‘The Mayennese would have it that I had sunk under the ice, and so I waited for its passage before I came up again.’

“Custine, after stroking his long moustache, laughed at him, and permitted the whole history of the flight and the letter to be told him. Jean Baptiste was, however, clever enough to say nothing about you, and to know nothing of Garzweiler’s place of concealment. He faithfully promised the General to agree to Liberty and Equality, after which, as a reward for saving the

captain, he was declared a free Mayennese citizen."

"February 25th.

"Ah! what events have we lived to see! The whole Ecclesiastical Council was summoned to the residence of General Seblon, and required to abjure. However, they firmly refused, and declared they could not renounce allegiance to their archbishop, with whom they only formed members of the body corporate; to which they received intimation that the members should without delay go to join their head. They were consequently carried back to their houses under guard, and after their property had been put under the public seal, from the Cathedral Provost downwards, and without being allowed to hold communication with any one, they were led in a body across the bridge, partly in carriages, partly on foot, with a trumpeter preceding them, from which spot they were led, with bound eyes, and under curses and insults, through Castel to the Prussian advanced posts in Hocheim. In the same way the merchant Dumont, on the great bleaching-ground, was served, while the whole square was covered with soldiery to prevent any possible uproar; his property was put under seal, and himself delivered to the Prussian videttes.

"A fresh command of the town-commandant has

excited redoubled terror—all side arms are to be given up, under the penalty of death. Well, the cavaliers who fled, employés and Electoral court-servants, left their gala swords here, under lock and key, and the wives of the absent gentlemen are in a dreadful state of alarm lest the cupboards should be ransacked and the swords found. It might be said that in the present season even the gala swords become very ungallant; but this is no time for jesting, especially at a moment when the Clubbists have habituated themselves to use a terror-cry from Paris, 'To the lantern with the aristocrats!' In my morning and evening prayers I thank heaven that thou, my beloved Francis, art far away, and raised above all these—I will not say dangers, but disgusting impressions.

"P.S.—Moustaches may now be seen by dozens in the streets. Every one who wishes to display his approval of the death of the unhappy King Louis, allows his beard to grow. Ah! perverted must the heart be which openly boasts of its feelings of hatred! Or is it perhaps a perversion of the understanding? Oh! does not this stormy and passionate season pervert and dislocate every thing? And it is exactly the intellect which is the most affected in such a time."

"March 15.

"On that dismal night, when I did not close my

eyes through the firm belief that were I to sleep thou wouldst be swallowed up in the Rhine—with my prayers for thy life and the entreaties that I might still render thee happy with my love—I received for myself a high favour, the heavenly gift of indescribable courage. Or perhaps it might be the feeling that my prayers had been heard, which made me so dauntless. That midnight hour which deprived me of my father, gave me the man of my heart and my future welfare. Still it seems to me that in these horrible convulsions of the civil earthquake I should not have stood so boldly and confidently at my father's side as I do now with the mere image and recollection of thee, my beloved Francis. All around me threatens to collapse, but I stand firmly, resting on my unextinguishable thoughts of thee, with the safety light of my solitary heart beneath these ruins, filled with the same trust as that with which thou didst pass over the ice-flakes of that misty and awful stream. I would shun and fly from these daily occurrences which rack my heart, had I not to regard them and note them down for thee. My pen is the support of my heart, and I overcome my fears and my horror through the exertion of imparting our straits to thee. But do not believe, my dear Francis, that I expose myself to all these terrific sights. No—Jean Baptiste tells me the greater part of them.

I let him fly out of my ark into the deluge, and my dove brings me back some of the dirt of the ground on his feet, instead of an olive branch in his beak.

“I have not yet written anything about the ever memorable 21st February. There was a death-like silence in the town on that day; all the friends of Germany, and those who would not take the oath, kept close in their dwellings, and preferred to starve rather than send out a maid-servant to fetch provisions. It was the day, too, for the election of the new town-councillors, for which purpose six churches had been selected. At eight o'clock the bells began to toll in all these, and the citizens who appeared took the oath to remain true to the people, and to the principles of Liberty and Equality.

“Oh, this Liberty and Equality! I suffered my punishment for all my sweet and rich hopes, for the seductive influence of these two words, when I saw at the redoubt that female figure ornamented with tablets bearing them. An incomprehensible shudder assailed me when I saw it; I know not what it was that so horrified me, and, at the same time, felt afraid to think on the subject. Ah! what promises had I found—not for myself, but for the world—in that watchword of the day! And I almost feel ashamed at the sensations of my impetuous joy

when, on the same night, I saw the world suffer so great a loss. I received a compensation for myself—instead of liberty, thy heart; and for equality, thy hand. Thou must promise me that, whenever thine and my heart are united through thine and my hand, in our blessed happiness we will not forget the world, but, as far as lies in our power, try to liberate it and render it happy.

“But I have forgotten the six churches while thinking of thee, my dear Francis. After the citizens had taken the oath, new town authorities were chosen, as well as six deputies to the National Convention. Thy friend Forster was elected as one of these deputies for the town quarter B. During these events in the churches mounted patrols passed through the town with loaded pistols and drawn swords, though this was probably only intended to increase the solemnity; for the public tranquillity did not appear threatened by those who kept themselves so fearfully concealed in their dwellings. Would that, instead of this, more reverence had been shown in the churches, for many Clubbists committed great improprieties, and excite duniversal displeasure. Not only that they ate and drank in the sacred edifices, but they lit their pipes at the ever-burning lamp on the high altar, and made their dogs leap over the benches. It is outraging to our feelings to hear of such



impiety. But Professor Blau explained to me that human folly must fall from an exaggerated state into one exactly opposite, in order to arrive at reason, and that superstitious humiliation is perverted into improper arrogance. 'The slaves of obedience,' he observed, 'behave in an unbridled manner to show that they are free. They do not understand that a man only then is truly free when, for the love of God, he can put a restraint on himself.'

"During this, I had almost said, church service, a number of citizens, who had spoken too loudly against the new French liberty, were carried from their houses, some to gaol, some to the islands on the Rhine opposite Hildesheim, to chop wood. But only think, the Prussians would not suffer this wood-chopping, and so bombarded the islands from the right bank. What an employment in deadly fear!

"Everyone who can obtain a passport is leaving house and household in this unhappy town."

"April 1st.

"The Mad Club has been dissolved. Merlin de Thionville, one of the deputies of the Convention, made a couple of sabre-cuts in the air, and cried, 'I dissolve the Club!'

"Professor Blau, who informed me of this, expresses his opinion that the French have made

their own child run the gauntlet ; they must have considered the Club a very unpromising boy. The disunion among the members, however, is said to have reached the highest point. After the fortress of Königstein had been stormed, the fears felt at the advance of the Prussians made many members sober and penitent, but induced others again to venture on the most desperate steps. Many of them, indeed, refused to take the new oath ; others urged the severest measures against the nonjuring inhabitants. Now Forster, Hoffmann, Blau, and a few others have founded a new club of courageous and sensible men, resolute either for fortune or misfortune. This society also holds its meetings in the palace, in the so-called Blue Saloon.

“The great Rhenish National Convention has been opened here ; Professor Hoffmann is president, Forster vice-president, Frank and Schlinmer secretaries. Many peasants, the greater part driven to Mayence by military force, sit among the members of this convention of the people. Our good and noble Blau said, with his good-humoured smile, that these honest folks, who looked very stately in the great Rittersaal of the Deutsche Haus, had something remarkably open about them—their mouths widely expanded to receive the discussions, and two deep waistcoat pockets for the five florins

thirty kreutzers daily pay. No German land could desire better deputies.

“As the first step, our Convention has assented to a proposition of Forster’s, by which the portion of country from Landau to Bingen is declared free, independent of the German empire, and liberated from the sovereignty of its former prince. This law was published by thirty cannon shots, and through three thousand printed copies, and Custine has promised to protect the town and its liberty with three thousand men. One thing, I thought, my dear German-minded Francis would miss in these numbers—the thirty pieces of silver which ought to have been paid to every deputy who voted for this decree. But, my beloved, where was the true Judas purse for this ?

“After this law had been carried, the position of Mayence was discussed in reference to the future, and as it is too weak to assert its dignity as a separate republic against the hostile German powers, all declared themselves in favour of an incorporation with the mighty French Republic, and chose three deputies, who should offer the left bank of the Rhine for the acceptance of the French National Convention. I know not who furnished the salver for the purpose, but the three deputies are your friend Forster, a Captain Polocki, and an ex-student of the name of Lux, who resides on a little estate

near Kostheim. Forster was elected for the pretended purpose of being spokesman in Paris, but, in fact, they were glad to get rid of him; and Blau told me that through his noble zeal for the cause, and his independence towards persons and parties, he had become very troublesome to the French and their adherents. These three deputies have already left for Paris.

“ My mother and myself have taken refuge at Blau’s, and find a true protector in him, for all persons who, with their families, have been in the Prince’s service ought, before the thirtieth of March, to take the oath, or hold themselves in readiness to be conducted to the other side of the Rhine. Only imagine, beloved Francis, the horror of the people! Many of the inhabitants, who had made up their minds to suffer all the annoyances of the siege with their fellow-citizens, now provided themselves, in a hurried manner, with all things absolutely necessary for their departure, stole away without passes over the bridge, and left the town as if merely taking a walk. At length the fatal day arrived; all persons formerly in Court service, all beadles and servants of the Government, of the Court and Town-council, of the vicegerency and chapter, of foundations and monasteries, all former lackeys and grooms of the Chamber, coachmen, chasseurs, Heydüks, guards, and Mayennese soldiers who

had not yet taken the oath, were ordered to appear, with their families and necessary luggage, at eight o'clock, before the Palace guard-house, and were thence driven, several hundred in number, through the palace gate to the bridge—a very drove of misfortune! Thou shouldst have seen this sorrow and these struggles, the rending of hearts from their native soil, through which the tenderest ties were broken. Grey-haired men wandered among them, led by their grandchildren, for their eyes could no longer see, and hence no longer weep; mothers dragged their crying children from the breast, which was now envenomed by fear and desperation; boys held by the coats of their fathers, who walked moodily along, sunk in their own sad thoughts. The former servants of some families rushed forward to take a last farewell. Many entreated to be allowed to accompany them, to wait on them in exile, and were sent back with tears and heart pangs. Among them walked many a mother who was without family, and cared for nothing but her rosary, and many a young ecclesiastic, who voluntarily and with affectionate sorrow accompanied his mourning parents. And now only picture to thyself these groups of misery—this desolating emigration—this rejected fidelity—this trembling determination! Picture all those who looked round a hundred times on the bridge, extended

their hands towards the town, and crossed themselves as they regarded the Cathedral—all these encompassed by maddened Clubbists, who, like dogs, barked at, abused, and ridiculed the herd, till the emigrants arrived in the neighbourhood of the Prussian outposts, where the soldiers, astonished at seeing such crowds, pointed their cannon at the miserable objects as they advanced, till they were recognised, and the fearful match was withdrawn.

“ I was sick at heart when I returned home ; and this sorrow, which is only intended to oppress our souls, I was not allowed to imbibe in its purity, nor without the bitterest after-taste. I had recognised among the emigrants the clerk of the Exchequer, Grimme, and was told afterwards of his domestic misfortunes, which seemed to me even worse than his extradition. His own wife had denounced him as a dangerous aristocrat, in the hope of obtaining all his property after he had been ordered to leave the town. But the Town-council immediately put it under seal. After this the wicked woman applied to the French commissary of the Committee of Execution, by name Simon—and what does he ? He dissolves the whole Town-council on his own responsibility, and orders the seals to be broken off. It was, however, glorious to hear the outcry and excitement of all the citizens

at this murder of justice. They could not have been in a more agitated state had the whole town been battered down about their heads. How sweet it is that a German regards right and justice as pre-eminent! In short, the Rhenish National Convention found itself compelled to declare the proceedings of the Commissary Simon null and void, and place the public seal again on all Grimme's property.

“But, in fact, no one can any longer say certainly who is master or who servant, who has to command and who obey.

“Immediately after this, our Rhenish assembly, in expectation of the decree of the French National Convention relative to the Mayennese territory, was adjourned. Some of the members had already stolen home; and even Dorch, the president of the Administration, has secretly escaped to Strasburg with bag and baggage. He is stated to have said to a friend, ‘In Strasburg I am all right, but the Prussian ramrods will soon be painting the Mayennese Clubbists black and blue.’ My father's friend, when he told me this, asked with a gentle smile, ‘What will they set about with me, who have long been known to be blue?’

“‘You are a true corn-flower blue,’ I said to him, ‘the friendly Cyrene in the ripening harvest of the future.’

“ To which he replied, with a melancholy smile,  
“ ‘ I shall fall under the sickle without seed, my  
dear daughter ! ’ ”

“ May 2nd.

“ My letters now cease, beloved Francis, for the Prussians, Austrians, and Hessians have closely invested the town, and allow no correspondence to pass. Ah ! by batteries and entrenchments, much thicker and closer walls are raised between us than those of the convent of the Italian nuns, in which I yet feel myself so confined. My only consolation is the freely-flowing Rhine ; when I visit it it makes such cheerful signs to me, as if it would say, ‘ I saw the man of thy heart yesterday, in Switzerland, standing on my bank.’ Oftentimes, too, a wave breaks at my feet, and I fancy it wishes to deliver a message from thee. I am become much more restless, but I write more calmly, as the pages will remain with me for the present, and I should like to portray all I have to tell you. If I do not note down everything that happens, thou hast no occasion to be angry with me, for young Nub keeps a journal, which he will gladly shew thee on thy return, and the greater part thou wouldst best learn from the watchman on St. Stephen’s Tower, as from his lofty station he can look, at the same time, into the streets of the town and the enemy’s camp.



“What, in fact, had I to tell thee of the last few weeks, but of the extradition or banishment of the citizens? This has become a daily custom of our misfortune, and still remains ever fresh by its painful and changing scenes. What a contrast, for example, was presented by two such processions which I witnessed! A pilgrimage of Jews was quite desperate, not alone because they were obliged to leave, but because a Saturday was the day appointed for their departure, on which their religion does not allow them to travel. All howled and prayed for the day to be put off, but it was of no avail; the Clubbists had determined their Sabbath should be the day, without doubt considering it an excellent joke. So the poor fellows left the town, conducted by the municipality, and under an escort of soldiers, to join the Prussians, loudly lamenting that they were forced to disobey their laws, but perhaps, too, because they dare not on this day carry any bundles. The Clubbists mocked the restless, half-angry, half-timorous people, as they ran to and fro, crying, ‘The children of Israel are wandering out!—but it is a bad speculation of theirs; never before did they find such an empty result from their dealings,’ and so on.

“The other pilgrimage consisted of clergy of the different orders. How pathetic was the noble demeanour and dignity of these priests, who, true to

old Mayence and their allegiance, left the cathedral and the seat of their archbishop! Zealous citizens had run to the churches, and begun to toll all the bells, but still higher solemnities accompanied the procession. It was the afternoon: a storm passed over the town from the Bergstrasse, and the black clouds, from which the thunder pealed, extended to beyond Hocheim. All at once the sun shone brightly, and formed a rainbow across stream and bridge, from the other side of Castel to Weissenau. The ecclesiastics walked two by two, part before and part behind a pallet on which the venerable abbot Isaachy rested, borne by four young Benedictines. He was all but dead, but yet expressed a wish to leave the town with his wandering sons. Over the border of the pallet, his hand, raised to bless them, trembled towards the crowd which pressed round the procession with prayers and tears. On the middle of the bridge the train suddenly halted, and the pallet was lowered on to the boards. All knelt with the exception of a young Benedictine, who supported the dying man's hands folded in a last prayer. The bells tolled in the cathedral, the thunder resounded in the eastern sky, and as the young ecclesiastic suffered the clasped hands of the aged abbot to sink once more on his breast, and he closed his eyes, that rainbow with its glorious hues appeared like the gate of

peace, the portals of victory through which Fidelity should pass. All the priests rose with glorified countenances, and sang the psalm I had formerly joined in with the Italian nuns, 'In exitu Israel ex Ægypto.' They then moved onward, and the tearful people followed them till they were driven back by the guard in Castel.

"With this mournful procession disappeared all religious confidence in those clergymen who, by taking the oath, had been inducted to the vacant benefices. A desire to be exiled seized on many persons. The fear of the Prussians, who had crossed the Rhine below Bingen and driven the French back on Mayence, was added, so that it was necessary to keep those citizens in durance who would be required for various services during the siege, especially to extinguish the fires; so now all were grieved at being compelled to stay, as they had before been at the thought of being driven away. "We have seen the Elector, and the Abbot Cœlestin, leave, and we cannot go ourselves," persons were heard to complain loudly.

"'Ah!' I said to myself, 'what changes take place in the relative value of human position and life! How my own existence was raised in worth on that horrihle night through a single word from thee, friend of my soul—through that word which gave a value to the

whole richness of my hidden love! Oh! my Francis! return once more and stand, as a consolation and assistant to us, by the side of that desolate one whom thou hast rendered so blessed, and who almost feels ashamed of being the only happy person in this unhappy town.'

“ At the approach of a foe, Custine and Houchard retired with a detachment of the troops on Spires, and left the defence of the town to General d'Oyre. The Commissary of War, Blanchard, has also retreated from Mayence, with the military chest. Since this, Father Garzweiler shews himself in public, though with great caution. He wears the gown of a Franciscan monk, to which order he is said to have originally belonged. As Jean Baptiste tells me, he had, through mistrust of the French, conveyed his valuables into the sacristy of the Jesuits' Church, and now spends many nights there, perhaps as a living ghost to watch his own sinful secrets, if not to change his night quarters.

“ As to the entrenchment of the enemy round the town, the disquieting sallies of the French, and so on, I only understand thus much, that everyone lives in fear; but the increasing dearness of provisions comes nearer home to me. The quart of milk already costs forty-eight kreutzers; a pound of butter three florins forty kreutzers; and the old hens become more arrogant daily, as they are in great request

at three florins a-piece. In consequence, many are pleased, at least in their hearts, at the removal of so many mouths, which would have eaten us into still higher prices. And what fears these wanderers entertained as to their existence! 'How shall we support our children among strangers?' cried many mothers, as they crossed the bridge; and the answer of the Clubbists was, 'Throw them into the river.' This impious jest has raised an inextinguishable hatred in the hearts of the Mayennese against the madmen, although I do not think their former repugnance could have been increased. How many Christian-minded friends have these unfortunates, however, found in Frankfurt? In that town the evangelical rector Hufnigel has awakened a truly religious compassion by his sermons, and by his own exertions in the town and neighbourhood has collected great sums of money for the support of the banished Mayennese families. 'Tis the blessing of misfortune that it arouses love and union among the dissenting believers, and we are thus convinced that the divine tree of Christianity displays its fruit, not in the varied hues of belief, but in the works of love. 'Tis to be hoped that our priests, when they return, will have learned toleration and charity in exile!

"We live both day and night in disturbance and agitation, for the sallies of the garrison meet

with success at one moment, at another with a check.

“Yesterday evening we had a horrible reminiscence of the festivities of the past year. Thou wert a witness of the night illumination of the church steeples in the neighbouring villages, from the Gardens of the Favourite. Last night the village of Kostheim was in flames, through a dreadful cannonade from the Prussian batteries. The terrific illumination was reflected in the confluence of the Main and Rhine, and these maddening torches were lighted to a wild debauch ; for while the French were intoxicating themselves in the wine-cellars of the place, they were surprised by the Prussians, and wine and blood flowed together on this frightful occasion.”

“June 30th.

“The town trembles and quakes, the church steeples totter from the incessant bombshells and howitzers of the besiegers, and a burning roof constantly betrays the pillow in which the wild carcase has buried its fiery head. But my heart does not yield, and I am here and there to help where it burns, and to assist the wounded. Whence do I derive such maidenly courage? From my thoughts of thee, dearest and never to be forgotten friend! Thou art not here, and I must take thy place ; now, while the town trembles around me,

when all threatens to fall on me, I, for the first time, truly feel with pride to whom I belong—whose I am, and thy image floats before me, supports my heart, and exalts my soul. I should despair in this horrible devastation; but, resting on thy name, as on a tower of strength, I feel a new and wondrous enthusiasm. These events make me a poetess; these dangers a heroine—both through thee, but only for thee, and in thy stead, my Francis. Whenever thou shouldst appear, I should become a coward; words and courage would return to that heart from which they sprung. Ah! mayest thou then be satisfied—be happy with this heart of mine, and all that lies concealed within it.

“Would, at times, that I knew how near or how far thou art from me—whether thou livest in sight of these fireballs which cross so brilliantly our midsummer night—in sight of these bombs which fall like meteors on our towers and our roofs.

“I was quite close when the first shell fell on our lady’s chapel, set the magazine on fire, and with its impetuous flames devoured the Deanery church. The splinters of the bursting mass threw down some persons near me, and in my first terror I uttered what was ever on my lips—thy name. Hundreds and thousands of throats joined in the

cry, 'Francis! Francis!' as if it were the counter-sign of the night, the saving word of need, and thyself the guardian angel of the moment. I trembled at this unexpected echo, as if thy name had burst into a thousand fragments, and the whole world could have a share in thee. 'Ah!' I thought, when I at length found myself beneath a protecting roof, 'so it happens with many a glorious word of philosophy and faith; centuries repeat it with reverence and enthusiasm, but only one mind comprehends its meaning rightly.'

"At times, when by night it becomes still for a moment between the transit of the bursting shells, I hear from my window the cries of 'Qui va là?' and the interchanged questions of the French posts, the beating of the drums, and the trumpet calls from the Prussian encampment; and if no church tower blazes, no bomb falls, the light yellow border of the western summer sky still glows. 'Where art thou now, beloved? Could I but dream of all that now surrounds thee! What peaceful summer music plays around thee?—and what mountain's summit is darkly prominent in thy brilliant evening sky? I thought on the whole long night during which that pale gleam on the horizon was not extinguished, and I sported with the thought whether the evening sun might not also have a distant bride, and did not like to seek his couch. But I



know better than this ; the sun has even now but a while to slumber, and does not leave us for long ; he requires the lengthened day for his blessed rule. There moves the stately king, where the waving corn-fields bow the head before him ; the hills with their wheaten girdles are gilded by his rays, the maize unfolds its rustling banner, the offspring of the apple-tree are ruddy with his smile, under his glowing sandal, in the loose ridge of the potato-fields, a treasure is put out at interest for the poor, and the berries of the vine are sweetened by the breath of their tired lord. For a few hours he throws himself on his bed of rest, without doffing his purple or his yellow mantle, the border of which still lingers on the threshold of the horizon.

“Yesterday afternoon a bombshell struck the extreme end of the lofty Cathedral choir, ricocheted and killed Molinari, the draper, in his own shop.

“About ten o'clock last night another fell on the Cathedral, set the roof and the tower on fire, as well as fifteen houses in the vicinity. It was a horrible fire—a burning bush above the holy seat of the Archbishopric ! I wandered with Professor Blau on to the Square, and Jean Baptiste, who joined us there, told us of other fires, and informed us that forty men had perished in the Hospital of the Franciscan's Church, in the flames that had burst out there.

“At this moment two or three shells whizzed across and exploded behind the Schuster-gasse. A movement commenced in the crowd, and the cry was soon heard that the Jesuit’s Church was on fire. We hurried thither and entered the little square on which Frau Braunschiedel formerly raised her fruity throne. She also stood there now, in terror, I fancy, lest her territory might be injured. The church was open, but no one entered in to save the holy vessels, with the exception of some Capuchins, who were passing by. A monk, with his hood drawn over his face, hurried out, and as he recognized me, so did I him—it was Father Garzweiler. He delivered a coffer into my care, which he was carrying under his arm—the same which had once been deposited in my garret. It was very heavy, and I looked round for Jean Baptiste, who had retired on seeing the father, and entrusted it to him. ‘It is the priest’s hellish money,’ he whispered to me. ‘I’ll carry it directly to your house, or the tempter will draw me with him into the church to help him.’ With these words he hurried away.

“In the meanwhile the father had re-entered the church. Burning beams and flaming boards fell from the tower on to the roof, and from the roof to the Platz. The crowd retired further and further from the blazing church. A second time the

priest returned with a chest. I saw him pause at the sight of the burning wood before the steps of the holy building, but, after a moment's reflection, he advanced with quick decision to the fire, and gave the chest, with the writings contained in it, a prey to the flames. As he now knelt down with folded arms, I could not refrain, through the little confidence I placed in him, from the thought that he was praying for forgiveness for the crimes of these papers, which were now suffering their purgatory. The idea had scarce occurred to me, when a terrific noise of arches falling in was heard in the church. We all began to retire, crying for mercy, and the terrified man arose; but at the moment a coping-stone, loosened by the fire, fell on his head and hurled him to the ground. No one ventured to his assistance, but a woman whom thou knowest, Francis, the fortune-teller Steiglehner, who was seized with a frantic enthusiasm, and ran to and fro, summoning us to aid the holy man. Before she could persuade a single person, however, the Capuchins rushed with loud cries, beating their breasts, from a side door, saw Garzweiler, for whom they seemed to have been searching, and raised him quickly, to fly with him from the dangerous spot. As they advanced towards us a circle was formed, and we saw that the father was quite dead. The monks held the corpse in a manner more con-

venient for carriage, and at this moment, in the midst of the solemn silence, was heard the shrill voice of Steiglehner, as she cried, 'Holy Garzweiler, pray for us!' Frau Braunschiedel re-echoed her cry, and a hundred voices chimed in, 'Holy Garzweiler, pray for us!'

"The monks moved onward with the body, sunk in prayer, while the two women, who had been the first to call him a saint, joined them with noisy lamentation, and two by two the crowd followed in procession to the church on St. Stephen's Hill. Professor Blau and I alone remained behind, and gazed silently into each other's pallid faces. An indescribable smile played round the lips of my father's friend, but he merely said, with a glance at the burning and fallen Jesuit's Church, 'Come, my daughter, the Ignatius devotion is ended.'"

## CHAPTER VI.

A JOURNEY of several days on horseback, through Basle to Strasburg, had calmed the sorrowing Baron, while the sweet aspect of nature and the merry harvest refreshed him. As now with every hour reports of the condition of Mayence came to meet him, he was induced to hurry on. An armistice was said to have been agreed on, and the surrender of the town to be in treaty; and at Worms, where he stopped a night, he heard that the outworks of the fortress were already occupied by the Germans. With the best expectations he therefore started on the morning of the twenty-first July at an early hour, and arrived, by means of the Prussian pass he had succeeded in obtaining at Frankfurt, unhindered at the Chaussée-house near Marienborn, in the midst of the works and batteries of the Prussians. The town was not yet surrendered, and the Baron was driven to reflect what he had best do in the meanwhile. The order of the camp in the midst of the desolation of war,

would have been worthy of notice, had not an extraordinary mass of people of all classes attracted the attention of our friend more closely. What he here saw he might compare with a harvest, for at this moment the disquieted people were all anxious to collect the fruit shaken down by the cannon, which now slumbered. Shelterless inhabitants of the neighbouring devastated villages—persons ordered to quit Mayence, who, with their light bundles on their arms, could hardly await the moment for returning to their property; voluntary exiles, who were now making preparations for their triumphal entry in carriages and horseback, among them, too, curious spectators from Frankfurt and the vicinity, who could not neglect the opportunity of seeing the rare spectacle of a siege, and the stage on which it had been played, now so torn up by cannon.

The Baron, while resting beneath the shade by the Chaussée-house, regarded the movements both near him and at a further distance, and remarked how carefully the former voluntary exiles kept themselves aloof from the persons dismissed from the town.

“Of course, they consider flight more noble than banishment,” he thought to himself; “the common misfortune seems to have passed without effect over the old family pride, and I now see,

before the gates are opened, there is an end to the short dominion of Equality.”

It was, we may say, a parti-coloured and varied medley. Many were discussing their cold meal in the dusty chaussée ditch ; others ran about singing and whistling ; the women seemed busy with the different wants of their greater and smaller children, while the men near them appeared engaged in violent speeches and discussions, and at one time to agree, at another to differ. Several ecclesiastics, provided with bundles and sticks, moved among them, or took part in the conversation ; and the Baron, who at first regarded them as preachers of peace, fancied he remarked that the animation of the excited people was not removed when they left them. One of them, in whom Francis recognised Schlick, the Rector of St. Quintin's, in Mayence, approached him, and offered, with much unction, his congratulations at his happy return.

“To our sorrow,” he said, “our desire to enter the town has become greater than the willingness of the French to quit it. Now, to our great annoyance, they have insisted in their capitulation that, before the total departure of the garrison, no Mayennese without the walls be permitted to enter the town. Only a few persons have succeeded, by cleverness or bribing the sentry, in stealing through the casemates and lines to the inner works, in

order to carry in butter and meal, as the prices have risen to an excessive height. Many by this opportunity also made their way into the town itself."

While they were conversing a few dust clouds, which rose in the direction of Mayence, caused a universal movement, and drew many of the violent speakers to the Chaussée-house. It was now easy to hear the threats and curses which were poured out on the Clubbists, and what in the distance had appeared quarreling, now showed itself to be the passionate unanimity with which each swore death and destruction to these unhappy men.

The Baron challenged the priest to speak to the raging people, and inspire them with more Christian feelings; to which the ecclesiastic replied, as he shrugged his shoulders,

"The righteous passion of these excited men is too great, and sorry I am to say it, the crimes of those godless Clubbists still greater; you must know that yourself, gracious Baron. Even a reprobate fellow, who received ordination at the hands of the interfering Bishop of Strasburg, and took the oath to the French Constitution, has been installed in my rectory; and my heart bleeds when I think to how many dying persons he may have given the sacrament improperly, and robbed them of their eternal salvation."



“What!” cried Francis in great anger, “you return with such salutations of peace!—these are the soul fears you wish to cast on the temper of a people, which will cause more destruction than the shells which fell on their houses.”

To this violent remark the priest replied with a sorrowful shrug of the shoulders as he retired.

“Yes,” cried Francis, “there we see these clerical gentry! In misfortune alone are they worthy servants of God, in prosperity they are true priests.”

In the meanwhile, our friend heard from the front of the house the following hearty address to the infuriated mob, and fancied he recognised the voice:—

“What! you have such bad intentions! No, no! For that no rightly-thinking man can commend you. You design, then, to pollute your return into a quiet, domestic state by new hatred and war. Must, then, your misfortunes be perpetuated by such revenge? and dare you take justice into your own hands? You accuse the Clubbists of arbitrary and tyrannical behaviour. Do you now wish to repay like with like? Then you would be Clubbists too, and by making yourselves the scourge of vengeance, prepare a rod for your own backs. These persons have certainly com-

mitted horrible excesses, but we must leave their punishment to the High Allied Powers, and to the true Liege Lord of the country."

Francis, who had forced his way through the crowd to the front of the house, recognised in the speaker Privy-Councillor Goethe, who also immediately remembered him, and gave him a most kind reception. While they interchanged the first salutations, the violent men retreated slowly with whispered altercation, full of respect for this stately man, who had spoken to them with his arms crossed on his breast, and his black eyes gleaming on them. Goethe, who had noticed how little they were convinced or brought to better feelings, said with a smile,

"For a preacher of peace, I either require good-fortune or the right ordination, but just now I was in the actual meaning of the term, 'Cicero pro domo suâ,' and am glad that I talked the people away from the front of the house, where they much disquieted and disgusted me by their wild cries and passionate gestures. Besides, too, my zeal is only in accordance with the present day, for you know, Baron, how it now is :

'Would you start some new ideas ?

Doctors soon will be at issue ;

Of contrariety a tissue,

The spirit of the age appears.'

The Baron allowed him to be right, and smilingly said, "But if this is your Excellency's abode, as the present toll-collector, you must take but little, as you just now refused the passing coin of these people."

Goethe with a laugh invited him in to take pot-luck with him, and make himself at home.

"Here, but a short time ago, were the quarters of Prince Louis of Prussia, and I occupied a tent within the camp with my most gracious master, who holds a command in the allied armies; but since the prince was wounded in the thigh by a grape shot on the sixteenth of this month, and removed to Mannheim, my most gracious duke has taken up his abode in this house, where I, too, find a lowly place of shelter."

After this speech he gave a man in livery orders to take the Baron's valise from his horse and put the animal with the others.

"You will not be able to enter the town to-night," he then continued to Francis, "and therefore you will be able best to see from here the expected passage of the first French column. Of course, when so near the gates of your native city, your impatience will be great enough; nor am I a whit the less impelled towards home through my vagabond life, and the political temper of my associates. I have employed myself since I last saw you,

with the fabulous Reinecke Fuchs, and the verses have progressed during the siege like good Prussians. Before all, however, I tried to learn from the clever Reinecke how a man can best work his way through the many unpleasant mazes of a life so full of change. Such a thing I should not have supposed on that evening, when we met at Sömmering's in the best possible humour, to discuss his excellent dishes and wines. *Apropos*, I rode with my friend Sömmering yesterday as far as the gates, and he managed to get into the town to take Forster's property under his protection."

"Indeed," cried our young friend, almost vexed, "then this active man has forestalled me! I had imposed this duty on myself, when I saw Forster so anxious about his literary treasures; and this purpose, coupled with a still sweeter hope, urged me hither, before visiting my peaceful estate in the Rheingau."

"Forster!" cried Goethe in a gentle tone, "have you then seen him lately? But 'twill be better to go into the house, for Forster's name has an evil twang in the Prussian camp. I, however, entertain the certainty that the high allies, and, before all, his Grace the Elector, will be disposed, in consequence of this happy victory, to forgiveness and mercy. The sciences are nurtured by peace, and Forster, when his political shell bursts, will germi-

nate in the furrows of the new season, and put forth a glorious harvest.”

With these words they entered the house, and betook themselves to Goethe's apartments.

## CHAPTER VII.

MIDDAY had arrived, while the Baron was imparting his news from the Jura Valley. Two artists, who were living in the rear of the army, in order to study the life of a camp and night effect, came to dinner, and, on Goethe's assurance that the kitchen was able to bear still more guests, our friend also accepted his invitation.

In front of the house the crowd had dispersed, or encamped in the shadow of the dust-covered trees, and a great silence prevailed in nature and among the tents, when some carriages were heard coming from the town, which soon, indeed, passed at a rapid rate, each drawn by three horses. Immediately in the rear of the last some men, who had sprung out of the chaussée ditch, were running and crying, "Stop them!—stop them!" but it was too late, and a frightful noise and cursing arose among the quickly-collecting mob.

The Baron, who had run out of the house, inquired what was the matter, and learned that some of the chief Clubbists had been recognized in the

carriages, among them the President Hoffmann, Doctor Wedekind, and that rascal Metternich.

“God knows who besides was in them!” cried one of the most embittered men, “but the chief rogues have escaped us. There we sit and think on the blows and kicks we intended for the scoundrels and blackguards who brought us into this state of misery, and in the meanwhile they drive past, and now laugh in their sleeves, and we—and we——”

“But only wait!” cried another, shaking his fist towards the town. “You in there shall be paid doubly for it. Those fellows escaped us, but the rod we intended for them is still in pickle, and you other blackguards shall not escape!”

“Keep watch—let no other chaise pass!” cried a third, and the suggestion was embraced by all.

Our friends, now seated at table, heard through the windows the several observations of the angry men in front of the house. Among others one of the most violent expressed his surprise that no guard, picquet, or anything of that nature could be seen, and therefore came to the conclusion that every cause of stoppage had been purposely removed, to allow the Clubbists to escape. Fresh curses and threats broke out in consequence of this assertion, and all agreed and swore solemnly not to be cheated of their revenge on the other Clubbists.

“I almost believe,” said Goethe, “that the

Prussians have agreed to let the flying Clubbists slip through their fingers. I know, at least, that General d'Oyer, in the terms of the capitulation, demanded free egress for all those in Mayence who took part in the revolution, and this demand in favour of his adherents was no more than reasonable. In consequence, when Count von Kalkreuth decidedly rejected this point, General d'Oyer was not disheartened, but rode yesterday into the camp, to do his best by word of mouth. On that occasion I saw him as he passed by here—a tall, well-built, graceful man of middle age, very unaffected in person and demeanour. But as His Majesty the King of Prussia, to whom the General had applied by letter, commanded that terms should only be made by and for military persons, no concessions could be obtained for the Clubbists, and it is, therefore, just possible that, in order to satisfy d'Oyer, they promised to take little notice of the passage of those persons now in such danger; and, in truth, if on one side they escape our clutches, they will on the other be exposed to still worse perils."

Through the conversation of the two artists, who, as Goethe jestingly said, had come to make even misery picturesque, the Baron learned many horrors consequent on the burning and destruction of several venerable buildings in Mayence, which



had taken place during the time which had elapsed since the cessation of the journal. They were, however, interrupted by the approach of the French troops, whom our friends could observe very conveniently from the window. Prussian cavalry, as an escort, led the main, and Goethe, at the sight of the first French column, cried good-humouredly,

“See there, my friends, might we not fancy that King Edwin has opened his mountains, and sent forth his merry band of dwarfs? No one can mistake the Marseillian blood in these little, swarthy, ragged, and dirty-looking comrades. Aha! now we have regular troops,” he continued, as he looked over the heads of his guests, and (as he often was wont to do, especially in the good humour excited by wine) expressing aloud all he saw or thought, “mounted Chasseurs! They appear somewhat serious and vexed, but not at all abashed or desponding. But listen! how slowly the ‘Marseillaise’ is played to their lingering movements! This revolutionary *Te Deum*, in any case, possesses something melancholy and prophetic, even when played quickly, but in this manner it is quite awe-inspiring. Tall, thin men of serious demeanour—everyone could sit to you painters for Don Quixote, but collectively they form a body not to be despised.”

Among the cavalry might be seen a few terror-

stricken men in *bourgeois* attire on foot, the sight of whom aroused the fury of the surrounding people, for they were known to be Clubbists. The more violent of the spectators sprang between the ranks, in order to tear from them one or the other of these hateful persons, but the Prussians quickly interposed and protected the fugitives.

Between the columns rode Merlin de Thionville, in a hussar uniform, a fierce object with his rough beard and savage scowl. At his side, and in the same costume, a rider displayed himself, who, the Mayennese, however, soon saw, was disguised. A powerful man sprang towards him, and seized his horse by the bridle.

“Yes, it is he!” he cried to the others, “’tis Razen, the cursed Clubbist!”

But Merlin had already raised his sabre threateningly, and now cried in tolerably good German,

“Back there, in the name of the French nation, whose representative I am! No violence to a French citizen! Remember this may not be my last visit to Mayence! I advise you not to arouse our vengeance!”

The reader can imagine the fury of the crowd, who thirsted for revenge when they saw so many Clubbists carried off under their very eyes. The exasperation of their tempers, their desperate ex-

citement, knew no bounds. Goethe, to escape from this atmosphere, so disgusting to him, proposed a walk to the camp sutler's, whose champagne was not to be despised. The Baron's excuse, too, that he still had to find a night's shelter, was graciously accepted.

"Do not trouble yourself," said the poet, "you will only have to ride to Oberkulum to find good quarters. I slept there a little while ago. We will order your horse to the tent, and you can ride over at the proper time."

In the sutler's booth they found a number of officers, and as the wine was really not bad, it was in great demand. At no great distance off, the Von Thadden hautboys were playing the *ça-ira* and the "Marseillaise;" the merriment waxed each moment fiercer, and Goethe himself was remarkably agreeable. Occurrences of the siege were narrated in turn, and each exaggerated the dangers he had happily escaped. All this excited our friend to a great degree, but made him still more susceptible, so that the somewhat rough address of a partially intoxicated officer of hussars annoyed him much, who said in a sharp Berlin accent,

"You Baron, as a Mayennese, must surely know that scoundrel, the traitor Eickemeyer? Where is the fellow now? If we had him in our hands, he'd swing like that peasant from Oberkulum, who

guided the French in their sallies. Do you know him? I mean that villain Eickemeyer."

"It is an authorized fact that Eickemeyer has entered the French service as a general," replied Francis. "By chance I know, too, that he is now with the division of the Upper Rhine, which is ordered to fortify the approaches from the side of Switzerland; for I met him in Bâle, to which place he had ridden over from his quarters in Bourglibre."

"So he has allowed his treachery to be rewarded with a general's commission?" cried the hussar. "The devil take such generals! And was he so impudent as to address you, Baron? In your place, I would have called him a villain to his teeth."

"If I am to tell you anything about him," observed Francis, with restrained passion, "I must, in the first place, defend him from the accusation of treachery. I was present at the surrender of Mayence, and sought to gain an explanation of several things which appeared to me enigmatical in the matter. Major Eickemeyer was so far removed from betraying the fortress, that in the Council of War he was the only one who declared himself in favour of defending it, but not one of our generals had sufficient determination for such a step. I will not give any verdict as to these men; I will

leave their personal courage out of the question, and will only mention that the intestine condition and political position of Mayence were sufficiently disheartening. The campaign against the Liégeois had already betrayed many military faults, the consequences of long peace and immorality. Besides, the fortifications had fallen into ruins, and had been insufficiently restored. Prince and nobility had fled, and thus left behind them a discouraging impression. The conduct of those Imperial Princes who refused their contingents, was also not very enlivening. Darmstadt withdrew its troops under our very eyes to Giessen, to find favour with the French. The advancing General Custine had been informed of all these and other weaknesses, and this may have been the result of treachery, but God alone knows who has to answer for it. Still, had our generals entertained as much confidence in their own courage as Custine did in their want of it, Mayence would still have been held. But not one of our generals was inclined to expose himself; on the contrary, they suffered themselves to be relieved from the threatened entrenchments by worthless excuses, such as a sprained foot, and such like accidents. Custine threatened to storm, let a word fall about sacking, and threw a couple of shells into the town. That was sufficient. The governor declared in the

Council of War that the fugitive Elector had entrusted to his hands the welfare of the town, without regard to the interests of the Regent, and asked whether its safety would not be best secured by a surrender. The other generals saw this in a true light, through some higher inspiration, and recognised the truth of it. Major Eickemeyer alone was not so clear-sighted, and expressed his opinion that the defence of an 'Imperial fortress' was possible and befitting. You see, the good man's thoughts extended too far; he dreamed of something far beyond the welfare of Mayence—the interests of the German empire. The Governor impatiently asked him, 'Would he be personally responsible for the consequences of an unsuccessful attempt?' But how could Eickemeyer venture to undertake such a responsibility? Could he act without the Generals, or reckon on their courage? Besides, too, the majority of the Council was against the Major. In short, terms were made with Custine, and the town surrendered, to the terror and astonishment of the whole world. They might have asserted that they had made a sacrifice of their personal honour for the welfare of Mayence—but no, all felt clearly what they had done, and looked round for a scapegoat on whom they could heap all their own sins in the eyes of the astounded German empire. And see, Major Eickemeyer was at

hand, as if summoned—he who alone had displayed a courage which put the others to the blush, and who was the only *bourgeois* simpleton in the council of war. 'Twas partly Eickemeyer's own fault that the suspicion cast on him adhered so easily to him, for, to his German heart, the breach of faith which he had committed by the assumption of a post among the enemies of his country, left him justly exposed to contumely. The only mistake in the matter was that the General's Commission was regarded as the reward of certain services rendered to the French, while it was merely a recognition, on Cistine's part, of Eickemeyer's utility, and, for the unhappy man himself, the best, perhaps the only method to support an oppressed family. In this way Eickemeyer stands as a traitor before the horror-stricken and now violently abusing world, which, I might almost say, could not recognise the true domestic treachery through the dust raised by the subversion of this bulwark of the empire."

Francis rose and made a sign to the servant who held his horse, while a violent discussion broke out at the table ; for the side blows of our friend at the nobly-born Generals, through which he also intended to hew Eickemeyer out of his unhappy position, annoyed some of the officers. Speeches and replies grew sharper, and threatened to become insulting. The Baron, therefore, after emptying his glass, with

a happy compliment to the Prussian arms, walked to his horse, accompanied by Goethe.

“You have boldly taken the part of a man who appears to me most unjustly accused,” said the poet; “but these gentlemen will not allow such a convenient subject for haughty anger and soldier-like reproach to be torn from them, and, in consequence, Eickemeyer, though an honest man, will be exposed to their attacks for some time longer. It is, in any case, difficult to make men comprehend how a world-convulsing event—whether it be the fall of a fortress or the overthrow of a monarchy—can be brought about by the invisible but consequent agency of internal fault and corruption; and as they in most matters only regard externals, so in political life they can only understand the mechanical powers of blow and counter-blow.”

After a hearty farewell, the Baron, who, in the meanwhile, had mounted his horse, offered the poet his hand in thanks, and rode under his hearty wishes towards Oberkulum.



## CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, when the Baron arrived at an early hour at the Chaussée-house, he found that the passage of the French troops had already commenced ; but at the same time the crush of persons waiting to enter the town had increased, and waggons of provisions were held in readiness, to take advantage of the high prices of the last week, at the first opening of the gates.

Notwithstanding the many well-known faces the Baron saw among the excited throng, he did not attempt to pacify them, as their sensations of revenge were too closely allied to the feeling of their boundless misfortunes. Besides, the mob of angry persons was so great that it would have been of little use to bring one or the other to reason, as every word, every example of passion, would have obliterated the impression momentarily made on their vacillating minds.

Between the several regiments of the garrison, which numbered seventeen thousand men, baggage waggons and single chaises, filled with persons,

were moving. None of the latter were left unexamined by the watchful masses, to convince themselves that no Clubbists, but actual Frenchmen or strangers, were leaving the town. With these regiments, too, many Mayennese girls marched cheerfully on foot, with little bundles on their backs, or in their hands, who, however, did not pass without abuse or sarcasm from the spectators. The men saluted them by name, or with nicknames, asked if they understood French well, if they had got strong soles to their shoes, and so on, at the same time wishing them a happy journey. Their wives were still more violent, scolding because these *trulls* were allowed to leave so freely, probably carrying off other persons' property.

All this the Baron was a witness of from the front of the Chaussée-house, whither he had ridden to meet Goethe. An invitation into the already uncomfortably filled room he did not accept, nor did he even dismount from his horse, as he intended to try to get into the town, in which a few had succeeded in one way or another. During this episode a carriage arrived from the town, from the windows of which two females bowed on either side in a friendly manner. Francis recognised on one side Madame Böhmer, at a considerable distance, and entertained a lively apprehension as to the manner in

which she would be treated on account of her now so hated husband. However, before she saw the Baron, the carriage was stopped, and a frightful shout of triumph arose, with the cry of "Stumme! Stumme!" In truth, it was that shrinking and trembling Actuary and Clubbist, who was dragged from the carriage, and carried with blows and kicks to a neighbouring field, into which his unhappy and imploring wife followed him. In the meantime some of the crowd had recognised the wife of the Archclubbist Böhmer, and attempted to tear her from the carriage. She shrieked horribly, and tried to pacify the savage fellows by holding her newly-born infant before them. Francis rode with determination towards the carriage. Madame Caroline recognised him, and begged his protection. But the chivalrous young man spoke in vain to the furious crowd; no prayer, no representation, on his part, was listened to; and nothing was left him but to spur his horse, and by its curvets form a space round the carriage door, while by blows of his riding-whip he tried to save the lady from the clutching hands of a boatman. He then helped the trembling woman from the carriage, and conducted her with his drawn sword, which he had girded on, as a safeguard on his perilous journey. It was clear, however, that his courage and appearance were of more effect than the pathetic manner in which the terrified woman

held out her child as a shield. At the Chaussée-house Goethe took charge of the lady, whose name Francis mentioned to him with much politeness, and assured her of protection, and of being able to proceed on her journey in safety.

In the meanwhile, Stumme's frightful cries could be heard from the field, and several of the horrible methods in which he was being ill treated could be distinguished through the crowd. Francis rode to the nearest outpost and procured help, which hardly arrived in time to save the unfortunate man's life. Aching in all his limbs, and with his face horribly disfigured, he was carried under a guard of soldiers to the nearest peasant's house, whither his wife was borne after him in an insensible state.

The same scenes were repeated when several well-known Clubbists were recognised in the ranks of the next battalion which passed by. Unhappily, too, the soldiers did not protect these fugitives, as the others had done, but looked on with smiles when they were seized and dragged off. On several were found lumps of gold lace and silver ornaments beaten into a mass, which was known to be church property, and which these persons had probably taken to defray the expenses of their journey. It may be imagined how much the anger of the people was heightened by this discovery, which indeed seemed almost to justify it.

These scenes painfully affected the Baron, and a short conversation with Madame Böhmer fully disgusted him. She seemed soon consoled by Goethe's politeness, thanked the young man with a malicious smile for having at length escorted her, though only for a short distance, and informed them that her fantastic husband could not be separated from his beloved books and MSS., which he had collected from the monastery libraries, else they would certainly have safely escaped on the preceding day. It was manifest she had at length left her husband to his fate, although Francis, out of delicacy for the frail woman, did not say so.

The Baron, insulted and outraged in his soul, rode, as soon as the chaussée was again free, towards the town, and arrived unimpeded at the bar of the outermost gate. This was locked, and many persons, both men and women, who awaited the entry of friends and neighbours or looked for the arrival of provisions, pressed here together. The horseman was recognised and received with cries of joy and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. His name was called out, and the words "Gracious Baron" worked on their tempers like a happy and newly found magic spell. Francis thanked them with a friendly wave of the hand, and asked the French sentry whether he would soon be relieved.

“We go with the last battalion,” was the reply ;  
“then the Prussians will enter.”

Francis, who, while conversing with the Frenchman, was surveying the moving mass, noticed after a while the person he had apparently been searching for—Fides, who at the moment left hold of the arm of her companion, a tall, thin citizen, and hurried through the gloomy gate of the fortress into the town. He quickly rode up to the sentry, and said,

“Friend, have you a sweetheart, a bride, at home?”

“No, citizen.”

“But a sister?”

“Yes, citizen.”

“I see mine in the crowd for the first time after a long separation. Pray be so kind as to raise the bar for me.”

With good-humoured politeness the Frenchman complied; but the mob now pressed on our hurried friend with noisy shouts of joy, and a cheerfulness which, in spite of his impatience, he was compelled to treat with some regard.

“Welcome, welcome, your Grace! May God bless your return to old and free Mayence!”

The Baron smiled at the word “free,” which seemed to have descended to the people as an equivocal slang term of the day.

The tall, thin citizen had, in the meanwhile, gradually worked his way through the crowd, and after performing his obeisance as well as he was able in the pressure, said with laughable solemnity,

“You appear to us, gracious Baron, like the morning star before the sun. Thus, as our Elector’s nuncio, you precede the coming of our liege lord. Oh! announce to us when the beams of our gracious sovereign will bless our poor Mayence like those of the spring sun after a severe winter.”

“Who are you, my good man?” inquired the Baron with a smile, to evade the question.

“I am Meisenzal, retired director of the practical school, and your most devoted servant,” was the answer.

“And that charming maiden who leant on your arm?”

“Mademoiselle Fides Lennig, my neighbour’s sweet child, who was obliged to return home. She had accepted my escort to take a momentary look outside the gate, as we know that our dear emigrants and banished friends were waiting in hope without. Well, then, His Grace the Elector—if I dare ask?”

“Give him a *vivat*,” replied Francis sharply, as he tried to force his way through the crowd.

“Do you hear, neighbours and friends?” cried

the director, “a loyal cheer for our Elector—hurrah!”

All joined in the shout, while the drums of a regiment that was marching out sounded under the deep archway of the neighbouring gate.



## CHAPTER IX.

FIDES returned home in a very serious mood, and as she led her mother, without further explanation, from the kitchen to the sitting-room, she said,

“Mother, he is coming. Seat yourself in your chair, and receive him with affection and cordiality.”

She then drew the leather chair from behind the stove, and compelled the astounded woman to seat herself in it.

“Who then, Fides?” she inquired, “who is coming?”

“How can you ask?” replied Fides; “who can be coming but Francis?”

“The Baron?” cried the old lady, as she sprang up; “no, in this state I cannot receive him.”

Fides held her back, and would not consent to her changing her dress.

“He will be here directly,” she said in a pacifying tone. “Remain just as you are, dearest mother. Francis shall find us in our usual state. There must be no preparation; has he not something

else to regard besides your kitchen apron?"

Fides caused the embarrassed woman to sit down again, then drew the stool near the chair and seated herself on it, while, with childlike playfulness, she clasped her mother's hand. There was in all this nothing affected, nothing artificial, it was the expression of the maiden's happy feelings, who, at sight of the Baron, had been so timid, and yet so pleased.

"Ei, Fides," said her mother, on recovering from her confusion, somewhat vexed at the constraint which had been put upon her, "why dost thou sit uow, so like a simple thing, on the footstool?"

To which Fides replied, "Have you, then, forgotten, dear mother, that whoso humbleth himself shall be exalted. You must surely know why Francis is coming?"

"Why?" asked the mother. "Art thou then so confident he will still have thee? It was a cold, dark night when he offered thee his hand, if indeed thou rightly understoodst him in the thick fog; and now it is bright summer, six months from that time, and the Elector will return, it is said, and put an end to all this liberty and equality. Hast thou thought on that, my child?"

"Dearest mother," replied Fides, "now there is no question of all that, but the moment is before you when Francis will demand my hand of you."

“Holy Jesus!” cried Madame Hildegarde, and would have sprung up, had not her daughter restrained her. “And I ought to give an answer on this subject! But what can I say to him?—what, indeed, is the usual way of answering a Baron? Oh! I know how to speak, and how to reply, when I am with my equals, and if the Baron were a simple citizen’s son, a book-keeper or a clerk in the Exchequer, for aught I care—and I remember perfectly what my poor father said to thy father, when he came to sue for my hand, ‘It is an honour to us, Musje Lennig, and God grant it be happy for my Hildegarde;’ but we cannot speak in this way to a Baron—and my old man, too, does not happen to be in the way. He knows how to trim his speech for great people and small, and it is, in fact, his business—yes, it is thy father’s business, and I’ll have nought to do with it.”

“Dearest mother,” Fides interposed, “you are here now in my father’s place, and must speak and act for him. But do not seek polished phrases to speak to Francis—say only what is in your heart; and besides, you do not require to humble yourself—you are my mother, and give the Baron your all and dearest, which Francis will esteem as highly as any noble title.”

While Fides was uttering these and similar words of encouragement, conceived in accordance

with her mother's way of thinking, and her own anxious feelings, she listened continually to every movement in the street, for she expected a horseman, and even fancied she heard, amid the cries and confusion outside, the tread of a horse. She, as well as her mother, was so preoccupied by the excitement which possessed their hearts, that in the confusion she paid no attention to an unusual noise issuing from the next street. So it happened that Fides, on the tiptoe of expectation, was taken by surprise, when, after a gentle knock, the door opened, and Francis entered. Fides sprang up and flew towards him, loudly uttering his name; but as he extended his arms to clasp her to his bosom, she silently seized his hand, looked at him with a smile, and then led him to her mother, who had risen from her easy chair.

“Pray take a seat, your Grace,” said Madame Hildegarde with confused curtsies; and the Baron, who, though he seized a chair, remained standing, turned to Fides, who had resumed her seat on the stool, and said,

“What, my Fides, am I such a stranger to thee?”

She looked up at him with a blushing smile, and shook her head.

“What, then? Thou art not what thy letters led me to expect,” he continued. “How sweetly

and charmingly didst thou write to me, and how I longed to be near the writer—near the hand which penned it—the mouth which should express it. I must go away again, far, far, away, my Fides, that thou mayst again write to me.”

“Ah! no, no, Francis!” she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet and embraced him with all possible tenderness, and with the firmest hold.

At each kiss which they interchanged, with mutual assurances of love, Madame Hildegarde secretly pulled her daughter’s dress, and each time with greater force.

“Yes, thou seest, dearest Francis,” said Fides, “that writing and speaking are very different. As often as I wrote to thee, thou didst appear before me under quite another aspect, as in a distant light and atmosphere, and thy image changed and fashioned itself to my feelings. As thou now, however, standest before me so nearly and so certainly, all seems to have undergone a change, though thou art still thyself. I cannot express it, perchance it is because thou art before me, and in this posture I must look up to thee and revere thee. When I wrote to thee, I sought thee—in my heart, and found in it thoughts of thee; but now all my thoughts are without me.”

In the meanwhile she remembered her mother and her expectations, and therefore added, “But,

dearest Francis, my mother is quite astonished at us, and does not know what to think of us."

After these words she reseated herself with wondrous grace on her lowly stool, and the Baron cried, as he knelt down with childish pleasure before Madame Lennig,

"Oh! yes, forgetful that I am! Pardon me, but is it not true that Fides is mine, dearest mother?"

Madame Lennig, who probably expected a ceremonious and formal demand for her daughter's hand, was quite embarrassed at this short, childish question, and, as if seeking an explanation and assistance, regarded first the Baron and then her daughter, who looked in her face with folded hands and a happy smile.

"Baron," she said confusedly, "if I rightly understood you, you wished to do us the honour—I will not, it is true, humble myself—ah, God, if my husband were only at home! Do you know, Baron, if my Erasmus will return soon?"

"Certainly he will," replied Francis; "after the surrender of the fortress, the hostages must be sent back, of course. And that we may welcome him with a happy domestic festival, let him find a son at the same time as a daughter."

"A son, your Grace?" she asked in amazement.

“Well, yes, if you will have me for one, my dearest mother.”

“Ah! so—now I understand you. A gentleman son. Well, then, take her in God’s name. It is in fact my husband’s business, but if he makes me any reproaches, for my over-hastiness I will say to him, ‘I have done nothing wrong. They had one another’s consent beforehand.’”

“Dear, good mother!” exclaimed Francis, as he kissed her hand and embraced her.

And as he now stood up and stretched out his arms wistfully to receive the mother’s gift—his Fides—the latter said with emotion, “Raise me to thyself, Francis.”

He raised her, and she sank on his bosom. Madame Lennig, now much more composed after such a happy removal of her anxieties, joined their hands and said,

“See, your Grace, what you possess in my Fides. She is not the child of high-born people, but my Erasmus thinks she has very noble ways with her, and is besides all we have, and may God grant her his blessing! But now you must pardon me, Baron, I am in a real embarrassment. You must know we did not expect you to come so early—I mean in these dear times, when nothing is to be procured, for it is now right and fitting that you should dine with us, and we cannot even

ask you to take pot-luck. We want even fresh meat. Only think that an egg costs six Batzen, a pound of scrag meat three florins, and a pound of old cow cannot be had anywhere under a ducat."

Francis smiled and said, "Is it not really full of meaning, dear Fides, that our inestimable happiness falls upon a time of such high prices? But calm yourself, dear mother, a long row of provision carts stands at the gates, which will be in the market to-day or to-morrow. Do not be anxious for our sake—eating is the last thing lovers think of."

In the meanwhile, the disturbances in the streets had not lessened, and mobs of persons were to be seen before several houses, who, after gaining entrance, broke the windows and doors, threw the furniture into the streets, and partly demolished it, partly carried it away.

"This is horrible!" cried Francis with much anger. "Even on my passage through the town, while walking hither from my house, I noticed these mobs, who have managed to get in, in contravention to the terms of the capitulation, and in conjunction with people of their own sort, are committing these excesses in the town. They are in pursuit of the Clubbists; persons collect together, and urge on the few German soldiers who have contrived to



enter the town, to plunder and attack with them the houses of the friends of the French, and to steal or destroy their property. No one opposes this outburst of revenge and passion, for the populace is master in this intermediate time of lawlessness, and in consequence I did not lay aside my sword, but only left it without by the door of the room. It is a time of Club law and self-defence."

These words of indignation at an outrage which could be witnessed from the window threw Madame Lennig into a state of alarm and uneasiness. She entertained apprehensions for her own house, for her distant husband's connection with the Club might be borne in mind. The Baron tried to make her remember the personal respect felt for Lennig, and all he had suffered as a hostage for the town, but it was only after several tumultuous mobs had passed by, without showing that they intended any injury to her house, that the good woman calmed herself so far as to allow her Fides to go under the Baron's protecting escort to the dear Professor Blau's dwelling, on whom an insult was probably designed. With these fears, which were alleviated by the happiness she felt at walking for the first time through the streets on the arm of her beloved Francis, Fides left the house on the Umbach with her friend, who had again buckled on his sword.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEREVER the happy couple bent their steps, the most melancholy signs of disorder and desolation met their view. Dirt and filth no longer concealed themselves in corners, but occupied the broadest streets and squares. However, the delight of wandering arm-in-arm, so new to both, made the fond couple' blind to such sights, and the indescribable happiness they had acquired in the midst of such devastation seemed even to lessen the painful impressions caused by it. They entertained a deep presentiment that this world around them, so well known to them with its former glory, had necessarily fallen into such ruin and desolation, to deliver up to them the buried treasure which lay, spell-bound, in the old order of things, and which had now fallen so blessedly to their share. Hand in hand, full of hopes in the future, they less regarded that which lay in ruins around them than the edifice which should be raised with still greater splendour in their new union and peace.

As they found everything quiet at a short dis-

tance from Blau's dwelling, they agreed not to enter there at that moment, but to stroll further; for Francis had so much to tell her, even melancholy news, which seemed to concern his betrothed as well as himself. In a hasty sketch he narrated to her the story of Cecilia and Jean Baptiste's love, a misfortune common to both through their affinity to the two unfortunates, and which made a tragical impression on Fides, through the contrast it presented to her own blessed prospects. The Baron had found Dorothea a present shelter, at his own charge, with Madame Forster, who had again removed from the mountains to Neuchâtel. The future employment of the valuable girl should be determined by Fides. But now our friend had a bitter hour to undergo with the Baroness-mother. He had written to her to inform her of his arrival, as, after much reflection on the subject, he had determined not to conceal any part of the truth from her, and he now found himself much confirmed in this view by Fides's approval. Leaving out of the question the difficulty of inventing a plausible story, the Baron also fancied the full truth was due not only to his own sentiments, but also to the high import of the occurrence.

“But then,” objected Fides, “will thy mother, with whom in truth I am little acquainted, attach the same meaning as thyself to this unhappy event?”

“This doubt certainly occurred to me, my dear Fides,” he replied; “and though, on the other hand, I must fear that the sorrow and humiliation would work too deeply on my mother’s temper to allow her to entertain liberal and forgiving opinions, still I promise myself another advantage from it. I hoped that the loss of a daughter under circumstances so painful would cause her to consider a compensation through a daughter-in-law still more desirable.”

With a grateful pressure of his hand Fides inquired: “Will any particular advantage accrue from the truth?”

“Not that exactly, my heart; for even if my mother see clearly whither the contorted and unnatural state of the higher circles may lead, I fear she will not more easily gain a mastery over her old prejudices. In fact, I dare not keep it from thee, my dear Fides, she desires no citizen daughter-in-law—perhaps will hardly pardon me for such an attachment.”

To this Fides replied with a fond look, as she drew still closer to him,

“How happy thou makest me, my beloved Francis, by speaking so frankly to me. Oh! that, in return for it, I might embrace thee in sight of this high and desolated cathedral! Thou shewest a noble confidence in me, and shalt see that I de-

serve it. Listen, dearest friend. I do not promise myself from thy mother all that thou anticipatest. The painful sacrifice can as easily harden as propitiate her maternal heart; perhaps even, haughty as it is in a time like the present, it will be more accessible to scorn than to concessions. It will painfully affect me not to be a worthy daughter of the Baroness-mother; but love dare not be more subservient to prejudices, and we cannot banish a mother's sorrow at such disobedience by all our childish love. Tell me now, my dear and honest friend, hast thou examined thyself, and art thou certain that the disapprobation of thy mother, who will perhaps separate from us, will not destroy thy happiness and mine?"

"Never, never!" cried the Baron, with a lofty earnestness. "As certain as that these eventful symbols surround us! Must not our noble Mayence sink beneath the new ideas of the day? And, however triumphantly for a time old prejudices may return, still these bulwarks have not fallen in vain. For some good purpose has desolation rioted in this city; nor can the trembling sceptre long hold sway over the future, which will start from these ruins, from the struggles of mankind, with new creations and a higher form of civil existence."

Round the cathedral the two wandered, in the

centre of devastation. The shells of houses, which had been shattered by cannon balls or destroyed in the flames, stood around them. Walls threatened to fall in, and several towers, shaken to the very foundation, could scarcely keep erect. Our friend regarded the splendid buildings of the deanery with pity. The pillared hall was still perfect, but the roof lay in fragments on the ground, and the wire gratings of the sky-light were spread like spider webs athwart the desolation. The old building was said to have been visited by apparitions, and still were to be seen on portions of the walls the crosses and names of saints which had been placed on them from time to time, with the sprinkling of holy water, to scare the goblins away. When the wandering couple entered one building or another, still in a state of preservation, they found, to their great annoyance, instead of pitiable destruction, the disgusting traces of brutality, petulance, and insult, which had found vent on the ceilings and walls, stucco and marble, when these apartments had served as guard-rooms, stables, tailors' ateliers, and so on.

It was scarce possible to venture near the palace, for behind boards and sheds might be noticed the disgraceful pollution of this high princely residence. A wilderness of cannon, tumbrils, and powder-

waggons, heaped up together and partly destroyed by the enemy, partly injured by use, filled the wide space.

A few horsemen met the couple on the great bleaching-ground, and Francis, as he recognised the stateliest among them at a distance, whispered to his Fides the name of Goethe. The little company had ridden over from Marienborn, after the passage of the last French troops, to observe the condition of the town.

“Ha! what a reviving sight!” exclaimed the poet, as the Baron presented his bride to him. “A handsome couple, loving and affianced, and looking toward a happy future, meet us in the midst of these melancholy ruins. Tell me, friends, shall we compare them to two jewels, which have fallen from the bliss-yielding but now broken goblet of Mayence, to be formed into a bond of love?—or is the mythological era repeated in our time, when Deucalion and Pyrrha, endowed by Prometheus and Pandora, saved themselves from the terrible deluge, and founded a new race of men?”

The Baron, as he seized the poet’s hand, replied gratefully and politely,

“They found refuge, as far as I remember, on Parnassus, beneath Apollo’s graciously beaming eyes; and our lot is now the same.”

Goethe spoke with compassion of the frightful

destruction. "We have just come from the Favourite," he said, "where we could scarce distinguish the traces of terraces, orangeries, fountains, grottoes, and statues of the gods which had decorated the enchanting place. With tears the gardener told us of the splendour of the last summer, when the Elector banqueted the high Majesties and their numerous suites at countless tables, in silver plate on damask cloths. Thus we now see overthrown in dust and ruins that which centuries alone were able to raise, all the riches which had their confluence in the fairest spot of the earth, and all that religion intended to confirm and augment as the property of her votaries."

After such complaint the poet took leave, with looks of satisfaction at the fair Fides, whose eye was fixed in reverential astonishment on the eminent man. "This is no place even for me," he observed, "how much less for a happy couple! Retire with your preserved treasure, dear Baron, to the spot where the magic circle, drawn around us by love, and by the arts and sciences, is not disturbed by any questions or troubles of the day."

"See, my dear Fides," said Francis, after the gentlemen had ridden off, "the exhortations and predictions of the noblest spirits bless our union! As the poet pointed to the future with cheering words, so did Forster with melancholy ones."



As they advanced, they heard from a distance the drums and music of a German regiment. The streets became animated, and all flocked to witness the entry of the King of Prussia at the head of his guards. Like a deluge, at the same time, the stream of exiles and emigrants poured through all the gates, as well as all those from far or near who had joined them. To our sorrow, we are obliged to confess that the tumultuous excesses were renewed by the new concourse of people. "That is one of them!" was the shout in all the streets, and this terror cry from any rascal directed the revengeful mob to pursue the most innocent men. They pressed into the houses, and if they found no Clubbists, still they found their property. The persons who concealed themselves were dragged out, maltreated, and then delivered to the Prussians, who received them with blows from the butt-end of their muskets, and, after exposing them to public insult, imprisoned them till the time came for their transport to Frankfurt, where a Mayennese Commission was sitting for the examination of the Clubbists. The vengeance of the populace knew no bounds, and even the wives and children of these luckless men suffered every sort of indignity; many of them were dragged off with their relations, and threatened with imprisonment and labour at the entrenchments.

Francis, horrified by such proceedings, hurried away with Fides, but it was difficult in any direction to escape from such scenes. Under their very eyes, on the Platz near the New Fountain, in the midst of the mob of people, a young and pretty girl was raised, apparently dead, from the pavement and carried off. Abuse and insults were heaped on her, though insensible to them. And what was her crime? She had played in some patriotic pieces at an amateur theatre of the Clubbists.

## CHAPTER XI.

THESE disorders did not cease after the town was occupied by the Prussians and Hessians. Even proclamations of the Prussian Governor, General von Wolfram, and of the Commandant General von Grevenitz, in which order and peace were advised, warnings given against private vengeance, and obedience to the rightful Prince commanded, did not altogether put a stop to the disturbances, and it was found necessary to keep patrols continually in movement during the day.

The Baron kept his eye pretty closely on Forster's house, and had succeeded, with Sömmering's assistance, who had packed up his absent friend's property, in defending it against repeated attacks of the populace, only designed for plunder. He at length found a Prussian post drawn up at the door, and was informed that Prince Louis of Prussia, in recognition of Forster's learned services, had ordered the guard to be set for its protection. Sömmering, with pathetic pride in his unhappy friend, praised this princely magnanimity, and promised

himself, from this favour, a full amnesty for the banished man.

Now the Baron had no further excuse to defer his painful visit to his mother. The sight of the river, too, as he rode over the bridge, endued him with courage and determination. After his lengthened absence he inhaled with the refreshing breeze the most cheering recollections, and gained, by one glance into the Rheingau below him, the most animating view of his future felicity. In this temper he did not suffer himself to be disheartened by the desolating sight of the wasted fields and gardens, allées and vineyards, around Castel. Within the fortifications he found everything as the French had left it on receiving news of the capitulation, and the passage for egress had hardly been opened through the barricade, for which the besieged had remorselessly cut down all the fruit-trees in the fertile neighbourhood, fastening them afterwards together by their branches, for the purpose of a last bulwark.

When the Baron, after a few days, returned to Mayence, the town was filled with unceasing festivity. The Elector had held his triumphal entry, and the air still vibrated from the wild shouts of the people, the ringing of the bells, and the thunder of the Prussian batteries. The twelve butchers, who, after removing the horses, had dragged the

Prince's travelling-carriage, with its freshly-painted heraldic bearings, through the town, now drew along a rich wine libation from the stores preserved in the cellars of the Cathedral, to a place of amusement, and, in the arrogance they felt at their services, broke the still remaining panes of glass in some of the Clubbists' houses.

In the evening coolness of the 31st of July, Francis entered the little dwelling on the Umbach, and surprised Fides, who was engaged at the window in reading a paper printed in large type. In the emotion of her loving heart, she allowed the paper to fall on the ground, and rushed with expanded arms towards her beloved.

“What! thou hast been weeping?” cried the Baron, affrighted.

“Ah! our poor Blau!” she sighed, struggling with her returning sorrow. “They have destroyed his furniture, plundered his house, allowed the wine, which they could not drink or carry away, to run about the cellar. He hid himself, and would have certainly escaped, with the assistance of young Neeb, had not the noble-minded man been betrayed by one of his former colleagues at the University. He was seized and imprisoned like all the other Clubbists who were found. The day before yesterday the King ordered him to his presence (surrounded by the Crown Prince and other

high personages of his suite), in order to see the 'Minister of Finance,' as they sarcastically termed him. He is said to have smiled quietly for a long time at the jests of these exalted persons, till he reminded them, in his noble displeasure, of the fickleness of fortune, and the facility of insulting a prisoner. For this he received a blow in the face from a cavalry officer's heavy glove."

"From whom?" cried Francis, with an outburst of passion.

"I asked him," continued Fides. "I succeeded in seeing him for a few moments in the prison, whither he had been conducted with Professor Böhmer and other Mayennese Clubbists, but he replied, 'No, no, my daughter, let me be silent as to the name of the angry gentleman. God knows him, and may he graciously bless the hand which so hurt me, and shield the sword and sceptre it may some time wield from the mutability of fortune!' The noble-minded man kept secret from me, too, that he——" she embraced her lover with violent sobs, and could only utter these words with a groan, "that by the most exalted command——blows——"

A deep silence ensued, in which their hearts—the one from sorrow, the other from passion—violently palpitated. At length Francis said to her more calmly,

“ We will quit this unhappy Mayence, my beloved Fides, and we shall be easily enabled to make all the necessary arrangements. I have just left Albini, whom accident conducted into my path. He was a little embarrassed, and behaved somewhat coldly ; but at length he allowed me to guess that the Elector has many favours in store. I shall be banished from Mayence, probably at a hint from the Countess Condenhove, who has returned to her own mansion, though deprived of the company of her nieces, who have been sent home. Thy father will be dismissed from his office, because he once joined the Club, although only in appearance, and through his fidelity and devotion to the Elector ; and many other things of the same nature are intended. Merit is now measured by an extraordinary standard. Only those who left Mayence and their fellow-citizens in the lurch can expect to meet with justice or favour. With regard to such as remained behind, the smiles of the Elector are only dispensed on those who acted as spies for the fugitive court, not on those who, to protect their own families and relations, to save their property, to cheer desponding hearts, and to kindle a German spirit in the midst of persecution, patiently went through danger and suffering. Now, my true and noble girl, it is time that we emigrate ; and how happy it renders me, that I

possess the most blessed place of refuge for ourselves—for us and thy family, I mean—for you are all now who compose my family; my mother—” he was silent for a moment, and then said with calmness and self-possession, “my mother has returned to Münster.”

“Oh! my beloved Francis!” exclaimed Fides, in pain, as she embraced and kissed him.

“In her stead we shall have thy father,” continued the young man, in a cheerful tone. “The hostages will be exchanged for those of the imprisoned Clubbists, who wish to settle in France. I have already ordered rooms to be prepared for thee and thy mother at our worthy friend Madame Cratz’s house; there you will be my dear neighbours, while I get everything in readiness for that happy day which, after thy father’s return, will unite us by a holy sacrament into one happy family. There’s room for us all in my quiet, peaceful house; nothing failed till now in that Paradise—but a mistress like my Fides——”

She sunk on his bosom. Mother Hildegarde joined them; she had made excellent purchases on the over-stocked market, and now decked the supper-table with a well-satisfied smile.

Francis raised the printed paper from the ground, and seated himself at the window to read “the proclamation of the Elector to his people.”



It had been given out on the day of his entry, and was dated from Aschaffenburg. At a few passages the Baron silently smiled, others he read half aloud, and at length called Fides to listen to him.

“Come, my heart’s treasure,” he said; “the good children get gilded nuts as Christmas presents,” and then read :

“We have, with a moved heart and the most lively feelings of joy, learned the patient German fidelity and constancy with which our well-affected subjects have awaited our return.”

“I am thy subject,” Fides interrupted him by saying, as she seated herself on the footstool, and with an affectionate smile rested her head on his knees. “Now read further, beloved lord and master. I must acquire some of the fine words and gilded epithets which formerly appeared to me so strange and cold—now read.”

Francis threw his arm round her neck and read further :

“Before all we wish to restore the ancient system, for the benefit of our subjects. We therefore abrogate all laws and regulations brought into usage by the Municipality, the Administration, the French generals, and the presumptuous Convention, and declare them null and void.”

“No, no,” said Francis, with a laugh; “the

former order of things can be of no service to us, for we desire the very latest novelties. Thus I raise thee to my knee, dearest Fides. I am only the throne of my mistress and ruler. We will declare ourselves in favour of the new Liberty and Equality—liberty in kissing, and equality in embracing—where the one ever has and receives just as much as the other.”

After both had introduced this new arrangement, with a laugh, and confirmed it by repeated trials, Francis gently read the passage,

“To prove to us further the fidelity accompanied by such glorious constancy, and at the same time to show clearly that we cherish no other wish in our hearts than to devote the rest of our days to the happiness and contentment of our beloved subjects——”

“But, my sweet Fides,” reminded Francis, with roguish seriousness, “would it not be a pity if these pretty words contained no truth? Tell me, how shall we make them true?”

“I know, dear, dear Francis,” she replied, “be thou my Elector, and then they will be true.”

“But if I am to be a proper Elector,” he objected, “I must also elect, and so I declare thee my Empress; thus they are doubly true.”

“They are true;—the pretty words are true!” they both cried with joy, and clapped their hands.

At this moment Madame Hildegarde entered, smiling over the smoking partridges, which she now placed on the table.

“Our hereditary server,” said Francis, as he laughed and nodded to the mother.

Fides also joined in the laugh, and the busy woman merrily scolded.

“Don’t be children! Sit down and fill your mouths.”

“Children? Yes, dear mother,” Francis cried with warmth, as he embraced the good woman, “but also magicians, for we have just plucked the fairest flowers and imperishable fruits for ourselves from the withered branches of the court garden.”

## CHAPTER XII.

It was again just such a sultry and storm-portending day as that on which Garzweiler, previous to the Imperial coronation, floated down the quiet Rhine to gain the golden fleece of a family, when Francis, with his Fides and Madame Hildegarde, slowly drove down the great bleaching-ground to enter the same gondola, with equally sweet and secret hopes. He had purchased this vessel from Jean Baptiste's heir, when he gave them, in addition to some good advice, the necessary proofs of the rich but unhappy boatman's death.

The Sunday Portiuncula was being kept; dirt and rubbish still lay in all the streets, for, from the highest down to the lowest of the court servants, who had now returned, all were so full of personal demands and greedy exertions, that no care could yet be paid to the public health. The *bourgeoisie*, dressed for pleasure or devotion, moved merrily to and fro between the heaps formed by fire and ruin, like flies on a mass of corruption. From half-burned

houses, which were kept up by beams, rose the smoke of the cook-shops for the soldiers, and those families which had not yet restored their own hearths. Dance music, and the merrymaking of the thirsty Prussians and Hessians, sounded from the public-houses and barracks; scurrilous songs, noise, and laughter re-echoed in the dirty streets and the dancing booths; while the subjugated *ça-ira* was continually played, in merry recollection of past dangers, in the tavern gardens. In addition to all this, the bells tolled, and a solemn procession moved slowly through the streets, while the unsatisfied people, driven to take part in every excitement, joined in prayer. Patrols, which watched over the so easily disturbed tranquillity, crossed the procession; the litanies of the devotees, the scurrilous songs of the toppers, were strangely intermingled; and arrogant Prussians stood smoking and laughing, with covered heads, among the believers, who knelt down at the appearance of the suffragan's crimson canopy. The passionate monks struck at the scoffers with their burning torches; the latter drew their side-arms, and it would have been no wonder if deadly outrages had wound up the festival of thanksgiving.

At court a grand levee was held. The Elector occupied the Deutsche Haus, which had remained uninjured by the bombardment. The iron gates

stood wide open, while between their stone pillars drove the gala carriages of the courtiers, filling the spacious area before this handsome mansion. Through the windows of the Ritter-saal might be seen the mass of uniforms so lately returned, while on the shady side of the building, in a balcony looking towards the Rhine, the Countess, with other favourites of the Prince, was standing, catching with her gilded fan the refreshing breezes from the green stream. She looked down haughtily and arrogantly as the Baron passed in his open calèche; with a pleased smile Francis looked up, but with still greater satisfaction Fides regarded the face of her lover, which was unclouded by any reminiscences of courtly splendour.

“Why dost thou look so anxiously in my face, my treasure?” he asked kindly.

And Fides replied, as she concealed her happy emotion by a jest, “To observe the weather of our future.”

“In my face?”

“Yes, dear Francis, thou knowest when the moon has a halo round it, we say it holds its court, and that forebodes storms and bad weather. Thy face was a brilliant full moon, and yet was free from any signs of storm.”

“Oh! my angel,” cried Francis in delight, “didst thou not wish thyself at court? There, be-

hind us, in the Ritter-saal of the Deutsche Haus, that clever remark would have been lauded to the skies, and the Elector would at least have kissed thy hand."

"Thou art my Elector!" she said, as she offered it to him.

Francis kissed the little white hand, and as at that moment the carriage arrived at the landing-place, he held it firmly, raised his beloved from her seat, and bore her to the gondola. Her mother followed, and the servant carried after them the coffer, which they intended to take to Garzweiler's daughter and grandson as their inheritance.

Here on this magic bank, a glorious silence, in the midst of the blessings of harvest, receive our fugitives from Mayence!

In the château now reigned a silent activity, while preparations were being made for the happy day on which it was intended to leave off mourning for a buried sister, and celebrate festively the happy return of Father Lennig, and the marriage solemnity, which Chambion was to perform. But in these preparations the month of August was spent. At length a triumphal arch was erected at the landing-place in the garden of the château. A boat soon glided between the islands, and was guided to the bank. At that moment salvoes of welcome sounded from the temple in the garden. Madame Lennig,

leading Fides and Francis on either hand, Master Cratz and Gertrude in Sunday state, Chambion and the schoolmaster, the servants in gala livery, were grouped round the ornamented arch. And as Erasmus Lennig smilingly, and with much emotion, ascended the bank, he did not know whom he should embrace first. Nazi suddenly advanced, dressed as Cupid, and offered the visitor an ivy garland entwined with oak leaves. Music sounded from the balcony.

The salutes and explanations, the congratulations and embraces were ended, the refreshments enjoyed, and Lennig exclaimed in the circle of his friends,

“Yes! here I will allow myself to be welcomed. Let us forget Mayence in this abode of peace, where love and union offer one another the hand—each serves, each rules the other. Oh! had we but been able to preserve two noble friends! Our good Blau lies on a bed of sickness, with little hope of recovery; the shameful ill-treatment he suffered has sorely affected his weakened chest. Katharine at least is left to take care of him. I heard, too, on my road home, that Forster’s noble life is menaced by the gout, and God alone knows by what mental suffering!”

A deep silence solemnized the pious mourning of their hearts. After a while Erasmus continued:



“ Ah! this pitiable Mayence! There have union and confidence changed into hatred and mistrust, and spiteful joy and unbridled luxury meet on the rubbish heaps of the old prosperity. The nobility are again preparing to prove, by thoughtless extravagance and frivolous behaviour, that there exists, above the reflecting and laborious citizens, a higher race of men; and the priesthood, with its former cunning, is laying new fetters on a people so down-cast by misfortune. Here you have the latest ordinance of the suffragan and pro-vicar, dated August 31st. In it the people is particularly instructed on the subject of sacraments given by irregular priests. The christening of the children will be regarded as valid, for they do not desire any anabaptists; but all marriages are declared void, and married persons are torn asunder to seek new sacraments. The sinners who confessed to their priests are directed to do further penance, and those who have died with invalid absolution are recommended to the mercy of God, while the survivors are left to the desperation of their own fears. At the conclusion of the proclamation, it is said—listen, children!—‘ Every man is subject to a higher power; for there is no authority but from God, and all are under his ordinances; whoever then opposes the powers that be is in rebellion to the decrees of God, for through him kings reign.’ ”

Erasmus regarded the loving pair with an inquiring smile, but they seemed to find a happier prospect in each other's eyes, and in consequence Father Lennig exclaimed sportively,

“Now, my dear son Francis, what do you say to my *tombolu*?—does not the elder pith head nod again with great satisfaction? But I quiet myself with a new saying I learned during my absence. Of course you will laugh, for my Moser is its author. The glorious man says:

“‘We will think our *ça-ira* without singing it, but will employ more time to it than the National Assembly of the French does!’”

Chambion came from the garden, and asked on what day the ceremony should take place.

“The day after to-morrow,” replied Francis quickly, and with a smiling glance at his blushing Fides.

While the priest noted the day in his Agenda, he said to himself with surprise,

“The very same day in September on which the disturbances between the apprentices and students took place, two years ago, in Mayence!”

“When I saw thee for the first time, Fides!”

“And I thee, Francis!”

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

**THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.** From his Private Correspondence and Family Papers, in the possession of JOSEPH MAYER, Esq., F.S.A., FRANCIS WEDGWOOD, Esq., C. DARWIN, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Miss WEDGWOOD, and other Original Sources. With an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By ELIZA METEYARD. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Vol. 1, 8vo, with Portraits and above 100 other Illustrations, price 21s. elegantly bound, is now ready. The work will be completed in one more volume.

"This is the Life of Wedgwood to the expected appearance of which I referred at Burslem."—*Extract from a Letter to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

"This very beautiful book is the first of two volumes which will contain that Life of Wedgwood which for the last fifteen years Miss Meteyard has had in view, and to which the Wedgwood family, and all who have papers valuable in relation to its subject, have been cordially contributing. In his admirable sketch of Wedgwood, given at Burslem, it was to the publication of this biography that Mr. Gladstone looked forward with pleasure. It is a very accurate and valuable book. To give their fullest value to the engravings of works of art which largely enrich the volume, the biography has been made by its publishers a choice specimen of their own art as book-makers. Neither care nor cost have been grudged."—*Examiner.*

"The appearance of such a work as Miss Meteyard's 'Life of Josiah Wedgwood' is an event of importance in the sister spheres of literature and art. The biographer of our great potter has more than ordinary fitness for the fulfilment of her labour of love. She is an enthusiastic admirer and a practised connoisseur of Ceramic Art, and she brings the pleasant energy of individual taste and feeling to the aid of complete, authentic, and well-arranged information, and the well-balanced style of an experienced *litterateur*. The interest of the book grows with every page. The reader will peruse the numerous interesting particulars of Wedgwood's family life and affairs with unusual satisfaction, and will lay down the work with undoubting confidence that it will rank as a classic among biographies—an exhaustive work of the first rank in its school."—*Morning Post.*

"No book has come before us for some time so stored with interesting information. Miss Meteyard is a biographer distinguished by a clever and energetic style, by delicate judgment, extensive information, and a deep interest in her subject. The history of the Ceramic Art in England, and the biography of the eminent man who brought it to perfection, have evidently been to her a labour of love; and of the spirit and manner in which she has executed it we can hardly speak too highly. The splendid getting up of the work reflects much credit on the house from which it is issued."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"The biography of Josiah Wedgwood has fallen into good hands. Miss Meteyard has infused into her task a congenial spirit, a cultivated taste, and, in addition to fifteen years' study of her subject, she has been able to enrich her book with a mass of private letters and documents relating to Josiah Wedgwood which have been wholly inaccessible to other writers. These give the work a character of reliable information to which no rival can lay claim. The publishers have spared neither labour nor expense in the costly illustrations of the exquisite artistic gems which adorn the book."—*The Shilling Magazine.*

"It needs no special advertisement to make us aware, so soon as we open the book, that this is the life of the great Wedgwood, executed with an enthusiastic industry and illustrated with a taste which will be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Gladstone himself. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett may be fairly congratulated on having turned out the best English book of the year on art."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

"In this magnificent volume we welcome one of the very noblest contributions to the history of the Ceramic art ever published. We place it at once and permanently side by side with Bernard Palissy's Memoirs and with Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. An abundance of rare and very precious materials is here admirably put together by the dexterous hand and exquisite taste of Miss Meteyard. A more conscientious discharge of the responsible duties devolving upon the biographer of a really great man has not been witnessed, we believe, since the days of Boswell, the greatest of all biographers."—*Sun.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S

## NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

**A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS;** including WANDERINGS IN DAGHESTAN, GEORGIA, ARMENIA, KURDISTAN, MESOPOTAMIA, AND PERSIA. By J. USSHER, Esq., F.R.G.S. Royal 8vo, with numerous beautiful Coloured Illustrations. 42s. Elegantly bound.

"This is a very interesting narrative. Mr. Ussher is one of the pleasantest companions we have met with for a long time. We have rarely read a book of travels in which so much was seen so rapidly and so easily, and in which the scenery, the antiquities, and the people impressed the author's mind with such gentlemanly satisfaction. Mr. Ussher merited his success and this splendid monument of his travels and pleasant explorations."—*Times*.

"This work does not yield to any recent book of travels in extent and variety of interest. Its title, 'From London to Persepolis,' is well chosen and highly suggestive. A wonderful chain of association is suspended from these two points, and the traveller goes along its line, gathering link after link into his hand, each gemmed with thought, knowledge, speculation, and adventure. The reader will feel that in closing this memorable book he takes leave of a treasury of knowledge. The whole book is interesting, and its unaffected style and quick spirit of observation lend an unerring freshness to its pages. The illustrations are beautiful, and have been executed with admirable taste and judgment."—*Post*.

"This work is in every way creditable to the author, who has produced a mass of pleasant reading, both entertaining and instructive. Mr. Ussher's journey may be defined as a complete oriental grand tour of the Asiatic west-central district. He started down the Danube, making for Odessa. Thence, having duly 'done' the Crimea, he coasted the Circassian shore in a steamer to Poti, and from that to Tiflis. This was the height of summer, and, the season being favourable, he crossed the Dariel Pass northwards, turned to the east, and visited the mountain fastnesses of Shamil's country, recently conquered by the Russians. Thence he returned to Tiflis by the old Persian province of Shirvan, along the Caspian, by Derbend and the famous fire-springs of Baku. From Tiflis he went to Gumri, and over the frontier to Kars, and the splendid ruins of Ani, and through the Russian territory to the Turkish frontier fortress of Bayazid, stopping by the way at Erivan and the great monastery of Etchmiadzin. From Bayazid he went to Van, and saw all the chief points of interest on the lake of that name; thence to Bitlis and Diarbekir. From Diarbekir he went to Mosul by the upper road, visited Nineveh, paid his respects to the winged bulls and all our old friends there, and floated on his raft of inflated skins down the Tigris to Baghdad. From Mosul he made an excursion to the devil-worshipping country, and another from Baghdad to Hilleh and the Birs Nimrud, or so-called Tower of Babel. After resting in the city of the Caliphs, he followed the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sindbad, to Bassora, only on board of a different craft, having got a passage in the steamer Comet; and the English monthly sailing packet took him from Bassora across the gulf to Bushire. From thence he went to Tehran over the 'broad dominions of the king of kings,' stopping at all the interesting places, particularly at Persepolis; and from Tehran returned home through Armenia by Trebisonde and the Black Sea."—*Saturday Review*.

"This is a book of travel of which no review can give an adequate idea. The extent of country traversed, the number and beauty of the coloured illustrations, and the good sense, humour, and information with which it abounds, all tend to increase the author's just meed of praise, while they render the critic's task all the harder. We must, after all, trust to our readers to explore for themselves the many points of amusement, interest and beauty which the book contains. We can assure them that they will not meet with a single page of dulness. The coloured illustrations are really perfect of their kind. Merely as a collection of spirited, well-coloured engravings they are worth the cost of the whole volume."—*Herald*.

"Mr. Ussher went by the Danube to Constantinople, crossed thence to Sebastopol, and passed through the Crimea to Kertch, and so on to Poti. From Poti he went to Teflis, and made thence an excursion to Gunib and Baku on the Caspian. The record of this journey is the most interesting part of the book. Having returned to Teflis, Mr. Ussher visited Gumri and Kars, and went thence to Lake Van, and so by Diarbekir and Mosul to Baghdad. From Baghdad he went to Babylon and Kerbela, and returning to Baghdad, descended the river to Basra, and crossed to Bushire. Thence he went by Shiraz and Isfahan to Tehran, and returned to Europe by the Tabreez and Trebisonde route. The reader will find the author of this pleasant volume an agreeable companion. He is a good observer, and describes well what he sees."—*Athenæum*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S  
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

HISTORIC PICTURES. By A. BAILLIE COCHRANE,  
M.P. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has published two entertaining volumes of studies from history. They are lively reading. 'My aim,' he says, 'has been to depict events generally known in a light and, if possible, a picturesque manner.' Mr. Cochrane has been quite successful in carrying out this intention. The work is a study of the more interesting moments of history—what, indeed, the author himself calls it, 'Historic Pictures.'—*Times*.

"These volumes will be read with delight by those whose familiarity with their subjects will leave them free to study the new and striking points of view in which they are set forth; and the pure taste and fervent feeling which adorn them, while they will be most valuable to such as have not an extensive knowledge of history, as a means of stimulating their taste. No reader will lay down the book without feeling grateful to the gifted mind which has thus employed its scanty leisure, and hoping that Mr. Baillie Cochrane may be induced to continue researches productive of so much profit and such keen and rare pleasure."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has here employed his graceful and picturesque pen on some scenes from modern history. The reader will find valuable and pleasant information in every page."—*Morning Herald*.

"Mr. Cochrane gives evidence in his 'Historic Pictures' of sufficient vividness of fancy and picturesqueness in description to make his sketches very lively and agreeable to read."—*Saturday Review*.

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY. By COUNT MAFFEI.  
2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

"Two volumes of interesting research."—*Times*.

"Count Maffei's work is obviously of an authentic character. The preface is dated from the Italian Embassy, and the volumes show many evidences of their author having had the advantage of special information not hitherto made public. The volumes must be read by all who would understand the present position of South Italy. They are written in a lively style, and combine the value of history with the entertainment of a romance."—*London Review*.

"These extraordinary volumes contain some of the most astounding revelations of brigand life and adventure the world ever heard of. They savour so much of the marvellous that nothing could induce us to suppose that they were not wild legends but for the references given to documents of unquestionable authority, and from which the narratives are chiefly taken. Let Count Maffei's two volumes be read as they ought, and assuredly will be, for their more than romantic adventures and obvious truthful relations, and all truc-hearted Englishmen will for ever hold all parties associated with Italian brigandage in righteous abhorrence. In all respects the book is worthy of its distinguished author, and of the enterprising publishing house from which it has issued."—*Star*.

"Count Maffei's work is an authentic account of the Italian brigandage of our own day and its causes, for which use has been made of the report presented by Commendatore Massari to the House of Deputies on the investigations of the special Commission charged by the Italian Government to report on the causes of brigandage. The second volume includes a report sent to the author by General Pallavicini on his last expeditions against brigands of the Southern provinces. 'His book,' says Count Maffei, 'will perhaps destroy that strange confusion of ideas so charitably kept up by the legitimist party, in order to give to the movement in the old kingdom of Naples the character of a civil war, and will point out by whose hand the reaction was kindled.'—*Examiner*.

"We recommend this work strongly to all who are interested either in the happiness of Italy or in the unholy misgovernment of the holy Catholic Church of Rome."—*Observer*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By CARDINAL  
WISEMAN. 1 vol. 8vo, 5s.

"A noble tribute to the great poet."—*John Bull*.

"This work is evidence of an exquisite refinement of thought and a singular gracefulness of intellectual expression, which it would be difficult to equal."—*Observer*

## MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

**ADVENTURES AMONGST THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.** By FREDERICK BOYLE, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s. bound.

"Mr. Boyle's Adventures are very pleasant reading—smart, lively, and indicative of no slight amount of bonhomie in the writer."—*Athenæum*.

"This is an entertaining book. Mr. Boyle saw a good deal of the country, made intimate friendship with a large number of savage chiefs, lived for some time in a native village, and has given us, in an entertaining and humorous style, a very lively and pleasant account of his trip."—*Saturday Review*.

"The information contained in Mr. Boyle's Adventures has the great advantage of being recent, and certainly nothing can surpass the interest conveyed in his pages, which are written with spirit and cleverness. The descriptions of the habits and customs of the people, the climate of the country, with its productions animal and vegetable, and the numberless anecdotes of all kinds throughout the volume, form a work of great interest and amusement."—*Observer*.

**IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD.** By Lord EUSTACE CECIL. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

"Lord Eustace Cecil has selected from various journeys the points which most interested him, and has reported them in an unaffected style. The idea is a good one, and is carried out with success. We are grateful for a good deal of information given with unpretending good sense."—*Saturday Review*.

"The author of this work has earned an honourable place among noble authors."—*Athenæum*.

**YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.** By the Rev. A. G. L'ESTRANGE, B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, R.T.Y.C. 1 vol. 8vo, Illustrated. 15s.

"A very interesting work. We can scarcely imagine a more pleasant and romantic yachting voyage than that of the author of this volume round the rough and rugged west coast of England, which forms the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. The bold character of these coasts, the Lizard, Mount St. Michael, the fine old town of Bideford, Gurnard's Head, the rocky Scilly Isles, the small rock on which the Eddystone braves the fury of the storm, and guides the mariner up Channel, are among the attractions which such a voyage afforded; while the many small towns and villages, and their inhabitants, must have yielded a considerable amount of pleasure to those who for the first time visit these interesting counties. We might, if space permitted, give many interesting extracts from the work, which would convey to the reader the same good opinion of the work which we have ourselves formed from its perusal."—*Observer*.

"The title of his book explains very clearly the nature of its contents. These consist of a description of the scenery to be found on the south-west coast of this country, and an embodiment of such traditions, scattered verses, &c., as its author has been enabled to collect. Travelling with no special mania, geological, botanical, or otherwise, his book appeals to no narrow class of sympathies, but may hope for readers wherever is found a taste for pleasing sketches of beautiful scenes or well-selected gossip concerning the persons or events who have rendered those scenes famous. Mr. L'Estrange writes sensibly and well, and has produced a book which may be read with advantage by many and with pleasure by all."—*Sunday Times*.

"Mr. L'Estrange's course seems to have led him from North Devon round by the Land's End and Scilly Isles to Plymouth, and the reader may well imagine how much of the beautiful and romantic, both in natural scenery and historic legend, such a voyage opened out. The writing is simple and natural. Mr. L'Estrange tells things as he saw, or heard them, with no effort at display or effect, and those who trust to his pages need not fear being disappointed. We commend this handsomely got-up work to the attention of all desirous of pleasant information upon a comparative, but imperfectly known portion of her Majesty's dominions."—*Era*.

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S

## NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

### MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. By the HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait. 30s.

Among the other distinguished persons mentioned in this work are:—Kings George III and IV., and William IV.; Queens Charlotte, Caroline, and Victoria; the Prince of Wales; the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, d'Aumale, Wellington, Norfolk, Richmond, Beaufort, Bedford, Devonshire, St. Albans, Manchester, Portland; the Marquises of Anglesea, Buckingham, Downshire, Waterford, Tavistock, Londonderry, Clanricarde, Breadalbane, Worcester; Lords Mulgrave, Conynham, Clanwilliam, Wynford, Palmerston, Bathurst, Cantelupe, Roden, Eldon, Grey, Holland, Coleraine, Rokey, Munster, Chelmsford, Ducie, Alvanley, Chesterfield, Sefton, Derby, Vane, Mexborough, George Bentinck, Edward Somerset, Fitzclarence, Egremont, Count d'Orsay; the Bishop of Oxford, Cardinal Wiseman; Sirs Lumley Skeffington, William Wynn, Percy Shelley, Godfrey Webster, Samuel Romilly, Matthew Tierney, Francis Burdett; Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, Whitbread, Brummell, Byng, Townsend, Bernal, Maginn, Cobden, Bright, O'Connell, Crockford, &c.; the Duchesses of Devonshire, Gordon, Rutland, Argyle; Ladies Clermont, Berkeley, Shelley, Guest, Fitzhardinge, Bury, Blessington, Craven, Essex, Strangford, Paget; Mesdames Fitzherbert, Coutts, Jordan, Billington, Mardyn, Shelley, Misses Landon, Kemble, Paton, &c.

"A book unrivalled in its position in the range of modern literature."—*Times*.

"There is a large fund of amusement in these volumes. The details of the author's life are replete with much that is interesting. A book so brimful of anecdote cannot but be successful."—*Athenæum*.

"This work contains a great deal of amusing matter; and that it will create a sensation no one can doubt. Mr. Berkeley can write delightfully when he pleases. His volumes will, of course, be extensively read, and, as a literary venture, may be pronounced a success."—*Post*.

"A clever, freespoken man of the world, son of an earl with £70,000 a-year, who has lived from boyhood the life of a club-man, sportsman, and man of fashion, has thrown his best stories about himself and his friends into an anecdotic autobiography. Of course it is eminently readable. Mr. Grantley Berkeley writes easily and well. The book is full of pleasant stories, all told as easily and clearly as if they were related at a club-window, and all with point of greater or less piquancy."—*Spectator*.

### HAUNTED LONDON. By WALTER THORNBURY.

1 vol. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.  
21s., elegantly bound.

"Haunted London is a pleasant book."—*Athenæum*.

"A very interesting, amusing, and instructive book. It is well illustrated by Mr. Fairholt."—*Saturday Review*.

"Pleasant reading is Mr. Thornbury's 'Haunted London'—a gossiping, historical, antiquarian, topographical volume, amusing both to the Londoner and the country cousin."—*Star*.

"Mr. Thornbury points out to us the legendary houses, the great men's birth-places and tombs, the haunts of poets, the scenes of martyrdom, the battle-fields of old factions. The book overflows with anecdotal gossip. Mr. Fairholt's drawings add alike to its value and interest."—*Notes and Queries*.

"As pleasant a book as well could be, forming a very handsome volume—an acquisition either for the table or the bookshelf. A capital title is 'Haunted London'—for is it not haunted, this London of ours? Haunted happily, by ghosts of memories that will not be laid. What footsteps have not traversed these causeways, inhabited these dwelling-houses, prayed in these churches, wept in these graveyards, laughed in these theatres? And of all these Mr. Thornbury discourses—shrewdly, like an observant man of the world; gracefully, like a skilled man of letters; lovingly, like a sympathizing fellow-creature; courtier and playwright, student and actress, statesman and mountebank, he has an eye for them all. Saunter with him down any street, and before you get to the end of it we wager you will be wiser than at starting—certainly you will have been entertained."

—*Sun*.

## MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

### COURT AND SOCIETY FROM ELIZABETH TO ANNE, Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton, by the DUKE OF MANCHESTER. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo, with Fine Portraits.

"The Duke of Manchester has done a welcome service to the lover of gossip and secret history by publishing these family papers. Persons who like to see greatness without the plumes and mail in which history presents it, will accept these volumes with hearty thanks to their noble editor. In them will be found something new about many men and women in whom the reader can never cease to feel an interest—much about the divorce of Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Arragon—a great deal about the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth—something about Bacon, and (indirectly) about Shakspeare—more about Lord Essex and Lady Rich—the very strange story of Walter Montagu, poet, profligate, courtier, pervert, secret agent, abbot—many details of the Civil War and Cromwell's Government, and of the Restoration—much that is new about the Revolution and the Settlement, the exiled Court of St. Germain, the wars of William of Orange, the campaigns of Marlborough, the intrigues of Duchess Sarah, and the town life of fine ladies and gentlemen during the days of Anne. With all this is mingled a good deal of gossip about the loves of great poets, the frailties of great beauties, the rivalries of great wits, the quarrels of great peers."—*Athenæum*.

"These volumes are sure to excite curiosity. A great deal of interesting matter is here collected, from sources which are not within everybody's reach."—*Times*.

"The public are indebted to the noble author for contributing, from the archives of his ancestral seat, many important documents otherwise inaccessible to the historical inquirer, as well as for the lively, picturesque, and piquant sketches of Court and Society, which render his work powerfully attractive to the general reader. The work contains varied information relating to secret Court intrigues, numerous narratives of an exciting nature, and valuable materials for authentic history. Scarcely any personage whose name figured before the world during the long period embraced by the volumes is passed over in silence."—*Morning Post*.

### THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. *Fourth and Cheaper Edition, Revised,* in 1 vol., with Portrait, 5s., bound.

"We who read these memoirs must own to the nobility of Irving's character, the grandeur of his aims, and the extent of his powers. His friend Carlyle bears this testimony to his worth:—'I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or hope to find.' A character such as this is deserving of study, and his life ought to be written. Mrs. Oliphant has undertaken the work and has produced a biography of considerable merit. The author fully understands her hero, and sets forth the incidents of his career with the skill of a practised hand. The book is a good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Edward Irving' supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. On every page there is the impress of a large and masterly comprehension, and of a bold, fluent, and poetic skill of portraiture. Irving as a man and as a pastor is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

"We thank Mrs. Oliphant for her beautiful and pathetic narrative. Hers is a book which few of any creed can read without some profit, and still fewer will close without regret. It is saying much, in this case, to say that the biographer is worthy of the man. The journal which Irving kept is one of the most remarkable records that was ever given to the public, and must be read by any who would form a just appreciation of his noble and simple character."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



## MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

### REMINISCENCES OF THE OPERA. By BENJAMIN LUMLEY, Twenty Years Director of Her Majesty's Theatre. 8vo, with Portrait of the Author by Count D'Orsay. 16s.

"Mr. Lumley's book, with all its sparkling episodes, is really a well-digested history of an institution of social importance in its time, interspersed with sound opinions and shrewd and mature reflections."—*Times*.

"As a repertory of anecdote, we have not for a long while met with anything at all comparable to these unusually brilliant and most diversified Reminiscences. They reveal the Twenty Years' Director of Her Majesty's Theatre to us in the thick and throng of all his radiant associations. They take us luringly—as it were, led by the button-hole—behind the scenes, in every sense of that decoying and profoundly attractive phrase. They introduce us to all the stars—now singly, now in very constellations. They bring us rapidly, delightfully, and exhilaratingly to a knowledge so intimate of what has really been doing there in the Realm of Song, not only behind the scenes and in the green-room, but in the reception-apartment of the Director himself, that we are *au courant* with all the whims and oddities of the strange world in which he fills so high and responsible a position. Reading Mr. Lumley, we now know more than we have ever known before of such Queens of the Lyric stage as Pasta, Catalini, Malibran, Grisi, Sontag, and Piccolomini—of such light-footed fairies of the ballet as Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, and Cerito—of such primi tenori as Rubini, Mario, Gardoni, and Giuglini—of such baritones as Ronconi and Tamburini—or of such bassi profondi as the wondrous Staudigl and the mighty Lablache. Nay, Mr. Lumley takes us out of the glare of the footlights, away from the clang of the orchestra, into the dream-haunted presence of the great composers of the age, bringing us face to face, as it were, among others, with Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Balfe, and Donizetti. He lets us into the mysteries of his correspondence—now with Count Cavour, now with Prince Metternich—for, in his doings, in his movements, in his negotiations, Sovereigns, Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, and Governments are, turn by turn, not merely courteously, but directly and profoundly interested! Altogether, Mr. Lumley's book is an enthralling one. It is written with sparkling vivacity, and is delightfully interesting throughout."—*Sun*.

"Everyone ought to read Mr. Lumley's very attractive 'Reminiscences of the Opera.' In the fashionable, dramatic, and literary worlds its cordial welcome is assured. It is a most entertaining volume. Anecdote succeeds to anecdote in this pleasant book with delightful fluency."—*Post*.

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By VICTOR HUGO. Authorized English Translation. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

"M. Victor Hugo has produced a notable and brilliant book about Shakespeare. M. Hugo sketches the life of Shakespeare, and makes of it a very effective picture. Imagination and pleasant fancy are mingled with the facts. There is high colouring, but therewith a charm which has not hitherto been found in any portrait of Shakespeare painted by a foreign hand. The biographical details are manipulated by a master's hand, and consequently there is an agreeable air of novelty even about the best known circumstances."—*Athenæum*.

### LIFE IN JAVA; WITH SKETCHES OF THE JAVANESE. By WILLIAM BARRINGTON D'ALMEIDA. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations. 21s., bound.

"'Life in Java' is both amusing and instructive. The author saw a good deal of the country and people not generally known."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. D'Almeida's volumes traverse interesting ground. They are filled with good and entertaining matter."—*Examiner*.

"A very entertaining work. The author has given most interesting pictures of the country and the people. There are not many authentic works on Java, and these volumes will rank among the best."—*Post*.

### A LADY'S VISIT TO MANILLA AND JAPAN. By ANNA D'A. 1 vol., with Illustrations.

"This book is written in a lively, agreeable, natural style, and we cordially recommend it as containing a fund of varied information connected with the Far East, not to be found recorded in so agreeable a manner in any other volume with which we are acquainted."—*Press*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S  
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

FROM CADET TO COLONEL. The Record of a Life of Active Service. By Major-General Sir THOMAS SEATON, K.C.B. 2 vols. with Illustrations, 21s. (*In November.*)

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THIRTEEN YEARS' SERVICE AMONGST THE WILD TRIBES OF KHONDISTAN, FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. By Major-General JOHN CAMPBELL, C.B. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations.

"Major-General Campbell's book is one of thrilling interest, and must be pronounced the most remarkable narrative of the present season."—*Athenæum*.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS, AS INDICATED IN PROPHECY. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

"Among the subjects expounded by Dr. Cumming in this interesting volume are The Little Horn, or The Papacy; The Waning Crescent, Turkey; The Lost Ten Tribes; and the Future of the Jews and Judea, Africa, France, Russia, America, Great Britain, &c."—*Observer*. "One of the most able of Dr. Cumming's works."—*Messenger*.

MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON, FEMALE CONVICT. By a Prison Matron, Author of "Female Life in Prison." 2 vols. 21s.

"This narrative, as we can well believe, is truthful in every important particular—a faithful chronicle of a woman's fall and rescue. It is a book that ought to be widely read."—*Examiner*.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN INDIA, CHINA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By Mrs. MUTER, Wife of Lieut.-Colonel D. D. MUTER, 13th (Prince Albert's) Light Infantry. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mrs. Muter's travels deserve to be recommended, as combining instruction and amusement in a more than ordinary degree. The work has the interest of a romance added to that of history."—*Athenæum*.

TRAVELS ON HORSEBACK IN MANTCHU TARTARY: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By GEORGE FLEMING, Military Train. 1 vol. royal 8vo, with Map and 50 Illustrations.

"Mr. Fleming's narrative is a most charming one. He has an untrodden region to tell of, and he photographs it and its people and their ways. Life-like descriptions are interspersed with personal anecdotes, local legends, and stories of adventure, some of them revealing no common artistic power."—*Spectator*.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I. TO THE DISGRACE OF CHIEF JUSTICE COKE. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. 2 vols. 8vo.

ADVENTURES AND RESEARCHES among the ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By Dr. MOUAT, F.R.G.S., &c. 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Illustrations.

"Dr. Mouat's book, whilst forming a most important and valuable contribution to ethnology, will be read with interest by the general reader."—*Athenæum*.

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

"A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with."—*Daily News*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S  
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

---

THE WANDERER IN WESTERN FRANCE.

By G. T. LOWTH, Esq., Author of "The Wanderer in Arabia."  
Illustrated by the Hon. Eliot Yorke, M.P. 8vo.

A WINTER IN UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT.

By G. A. HOSKINS, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol., with Illustrations.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE

AND ART. By His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN. 8vo. 5s.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS. Being the

Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece  
and its Islands. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY  
HOWITT. 2 vols.

MEMOIRS OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF

SWEDEN. By HENRY WOODHEAD. 2 vols., with Portrait.

ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS. By JULIA

KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "French Women of  
Letters," "Beatrice," &c. 2 vols.

THE OKAVANGO RIVER: A NARRATIVE

OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE. By  
C. J. ANDERSSON, Author of "Lake Ngami." 1 vol., with Portrait  
and numerous Illustrations.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE

AMoor, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA  
AND CHINA. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of  
"Oriental and Western Siberia." Dedicated, by permission, to  
HER MAJESTY. Second Edition. Royal 8vo, with Map and 83  
Illustrations, elegantly bound.

ITALY UNDER VICTOR EMMANUEL. A

Personal Narrative. By COUNT CHARLES ARRIVABENE. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., from

Original Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow  
Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. 8vo, with Por-  
traits and other Illustrations.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES; or,

THE PAPACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER. By Dr.  
DÖLLINGER. Translated by W. B. MAC CABE. 8vo.

CHEAP EDITION OF LES MISÉRABLES. By

VICTOR HUGO. The Authorized Copyright English Translation,  
Illustrated by Millais. 5s., bound.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a  
whole, it abounds page after page with details of unequalled beauty."—*Quarterly Review*

# THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS, PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

**AGNES.** By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," &c., 3 vols.

**DOCTOR HAROLD.** By MRS. GASCOIGNE, Author of "Temptation, or a Wife's Perils," &c., 3 vols.

**FIDES, OR THE BEAUTY OF MAYENCE.**  
Adapted from the German. By SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, Bart., 3 vols. (In November.)

**THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.** By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c., 3 vols. (In November.)

**OSWALD HASTINGS;** or, the Adventures of a Queen's Aide-de-Camp. By CAPT. W. W. KNOLLYS, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, 3 vols.

"This is a brisk, rattling story of military life and success, by a writer who has personally seen much of that about which he writes, and can, moreover, write well about that which he has personally seen. With young soldiers 'Oswald Hastings' will be popular, and it will be heard of in drawing-rooms."—*Athenæum*.

"We cordially recommend this book. It is a most admirable novel. The adventures of the hero are thrilling in the extreme."—*John Bull*.

**ANDREW RAMSAY OF ERROL.** By the Author of "John Arnold," &c., 3 vols.

"'Andrew Ramsay' is a story quite interesting enough to ensure perusal."—*Athenæum*.

"This book will be read with pleasure and profit. Its domestic scenes are drawn with picturesque effect."—*Post*.

"'Andrew Ramsay' is a truthful sketch of real life. The characters are excellently drawn."—*Observer*.

**THE LADY OF WINBURNE.** By ALICE KING, Author of "Eveline," &c., 3 vols.

"This work is much better than either of the author's former stories, pleasant as they were. Miss King gives us, in this book a very interesting plot, and keeps the interest alive with a well-sustained mystery. If Miss King can go on improving at the rate evidenced by 'The Lady of Winburne,' a day will come when she will not want troops of readers."—*Examiner*.

**WILLIAM BATHURST.** By LEWIS HOUGH, M.A.

"One of the best, most interesting and enthralling novels we have seen this season. The style is very animated, and sparkles with wit and humour."—*Sun*.

"One of the most successful novels of the day. No one will commence the book without finishing it to the last letter."—*Post*.

**THE PEMBERTON FAMILY.** Edited by the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," &c. 3 vols.

"This is an admirable novel, as pure and noble in motive and moral as it is interesting and affecting as a story. The delicate and refined taste, the unexaggerated simplicity of style, and the fervour and pathos which marked the former works of this lady, are all recognizable in 'The Pemberton Family.'"—*Post*

**MISS CAREW.** By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," &c. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"Never has the author's brilliant and vivacious style been more conspicuously displayed than in this very original and charming story."—*Sun*.

**ROSE AYLMER'S HOME.** 3 vols.

"There is cleverness in this novel, story and character."—*Athenæum*.

"A very pleasant, clever, and natural tale."—*Messenger*.

# THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS, PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

## CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 1 vol.

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. Within the compass of a single volume the writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature—some true to the highest nature—and she has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved; while, at the same time, a pathetic interest is sustained by an art of which it would be difficult to analyse the secret. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times*.

"This is a story good to have from the circulating library, but better to have from one's bookseller, for it deserves a place in that little collection of clever and wholesome stories that forms one of the comforts of a well-appointed home."—*Examiner*.

## VIOLET OSBORNE. By the LADY EMILY PONS- SONBY, Author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. 3 vols.

"A graceful and refined story, full of gentle feeling and pure morality. It will be read with pleasure. There are some well-sketched characters in 'Violet Osborne.' Many readers will be able to endorse their likeness to real life."—*Athenæum*.

## CARRY'S CONFESSION. By the Author of "High Church," "No Church," "Owen," "Mattie," &c. 3 vols.

"This novel is equal to any former ones by the same author. The story is cleverly told, and is very original. It can scarcely fail to be read with thoughtful interest. It is very far above the average run of novels, and deserves to find a longer life than is accorded to ephemeral works of fiction."—*Athenæum*.

## LISABEE'S LOVE STORY. By the author of "John and I," "Dr. Jacob," &c. 3 vols.

"This book is a very good one. There is real beauty in the title of 'Lisabee's Love Story,' a tale so simple and idyllic in its nature that the Laureate himself might have uttered it in verse as companion to the 'Dora,' and 'Gardener's Daughter,' the 'Enoch Arden,' and 'The Aylmer's Field.'"—*Examiner*.

## BEATRICE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," &c. 3 vols.

"'Beatrice' is a very interesting story, admirably constructed. It is calculated to increase Miss Kavanagh's reputation as a novelist. It is very much superior in power and in skilful construction to any of the author's former works; and the interest created by Beatrice Gordon is vivid and unflagging. Beatrice is the finest female character Miss Kavanagh has yet drawn."—*Post*.

## BLOUNT TEMPEST. By the Rev. J. C. M. BELLEW. *Third Edition, Revised.* 3 vols.

"This book is well written. The story is interesting and full of incident. The accounts of the various old families and family places are extremely well done. The picture of life at Hampton Court is very good, and there is an amusing account of a commemoration day at Oxford."—*Athenæum*.

## CHEAP EDITION OF ST. OLAVE'S, Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Price 5s. bound, forming the New Volume of "Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Popular Modern Works."

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as some experience and knowledge of the world. 'St. Olave's' is the work of an artist. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenæum*.

"A good novel. It is written with unflagging ability, and is as even as it is clever. The author has determined to do nothing short of the best, and has succeeded."—*Post*.

# Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

## LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH EDITION FOR 1865 IS NOW READY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

### LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.	The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.	The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.	Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.	Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Table of Precedency among Men.	Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.
Table of Precedency among Women.	
The Queen and the Royal Family.	
Peers of the Blood Royal.	
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.	
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.	
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.	

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator*

"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication."—*Times*.

"A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day."—*Post*.

"The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject."—*Herald*.

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION,

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

## POPULAR MODERN WORKS,

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER,  
JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

---

### VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great commendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post*.

---

### VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman*.

"The story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children; and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching."—*Athenæum*.

---

### VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

---

### VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class."—*Athenæum*.

[CONTINUED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.]

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

---

## VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

"These thoughts are worthy of the earnest and enlightened mind, the all-embracing charity, and the well-earned reputation of the author of 'John Halifax.'"—*Herald*.

---

## VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post*.

---

## VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger*.

---

## VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

---

## VOL. IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We are always glad to welcome Miss Mulock. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous. In 'A Life for a Life' she is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum*.

---

## VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer*.

---

## VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming, and there is a certain nobleness in the treatment both of sentiment and incident which is not often found."—*Athenæum*.



# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

## VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see a regiment of books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner*.

## VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

## VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour."—*Standard*.

## VOL. XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"The Laird of Norlaw fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times*.

## VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*The Times*.

## VOL. XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

## VOL. XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne d'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post*.

## VOL. XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"We know no novel of the last three or four years to equal this latest production of the popular authoress of 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids.' If asked to classify it, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Herald*.

## VOL. XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERJEANT AT LAW.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News*.

## VOL. XXI.—ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adèle' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character painting."—*Athenæum*.

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

## VOL. XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review*.

## VOL. XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting, and there is throughout a healthy tone of morality."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, ESQ.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum*. "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

## VOL. XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum*. "A charming tale charmingly told. All the characters are drawn with life-like naturalness."—*Herald*. "The spirit of the whole book is excellent. It is written with the same true-hearted earnestness as 'John Halifax.'"—*Examiner*.

## VOL. XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED.

BY THE HON. MRS NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times*. "A novel of rare excellence; fresh in its thought, and with a brave soul speaking through it. It is Mrs Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner*.

## VOL. XXVIII.—LES MISÉRABLES. BY VICTOR HUGO.

AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole: it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review*.

## VOL. XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*Times*.

## VOL. XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mrs Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. Irving, as a man and as a pastor, is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review*.









3 0112 056550970