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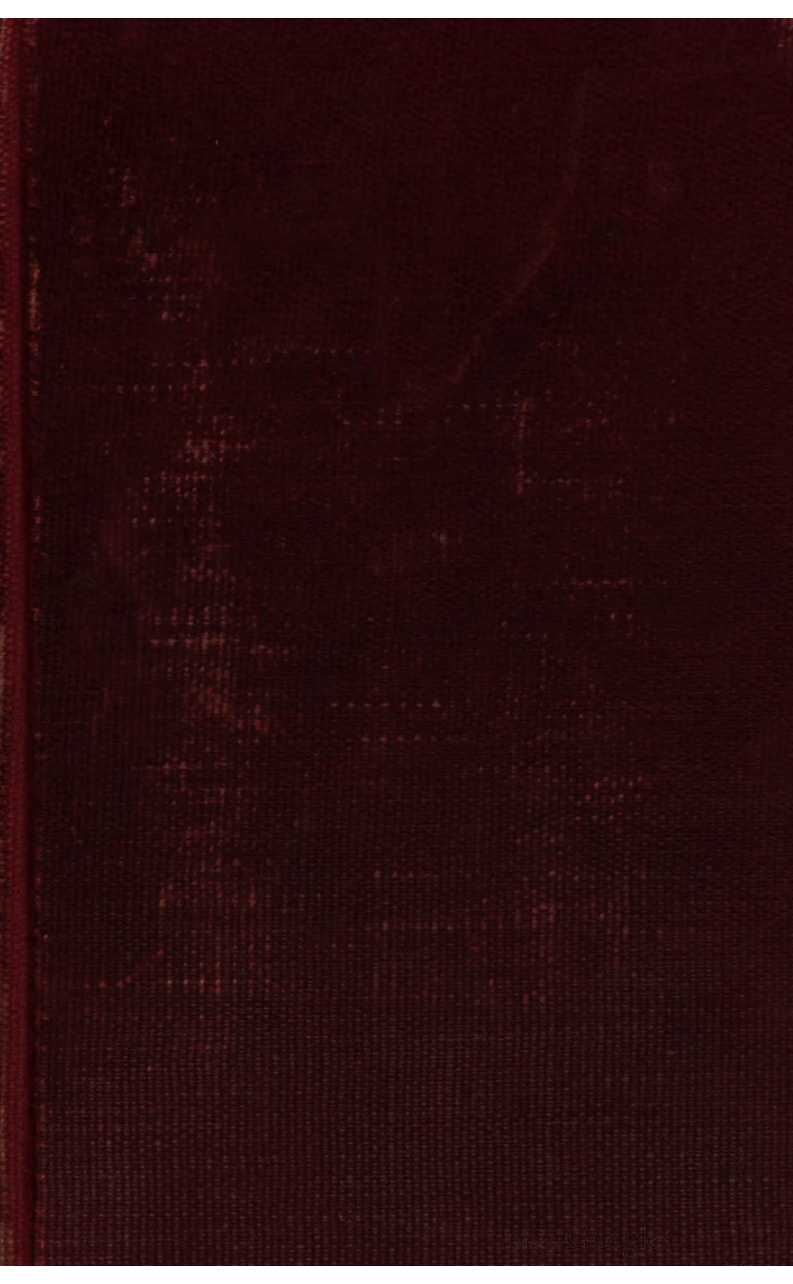
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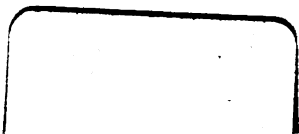


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Ernst Theodor Amadeus (properly Wilhelm),

HOFFMANN'S

FAIRY TALES.

“Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind von blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrthe still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!

Goethe.

BURNHAM BROTHERS,

BOSTON.

1857.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THESE charming Stories of HOFFMANN, the popular Story-Teller of Germany, are translated from a French version entitled "Contes Fantastiques." The reason why it was thought proper to give them through this language, rather than direct from the German, is, that the French possesses, in a greater degree, the ease necessary to amusing narrations, and corrects the terseness of the harsher Teutonic.

The translator begs the same favorable reception for this second work that was given to the "Strange Stories," issued a year ago, by the same Publishers.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1857.

TO

LOVERS OF GERMAN

Märchen.

THESE POPULAR TALES

OF THEIR MASTER AUTHOR,

ARE DEDICATED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

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THE

ADVENTURES OF TRAUCCOTT.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities in the old city of Dantzic, is a vast hall called Arthur's Court. There may be seen there, from early morn, a crowd of people of all nations, very busy in a thousand manners. But, as soon as the business hour is passed, and when this place, which is between parallel streets, is only occupied by a few promenaders, this is the time for the stranger to visit it.

Let us seek, dear reader, amongst our recollections of travel, to make this the scene of a story that comes back vividly to my remembrance.

A subdued light, soft and velvety, glimmered through the painting on the stained glass windows; a multitude of little figures, capriciously sculptured from the top to the bottom of Arthur's Court, became animated under the changing reflections of the light. Strange animals were displayed on the ceiling, and seemed ready to fly into neighboring shadow-like infernal game. As the day neared its decline, the statue of the old king, which stands in the centre of the hall, assumed the appearance of an immovable phantom, the frescoes in which are represented the virtues and the vices lost, thanks to the

magical effect of a changing light, the appropriate character of the subjects which they portrayed; the Virtues vanished amid the uncertain tints of the twilight which burnished the vault; and the Vices, who figured in the form of deliciously beautiful women, stood out from the background like apparitions of angels; it was enough to have deceived a whole brotherhood of holy men.

Now, I remember, friend reader who art following me in this strange pilgrimage, that thy eyes reposed more curiously on a circular frresco, in which the caprice of an artist of the olden time had represented the ancient citizens of Dantzic in all the splendor of their festive attire. There might be seen the imposing Burgmeisters, mounted on high horses, caparisoned from head to foot, and marching slowly behind a long escort of Arquebusers, preceded by musicians, so well represented that you almost heard the bursts of music. And truly, dear reader, provided that you knew how to sketch on canvas the simplest physiognomy, you would have desired to paint the portrait of the most topping of these Burgmeisters, attended by a page whose gracefulness exceeded that of the celebrated cherubims. Formerly, there was found on tables placed for that purpose, all that was necessary for writing, and there was certainly enough there to destroy the caprice of making pen-drawings—a very innocent gratification, the indulgence of which forced the young merchant Traugott into a sea of tribulations. “Send advice, dear Mr. Traugott, to our friend in Hamburg, of the conclusion of that business.”

Thus spoke Master Elias Roos, who was seated near him in this commercial circle, and whose daughter, Christiana, worthy Traugott was soon to marry. The young man placed himself at the corner of a table, folded

a sheet of paper, armed himself with a new goose-quill, and was about giving proof at once of his talent for calligraphy, when, seeking in his mind for the beginning of a sentence, he elevated his nose in the air, and fixed his eyes, by a singular chance, upon two of the figures in the picture of the Burgmeisters, whose aspect caused him, every time he saw them, an indescribable feeling of sadness.

A severe looking man, whose costume and black beard rendered his physiognomy harsh, was mounted on a horse led by a little page, from the delicacy of whose features and gracefully curled hair, one might be easily led to take for a young girl. By the side of the imposing figure of the old man, that of the youth stood out from the fresco like a charming divinity.

Traugott could not enter Arthur's Court without immediately turning his eyes towards these two types, that exercised a species of magnetic fascination upon him; and when at the moment he was about writing his letter, he found himself again in front of them, the pen dropped from his hand, and he remained motionless over his sheet of paper, his soul wandering in the regions of fancy.

A hand falling heavily upon his shoulder, aroused him from this reverie, and a deep voice uttered these simple words to him:—"Well, very well, young man! I think that you will make a perfect merchant!"

Traugott started from his chair and turned towards the speaker. But he was thunderstruck; standing behind him was the sombre personage of the Burgmeister's procession, accompanied by the fine gentleman who seemed to Traugott a delicious young girl disguised, who smiled upon him entrancingly. "Heavens!" said Traugott to himself, "there they are!" But the noise of the crowd

that was hastening at this moment to go out, broke up the hallucination of the poor merchant in the bud. The vision vanished; and he remained alone before his forgotten letter. The last to go out of Arthur's Court was Master Elias Roos, accompanied by two unknown persons. He accosted Traugott:—"What, very dear, what is the matter, that you are dreaming thus like a stone saint in its niche? Have you forwarded the advice that I spoke to you about?"

In answer, Traugott showed him the sheet of paper, which had quite a different destiny. Master Elias was furious, stamping his feet, and crying out in a voice that made the hall tremble:—"You will never be any thing but an empty-headed fool! here the time for the departure of the courier has passed; and you have caused me to lose an important business!"

It appears that young Traugott had tried to wrestle with his dreams, for he had succeeded in tracing several words; but the magnetism becoming stronger, his wandering pen had sketched the features of the old man and the youth represented in the fresco.

The two strangers tried to calm Master Roos's anger. But the gross and positive merchant tore his wig in his anguish, and making the marble floor resound with his raven's-beak-headed cane, he unceasingly grumbled:—"Accursed youth! a race of madmen! ten thousand florins lost! ten thousand florins! It will kill me!"

"But, dear Master Roos," at last said the eldest of his companions, do not repine after that manner. The commercial courier has gone, but I remember that, in an hour, I dispatch a messenger to Hamburg, who will undertake to carry your letter of advice. One hour of delay does not merit so much anger."

“Ah, my worthy friend, you rescue me!” exclaimed the merchant, whose face became calm, as if by enchantment.

Traugott, in confusion, commenced writing in order to repair his neglect; but Elias Roos stopped him with an ironical gesture:—“It is now unnecessary, my young dreamer!” And taking the pen himself, he rapidly wrote his letter, whilst the oldest of the unknown merchants benevolently approaching Traugott, said to him in a low voice:—“What was the matter with you, my dear sir, what were you thinking about? In such a place, and in so important an affair, no merchant would have thought of using paper for the purpose of sketching good men.”

“Zounds!” answered Traugott, more mortified by this observation than by the explosion of his future father-in-law, “I am as capable as any one of writing business letters; but I do not know what thoughts surprised me so suddenly; I know not what strange fancy——”

“Fancy, but not at all, if you please, my dear sir,” replied the unknown; “and I would wager that your best commercial letters are not worth so much, by considerable, as those two figures so finely sketched.”

At these words, Traugott felt within himself an unaccountable feeling. It seemed to him as if a bandage fell from his eyes. He looked at the sheet of paper which had just drawn forth such a warm reprimand, and he said within himself, I can do better, perhaps, than to attempt a fortune founded upon the sale of cloths and other merchandize at that time most in fashion.

Master Elias, who had finished his letter, grumbled through his teeth:—“Ten thousand florins! What a careless blockhead!”

This last expression pricked the proud Traugott to the

quick; he felt the revelation of a new vocation within himself. "Indeed," said he to Master Elias Roos, "I beg you, sir, to have, for the future, more consideration for me; unless you do, I shall send to the devil your letters and your ledgers, and I shall renounce, without much regret, the honor of becoming your partner."

Master Elias, feverishly drawing his wig down upon his head, looked at him fixedly, as if to assure himself that he had not lost his reason. A fatal quarrel was about to alienate them forever, when the two unknown merchants amicably interfered; peace was established by mutual concessions; and our four personages, forgetting this outburst, harmoniously took the road to the house of Master Elias Roos, where dinner was awaiting them. The pretty Christiana, dressed in her freshest charms, placed herself at the table, and did the honors of the feast.

I would willingly give you, dear reader, a description of the five guests, but fear of not equalling Traugott's talent; and besides, I am in a hurry to continue my hero's adventures.

Master Elias Roos was a stout little man, packed into a dark brown coat, vest and breeches of velvet, embroidered with gold. Traugott's physiognomy was more animated than remarkable. The features of his character, that we are about to see developed, will give us a vague idea of his physical appearance, which seems to me more agreeable to be imagined than to be fixed upon the mind by a description. The two other guests of Master Roos were retired merchants, uncle and nephew. These gentlemen having given up business with a pretty round fortune, cultivated their capital; they were bankers from Königsberg, who frequently did business with Elias.

For the rest they looked like Englishmen, and had a mania for the arts. The nephew had also a passion for mahogany boot-jacks; the uncle adored collections of drawings, and very eagerly took possession of Traugott's sketch. As for the daughter of the master of the house, I must hasten to describe her, for we shall soon lose sight of her.

Christiana was a young lady of twenty, plump and fair. She had a short and slightly pugged nose, eyes mild and azure blue, skin white as snow, golden hair. Her mouth was rather large, but her constant smile showed two rows of pearly teeth, and her whole presence seemed to say:—“Such as you see me, young, fresh and pretty, I am going, thank Heaven, to be married soon.” Besides, Christiana was the calmest girl you could find; to such a point that if the neighboring house had taken fire, she would not have taken one step quicker than another to give the alarm to her honored father. She joined to this peaceable character an exquisite talent for making pastry. No one knew better than she how to make preserves or cherry bounce, of which Master Elias was very covetous. I ought not to forget to say, that she felt a tenderness for Traugott which was quite praiseworthy, and in a measure authorized by her approaching marriage with him. To sum up all, Miss Christiana was a prudent and well behaved girl.

When dinner was ended, Master Elias offered to show his guests a beautiful promenade on the ramparts. Traugott, initiated into the tiresomeness of this common walk, would have given the world to avoid it all, except his future bride; but at the moment he was about to escape, after having furtively kissed the hand of Christiana, which was quickly withdrawn, Master Elias seized him

by the skirt of his coat, said to him in as amiable manner as he knew how to assume :—"How is this, my dear son-in-law, my dear partner, why do you leave us so soon?" There was no chance for flight; the future successor of the house of Roos was caught in the act; but he appeared graver now than before. A serious reflection took possession of all his faculties; his mind galloped off into an imaginary world, in which he unceasingly perceived the two figures which so strongly resembled the personages represented in the fresco. This strange apparition was clothed in his eyes with a real existence, and, at the same time, a singular development of ideas took place within him. The details of trade nauseated him, and his thoughts, galvanized by revelations to which he gave the fullest faith, gave life to dreams which until then he had vaguely entertained. A new being seemed to be created in this young man; to his natural timidity suddenly succeeded a self-reliance which already bordered on impatience, and which would finally become disdain.

On the way, the banker of Königsberg having commenced a criticism, to display his knowledge as an amateur on the fresco paintings in Arthur's Court, Traugott undertook their defence with a feverish energy, and sustained it by arguments that silenced his adversary. Master Elias had never heard his future son-in-law and partner, discourse so resolutely upon points that he had but little acquaintance with; his surprise was great when Traugott added that he felt capable of becoming himself, some day, a great artist for the whole of Germany to talk about. At these words, the collector of drawings interrupted him maliciously, to say that he did not understand how it was that, endowed with so sublime a vocation for

art, he had been able to debase himself to the humble profession of book-keeper in the establishment of an obscure draper in Dantzic. The mocking air of this person gradually excited Traugott's bile. Instead of answering him, he commenced talking to his nephew, the amateur of mahogany boot-jacks. He being very simple, or more polite, warmly seconded all his remarks, and loaded him with praises.

"How fortunate you are," said he, "to love art with such fervor, and to be so young as to follow that glorious career! I also had magnificent inclinations; I have sketched an infinity of eyes, mouths and ears; but business! the reality of life! Ah! you do not know how I have suffered from abasing my vocation to the vile necessity of earning a little gold! And yet, believe me, my dear sir, when age has come, and reflection has gradually calmed the effervescence of my youthful time, I have slowly understood the realities of existence, and I have seen that the common roads are the surest to conduct us to happiness. Hold! I was just envying your youth and burning love for art; but do you know that a superhuman strength is necessary to resist the trials that scourge the artist, and that glory does not always efface from its deceptive brilliancy! Take care, my dear friend, the life of an artist is a long martyrdom, between envy, which at every step opposes a barrier to genius, and misery that watches at its bedside. Believe me, felicity is more easily to be found in this world, surer and quite as durable. Long life to ease, with a good table, a pretty wife, and a nest of flaxen haired children, all daubed with bread and butter!"

Traugott, in listening to the mahogany boot-jack man, found that he was going from Scylla to Charybdis; he

had only escaped from the criticism of the uncle to be crushed under the prosiness of the nephew. His heart sank within him, his forehead became gloomier than ever, and he did not open his lips again during the whole promenade. When he had retired at night to his little chamber next to the roof, he began to reflect on his position. "What a life is mine!" said he to himself, traversing the narrow space that he inhabited; "how much my fate differs from that free life of poet and artist of which every hour is a precious treasure! Whilst genius listens to the harmony of the woods, or contemplates the magic spectacle of the setting sun, I find myself tied to the obscure shop of Master Elias, my head bowed over figures; instead of the beauties of nature, I have only before my eyes the blackened and ink-spotted desks; instead of the fresh faces which harmonize so well with the scenes of country life, I only see the live-long day thin visages that seem to have come from the other world; instead of the poetic sighs of the wind among the leaves, of those melancholy sounds of the bells calling to prayer through the air loaded with perfume,—I only hear the sharp clink of piles of money rolling into the cash box, or loud discussions between the customers and the clerks, concerning prices and measurement. Well! for Heaven's sake, what happiness is there in so many cares and trials? Fortune comes so late, at a time when man has no longer the opportunity or the strength to enjoy it! But the artist! But the poet! with what unspeakable riches are their days embellished! Unceasingly in the presence of God and his works, their souls swell, their genius sparkles, with the splendors which are multiplied at every step about them! And since I feel within myself in such a degree the effects of

this irresistible power which attracts me towards unknown paths, why should I not break at a single blow the chain that binds me to this spot? Yes, I understand it now better than ever; that mysterious old man whose apparition I have seen, and that intoxicating smile with which his young companion saluted me, are the signs that beckon me. I read in their looks my vocation of artist. I also, I will be a painter."

And thus talking to himself, in a loud voice, without caring for being surprised, Traugott spread out all over his little chamber all the old sketches that until then his modesty had lead him to conceal. His exaltation of the moment colored all objects with the most beautiful tints; he found again amongst his crayon drawings, for the most part unfinished and rough, a rude sketch of the famous Burgmeister with his pretty page, which evidently proved that from an already distant period of time, these two personages, that had struck his imagination, exercised a hidden influence over his destiny, whose future remained a secret. He vaguely remembered, that one evening in his childhood he had, urged by I know not what power, suddenly quitted his comrades and their plays, to glide, favored by the clear moonlight, into Arthur's Court, the door by chance remaining open. Having reached the spot, and controlled by the apparition of these two figures, he had felt himself forced to copy them, in spite of his inclination; and, since that time, he had not been able to refrain from preserving this sketch with superstitious care. Little by little, poor Traugott's animation lessened. A mild melancholy succeeded it, and, being unable to find repose on his couch, he noiselessly left the house, and went out to ascend the Karlsberg. All was quiet at this hour, in the city as well as in the fields; only that,

in the distance, the sea was heard to break upon the rocks, and the clouds were seen to glide over the moon, and, driven by the north wind, piled themselves up above the promontory of Hela. Traugott remained long watching their fantastic forms, caressed by the sombre tints of the twilight. He tried to guess, by means of this beautiful evening sky, some presage of his destiny.

The morrow, his every day life oppressed him again with all the weight of its insipidity. He felt himself grown so small, after his dreams of the night before, his impotence appeared to him in so strong a light, that he became discouraged; and, kicking aside the very sketches in which he sought, a few hours before, the indications of a calling that only awaited cultivation, he remembered with bitterness the words of one of his friends, who told him one day that there was little profit in art, much real misfortune in those romantic ideas that divert so many young people from useful pursuits, to allure them by foolish illusions and desires for unattainable glory. Treating as a feverish hallucination the apparition of the two living persons who so strongly resembled the paintings in Arthur's Court, he severely reproached himself, and bravely resolved to resign himself to his place in Master Elias' shop, and allow himself the enjoyment of a more ardent love than ever for the golden locks of the charming Christiana.

Master Elias continued to treat him with paternal solicitude; and seeing him so pale and thin, he attributed his singularities to some state of illness, and took care not to cause him the least annoyance. Several months thus elapsed, without any remarkable incident. The fair of St. Dominique was to take place. This was the time fixed by Master Elias for concluding Traugott's

marriage and admission as partner into the interests of the house of Elias Roos and company. Traugott could not dissimulate to himself that this future that he had at first so much desired, could no longer suffice for his happiness. The preparations for the wedding, with which Christiana occupied herself in a praise-worthy manner, caused him a disagreeable uneasiness, which he nevertheless tried to conceal as well as he was able.

Several days before the marriage, Traugott wandering in Arthur's Court among the business agents, heard a well known voice exclaim at his side, in the crowd :—
“What! can this paper be so much discredited?”

Traugott turned quickly round, recognized the mysterious old man who resembled the portraits in the fresco. The unknown was discussing with a broker's agent the discount of some effects to which his companion appeared to give a very cool reception. Behind him was the young page, whose mild and melancholy look seemed to sympathize with the grieved face of the old man.

“Sir,” said Traugott, with a vivacity he could not restrain, “that paper is low in the market; but it may in a few days regain its value; you would do better to wait than to dispose of it at a loss.”

“Zounds! my little man,” replied the unknown,—
“what are you meddling with? Do you know what these rags are worth to me? and may I not have a pressing need of money?”

“Well, then,” replied Traugott, with still more emotion, “I cannot allow you to lose on these securities more than the current rate of discount. I am ready to advance you the funds, on condition that in a few days, when this paper shall have risen in value, as I do not doubt it will,

you allow me to pay back the profit which chance alone throws into my hands."

"You are a singular young man," said the old man ; "and this manner of conducting your business will not allow you to become rich in a long time."

At these words he threw a glance upon his companion, who looked down and blushed.

They both followed Traugott to Master Elias' store. Whilst the old man carefully re-counted his pile of money, the young man said in a low voice to Traugott : "Was it not you who made such a pretty drawing at the end of a table, some months ago, in Arthur's Court ?"

Traugott bit his lips, and thought that he was laughing at him. The scene of the letter of advice came to his mind ; his confusion was extreme, and he only answered by a timid sign.

"In that case," said the young page in a louder tone, "I am not astonished at the delicacy of your proceeding."

The old man silenced his companion with a look, and they both went out, leaving Traugott before he was able to venture a question. As soon as they had left the shop, the clerks whispered together concerning the appearance of these singular visitors. A book-keeper, an original, who prided himself, when the opportunity offered, of passing for a wit, stuck his pen behind his ear, and placing his chin in the palm of his hand, followed them with his eyes as long as he could see them.

"God preserve me!" exclaimed he, in a manner that showed that he was satisfied in advance with what he was about saying—"that good man in a grey beard, with his cloak like a shroud, looks to me like an old picture of the year 1400, taken from the oldest chapel in the Church of St. John !"

Master Elias, who knew nothing but his figures, and who had no pretensions beyond that, decided as a merchant that the unknown was neither more nor less than a Polish Jew, with very little wit, since he submitted to an enormous discount on securities, the interest on which might double in a week !”

The honest trader knew nothing of the secret agreement that Traugott had made, and which he concluded, the following week, at another meeting with the two unknown in Arthur's Court.

“I accept this re-imbusement,” said the old man to Traugott, “because I have learned that you were an artist; I wish to treat you kindly.”

As he said these words, Traugott stopped him exactly before the picture of the Burgmeisters, and expressed, without any more ceremony, the surprise that his striking resemblance with one of these figures had caused him. A strange smile played upon the lips of the old man; he laid his hand upon that of Traugott, and said to him:—“You do not know then, my friend, that I am the German painter Berklinger? These frescoes are my work; this Burgmeister is really my portrait, and I took my son for model of this page, whose pleasant physiognomy attracted your attention. I am charmed with your penetration.”

Traugott fixed his eyes upon the old man with an incredulous smile. How, thought he, can this good man be the author of these paintings, which appear to be at least two centuries old? Such a pretension was, certainly, the indication of some mental malady, or at the very least, of a singular mania.

“Yes,” continued Berklinger, shaking his white hair, “that was a glorious epoch, that which saw apprentices

become masters by works of such magnitude. The person of Arthur and the knights of the Round Table made me swell with enthusiasm, and more than once my imagination invoked their phantoms around me to copy their resemblance on these walls."

During this monologue of the old artist, the youth who appeared to be his son said in a whisper to Traugott:—"You would be seized with astonishment, my dear sir, if my father would consent to receive you in his studio."

Traugott, on leaving Arthur's Court, solicited this precious favor of Berklinger. He fixed on him a piercing and serious look, appeared to hesitate for some time:—"You are very presumptuous in your request," said he, "and do you think that your eyes are so soon worthy to penetrate into the sanctuary of art? Come, nevertheless, come—inspiration may spring from this visit. I shall expect you at my house to-morrow, very early."

God only knows with how much impatience Traugott awaited this interview. At an early hour he hastened to the dwelling pointed out by Berklinger, in one of the most solitary streets in the city. The young man, dressed in the old German costume, came to open the outer door to him, and introduced him into a vast studio, amply lighted, the centre of which was occupied by the old man, seated on an ottoman before a canvas of great dimension, which was covered with a uniform coating of grey color. "Welcome," said he to Traugott; "I have just given the last touch of the pencil to this painting that you see, the composition of which has cost me labor and infinite pains. It is the companion of a work representing Paradise Lost, that I finished a year ago. This is Paradise Regained. What do you say to this conception? What do you think of these groups of figures,

borrowed from all the kingdoms of nature? Does not one feel, before this poetic magnificence, a vague revelation of the eternal splendors which await the chosen?"

Speaking thus, Berklinger pointed out with his finger, by turns, the different portions of the painting; he begged Traugott to admire with what science the lights and shades were made to harmonize around every object. He designated here and there, flowers, fruits, precious stones, strange animals wandering in the midst of a marvellous vegetation; and among this brilliant phantasmagoria, men with grave and majestic mien, whose words he seemed to listen to with ecstasy.

The old man's voice grew louder and louder as his feelings became excited. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "let the brilliancy of thy diamond crown always sparkle, O wisest among the wise! Let fall before my eyes the sacred band of Iris, with which thou hidest thy divine forehead when the impious approach thee! Why dost thou press to thy bosom the folds of thy sombre robe? I wish to look into thy heart—there is the philosopher's stone, before which all mysteries vanish. Art thou not then what I am myself? Why dost thou walk before me with such hasty steps? Dost thou wish to combat with thy master? Dost thou think that the ruby sparkling on thy breast like a magic shield, can with one shock annihilate me? Ah! come, obey, hasten, for it is I who created thee, it is I who am!"

When he reached this point in his ravings, the old man fell down as if struck by lightning; but Traugott raised him up. The young man having quickly brought an ottoman, they both assisted him to sit down, and he then appeared to be plunged in a peaceful slumber.

"You know by this time, my dear sir," said the young

man, in a low sweet voice, "the sad situation of my good old father. A fatal destiny has withered his flowers of life, and for several years the love of the art for which he lived has broken the springs of his thoughts. He remains seated for whole days before this canvas, and in a strange delirium, his fixed look seeks for forms and colors that exist only in his imagination. He calls that painting, and you have seen with what exaltation he describes the strange marvels that he thinks he has created. Add to this a fixed idea which every where attends him, and which condemns me to a life of suffering. I am forced to submit to this future, which crushes me with all the fatality of an irresistible weight. But why sadden you with an account of sufferings that you should not know? Follow me, I pray you, into the neighboring room, where you will see many of my father's pictures, executed at a time when his talents were in their greatest brilliancy."

Traugott was surprised when his young companion showed him into a gallery of paintings, each of which would have done honor to the most celebrated masters of the Flemish school. The greater part of these pictures represented interiors, such as the return from the hunt, a gaming party, a concert; but these little subjects were distinguished by a fineness of execution, and a remarkable appearance of correctness; the character of the physiognomies in particular offered an animation truly extraordinary. Traugott was about withdrawing, when he discovered near the door a painting, the sight of which fastened him to the spot, immovable with admiration.

It was a young girl of marvellous beauty, clothed in the poetical costume of ancient Germany. This heavenly face had so exact a resemblance to that of Berklinger's son, that Traugott involuntarily trembled. This portrait,

for brilliancy of coloring and perfection of drawing, would not have compared unfavorably with the best paintings of Van Dyck. Her eyes, brilliant with melancholy fire, seemed fixed upon Traugott with an indescribable mildness of expression, and it might have been said that her half closed lips were about to utter sounds of divine harmony.

“Let us withdraw,” said the young man to Traugott, “for it is nearly time for my father to awake.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Traugott, “it is really she, my soul’s beloved, she for whom my imagination has so long sought, who received my adoration in the silence of my sleepless nights. But where shall I find her again, oh my good angel?”

In listening to him, burning tears gushed to the eyes of young Berklinger, but he immediately concealed them, and tried to regain his apparent calmness.—“Come,” said he again to Traugott—“come, the portrait that you admire is that of my unfortunate sister Felizita. But you will never see her; God has taken her to himself!”

At these words a cloud passed before Traugott’s eyes; he allowed himself led out without resistance, but he staggered. When they re-entered the studio, the old man suddenly awoke, and cried out to him in a thundering voice:—“What do you want? what do you seek here, sir?”

The young man immediately replied, and said to his father that he had just been explaining to Traugott the subject of the new picture of Paradise Regained. Berklinger appeared to recover himself, and tried to recall his memory, then in a softened tone he said to Traugott:—“Pardon me, my dear sir, for my rudeness. Old men are sometimes forgetful.”

“Your new picture, Master Berklinger,” answered Traugott, impressively, “is truly a master-piece; and I am surprised at the profound study, reflection and patience shown in accomplishing the creation of such great works. Your genius inspires me with an ardent desire to devote myself to similar labors, and I shall be but too happy, my dear master, to become your scholar.”

Berklinger appeared to be moved by the praise and the desire of Traugott. He embraced him, and promised to be his master as long as it would be necessary to initiate him completely in all the mysteries of his art. From that time hardly a day passed that Traugott did not zealously go to the old man's studio; and thanks to the care of the master and the natural dispositions of the pupil, these lessons produced in a short time very notable results. But as he advanced in the footsteps of Michael Angelo and Raphael, Traugott saw the modest shop of Elias Roos in a more contemptible light; his negligence became so remarkable, that one fine day his patron, not being able to bear with it longer, reproached him very severely. The answer of his future partner was very calm. Traugott pretended that his health was feeble, and that it was necessary for him to take the greatest care of himself; and above all, the abstinence from all labor was expressly recommended to him. He added with appearances of the greatest regret, that his present situation obliged him to put off indefinitely his marriage with Christiana.

“Your Mr. Traugott,” said one of Elias Roos' friends to him one day—“your Mr. Traugott appears to be under the influence of some secret sorrow. May there not be, at the bottom of his heart, some remains of the amours of a young man? Some intimacy whose rupture threatens

a catastrophe at the time of the marriage? Look, I beg you, how pale he is, and how care-worn he looks!"

"Truly," said the draper, "can Christiana have shown any temper towards him? For some time he has neglected her; so much so, that the bookkeeper forgets his cash to coo with her, and she does not appear to be much displeased at his attentions. That is just like young people. Yet in spite of his oddities, Traugott is madly in love with my daughter; I am sure that he is jealous, and I will soon know something about it."

But notwithstanding the pains that Master Elias took, he could not learn anything, and several days after he said to his friend:—"Indeed, that Traugott is a singular man; but, by my faith, I will let him go on, for he has fifty thousand thalers placed in my house; were it not for this, I should beg you to believe that he would soon change his actions, and busy himself otherwise."

Traugott's melancholy was immediately caused by his strange love for the beautiful Felizita, whose cherished features, engraved upon his heart, haunted him in all his dreams. The picture suddenly disappeared from the gallery. Traugott did not dare to question the old man, he so much feared that such an imprudence would put an end to their intimacy. Master Berklinger besides showed himself daily more affectionate; he even accepted, at different times, of little presents of useful articles for his modest dwelling. He even went so far as to confide to him that the little that he possessed had been considerably lessened, by a cheat to which he had fallen a victim at the sale of his paintings; and the securities that he had found so much difficulty in discounting, was all that remained of the sum that they brought. But, aside from the confidence that Berklinger honored him

with, Traugott found few opportunities to talk alone with the young man. The artist seemed carefully to avoid leaving them alone; and if he saw them commencing an intimate conversation, he hastened to separate them by some severe admonition.

Traugott suffered extremely from this surveillance, for the young man had so strong a resemblance to the portrait of Felizita, that he was tempted every moment to press him in his arms, as he would have done the young girl whose adored image no longer quitted his memory.

The winter thus elapsed. When the sweet spring came to raise the snowy veil from the fields, and re-animate nature, Elias Roos recommended Traugott to drink milk or mineral water to hasten his recovery. Christiana began to bloom again, thinking that the fine season would restore health to her betrothed, and that her marriage might finally be fixed upon at some certain time. The poor girl did not yet understand that another passion deprived her of the society of Traugott oftener than he should have allowed, considering the relation that he had with her.

It happened one day that the operation of figures in double entry had retained Traugott at the counting room of Elias Roos a little later than usual. As soon as it was possible to take to the field, that is to say at night fall, our lover ran to Berklinger's, whose house was situated at the other end of the city. The door was open, and no one appeared to receive him; from a distant chamber the sounds of a harp came, softly modulated, to his ear. This was the first time he had heard any music at the old artist's house. He stopped on tiptoe to listen. Melancholy accents were mingled with the vibrations of the instrument. The liveliest curiosity took possession of Traugott's senses.

He took one step, carefully opened a door, and stood dumb with surprise and pleasure at the sight of a woman seated, dressed in the national costume of ancient Germany, and adorned with all the graceful accessories that he had remarked in the picture of the gallery. This woman had every resemblance to Felizita!

At the noise made by the artist, falling against the oak wainscot to restrain his emotion, the woman arose from the harp. "Great God!" exclaimed Traugott, "it is she! it is Felizita!"

He was about throwing himself at the feet of this marvellous apparition, when a dry and bony hand suddenly falling on his shoulder, communicated a rotary movement, and spun him like a top out of the apartment.

"Miserable man! Accursed be thy curiosity!" exclaimed Berklinger, in a thundering voice; "this then is the secret of thy passion for my art; thou hast glided into my house like a serpent, to fill it with shame and despair! It was my life, it was my happiness that thou hast sought to destroy!"

Saying these words he drew a poignard and threatened Traugott in so terrible a manner, that the poor future son-in-law of Elias Roos, stupefied with fright, tumbled down the staircase, reached the door by a miracle, and fled like a madman to his own house. Shut up in his chamber, without either taking food or answering the questions put to him concerning his conduct, this time more than singular, he gave up his imagination to extraordinary conjectures and dreams. "Felizita! Felizita!" exclaimed he with an exaltation of manner that nearly approached delirium, "thou dost exist; I have just seen thee, and a barbarous tyrant forbids me to adore thee; and I have not succeeded in pressing thee to my heart,

and telling thee a thousand times that I love thee; and thou also, thou lovest me. I feel it in the convulsive beatings of my heart. But I will see thee again at all cost; I will triumph over the obstacles that separate us."

After a night passed in delirium and the formation of projects, each succeeding one more extravagant than the last, young Traugott became a little calm when the first rays of the rising sun came to re-assure spirits. He arose, shattered with emotion and nervous fatigue, made his way to Berklinger's house, to try and unveil the mystery that it contained. But what was his surprise at finding the windows open and the rooms vacant, offering the appearance of disorder that precedes and follows a sudden departure! Traugott understood at a glance the melancholy reality. Master Berklinger had moved that very night, with his son and all that belonged to him. A two-horse coach had carried away a case of pictures, and two little trunks containing clothes and things of little value. No one could tell Traugott what route the two fugitives had taken; none of the coachmen could give him any information, and no person had noticed them at the city gate. Berklinger seemed to have disappeared as suddenly as if Mephistopheles had contrived the flight.

Christiana's betrothed turned towards home in despair. "Gone, forever!" exclaimed he, hastening along the streets; "I shall never see her again! I have lost the beloved of my soul!"

These words escaped from his lips at the entrance of the house of Elias Roos, who was smoking his pipe, as he had been doing since the morning, wrapped up in a striped morning dress.

"By all the saints in heaven!" howled the honest draper. "Christiana! Christiana! little coquette! light head!"

Hearing the voice of the master raving in this manner, the clerks hastened towards him; the bookkeeper, of whom we have already spoken, stuck his pen behind his ear as usual. "But, Master Roos, what is the matter with you?" repeated he in various tones of voice.

And Master Elias, without answering him, cried out loudly:—"Christiana! Christiana!"

The young person finally appeared in the piquant brilliancy of her morning negligé.

"Do you know, miss," said the draper with severity—"Do you know that once for all, I am tired of your manner of conducting yourself? Our friend Traugott is attacked, thanks to you, with a sorrow that will kill him. My son-in-law is jealous, and you torment him incessantly! I hear that you are confined to the house, and for the future you will treat better a man who has fifty thousand thalers placed in my house, and whom you drive to despair. I cannot bear it any longer. You will both together drive me mad!"

Christiana understood nothing of the exasperation of her father. She threw a glance towards the bookkeeper, who did not appear to understand any better than she, except that he looked towards a little closet in the counter, where Master Elias kept his flask of kirschenwasser. Miss Christiana, without replying, entered the house to give some orders; and she had soon made her toilet to make inquiries in the neighborhood concerning what had happened to her dear betrothed, on whom she began to place less dependence.

As to Traugott, he had felt in a very short time all the changes that accompany and follow a great crisis of the mind. To the first attacks of violent grief a mournful apathy ordinarily succeeds; then there is gradually

established a degree of calmness in the soul ; the most violent grief is softened by time, and becomes supportable.

Traugott, several days after the departure of Berklinger, felt his reason regain its empire ; he was no longer subject to either alarms or agitations ; a peaceful melancholy had taken possession of his mind, and one evening he returned alone, in a reflecting mood, to the heights of Karlsberg, from whence his eyes wandered anew among the silver clouds which clothe the summit of Hela. But this time he sought not in the heavens a sign of his destiny ; the past was effaced from his soul, illusions as well as hopes ! “ Alas,” said he mournfully, “ what evil genius inspired me with this accursed passion for art, which now has become the torment of my life ! Why did I see that fatal image of Felizita, which has troubled my mind in a manner to make me guilty of a thousand follies, and forget my interests and my duties ! Come, poor Traugott, resign thyself ; happiness is like glory, a fine phantom that mocks thee ! nothing more ! Go back to common life, and try to forget it.”

In consequence of these wise reflections, our hero courageously looked after his business, and the day of his marriage with Christiana was again fixed. The night before this event, he went alone, towards night, into Arthur's Court, and he went and seated himself in silence and sadness before the two figures in the painting of the Burgmeisters, which had been the first cause of his singular adventure. He had been there but a few minutes, when the man of business who had refused to discount the securities for Berklinger, came towards him.

“ Sir,” said Traugott, “ could you not, by chance, tell

me some news of that singular old man wearing a black beard, who came here lately nearly every day?"

"What!" answered the agent, "do you then not know the old mad painter whose name is Gotofredus Berklinger?"

"What has become of him?" asked Traugott.

"I have heard," replied the other, "that he has retired to Sorrento with his daughter."

"His daughter!" exclaimed Traugott—"his daughter Felizita?"

"Certainly; she follows him every where, disguised as a page. I know no one in Dantzic who is not acquainted with this mystery. An astrologer has predicted to Berklinger that his daughter's first lover would occasion her death. To shelter her from this fatal destiny, the superstitious old man has disguised her in this manner."

Traugott, whilst listening to this revelation, lost all control over himself; he ran like a mad man far out of the city, buried himself in the woods, and made the air resound with his lamentable cries. "Unfortunate that I am!" said he to himself unceasingly; "it was she, she whom I saw every day, every hour, and did not know it, and now destiny separates us forever! No! by heavens it shall not be so! I will seek her through the earth! I will go—I will go to Sorrento! God and love will restore her to me!"

As he was about entering the house to make his preparations for the voyage, he met Master Elias Roos, and dragged him into his chamber, without giving him time to remonstrate. "It is all over," said he to him with delirious energy; "I cannot marry your Christiana. She looks like, Pleasure, Luxury, Anger, and all the vices

represented in the frescoes of Arthur's Court! I will not have her! Never speak to me again of her. O Felizita! Felizita! angel of my dreams! I see thee, thou extendest thy lovely arms towards me! Await me! await me! here I am!—And understand well what I have yet to say to you," continued he, grasping his partner with his nervous hands; "you will never again see me stupidly bending over your cash books and mercantile scrawls. I am a painter! I am the pupil of the celebrated Gotofredus Berklinger; and you, you—I no longer know you!"

Master Elias had at first listened in consternation to this discourse, without connection or reason. But when he felt himself shaken with irresistible violence by Traugott, fear coming to the aid of his astonishment, he began to cry out for help. All the draper's clerks were soon assembled to witness this unheard of scene.

Traugott, exhausted by the violent attack which had troubled his brain, retained his grasp upon his future father-in-law, and fell pale and speechless on a couch. They hastened to his assistance; but as soon as they attempted to touch him, he sprang up like a tiger cat, uttered a menacing cry that frightened them away, and they prudently locked him up in his room.

A few minutes afterwards, a sweet little voice warbled through the keyhole. "My good Mr. Traugott," said the voice, "can it be true that you have lost your wits? Or is it all nothing but a jest? You have horribly frightened my father!"

This sweet little flute-like voice was *Christianna*.

"No, dear angel," answered Traugott, "I am not mad, and I do not care to jest any longer. As to our

marriage, you must think no more about it. I should not make you happy, for I can no longer love you."

"Truly, dear Mr. Traugott, do not trouble yourself; for I also for some time—I myself have ceased to love you; there will not be wanting, thank Heaven, gallant and constant husbands anxious to solicit the hand of the handsome and rich Miss Christiana Roos. Farewell, until I have the honor of seeing you again, dear Mr. Traugott!"

Saying these words, the little voice became silent.

One hour afterwards, Traugott, seated in Master Elias' office, was settling his accounts. They easily agreed, and separated without any great emotion. Whilst Traugott was rolling in a post-chaise out of Dantzic, the draper gathered together his clerks to congratulate himself before them, and above all before the bookkeeper, whom he began to look upon with a favorable eye, with being at last rid of a son-in-law, who, to tell the truth, by his eccentricity and indolence, had alienated himself from him.

Traugott, flying over the roads at lightning speed, fabricated in his head the strangest romance that could possibly be imagined. At Rome he was welcomed by the artists with the greatest cordiality. The joy of seeing himself, for the first time in his life, treated like an artist, made him forget, for several days, the principal object of his journey. His love for the beautiful Felizita was not without a powerful rivalry, that of ambition. Traugott felt that his passion was enveloping itself in a mild melancholy. His pilgrimage in pursuit of a beauty that chance alone could bring before him, seemed a sufficiently piquant episode for the commencement of his artist life. Imagination, in this inexperienced young

man, was killing his heart. He spoke of Felizita, his beloved, as Petrarch would have spoken of Laura, or Dante of Beatrice. His friends the painters admired the ideal figures which he gave to the name of Felizita. No woman in Rome or in Italy was comparable to this poetical creation of a mind under the influence of hallucination. Every one asked Traugott for a history of his love, but our hero dared not relate this singular story.

One fine day an old acquaintance from Kœnigsberg, the painter Matuszewski, came to announce, at a meeting of the artists drawn together for recreation, that he had met with the original of the portraits that Traugott was never tired of multiplying. At this news, Felizita's lover was seized with a great emotion. He could no longer conceal the secret of the circumstances that had given birth to and fed his passion. His story was thought so curious, that all his brother artists promised to set themselves about discovering the beautiful unknown. Matuszewski, more skilful or more persevering than the rest, had the honor of succeeding. He learned that the much talked of sylph was the daughter of a poor painter then occupied in cleaning the walls of the church Trinita del Monte.

Traugott hastened with his friend to verify this fact, and imagined at first that he recognized on the scaffolding his old master Berklinger. The two companions rushed from the church to the painter's house. Traugott sprang like a madman into the room where the young girl was busied in household cares, whilst waiting for her father's return. "Felizita! Felizita!" exclaimed he, with enthusiasm.

The beautiful girl raised her eyes. It was the bearing, the size, and the features of Felizita; but it was not she.

Traugott was suddenly disenchanted. This resemblance revived all the fire of his love; he began to sigh, and his actions so much resembled delirium, that the young girl would have taken him for an escaped madman, if Matuszewski had not hastened to re-assure her by explaining, in a few words, the situation of his friend.

Traugott finally became calm. He fixed his eyes again upon the pretty stranger, to admire her fatal resemblance to Felizita; then, strengthened by his enthusiasm, he regained his energy. Matuszewski lost no time on this occasion. He addressed the beautiful Dorina in the tenderest manner. She, little accustomed apparently to such treatment, stared with her large dark eyes, and in answer to the advances of Matuszewski, said that her father would soon return from his labor, and that he would take much pleasure in receiving a visit from the German painters, whose character he generally prized.

Traugott still contemplated her with rapture. She was, almost exactly, the living image of Felizita. The features alone of the young Roman girl were a little more strongly marked. There was the same difference between her and Felizita that there would be between a head by Rubens and a head by Raphael.

When the painter of the church Trinita del Monte opened the door, Traugott soon found that he was not his old master. This little man, mean and insignificant, worn out by poverty, could bear no comparison with the majestic Berklinger. For the rest, his conversation showed great knowledge of painting, and, without taking into account the secret instinct which led him to this humble dwelling, Traugott immediately thought of commencing an intimacy with him, from which he hoped to

be profited by an opportunity of perfecting himself in the practice of coloring.

Dorina was not long in confessing to herself that the inclination she felt towards the young German painter would turn into love with very little opposition on her part. Traugott allowed himself to be attracted by the romance of this meeting. He became, without hardly perceiving it, the comrade of the poor painter. Finding a neighboring room vacant, he established his studio there, and found a thousand honest pretexts to aid his new friend, delicately respecting his pride.

The poor painter of Trinita del Monte was so touched by these demonstrations of interest, that he very naturally imagined that Traugott wished to marry his daughter; and nothing seemed more simple and friendly to him, than to anticipate the wishes of the young artist. This declaration was a thunder stroke for Traugott. In spite of the inclination he felt towards Dorina, the object of his travels came back to his remembrance, and tormented him with the accomplishment of this duty. The thoughts of Felizita embellished her in his soul with new charms. A powerful struggle took place within him, and the victory remained long in uncertainty; for if Felizita was a delicious dream, Dorina was a very sweet reality. Felizita, she was the ideal being, the fantastic creation, the angel with white and transparent wings. She was something so ethereal, so pure, so unapproachable, that it only needed a breath to tarnish the brilliancy or dispel the heavenly vision. But Dorina was grave in person, presenting the most piquant attractions. She was a woman created to love and be loved; to give and receive all the joys of life. Before her, Traugott felt a trembling delight through his whole being; a mysterious flame

warned all his faculties ; the desire for real happiness attracted him with a thousand charms, whilst the remembrance of his first love restrained him reproachfully, and troubled his heart, in spite of this inconstancy, that he as yet feared to confess to himself.

Since the frank overtures attempted by the painter of Trinita del Monte, Traugott had avoided a meeting with him. The father, wounded by the failure of his attempt, soon persuaded himself that the young artist had only in view the seduction of his daughter. The fear of ridicule was added to his disappointment. The idea that his daughter's beauty ought to make any man happy to obtain her hand, had made him look upon her approaching marriage with Traugott, as a project whose success was indisputable, and he had been so imprudent as to speak of it with his friends in the neighborhood. So that for fear Traugott should escape from him, he took upon himself to say to him one day, that his daughter was engaged by his attentions, and he must give his word to marry her, or quit his home, and never set foot in it again.

The attack was too rude to succeed. Traugott, piqued by the tone assumed by this man, who aspired by force to the title of father-in-law, looked upon him in the light of a merchant, ready to sell his daughter to whoever would rid him of her. He reproached himself for his stay in the house of a being who entertained such base feelings. Dorina lost to his eyes that power of fascination which had until then retained him ; and the image of Felizita appeared to him in sweet remembrance, as the only object worthy of his vows. His heart was torn with anguish at the separation ; but this wound was soon healed. The remedy was at Sorrento, and he set out for that place immediately.

A whole year was passed in fruitless search. Nowhere were the names of Berklinger or Felizita known. The only knowledge that he succeeded in obtaining was, that an old painter, whose description corresponded with that which he gave, had left Sorrento several years before, and had never returned.

Discouraged by his want of success in his efforts, Traugott went to Naples, where he sought in labor some relief from the bitterness of his regrets. He lived in retirement, shunning men and society. His only happiness was in watching at a distance the features of the young girls who resembled in form and physiognomy Dorina; but a feeling of curiosity was the only thing that remained in Traugott's heart. He always came back to his ideal being, to Felizita.

The year following his departure from Dantzic, he received a letter which announced the death of Elias Roos. The bookkeeper had obtained the hand of Christiana, and Traugott's presence was indispensable for the arrangement of affairs connected with the inheritance, in which he had still some right, to invalidate, as former partner in the business.

Traugott saw in this journey an opportunity for amusement, and he accordingly set out. His first care as soon as he arrived in his native city, was to visit Arthur's Court. He seated himself in the old accustomed place, opposite to the fresco of the Burgmeisters. His melancholy thoughts called back one by one all his remembrances, and from time to time he fixed his eyes upon the two figures, that reproduced with such striking exactness the features of Berklinger and Felizita in her page's costume.

"Hah! but is not this a dream? Is it really you that I

see, so fresh and blooming, you who sometime ago might have passed for the incarnation of sorrow?"

At these words from a screaming voice which could not be forgotten, Traugott turned his head and recognized the business agent who had advised him to take the journey to Sorrento.

"Alas!" said he to him, "I did not regain them!"

"What? Of whom do you speak?" inquired the agent.

"Old Gotofredus Berklinger and his daughter Felizita," said Traugott, sighing. "I have searched through all Italy, and at Sorrento even I could learn nothing of them."

The agent fixed his eyes upon Traugott as if he came from the other world. "What is that?" exclaimed he; "do me the favor to repeat what you were saying. You have sought for Berklinger in Italy, at Naples, at Sorrento!"

"Undoubtedly!" answered Traugott, with another sigh.

The agent joined his hands together, and raised his eyes towards heaven. "Divine goodness! my dear Traugott, you really could—oh! oh!"—

"And what is there so strange in all that?" replied the painter; "can one not make a journey to Sorrento in search of an adorable woman?"

"But it is incredible!" shouted the agent, stamping his foot on the pavement of Arthur's Court. "You come from Sorrento! What! did you not know that Master Aloysius Brandstetter, our honorable counsellor and dean of the tradesmen's association of Dantzig, has, in the midst of the forest in the neighborhood of Karlsberg and Conradhammer, a delicious country seat to which he has given the name of **SORRENTO**? It was Aloysius Brandstetter who bought Berklinger's pictures, and since that

time he has given shelter in his house to the old and infirm artist and his charming daughter. Indeed, dear Traugott, if you take the trouble to go once or twice for a walk, in open day, on Karlsberg, you would have, from that height, overlooked at your ease the gardens of Master Aloysius' villa, and you would have seen your Felizita joyfully gambolling on the flowery meadow. It was not worth while to make a journey to Italy. Since your departure, old Berklinger—but it is a very sad story.”

“Relate it, I beg you,” interrupted Traugott, in a breathless voice—“relate it; I am anxious to know all.”

“Listen, then, if you have the courage. The young son of Aloysius, on his return from England, became enamored of Felizita. One day finding her alone in a bower in the middle of the garden, he threw himself at her feet, and confessed his love to her. But Berklinger, hidden in the shrubbery, had heard all; and at the moment when Felizita, as a pledge of her faith, allowed a stolen kiss, he was seized with so violent a fit of anger, that he suffocated, without having time to utter a single cry. He was found stiff and dead. Since this frightful catastrophe, poor Felizita took an aversion to the man who had so involuntarily caused the death of her father; and shortly after she resigned herself to marry the counsellor Mathesius, whose seat is at Marienwerder. You can present yourself at the house of the counsellor's lady, under the title of an old friend. It is not so far from here to Marienwerder as to Sorrento. You will find the worthy lady surrounded by several little children.”

The man of business was still speaking, but Traugott had hastened away like a madman. “Felizita!” exclaimed he, “Felizita! thou art no longer the woman of

my dreams, adorned with so much grace and perfection! Felizita, what hast thou become? The wife of the counsellor Mathesius! Oh, fatal thought! Oh, unlucky chance!" And, continuing his desperate course, he went on, giving to the wind the name of Felizita, and mingling with his complaints hoarse bursts of laughter. He reached the city gate, and breathlessly ran from Langfuhr to Karlsberg.

On reaching this place, he fell upon his knees, and throwing his weeping eyes upon the gardens of Sorrento, he burst into sobs, and shed many bitter tears. "Alas!" said he to himself, "a cruel fatality has destroyed my poor existence! But why should I complain? Have I the right to accuse Heaven? I have mistaken the simple ways of providence; I created for myself a brilliant phantom, to which my credulous love expected that God would give life, in order to create perfect happiness for me! But, coming from my artist dream, I have found the reality, with all its miseries, all its disenchantments. Let us return to heaven, oh my soul! There, above, I shall find the model of imperishable beauty that I have sought! No, Felizita, I have not lost thee. For thou art not a woman; thou art genius; thou art inspiration! What has my celestial love to do with the wife of counsellor Mathesius?"

"Truly I know no better than you, dear Mr. Traugott," said a voice, whose accent awakened Felizita's lover.

His astonishment became stupefaction, when he found himself, without knowing how, in Arthur's Court, before the Burgmeister's picture. The voice that had galvanized him was no other than that of Christiana Roos' husband, who gave Traugott a letter coming from Rome; it was from Matuszewski.

Dorina, wrote this painter to his friend, grows more beautiful daily ; but her beauty is imprinted with fatal paleness, caused by grief at thy departure. If thou dost not return, she will die.

“I am very glad indeed,” said Traugott to Master Elias’ son-in-law, carefully putting up the letter. “I am charmed that our affairs will be regulated to-day, for to-morrow I shall return to Rome, where happiness awaits me.”

ANNUNZIATA.

PAGANINO DORIA, one of the best Genoese captains, after a bloody victory gained over the Venetians, in the month of August, 1354, came to take away from them the city of Parenzo. His triumphant galleys crossed the gulf before Venice, like those birds of prey that are seen cutting the air with rapid wing, and cresting the waves, pursuing every thing that is offered to their voracity.

The queen of the Adriatic buried in mourning, the people and the nobility in consternation, expected the greatest disasters. There was nothing, in appearance, but a prodigy would succeed in saving the republic from total ruin. All the vessels that could carry arms were gathered together at the seaport San-Nicolo. Unserviceable ships and old trees were lashed together; the chains closing up the entrance to the canals were doubled, in order to arrest the progress of the enemy's fleet. Whilst was heard the noise of arms collected together in haste, or the deafening crash of the blocks of stone and timbers thrown down in heaps, to render the roadstead impassable, the government agents, gathered on the Rialto, exhausted themselves in efforts to negotiate loans at any price, for the draining of the public treasure was about to render resistance impossible.

In the midst of this general calamity, a new misfortune seemed to conspire for the loss of the republic. The doge Andrea Dandolo died with grief at the aspect of the danger of the country. When the bell of Saint-Mark announced this mournful news, despair prevailed throughout the city; all hope of safety seemed to abandon the besieged, as if the old sovereign had carried to the tomb with him the palladium of the liberty and power of Venice; and yet the loss of Dandolo was not irreparable, for this doge was of too pacific a character, and of too advanced age besides, to watch efficaciously over the different operations of a siege. He was a man born to do good, and but little fitted for great deeds; he was better skilled in studying the course of the stars, than political resources; and in regulating the order of a religious procession, than the movements of an army. It was necessary then, for the safety of all, to choose a new doge, who was at the same time a man for counsel and a man for action, who could oppose to the menaces from the enemy abroad the authority of a redoubtable name.

The patricians assembled at Saint-Mark to proceed with this election; but the difficulty of such a choice troubled their minds, and the majesty of their senate. After a long and sad discussion on the danger of the times, the oldest of the patricians, Marino Bodoeri, arose. "Seek not here," said he to his colleagues, "the saviour of the republic. It is in France, at Avignon, that he is now to be found. It is Marino Falieri, our ambassador to Pope Innocent, whom I propose to you for elevation to sovereign power; for in him alone can be found our only resource; skilful in counsel, and strong in action, he will save us from the perils that besiege us. Yes, I repeat it to you, in spite of his fourscore years, in spite

of hair whitened by the fatigues of a long life and rude labor, recall to your remembrance his conduct lately in the Black Sea, when he commanded the Venetian galleys; remember the essential services which procured him, from the council of Saint-Mark, the gift of the rich countship of Valdemarino."

This speech from Bodoeri produced a great impression upon the assembly. He skilfully combatted the opposition of several patricians, and gained an unanimous choice for Falieri. The popular acclamations which saluted the election of the new doge, caused this measure to be considered as an assurance of success in the future, as a true inspiration from Heaven. The paternal reign of the deposed doge was soon forgotten, by those even who had so bitterly deplored his loss.

"If we had had Marino for sovereign," said they, "Paganino Doria's vessels would not have insulted our shores."

Mutilated soldiers cried out in the streets as they passed—"Long live Marino Falieri, the conqueror of Morbassan!"

Each one eagerly related some anecdote of the life or military exploits of the new doge. The enthusiasm soon reached its greatest height; every where might be heard cries of joy and shouts of triumph, as if the Genoese fleet had already heaped its wrecks upon the shores of the Adriatic.

The sudden return of the Venetian galleys, that Nicolò Pisani brought back to the coast of Sardinia, forced Doria to abandon his position to avoid a surprise that would cut off his retreat. This incident contributed greatly to restore the courage of the besieged, and appeared to be a fortunate augury for the reign of the new doge.

Twelve patricians, accompanied by a numerous escort, were immediately deputed to Verona, where Falieri was by them, as soon as they arrived, invested with the ducal purple. Fifteen state gondolas, commanded by the chief magistrate of Chioggia, and his son Taddo Giustiniani, went as far as Chiozzo to meet the doge, and conducted him solemnly to Saint Clement, where the Bucentoro was awaiting him.

At the time Marino Falieri went on board the state vessel, the evening of the third day of October, 1354, a poor young man was lying beside the marble pillars that support the front entrance of the ducal palace. He was scantily covered with rags, that seemed to be the remnants of a sailor's dress; but through the rents of this paltry vestment was seen the white skin of the sleeper; and his hands were more delicate than is ordinarily to be found amongst people of the lower class, showing that he might have belonged to some family of noble lineage. His emaciation strongly developed the regularity of his features; his hair of a brown chestnut flowed in curls on each side of his forehead; his aquiline nose and his finely chiselled mouth, announced that his present misery must have been the result of misfortune, rather than the condition almost always inseparable from low birth.

This young man was couched upon the pavement of the doge's palace, his head sustained by his right arm, his eyes turned towards the sea expressed a sad reflection, and his left arm extended by his side, was enveloped in bandages spotted with blood, which concealed a wound.

It was the hour when all labor ceased; the noise of the busy port, the cries of the mariners was silenced; there was heard in the distance, gliding through the

canals, the thousands of sweetly mysterious gondolas, bearing nightly in every direction Venetian lovers. The poor young man remained alone with his pain and his suffering. Exhaustion was using up his strength, and he was fainting, when a feeble and plaintive voice called out several times quite near him:—"Antonio! my dear Antonio!"

Antonio painfully raised his sinking head, and turning his eyes with great effort towards the palace, answered in a hardly audible voice:—"Who is there? Who calls me? Is there a being charitable enough to throw my body into the sea, for I feel that I am about to die!"

At these words a little old woman advanced, hobbling along, to the side of the wounded man, and leaning over him—"Young fool," said she to him with a fiendish laugh, "thou wishest to die here, when fortune attends thee! See thou there, look towards the horizon at those golden waves made brilliant by the setting sun! That is the sign that fortune is about to visit thee. Courage, then, Antonio; it is inanition which makes thee believe that thou art dying on these stones. Thou must drink, eat, and get strong!"

Antonio recognized in this old woman an old crazy beggar whom he had often seen crouching around the door of the Franciscan convent, sarcasm or laughter always on her lips, and to whom he himself had more than once given a quattrino. "Leave me to my repose, old sorceress," he cried out to her impatiently. "Yes, truly, it is hunger, more than my wound, that keeps me like a dog upon the pavement; for three days I have not earned enough to buy a mouthful of bread. I tried to drag myself to the monastery to ask for some soup in charity, but the hour for distribution is now passed, and my com-

rades are gone without having had the humanity to take me with them. It is now better that I should die than suffer more."

"He, he, he, he," sneered the old woman; "why then do you abandon hope? You are thirsty, you are hungry? Well, here is something to provide for that, much these little dry fish that I bought just now at the Zecca; here is inimitable lemonade, and a fresh loaf of bread; eat, my little man, eat and drink as much as you wish, and afterwards we will see to curing your wounded arm."

Speaking in this manner, the old woman drew from her bag the provisions that she offered thus liberally.

As soon as Antonio had refreshed his burning lips with a draught of the precious liquid, and done honor to the frugal repast of the old woman, the latter busied herself examining his wound with the most tender solicitude. The arm was grievously bruised, but in full progress of cure. She spread over it, warming it with what breath she had remaining, an ointment that she kept in a little box, and rubbed it softly, continuing her talk with Antonio. "And who then," said she to him—"who then, my poor child, struck thee so rudely?"

Antonio, comforted by the nourishment, rose up at these words, and with fiery eye and grasped hands, exclaimed:—"It was Nicolo, the sailor, from jealousy at each poor quattrino thrown to me by beneficent hands! Thou knowest, good woman, that I earned my living by unloading bales and rolling them to the German store, in the Fontego."

At the word Fontego, the old woman commenced chattering and grumbling with a strange volubility:—"Fontego, Fontego, Fontego!"

“Hold thy tongue, and stop thy stupid laughter, if thou wishest me to speak to thee,” said Antonio, stamping his foot. The old woman became silent, and he continued: “I had amassed a pile of quattrinos, and bought a new coat; and then quite happy at seeing myself a little better dressed, I enlisted among the gondoliers. As I was always gay, well disposed, robust and active, and knew many little songs to amuse my passengers, I gained every day a few quattrinos more than my comrades. But soon, envious of my well doing, these latter succeeded in embroiling me with the master of my gondola. I was discharged, and reduced to the necessity of taking up with my former disagreeable employment of porter again. Now, three days ago, near Saint Sebastian, I was assailed with stones, and with blows of the oar by those miserable fellows, whilst I was peaceably occupied in unloading a boat. I defended myself like a lion, but the cowardly Nicolo knocked me down by a blow with his oar, which would have broken my head, but luckily it only bruised my left arm. Ah! I feel, good woman, that the balm with which thou hast so well rubbed me, already gives me infinite relief. I shall have soon, God willing, recovered my vigor; and the oar will be light again in my hands!”

And as the joyful Antonio moved his arms in the air, like a man rowing, the old woman cried out, in a satanic voice:—“Row then, row still; row with all thy force, my child; thy fortune is coming; gold sparkles in the midst of the flames of the setting sun! Row, oh my son, once more! it is the last!”

Antonio no longer listened to the exclamations of the old woman. A magnificent spectacle had just appeared to him, and absorbed his whole attention. From Saint

Clement majestically advanced, like a golden swan, the Bucentoro, under the flag of the Adriatic lion, cutting the waves before the cadenced exertion of the rowers. Around about it, in the eddying waves, floated a thousand barks and gondolas, ornamented with streamers of all colors; and the horizon of the lagunes, burnished with the splendors of the setting sun, threw over this naval retinue, and over the edifices of Venice, its brilliant rays. But whilst Antonio, under the charm of this marvellous vision, forgot his grief in a mute contemplation, the sky became redder and redder, the wind arose, and the dull rumbling of an approaching storm sounded from afar over the sea. Soon a black cloud extended itself like a leaden curtain in the air; the gulf beginning to rise and swell, whipped with its foam the triumphal squadron. The Bucentoro, grounding under the redoubled shocks of the tempest, seemed at each moment about to be swallowed up. To the joyful shoutings had succeeded the cries of fear, from the mariners and the people who had assembled in crowds upon the beach.

Antonio watched the still increasing disorder, when the rattling of a chain struck upon his ear; he looked—it is a small boat tied to the wall, and tormented by the hurricane. To untie this skiff, take the oars, and launch himself on the waves before the Bucentoro, was the affair of a moment for the young boatman. As he decreased the distance, cries of distress reached his ear in strong and agonized accents. “Save the doge! Save the doge!” exclaimed all voices. And already from every quarter numerous small boats arrived, more easily surmounting the fury of the waves than a larger vessel, offering in this moment of extreme peril the most precious assistance. But as it almost always happens in this

life, the execution of a project is often the act of a man who, according to all appearances, the least expects to succeed ; whilst the combined efforts of the many remain without result.

It was poor Antonio whom fate had chosen to save the doge. He was the only one whose well-managed skiff succeeded, in spite of the tempest by which it was assailed, in reaching the prow of the Bucentoro. Marino Falieri, standing on the deck of the vessel in a calm and majestic attitude, contemplated with resignation the danger which momentarily increased ; but when Antonio had thrown his graplin to fasten his boat to the vessel, he seemed to recover the vigor of his youth, and sprang into it with as much skill as a sailor long accustomed to the sea would have shown. Antonio, proud of so noble a charge, turned his humble boat against the current towards land, conducting Marino Falieri safe and sound to Saint-Mark.

The doge, still dripping with sea water, went into the church, where the ceremonies of the coronation were then finished. The people as well as the nobility were seized with fear. Every body sought for vague predictions in the events of this day. The most formidable, and that with which most minds were struck, was, that in the hurry inseparable from the confusion of the time, the doge had passed between the two columns that mark the place of bloody executions.

No one seemed to take notice of the doge's saviour ; Antonio himself, broken by fatigue, and suffering more than ever from his badly healed wound, had stood aside without once thinking of the reward that his devotion merited. He fell exhausted on the steps of the ducal palace. Great therefore was his surprise, when, towards

dusk, a guard came to awake him, and conducted him, weak as he was, into the inner apartments of the doge. Marino Falieri advanced several steps to meet him, and, giving him two well filled purses, said to him,—“My good friend, thou hast shown to-day both spirit and courage; every good action ought to have its reward; accept then these three thousand sequins. If you wish for more, speak without fear; I can refuse thee nothing; but never appear again before my eyes.”

In ending this sentence, the old man changed countenance; his eyes flashed fire, and his nose grew fiery red. Antonio paid no attention to this singular action; the only thing which occupied his mind, was the joy of having acquired a little fortune, that seemed to him very easily gained even at the peril of his life.

The following day, Marino Falieri, clothed again in sovereign purple, and leaning on the railing of the palace balcony, looked reflectingly upon the people, who were yielding themselves up to all kinds of diversions offered to them on the occasion of the coronation. Bodoeri, his boyhood's friend, watched with anxiety on his physiognomy the traces of a secret grief. They were alone.

“Well, Falieri,” said he to him, smiling, to divert the thoughts which absorbed him, “what sombre melancholy besieges you? Does the ducal crown already weigh upon your forehead?”

This interruption displeased the doge; but he knew that his election was the work of Bodoeri. The influence of this patrician was immense. Falieri swallowed his ill humor, and answered that his pre-occupation was solely caused by the difficult measures rendered necessary by the approach of the enemy. “Such details,” replied Bodoeri, “ought not to trouble the tranquillity of your

mind ; the plan for the defence of Venice will be soon discussed in the senate house. It was not to speak of war that I came to visit you so early. No ; the object of my visit interests you alone ; do you not divine what it is ? I come to propose a marriage to you."

"A marriage ! what an idea !" exclaimed the doge, turning his back to his friend. "A marriage ! but Ascension Day is still sometime distant, and between now and that, I hope, with the aid of God, that the Adriatic, rendered glorious by my victories, will receive with pride my wedding ring."

"Well ! who speaks to you," replied Bodoeri, impatiently, "of the celebration of the Ascension, or the mysterious marriage of the doges with the Adriatic ! Is the sea so faithful a spouse that you could make it the sole object of eternal love ? Do you not know its perfidy ? Have you forgotten that she receives with every reign a new ring, like a slave's tribute paid to her successively by all the sovereigns of Venice ? I believed, Falieri, that once raised to power, you would make choice of one of the most beautiful daughters of the earth."

"At my age ?" murmured Falieri. "But am I not shattered by the labors of life ? And how could I love at this late hour ?"

"What ! must we measure man's life by the number of his years, by the power of greatness accomplished ? This day, doge of Venice, do you feel the increased weight of your sword ; and when you descend the stairs of the ducal palace, do you feel your knees tremble under the weight of your purple mantle ?"

"Who says that ?" cried Falieri, in a rescunding voice. "No, by Saint-Mark, my arm is neither weaker, nor my step less firm, than in my palmiest days !"

"In that case," said Bodoeri, "you still have time to gather the finest flowers of life. Elevate to supreme rank the woman that I am about to propose to you, and all Venice will bow before the choice that you have made."

Thus profiting by this flash of animation which had just galvanized the eighty years age of the doge, Bodoeri set about painting the most seductive portrait of the perfections united in the person of the young girl whose name would soon alone remain for him to learn. Each word produced its effect; the withered features of Marino bloomed anew, and his lips smacked as if he had at that moment tasted a flagon of delicious Syracuse. "He! he!" he began; "what then is this treasure of beauty that you are about to unveil to me?"

"It is with my grand niece," replied Bodoeri, "that I have the honor of entertaining your grace."

"Your niece, Bodoeri! But I thought that she was married—married long ago to Bertuccio Nenolo. I was then governor of Treviso."

"Your grace speaks of my niece Fransesca, but it is her daughter that I propose to you. Nenolo perished in a naval combat; his disconsolate widow retired into a cloister at Rome, and I have educated their daughter Annunziata in my villa at Treviso, hidden from all eyes, in the bosom of the most complete retirement. She is a beautiful maiden, hardly nineteen years of age. She unites to all the attractions of perfect beauty, the charm of the sweetest virtues. She will be as submissive as a child to you, and devoted as a wife, grateful for the magnificent rank that she will owe to you."

"I will see her! I will see her!" interrupted the doge, whose imagination immediately retraced the live-

liest colors of the portrait which had been drawn of the beautiful Annunziata.

Several hours later, on coming out of the Council Chamber, Marino Falieri met in the passage-way the marvellous young girl, on whom Bodoëri founded the hope of his approaching power. At the sight of this entrancing person, he felt an unaccustomed thrill in all his veins, and his lips only gave utterance to words without connection. Annunziata, instructed previously, without doubt, in the ceremony that she was to observe before the doge, blushing kneeled, and kissed the extended hand of the doge. "My lord," said she to him in a voice that was with difficulty heard on account of its emotion, "would your grace deign to call me to the signal honor of being seated by your side on the ducal throne? The whole life of your humble servant would hardly suffice to repay such favor."

Marino Falieri trembled with pleasure in listening to this heavenly voice that told him such sweet things. The touch of Annunziata's hand produced on his nerves an electric shock; his eyes became dimmed, his legs yielded; he started backwards several steps reelingly, and fell heavily into an arm-chair. Bodoëri, his eyes fixed upon him, laughed in his beard at the pitiable state of his old friend. His ambition told him all that this first success promised to his future projects. But he knew how to contain himself to prevent the innocent Annunziata from forming a suspicion that she was about to be sold to this crowned old man. This scene had beside him no other witness.

Falieri had again become reflective. He thought of the ridicule that would perhaps be lavished by the people on his union with a young girl of nineteen. But the

adroit Bodoeri came to his aid, and they resolved, by common consent, that the marriage should be accomplished in the greatest secrecy, and that the dogess should be, some time afterward, presented to the nobility and people as the wife of Falieri for several years, and as arriving from Treviso, where she had passed the time of his embassy to Avignon.

Let us lavish a look upon that fine young man, richly costumed, walking on the Rialto, talking with Jews, Turks, Armenians and Greeks. In his hand resounds a purse well filled with golden sequins; but his forehead is covered with untimely wrinkles; suffering has undoubtedly worn away his existence. He goes, he comes, he stops; his steps are uncertain, his manner is restless. Suddenly he becomes decided; he throws himself into a gondola, and orders the gondolier to conduct him to Saint-Mark. Arrived there, he commences again the same wandering promenade; his arms are folded upon his breast, his eyes are fixed on the ground. Vainly as he passes are the blinds opened; vainly sweet words are murmured in his ear; he sees nothing, he hears nothing, he walks on. Who would be able to recognize in this young man the poor Antonio whom we saw, for the first time, extended upon the pavement of the doge's palace? But a well known voice salutes him as he is about to pass before Saint-Mark's Church. He turns; it is the old woman who predicted to him the night before his fortunate adventure. Antonio seeks in his purse for several sequins to bestow upon her in charity.

"What shall I do with your gold?" exclaimed the beggar. "I am richer than thou art, my child; but if thou wishest to gladden me, give me a new mantle to preserve me from the wind and rain; and may God pre-

serve thee! But remember to avoid the Fontego!"— Antonio looked with pity upon the poor woman. Her recommendation appeared to him devoid of sense; and to get rid of her pertinacity, he began again to call the good old woman a sorceress and witch.

But at these words the unfortunate creature rolled as if struck by a thunder-bolt on the steps of the church.

Antonio ran towards her to raise her.

"Oh my son!" said she, in a sobbing voice, "what evil have I done thee that I should be treated in this manner? Ah, if thou couldst know"——

But the words died upon her lips; she hid her withered features under the rags that scarcely served her for a covering, and began to groan in a lamentable manner.

Antonio suffered unaccountably at seeing her in this condition. He conducted her with difficulty and seated her under the portico of Saint-Mark; then, taking a seat by her side—"My good woman," said he to her, "I cannot deny that my good fortune comes to me from thee; for if you had not succored me in my distress, I should not have saved the doge, nor gained the three thousand sequins; but without speaking of this service, it seems to me that I feel an irresistible interest in thee; and when I worked in the port earning with great difficulty my daily bread, I should have thought that I was neglecting my duty, had I not given thee every evening several quattrinos."

"Oh my child! my Tonino!" exclaimed the old woman, "I know very well, myself, why thou feelest that affection against which thou wouldst in vain wrestle. And tell me now, hast thou no remembrance of a more fortunate existence? Hast thou, from thy earliest childhood, followed the miserable calling of laborer!"

“What shall I say to thee, my good woman,” replied Antonio; “and why recall the past, which cannot return? I know that my parents were rich, but I no longer remember their faces, nor the event which separated us. They spoke to me in a foreign language, that I have forgotten as well as themselves. When I was a boatman on the canals, my companions in labor, for the purpose of mocking me, said that I had the hair, features and manners of a German. But what matters it, after all, what country saw my birth, since I have lost all hope of regaining my family! I have a vague remembrance of the time when I was carried away. It was during a dark and stormy night, a cry of despair and atrocious pain awakened me with a start; the house was in disorder; the doors were opened and shut with great noise; a woman who was watching by my cradle rolled me up in a sheet and fled; since that time an immense space is wanting in my memory. Later still, I found myself in a brilliant palace in the bosom of a new country. The man whom I was taught to call father, had a princely and majestic bearing; he spoke Italian; I learned to prattle that language. One day whilst he was absent, evil looking people came to me. ‘What art thou doing in this house?’ said one of them to me. ‘I am Antonio,’ said I to them, ‘the son of the lord to whom this palace belongs.’ But these bandits despoiled me of my rich clothing, and threw me into the street, with a threat to beat me if ever I again appeared before them.

“At a short distance from the palace I met one of our servants. ‘Come, my poor child! come,’ said this good man, taking me in his arms; ‘happiness and ease are no longer to be hoped for on this earth for thee. I will try and work somewhere to gain a little bread which we

will share together !' He carried me to his house ; but I soon perceived that he was not so poor as he wished to appear, for his tattered garments concealed in their linings more than one good golden sequin ; and instead of working with his arms like a poor daily laborer, he went every day to the Rialto to conduct business with Jews and other foreign merchants. I followed him in his excursions, for he had told me to stick to him like his shadow, and every time he made a bargain he asked a gift for his little son, as he called me. My beauty often decided the purchasers to give several quattrinos, which the old man joyfully placed in his pouch, saying to me, in the most affectionate tone, that he wished immediately to clothe me anew from head to foot. Except that the new clothing never came, I was not unhappy with the old man Blaunas ; but Heaven reserved new misfortunes for me. Dost thou remember, my good woman, that frightful earthquake, which seven years ago nearly swallowed up Venice ? We hardly had time, Blaunas and myself, to fly from our home, that crumbled behind us. This catastrophe destroyed commerce ; the merchants had disappeared ; the city was plunged into stupor and consternation ; nevertheless this rude shock was only the precursor of a still more redoubtable scourge. The plague made its way from the east into Sicily with disastrous rapidity, and already afflicted Tuscany. Now it happened that one day the old man Blaunas had just concluded with great difficulty some business with an Armenian, he asked, according to custom, for the gratuity for his little son. The Armenian, a kind of a Hercules, covered with hair like a bear, threw an inquisitive look upon me, kissed me, and slipped into my hand two sequins, which I carefully kept. On the way, as we went

back to Saint-Mark's Square, the old man Blaunas wished me to give him the sequins. I do not know how it was, but I proved to him very logically that they belonged to me, since the Armenian, in giving them into my own hands, desired undoubtedly to make me the proprietor of them. Blaunas grew angry; but as he became animated, I remarked that his face was spotted with broad patches of livid yellow, and that his tongue only uttered words without connection. Hardly had we arrived at Saint-Marks, when he became dizzy; his legs failed him, his eyes turned in their orbits, and he fell dead at the foot of the stairs of the doge's palace. I threw myself in despair upon the inanimate body. The passers-by stopped on hearing my cries. But a voice having cried out from the crowd—'It is a plague-struck man!' they all fled with affright, leaving me alone fainting on the corpse that I embraced.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in a large vaulted apartment, stretched out on reed mats, scantily covered with woolen coverings. Thirty dying men were lying here and there on the floor. I asked where I was, and what they wished to do with me. I was told that some charitable monks coming out of Saint-Mark's Church, had found me still breathing, and had transported me in a gondola to the convent of San-Georgio-Maggiore, where the benedictines keep a hospital. My situation was deplorable; I had infinite difficulty in collecting one by one my scattered thoughts.

"Since that time I have learned nothing more, whether in reality I have known nothing positive and real concerning my origin, or that the plague has so paralyzed my memory, that the past is effaced from it, I cannot tell."

"Poor Tonino!" said the old woman, much moved; "think no more of the past, which is the prey of time; content thyself, if thou canst, with the good fortune that chance brings thee."

"Alas!" continued Antonio, "I have tried to do so in vain; something moves within me that sooner or later will have a fatal influence over my destiny. I feel myself consumed by an immense desire which carries my soul through unknown space; and this desire I can neither explain nor withdraw myself from its influence. When I lived by the painful labor of daily toil, sleep visited me by night, I slumbered after saying my prayers, and my dreams were pleasant. Since idleness is allowed me, I feel with greater force the torture of an isolated life. I vaguely remember the felicity that surrounded my cradle, and I am inconsolable at my impotency to regain the least trace of my former life!"

With these words Antonio became silent, a repressed sigh struggled in his breast, and he bowed his head to hide a burning tear.

The old beggar woman of Saint-Mark had listened to his recital with violent marks of inward agitation:—"Foolish child!" exclaimed she, when he had finished his narrative; "be careful not to abandon happiness for a dream! He is ruined who desires too much!"

Then her fits of frensied laughter seemed again to control her. She began to gambol about under the portico of the church, uttering short and piercing cries. Several worshippers who were coming out from prayers threw her some change; but she did not take the trouble to pick up the alms.

"Tonino," cried she again, "lead me down towards the sea!"

The young man mechanically obeyed this desire ; he took the old woman by the arm, and they both descended slowly in the direction of the water.

"Tonino," said she from time to time, in a grave and hoarse voice ; "look, Tonino, is there not spots of blood on the pavement ? Yes, it is blood ; dost thou not see ? black blood, there, every where ! But be not afraid, Tonino ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! from that blood will spring red roses to make thee a garland, a marriage crown ! Dost thou see—dost thou see yonder, coming in the pathway of heaven, that white vision of love who smiles upon thee, and who opens her arms to thee to clasp thee like a garland of lilies ? Hope and courage, my Tonino ! Thou shalt pluck, at sunset, balmy myrtle to adorn the bosom of thy bride ! But myrtles gathered at this hour only flourish at midnight ! Listen ! listen ! is not that already the night wind, the nocturnal zephyr, that caresses the air at the hour of love's watch, by the sleeping waves ? Courage, my Tonino ! courage !"

Thus psalmodizing, the old woman had regained a supernatural strength ; she drew Antonio along with rapid stride towards the sea. When they had arrived near the column that supports the Adriatic Lion, Antonio, fatigued as well as surprised by the still increasing exaltation of his singular companion, and seeing that she attracted the attention of the passers-by, suddenly stopped. "It is long enough to listen to thy ravings and hollow visions," said he to her. "I have promised thee a new mantle, and sequins enough to live a long time without begging. I will keep my promise, but leave me."

He was about leaving her with a quick motion, but the old woman retained him by grasping his cloak. "One moment longer," exclaimed she in a supplicating voice.

“One more look, if thou dost not wish to see me throw myself into the sea before thy very face!”

Antonio stopped, disdain upon his lips, and lassitude imprinted upon all his features.

“Seat thyself there, near to me,” continued the old woman; “I have a mystery to reveal to thee.”

Antonio seated himself as she directed, and turned his back towards her.

“Tonino,” said the old woman, “when thou lookest at me fixedly, dost thou not feel awakening in thy memory some vague reminiscence of former times?”

“I have a hundred times repeated to thee,” interrupted the young man, “that I felt myself drawn towards thee, in spite of myself, by an irresistible power. But when I look attentively upon thy wandering eyes, thy hooked nose, thy spotted cheeks, thy whole hideous and decrepit person, I say to myself that thou art an evil genius following in pursuit of me.”

“Great God! from whence can such an atrocious thought come to thee? But, Tonino, that woman who watched near thy cradle, that woman who carried thee off in her arms on that terrific night, that woman who saved thy life at the peril of her own—I am that woman, Tonino!”

“You?” exclaimed Antonio; “but do you still think, accursed mad woman, to unceasingly play upon my credulity? That woman, of whom I have still a faint remembrance, was beautiful and young—you cannot be her!”

“God in heaven! am I so unfortunate as to be repulsed! Holy Madonna, wilt thou not perform a miracle so that my Tonino may believe in the words of the faithful Margaretha!”

“Margaretha!” repeated Antonio, putting his hand to his forehead, as if to seek for a remembrance. “Margaretha! that name caresses my ear like the echo of a song lost in the distance. Margaretha! but no, it is impossible—it cannot be you!”

The old woman now only opposed calmness to the anxiety of Antonio. She continued speaking, her eyes bent upon the ground, and her hands folded upon her crutch. “Tonino, thou dost not belong to Venice; thy mother died in giving thee birth; thy father, a rich merchant of Augsburg, quitted his country, the loss of an adored wife having rendered it odious to him; he came and took up his abode in Venice, where I was chosen by him to be thy nurse. After the event of that fatal night, which deprived thee of thy father, I had the good fortune to save thee. A patrician of Venice received thee. As to myself, I remained alone, and without resources. I had learnt from my father, who had passed his life in the study of occult sciences, the art of knowing the secret properties of plants, and to prepare from them marvellous beverages. Heaven, that destined me perhaps to become some day the instrument of decrees that I am ignorant of, added to this miraculous knowledge the gift of reading the future. I often see moving, as in a camera, the shadows of future events; and the supernatural power which governs me in these moments makes me speak a strange language, which it is not always easy for me myself to understand the hidden meaning. Obeying the mysterious will that urged me, I practised my art in an obscure part of Venice. Extraordinary cures, which discredited all medical experience, created for me in a short time a reputation which gained me as many enviers as admirers. The quacks who sold their nostrums in Saint-

Mark's Square, on the Rialto, at Zecca, spread a report that I was in relation with the devil, and the people, always ready to become fanatic, arose against me. The inquisition took up the matter. I was subjected to the most frightful tortures to tear from me the confession of crimes of which I was innocent. My whole body was dislocated with unheard of refinement in cruelty. It is from that cause that my hair has become white, that my body has lost nearly all resemblance to the human form. These monsters drove me mad in the name of God, when they pretended to avenge. Then when I became no more in their hands than a living skeleton, when they had reduced me, at their leisure, to the condition of a travelling corpse, they condemned me to be burned ; and it was on the night before this punishment that a frightful earthquake, overturning the city, broke open my dungeon. I fled like a spectre amid thousands of ruined and crumbling palaces. It is then not age and decrepitude that have made me what I now appear to thy eyes ; it is torture that has disfigured me ; it is torture which has left me as a remembrance of its infernal hour these fits of madness, that fill you with horror instead of pity. And now, Tonino, now, wilt thou refuse to believe me ? Wilt thou not have a word of commiseration for poor Margaretha ?”

“Poor woman indeed !” exclaimed Antonio. “Yes, I feel-within me that thou speakest truly. But thou must inform me what thou knowest concerning my father ; who was he ? Tell me his name ? What events separated us ? And since thou canst read the secrets of destiny, I also wish that thou wouldst communicate to me the mysterious influences that govern my life, and which subject

me to so many vicissitudes. Speak, then, Margaretha ! I am impatient to know all."

"Not now, my Tonino—not now," murmured the old woman ; "but if thou believest in my words—if thou wouldst avoid an irreparable misfortune, go not to the Fontego."

At these words, the impatient young man suddenly arose. "I see plainly," exclaimed he, "that thou hast lost thy reason, and that I am myself a fool to listen to thy babbling. I will give thee a new mantle, and I will fill thy hands with golden sequins ; as for the rest, excuse me from listening to thy tales."

Some time after this, the marriage of the doge with the beautiful Annunziata was published throughout the city. It was a strange contrast to observe this old man, withering under his crown, leaning on the arm of the sweet young girl, whom the ambition of Bodoeri had delivered up to him. Every seduction of magnificence surrounded Annunziata. But beyond these splendors which softly caressed her fresh and childlike desires, marriage remained veiled to her with a modest mystery. She loved the doge with respect, with gratitude, and did not yet suspect that any other like sentiment could exist in this world. The young patricians of Venice, invited to the festivals at the ducal palace, disputed amongst themselves for the honor of her looks and smiles. It was every where renewed homage, and unceasingly the most devoted attentions. Annunziata looked, smiled, but her heart remained dumb. Nevertheless these idle nobles did not despair at this coldness, over which they fondly hoped that time would triumph. For the rest no one of them carried his passionate enthusiasm for the beautiful dogess so far as Michael Steno, the most powerful of all,

for he was invested, notwithstanding his youth, with the high functions of a member of the Council of Forty, and his office gave him great pride and hope.

Marino Falieri did not show any jealousy, and ever since his marriage he seemed to have lost something of his rudeness and austerity of former times. He was often seen seated near the beautiful Annunziata, dressed in his most becoming garments. The smile of contentment was always on his lips; all his words were affable, and he allowed himself with great facility to grant all the favors that were asked of him. Certainly this softened old man was far from resembling the conqueror of Morbassan, who in a fit of anger was not afraid to strike the bishop of Treviso in the face.

This sudden change of character served the projects of Michael Steno. Annunziata understood nothing of the gallant assaults that were made upon her by this young and brilliant lord. She remained cold and immovable. Michael Steno, despairing of his intrigue in following the ordinary ways of seduction, resolved to assure his victory at the price of the most culpable artifices. He corrupted, by means of gold, a maid who always remained with Annunziata, and obtained a key to the private apartments of the dogess. But God watched over the innocent young girl.

One night when the doge had just opened a dispatch which announced to him the disagreeable news of a battle lost near Porto-Congo, by Nicolo Pisani against Doria, and when a prey to sinister apprehensions, he wandered about sorrowfully, without being able to sleep, he suddenly perceived a shadow slip from that side of the palace occupied by Annunziata. It was Michael Steno, who was coming secretly from the apartments of

the dogess. A frightful thought darted into the soul of Falieri. He sprang upon Steno, with his poignard in his hand. But Steno, stronger and more agile than the old man, overthrew the doge, and disappeared in the darkness. Falieri went directly to Annunziata's chamber. All was quiet, like the silence of the tomb. He knocked rudely. A woman opened the door, and Falieri saw a strange face. This woman was not attached to the private service of the dogess. Meanwhile Annunziata awoke, and said—"What seeks my honored husband at this late hour?"

This voice is not moved. Falieri approached, fixed his eyes upon the dogess, and raising his hands towards heaven, exclaimed—"No, no, it cannot be possible!"

"What does this mean? What trouble agitates you?" exclaimed Annunziata, trembling at the words and looks of the fierce old man.

Falieri, without answering, turned towards the waiting maid:—"By whose orders are you here?" said he; "and why is not Luigia at her accustomed post to-night?"

"My lord," said this girl, "Luigia desired me to take her place for this night; she must be abed in the chamber opening on the staircase."

"Near the stairway?" exclaimed Falieri joyfully, and with a rapid step he took his way towards it. Luigia, forced to open to his redoubled knockings, no sooner perceived the anger which inflamed the looks of the doge, than she fell upon her knees and confessed her fault, the proof of which was there; it was a pair of men's gloves, perfumed with amber, and embroidered in the tissue with the blazonry of Michael Steno.

The doge, secretly ashamed of having compromised

his gravity by a show of useless jealousy, wrote to the imprudent patrician forbidding him, under penalty of banishment, to show himself again in his presence, or in the vicinity of the ducal palace.

Michael Steno; finding himself discovered and branded with this disgrace, swore to have terrible vengeance for it; and, for a commencement, he feared not to circulate the most injurious reports concerning the virtue of the dogess. Marino Falieri was not the last whose ears were offended by these calumnies. His impotence to chastise the miserable man who thus sullied in secret the honor of his crown, the grief that his critical position before a people always ready to take hold of any current ridicule, jealousy lastly which sprang into life with all its poisons from the germs of discord and hatred, changed into gall the character of Falieri. He exiled his young wife to the most retired apartments in the palace; he surrounded her with watchers and spies, and deprived her of all associations from without.

Bodoeri alone informed of these rigorous measures, dared to counsel the doge to more humane action. Marino Falieri was inflexible.

Meanwhile carnival-time approached. At these popular festivals, the doge and his spouse have from time immemorial presided over the amusements of their subjects. Bodoeri, profiting by this custom, represented to doge Falieri the ridicule that he would draw upon himself in the eyes of the world, if his foolish jealousy deprived Venice of the presence of Annunziata.

"How! but do you think then," said the doge gravely, "do you think then that I am reduced to the necessity of hiding my wife, and that I cannot, when I please, defend her in open day with my old sword? I will to-morrow

show myself in public on Saint-Mark's Square. I want all Venice to salute with applause their beautiful sovereign. I wish Annunziata to receive herself the bouquet of the intrepid sailor who is to descend from the pinnacle towards her, in the celebration of the festival of Shrove Thursday."

The doge spoke of an old national custom. It is customary, on Shrove Thursday, for the boldest one among the people to embark in a kind of boat suspended upon a cable, one end of which is attached to the belfry of Saint-Mark, and the other fastened to a support in the water. The daring navigator slides from this height, like an arrow, to the place where the doge and dogess are seated by the sea-side, and offers to the dogess a magnificent bouquet of flowers.

Now then, the following day Marino Falieri kept the promise that he had sworn to Bodoeri. The sovereign retinue, of which Annunziata was the most beautiful ornament, moved in pomp to Saint-Mark's Square, in the midst of an immense concourse of the people. The wits of the city were not backward in sharpening up a thousand piquant epigrams concerning the illustrious couple; the courtiers were not left behind in their criticisms; but the doge shut his ears to all, and contrived to remain unmoved.

The moment that Annunziata came out of the palace door, a young man who stood quietly leaning against a column, uttered a cry, and fell fainting on the marble pavement. The crowd pressed around him, and the dogess saw him not; but that cry had pierced her heart like a hot iron. She grew pale and fell. The doge scowled, and, repulsing the assistance that was offered to his young wife, carried her in his own arms to her private apartment.

Another scene was passing at the palace gates. The people were preparing to carry off the young man, who appeared to be lifeless, when an old woman, making her way with great effort through the group of spectators, finally reached him. "Good heavens!" exclaimed she, "leave the child there; leave him, I tell you; he is not dead!" And hrowing herself upon her knees by his side, she pillowed his head on her bosom, and commenced rubbing him and calling him by the tenderest names.

They could not refrain from feeling a singular horror at the sight of this hideous creature lovingly bending over the pale face of this handsome young man. In hearing the rustling of her rags against the rich costume of the unknown man, in seeing the activity of her skeleton arms, livid, bony and scarred, with which she touched the white forehead and chest of the sick man, it would have been said that death in person had come to take possession of his living prey.

When the young man opened his eyes, several of the company carried him to a gondola, in which the old woman, taking a place by his side, ordered the boatman to take them to Antonio's dwelling, [for the reader will have already recognized our hero, and the old woman was no other than the beggar of the Franciscan porch.]

When Antonio had recovered his senses, and recognized at the foot of his bed old Margaretha, who had just held to his lips a precious elixir, he fixed a sorrowful look upon her, and finally murmured, in a slow and broken voice—"Thanks, Margaretha! thanks, faithful friend! I feel, by the devotedness that thou showest, the truth of the story that thou hast related. I now know all. I have seen her! It was she herself! And my past life

appeared before me like a dream. Tell me, Margaretha, was it not Bertuccio Nenolo, the celebrated naval commander, who adopted me as his son, and commenced my education at his villa in Treviso?"

"Alas! yes," said the old woman; "it was really Bertuccio Nenolo, swallowed by the sea during a battle, in which he covered himself with glory."

"Listen," replied Antonio, "and do not interrupt me. I was in reality at the house of Bertuccio Nenolo, who had all the care of a father for me. There was behind the house a forest of pines, whose wild sweetness was delicious to breathe. One evening, tired of jumping and running in the flowery meadows, I laid down under the shade of a great tree, and admired, in a sweet reverie, the magnificence of the setting sun. Little by little, the powerful perfume plunged me by degrees into an apathy, from which I was suddenly awakened by a noise in the grass, like the fall of a heavy substance. At a bound I was upon my feet. An angelic figure was before me, that said in a heavenly voice—'My dear child, thou wast calmly and carelessly sleeping, when death was by thy side!' I then perceived on the ground a little black serpent, whose head had been crushed with a branch by this celestial being, when the perfidious reptile was about to sting me. I threw myself on my knees before the angel, who was still smiling, and I said to her—'Blessed art thou, spirit from heaven, whom God has sent to save me!' 'No, my dear child,' replied the adorable being. 'I am not an angel; I am a young girl—a child like thyself.' My respect was changed into a very sweet emotion. A mysterious warmth circulated in my veins. I arose; our arms were extended, and in the extacy of a long kiss, our souls mingled amid tears and sighs. Sud-

denly a silvery voice resounded in the forest—'Annunziata! Annunziata!' The young girl trembled. 'I must,' said she—'I must leave thee, dear child; my mother calls me!' At these words an inexpressible anguish pressed upon my heart. I was about to throw myself again into her arms, but the silvery voice cried out again—'Annunziata!' and the young girl disappeared.

"It was from that day, oh Margaretha, that love hid his first germs in the depths of my heart. It is a fire that was nourished in secret, and now devours me like a conflagration! A few days after this meeting, the event took place which drove me from Bertuccio Nenolo's house. The old man Blaunas, to whom I have often repeated this in confidence, has as often assured me that this angelic vision was Nenolo's daughter, Annunziata, brought one day by her mother Franesca to the villa at Treviso, and taken away the day following. Oh, Margaretha, may God protect me, for this Annunziata that I love deliriously, is the doge's wife!"

Here emotion broke Antonio's voice, he fell back on his bed, weeping and groaning.

"Poor Tonino!" replied the old woman; "be of good courage, thou must struggle against thy foolish grief. And besides, why shouldst thou despair? Is there not golden flowers of hope that bloom without number for lovers? Who can know at night what the morrow can bring forth? How often the illusions of a dream have become reality! How often the castle in the air, supported by the clouds, has descended to earth and become granite! Listen to me, Tonino, and remember my prediction; the white banner of love has displayed its folds, and advances to meet thee. Patience, my child, patience!"

Thus the good Margaretha tried to restore calmness to the soul of Antonio. Her affectionate words were like sweet music to him. He no longer wished her to leave him. The beggar of the Franciscan porch became from that day the nurse of lord Antonio. The matron's dress replaced her rags, and she strutted with pride every time she crossed Saint-Mark's Square, in fulfilling the functions of her new office.

Shrove Thursday at last arrived. It was the last and finest day of the carnival at Venice. Fireworks had been placed in the middle of Saint-Mark's Square, by a Greek who was instructed in the art, still so little known, of pyrotechny. Towards night, Falieri conducted the dogess to the throne which had been prepared for her on one of the terraces of the ducal palace. The marvellous beauty of Annunziata charmed all eyes, and made her the object of every conversation.

At the moment the doge was about to take his seat, he perceived Michael Steno standing against a column, at a short distance from him, his head proudly raised, and his eyes fixed upon Annunziata, with a singular expression of hate and desire. Falieri immediately sent to order him to quit the place. Steno threw upon him a threatening glance; but the guards dragged him away, and thrust him out of the palace.

Let us return to Antonio. The poor young man had left the crowd, and sadly walked by the sea-side, asking himself at every step if he would not be happier to end his days by self-destruction, than to live thus in misfortune, without consolation and without hope. Already fascinated by the fatal ideas that jostled together in his head, he reached the landing, near a place where the

water was deep and dark, when a voice cried out joyfully to him—"Welcome, master Antonio!"

It was Pietro, the boatman, one of Antonio's old comrades. This personage was very smartly dressed in a new jacket, ornamented with ribbons of all colors. He wore a cap covered with plumes, and in his hand he carried a great bouquet.

"What good fortune has smiled upon thee, then?" asked Antonio. "Hast thou this evening some rich stranger lord to take for enjoyment on the canals?"

In answer Pietro cut a caper in his skiff. "It is I," exclaimed he, "that am this evening to make the perilous voyage on the cable that descends from the tower of Saint-Mark's Church. It is I who will soon offer the bouquet of flowers to the beautiful dogess!"

"Ah, bah!" said Antonio; "what an idea! Why do you seek an opportunity to break your neck?"

As he said these words, the skiff drifted under the machine at the end of the cable that was buried in the water.

"Comrade," continued Antonio, pensively, "wouldst thou not be happier to gain a good handful of sequins, without risking thy life in this foolish adventure?"

"Yes, certainly, a thousand times," exclaimed Pietro; "but must I not earn my bread?"

"Well," said Antonio, throwing him his purse, "take that gold, give me thy boatman's dress, and clear out. I myself will take thy place in the excursion that thou art so easily rid of."

"Great thanks!" replied the gondolier; "you have become a rich lord, and your generosity touches me. I like gold, and this seems to be of good quality. But do you think that any price can pay for the pleasure of offer-

ing the bouquet of flowers to the dogess, for the near contemplation of her charms, and for the sound of her divine voice? Who would not risk his life a thousand times for that? If it were not you, Antonio, I would not consent to yield this pleasure."

"Let us make haste then!" interrupted Antonio.

The exchange of garments was soon made; and as they finished, the signal for the ascension sounded from Saint-Mark's tower.

"On board, and good luck to you!" cried Pietro to his old friend, who was taking his place in the suspended boat. At the same instant, the sea sparkled with a myriad of flashes of all colors; repeated explosions awoke the echoes around about. The intrepid Antonio traversed the fireworks that rained showers of flame upon him. Arrived at the tower, he touched a spring, and descended like a thunder-bolt to the level of the terrace, within two paces of the dogess. No words can describe what was passing in his soul at this moment. He offered the flowery treasure to the dogess, who, rising, murmured several sweet phrases to him; but the boat, as if driven by destiny, continued its sliding course along the cable, and carried our hero, more dead than alive, into Pietro's bark.

Now whilst the fireworks were exploding, the doge Falieri had bent down in his arm-chair, and picked up at his feet a note without address, in which he found these words written—"The doge Falieri has married a beautiful woman, but others possess her besides himself."

The visage of the old man became purple on reading these words, and he swore aloud to discover, to punish without pity the audacious author of this bloody injury. As he threw rapid and furious glances about him, he

again perceived Michael Steno, who seemed to scorn him, from amid the crowd that pressed around the foot of the terrace.

“Let that man be seized,” exclaimed he; “it is he alone who could be guilty of this!”

A murmur of discontent arose amongst the people when the officers executed this order. Patricians and plebeians arose against this act of despotism, which was aimed at a man merely upon suspicion. The senators left their places; old Marino Bodoeri alone wandered round amongst the crowd, seeking to justify the order given by their sovereign, and to make all the blame of this odious proceeding fall upon Michael Steno. It was indeed Michael Steno who had written the anonymous billet, and who had designedly dropped it near the ducal chair. The Council of Ten, invested with the power to pursue this attempt against the respect due to the chief of the state, yielded its judgment up to the Council of Forty, of which number Steno was one. The sentence of this tribunal condemned Michael to banishment for one month. This punishment, derisively indulgent in so grave an act, must have warned Marino Falieri that the nobility, launched upon the sea of insolence and rebellion, would gradually push their pretensions and audacity to the most extreme limits.

Several days after this occurrence, Antonio was sadly reflecting upon his hopeless love for Annunziata. Old Margaretha made useless efforts to distract him from this fixed thought, which was wearing away his existence like a fever. One day she came home in one of those fits of satanic hallucination to which she was frequently subject. She revived several half-consumed brands on the hearth, placed a little brass vase filled with vegetable

compositions upon a tripod, and began actively to boil them, mingling with this labor her ordinary laughter, which had already caused Antonio so much nervous impatience. "Tonino, my dear Tonino," exclaimed she finally, when her exhausted strength failed her entirely, "couldst thou guess from whence I come?"

Antonio looked fixedly at her without answering.

"Tonino," continued the old woman, "I have just seen her; I was a short time ago as near to her as I am now to thee; I have spoken to the beautiful Annunziata!"

"Oh! but thou wishest to deprive me altogether of reason!" exclaimed Antonio.

"I bring thee, on the contrary, happiness and hope," replied Margaretha. "Listen, dear child. I was buying fruit on the Piazzetta, when I heard confused voices relating the accident that had just happened to the dogess. One of these voices said—'A scorpion has stung her on the right arm, and the wound is of a dangerous character. My master, the wise doctor Giovanni Basseggio was called to the dogess, and he is now undoubtedly occupied in amputating the suffering member.' Whilst I was listening to these words with a lively interest, a frightful disturbance was heard from the interior of the palace; the door opened, and a kind of dwarf of singular ugliness was passed from hand to hand, and thrown like a ball by the guards down the grand staircase. The passers, attracted by this scene, made a circle of laughs around this poor creature, all covered with contusions and stunned by his fall. But at the same moment, and with a movement as quick as thought, the man who had just explained the accident, seized upon the abortion, picked him up, rolled him up in his mantle, and ran towards

the water, where a gondola was waiting for him, which was immediately rowed away. The dwarf, thus rudely expelled, was no other, indeed, than the little doctor Giovanni Basseggio, whose advice, as it appears, the doge was not pleased with.

“As for me, dear Tonino, I hobbled home, without losing a minute, and quickly I prepared some remedies, whose secret virtues I am acquainted with, and carried to the ducal palace for Annunziata’s cure. I arrived and was presented to the beautiful patient. The charming child, couched among the cushions, constantly repeated, in her sweet voice—‘I am poisoned; I shall die!’ I consoled her and encouraged her. I applied my miraculous ointment to the wound, and it soothed her immediately. The doge, transported with joy, threw into my lap handfuls of golden sequins. ‘Thy fortune is made,’ said he to me, ‘if thou canst save the dogess!’ Then he went out of the apartment, leaving us alone together. Annunziata gradually yielded to a sweet and restoring slumber. She slept for three hours calmly. As soon as she awoke, I again applied the remedy which had already produced such happy effect. The poor young woman looked at me with eyes in which shone the most delicious content and gratitude. ‘Dear princess,’ said I to her, ‘God has saved you, for he never leaves a good action unrewarded; and I know that formerly you preserved a poor child from the sting of a poisonous serpent!’ At these words her face was illuminated with celestial brilliancy. ‘My good old woman,’ said she to me, ‘how is it possible that you know this? Ah, yes, it is true; I remember it. It was a very pretty child.’ ‘And that child,’ exclaimed I immediately, without being able to resist the desire to speak it—‘that child exists; he is in

Venice ; he is near by. He thinks only of you ; he loves you ; he speaks incessantly of you. It was he who, to see you nearer, made the perilous ascent on Shrove Thursday. It was he who offered you the bouquet of flowers.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the dogess, 'my presentiments did not deceive me then. I knew that it was he, he who filled me with inexpressible uneasiness, when, bowing before me, pronounced my name so gently, that none else heard him. Good old woman, thou knowest where this young man is. I must see him ; I must speak to him. Go, run, conduct him here.' "

At the last words pronounced by the good Margaretha, Antonio trembled ; an electric shudder passed through his limbs. " Lord !" exclaimed he, raising his hands to heaven—" Lord, protect me from all evil until I have seen her again—seen her again and pressed her to my heart. Death after will be sweet to me ! I shall have lived long enough, since destiny separates us forever ! "

The poor young man, quite unnerved by happiness and impatience, wanted old Margaretha to conduct him immediately to the ducal palace ; and she had much difficulty to make him understand that this visit was impossible, seeing that amid a thousand other obstacles, the doge every hour entered the apartment of Annunziata to observe, with the most touching solicitude, the progress of her cure.

Several days were thus passed, during which the health of the dogess continued to improve. The old woman went every morning to the palace, but she could find no excuse for introducing Antonio. Our hero consoled himself by making her repeat a hundred times the conversations that she held with Annunziata ; chats of which he was the sole object. Then he went away to

wander among the canals, struggling with his sorrow and care. But the solitary excursions fatigued his body, without calming the fire of his passion or diminishing his uneasy sufferings, and he returned daily to pass long hours in reflection on the steps of the palace, which contained the only subject of all his thoughts.

One evening, at the hour when the setting sun pours a flood of golden light over the purple of the sky, Pietro the gondolier was singing, whilst leaning against one of the pillars of the Bridge of Sighs. His gondola, tied to an iron ring, coquettishly danced, and spread to the breeze its brilliant streamers. This charming skiff, ornamented with particular care, seemed a copy, in miniature, of the famous Bucentoro, the vessel of honor. Now then, Pietro was singing whilst looking at the running water, when he perceived, a few paces from him, his former comrade, Antonio, sadder and more dejected than ever.

“Halloo, Master Antonio!” cried the gondolier; “may God give you joy, for the sequins that you gave me brought me good luck, as you see!”

Antonio asked him by what lucky chance he saw him so smartly dressed, and proprietor of a gondola, the possession of which would have pleased the richest lady in Venice. Pietro hastened to inform his old friend that he had the honor to carry, almost every evening, the doge and the dogess to Giudecca, where Falieri had built a splendid summer residence.

“Comrade,” said Antonio, trembling with delight at this confidence—“comrade, one service more, and I will give thee as much gold as I gave thee before; for which thou shalt let me, in thy stead, conduct the doge to Giudecca.”

"Impossible!" objected Pietro; "the doge knows me, and would not allow any one to replace me."

And as Antonio, governed by his passion, insisted with unheard of perseverance, Pietro began to laugh.

"Ah, Master Antonio," said he, "you are in love with the angel eyes of the dogess."

Finally, to conciliate his duty with the interest he had in obliging Antonio, he consented to take him for that night, in the capacity of a rower. It was agreed that he should pretend to Falieri a sudden indisposition, to account for the presence of a stranger. Antonio's sailor toilet was soon made. He ran away to change his dress, and disguised his features by mounting an enormous false beard. He had hardly re-appeared to his friend Pietro, when the doge and Annunziata arrived.

"What is this stranger?" asked Falieri.

Pietro excused himself as well as he could, for not being able, on account of his sudden illness, to row the gondola himself; and the doge, assured that the assistant sailor was well known by his favorite gondolier, consented to his admission for the trip.

Antonio thought himself at the gates of heaven. He felt entranced at the rustling of Annunziata's dress. He breathed the same air, he saw her, he heard her; but, powerful to control his feelings to avoid a fatal imprudence, he constantly kept his eyes down, and rowed with desperate vigor, to distract by physical fatigue from the perils of an exaltation to which he feared that he could not always oppose a resistance.

The old doge, seated near Annunziata, lavished upon her the most tender caresses.

When the gondola had arrived in the middle of the harbor, at a place where a most magnificent panorama

of the edifices in Venice could be seen, Falieri, proudly raising his head, whitened by years, said to the dogess—
 “See, my beloved, all those splendors which belong to me! Is it not sweet thus to wander on the calm waves with the master of the sea? Listen to that sweet murmur of the sleeping waves! Is it not like a love song with which the Adriatic salutes the passage of its betrothed? Yes, my charming one, thou wearest on thy finger the marriage ring; but the sea which bears us now has in its bosom another ring, a token of the betrothal of my power!”

And as the doge finished these words, a distant voice chanted :—

All loveless and lone,
 Can such living atone?
 Can rank, power and state
 Reconcile to such fate?

With the spouse of the sea,
 To go o'er land and lea;
 Can this be a pleasure
 To enjoy without measure?

To sail on the water,
 Without mirth and laughter,
 Can it be consolation
 For great desolation?

No, this cannot console,
 Nor suffice for the soul,
 All loveless to be,
 With the spouse of the sea.

Other voices united themselves in chorus with the first; then the echo of this song gradually died away in the

distance, amid the sighs of the nocturnal zephyrs. Old Falieri did not appear to pay attention to the sense of the words of the gondolier's song. He began to explain to the dogess the origin and details of the ceremony of Ascension day, which sees every doge newly elected throw a golden ring into the sea, from the Bucentoro. He enumerated the victories of the Venetian republic; he told how Istria and Dalmatia had been subjugated by Peter Urseolus II., and how this conquest had occasioned the institution of the ceremony of the betrothal of the sea.

Annunziata did not listen to him; her eyes, fixed on the waves, seemed to seek on the horizon some unknown thing. She lent an ear to the murmur of the waves, which seemed to repeat the mysterious air of the gondolier's song. She murmured in a low voice—"Without love, without love, there is no consolation." And tears rolled from beneath her veiled eyelids, and her bosom heaved with inexpressible emotion. Falieri pursued his conversation without remarking this. They thus arrived beneath the terrace of his villa at Giudecca. He had not perceived that Annunziata, her eyes filled with tears, had neither looks, nor thoughts.

At this moment another gondola touched the shore. In it was Marino Bodoeri; the other passengers were merchants, artists and others. This retinue ascended to the palace in the train of the doge.

The following day appeared to Antonio of infinite length. He had learned from Margaretha that the dogess had just fallen into a melancholy sadness; and having learned that he had disguised himself the night before to be near her for a few moments in the gondola, she begged him not to seek her again, and leave Venice. This piece of news was a thunder-stroke for our hero.

He became excited; all danger, all fear was effaced from his mind. To see Annunziata at any hazard, to speak to her, confess all to her, and die at her feet, this was the last project that he formed.

Towards dusk he left his house, and succeeded in entering the ducal palace. As he was noiselessly ascending the steps of the grand staircase, a brilliant light suddenly appeared before him; and before he could fly or hide himself, he saw Marino Bodoeri coming towards him, followed by several servants bearing torches.

Bodoeri fixed his eyes on Antonio, and made a sign to him to follow. The latter, trembling for fear that the motive of his visit was discovered, joined them, filled with apprehension, and hardly breathing. Arrived in an out of the way room, Bodoeri stopped, embraced him, thanked him for his punctuality, and spoke to him of the dangerous post that he would have to defend that very night. Antonio thought that he was dreaming; but when his first surprise was dissipated, without any sign of it on his part, he found himself initiated by Bodoeri's words into the secret of a vast conspiracy, the chief of which was the doge in person; and it was to be consummated in a few hours, according to the plans of Falleri himself. The object of this plot was the destruction of the nobility; and the doge had changed his title for that of captain general of the republic of Venice.

Antonio looked fixedly upon Bodoeri; and as he made no response to all these revelations, for which he was not prepared, Bodoeri furiously exclaimed—"Coward, or fool, whoever thou art, thou goest not from here until I have learned thy resolution. Prepare thyself to die for our safety, or to take arms in our service. But, before all, know this man."

At a sign from Bodoeri, Antonio looked towards the other end of the chamber. In the darkest part was standing a man whose features bore the stamp of nobility.

Antonio had no sooner examined the face, than he fell upon his knees, extended his arms towards him, crying out—"But you are my adopted father! You are Bertuccio Nenolo, my benefactor!"

"Yes," answered Nenolo, pressing Antonio to his heart—"yes, I am Bertuccio, whom thou hast thought forever lost. I have just escaped from the chains of the Morbassan, and I am here to devote what strength is left me to the freedom of my country. Antonio, dost thou not wish to take up arms against the nobles who oppress Venice by exactions of all kinds? Go then into Fontego Court; thou shalt read there, written in spots of blood, the murder of thy father, massacred by the nobles. When their lordships leased to German merchants the place which bears the name of Fontego, the tenants were forbidden to carry away on their journeys the keys of their store-houses. Thy father had been subjected to a heavy fine for having transgressed this law. But this was not the end of the infamous persecution to which he was doomed by the agent; for, at his return, a descent was made upon his goods, and a case filled with counterfeit Venetian coin was found, having been treacherously hidden there during his absence. This single fact, from which thy unfortunate father could only defend himself by useless oaths, appeared sufficient to cause him to be punished by death. This iniquitous sentence was executed in the middle of Fontego Court. And I, the last friend of thy father, the only one who has remained faithful to his memory—I rescued thee, and hid from thee until now the name of thy family. Rise now, Antonio

Dalburger! arise, and come with us to avenge thy father's death!"

Antonio swore that his vengeance should be inexorable.

The outrage sustained by Bertuccio Nenolo from Dandolo, chief of the naval forces, who in a quarrel had struck him, had drawn him, with his son-in-law, into a plot, which was being secretly organized against the nobles. Nenolo and Bodoeri made use of their influence to raise Falieri to absolute power, because they hoped to share largely in his good fortune.

In the plan of attack all was provided for. A false alarm was to occasion the belief for a moment that the Genoese fleet was entering the port. Under cover of the disorder which would spring from such news, reported at night, throughout the city, the conspirators were to take possession of the bell of Saint-Mark's Church, and sound the tocsin of the revolution. The engagement was to take place simultaneously at all points. The sentinels were to be made prisoners or killed. Not a noble was to escape from massacre, and the doge was to mount to absolute power on a heap of corpses.

But as it almost always happens, traitors had found a place amongst the conspirators, and the Council of Ten, forewarned in time, had watched over their meetings. A fur dealer from Pisa, Bentian, wishing to save his friend Nicolo Leoni, member of the Council of Ten, had divulged the plan of the conspiracy. The Council was assembled at San-Salvator, and they had taken all the necessary measures for the safety of the city.

Antonio had taken charge of the ringing of the bells of Saint-Mark. But in reaching the spot he found the tower guarded by soldiers, who put his companions to flight. He himself was quite happy to escape, favored

by the darkness. Behind him ran a man out of breath, whom he at first took for an enemy. It was honest Pietro. "Friend," said the gondolier, "thou hast not a moment to lose, if thou wishest to save thyself! Jump into my gondola, for all is lost! Bodoeri and Nenolo are in chains; the ducal palace is blocked up, and the doge is the prisoner of his own guards!"

Antonio was persuaded. Several distant cries, and the noise of arms; then a mournful silence. This was the whole of this revolution of an hour.

When morning broke, the people on awakening were surprised by a mournful sight. The Council of Ten had judged, and had their sentence carried into effect that very night. The leaders of the conspiracy were hung, swung on the balconies of the Piazzetta, in front of the ducal palace. Among them might be recognized Bertuccio Nenolo and Marino Bodoeri.

Two days afterwards, the doge Marino Falieri was beheaded on the upper step of the Giant's staircase. Antonio Dalburger had escaped by a miracle from this terrible retribution. He long wandered in the disturbed city, like a being deprived of reason. He only regained his intelligence and the feeling of his situation, when he saw the head of the old doge roll on the marble pavement. "Annunziata!" cried he, in a transport of fear; and, running to the palace, he ascended to the galleries like a madman, opening all the doors, and meeting with no one to stop him in his passage. Old Margaretha he found, hobbling sadly about, on his way, like a fatal prediction. When they arrived at the apartment of the dogess, they found Annunziata in a fainting fit on the floor. Antonio lavished the tenderest care upon her; and when she opened her eyes again, her first glance was filled

with fear and love. "Oh, let us fly, my beloved!" exclaimed Antonio; "let us fly from this bloody city!"

Margaretha proposed to seek for an asylum at Chiozza, from whence Antonio could change his route for Germany, his own country. The good Pietro procured him a boat.

At night fall, Annunziata veiled herself, and slipped out of the palace with her lover and the faithful Margaretha, who carried, rolled up in her mantle, a casket full of gold and jewels. They reached the gondola without hindrance. Antonio took the oars and pushed off from shore with a vigorous arm. The moon, piercing the clouds, silvered with its amorous reflections the foam on the oar-split waves.

The skiff reached the open sea, when suddenly the sky became covered with leaden-tinted clouds. The night wind blowing from the north, drove the clouds furiously through space, and the horror of darkness, mingling with the storm, hurried the fugitives from wave to wave. Old Margaretha prayed to God. Antonio, being unable longer to resist the force of the tempest, dropped his oars, and taking his beloved one in his arms, pale and insensible as she was, pressed her to his heart in despair.

"Antonio!"

"Annunziata!"

These were the last human cries that mingled with the noise of the tempest.

The sea continued to increase, the waves ran mountain high, and suddenly opening in their mad fury, stifled in their giant embrace the two lovers, whom they could not separate. The gulf closed again like a great tomb, and during all that night, the voices of the storm, wandering

through the skies, saluted with their lugubrious knell this funeral ceremony of the beheaded doge.

Among the most remarkable paintings exposed in 1816 at the Museum in Berlin, all eyes were enthusiastically fixed upon a magnificent picture of the painter C. Kolbe, a member of the Academy of Fine Arts.

This picture represents a doge of Venice and the dogess, pompously clothed, and standing on the balcony of the ducal palace. The features of the old man, framed in a silvered beard, showed a mixture of pride and goodness, energy and pusillanimity. A soft melancholy was imprinted on the dreamy face of the young princess. Behind these two personages, an old man and woman were sheltered by a parasol. A little on one side, a young man, leaning against the balustrade, blew a conch-shell trumpet; and on the sea which rolled to the foot of the balcony, coquettishly swung a gondola, whose velvet canopy bore the arms of Venice, embroidered in gold. In the back-ground of the scene, the edifices of the city were grouped in a rich perspective. On the gilded frame of the picture were engraved these words :

Ah senza amare,
Andare sul mare.
Col sposo del mare,
Non puo consolare.

The curious people who gathered before this picture were discussing vivaciously, the question whether the artist had reproduced real personages and a historical fact, or whether his beautiful creation was a mere work of fancy. A man of imposing appearance approached a group where the conversation was growing warm.

“Gentlemen,” said he, in a grave voice, “it sometimes happens that an artist throws upon his canvas his inspiration, just as Heaven sends it to him ; then, when his work is done, the subject that it represents may, to the eyes of some, only offer a vague poetic conception, and for others, retrace a fact, a scene from life or history. Kolbe himself is ignorant, perhaps, that this picture recalls, with striking exactness, the doge Marino Falieri and his wife, the unfortunate Annunziata.”

With these words the stranger was silent ; but those who listened begged him earnestly to relate to them this story. He related the events which have just been read. When his recital was ended, those who had listened to him remained long motionless before this master-piece of Kolbe. The painter's thought was revealed in all its power. This picture is a page from history which bequeathes to future time, better than a poem would have done, the sad memory of Annunziata.

THE CHAIN OF DESTINY.

“No! a thousand times no!” exclaimed Ludwig, pressing his friend Euchar’s arm. “I do not believe in chance. The whole machine of this vast universe resembles an immense watch, in the bosom of which all is put together by an intelligence, which extends a little farther than that of our most celebrated philosophers. Let an unskilful hand touch the spring of the watch, and it stops. Thus would it be in this world, if thy blind chance should take a notion to derange any thing; the machine would soon be stopped. There, you have my opinion.”

Euchar began to laugh. “My poor friend,” said he to Ludwig, “I am truly grieved to see thee so strongly tinctured with the mechanical fatalism to which thou attributest things here below. Why unnaturalize that beautiful idea of Goethe’s, which shows a red thread woven in our woof of life, and which symbolizes to us, when we wisely and calmly reflect, the superior power which controls our destinies?”

“But I like not thy metaphor of the red thread,” replied Ludwig; “it is borrowed from a custom in the English navy, and I make a profession of hatred to all that comes directly or indirectly from perfidious Albion.”



I have indeed read in the book called *Elective Affinities*, by Goethe, that the simplest cordage on board English vessels, has a red strand running through it to distinguish it as the property of the government. Now, for all that concerns me, I feel in a marvellous degree, and I clearly see that all the events of life are connected in a foreseen order, from the origin of things. The principle of life and movement is a real force, logical and immutable. For, finally, couldst thou deny that even at the time we are conversing"—

But is it not time to tell you, ~~dear reader~~, that Ludwig and Euchar were walking, and arguing in this manner, under the magnificent shade of the great trees in the park at W—. It was on Sunday, at night fall. A fresh breeze passing under the green leaves, refreshed the air, still warm with the heavy heat of a long summer's day. A crowd of promenaders, little shop-keepers, citizens in holiday dresses, gave themselves up to joyful merry-makings; some breathlessly jumped about on the flowery meadows, others munched with great satisfaction the provisions which they had brought for a rural repast, and those least inclined to eat, regaled themselves with the light wine of the country, under arbors that were open every Sunday, to consume a part of each week's wages. At the very moment Master Ludwig was about to utter a decisive argument against his incredulous friend, and in favor of the destiny of the things of this world, he stumbled against the root of a tree that he had not perceived, and made the most extraordinary tumble that ever a student allowed himself.

"Well done!" said Euchar, with as much coolness as would have done honor to an ancient philosopher; "that fall was foreseen from all eternity, in the chain of

human destinies ; and if it had not happened in this very place, and at this very time, the world might have crumbled."

At these words, as it was undoubtedly provided also that friends should aid each other in their tribulations, Euchar commenced by picking up Ludwig's hat and cane ; he then gave him his hand to assist him in getting up.

The poor fellow had received an extensive bruise in his fall, which made him limp in a most ungraceful manner. More than this ; his nose bled in a most plebeian style. Our two friends started, the one dragging the other, towards the nearest tavern. They arrived thus in a kind of glade, enclosed in a green trellis. This enclosure was filled with diners and dancers, who were embracing each other in joy to the sound of a wretched guitar and a noisy tambourine.

Whilst Ludwig begged the mistress of the house to give him a little salt and water to bathe his slight wounds, Euchar, attracted by the strange concert which diverted the frequenters of the inn, slipped in amongst the spectators, and by dint of elbowing his neighbors, succeeded in crowding himself into the best place.

In the middle of a circle formed by the company, a beautiful young girl, in Bohemian costume, all spangled with gold, was dancing blindfold, playing on the tambourine, in the midst of a quantity of eggs, symmetrically ranged in threes on the freshly swept ground. Quite near her crouched a kind of deformed dwarf, who was rattling a guitar, to the great wonder of the peasants. The two artists were doing their best to amuse the crowd ; and their talent was certainly not to be despised. The young girl handled her tambourine with a dexterity

truly charming, whilst the dwarf drew from his guitar wholly original accords. She spun round amongst the eggs without touching them, freeing to the breeze her black tresses, which in becoming dishevelled gained a thousand attractions, for she was very beautiful, the young Bohemian girl. When she appeared fatigued with her exertions, her companion, who kept his eyes fixed upon her, made a signal. She immediately gathered with her little foot all the eggs together, and after having crowned the exhibition with a perilous leap, which procured her prolonged applause, she turned about on her toes with the rapidity of a whip-top under the lash of a skilful scholar. She then suddenly stopped short as immovably fixed as an enchanted statue.

The dance was ended ; the little dwarf anxiously approached the young girl, and untied the handkerchief that was bandaged about her eyes. She arranged her beautiful dishevelled locks, took her tambourine, and made the circuit of the crowd with sparkling eyes and sweet smiles, to bespeak the generosity of her audience. Each one threw his little piece into the tambourine, which served as cash-box to the wandering artists. But when the young girl passed before Euchar, she refused his offering.

“ Why do you refuse, my dear child ? ” said the young man, blushing unconsciously.

“ Sir,” answered the danseuse, “ the old man told me so. You did not come until the dance was nearly over ; I can therefore take nothing from you. I can accept a reward for my labor, but I cannot receive alms.”

With these words, she made a charming pirouette, continued her round, and returned to the little dwarf, whom she conducted to a seat at a table far away from

the rest. Euchar, in following her with his eyes, perceived our friend Ludwig perfectly consoled for his misfortune, for he was gravely seated between two fat citizens of venerable shabbiness; and he had before him an enormous pot of beer.

"What!" exclaimed he; "my poor comrade, canst thou thus drink this gross beverage!"

Ludwig only answered by swallowing continued draughts, after which he saluted the citizens, who took a great interest in him on account of his fall.

When they were at some distance, Ludwig said to his friend—"Thou couldst have avoided speaking to me in that manner before these good citizens. Thou knowest well, that to make me drink beer, weighty reasons would be necessary. Those fellows there are master workmen, who do not harmonize with what they call dandies; and if I had appeared to despise the beer which they offered to recover me, they might have had good cause for being offended with me."

"Good!" answered Euchar, laughing loudly; "if you had been driven out and beaten a little, that would not have depended on the chain of destiny? But listen to what a charming spectacle thy fall over the root of a tree has made me witness of, foreseen probably in the macrocosm of all eternity."

Euchar described the egg dance so prettily executed by the young Spanish girl.

"Mignon!" exclaimed Ludwig, enthusiastically; "ravishing, divine Mignon!"

The little guitar player, seated at a short distance, was counting the money received, whilst the young girl, standing before a table, was squeezing into a glass of water the juice of an orange. Finally the old man picked

up the money, and with joyful eyes made a sign of satisfaction to the young girl. The latter presented to him the refreshing beverage, and passed her caressing hand over his wrinkled cheeks. The old man laughed tremulously; then he swallowed the orange-ade at a draught, and with many grimaces of satisfaction. The young girl seated herself by his side, and began to sing to the guitar.

"Oh, Mignon!" exclaimed Ludwig, again; "ravishing, divine Mignon! Yes, I will save her from the sad slavery in which this miserable dwarf retains her."

"How knowest thou," said Euchar, with great coolness, "that the little hump-back is a miserable fellow?"

"Thou cold-hearted man, who art insensible to every thing, whom nothing moves, who feelest nothing of the original, of the strange!" replied Ludwig; "dost thou not understand, dost thou not see by what malicious irony, what low and envious mind are manifested in that Bohemian abortion, with his little green eyes and wrinkled face? Yes, I will save her; I will deliver her, that celestial child! If I could but speak to her!"

"Nothing is easier," said Euchar; and he made a sign to the young girl to approach them. The little dancer immediately placed her guitar on the table, advanced, and made a courtesy, with downcast eyes.

"Mignon?" said Ludwig again, as if out of his wits; "charming, delicious Mignon?"

"My name is Emanuela," said the young girl.

"And that ugly rascal down there," continued Ludwig, "from whence did he steal thee, poor thing? How did you fall into his satanic snares?"

"I do not understand you, sir," replied the young girl, raising her eyes and fixing them on Ludwig with a se-

rious and penetrating glance. "I do not know what you mean, nor what the object of these questions is."

"Thou art a Spaniard, my child," said Euchar.

"Yes, truly," answered the young girl, in a quivering voice; "yes, certainly I am, and do not think of denying it."

"Then," continued Euchar, "thou playest upon the guitar, and thou also knowest how to sing."

The young girl placed her hand upon her eyes, and murmured, in an almost unintelligible voice—"Ah! gentlemen, I should very much like to sing for you, but the songs that I know are all fire, and it is so cold here!"

"Well then, dost thou know," said Euchar to her in Spanish, raising his voice—"dost thou know the song—'L'aure l'immortal?'"

The young girl joined her hands, looked up, and tears sparkled in her eyes. She hastily ran and snatched her guitar from the table, then placing herself opposite Euchar, she commenced,

"L'aure l'immortal al gran Palafox,
Gloria de Espana, de Francia terror!" etc.

The young girl sang the whole song with an expressiveness really indescribable. Ludwig was in extacies. He interrupted the singer with cries of "Brava! Bravissima!"

"Have a little compassion upon me," said Euchar, "my worthy master, and put a little restraint upon thy tongue, I beg of thee."

"Oh! I well know," retorted Ludwig angrily, "that even music has not the power to move thee, prosy man!" but he was nevertheless silent for Euchar's sake.

The young girl, when her song was ended, leaned, ex-

hausted with fatigue, against a neighboring tree, and whilst she hummed in a low voice the last accords that she drew from her guitar, big tears ran down her cheeks.

Euchar, in that tone of voice which only proceeds from a heart deeply moved, said to her—"Thou art in want, my poor charmer: if I did not see thy dance from the commencement, thy song has now fully compensated for it, and thou canst no longer refuse to accept something from me."

Euchar had drawn out a little purse, through the meshes of which brilliant ducats were to be seen. He held it out towards the young girl, who had approached him. The little singer fixed her eyes on the hand of Euchar, then she clasped it between her own, and, falling on her knees, covered it with burning kisses, exclaiming, "Oh Dios!"

"Yes," cried Ludwig, madly, "gold, those sweet little hands ought only to touch gold." And he afterwards asked Euchar if he could not change a thaler, as he had no change about him.

Meanwhile the little hunch-back had limpingly approached, he picked up the guitar that Emanuela had allowed to fall, he then smilingly inclined himself several times before Euchar, not doubting that his extreme generosity was the occasion of the great emotion shown by the little singer.

"Rogue! rascal!" growled Ludwig, addressing himself to him.

The old man started back in consternation, and said in a pitiable tone—"Ah, my good sir, for pity's sake, do not curse the honest and poor Biagio Cubas! Do not mind the color of my face, nor my ugliness, which I cannot conceal. I was born at Lorca, and I am not less a good Christian than you can be yourself."

The young girl started quickly up, and said to the old man in Spanish—"Oh, let us depart! let us depart quickly, little papa!" And they both moved away, not without allowing Emanuela time to cast an expressive glance with her beautiful eyes upon Euchar, whilst the old Cubas embarrassed himself with grotesque salutations.

The trees already hid from sight this singular couple; Euchar continued the conversation:—"Dost thou not see," said he to Ludwig, "that thou hast been too hasty in condemning the poor dwarf? That man has really something of the gipsy in him. He is from Lorca, as he says himself. Now thou knowest that Lorca is an old Moorish city; and it would be impossible for its inhabitants, ordinarily very good people, to conceal their origin. But they are wounded in the highest degree at any allusion to it; and that is why they unceasingly protest that they are old Christians. This is what this one has not failed to do, whose physiognomy, turned, it is true, into a caricature, bears, nevertheless, the impress of the Moorish character."

"No!" exclaimed Ludwig, "I persist in my opinion. The singular fellow is an infamous rogue, and I will employ all means to deliver from his claws my sweet, my pure Mignon!"

"Thou mayst obstinately take the little man for a rogue," replied Euchar, "and I on my part will say that I have no great confidence in thy sweet and pure Mignon."

"What dost thou say?" exclaimed Ludwig, impetuously. "Euchar! not to have confidence in that celestial child, whose eyes reflect the simplest innocence! But that it is to be the cold and prosy man, who, far from being seduced by that touching grace, conceives injurious sus-

pitions against all which does not enter the common circle of his vulgar sensations!"

"There, there!" replied Euchar, "do not get so heated, my dear enthusiast. Thou wilt reproach me, undoubtedly, with suspecting thy candid Mignon without any possible cause. If I said that, it was because I have just perceived that the little one, at the moment without doubt that she pressed my hands, stole from me that little ring, ornamented with a precious stone, which I constantly wore upon my finger, as thou knowest. I greatly regret that little jewel, a precious remembrance to me of a fatal epoch."

"How is that? in heaven's name!" said Ludwig, lowering his voice; "that cannot be possible! That sweet face, those eyes, that pure look, cannot be so deceitful. Thou hast dropped thy ring, thou hast lost it!"

"Well," said Euchar, "we shall see. But it will soon be quite dark, let us return to the city."

On the way, Ludwig incessantly talked of Emanuela, giving her the tenderest names; and he pretended that he had particularly remarked a certain indescribable glance, that she had given him at parting, which proved what a deep impression he had made upon her; a kind of triumph besides which was renewed to him in all its circumstances, that is to say, every time that he finds himself mixed up in any romantic or eccentric adventure. Euchar took care not to interrupt his friend by a single word. But the latter became so excited by his own exertion, that when they reached the city gate, at the precise moment when the drums were beating the retreat, he threw himself upon Euchar's neck, and, with tears in his eyes, cried out sharply in his ear, seeking to drown the deafening beat of the amateur soldier, that he was decid-

edly in love with the seductive Mignon, and determined to risk his life to find her again, and rescue her from the hands of the singular old humbug.

At the door of the house where Ludwig lodged, they found a servant in rich livery, who approached on seeing him to present a card. Hardly had Ludwig cast his eyes upon it and dismissed the servant, than he again impetuously threw himself upon Euchar's neck, and exclaimed, "Oh my friend, thou seest in me the happiest, the most to be envied of all mortals! Let thy heart expand, let it open to feeling of a celestial pleasure to share the excess of my beatitude! My good friend! mingle thy tears with mine!"

"But," asked Euchar, "what news so miraculously propitious can there be announced to thee by a visiting card?"

"Do not be troubled, oh my friend," continued Ludwig stammeringly, "if I open before thee the brilliant and magic paradise to which this card will give me the entrance to-morrow!"

"I should like very much to know, however," replied Euchar. "what supreme happiness is destined for thee?"

"Thou shalt learn it," exclaimed Ludwig, "know it, hear it! Be seized with astonishment, with stupefaction! cry out! scream! faint! I am invited to-morrow to the supper and ball given by Count Walter Puck! Victorine! ravishing, incomparable Victorine!"

"And the ravishing, the celestial Mignon?" said Euchar, coldly.

But Ludwig continued sighing in a most lamentable fashion—"Victorine! oh thou, my life!" And he flung himself into the house.

II.

It is not perhaps out of place to say a little more, before proceeding, to the ~~benevolent reader~~, concerning the two friends, so that it may be known where we are on this point, and on what footing to treat them. They were both of the same condition in life; they were barons, or free suzerains, which, to tell the truth, may pass for a chimerical estate, seeing that it is given to no mortal to be free here, below. Educated together, grown up together in close intimacy, they could not break this habitual connection, even when the glaring opposition of their characters, and even of their exterior, was, with the accumulation of years, more indelibly impressed. Euchar, in his childhood, was what was called a pretty little boy, one of those who remain seated whole hours before a company, seated in the same place, without asking for anything, without opening their mouths, etc., and who, later in life, are so many admirable posts! But as for Euchar, it was quite a different thing. If he was spoken to whilst quietly seated as we have just described, his eyes cast down and his head bowed, he trembled, he stammered, sometimes even wept, and seemed to be awakened from deep reveries. When he was alone he was no longer the same. He has then been surprised talking vivaciously, as if he was conversing with several persons, and, so to speak, representing in a dramatic form of actions, whole stories that he had read or heard related, where all the furniture that surrounded him, tables, chairs, wardrobes, figured as cities, villages, forests, and a crowd of personages. Above all, when he was allowed to run alone at liberty in the country, a particular excitement appeared to take possession of him. He bounded, he was joyful with pleasure, he clasped

the trees in his arms, kissed the meadow flowers, rolled in the grass; it was only unwillingly that he mingled in the games of children of his own age, and he passed for a coward because he always refused to participate with them in any hazardous enterprise, to risk a perilous jump or a hazardous climb. But, what was not less remarkable also, was that finally, when all the others were discouraged and had withdrawn from the attempt at execution, Euchar tranquilly stood back and did alone, silently, what the others had vainly boasted in advance. If the task was, for example, of climbing a tall tree, and every body had given it up, one would be sure, a few minutes after, to find the little Euchar perched upon the top, if he were left alone by himself. With coldness of manners and indifference of exterior, the child only entertained the most passionate feeling; and he had that constancy of character, which is the property of strongly tempered souls. When at certain times his repressed feelings manifested themselves by his actions, it was with an irresistible abandonment and energy, so that every one was astonished to see this child nourish in secret so ardent a sensibility. Many preceptors, very sensible people, lost their time with him: the last of them was assured that his pupil was of a poetical temperament; which fact frightened Euchar's father excessively, for he trembled to think that some day the child would acquire the strange character of his mother, to whom the most brilliant ceremonies of the court did not fail to give the head-ache or nausea. But the intimate friend of the father, a coquettish and elaborately dressed chamberlain, declared that the said professor was an ass, that a noble and pure blood ran in the veins of the young baron, and that in consequence, his nature was baronic and not poetic. This

fact singularly tranquillized the father. It may be easily guessed how this natural disposition in the child must have become developed in the young man. Nature had impressed upon the face of Euchar the characteristic seal with which she marks her favorites. Now these favorites of nature are those who know how to enjoy the infinite love of this good mother, who understand her in her divine spirit : and it is only by their fellow spirits that they can themselves be appreciated. Thus was Euchar unknown to the multitude, and taxed with coldness, indifference and reserve ; he who did not fall into extacies over the tirades of a new tragedy. Many beautiful ladies, among them the most fashionable and the most competent in such matters, could not absolutely understand how this Apollo forehead, those imperious and superbly arched eye-brows, those eyes sparkling with subdued fire, those elegantly chiselled lips, should not belong to an inanimate statue. How could they suppose that it was otherwise with Euchar, in presence of his notable incapacity to sustain empty conversations with pretty women, in language still more empty, and to play the part of a despairing Reynold !

Ludwig in no wise resembled this portrait. For him, he was of the number of those impulsive, undisciplined children, concerning whom it is common to prophesy that the world will not be large enough to contain them. He was constantly occupied in provoking his comrades with the most hazardous school-boy tricks, and it might naturally have been expected that some fatal accident would pay for this excess of audacity. But it was the contrary with him, for he always came safe and well out of his affairs, seeing that he knew how, adroitly, at the moment of execution, to stand in the back-ground, or to completely eclipse himself.

He seized upon every thing with vivacity and enthusiasm, but he renounced all with as much promptitude. He thus learned a great many things, without learning any thing thoroughly. Grown into a young man, he made very agreeable little verses, played passably upon several instruments, handled the brush a little, spoke several languages almost fluently, and consequently passed for a prodigy of erudition. It cost him nothing to go into extacies on every occasion, and express his exaltation in the most pompous terms; but it was with him as with a cymbal, sonorous in proportion to its hollowness. The beautiful, the sublime, affected him in no other manner than tickling which affects the skin alone without convulsing the nerves.

Ludwig was one of those people who are often heard to say: "I should like!" and with whom this principle of will is never manifested by action. But, as in the world those who go about every where proclaiming what they mean to do, are more imposing than those who bind themselves to following tranquilly their way; all agreed in recognizing an immense capacity in Ludwig; and, in the midst of the general admiration of which he was the object, no one thought of inquiring if he had really done what he had so pompously boasted of in advance. There were some who looked more closely into the matter, and who seriously examined to find if Ludwig had accomplished such and such projects; and this shamed him the more, because in certain moments of solitary meditation, he was forced to confess to himself, what a miserable condition it was, thus to make an eternal parade of a sterile and impotent will. It was in this frame of mind, that his eye fell upon an old and forgotten book, in which was displayed the doctrine of fatality and the mechanical

enchainment of destinies. He adopted with joy a system which must, in the eyes of others as well as in his own, serve as an excuse for his conduct and the feebleness of his will ; for, if his promises or designs were not executed, he could not be responsible, but it was that he depended on a connection of things which had not been realized. At least, the reader will agree that this was a perfectly commodious system. Now, as Ludwig was, for the rest, a very pretty fellow, with fine fresh complexion, nothing would have been wanting, thanks to his other qualities, to make him the idol of fashionable society, if by misfortune his blindness had not made him commit dangerous blunders, and many times produced disagreeable scenes. He consoled himself, nevertheless, for this kind of misfortune, by complacently thinking of the irresistible seduction that he thought he exercised over all feminine hearts. He had besides the habit of approaching the ladies nearer than was agreeable, on account of his near-sightedness, and not to mistake the person to whom he addressed himself, as had happened to him more than once, to his great discomfiture. But this manner of acting passed in him for the ingenuous boldness of an innocent young man.

The morning after the ball at Count Walter Puck's, Euchar received a very early billet from his friend, thus composed :—

“ Dear and tender friend ! I am desolate, torn, lost, destroyed ! precipitated from the most brilliant pinnacle of the greatest hope, into the sombre abyss of infinite despair ! That which was to cause me the supremest felicity, has been my misfortune ! Come ! hasten, come and console me, if that is not already impossible ! ”

Euchar found his friend extended on a sofa, his head enveloped in napkins, looking pale and fatigued for want of sleep.

"Thou art here, my noble friend!" said Ludwig in a dolorous voice, extending his arms toward him. "Yes, thy heart is undoubtedly sensible, in some degree, to my pain! Allow me at least to relate my misfortunes, and afterwards pronounce my sentence, if thou thinkest me lost without return."

Euchar replied smilingly:—"Did not all go on at the ball according to thy anticipations?"

Ludwig uttered a deep sigh.

"The charming Victorine," continued Euchar, "can she have looked unfavorably upon thee?"

"Ah!" replied Ludwig, in a sepulchral tone, "I have mortally offended her, without hope of forgiveness!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Euchar, "how did that take place?"

Ludwig sighed again in a lamentable manner, shed several tears, and chanted, slowly, but pathetically, his melancholy story.

"Yes, my dear Euchar," said he, gloomily, "even as the ticking of a watch is made by the mysterious buzzing of the wheel-work, so are the blows of fatality preceded by threatening circumstances. Already, the night before the ball, I had a frightful dream! It seemed to me that I was in the count's drawing room, and at the moment I was about to dance, it became impossible for me to move my feet from their places. A mirror was before me, and judge with what fear I was seized on perceiving, that instead of the elegant lower limbs with which nature has endowed me, I was bearer of the massive and elephantine legs of the gouty ecclesiastical president. And while I remain nailed to the floor, as if by enchantment, what a sight is offered to my eyes! The infamous president, waltzing, light as a bird, softly reposing in the arms of

Victorine, and smiling maliciously upon me. Soon at last he accosts me, and impudently maintains that he won my legs from me at piquet! I awoke, you will not be surprised at it, bathed in an agonizing perspiration!

“Again, quite absent with the thoughts of this fatal vision, I incautiously carry my cup of boiling chocolate to my mouth, and burn myself so horribly that thou canst still see the traces of it, in spite of the enormous quantity of pomade that I used.

“I well know that the sufferings of others very slightly move thee; I therefore pass in silence the innumerable deplorable accidents, with which a jealous fate pleased itself in harassing me all day long. I will only tell thee that when evening approached, and as I had commenced dressing myself, a thread in my silk stocking was broken, and two buttons were missing on my waistcoat; on the point of getting into the carriage, I let fall my hat into the gutter; and then, in the carriage, when I tried to fasten my patent buckles more solidly on my shoes, I was struck with terror to find that the booby of a valet had put on odd buckles. I was obliged to go back to the hotel, and I was at least half an hour too late.

“Victorine came to meet me, in all the brilliancy of her seductive charms. I invited her for the first waltz. It commenced; I was in raptures; but suddenly I felt the cruel malice of infernal destiny.”

“Of the enchainment of things,” interrupted Euchar.

“As thou wilt,” retorted Ludwig; “to-day I am indifferent to everything. In short, it was a diabolical fatality which made me stumble, day before yesterday, over the root of that tree! Whilst dancing, I felt the pain in my knee again, and it became more and more difficult to bear; but at that very moment, Victorine said in a voice

loud enough to be heard by the dancers:—‘But, really, this is like going to sleep!’ Then they clapped their hands, made a sign to the musicians, and the waltz was continued in a most rapid manner. I overcame with great effort the torment I felt, I pirouetted elegantly, I put on a smiling face; yet Victorine repeated to me every moment:—‘Why then so clumsy to-day, dear baron? you are not at all the same dancer as usual.’ Like so many stabs with a poignard, these burning words entered my heart.”

“My poor friend!” said Euchar smilingly, “I understand the excess of thy martyrdom.”

“Well,” continued Ludwig, “all that was but the prelude of the most deplorable catastrophe! Thou knowest, my friend, how much time I have devoted to learning the figures of the country dance of sixteen; thou knowest with what zeal, to attain the perfection that I dreamed of, I studied them all in this very room, making the boldest steps, and overturning every moment crystals and porcelains, without minding fractures. One of these figures, above all, is, for its kind, the most admirable invention of the human mind! Four couples group themselves in a picturesque manner, and the gentlemen, balancing themselves on the right foot, throw their right arms around the waists of their ladies, whilst they describe a graceful curve with the left arms above their heads, the other dancers going around them. Neither Vestris nor Gardel ever imagined any thing like it. I had founded upon this dance the hope of the happiest moment of my life. I reserved my triumph for the entertainment at Count Walter Puck’s house. In this delicious step, holding Victorine thus in my arms, I wished to murmur in her ear,—‘Ravishing, divine countess! I love you inexpressibly, I adore

you! Be mine, angel of light!’ This is why, my dear Euchar, I was so transported with joy when I received a formal invitation from the count, for I had reason to think that he might forget me; for he had appeared very much irritated against me, when I explained the doctrine of the enchainment of destinies, their mechanical dependence, the whole system of fatality, in short, from which he drew the singular conclusion that I compared his person to a clock; ‘a malicious allusion,’ said he, ‘which I only pardon you on account of your youth;’ and thereupon he turned his back and left.

“Well then, when this unfortunate waltz was ended, I retired into a neighboring saloon, where I met good Cochinelle, who hastened to give me some champagne. The sudden effect of the wine was to give me new vigor. I no longer felt any pain. The contra dance was about commencing. I precipitately returned to the ball room, ran towards Victorine, and seizing her by the hand, which I ardently kissed, I took my place on the floor. The signal for the dance is given. I surpassed myself; I balanced, I flew; the god of ballets would have admired me! I finally threw my right arm around the slender waist of my partner, and, as I had resolved, I said in a whisper—‘Divine, adorable countess!’ etc. The confession of love had escaped from my lips; I sought for a response in my lady’s eyes. Lord of heaven! it was not Victorine with whom I had danced! it was another young lady, whom I knew not at all, who only resembled Victorine in dress and figure!

“Canst thou imagine what a thunderbolt this was for me! A sudden vertigo made every thing vaccillate confusedly in my eyes. I heard not the music, and, bounding frantically among the dancers, saluted on both sides

by sharp and angry cries. I was stopped short only in a distant corner of the saloon, by feeling myself seized by two strong arms. They were those of the accursed consistorial president, whom I had already seen in my dream, and who cried out in a stentorian voice :—‘ A thousand thunders ! A thousand gods, baron ! I believe that you have a legion of devils in your legs. Hardly, on leaving the table for play, did I appear here, when, like a hurricane, you throw yourself into the midst of the dance, and crush my feet, in such a manner that I should roar with pain like a bull, if I was not a well-bred man. See what a stir you have just produced !’ In effect the music had stopped, the dancers were dispersed, and I remarked several men who were limping, whilst the ladies regained their places, ready to faint, and calling loudly for their vinaigrettes. It was the dance of despair that I had executed on the feet of the dancers, until the massive president put a stop to my adventurous course.

“ Victorine came towards me. ‘ Very well !’ said she, her eyes sparkling with anger, ‘ this is unparalleled politeness, sir baron ! You engage me to dance, then you offer your hand to another lady ; and in addition to this, you disturb the whole ball !’

“ Thou mayst figure to thyself my protestations, but Victorine madly replied to me—‘ These mystifications are according to your taste, sir baron. I know you, but I beg that for the future you will not select me for the subject of caustic wit and biting irony.’ Thereupon she left me. My partner came towards me ; gentleness, I might say benevolence in person. The poor child had become inflamed, and I cannot bear her any ill will for it ; but is it my fault ? Oh, Victorine ! Victorine ! Oh,

unfortunate quadrille! Infernal dance, which has made me a victim of the furies!"

Ludwig closed his eyes; he sighed, he wept, and Euchar was charitable enough to refrain from a hearty laugh. Besides, he was not ignorant of the fact, that accidents of the kind to which his poor friend had been subjected at Count Walter Puck's ball, have the effect sometimes, morally speaking, of *cantharides*, on men much less foppish than Ludwig.

The latter, after having swallowed, without burning his lips, as he had done the evening before, two or three cups of chocolate, appeared to regain a certain energy, and supported more courageously his frightful destiny.

"But tell me then, my good friend," said he to Euchar, who had taken up a book—"tell me, were you also invited to the ball?"

"Yes," answered Euchar, with indifference, and hardly raising his eyes from his book.

"And thou didst not go; and thou didst not even open thy mouth to me concerning this invitation?"

"I was engaged," replied Euchar, "in an affair of more importance to me than any ball that ever took place in the world, even had it been given by the emperor of Japan."

"The Countess Victorine," continued Ludwig, "inquired with much earnestness what the cause of thy absence was. She even appeared so uneasy, and cast such frequent glances towards the door, that I might have become jealous, and believed that thou hadst at last, for the first time, succeeded in touching a woman's heart, if all had not naturally explained itself. I hardly dare repeat to thee, with how little favor the young countess expressed herself concerning thee. Thou wast nothing

less, said she, than an insensible and disagreeable original, whose presence was a burden to her in a joyous party; and her greatest fear was that thou mightest again trouble her in the midst of her enjoyment. She was therefore enchanted that you did not come. To speak frankly, I cannot understand, my dear Euchar, how it is that thou, whom Heaven has endowed with so many moral and physical advantages, shouldst be so unfortunate among the ladies; and why, for example, I should always prevail over thee. Cold hearted man! Cold hearted man! I am tempted to believe thee entirely incapable of feeling the supreme happiness of love; and that is undoubtedly the cause of thy disgrace with the sex; whilst I! Only see; that ardent transport of anger in Victorine, what was the cause of it, if not the amorous flame with which she burns for me, the favorite, the blessed mortal?"

The door opened, and a singular little man entered the room. He was clothed in a red coat with steel buttons, a black vest, breeches and stockings of the same color; his hair was curled and bountifully powdered.

"Excellent Cochenille!" cried out Ludwig; "excellent Cochenille! what is it that procures me this rare pleasure?"

Euchar excused himself on account of important affairs that called him elsewhere; and he left his friend in conversation with the valet of Count Walter Puck.

Cochenille, with a simpering smile and downcast look, asserted that his noble lordship, the count, was convinced that the very honorable lord baron had been seized during the quadrille with a singular malady, the Latin name of which sounded very much like *RAPTUS*; and he added the command that he, Cochenille, should come.

and inquire after the state of health that the very honorable lord baron thought proper to enjoy.

“What do you say, RAPTUS?” exclaimed Ludwig; “RAPTUS, oh Cochenille!” He then related in detail to Count Walter Puck’s valet all that had taken place, and he ended by begging him to employ his rare skilfulness in restoring as much as possible his affairs to their accustomed good order.

Ludwig learned that his partner was a cousin to the Countess Victorine, who had come expressly from the country to grace the count’s entertainment; and that the countess and she had but one heart and one soul, and that, according to a natural taste among young ladies, which causes them to reveal the analogy of their characters by the color of the fabrics and the choice of flowers with which they adorn themselves, the two friends often took great pleasure in wearing exactly the same costume. Cochenille pretended, besides, that the anger of the Countess Victorine ought not to cause any apprehension for serious consequences; for, at the end of the ball, as she was seated near her cousin, and when he offered them ices, they were both laughing good humoredly together; and he had caught the name of the very honorable baron, pronounced by them distinctly several times. He furthermore added that he knew in effect that the cousin of the countess was of a very amorous temperament, and that she would certainly require the baron to continue what he had commenced, and pay his addresses to her until it was time to conduct her to the nuptial altar. However, Cochenille promised to do all that he could to dissuade her from this desire. He proposed, on the morrow, whilst he had the honor of dressing the hair of his gracious lordship the count, and at the ✓

moment he curled the second curl on the left side, to tell him the whole affair, begging him to give the lady to understand, in the form of judicious advice from an uncle, that the baron's declaration of love had no other meaning than these kind of gallantries ordinarily have, and that she must only look upon it as an agreeable pleasantry, added like a graceful compliment to the figure of the dance. No other remedy would be needed for this ludicrous mistake.

Cochenille finally advised the baron to see Victorine as soon as possible, and he pointed out a favorable opportunity that very day. The lady of the consistorial president Veehs is to give, said he, an esthetic tea of most delicious flavor, which comes to her directly from the frontier of China, through the Russian embassy, as the ambassadors own valet had told her. Victorine was to be there, and they could arrange matters to the best advantage.

Ludwig acknowledged that an unworthy mistrust could alone have clouded his fortunate love, and he resolved to give proof at the esthetic tea of the consistorial president's lady of so enchanting an amiability, that Victorine would not find it in her heart to continue angry with him for a moment longer.

In the middle of the saloon of the consistorial president Veehs' lady, a dozen or more ladies were ranged around a tea-table ; one of them wore a vague smile, another looked at the toes of her bronzed shoes ; this one seemed absorbed in a sweet reverie, that one directed her assassinating looks towards the young men standing about the room ; another was listening with spasms of admiration, to the reading of an apprentice poet, of a certain tragedy

in which fatality played the greatest part; and what added to the interest of this scene, was a kind of dull roar produced by the consistorial president, playing at cards with Count Walter Puck. At the moment when the poet, led by the most dramatic turns of his play, was about to launch forth the most energetic of his imprecations, he had so violent a fit of coughing, that he fell down exhausted; he was carried out of the room nearly suffocated.

The president's lady gave but little attention to this accident. As soon as the disturbance was over, she proposed to replace the interrupted reading by some interesting narrations. Euchar, pressed rather closely to satisfy the unanimous wishes of the company, confessed that he only knew some very melancholy stories. The curiosity of the ladies was so vividly awakened, that, willingly or unwillingly, our friend was obliged to take his place in the middle of the circle. He thus commenced:—

“I am going, ladies, with your permission, to relate the strange adventures of one of my youthful companions, whom I shall call Edgar, and who fought in Spain, under Wellington's flag.

“Edgar, afflicted by the subjection of Germany, had quitted his native town, to go to Hamburg and live in an humble little chamber which he had hired, in the most isolated street. His chamber was only separated by a thin partition from that of a sick old man, whose complaints he sometimes heard, without understanding the broken words that he from time to time uttered. At the end of a certain time, his old neighbor began to walk about in his chamber; this exercise appeared to announce an improvement in his health. One day he began to tune a guitar, and sang some Spanish songs.

“The landlady, on being questioned by Edgar, told

him that the old man was a Spanish officer from the Marquis of Romana's regiment ; a sudden illness had detained him at Hamburg, and the watchfulness of the police confined him in the strictest solitude.

"The following night, the officer began to sing some warlike couplets, as follows, with great spirit and animation :—

Hear those cries of alarm,
That fill old Castile's plains,
Asturia's echo is to arms,
The trumpet this proclaims.

Seville for vengeance cries aloud,
Valencia thunders forth,
Moncayo with volcano clouds
Growls out its warlike wrath.

Look ! from mountain unto sea
Spain is rising up in arms,
The drum is beat for liberty,
The clarion sounds the alarm.

The colors float above our heads,
We go to stem the flood ;
Our sparkling arms already spread,
Are thirsting for their blood.

"Edgar, while listening to these lofty words, felt the fire of war burning in his veins ; triumph and glory appeared to him like two strange gods, ready to crown him. 'To Spain ! to Spain !' exclaimed he, exaltedly.

"The guitar and voice of his neighbor suddenly stopped. Edgar wished, at any cost, to become acquainted with him ; he went out, shook the door fastened on the inside, it yielded before him ; but, at the first step he took in the

room, the Spaniard sprang up like a tiger, with his stiletto in his hand. Edgar avoided the blow, and twining in his nervous arms the old officer, enfeebled by age and suffering, he succeeded in restraining him, at the same time supplicating, in the most touching manner, that he would pardon him for his rashness ; he told him of the irresistible enthusiasm produced upon him by his battle song, and ended by saying, that not being able to sacrifice to his country a useless devotion, he had resolved to go and fight for the liberty of Spain.

“The old man fixed upon Edgar a look of surprise ; then, overcome by the frankness of the young man’s words, he pressed him to his heart, and told him unreservedly his own adventures.

“Sprung from one of the first families in Spain, he was called Baldassare de Luna. Being without friends, without resources, in a foreign country, sickness and the gradual wasting away of his strength, had deprived him of all hope of being able to escape. When Edgar swore to him that he would assure their passage to England, Baldassare, re-animatèd by this perspective of liberty, became suddenly quite another man ; the energy of the Spanish character took its place again, in this soul so long withered by grief.

“Edgar faithfully kept his promise to his new friend. Thanks to precautions sustained by gold skilfully employed, they succeeded in evading the police, and reached English ground. But destiny, which had struck poor Baldassare de Luna, did not allow him to see his country again. He fell sick again on his arrival in London, and died in Edgar’s arms. In his last moments, a prophetic vision revealed to him, perhaps, the future deliverance of his beautiful Spain, for a smile of pride colored for a

moment, with its fugitive reflection, his pale lips, and he expired murmuring one single and last word:—
'Victory!'

"It was at the time when Suchet, triumphing from battle to battle, was about to achieve the submission of the peninsula to French arms. Edgar arrived before Tarragona commanded by the English Colonel Sterret. This officer judged that the city was in too strong a position to allow him to risk with profit the disembarkation of his troops. But Edgar, animated by an irresistible courage, left the English ranks, and succeeded in entering the citadel, which was vigorously defended by the Spanish General Contreras, with a garrison of eight hundred picked men.

"In spite of his obstinate resistance, Tarragona fell into the hands of the French army. Edgar was present, under these circumstances, during some of the most frightful excesses of the war. After having used up their provisions, and lost half of their men, the Spanish garrison sallied out from the ruins of the city, and fought their way through the enemy's ranks. There was horrible carnage, and they effected their escape in detachments on the road to Barcelona. But a last blow awaited this heroic remnant; they were swept away by an ambuscade field battery. Edgar fell among the wounded and dying.

"When he came to his senses, it was night. It was piercing, bitter cold. Edgar felt only a violent pain in the head; but he suffered more from hearing around him, the groans and death-rattles of those who were suffering from painful agony. He tried to arise, and succeeded, after many efforts, in moving away from this fearful and agonizing place. At day-break, he had arrived on the brink of a defile, into which he was about to roll himself,

when he was picked up by a party of Spanish guerillas, to whom he made himself known.

“His wound was soon cured, and he regained sufficient strength to go and join the troops of Don Joachim Blake, who succeeded in entering Valencia, after many warm skirmishes.

“Valencia, the beautiful city watered by the Guadalquiver, was then the seat of war. Consternation could be read on the faces of all its inhabitants; nothing was heard, but the preparations for a desperate struggle, and curses against the common enemy. One day when Edgar, leaning against one of the great trees which adorn the public promenade of the Almeda, was sadly reflecting on the future which threatened Spain, he was aroused from his meditation, by the quick footsteps of a middle aged man, of proud and dignified bearing, and lofty height, who, every time that he passed before him, stopped and looked at him defiantly. Edgar, fatigued by this management, went straight up to him, and asked him what could be the motive of so strange an examination.

“‘Ah! I was then not mistaken,’ exclaimed the stranger; ‘I see by your accent that you are not a Spaniard. Why, then, do you wear this military costume?’

“Edgar, although offended by this rude manner of making acquaintance, nevertheless calmly answered, and offered the explanation of the chance which had led him to Spain.

“The stranger had no sooner heard the name of Baldassare de Luna, than he exclaimed with affectionate warmth:— ‘What! you have known my worthy cousin, the noble and brave Baldassare de Luna!’

“Edgar answered satisfactorily all the questions of his friend’s relation.—‘Pardon me then,’ replied the stran-

ger, 'for what there was rude and injurious in my suspicions. The report has been circulated, that our enemies had introduced among us foreign officers, with directions to examine closely our situation, for the purpose of betraying us. Since the battle of Tarragona, the Junta has resolved to send back all the foreign officers. Don Joachim Blake has only been able to obtain an exception in favor of those attached to the corps of engineers; but he has engaged to shoot, at twenty-four hours' notice, the first who shall be suspected of treason. If it is true that you have been the friend of my dear Baldassare, take warning by this notice.' Saying these words, the stranger abruptly left him.

"Meanwhile, all the efforts of the Spaniards could not arrest the progress of the enemy. Valencia was soon besieged by a numerous force, and Blake, its defender, resolved to attempt a decisive onslaught, at the head of twelve thousand men.

"This desperate enterprise had no better success than the defence of Tarragona. Edgar charged the enemy with a courage worthy of a more fortunate result; after prodigies of valor, he fell in the confusion. The action of a new wound brought on instant delirium, caused by the heat of battle, and the violent state of excitement into which Edgar had been thrown. To the delirium succeeded a long stupor.

"When he had recovered the use of his senses, he found himself in a magnificent bed, furnished with silken draperies and coverings, but placed in a little stone apartment, which received no light from without, and which was now lighted by a kind of funereal lamp.

"Edgar raised himself painfully upon his couch, and throwing a look of astonishment over the objects by

which he was surrounded, he perceived a Franciscan monk, seated in a great arm-chair placed near his bed, where he appeared to have fallen asleep.

“‘Where am I?’ exclaimed our hero, in a tone of voice as loud as would allow him the extreme state of weakness to which a considerable loss of blood had reduced him.

“The monk started from his slumber, partly revived the little lamp, whose light was growing feeble, and raising it to a level with Edgar’s face, he felt his pulse, murmuring several words that the prisoner could not understand.

“Edgar was about to question him, when a part of the wall noiselessly opened, and a man entered, whom Edgar immediately recognized as the old man of the Alameda. The monk told him that the crisis was passed, and that for the future, all would go well. ‘God be praised!’ replied the old man, and he approached Edgar.

“The sick man tried to speak, but the old man enjoined silence, as the least effort might be dangerous. ‘This meeting,’ added he, ‘and your presence in this place, must undoubtedly appear mysterious to you; but a few words will not only suffice to tranquillize you entirely, but to convince you of the necessity that existed of lodging you in this sorrowful retreat.’

“Edgar then learned all that had taken place. When he fell, struck in the chest by a ball, on the battle field, his intrepid companions had picked him up, under the terrible fire from the enemy’s cannon, and carried him back to the city. There he arrived in the midst of the tumultuous crowd. Don Raphael Marchez, (this was the old man’s name,) recognized Edgar, whom they were carrying to the hospital, and conducted him to his own

house, wishing to show every attention possible to the friend of Baldassare de Luna.

“Valencia was bombarded during three days and three nights. The terrible results of this siege, filled with affright the densely populated city. The same people who, exasperated by the Junta, had exacted with fearful threats, that Blake should defend it to the death, now wished to constrain him, with arms in their hands, to an immediate surrender. Blake, with the coolness of a hero, dispersed, with his guard of walloons, the furious mob, and afterwards capitulated to Suchet on honorable terms. Don Raphael wished to prevent Edgar, who was in danger of death, from being made a prisoner of war. When the capitulation was concluded, and the French had entered Valencia, he had him carried to a secret cell, to which no stranger had an entrance.

“‘Friend of my Baldassare,’ said Don Raphael Marchez, in conclusion, ‘be also mine! Every drop of your blood, shed in defence of my country, has fallen warm into my breast, and has there effaced all suspicion of mistrust, too often justifiable in these unfortunate times. The same ardor that nourishes in a Spanish heart implacable hatred, bursts forth and becomes brilliant in its friendships, and renders it capable of every devotion, of every sacrifice for those who are the objects of it. The enemy is in possession of my house, but you are in safety; for, I swear it! if any accident should happen, I would sooner be buried in the ruins of these walls than betray you; believe me!’

“During the day, a profound silence reigned about the obscure retreat of the sick man; but at night, Edgar often thought that he distinguished, as if sent back by a subterranean echo, a noise of footsteps, of doors opened and

closed, a murmur of voices, muffled and confused, and the clink of warlike arms. The night appeared to be the signal of a subterranean agitation.

“Edgar questioned the monk on this subject, who but rarely absented himself, and who lavished upon him the most unceasing attention. He replied to Edgar, that Don Raphael Marchez would soon acquaint him with what he wished to know.

“This prediction was not long in being realized. Don Raphael came to seek him one night, with a lighted torch in his hand, and invited him to dress himself and follow him, with Father Eusebio—thus the Franciscan was called, who had served him in the capacity of physician and nurse.

“Don Raphael passed into a narrow entry, leading to a door, which opened at a knock from Don Raphael. What was the astonishment of Edgar, on entering a vaulted hall, spacious and well lighted, at seeing there a numerous meeting of men, for the most part of fierce and savage mien. In the midst of them was a man dressed in the costume of a peasant, his hair in disorder, and offering in his whole personal appearance, a singular characteristic of pride and daring, which commanded respect. In the noble expression of his features, in his fiery glance, burst forth that courage which revealed the hero.

“It was to this personage that Don Raphael presented his friend, as the young and valiant German whom he had saved from the hands of the enemy, and who only asked to fight with them in the great cause of Spanish liberty.

“After this, turning towards Edgar, he said to him:—
‘You see here, in the very heart of Valencia, under the feet of our enemies, the mysterious smouldering fire,

which is to consume our infamous oppressors, when, blinded by fortune, and trusting to a deceitful calm, they shall yield themselves up unreservedly to the intoxication of pride and pleasure. These subterranean apartments are connected with the Franciscan convent. It is here that, by a hundred secret passages, meet together the chiefs of our brave defenders. It is here that our holy insurrection radiates to all parts of the country, and prepares the destruction of the perfidious foreigners, who only owe their victories to the superiority of their numbers. Don Edgar, we look upon you as a Spaniard, a brother. Take a part in the glory of our enterprise!

“Then the Empecinado, that illustrious chief of the guerillas, whose daring intrepidity was really prodigious, who alone braved all the efforts of the invading army, and who was seen, at the very moment the enemy loudly announced the complete defeat of his band, re-appearing with redoubled force, and coming even to the gates of Madrid, to freeze with terror the illegitimate monarch; the Empecinado held out his hand to Edgar, and addressed him in a short and warmly worded speech.

“At this moment, a young man, strongly bound, was brought into the room. On his pale features was painted hopeless despair; he trembled and appeared about to fall, when he saw the face of the Empecinado. The latter pierced him with his flaming eyes; and, after a short moment of silence, he began to speak with sinister and chilling calmness.

“‘Antonio,’ said he, ‘you have been in communication with the enemy; you have visited Suchet several times at unseasonable hours, and you have contrived a plot to expose the secret of our retreats in the province of Cuenca.’

“‘I confess it!’ said Antonio, with a painful sigh.

“The Empecinado then cried out, in the ferocious accents of a burning anger :— ‘Can it really be true that thou art a Spaniard, and that the true blood of thy ancestors runs in thy veins? Thou hast deserved death. Prepare to receive it.’

“Antonio then threw himself, groaning, at the feet of the Empecinado, and exclaimed :—‘Uncle! uncle! have pity on me, I conjure you! Yes, uncle, I am a Spaniard : let me prove it! grant me this favor! allow me worthily to efface the dishonor, the opprobrium, which has fallen upon me, that I may reinstate myself in your eyes, and those of my brothers! Uncle! you understand me, you know the boon that I implore of you?’

“The Empecinado raised the young man, turning away his eyes to hide his emotion. ‘Son of my sister,’ said he to him, ‘I pardon thee, for I understand the generosity of thy thoughts. Come to my arms!’ And, breaking the bonds of the captive, he pressed him closely to his heart, then handing him a short sword which he wore in his girdle. ‘Thanks!’ said Antonio, ‘thanks!’ With one hand clasping his uncle’s arm, with the other he plunged the steel into his heart, and fell dead without a murmur. This frightful spectacle produced so powerful an effect on Edgar, that he fell, fainting. The monk Eusebio carried him back to his bed.

“At the end of several weeks, Don Raphael Marchez thought that his guest could, without danger, leave the prison that served him as a retreat. Edgar was removed into an obscure, but gay and elegant chamber. Raphael only cautioned him not to leave the house, as it was necessary to avoid meeting the French soldiers who

lodged in the vicinity. But our hero could not long resist the desire to see new faces.

“One evening, as he was taking the air in the portico of the house, a French officer suddenly met him, and exclaimed :— ‘My dear Edgar, are you here? how happy I am to see you!’

“This officer was Colonel Lacombe, of the imperial guard; an old friend to Edgar’s family, whom he had known at the time of the invasion of Germany by the French. The noble character of this soldier, his frankness, and many traits of generosity and courage, had gained the esteem of our young German, in spite of his national prejudices.

“‘Ah well!’ said he to him, after having looked fixedly at him for several minutes, ‘didst thou come to draw thy sword in this country, to defend the pretended liberties of a nation of savages? Indeed, it would be a distrust to my friendship, to refuse me thy confidence. God preserve me from repaying remembrances of hospitality by treachery; but it is necessary, my friend, to be on thy guard against spies and surprises. I wish you to pass here for the travelling clerk of a German commercial house, established at Marseilles. I will say that we are old acquaintances, and that I will answer for thee with my life. It is agreed, is it not?’

“Thanks to this meeting, Edgar left his isolated chamber, and took possession of the finest apartment in the house of Don Raphael Marchez. He did not neglect to explain to the suspicious Spaniard his meeting with the French colonel, as a very natural thing, and without importance. Don Raphael said nothing, but his sidelong glance expressed his incredulity.

“Meanwhile, every day, Colonel Lacombe drew Edgar

into pleasure parties without number. The young German had not failed to remark, here and there, certain equivocal countenances, which seemed to keep him in sight; and once, even, in a coffee-house, he heard uttered behind him these words,—‘Aqui esta el traidor!’ ‘Here is the traitor!’ Don Raphael, who became every day less communicative, ended by entirely avoiding Edgar, who took his meals with the colonel.

“One day, as our hero was alone, Father Eusebio entered his room, and after some civilities, touching upon the object of his visit, he said to him with warmth:—‘No, my young friend, I cannot believe that you are a traitor; for many times, during your slumbers, have I been near you; I have interrogated your dreams; I have listened to the words that a fever in the blood has forced from your lips; and I have not heard a single word, which should make me doubt you. No, you are not a traitor, but you live in the midst of a suspicious people. Watch over yourself! Take care that after some of these excesses into which this French colonel draws you, you do not, in some moment of exaltation, reveal the secrets hidden in the house of Don Raphael Marchez. A terrible punishment would be the result of such a fault. And, stay; if you will believe me, I would advise you to throw yourself to-morrow into the arms of the French, who will take you safely out of Valencia.’

“‘Who, I, soil myself by such cowardice?’ exclaimed Edgar, whose cheeks, grown pale with suffering, were animated by a blush of shame. ‘No! sooner would I die a thousand times by their poignards, than to betray my sworn faith!’

“‘Dear Edgar!’ continued the monk, ‘you have again triumphed over a difficult test. No, I cannot believe you

capable of perfidy.' Saying these words, he drew his cowl over his head, and slowly left the room.

"The following night, Edgar, still alone, for Colonel Lacombe, absent on duty, had not yet returned, Edgar heard a knocking at his door. The voice of Raphael Marchez cried out to him:— 'Open, open quickly!' Edgar obeyed, and found himself face to face with Raphael and the monk Eusebio, who came to seek him to conduct him to another meeting of the revolutionary club, which was to be held in the vaults of the Franciscan's cloister. The young man unresistingly walked on between his two companions. Raphael preceded him, lighting the subterranean gallery with a resinous torch. Eusebio, who followed in the rear, whispered in Edgar's ear, and said:— 'Unfortunate young man! you are going to your execution!'

"Edgar shuddered with fear. The courage which had sustained him on fields of battle, suddenly failed him at the threat of an assassination. His knees bent under his weight. Eusebio sustained him in solemn silence.

"When he entered, followed by his guides, into the hall where the council was held, he saw the Empecinado standing up before them, fire in his eyes, and his features convulsed with a spirit of anger and vengeance. Behind this redoubtable chief, several guerilleros and some Franciscan monks stood like statues. Edgar, arming himself with a strong resolution to overcome the peril that threatened him if the words of Eusebio were true, approached the Empecinado. 'Chief,' said he to him, 'I rejoice at the chance which has led me here on this occasion, for I can renew the application that I have several days uselessly addressed to Don Raphael. My wounds are cured; I feel myself filled with new strength and ardor,

and I cannot live in a degraded repose among the enemies of your country, when I came here to fight them. It is time for me to show proof of my loyal devotion. Send me among your soldiers; I thirst to share your glorious dangers.'

"On hearing these words, the Empecinado fixed a surprised look upon Edgar. The frankness which was exhibited in the attitude and accent of the young German, inspired him with a singular interest. He took him by the hand, and covering him with a powerfully fascinating eye—'Young man,' said he, 'the noble fate that you claim is not that for which you were destined to-night. Are you very certain that you will not fail? Can we count on the arm and heart of a stranger?'

"'The friend of Baldassare de Luna,' replied Edgar, 'is no longer a stranger to the Spanish nation. Let him have arms, and then show him the enemy!'

"'Very well, young man,' cried the Empecinado; 'I accept your services, and you shall soon be put to the proof. This very night you shall set out, without returning, to Don Raphael's house.' And, at a sign from the chief, Father Eusebio and a guerillero named Isidoro Mirr, who later covered himself with glory in this war of independence, led away our hero in embryo. The journey was not long to get out of Valencia by these subterranean passages, which opened outside the walls.

"The enemy was at the gates of the city, and the guerillas filled the country to harass them incessantly. Edgar was placed in a picked company. His conduct was of the most brilliant character, and every day he successfully attempted the rashest adventures, during one of which he met with his ancient host, Don Raphael. The poor devil had escaped from the besieged city, and he

had confided to some guerilleros with whom he was acquainted, several mules loaded, among other baggage, with a certain number of bags stuffed with old ducats. As night came on without bringing any news of the party, Raphael ran about here and there like a madman, groaning with all his might at the thought that he might lose his treasures by the merest accident.

“Edgar looked with contempt upon this degraded Spaniard, who was occupied with sordid fears in the midst of the miseries of his country, when the explosion of several volleys awoke the echoes of the neighboring gorges. Several guerilleros came limping along, with the sorrowful news of the loss of the train which they had been escorting. Attacked by the French sharp shooters, they had been overcome by numbers, and those whom the balls had spared had been reduced to the necessity of flying to escape being made prisoners.

“Don Raphael, whilst listening to this fatal narration, fell with his face to the ground, like a man struck by lightning. ‘To arms!’ cried Edgar; ‘this is not our place, when our comrades are being swept away by the enemy. Let us hasten to avenge their death, and recover the booty fallen into the hands of the French!’

“Edgar’s enthusiasm is received with acclamations. The whole troop fly to their arms, and plunge into the depths of the ravines, making the air resound with the cry of ‘Long live Valencia!’

“The French, taken by surprise, were cut into pieces by this unexpected attack, rendered more murderous by the rage of the assailants. The action lasted several minutes, and the victors were preparing to retreat, when Edgar heard a piercing cry in the neighboring wood. He hastened towards the sound, and found a little man

contending with a French soldier, who was trying to strike him with his poignard. At the sight of a new assailant, the soldier left his adversary and fired; but Edgar, who was not hit, struck him to his feet with a mortal blow. Then, without losing time, he carried away in his arms the little man that he had saved, and placed him on a mule that had not been frightened away into the mountains by the noise of the musquetry. The animal bore on his back a little girl eight or ten years old. Edgar tied the wounded man on behind her, and taking the mule by the bridle, he led him to the camp. Nothing can paint the surprise of Don Raphael at the sight of Edgar bringing back his prize. At a bound he sprang before the mule, crying out—‘My child! my beloved daughter!’ He pressed the little girl in his arms with convulsive transports; then by a second movement he threw himself at Edgar’s feet. ‘Oh, Don Edgar,’ said he to him, ‘you are a guardian angel, and I am very unworthy of the service that you have rendered me. I who suspected you of treason, I who wished to have you cruelly killed like a spy, can I owe you to-day the safety of what I hold dearest in the world? Kill me, Edgar, I deserve your vengeance! Kill me then, it will be but justice!’

“Edgar generously re-assured him, and begged him to relate how he had left Valencia. Don Raphael told him that Colonel Lacombe, furious at not finding him on his return, and believing that he had been killed, had made terrible threats of vengeance; that he, Raphael, had hardly had time to fly with his daughter, his servant, and the little treasure that he possessed.

“After this adventure, the guerilleros again took up the march; for the kind of warfare they pursue requires

continual movements in order the better to surprise and mislead the enemy. Several days after, Don Raphael was left by them in a place of safety; but before separating himself from Edgar, he gave him as a token of remembrance, a talisman, which was in the future to preserve him from innumerable dangers."—

Euchar stopped at this place in his narration. The young poet who had been taken ill at the commencement, and who had softly extended himself in a arm-chair, remarked that Edgar's adventures in Spain would furnish the material for an excessively animated drama. But a young lady observed that an indispensable knot of intrigue was wanting in it—that is to say, a love story.

"I believe," said Mademoiselle Victorine in a whisper—"I believe that I have met, I know not where, this melancholy Edgar, who has lived so unhappily as not to be attached to the only real good that makes life supportable."

"Ladies," said the president's consort, "I agree that this story has nothing very interesting to us in it; but I have a little diversion to offer you, which will end this party in a most joyful manner."

The lady having rung the bell, the door of the drawing-room was opened, and the beautiful Emanuela appeared, accompanied by the dwarf Biagio Cubas, guitar in hand, and bowing to the brilliant company that had done him the honor to receive him. Emanuela smiled on recognizing Euchar and Ludwig, whom she had already met in the park at W—. After the most graceful courtesy that she knew how to make, she announced to the company, in a sweet and modest voice, that she would try to amuse them by a game that had no other charm but its novelty, and that she begged for great indulgence.

“There,” said Ludwig, in a whisper, to his friend—
“there is the little girl who stole thy ring; now is the
time to get it quietly back again.”

“Be quiet,” said Euchar; “I found it in my glove,
where she had slipped it. This creature is more adorably
beautiful than ever; let me still intoxicate myself with
the pleasure of seeing her.”

When the ugly Biagio Cubas had placed the eggs for
the dance of his pretty companion, Emanuela gained
great applause by her prodigies of lightness and grace.
Euchar contemplated her in silence, whilst Ludwig ex-
pressed his admiration by the most extravagant phrases.
Victorine leaned towards him, and pinched him vio-
lently. “Mischief!” said she to him; “you have dared
to say that you love me, and here you are devouring this
Bohemian dancer with your eyes. I forbid you to look
any more at her!”

Ludwig, absorbed by the beautiful gipsy, felt for the
first time that he was not entirely mad with love for
Victorine, and that if jealousy was sometimes the evi-
dence of love, it was also something very annoying.

When her dance was over, Emanuela took her tam-
bourine, and began to sing some of her Bohemian ballads
with great expression. Ludwig begged her to sing the
couplets that his friend Euchar had heard with so much
pleasure. The young girl immediately sang—

L'aure l'immortal al gran Palafox.

Whilst she sang, her voice took an expression of
strange poetry; then when she reached the final couplet,
all burning with patriotism and love of liberty, her eyes
met Euchar's; she uttered a cry, burst into tears, and fell
upon her knees. The president's lady sprang forward to

raise her, and seating her near her on a sofa, she lavished upon her the tenderest caresses.

“That Bohemian woman is mad,” said Victorine, in a whisper. “You do not love her; you cannot love her, can you, Ludwig?”

“No, no,” stammered Ludwig, very much frightened at the dramatic turn that Victorine’s love for him had taken. Meanwhile the president’s lady consoled the beautiful Emanuela, by giving her several biscuits saturated with sweet wine, whilst Biagio Cubas regaled himself in the corner with a goblet full of sherry, of which he left not a single drop.

The ladies curiously surrounded the Bohemian girl, loading her with questions concerning her country, her mode of life, and a thousand other things. The president’s lady had great difficulty in rescuing her from this circle, where the poor child visibly suffered, and reconducted her to the door of her apartment, with many soothing caresses.

When the hour for retiring each to his own home came, she said to Euchar, before the whole company, that she did not release him from the narration that he had so well commenced, and she required that the next evening he should come and relate the conclusion of his friend Edgar’s adventures, who could not have passed the whole of his youth without having yielded some little part up to love. Every person present so earnestly desired this, that he was obliged to engage himself for the following evening.

The two friends had met together in their little chamber. Ludwig could not exhaust himself concerning the annoyances that Victorine’s jealousy had caused him. He perceived that, in spite of his efforts to resist, his heart

was filled with extreme love for the gipsy. "I will see her again," exclaimed he; "I will speak to her, I will carry her off!"

"Very well said!" said the other young man, coolly. "Who lives shall see!"

The morrow, when the company was assembled, the president's lady with grief informed her friends, that Baron Euchar had set off post haste, called by unforeseen circumstances, and had postponed until his return the conclusion of his story.

Two years after, a post chaise stopped before the door of the hotel called the Golden Angel, the most comfortable residence in W—; a young man, with a veiled woman and an old man, were seen to get out. Ludwig, who was passing by at this moment, curiously eyed the new arrival. The youngest traveller, by chance turning around, recognized him, and threw himself into his arms, uttering a cry of joy. It was his friend Euchar.

To the hasty questions of Ludwig, he answered that every thing should be elucidated in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. "As for thee, my friend, what have you been doing with yourself during my absence?"

"By my faith," answered Ludwig, "it is now more than a year since Victorine made me the precious gift of her hand. Seest thou from here that fine mansion? It is there that domestic happiness spins golden threads for me. Come, now, and visit my El Dorado."

Euchar allowed himself to be led away. On arriving at the foot of the staircase, Ludwig begged his friend to go up as quietly as possible. "For Victorine," said he, "is subject to neuralgia, which sometimes renders her nearly insane." They slipped, with infinite precaution, to Ludwig's own apartment. After exhausting the first

greetings of friendship, Ludwig pulled the bell-rope ; then, immediately starting back several steps, he exclaimed :—“ All powerful gods! what have I done! I am a lost man! ”

He had hardly uttered this exclamation, when a little woman bounded into the room, like an elastic ball, crying out in a shrill voice :— “ God bless you, baron, you have given madame a fearful start! You wish to kill her at a blow! she is now seized with a nervous spasm! ”

“ Good heaven! ” cried Ludwig, “ there are then always the same scenes to submit to! Yet I am entirely guiltless! It was the joy of seeing an old friend again, that made me forget the customary precautions. Go, my good Nettchen, ” continued he, slipping a piece of silver into her hand, “ go and say to thy mistress, that it is my friend Euchar, who has just returned, and who would be very happy to be allowed to present himself. ”

“ I will go, ” said the follower, “ and I will do what I can. ”

Friend Euchar, who foresaw a conjugal crisis, asked Ludwig if he was still as warm a partisan as ever of his famous system of the enchainment of destinies.

“ Alas! ” said Ludwig, “ destiny is inevitable, and my system is the only prop that enables me to support life as it is meted out to me. A short time after our last meeting at the house of the president's lady, I happened to pass before the inn where I had seen the beautiful Emanuela, at the time of our first acquaintance. The hostess informed me that my dear gipsy had disappeared, with her companion, and they were not able to learn the route that they took. I reflected, then, on the madness of my love for this worthless creature, and I felt my taste for the attractions of Victorine redoubled. But the

thought of my infidelity had rendered her furious against me. The good man Cochenille informed me of the deep melancholy that had taken possession of this poor girl, and offered me his services to re-instate me into her good graces. I rewarded him every day with a piece of gold, in exchange for the glimmerings of hope that he had the art to bring me. Finally, the anger of my divinity was appeased by the perseverance of my repentance. I obtained the favor of being allowed to see her again; she appeared to me more beautiful, more seductive than ever."

At this moment, Nettchen, the chamber maid, entered, to say to Ludwig, that the baroness could not and would not receive any one. She presented her respects to her husband's friend. Thereupon she withdrew, with the satisfied stiffness of a servant mistress, scrutinizing Euchar from head to foot.

Ludwig appeared to receive very little satisfaction from this result. Euchar looked at him, smiling secretly; he continued:—

"Thou canst not believe, my friend, how much I have fallen away from my dearest hopes. Victorine received me with a coldness that would have wounded feelings less delicate than mine. I bore all, thinking that she wished undoubtedly to have a little revenge for the trial to which I had subjected her love. My resigned patience triumphed gradually over her rigor, and led her back to softer sentiments. One day after a waltz, I declared to her the whole violence of my passion. She laughed in my face, heartily; but that did not prevent me from charging the faithful Cochenille to obtain for me a solemn interview on the morrow. I hastened to meet her at the appointed place; I rolled at her feet, I wept, I made a

thousand protestations, each one more ardent than the other. She looked at me in silence, and with an unmoved countenance; finally, nevertheless, subjugated by the frankness and truth which animated my oaths of eternal love, she suddenly felt several soft tears roll like pearls from her eye-lids; her hands fell into mine, then, plucking herself from my arms, she fled from the room, weeping freely. That was, it seems to me, a very satisfactory confession that she returned my love. I immediately went to the count, her father, and I asked for the hand of Victorine. The celestial yes came with delicious modesty from the mouth of the prettiest marriageable daughter that you could imagine. God alone knows what passed in my soul at this fortunate moment.

“The morning of the day that preceded my marriage, I went early to the house of my betrothed. Victorine was not in her room, but the door was partly open. I ventured to slip quietly in, and, on a light stand, among other papers, romances and music, I perceived a book, on which was written the word Journal. I greedily read it; Oh my friend, every line, every word, contained a heart secret of my Victorine. I there read the whole history of her love struggles. I read aloud—Victorine suddenly appeared; I fell at her feet, I renewed my oaths; I thanked her, with tears of happiness, for these witnesses of so beautiful a passion, of which I had become the confidant. ‘No,’ said I to her, ‘I never loved that little Bohemian girl, who caused you a momentary jealousy. I have never adored but thee, oh my celestial affianced!’

“But, oh despair! oh fury! Victorine, pushing me away from her, exclaimed:—‘Unfortunate man! but it is not you that I speak of in this journal!’ Thereupon, she

fled and shut herself up in another apartment. Have you ever seen a woman carry her prudery so far?"

As he said these words, Nettchen came back to inquire what prevented the baron from conducting his friend to the room of the baroness, who had been awaiting this visit for an hour, and whose impatience was announced by nervous spasms, difficult to restrain.

"Admirable woman!" said Ludwig; "just now she refused, and here she is sacrificing herself to my desires!"

Euchar, who thought that he should find the baroness in bed, was not a little surprised to find her in full dress.

"Here is our dear Euchar, our old friend," said Ludwig; "I hope that now he will remain with us."

Victorine raised her eyes, fixed them upon Euchar, and at the moment when the gallant young man took her hand to carry it to his lips, fell fainting.

Euchar sadly left this fatal scene, murmuring:—"Poor Ludwig! no, it was not of thee that Victorine spoke in her journal."

He went home, leaving Ludwig to the cares the situation of his wife required. He reflected upon many things which until then he had not remarked. He pitied from the depths of his soul the unfortunate young girl, whose secret sentiments he had not guessed, and his friend Ludwig, whose unexampled vanity had blinded him to the danger of a marriage with a woman whose heart did not belong to him.

The evening after this painful interview, the same persons who had heard two years before the narration of Euchar, were re-united at the house of Madame Veehs. Euchar was received by his old friends with demonstrations of excessive joy; but at the sight of Victorine,

whom he did not expect to see so soon again, a painful sensation weighed upon his heart. Victorine was there, coquettishly dressed, more beautiful than ever, and she appeared to be overflowing with careless gaiety. Euchar could not refrain from giving her a reproachful look. The young woman, profiting by a moment when the conversation was very general, and every body was occupied, drew him quietly apart, and said to him :—

“ You know, my friend, Ludwig’s ideas concerning the forcible enchaining, according to him, which rules over our destinies. As for myself, I think that our faults and our errors are the only things that truly influence the happiness or the unhappiness of our existence. Life resembles a phantasmagoria, the enigma of which very few minds are able to guess. It is only now that you read my heart. Your error has separated us forever. I do not blame you ; it was my evil genius prevented you from understanding me. Now that it is too late to return to the past, let us ask from God, for ourselves, patience and repose ! ”

“ Yes, Victorine,” murmured Euchar, with tears in his eyes, “ may God give your days peace and repose. When hope is shut out from the soul, it is sweet for it to sink to rest in resignation, as to the bottom of a tomb ! ”

“ All is ended,” continued Victorine in a husky voice. “ All is well, since God has willed it so.”

✓ She returned to the company. The president’s lady, who had not lost the apart scene of Euchar and Victorine, whispered in the ear of the young man, and said :— “ I have told her all ; was I wrong ? ”

“ No,” said Euchar, sighing. “ Is not mankind created to suffer and become resigned ? ”

Meanwhile the ladies, who had not yet forgotten the

adventures of Edgar in Spain, begged the historian to take up his narrative at the place where it had been interrupted two years before.

“I am willing, ladies,” said Euchar. “And I give you warning, that there is no longer any talk, in the denouement of this story, about subterranean passages, murders, nocturnal combats, and the whole customary arsenal of romances. The story of my friend is ended by a love story, of passable originality, as you shall see.

“The talisman of Raphael Marchez was a gold ring, on which were engraved the mysterious signs, that, being used to pass him as one of the high officers of certain secret societies, assured him, every where, a powerful protection from the insurgents in the war for independence.

“After having fought some time among the guerillas, he enlisted in the army under Wellington. The remainder of the campaign passed by him without any memorable incident. Tired of a war which appeared to have no prospect of an end, he took the resolution, one day, of returning to his own country.

“Several months had elapsed since his return, when Edgar perceived, one morning, that his mysterious ring had disappeared. The morrow after this discovery, which had very much annoyed him, a little man entered his room, without being announced, and returned him the lost ring, exclaiming:—‘Don Edgar! it is then you, that I find here, after so long an absence!’

“Edgar fixed his eyes on the little man, and his memory recalled the face of Don Raphael’s valet. ‘Good heaven!’ said he to him, ‘what has become of your master and his daughter? Has any misfortune happened to them?’

“‘Come!’ said the little man; ‘Come, there is not a moment to lose!’

“Edgar followed him into the suburbs, and ascended in his footsteps the tortuous staircase of a miserable ruin. On a floor of an attic, opened to all the winds, he found the old man *Marchez* wrestling with his last agony. Kneeling near him his young daughter was weeping. Oh, she was a celestial young girl! Seeing Edgar enter, she arose, ran to him, and lead him to the old man's bedside. ‘It is he, father; is it not so?’ said she, in an accent that reached the heart.

“The dying man appeared to revive for an instant. ‘Yes, it is he,’ muttered he in a nearly extinguished voice; ‘it is thy saviour!’

“Edgar learned from the young girl that Don *Raphael's* enemies had succeeded in drawing upon him the suspicions of the government, and he had been sentenced to banishment, and his property confiscated. Reduced to the most extreme misery, he had for a long time lived upon public charity, and the pittance which his daughter gained by her songs and dances.

“That young girl, ladies, I can now name her to you; it was *Emanuela*. The old servant of *Raphael* was *Biagio Cubas*. Edgar felt springing up in his heart the flame of a chaste love for this poor and beautiful girl, who was about to become an orphan. He removed Don *Raphael*, together with *Emanuela* and the old *Cubas*, to his uncle's country seat, and I myself assisted him in the accomplishment of this pious devotion.

“A little while after, a letter from *Father Eusebio* came to *Marchez*, telling him that his old friends, the *Franciscans of Valencia*, had saved in their convent a considerable sum of money, which they had hidden there, and that this money was at his disposition, if he could send to seek it by a faithful messenger. Edgar

himself went to Valencia for the purpose of gathering the remains of the old man's fortune. He did more, he obtained at Madrid the reversion of the judgment which had condemned Raphael Marchez on calumnious evidence, and he brought back to Germany the papers reinstating Emanuela's father in his rights."

At this the door opened, and a young lady, richly dressed, entered, led by an aged man, of lofty and dignified bearing. The president's lady arose to receive the new comer; she conducted the lady into the midst of the circle. "Here is," said she to the company, "Dona Emanuela Marchez, the beautiful wife of our Euchar; and here is Don Raphael, her noble father."

"Yes," said Euchar, in a voice animated by a sentiment of sweet enthusiasm; "this Edgar whose story I have told you, was myself!"

Victorine embraced Emanuela. These two charming women saluted each other like two old friends who meet again after a long absence.

Ludwig, a little apart, contemplated this tableau, and said to himself—"Destinies are chained together by invisible links; all that was to happen."

IGNAZ DENNER.

ON the confines of the domain of Fulda formerly lived at the entrance of a wood as old as the world, a skilful huntsman named Andres. This man, after having made one of the household of Count Aloys de Bach, had followed his noble master during his long travels, and had saved his life with admirable devotion, when he was attacked by bandits in Naples. In a hotel of this city, where they made some stay, they met a young girl of rare beauty, who was only employed in the coarsest labors, and whom the master of the house appeared to treat with great cruelty. Andres, who prided himself upon his gallantry, showed her all kind of attentions, to soften, as much as it was in his power, the situation of this poor child, who, out of gratitude, soon conceived for him so strong an affection, that in order not to be separated from him, joyfully consented to follow him to Germany; and the Count de Bach, out of favor to his faithful servant, allowed the pretty Giorgina to take a place by the side of her future husband, on the outside of his post-chaise. Their marriage was celebrated even before quitting Italy; and when they arrived on the domains of their lord, Andres was invested with the office of head game-keeper of the forests of Fulda.

The young family had great difficulty in earning a supportable existence. The country was one of the most miserable, and besides the trouble of procuring most of the necessaries of life, it was necessary to watch continually over the poachers and robbers. The moderate salary of the game-keeper hardly sufficed for his pressing wants, and the little gratuities that he received from his right to a portion of the annual cuttings from the forest, joined to the product of a little garden, often laid waste by the incursions of wolves and wild boars, did not always preserve him from the rude attacks of misery. Yet nevertheless, in spite of so many privations and little sufferings, the honest game-keeper fulfilled his duties with rigorous fidelity.

But Giorgina, whose childhood had been passed under a milder sky, fell sick of languor and exhaustion. Her beauty withered by degrees, and the charming Neapolitan soon became a miserable being, constantly ailing and complaining. Often during the night the sound of fire-arms awoke the echoes of the forest. The game-keeper's dogs made the air resound with their savage barkings, and Andres left his bed, invoking curses on his painful destiny. The birth of a son completed the enfeeblement of Giorgina's constitution; and every day from that time she felt that she was going down to the tomb. All hope of happiness was banished from the forester's cottage. The sombre grief that undermined him seemed to have deprived him of his faculties. He passed the greater part of his nights in terrible wakefulness; and during the day, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, he felt his hand tremble. The bullets from his gun no longer reached the mark as before; the birds of the air and the inhabitants of the forest ran through the coppice before

his eyes, seeming to insult him by their security in his present harmlessness. Had it not been for an old servant who was very much attached to him, he would not have been able to furnish the count with his proportion of game.

One night in autumn, when the blast was moaning among the dead leaves, seated near the bed where his wife was dying, the poor Andres sadly reflected upon his future. The old follower had not returned from the neighboring village, where he had been to seek medicines for the sick woman. The hurricane rolled itself in the depths of the solitudes, and the dogs, tormented by the electricity of the atmosphere, howled at intervals. Suddenly a noise was heard near the cabin. Andres thought that it was his servant, who had returned. He got up to go and open the door. A man wrapped in the folds of a large grey cloak, and his features hidden in a fur cap, entered the room. "I have lost myself in this pathless wood," said the unknown. "The storm is now blowing from the hills; the ravines will soon be impassable. Will you, my good man, give me shelter under your roof, until the tempest is over?"

"You are welcome," answered Andres, "but I can only offer you sorry hospitality. See, I have a sick wife, and I am destitute of every thing. My servant, whom I had sent for aid and provisions, has not yet returned."

Meanwhile the stranger took off his cloak, under which he carried a little casket and a light valise. He placed these articles on a table, and placed near them a pair of pistols and a poignard.

Andres had returned to Giorgina's bedside, who was immovable and almost insensible. "Alas!" exclaimed he, weepingly, "my poor wife's last hour has come!"

“Calm yourself, my friend,” said the stranger, who had just approached the bed of suffering, and who had the hand of the sick woman to feel her pulse, with an expression of lively interest. “Your wife is young, but she is killed by privations; she only requires to be strengthened by a strong nourishment. I always carry with me a cordial which produces a marvellous effect; I have arrived in time to render you an important service; allow me to administer it.”

Saying these words, he took from his casket a flask filled with a golden liquor, several drops of which he poured upon a piece of sugar, and slipped it between the sick woman’s lips. He then poured from another flask two or three spoonfuls of Rhine wine, which he carefully administered in the same manner, told Andres to allow the mother and child to repose, and await without inquietude the result of this natural medicine. Andres stood in extacy before the saviour that Heaven had sent to his humble cabin. In the effusion of his gratitude, he related the whole details of his misery. The stranger answered that providence often came to the aid of its creatures in the most critical moment, and that one ought never to despair for the future.

“Alas, my worthy sir,” replied the keeper, “God knows with what happiness I should seize upon an opportunity to earn some money. But what can I do in this desert, abandoned as we are by every body?”

The stranger smiled at the words of Andres, and he was about to continue the conversation, when Giorgina recovered from her insensibility. She appeared to be greatly comforted; and her first words were to inquire for her child, and she took it into her arms. Andres,

overjoyed to enthusiasm, laughed, wept, jumped, kissed the stranger's hands, and could not restrain his joy.

At this moment the servant came back loaded with provisions, and by order from his master, he set about preparing some for the stranger. The latter, in his turn, composed with his own hands a broth for Giorgina, in which he mixed divers substances which would, he said, complete her restoration.

Meanwhile night came on ; and although the tempest was over, Andres insisted that the stranger should repose himself on a bed of moss and foliage, covered with deer skins. When day broke, Giorgina was much better. She returned, with her husband, the most touching thanksgiving to the benevolent stranger ; but he received their grateful words with visible impatience, and hastening to withdraw, drew from a leathern purse several pieces of gold, which he urged upon the acceptance of his host.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed the worthy keeper, "I do not want your gold. What is the momentary shelter that I have afforded you, in exchange for the great service that you have rendered me ! I shall never forget that my dear wife owes you her life, and I will only ask of Heaven the opportunity to devote myself, body and soul, in your service, to acquit the debt of my gratitude ! I will not take this money, which is not my due ; but if you will deign to leave me a souvenir of your visit, I should be but too happy to obtain from your generosity some drops of the precious elixir that you possess, in order to preserve my Giorgina from all danger of a relapse."

"Well," said the stranger, "since you refuse a little gold, that I am rich enough to give you without cost to

myself, I will throw a double portion into your wife's lap, to enable her to buy some clothes for her child, and dress it up on feast days."

Giorgina immediately saw poured upon her bed a handful of pretty gold pieces, all sparkling in the rays of the rising sun; and she looked upon them with joyful smiles, for never had she seen such treasures so near.

"You will perhaps be surprised," then said the stranger, "to find so much liberality in a foot traveller, whose humble exterior at most announces a petty pedlar. But you know that you must not always judge of people by appearances. I follow, just as you see me, for twenty years, the traffic in jewels; and I have gained an immense fortune, which I could enjoy like a lord, if the habit of a wandering and ever active life had not become a necessity to my existence. This casket that you see is filled with gems of the highest value. There is within it goods to an enormous amount. I come from Frankfort, where I have done a magnificent business, and the handful of gold that I gave your wife, represents at most a thousandth part of my profits. I am now going from Frankfort to Cassel; but from Schuchtern, I took the cross road and lost my way. The passage through this forest, so much dreaded by common travellers, has appeared to me, on that very account, infinitely less perilous than the high road; and hereafter I shall always pass through it. You will see me again twice a year—at Easter, when I go from Frankfort to Cassel, then again at the end of autumn, when I return after Saint Michael's Fair, from Leipzig to Frankfort, from whence I continue my industrial pilgrimage into Switzerland, and even into Italy. Every time that I pass this way, I wish to repose myself with you, and I will pay you liberally for your

hospitality. I have, before leaving you, a favor to ask. It is, to keep this casket for me until my autumn trip. I have the fullest confidence in you, and I leave you this deposit as I would place it in the hands of my best friend. The game-keeper of Count Fulda cannot but be as honest a man as there is in the world. If you are, besides that, disposed to render me another good office, I beg you to guide me out of the forest towards Hirschfeld road, for I do not wish to run the risk of losing my way a second time. One does not find every where people so obliging as you. And besides, since the country is not very safe, it is agreeable to have company. As forester, the poachers and robbers do not threaten you; they know that you are poor. But an unknown traveller, whose death could easily be hidden from all eyes, incurs great risk. I am known in a thousand places as a dealer in jewelry, and I have heard that a band of brigands, inhabiting these regions, has my description, and would glory in my capture. Will you then accompany me to the border of the wood?"

Andres hastened to comply with the desires of the stranger. He put on his uniform of keeper, examined the primings of his excellent double barrelled gun, put into his belt a broad cutlass well sharpened, and let loose two dogs of great size and strength, to complete the escort. Whilst he was making these preparations, the stranger had taken from his casket a necklace, ear-drops and rings, with which he desired Giorgina to ornament herself before him. The young woman, blushing with pleasure, admired herself in a pocket mirror that the stranger had held before her pretty face.

"Ah, sir," said she, "how can you tempt a poor woodman's wife like me with the allurements of possessing such fine things!"

“I am glad,” said the stranger, “that these trifles afford you pleasure. Those diamonds are pure, like your beauty. Accept them as a remembrance of me. Andres,” added he, turning towards the astonished game-keeper, “if any misfortune should happen to me, and if you do not see me come back at the time I have designated, I constitute you the sole heir to the riches contained in this casket. I have neither wife nor children; I have only distant relations, who live in Valaisan, and about whom I care very little; for when I was unfortunate, I found neither affection nor assistance among them. If in three years from this time you receive no news of me, look upon this casket as your own property. It is a gift that I confer upon your child, to whom I beg you will give the name of Ignaz, in remembrance of me, for my name is Ignaz Denner.”

The game-keeper did not know how to show his gratitude for the singular liberality of the stranger. Giorgina promised with ingenuousness that she would never forget him in her prayers. But he answered, that if the protection of Heaven was a commendable thing, he trusted more in his strength and the excellent quality of his pistols.

The pious Andres was very little pleased with this manner of viewing things; but he allowed no observation to escape that should dissatisfy his guest, and contented himself with calling attention to the fact that it was getting late, and that it was time to start, so that his Giorgina might not be uneasy awaiting his return.

Before leaving the cottage, Denner renewed to Giorgina the assurance that she could, without scruple, freely use his jewels. The young woman thanked him, with ev-

ident marks of pleasure, and took leave of him with a thousand wishes for his fortunate return.

The two men started at a rapid pace through the woods, which became thicker and more sombre as they advanced. The dogs barked, from time to time, whilst running on before, and then returning to their master with signs of distrust and uneasiness.

"This part of the forest is not safe," said the guard. He examined both barrels of his gun, and went on before, to clear the way for his guest. He thought that he heard, several times, rustlings in the brush; then, at great distance, it seemed to him that he saw shadowy forms bounding along, which might as well have belonged to demons as to brigands. His companion unceasingly re-assured him against all fear of danger.

A man of savage aspect, and armed to the teeth, having suddenly started up behind a bush, Andres was about to fire upon him; but the stranger restrained him, and the ill looking fellow, having made a sign of intelligence, went back into the wood. No other incident occurred in their path, and they reached the end of the opening of the forest.

"I thank you for your courtesy," then said Denner to the game-keeper; "you can now return to your own home without fear. I assure you that you will have no ugly encounters; and if you do see through the bushes any ill-omened faces, take no notice of them."

Andres knew not what to think of the hidden power which his guest appeared to exercise over these evil doers. He bravely started to return, and arrived, safe and sound, at his own house, where his Giorgina welcomed him with every expression of the liveliest joy.

The liberalities of the stranger merchant contributed not a little to change the appearance of Andres' little household. They provided themselves with many articles of the first necessity, which had been wanting, and they added some objects for ornament, which gave the cottage a much more comfortable aspect. The robbers and poachers seemed to have abandoned the country since the visit of Ignaz Denner, and the game-keeper, freed from his continual anxiety, peaceably attended to the duties of his office, and his hand became again as sure as his eye.

The stranger returned at the feast of St. Michael, as he had promised. He passed three days at the keeper's house, paid generously for his moderate expenses, and left with manifestations of the greatest interest in the young couple.

Giorgina, thanks to his little presents, could allow herself certain airs of coquetry. She confided to Andres that the stranger had given her a gold brooch, finely wrought, like those worn by young girls in Italy to retain the plaitings of their hair.

The keeper, who could not explain to himself what hidden motive could make the stranger act thus, reproached his wife for accepting such presents from an unknown man. "I do not know," said he, "but there is a secret voice that warns me that a mysterious malediction is attached to the gifts of this man. Since we have known him, we enjoy a little more ease, and I drink from time to time a goblet of better wine; but I do not regret the less our former poverty. It seems to me that then my heart was freer, and my conscience lighter. I can feel no sympathy for this singular jewel merchant; I have remarked that he never looks you steadily in the

face, and I instinctively mistrust the man who has not a frank look. God send that I am mistaken, and that there may not be at the bottom of all this, peril for our future and our repose."

Giorgina made every exertion to dissipate the sinister presentiments of her husband, but she only in part succeeded. Andres spoke no more of the stranger; only he could not banish a foreboding look, which was both mistrustful and sad.

Ignaz Denner re-appeared when Andres' child had completed his ninth month. Giorgina had dressed him in the Italian fashion, and the child looked about, during the repast, with the animated appearance of a precocious intelligence. Ignaz Denner looked upon him complacently.—"My friends," said he to his host and hostess, "your child already gives signs of a good future, and I have an advantageous proposition to make, for him, as well as for yourselves. You know that I am rich, and have no children. I feel disposed to lavish upon yours my whole affection. Confide him to me. I will have him brought up at Strasburg, with a respectable lady who is one of my friends. His fortune is perhaps depending upon the decision that you are about to make; but you must decide promptly, for I start this evening; and if you consent to it, I shall carry the child to the next village, where I can procure a post-chaise."

At these words from the stranger, Giorgina seized the child and pressed it in her arms, whilst her eyes filled with tears.

"You see, sir," said Andres, "you see how my wife receives your project; I am of her opinion, and, without in the least doubting your good intentions, I cannot consent to a separation from our most precious possession.

However great the services may be that you have rendered us, they cannot diminish in our hearts the devoted tenderness with which God orders us to keep our child. Do not tax us with ingratitude, if we refuse your generous offers; for, if you were a father yourself, you would appreciate the truth of what I have just told you."

"As you please," replied Ignaz Denner, throwing upon his hosts and their child a sidelong and sinister look. "I wished to do something that would be agreeable to you; but if it does not please you, let us speak no more about it."

Instead of leaving the keeper's house that night, Ignaz Denner passed three days longer there. During all this time, he abstained from his ordinary attentions to Giorgina, and followed Andres in his forest excursions, taking care to inform himself exactly concerning all the affairs of Count Aloys de Bach.

After this, when he visited them again, he spoke no more of his project of taking with him Andres' son, but he renewed his cordiality towards Giorgina. Sometimes he even wished to play with the child; but the latter immediately uttered loud cries, and appeared to feel an invincible repugnance towards the stranger. Ignaz Denner's visits continued during two years. Andres lost his distrust, by degrees, and easily habituated himself to a connection which was constantly profitable to him, without giving him any trouble.

One autumn night, in the third year, our forester was suddenly awakened by a violent knocking at his door, whilst unknown voices rudely called him by his name. He tremblingly arose, and put his head out of the window to ask what they wanted.

"Open the door, Andres, it is a friend," then said

the voice of Ignaz Denner, which the keeper immediately recognized.

He opened the door, and as Denner entered alone, he expressed his surprise. Denner sneeringly answered, that Andres must have been dreaming, or that he had taken for human voices the crashings of the forest trees. When the resinous torch, fixed in an iron clamp under the high chimney piece, lighted the whole chamber, Andres remarked, with renewed astonishment, the singular costume of the dealer in jewelry. Ignaz Denner wore, in place of his gray cloak, a doublet of brown velvet, secured by a broad scarlet belt, from which projected a poignard and a pair of pistols. By his side hung a large sabre. His face had something in it more repulsive than formerly; it was covered with a thick black beard and long drooping mustachios.

"Andres," said Denner, fascinating the poor keeper with his flashing eyes, "when, three years ago, I restored your wife from agony, you told me that your only wish would be to repay me some day for this service, by all the devotedness that man is capable of. The hour has come to pay thy debt. Take thy clothes, thy arms, and come. At a short distance from here, thou shalt know what I require of thee."

Poor Andres knew not what to think of so unforeseen a move. Nevertheless, he protested that he was ready to do anything, except what was against probity and religion.

"Go along, fool!" replied Denner; and as Giorgina in her fright ventured timidly to say a few words; "Come, my beautiful child," said the stranger, "sleep on both your ears until to-morrow. I will return you back your husband in a few hours, safe and sound, and he shall not return to you empty handed."

Andres dressed himself, slowly and hesitatingly.—“I hope,” continued Denner, “that thou wilt keep thy word, for there is no chance to withdraw. A thing promised, a thing due; and I have not uselessly counted upon thee.”

The game-keeper obeyed, still repeating that nothing would be obtained from him that was incompatible with his duties. Ignaz Denner drew him along by the hand, without answering a single word. They both entered the undergrowth, walking with hurried steps until they reached an opening in the woods, where Denner blew a shrill whistle, which was repeated by many echoes. There came immediately from all parts, as if by enchantment, a multitude of savage faces, that formed themselves in a circle at a certain distance, by the light of a resinous torch, whose ruddy flame made the barrels of their carbines sparkle with ominous brilliancy.

One of these figures, approaching Ignaz Denner, pointed out Andres, and said:—“Is not this, Captain, the new companion that you were to bring us?”

“It is he, himself,” answered Denner. “Lose not a moment, but march!”

It would be difficult to describe the consternation of the poor game-keeper, thus taken in the snare. He broke out in bitter reproaches against the treason of Ignaz Denner. But the chief of the bandits only answered his complaints by a burst of laughter, and a threat to send a part of the band to burn his house and kill his wife and child, if he still hesitated to obey. Andres, seeing that there was no other course for him but submission, became resigned, not without promising himself to seek the first opportunity to escape, and deliver up to justice these evil doers.

Denner gave him to understand, besides, that his participation in the operations of the bandits would only be of short duration, and that it was necessary for him to continue in his employ of general game-keeper of Fulda, to serve more efficaciously the interests of his new acquaintances.

The most immediate project of the chief of the band was to surround and pillage the farm of a rich proprietor, situated at the entrance of the forest, at a considerable distance from the village. They set out on their march, in order and without noise, and through paths where they were not likely to meet with any obstacle. Arrived at the place of their expedition, the band divided itself into two parts; the first blocked up the outlets of the habitation, the other forced the doors and ravaged the interior. Andres, with several sure men to watch over him, was placed so as to give warning of danger. He soon heard the noise of the desperate resistance that the brave farmer opposed to the assailants. Several fire-arms were discharged, to which an unbroken silence succeeded, only interrupted by the movement of furniture, which was dragged outside to be more easily broken open and pillaged.

But one of the farmer's servants, who had profited by the first disorder of the attack to escape, had run to the village to seek for assistance. Suddenly the alarm sounded, and the inhabitants of the surrounding country hastened towards the scene of the disaster. A terrible combat took place between the peasants and the bandits. By the light of the fire-arms, which formed a mournful accompaniment, Andres recognized in the fight, foresters in the livery of the Count de Bach. The brigands, closely pressed, began to think of retiring, after a well sustained

defence. They yielded on the side where Andrés was placed as sentinel. Denner fought at their head with a courage worthy of a better cause; every discharge of his carbine made a man bite the dust; but he finally fell himself, struck by a chance shot. The foresters of Count Bach were about making him a prisoner, when Andrés sprang forward, as if attracted by an irresistible power, and taking him in his arms, sprang with him through the forest, with prodigious rapidity.

When they were at a sufficient distance to be safe from pursuit, Denner begged Andrés to lay him down upon the grass. He felt a wound in his foot; but when Andrés examined it, he found that it was nothing but a scratch made by a spent ball. A simple dressing sufficed to enable Denner to sustain himself. Leaning upon Andrés' arm, he walked through the woods towards a cross road which had been designated as a rallying point in case of difficulty. He then uttered a prolonged whistle, to which other signals answered, and a few moments after, all those who had not perished in the combat were re-united around their chief. On learning the devotedness of Andrés, they loaded him with congratulations, which he received with a sullen stupor, and like a man crushed by the part that force had obliged him to act.

When his whole band were gathered together, Ignaz Denner proceeded to divide the booty; he then said to Andrés:—"Thou canst return to thy wife and child, since thou hast not the good sense to make thy fortune by remaining among us. To-morrow we shall leave the country, and thou shalt not be made uneasy on our account. But it is just, before we separate, that thou shouldst take thy part of the profits of the expedition.

Take, then, this purse ; and do not forget me, for we shall meet again next year."

"God keep me," exclaimed Andres, "from taking thy accursed gold ! thou hast drawn me, by violence, among thy accomplices, and I do not accept the responsibility of thy misdeeds. I go, and I will keep the secret of what has passed between us ; but I swear to thee, that if a single murder, a single robbery is committed on the domain of Fulda, I will give you up to justice."

On hearing him speak thus, the bandits would have thrown themselves upon him ; but Denner restrained them. "Let the fool alone," said he to them ; "let the fool alone. Go thy way, thou faithless comrade, and beware of putting into execution any of thy foolish threats, if thou valuest the safety of thy wife and child ; for I shall take the most cruel vengeance for thy least indiscretion, and I shall act in such a manner, if thou betrayest me, that thou wilt have a difficult account to settle with justice. For the rest, I will not conceal from thee, that, for want of sufficient profit, I shall leave these forests."

At these words, and at a sign from their chief, two brigands took Andres by the arm, and led him for some distance, through paths that crossed each other in every direction.

He reached home at a very late hour, completely exhausted, and found his wife disturbed by the greatest anxiety. He contented himself with telling her that on the way, Ignaz Denner had unveiled himself, and shown that he was a villain, and that all relations between them were broken up forever.

"But the casket, what shall we do with that?" exclaimed Giorgina.

Andres' embarrassment was extreme. After having well weighed all the courses he might take, he decided upon faithfully keeping the deposit, thinking that sooner or later Denner would not fail to reclaim it.

The siege of the farm had alarmed the whole country. At the first sound of the tocsin, the nephew of the Count de Bach, who by chance happened to be in Fulda with an escort of huntsmen, took command of the armed peasants. Three of the bandits, grievously wounded, had been removed to prison; and it was hoped to obtain from them information concerning their accomplices; but on the morning of the third day, the jailer, going his rounds, found them pierced with poignards in their cells. No one could explain the mystery of this tragical event. For the rest, the band had disappeared, without leaving the slightest trace.

Meanwhile, parties of cavalry searched the forest of Fulda in every direction; and they quartered in the house of the keeper. Andres trembled constantly, for fear that they would bring Denner or some of his companions in, and they, finding themselves prisoners, should accuse him of being an accomplice. The fears of a troubled conscience allowed him no repose, either day or night. But all the searches were of no avail. No traces of the bold evil doers who had harassed the country could be found, and Andres was convinced that Denner had kept his word. He carefully shut up the casket and the remainder of the money he had received, wishing to keep nothing of a treasure the possession of which was the occasion of painful remorse. But, as it almost always happens that virtue is only preserved in this life, at the expense of material happiness, poor Andres found himself falling by degrees into his former

indigence. He needed a strongly fortified soul, to resist the temptation of escaping from his privations by using Denner's gold.

Two years after the events I have just related, his wife presented him with a second child. But her health had become firmer, and sickness was not joined to this increase of family and needs.

One night, as Andres was reposing himself after the fatigues of his daily turn, and talking with his wife by the fireside, the old servant came to announce, in a trembling voice, that he had seen a very evil-looking man prowling about the house for some time. The keeper took his gun, to go and reconnoitre this importunate visitor, when he heard himself called by name. He went out on his door-step, and found Ignaz Denner, clothed in his ancient gray costume, and carrying his valise under his arm, as at the time of his first appearance.

"Andres," said Denner, "I have need of shelter for the night."

"What, miserable man!" exclaimed the keeper; "darest thou, in spite of thy promise, re-appear in this country, and to me? But thou comest, undoubtedly, to seek thy gold and jewels. Wait, I will restore to thee this infernal deposit, which has been my misfortune, and then, thou shalt go quicker than thou camest; for I swear that if in three days, counting from this time, I meet thee on the grounds belonging to my lord, I will shoot thee down, or give thee up to justice." And saying these words, Andres went into his dwelling to seek the casket; but when he returned, Denner had disappeared. It was in vain that they sought for him in the forest; they could not discover what had become of him.

Poor Andres understood that after his too imprudent threats, he had every thing to dread from the vengeance of the bandit. Every night, he watched, in company with his servant, to guard against a surprise. Nothing, however, justified his apprehensions; the country remained calm, no injury was done. Andres, persuaded that Denner had come back alone, nevertheless thought it his duty to go and lay the information before the tribunal in session at Fulda; and whatever responsibility for his forced intimacy with Ignaz Denner might attach itself to him in the eyes of the magistrates, it seemed to him that his conscience would be easier when he had faithfully related all that had happened to him. But as he was about starting, he received a message from Count de Bach, which commanded him to his presence, without delay. He immediately obeyed, very uneasy as to what was about to happen to him.

As soon as he was introduced into the presence of his master, "Andres," said the count, "I have sent for thee in great haste, to announce good news to thee. Dost thou remember the inn-keeper, in whose house thy wife Giorgina formerly served, at Naples, in the capacity of milk-maid? That man is dead; but in his last moments, he left a legacy of two thousand ducats, as a reparation for the rude treatment and the hard life he led the poor young girl that you took pity upon. I will give you a certificate, so that you can go, as you are, to receive at Frankfort the sum that is coming to you, from my banker."

The joy of the game-keeper was indescribable. He immediately set out for Frankfort, received the two thousand ducats, made several purchases of ornaments for his wife, to whom he wished to give an agreeable

surprise on his return. He bought, among other things, a golden bodkin precisely like one that Denner had given her. He then took the road, at full gallop, which led to his cottage, where he must have been so impatiently expected.

On arriving, he found the principal doors shut and barricaded. He began to call, as loudly as he could, for his wife and servant. No one answered; his dogs alone uttered from within lamentable howlings. Andres instinctively felt that some great misfortune had happened. He knocked loudly upon the door, crying out:—"Giorgina! Giorgina!"

A feeble voice answered to his appeal; it was Giorgina, who showed her face at a narrow opening. "Oh my Andres," said she, "it is thou, thou so late! Oh why didst thou thus leave me? During thy absence, many evils have overtaken us!"

When the door was opened, Andres received his pale and disconsolate wife in his arms. He was obliged to carry her to her bed, for she appeared about to expire with terror and despair. A frightful spectacle presented itself in the chamber. The walls and the floor were soiled with bloody spots, and his youngest child was lying in his cradle, dead! At the same moment, George, his other child, descended the staircase, uttering plaintive cries. The furniture was in disorder, as if a pillage had taken place. Fragments of crockery covered the floor; and on a large table made of oak, that occupied the middle of the room, there was a chafing dish, flasks of diverse forms, and a small tub, half full of blood.

Andres took his murdered child in his arms; Giorgina weepingly brought him a fine linen cloth, for a shroud, and his unfortunate parents together went and hollowed

him a grave at the end of the garden. They placed above this last resting place a little wooden cross. When this sad duty was accomplished, they seated themselves opposite each other on the grass, and bitterly wept, without a single word of sorrow. The following day, Andres found strength to ask for a narration of the cruel event which had just brought mourning into his poor dwelling.

Giorgina told him that, a short time after his departure for the residence of Count de Bach, a great many suspicious figures were seen wandering through the forest. One night, she had been suddenly awakened by a fearful outcry ; and the servant, stupefied, came to announce that the house was surrounded by brigands, and that all resistance was impossible. Soon, a quick, strong voice called out for Andres : and as they answered that Andres was absent, the same voice replied :—" Open, nevertheless ; for we must halt here, and Andres will not be long away."

The servant was obliged to yield to force. The brigands confusedly burst into the house, and saluted Giorgina as the wife of their captain's preserver. They afterwards urged her to get them a good supper, as they had just come, harassed and fatigued, from one of the most difficult of their expeditions.

Whilst they were busied with the care of their arms and horses, the servant found time to approach Giorgina, and inform her in a whisper, that the bandits had just burnt the castle of Count de Bach, and that this lord had perished, with nearly all his servitors. Giorgina wept bitterly, thinking that her husband might, perhaps, be among the unfortunate victims of these monsters.

Meanwhile, the brigands, who had seated themselves

at the table, were soon intoxicated. Their orgie lasted the whole night. Towards day-break, Ignaz Denner made his appearance. In presence of their chief, the booty was divided; the troop then separated, following different roads, and Denner alone remained.

"I am sorry," said he to Giorgina, "that our unexpected arrival should have caused you any fright. Your husband has undoubtedly not told you that he is one of my company of Independents. He was with us at the taking of the castle of Bach, and he killed with his own hand, during the combat, his lord and master. Now that we have gained a rich booty, we are going to separate for a long time, in order to escape the spies of the police. Say to Andres, that he could not have expected to see us again so soon.—But you have there, my dear little woman, an admirable child!"

Saying these words, Denner took the youngest son of the keeper into his arms, and played with him for several minutes; he then gave him back to his mother, adding, "Is not that little fellow just nine weeks old!"

"Yes, sir," answered Giorgina.

"Well, my dear," said Denner, "let me take him whilst you go and prepare me some refreshments, for my moments are precious, and I must start away immediately."

Hardly had Giorgina left him, to obey the orders of the brigand, than she became sensible of a singular odor that sprang up around her. She hastened back to the chamber, but the door was barricaded on the inside; and, listening, she thought that she heard stifled groans.

"Ah! good heaven!" exclaimed she, "he is killing my child!"

The servant, alarmed by her cries, took an axe and

broke down the door. The child, quite naked, was lying upon the table, his throat placed over a dish, which received his blood. The poor mother fainted, whilst the old servant, with uplifted axe, assailed the odious Denner.

When she came to herself, it was night. She groggily arose ; and, seeking to find her way in the dark, she found under the table the body of her child, so cruelly mutilated, and near by, bunches of hair, pulled out in the struggle between the two men, also the axe, all covered with blood. Seized with unspeakable horror, she again fell into a profound stupor, from which she did not awake until the middle of the following day.

An oppressive silence reigned about her ; she called out in a feeble voice to her other son, George, who tremulously answered her, from the depths of a shed used for a stable, where he had hidden himself to escape from the brigand. She pressed him closely to her heart, and dragged herself to the door of the house, which she fastened as well as she could, to await her husband's arrival. The little George told her that from his hiding place he had seen, through a hole looking out upon the cottage yard, Ignaz Denner come out, carrying the body of a man, which was carried by several of his companions into the forest.

At the end of this mournful story, Giorgina, seeing her husband return with a great bag of money, exclaimed, starting back :—" Ah ! good heavens ! Andres, the brigand then told the truth ? Thou art one of his accomplices ? "

But the good Andres hastened to re-assure her, by relating to her this journey to Frankfort.

Meanwhile, the nephew of the Count de Bach, having

inherited the domain of Fulda, the keeper general wished to relate to him all that had happened, and give in his resignation, driven to this by the misfortune which had bowed him. But not being able to decide upon leaving his wife and child exposed to another attack, he thought of making this journey in a little chariot, in which he would place, besides, the best part of his goods, so as not to return to this accursed habitation again. Three days afterwards, as he was busy in making preparations for his approaching departure, he heard a great stamping of horses near his house. It was the forester of the castle of Bach, followed by a numerous escort of cavalry. A judge of the criminal court accompanied them.

“We arrived in time,” said the magistrate, “to put our hands upon this rascal, who was about to escape with the fruit of his robberies.”

Andres was dumb with surprise, and Giorgina became nearly mad. But without giving them a minute to justify themselves, the soldiers bound them, and threw them into the same chariot that Andres had prepared for himself. They separated Giorgina from her child, so that, as the judge said, he should no longer be educated in so guilty a school.

The old forester of the castle of Bach then approached Andres, who continually protested his innocence, and said to him, with a rude expression of pity:—“God send that all thy protestations be not so many lies. Justice will soon make clear the charges that weigh against thee; and so much the better, if thou canst come out from them, white as snow. Meanwhile, whatever happens, I myself will watch over thy child, and all that belongs to thee, until the magistrates have decided

thy fate. After that, if they condemn thee, they will see to the rest."

When the escort had arrived at Fulda, they placed Andres and his wife in separate prisons. Several days after, the first examination took place. Andres gave a faithful report of his relations with Ignaz Denner. He accused himself of timidity, in regard to this brigand, but declared that his only fault was in not having denounced him. He then proved, by his certificate of a journey to Frankfort, the impossibility of his having been with the band that pillaged and burnt the castle of Bach.

At this moment the door of the court room was thrown open, and Ignaz Denner was led in by the guard. On seeing the poor Andres thus terrified, the chief of the brigands burst into a loud laugh:—"There thou art also in fine sheets!" said he to him. "It appears that the virtue of thy wife very feebly protected thee!"

The judge ordered Denner to repeat his evidence, in the presence of the keeper of Fulda. Denner made oath, that for five years, Andres had been connected with his band, and that his house had served him as a place of refuge, in every case where he had been hotly pursued by the police soldiers. He added, that Andres had always taken, with the greatest regularity, his share of the prizes, although he had never acted personally in more than two expeditions, the last of which was the plundering of the castle of Bach.

The energetic denials of the keeper general could not triumph over the effrontery of his accuser, who reproached him, with bitter irony, for denying his friends in an hour of peril, after having found it so sweet to share with them in their days of prosperity. The judges

knew not what to think, in the face of Andres' defence, who seemed so full of frankness, and the coolness of the brigand, who persisted in accusing him.

The presence of Giorgina produced a harrowing scene. She threw herself weepingly into the arms of her husband, and loudly accused Denner of the murder of her child; but Denner had the strength to remain unmoved before her, and satisfied himself with saying that she was innocent, that she had always been ignorant of the cause of her husband's absence.

In consequence of this examination, Andres was led back to his cell, to await there the result of their deliberations. Several days after, the jailer announced to him that his wife had been liberated, for want of charge against her, and that Count de Bach's nephew had given her a home in his castle. This piece of news softened, in some measure, the grief of the poor keeper.

Meanwhile, his affair took a more and more alarming turn; he had only been able to oppose protestations of his innocence to the evidence of Denner. The day of the pillage of the castle of Bach, he acknowledged, himself, his absence from his house, but the banker at Frankfort did not remember having paid to Andres, personally, the two thousand ducats, the receipt for which was signed by the departed Count de Bach. The secretary of this lord, who had written the certificate, had since died; and none of the servants of the count knew any thing about the facts.

Thus, not being able to prove his alibi legally, Andres was about to submit, without hope of mercy, to the consequences of his false position. An incident which completely disheartened him, was the declaration under oath of two foresters, who had seen Andres among the

brigands, by the light of the discharges, during the night that the castle of Bach was taken, and who asserted that their master had fallen under his blows.

The conviction of the judges was established; but it was necessary to obtain a confession from the criminal, and the tribunal decided that he should be put to the torture. When he was led into the room destined for these cruel proofs, where the servants of the executioner prepared, with revolting care, the horrible instruments, Andres, already enfeebled by grief and the privations of the prison life he had so long led, renewed his oaths; but when he found himself in the hands of the executioners, and felt the first approach of pain, his courage failed him, and he confessed all that they wished him to acknowledge.

Taken back to prison, he had offered him, according to custom, a goblet filled with generous wine, to comfort him. The spirit of this beverage flew into his head, and he fell into a lethargy which was neither sleeping nor waking, but the absence of every active faculty.

It seemed to him that stones were detached from the wall of his cell; a ruddy light threw a blood reflection into the darkness, and a figure which had every appearance of Ignaz Denner stood in the space formed by the fallen stones. This phantom had eyes like burning coals, short and bristling hair on his forehead, like horns; his thick black eye-brows formed a cavernous arch over his eyes, and his nose curved like the beak of a bird of prey. Rolled up in the folds of a flame colored cloak, his head surmounted by a Spanish hat with a scarlet plume, he wore at his side a long sword, and carried under his left arm a casket, like that which Andres had formerly received from the hands of Ignaz Denner.

“Well,” said this strange personage, in loud and scornful tones, “what sayest thou of torture? That is the just reward for thy cowardice: if thou hadst not betrayed the secret of the chief of the Independents, thou wouldst already have been out of this, in a place of safety, and no injury would have befallen thee. I now come, out of pity, to offer thee deliverance upon condition. If thou wilt consent to it, and swallow the contents of this flask, full of an elixir composed of the heart blood of thy child, thy wounds shall be immediately cured, and I will restore thee to liberty.”

Andres was dumb with fear. He thought himself in the presence of the angel of darkness, and inwardly prayed God to protect him against the assaults of Satan. Then the spectre, divining his thoughts, vanished with a laugh that shook the vault of the dungeon, and Andres saw no further trace of this apparition.

When he had become calm, and sought in his damp straw a little repose, he felt a new surprise, on seeing the straw move under the pillow. He at the same time perceived that a stone had been moved and pulled out from beneath. By this forced communication with the room below, he really heard the voice of Ignaz Denner calling him.

“What more dost thou desire of me, odious demon, who hast been my evil genius? Thou canst do nothing more to complete my ruin. Leave me to die in peace!”

“You rave then,” exclaimed Denner; “despair! that is the last resource of cowards. More skilful and resolute than thou art, I have succeeded in saving my head from the gallows, and I have passed through a thousand dangers to come to thee. I come to offer thee safety, not for thyself, for I despise thee—but for thy poor wife, who

would want for bread and shelter from the day that sees her the widow of a criminal. Take this file and this saw; with the file you can loosen your irons in a few hours; with the saw you can take off the lock of your dungeon; it opens into a subterranean gallery; you will find a door open on the left; this opening will conduct you without hindrance out of the prison. A little further on you will find one of my companions, disguised like a beggar, who will guide you to a place of safety. Farewell, and good luck go with you!"

Andres took the instruments brought him by the bandit chief, then placed the stone back again, and waited for daylight. When the jailer came to visit him, he asked to be taken before the judge, to make an important disclosure.

On arriving before the magistrate, Andres gave him the file and saw, and confessed the nocturnal visit that he had received from Ignaz Denner. "However innocent I may be of the crimes imputed to me," added he, "I did not wish to gain my safety by a shameful flight. May God's will be done by me."

The tribunal being informed of what had passed, was moved to compassion for Andres. New examinations were had, and whilst awaiting their result, the prisoner was removed into a chamber of the prison where he was granted all the indulgences suitable to the solemnity of his situation. The necessary delays for the last investigations of justice continued for nearly a year longer. They learned that the band of Independents extended its influence as far as Italy; and as the innocence of Andres could not be clearly established, he was included in the same sentence that condemned Ignaz Denner to capital punishment. But in consideration of the timely

notice he had given of the proposed escape of Denner, the sentence was modified so as to allow his body to receive the burial rights of the church.

The morning of the execution, Andres, on his knees in the cell, prayed God to come to the assistance of his wife and child, when he saw the door of his dungeon open, and the nephew of Count de Bach appeared before him.

“Andres,” said the young lord to him gravely, “thou art about to die ; this is the moment to frankly confess thy crimes, so that God may have mercy upon thee. Tell me then if it is true that thou hast murdered my uncle, and taken part in the pillage of the castle. I promise to pardon thee, and have masses said for the repose of thy soul.”

Andres began to weep bitterly, and repeated that he was in that affair, the victim of an odious machination ; and he swore that he was innocent, on the hope that he had of awaking in paradise, after so cruel an expiation of the follies of his life.

“But if thou art innocent,” replied the Count de Bach, “something is occurring here that is strange and fearful. I was myself led to believe that thou couldst not be soiled with the murder of my uncle, whom thou hast faithfully served many years ; and yet yesterday again, Franz and Nickolas, the two favorite huntsmen of my uncle, assured me that they had recognized thee among the brigands, and that they had seen thee give the death blow to thy unfortunate master.”

Andres knew not what answer to make. There was only one thing to suppose ; which was, that Satan had taken his form to ruin him ; and he finally submitted to

the fate which awaited him, leaving to God alone the care of sooner or later justifying him.

The young count retired, manifesting much emotion, after having promised the poor condemned man that his wife and child should find a home with him during their life time. The city bells soon announced, by a funeral tolling, that the moment for the execution had nearly arrived. The soldiers came to conduct Andres to the place where the scaffold was already raised. The poor fellow recited his prayers in a loud voice, and excited general commiseration. But Ignaz Denner, whose proud face expressed deep villany, walked along amid the imprecations of the people.

Andres, first designated for execution, with a firm step mounted the scaffold. At this moment a woman uttered a piercing cry, and fell fainting into the arms of the spectators. The condemned man turned his head, and recognized Giorgina. "All powerful God," exclaimed he, "be a father to her here below, and deign some day to re-unite us above!"

Meanwhile the magistrate charged with presiding over the execution, fearing a movement among the people, made a sign to the hangman to hasten; and the rope was already around the neck of the criminal, when a man on horseback, riding at full gallop, made his way towards them, waving his hat, and crying out—"Stop! stop! you are killing an innocent man!"

The crowd replied to this by a hurrah of applause; and the executioner was obliged to suspend his work, for the people were scaling the scaffold, and the guards could no longer resist the pressure. The horseman whose coming had produced this sensation, was the Frankfort banker who had paid the two thousand ducats

bequeathed to Giorgina by the Neapolitan inn-keeper. He declared to the magistrate that Andres was in person at his house in Frankfort, the same day that the castle of Bach was pillaged ; and that proofs existed of this fact. The magistrate stopped the execution, and the two criminals were re-conducted to prison. On arriving there, Andres found his wife, who gave way to extravagant joy, after so much suffering.

A lucky providence had brought back to Fulda, the very day of the punishment, the Frankfort banker, who during the whole progress of the trial had been travelling in France and Italy. He returned home by the way of Vienna and Prague, where he heard the history of the head game-keeper of Count de Bach. This relation had struck him like a thunder-clap, and he had hastened to prevent, if it were yet possible, a deplorable error of justice.

Andres' trial was reviewed, and Denner himself, struck with surprise, and believing that a supernatural power was mixed up with this adventure, confessed the falsity of his accusations. Andres was then set at liberty, for the judges thought that he had suffered enough to atone for his presence at the attack on the farm, and the fault that he had committed in not giving up Denner to justice as soon as he had become acquainted with his misdeeds. The Count de Bach, to console him for so many difficulties, confided to him the superintendence of all his hunting grounds, with a residence for his family in his own castle, which had been splendidly re-built.

Whilst Andres forgot, in the arms of his wife, of his child and their friends, the cruel trials from which he had only escaped by a kind of miracle, justice armed herself with new rigor against Ignaz Denner. The

former chief of the bandits having no further hopes of safety, so many precautions were multiplied about him to prevent the least attempt at escape, tried by a dramatic effect to frighten the tribunal and the spectators by the detailed circumstances of his life. He confessed that from his tenderest youth he had become bound by a criminal compact with the devil.

This avowal caused the intervention of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction.—Here are the most curious facts that I could collect in the archives at Fulda concerning Ignaz Denner.

There lived in Naples an old physician named Trabacchio, who was called by the people, Doctor Miracle, on account of the prodigious cures which he performed. It seemed as if this strange man did not grow old, for he was always seen to walk with a light and youthful step, although the citizens averred that he was at least eighty years old. His face was really ugly; and there was something frightful in his look. Nothing of his outside appearance corresponded with the good that he had done, for all the talk was of his skilfulness and devotion.

He gave unknown remedies to his patients, and sometimes he had caused incurable diseases to disappear, by fixing his eye for some time on the diseased part.

Master Trabacchio wore over his usual black costume, a red cloak, ornamented with embroidery in gold, in the folds of which was hidden a long rapier. Dressed in this manner, he walked about the streets of Naples, carrying under his cloak a casket of medicines, and all that he met stood aside, and saluted him with trembling respect. They rarely dared to have recourse to him, except in extreme cases, and he then went without pay among poor people.

The doctor had had several wives, chosen from among the most beautiful girls in the vicinity of Naples ; they had successively died at short intervals. During their life time, he kept them shut up, and did not allow them to go to church, except under the escort of a duenna, horribly ugly and rigorously incorruptible. Thus the Don Juans, the most dreaded by Neapolitan husbands, had never been able to gain admission into the house of Trabacchio.

Although he was often called to visit the richest people, it was publicly notorious that his ordinary gains corresponded in no degree with the extraordinary opulence that reigned in his dwelling. He was generous to prodigality, and every time he lost a wife, he gave a funeral ceremony, the cost of which was double the sum that he could earn in a year.

His last wife had given him a son, who had been educated in the most absolute secrecy. He was only seen once, at the age of three years, seated by his father's side, at the funeral of the doctor's last wife. On this occasion, Trabacchio announced to the guests, that his wish for a son having been fulfilled, he should not marry again.

From that time, he re-commenced his kind of mysterious life, which gave rise to the strangest conjectures ; but he himself cared very little for what was said concerning him.

One day a singular adventure happened to some young lords, on their return from a feast, which gave rise to the report that the physician Trabacchio was in relation with the devil. These gentlemen, being lost in the neighborhood of the city, thanks to the fumes of the wine which had somewhat blinded them, found them-

selves suddenly in a square formed by several cross roads. An infernal noise struck upon their ears. They saw an immense cock, of the color of fire, strutting about, having instead of a comb an immense pair of stag horns, and angrily shaking his wings. Behind the cock stood a person wearing a scarlet cloak, and having a striking resemblance to the physician Trabacchio.

One of the young lords said to his friends :—“ Did you not see Doctor Miracle ? ” This frightful vision sobered them, and they followed the Doctor and the cock, as they left behind them a luminous track, like the brilliance of phosphorus. They saw these two strange beings stop before Trabacchio’s house. The cock flew into the air, and knocked with its beak at the window of the upper story, which opened into a balcony. A cracked voice answered from within :—“ Come in, come in quickly ; the bed is warm, and the loved one is impatient ! ”

At these words, the man in the scarlet cloak rose in the air, moving his legs as if he was climbing an invisible ladder. At the height of the window he entered as the cock had done, and the window closed with a noise that could be heard from one end of the street to the other ; then all was again silence and darkness, and the young men returned, filled with fear.

The narration that they made of what they had seen awakened the suspicions of the Inquisition, which had long exercised a secret watchfulness over the actions of Master Trabacchio. They discovered that he very often had conferences with a red cock, and that they discussed an occult science, concerning which they talked in a language of which no alphabet existed on the earth. The holy office was about to order the prosecution of Doctor Miracle as a sorcerer, when secular justice pre-

ceded them by having him arrested as he was returning from a visit to a patient. His child had not been found at his house. His old female servant was secretly confined, and the house was closely guarded.

The motive for this rigorous measure was nothing less than the report that was current, of a great number of deaths by poison in Naples and its environs, and which the physicians, jealous of the success and practice of Trabacchio, had not hesitated to ascribe to him. The suspicion was quickly changed into certainty, when a young man, whose uncle had just died by poison, confessed himself the author of the crime, adding to this declaration, that he had committed it by means of a drug sold him by the physician Trabacchio.

The officers of the police, who had for some time observed all that happened in the neighborhood of the doctor's house, seized one day from the hands of his old female servant, a casket, in which were found several phials filled with poisonous liquids. This woman, subjected to torture, confessed that for a number of years, her master had prepared a subtle poison, under the name of "aqua tofana," the action of which was so rapid and so sure to escape examination, that the experiments he had made, with the greatest secrecy, to the profit of persons of note, had in a short time gained him an immense fortune.

She revealed, besides, that Doctor Trabacchio held constant intercourse with infernal spirits, and that Satan had appeared to him several times, under different forms. Each one of his wives had borne him a child, whose existence had never been made known. As soon as the unfortunate little creature had attained its ninth week, or its ninth month, he mercilessly killed it. He opened

its breast, took out the heart, the blood of which was distilled, drop by drop, with magical ceremonies, and entered into the composition of a famous elixir, by means of which Trabacchio cured all kinds of diseases. Soon afterwards, Trabacchio caused the death of his wives, by secret means, which left no sign on their bodies of violent death. His last wife alone still lived, undoubtedly because her child had escaped, by a singular caprice, from the hideous operations of its father.

Doctor Miracle, interrogated concerning all these facts, far from seeking to defend himself, began to relate to the judges, with frightful cynicism, a multitude of mysteries, each more horrible than the other, and he did not forget the most trifling detail of his interviews with Satan. The priests who formed a part of the tribunal, exhausted themselves in vain efforts to lead him to repentance; to all their exhortations, Trabacchio only answered by sneers and insolent mockery. He was condemned to punishment by fire, together with his old accomplice.

During their trial, the doctor's house was searched from top to bottom, and all his riches placed under seal, to be distributed among the hospitals. They were astonished at not finding in his library any book relating to the occult science, and in his laboratory no instrument whose use was not known, and which might be, on that account, suspected of having served in practices of sorcery. Nothing singular was remarked, except a cellar, the door of which was so artistically closed, that the most skilful locksmiths who were called to open it could not succeed. It was necessary to call, for the purpose of demolishing the wall, masons, under the direction of the police. But, at the first blows of the pickaxe, to un-

dermine the wall, there was heard in the depths of the cavern a confused mixture of lamenting voices, as if a violent struggle was going on in this castle of iniquities. The masons thought that they felt the flapping of wings in their faces, and the passage way which led to the cavern was suddenly filled with a chilling wind, that whistled in its course. This trial was so powerful that they tremblingly fled, and no others dared to expose themselves to the terrors of the fatal cavern. Several priests having tried to brave what they called a panic of fear, were so rudely assailed, that no other resource could be thought of, than the exorcisms of an old Dominican monk of Palermo, who was sent for by the authorities of Naples, to exorcise the demon of Doctor Trabacchio.

When this monk arrived, he went to the cellar, followed by a small number of ecclesiastics and judges, who prudently stopped at the entrance of the passage way. He advanced towards the fatal door, reciting a prayer whose effects were to be immediate. At his approach the noise within redoubled in violence, and, this time, it could not be denied that they were infernal voices which caused this strange confusion. The Dominican, without being frightened, raised in one hand a crucifix, and sprinkled holy water with the other upon the door of the cellar, crying out:—"Bring me a lever!"

A workman held it towards him at arms-length, with fear and trembling; but this instrument had hardly been applied to the bottom of the door, when it opened of itself, suddenly, and with a loud crash.

A blue and fetid flame spotted the pavement of the cellar, from which escaped a burning vapor. The monk wished to attempt an entrance; but hardly had he

placed his foot upon the door sill, when the earth caved in with such terrible commotion that the whole house came near following it; jets of blood-red flame arose from this gulf, as from a mouth of hell, and falling back in a shower of fire, forced all the spectators, and even the old monk himself, to fly precipitately, to avoid being devoured by this supernatural conflagration.

Hardly had they reached the street, when they saw Trabacchio's house in flames. An immense crowd hastened towards this spectacle with cries of joy. The house was no longer sustained except by the first floor beams, and the whole of this burning mass was likely to fall into a heap, from one moment to another, when they perceived, with affright, Trabacchio's son, a child of hardly twelve years of age, passing through the flames on a half burnt timber, carrying a little casket under his arm.

But this sight lasted but a moment. The wind, which blew enormous clouds of black smoke into the eyes of the people, did not allow them to see what became of the poor child.

Several days after this event, Trabacchio was led to the stake; and as the executioner was about tying him to the post, he said to him, with a diabolical laugh:—
“Take care, friend, that these cords do not serve to roast thee, instead of me!”

The Dominican having approached, to inspire him with pious feelings of penitence and resignation—“Back, hypocrite!” exclaimed the condemned man, “back! Dost thou imagine that I came here to be broiled, for the amusement of this stupid rabble? My time has not yet come!”

Meanwhile fire had been communicated to the pile;

but hardly had it begun to devour the inflammable materials heaped up around the culprit, than it was suddenly extinguished, without enabling them to guess the cause, for the weather was dry, and the resinous wood of the pile offered a vast and convenient aliment.

At the same time, a mocking laugh was heard from a neighboring hill; and the spectators, having turned their eyes in that direction, with consternation perceived Trabacchio himself, clothed in his old costume of physician, with his scarlet cloak fringed with gold, his rapier by his side, his hat with flame colored feathers, and his famous casket under his arm.

The soldiers hastened away in pursuit of him, but the infernal doctor disappeared. His old servant was that day the only victim of popular vengeance; she perished in torment, uttering horrible imprecations.

Now it is time to tell thee, dear reader, that Ignaz Denner was no other than the doctor's son, escaped by the power of his magic art from the burning house. Educated by his father in occult sciences, he had made rapid progress; it was he who, by his incantations, had produced the phenomena in the cellar, which had so much frightened the clergy and the police; and when the Dominican monk destroyed the charm by the force of his holy prayers, Ignaz Denner had fired the house, and escaped into the woods, where Trabacchio soon joined him; and they both retired some leagues from Naples, to the ruins of an old monastery, whose foundations rested upon innumerable subterranean caverns, which served as a retreat for a formidable band of robbers.

These evil doers warmly welcomed the two fugitives.

Trabacchio had so often aided them by the secrets of his marvellous art, that as a reward for his services, they had offered to confer upon him the dignity of king of the brigands throughout Italy, with an absolute power over all the connections of the principal band in Italy, and even into Germany.

But the doctor had refused this brilliant proposition, because in accepting it, he would have been constrained to fix his residence at the principal place of the Independents, whilst his horoscope, skilfully drawn, required him, under penalty of great misfortunes, to live always a wandering life. But he nevertheless promised the brigands to assist them, constantly, with his long experience in magic arts.

They then fixed their choice upon the son of Trabacchio, the young Ignaz Denner; and this child, hardly fifteen years old, and clothed with the title of king of the Independents, took part from that time in all their expeditions, the command of which was confided to him, with unailing success.

The whole life of Ignaz Denner, from that epoch, was a succession of evil practices, sorceries and Satanic combinations, to which his father, Trabacchio, who still exercised a powerful influence over the band, added from day to day a more redoubtable activity.

Meanwhile, the king of Naples having used energetic means to suppress the audacious evil doers, the king Trabacchio, who had made himself hateful to his accomplices by numerous abuses of authority, was obliged to flee to escape their vengeance. He took refuge in the mountains of Switzerland, where he adopted the name of Ignaz Denner, and, in the costume of an humble pedlar, he began to frequent the markets, and carry on all kinds

of mean traffic, until, having succeeded in composing a private band of deserters from the great society of Independents, he re-commenced the exploration of the neighboring countries.

On the occasion of the trial of Andres, Ignaz Denner said to the judges of the tribunal of Fulda, that his father Trabacchio had visited him in his dungeon, and had promised to save him from punishment. For the rest, he added to this confession, that divine Providence, in taking Andres under its especial protection, had so victoriously overturned the magic artifices of his father Trabacchio, that he, Ignaz Denner, feeling disposed to repentance, would atone for all his past crimes.

Andres, who had learned all these facts from the mouth of Count de Bach, doubted not an instant that it was the Doctor Trabacchio himself, who had appeared to him in prison, to make him contract with the devil in person some fatal engagement. Yet he could not explain to himself, clearly, the motive for the persevering hatred that Ignaz Denner seemed to have vowed towards his poor family, neither the interest that this singular personage had found in the choice that he made yearly of his house for asylum.

Whatever it was, Andres was at peace with himself and events; but he had been too rudely shaken by the storms of life, for several years, to easily regain his primitive strength. His health, ruined by long fatigue, by the anguish of captivity, and by the frightful effects of the torture, no longer allowed him to give himself up, as formerly, to the exercise of the chase.

Giorgina, she also faded like a poor flower of the fields; her southern nature consumed itself in languor, and wasted away day by day. All the remedies that

were lavished upon her remained without effect; and she died a short time after her husband regained his liberty.

The excess of grief of the poor game-keeper was indescribable, and nothing less than the tenderness of paternal affection had power to reconcile him to life. Gradually, his grief became less violent, and at the expiration of two years, he found himself able to resume his duties of forester.

The trial of Trabacchio had followed the regular course of justice. The brigand had been condemned to punishment by fire.

One night, as Andres was returning to his cottage, accompanied by his son, he heard by the way piteous groans, which seemed to proceed from a ditch, serving as boundary to a field near the road. He approached the spot from whence these sounds proceeded, and found a kind of beggar lying upon the rushes, who appeared to be afflicted with the sharpest pain. The game-keeper threw his carbine aside, to aid the unfortunate, recommended by chance to his protection; but what was his fright, when, on examining the features of the individual that he had drawn out of so foul a place, he recognized Trabacchio himself.

His first movement was an act of repulsion and loathing; but Trabacchio supplicated with so contrite a look:—"Andres," said he to him, "whatever may be thy aversion to me, wouldst thou deliver up to a miserable death, the father of thy wife Giorgina, who prays for thee, now, in heaven?"

Andres shuddered on hearing him speak thus. This revelation of the brigand produced a lively impression; a sentiment of pity found its way into his soul; he forgot

the murderer of his child, and only saw the father of the woman he had so dearly loved. And taking him with effort upon his back, he carried him to his humble home, to provide him with all the assistance in his power.

The terrible Trabacchio, during the night which preceded his execution, had been seized with so violent a fit of rage, that in the height of his despair he broke the bars of his dungeon. This success awakened all his energy. He had been confined in a tower which overlooked the city moat; he measured with a look this vast depth, and without hesitation he cleared this height by a leap. The fall was so great, that he became unconscious. When he came to himself, in profound obscurity, he found that he was nearly buried in brushwood and high grass. His limbs were bruised, and during his faint, insects had fallen upon him, and by a thousand stings had placed him in a pitiable condition. When, after long efforts, he succeeded in dragging himself to a pretty good distance from the place of his fall, he reached a pool formed by the rain, and found unspeakable comfort in quenching his thirst in this reservoir of brackish water. This refreshment enabled him to go farther, and reach the outskirts of Fulda wood, at a short distance from the castle of Bach. It was thus that he had reached the spot where Andres had discovered him in a dying condition. The honest game-keeper neglected no care to procure an efficacious relief to his dangerous guest, and with precautions so skilfully managed, that no one would be able about the huntsman's house to suspect the presence of a stranger.

When Trabacchio had recovered sufficient strength to support a kind of interrogation, Andres tried to learn how he was Giorgina's father. The bandit related to

him that he had formerly carried off, in the vicinity of Naples, a young girl, who had borne him a child. "At present," continued he, "thou must know, my good Andres, that one of the most powerful secrets of the magical art of my father, the doctor, was the composition of a mysterious elixir, into which entered as principal ingredient the distilled blood of the hearts of children aged nine weeks, nine months, or nine years, and which must be voluntarily given to the operator by the child's family. The nearer these children are by ties of nature to the magician who prepares the elixir, the more efficacious is its virtue to re-juvenate individuals who drink a few drops of it, and to co-operate in the formation of artificial gold. Now, filled with this conviction, I wished to sacrifice to my magical essays the little girl given me by my wife; but I don't know how it happened, my wife had some suspicion of the infernal project that I was concocting. Giorgina was removed before she had accomplished her nine weeks of life, and my wife disappeared with her. Several years elapsed before I learned by chance that my daughter had been brought up in an infamous condition, in the service of a Neapolitan inn-keeper, a kind of coarse and miserly rustic. Soon after I was informed of thy marriage with Giorgina, and the place where thou hadst made thy home.

"Thou canst thus clearly explain to thyself my devotion to thy wife on one hand, and my attempts against the life of thy children on the other. Since I have fallen under the yoke of justice, I have admired the protection that God has deigned to grant thee. This meditation has led me to a sincere repentance for all the evil that I have done. I must now tell you that the precious casket that you received from my hands several years ago, is the

same that I saved from the conflagration that devoured my father's house. It is a gift that I happily make thee. Keep these riches as the future inheritance of thy remaining son."

The conduct of Trabacchio threw poor Andres into a strange perplexity. He felt moved by compassion for a man who seemed to have been gradually purified by repentance from all his stains; yet the experience of the past had made it a duty for him not to yield too easily to a blind confidence, and he resolved to relate secretly to the nephew of Count de Bach this last episode of his adventures.

Several months had elapsed, and the presence of Trabacchio's son produced no difficulty in the keeper's house, when one morning the old servant came and said to him mysteriously—"My dear master, you have bestowed your hospitality upon a bad companion, who nearly every day holds converse with the spirit of darkness! God preserve us! but I see this stranger give nightly audience to a fantastic personage, whose ugliness surpasses all that the imagination can conceive of."

He even related that he had seen flying from the window a figure resembling in all points Trabacchio, and clothed in a flame colored cloak.

Andres, in whom this revelation awoke a thousand remembrances, sent away the old forester to his daily labor, and running to Trabacchio's chamber, threatened to have him shut up in the castle prison if he did not entirely renounce his evil practices.

"But, good God!" answered Trabacchio, "it is my father who pursues me, and wishes at all events to prevent my soul from escaping eternal damnation. I have resisted as much as I could, and I believe that his fatal

empire over my destiny approaches its end. I only ask to end my days in religious penitence, and to reconcile myself, by my good works, with the justice of the Almighty."

Meanwhile, in spite of the protestations of Trabacchio, Andres could not drive from his mind uneasy apprehensions. Often, whilst he was saying by the side of his guest an evening prayer, a trembling convulsion seized him. Sometimes a violent wind opened the window, and whirled about the room, turning rapidly the leaves of the prayer-book, or even plucking the rosary from the hands of poor Andres, paralyzed by fear. Stentorian and mocking voices interrupted the prayer, and a beating of wings on the windows threatened to break them; but Trabacchio pretended that these strange noises were nothing but the wind and rain beating against the window, or the whistling of the autumn blast among the felled trees.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Andres, one evening, when the disturbance was redoubled; "Doctor Trabacchio, your father would not torment us in this manner, if you had really renounced your infamous commerce with the spirits of the abyss. I will no longer live with you under the same roof. You must therefore go and establish your domicil in the solid dungeons of the castle. You can there do your acts of sorcery at will."

Trabacchio plead so humbly, and with so many entreaties, that the brave game-keeper granted him twenty-four hours' respite.

The morning after this day the sky was clear and cloudless. Andres passed the whole of that day hunting in the forest, and only took the road to his cottage at night-fall. At this hour, an indescribable trouble sad-

dened his soul. The vicissitudes of his destiny, the loss of his wife, the remembrance of his murdered child, besieged him like a painful hallucination, and gradually, without being aware of it, he left the beaten path, and wandered in the hidden depths of the forest. As he sought to regain his route, a dim light appeared not far from him, glimmering among the bushes, and spreading out like a fire-side. The first movement of the game-keeper was to load both barrels of his carbine, and throw himself into the coppice to reconnoitre this strange light, which presaged some fatal adventure. On arriving at the place lighted by it, he recognized the figure of Trabacchio, with his red cloak fringed with gold, his Spanish hat ornamented with cock's feathers, and his magical casket under his arm. Quite near the accursed sorcerer, George, Andres' other son, was tied to a grating, and Ignaz Denner, by the side of Trabacchio, already raised a large knife to kill him. At this spectacle Andres could not restrain a cry of horror. The carbine was raised to his shoulder, the ball whistled—Ignaz Denner fell, with a fractured skull, upon the fire, which was thus extinguished. As for the figure of old Doctor Trabacchio, it disappeared as if by enchantment. The keeper, without losing a minute, cut the bonds of his child, and carried him rapidly in his arms to the house. On arriving, he awaked his old servant, and they together took the road to the forest, to bury the body of Ignaz Denner.

“May his blood,” said Andres, “not fall upon my head. God is my witness, that I killed him to avenge the murder of one of my children, and to save the life of the other. Now I will pray for his soul, and I will plant upon his grave a cross, as a sign of mercy.”

But the following day, when Andres came back to the

forest to place the wooden cross, he found the earth disturbed and the body removed. No vestige allowed him to conjecture what had become of it.

Andres immediately went to the Count de Bach to inform him of what had happened. This noble lord congratulated him upon having at last delivered the country from so dangerous an enemy, and caused the history of his life and death to be written in the archives of the castle.

Since the death of Ignaz Denner, Andres could not close his eyes in sleep. Every night strange noises frightened him in his wakefulness. Was it the hidden influence that Doctor Trabacchio exercised over his destiny? None could tell. But one evening the keeper of Fulda arose at the first crow of the cock; he sought the casket that Ignaz Denner had given him; he threw it into a torrent, which bore it away under its veil of foam. After this sacrifice of an accursed treasure, he lived peaceable and happy to an extreme old age.

LITTLE ZACK.

Not far from a smiling village, which scatters to the borders of the high road its white cottages, was seen a poor peasant woman, lying in a ditch, under a sky of fire. By the side of this unfortunate creature, there was an overturned basket, from which escaped fragments of dry wood, gathered in the neighboring forest. From time to time she raised herself with painful effort, and weepingly complained of her extreme misery.

"Alas!" said she "must the good God forever remain without pity for us? We are the only ones in the village, my man and I, who have not a single day of respite from our indigence. Hunger, thirst, cold and fatigue succeed each other, and often all unite to overpower us! We had found in a corner of the garden, several old pieces of gold—the robbers came and stole them. The lightning has consumed our cottage, the hail destroyed our poor harvest, and, for a crown to our desolation, God afflicts us, since two years, with this abortion, who is my shame and the scorn of the village. At the last St. Lawrence day, little Zack was, by my faith, two years and a half old, and he cannot yet stand upon his spider legs; and instead of talking as other children of his age, he meows like a cat. Added to this,

the accursed monkey devours the allowance of a child of eight years, and this appetite is no profit to him. What will become of us, good God, when this pestilence grows, and when he will eat three times as much, without doing any more labor? Alas! alas! what a calamity it is to live thus! It would be a thousand times better to die!" And the poor woman began to groan again, so loudly and so long, that she fell, exhausted, into a deep and heavy slumber.

Now, the little ugly fellow who thus troubled his unfortunate mother, looked like the stump of an old knotty tree, with dry and hanging roots. He was lying partly out of the basket, on the grass. His head, sufficiently resembling a large sized pumpkin, was attached to shoulders formed like a gourd, from which escaped two immeasurably long and crooked legs. To sum up all, this ignoble little creature looked like a forked radish. As for the features of his face, they were in proportion. A long nose, like a crane's bill, projected amid a forest of red and matted hair, two black and sparkling eyes, buried in wrinkles, made him resemble that strange vegetation called mandrake.

The peasant woman of whom I spoke a short time ago, had then fallen asleep, when Mademoiselle de Rosen-schoen, chapter lady in the neighboring convent, passed near her, on her return from a walk. The sight of this misery so powerfully moved her, that she could not refrain from stopping, with a feeling of pity. She seated herself on the grass by the road side, and drawing the peasant woman's ugly child upon her knees, began to caress him, to smooth his frizzled hair, and part it in two bands over his shoulders.

Little Zack tried at first to struggle, cry, and bite ;

but gradually Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen's patience calmed his bad humor, and finally he slept as soundly as his mother. The young woman then put him back in the place from which she had taken him, and drawing from her pocket a flask of scented water, she sprinkled it upon the poor peasant woman, and continued her walk.

When the peasant woman awoke, a sweet moisture had softened her benumbed limbs, and an agreeable feeling circulated through her veins, as if she had swallowed a full goblet of generous wine.—“Kind Jesus,” exclaimed she, “what good that hour of sleep has done me! But the day is just ending; it is time to go home.”

Saying this, the good woman began to prepare her basket for her shoulders; but little Zack was no longer there, the ugly monkey was rolling among the thistles in the ditch; she had great difficulty in forcing him to get up and follow her, and they both regained, one dragging the other, the road to the village.

In passing before the village pastor's house, they saw a pretty little boy, three years old, hair fine as silk, of golden color, come bounding down the steps leading to the house, crying out, joyously—“Good evening, mother Liza, how do you do? But you have a very heavy load there; rest yourself here at our door.”

At the same time, the pastor called his maid, to order some refreshment for the peasant woman. The latter did not allow him to repeat so gracious an invitation, and depositing her basket full of dry wood on the stone bench, she was preparing herself for a most respectful courtesy, when the pastor said, caressing little Zack—“Ah! dame Liza, what a pretty child you have there! Heaven softens your misery by one of its most precious gifts. The

presence of so pretty a child is a blessing under the roof of the poor man !”

Thus discoursing, the holy man tried to take little Master Zack into his arms ; but he began to yelp like a fox, and nearly devoured the pastor's nose ; whilst dame Liza, stupefied at the language held by the pastor, exclaimed, clasping her hands—“ Alas ! sir, can you seriously say such things to an unfortunate woman like me ? What crime have I committed towards heaven, that it should afflict me with so frightful a creature ? ”

“ Ah so, but, my good woman, are you mad ? ” interrupted the pastor ; “ and is it not blaspheming Providence, thus to despise its benefits ? You must be, indeed, ungrateful or devoid of sense, not to admire and love this charming little boy ! ” And the good pastor was about to lavish more caresses upon little Zack, who tried again to bite the end of his nose.

Mother Liza, irritated by this insolence, tried to correct him ; but the pastor's child began to say to his father—“ You are so good, dear father, that all the children would like to pass their lives with you.”

“ Now, do you hear, mother Liza,” exclaimed the pastor, “ do you hear the pretty things that your little Zack is saying to me ? ”

The good woman knew not which of the two, she or the pastor, had lost their mind.

“ Confide your son to me,” said the latter ; “ I will make a famous man of him. I discover the most promising capacity in him. Poor as you are, his education would be impossible, and society would miss one of its finest ornaments. I will really take upon myself the care of his future.”

Liza was very much astonished at all this.—“ Indeed,”

said she, hesitatingly, "dear pastor, can it be that you will deign to rid me of this hideous mandrake, of this gift from Satan?"

And the more the old woman talked, the more urgent became the pastor, redoubling his protestations of devotion and admiration for this marvellous little Zack—to such a point, that the mother of this model of ugliness imagined that she was bewitched. The pastor, tired of her resistance, ended the matter by taking little Zack in his arms; he then entered the house, shut the door, and bolted it.

The good woman remained several moments alone, and rubbed her eyes, to assure herself that she was not dreaming. Her last reflection was that God had taken pity on her, since he relieved her of so troublesome a charge; and she returned to her cottage at the end of the village, congratulating herself upon not having to carry or drag little Master Zack.

Now, what I have just related to you, dear reader, and you, dear girl, does it not make you think that the personage called Mademoiselle Rosenschoen, or still better, Rosengrundschoen, hides something marvellous and strange? Have you not already said to yourself, that if the hideous little Zack appeared to the eyes all brilliant with the sweetest charms of infancy, he owed it to the enchantments of some beneficent fairy? It would, nevertheless, not be impossible for this magnificent supposition to be without foundation. But, to spare you the trouble of skipping several leaves of this narration, I am going to tell you, immediately, concerning the remarkable lady in question.

Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen was tall: her whole physiognomy was impressed with majestic severity. Her

face, the features of which were of perfect regularity, seemed, when you fixed your eyes for a short time upon it, to grow dark, and assume an aspect almost sinister, which was perhaps owing to a wrinkle between the eyebrows, and which added a harshness to her looks. But, aside from this, Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen inspired, by the nobility of her bearing and the tranquillity of her manner, a confidence and respect, of which her character rendered her equally worthy.

I saw Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen but once; she had then reached the age which is called the second youth of woman. The inhabitants of the village in the neighborhood of her convent, said that they had never seen her look younger or older, and that time seemed to have no power over her; and though all were astonished at this phenomenon, it never came into the mind of any one to suppose that she could be familiar with evil spirits, for she showered down benefits around her.

For the rest, the gift of performing miracles was attributed to her. It was, for example, publicly known that it was only necessary for her to plant in the earth the most stunted slip, to make the most splendid rose tree, bearing hundred leaved roses, that could be found in the country. It was related, also, that in her long solitary walks, she had been heard conversing with invisible beings, whose voices answered her from among the bushes, or from the bosom of the brooks. A hunter averred that he had seen her in the woods, surrounded by unknown birds, that flew about her head, and came and familiarly pecked at her.

All these strange recitals drew upon Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen a greater attention, when it was known that she had buried herself in a chapter of noble ladies. The

Baron Prætextatus de Mondschein, protector of this community, which inhabited one of his estates, had given her a most respectful welcome, although there did not exist in the genealogical archives of the German nobility, any trace of the family of Rosengrundschoen.

In spite of his doubts on the right of admission to the chapter, that the said lady could claim, for want of parchments, he had received her, on the sole condition that she should change the problematical nobility of the title of Rosengrundschoen, for the name of Rosenschoen, which existed in the armorial register of the chapter, and which no one would dispute, since the last who bore that name had died many years before.

Meanwhile, calumnious reports were not long in circulating through the village, concerning the new canonesse. The anecdote of her genealogy, fabricated by the Baron Prætextatus, had found an echo, and evil tongues wagged in rivalry. The mother Anne, the wife of the bailiff, pretended that every time the canonesse sneezed, the milk turned, all through the village. The son of Michael the schoolmaster, having slipped into the convent cellar to steal potatoes, was caught there by the canonesse, who smilingly threatened him with her finger. Since that time the unfortunate child's mouth had remained partly open, as a punishment for his crime. The malicious villagers, enlarging upon these tales, did not stop at this. They reported to every body, that Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen had power to make the weather rainy, or fine sunshine, to draw down hail, or direct the thunderbolt; and no one would have undertaken to deny the tale of a turkey keeper, who maintained that he had seen the canonesse going through the air, astride on

a broomstick, in company with an enormous beetle, emitting blue fire.

These stories were so much and so well told, that one fine day, the whole village was in an uproar; nothing less was proposed, than to drag the sorceress from her convent, and throw her into the water, or subject her to the trial by fire.

Baron Prætextatus allowed the storm to growl, saying to himself:—"What matters it, after all, if a canoness without ancestry should be cut up by an enraged multitude? If it were a lady of Mondschein, they would have for her, as for me, the profoundest respect."

Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen, warned in time of the peril that threatened her, took refuge in the palace, from whence a messenger of the reigning prince departed in all haste, carrying to Baron Prætextatus an order to have the authors of the attempt against Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen rigorously punished. The same order certified to all to whom these presents came, greeting, that there existed neither sorcerers, demons, nor enchantments, and that all those who for the future should allow themselves to trouble the canoness, might expect an exemplary punishment.

This last article was so well understood, that the people of the village changed their note, and began to utter, thereafter, endless eulogiums on the virtues and the high nobility of Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen.

What had happened at the palace? The prince and his ministers well knew that the canoness was in reality, in good faith and honor, the celebrated fairy Rosabelverde. Here is the history of the fairy Rosabelverde.

The domain of Baron Prætextatus de Mondschein was a little country as pleasant to inhabit, as the terrestrial

paradise from which our first parents were dismissed. High mountains, balmy forests, flowery valleys, fresh springs, fertile meadows, orchards of luscious fruit, and in the midst of all this, palaces and cottages. Nothing was wanting. To crown this felicity, the country was governed by Prince Demetrius, who had the art to govern without making the yoke of power felt; so that under his reign, every body lived as contentedly as fishes do in the water. It was the El Dorado of all friends of independence; and it even happened that several fairies came there, to work for the satisfaction of the amiable portion of the human species that inhabited this happy country. These good fairies would have liked to perpetuate the days of the virtuous Demetrius; but fatality decided differently. He died, and his son Paphnutius succeeded him.

This young prince, who had attentively studied his father's politics, and who found his want of popularity very little to his taste, had no sooner attained the power, than he busied himself with overturning every thing to place his servants and vile flatterers in the place of honest people, who had until then governed. He gave the post of prime minister to Andres, his personal servant, to reward him for having lent him six ducats, one day, during a revel in which he, Paphnutius, was drunk and without money, at an inn situated outside the paternal territory.

"My lord," exclaimed Andres, on being invested with his office, "a new era is about to dawn upon your principality. From the day that your highness takes the reins of government, dates for this country the introduction of enlightenment!"

Paphnutius, with emotion, raised his minister, who

had prostrated himself, and pressed him in his arms, saying—"My dear prime minister, a short time ago I owed thee ten ducats, but I shall soon owe thee my glory and the prosperity of my states. Of this principality I shall make a kingdom, and thou shalt aid me in my vast projects."

The first wish of the new prince was, that a gigantic poster should be exhibited in all the streets about the palace, on all the roads, and in the villages throughout the country, informing his subjects that the introduction of enlightenment dated from his accession. But his minister respectfully observed to him that things could not go on in that manner. Then the prince Paphnutius drew his former servant into his cabinet, the door of which he carefully closed. He then ordered him to unfold his plan for the administration of the government. "My lord," said Andres, bowing reverently while speaking, "the effect of the poster that your highness proposes to publish, might not be generally favorable. It will be necessary to sustain the government by certain measures, which, although they seem rigorous, are neither more nor less wise and prudent. Before introducing enlightenment into this country, otherwise called before cutting down the useless woods, digging canals, planting potatoes, creating village schools, paving the roads, and bordering them with elm trees, teaching the children to worship God and love their prince, establishing vaccination, it is necessary to begin by driving out of the territory all those people who are prejudiced against these things. It is necessary to banish the wits who speak ill of every thing, and above all of acts of power, good or bad. It is also necessary to exile the fairies, who are established in this fine country, and who

exercise a power over your subjects that yours cannot equal. Sooner or later you will be dethroned by these fairies, and turned into a crane, like a prince spoken of in the Thousand and One Nights.

"Ah! good heaven, minister, what do you tell me?" exclaimed the prince Paphnutius, turning pale as a ghost. "What! there exist fairies in my states!—fairies who could change me into a crane!"

"My lord," continued the prime minister, "I have warned your highness of all these perils, in order that you might provide against them. Those beings, men or fairies, are the natural enemies of the progress of enlightenment. It is they who, taking advantage of your illustrious father, are the occasion of the country's incrustation with the darkest ignorance. Now, without seeking far for the proof of the measures that I propose, imagine to yourself, my gracious sovereign, that it may be sufficient to create a tariff of duties to contribute to the profit of your treasury, if there exists in this country people capable of riding through the air on broomsticks, and throwing through windows or down chimneys, into the houses of the citizens, articles which have not paid for passing the frontier. I repeat with earnestness, that the first act of your authority should be to drive out the intriguers and the fairies;—the fairies above all, my lord, whose treasures we will seize before sending them off like vagabonds to the country of the Thousand and One Nights."

"But," interrupted prince Paphnutius, "if my people, habituated to living with these fairies, should rebel in their favor?"

"My lord," replied the minister, "the great art of politics consists in not forcing things. Thus, we will

only put the intriguers and fairies out successively, and with great caution. So that we keep two or three of the best fairies. We will try to find severe husbands for them, and they will keep them straight. As for all the articles seized, such as enchanted swans, winged horses, jewelry, you can ornament your palace with them."

Paphnutius could not sufficiently admire the genius of his prime minister, and on the morrow all the measures agreed upon were executed with rigorous zeal by the agents of the new government. The fairy Rosabelverde was the only one who learned this revolution in time to hide in a safe place her magic wands, her fire horses, and her fantastic treasures.

The prince and his minister were very much irritated to learn that the fairies, on receiving orders to move, with the exception only of Rosabelverde, had manifested the most contemptuous carelessness, and the most singular joy.

"Perhaps," said Paphnutius to himself, "the country of a Thousand and One Nights is a finer region than my own, and the fairies laugh at me for a fool, who knows not how to keep his own riches."

The historian of the kingdom was immediately called, and received an order to make a learned report on the situation of the country of a Thousand and One Nights. To please the prince and obey the prime minister, he wrote that Dschinnistan, or the kingdom of the fairies, was the wildest, the most uncultivated, the most desolate, under the heavens; that enlightenment was not known there, neither was the science of paved roads or vaccine.

The prince Paphnutius was satisfied with this information, and courageously continued his work of renovation.

When the flowery arbor in which Rosabelverde lived had been levelled to the ground, and when Paphnutius had with his own hands inoculated with vaccine the stupidest rustics in the country, the fairy watched for him in a path through which he was to pass on entering his palace with his prime minister. He found her so beautiful that he begged her to remain in his states, and to accept a place in a chapter of noble ladies residing in the vicinity of the palace, where she should be allowed to live according to her fancy, without being called upon in any manner to assist in the enlightenment of things. The malicious fairy accepted, and we shall soon see what tricks she invented to avenge the proscription of her magic palace, of her flying horses, and her hundred leaf rose trees.

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II.

We read in one of the letters that the celebrated traveller, Ptolemaus Philadelphus, addressed to his friend Rufin, the following anecdote :

“Thou knowest, my very dear friend, that I fear nothing so much as the ardor of the sun, and to avoid it during my journey, I turn night into day. Now it once happened, that the driver of my chariot lost his way on account of the darkness, and carried me, along an unknown way, over ruts that shook me up like a bag of nuts. until a frightful overturn put an end to this infernal course, whose end I had not dared to reflect upon.

“This fall awoke me from a lethargic slumber. The night had long since disappeared. The sun, more ardent than the day before, darted its rays of fire directly upon my head, and, at a little distance from my broken vehicle, I perceived the entrance to a large city.

“The clumsy driver, who had been the cause of my misfortune, lamented unceasingly for himself, without seeming to care much for the embarrassing position in which he had placed me. In spite of my anger, I remembered that wise men ought never to exceed the bounds of moderation, and I contented myself with observing to this lubber, that the illustrious Ptolemaus Philadelphus, whose posterior was seriously compromised, was worthy of more attention than a damaged chariot. This mercurial, joined to the natural ascendancy that I possess over men, accomplished marvels. The driver hushed up his complaints, to come to my assistance.

“I discovered with eminent satisfaction that my person had received no serious injury, and I limpingly entered the city, followed, at a distance of several paces, by my stupid charioteer, dragging his damaged equipage after him.

“I was on the point of entering the first gate, when I saw coming towards me a crowd of people, so strangely dressed, that I thought for a moment that I was dreaming. These personages were equipped in wide pantaloons, cut in the oriental fashion, and over which they wore a kind of child's frock, yellow or black. Their hair, badly cared for, flowed in tangled masses upon their shoulders, and they wore for covering to the head, a kind of little cap, of unheard of shape. Many had the neck bare, others wore white bands around it. Although all these people appeared to be youthful, their voices were hoarse and harsh, their movements heavy and awkward. Through the opening in the back of their jackets, appeared long twisted tubes, covered with tufts of green woollen cloth; others held this tube in their hands, and garnished it with a kind of little pan, from which they breathed little

clouds of white smoke, of a nauseous smell. A certain number of them brandished naked swords, as if they were going to war; others had leathern bags upon their backs, or were imprisoned in a kind of tin vase, buckled about their bodies.

“This unaccustomed sight so powerfully awakened my curiosity, that I stopped by the roadside to see these individuals pass. But they gathered around me, with loud laughter, calling me a Philistine!

“Now I ask you, dear reader, could a civilized being receive a more contemptuous insult, than the name of that people exterminated by the jaw bone of an ass, in the hands of Samson?

“I was able, however, to contain myself, and answer with dignity, that I would apply to the tribunals of the country, for justice against the offence offered me. But, at these words, this mob of insolent fellows began to whisper together; then those who had not put into operation their tubes, drew them from their pockets, and applying fire to the pans, enveloped me in a minute with clouds of nauseous smoke, addressing me, through each puff that came from their mouths, with the most disagreeable allusions, to a grave and distinguished man like myself. I was only able to answer them by gestures of contempt. Finally, tired of the war, they went off, leaving me stupefied at their proceedings, which I had very little reason to expect.

“My coachman, who had seen all with a surprise equal to my own, said to me, whilst wringing his hands more piteously than ever:—‘Ah! my dear sir, if you value your bones, take care how you enter a city inhabited by such beings; for certainly, you would be given up to wild beasts, or killed.’

"I did not give him time to repeat this, but hastened on my way back to the next village. I am there, and it is in a chamber without furniture and without fire, that I write to thee, my dear Rufin. My discomfort is extreme; but it will not be without results to science. I am actively busying myself in studying the manners, the history of the people among whom I have fallen, as into a snare, and I will make thee acquainted, as soon as possible, with all my discoveries."

This famous letter may show you, my worthy readers, that a man may be very learned, and be ignorant of the commonest things. Thus, Ptolemaus Philadelphus had travelled much, and he did not know what students were, and he had not recognized the village of Hochjacobsheim, situated, as all the universe knows, near the glorious university of Kerepes. He had been frightened by a band of jovial students, who were playing truant. What would then have happened to poor Ptolemaus Philadelphus, if he had arrived one hour sooner at Kerepes, and chance had taken him to the house of Professor Mosch Terpin, at a time when a hundred students came out from his lecture, with unrestrained hurrahs! Certainly, the celebrated Ptolemaus would have lost his wits.

Mosch Terpin professed natural history; that is to say, he clearly explained to his disciples, that when it is fine weather, it neither rains nor thunders; that the sun gives light by day, and the moon by night. This learned man had collected his theories into a little book, which each new comer was expected to provide himself with. He owed his immense reputation to the clearness with which he had demonstrated that night is especially occasioned by the absence of light. This trait of genius, and the amusing experiments which he performed in his lessons

to the ladies, had given him a very lucrative business. Now, whilst Ptolemaus Philadelphus is writing to his friend Rufin, let us transport ourselves to the house of Mosch Terpin, at the time when the students came out that day.

Do you see, dear reader, that fine young man, twenty or twenty-five years old, comely and graceful, quick black eyes, pale forehead, radiant with the light of a keen and brilliant mind? His costume is faithful to the ancient mode of Germany; a white and finely embroidered collar surrounds his face; his head is covered with a velvet cap, from which escapes floods of chestnut hair, that curls with coquettish grace. His whole person is impressed with exquisite distinction and simple poetry. This young man is Balthasar, sprung from good and honest citizens. He is one of the most serious students at the university. On coming from the lectures of Mosch Terpin, instead of going to the fencing hall or the ale house, he goes out of the city and turns his steps towards a charming wood which enlivens the environs. He will not be there alone. Here comes Fabian, his best friend, the liveliest student at Kerepes, as Balthasar is the most reflective. He hastens, he joins his comrade. "Come now," said he to him; "wilt thou continue the same eternally, with thy funereal look and endless promenades in the desert? Come, come, and have a bout with me; and if thou wishest, after that, I will resignedly share thy sleepy pilgrimage."

"No," said Balthasar, without being moved by this flux of words, and the gestures which accompanied it; "no, my dear Fabian, I cannot resolve to kill time in those noisy places to which thou wouldst lead me. My mind is elsewhere. I need calmness and solitude; leave me."

“Zounds!” replied Fabian, “I will not leave thee alone with thy thoughts. We will not go to the fencing gallery, but allow me to try and amuse thee, for thy face frightens me.”

And taking Balthasar’s arm, he rapidly led him towards the wood, but without being able to draw a single word from him. Balthasar was evidently pre-occupied and discontented; he made no answer to the loquacity of his friend, and his look seemed wandering.

When they had reached the middle of the wood, Balthasar threw himself upon a mossy bank, enamelled with flowers, and drawing his comrade towards him—“Is it not,” said he, “pleasant here? and how many mysterious felicities solitude hides, which are entrancing to the soul! Dost thou now understand, dear Fabian, why I prefer the solitude of these woods, to the society of the roysterers of the university?”

“By my faith,” replied Fabian, “I am as fond of contemplation and meditation as any one; but there is a time for every thing; and for the studies of nature, Mosch Terpin’s lessons are enough for me.”

“Fie!” exclaimed Balthasar; “can you speak of nature and the prosiness of Mosch Terpin at the same time! When I hear him discourse, after his manner, on the mysteries that surround us, I am seized with strange horror for his profanations. His physical experiments seem to me a mockery of divine power, and his systems are revolting to my interior sentiments, as if some one blasphemed before me. That is the secret of my morose countenance, and my mournful reveries, that you unceasingly reproach me with. It is only here that I regain possession of myself, and that I escape from the miseries of my imagination, by burying myself in an extacy, pro-

duced upon me by the works of God. Here I converse with all that surrounds me; every object seems to be endowed with a language to answer me."

"Bravo! my fine hero of sublime sadness! But if it is true that the narrations of Doctor Mosch Terpin so copiously tire thee, tell me then, how it is that thou art present at all of his lectures?"

"Alas!" said Balthasar, "an irresistible power leads me back there every day; it is a fatality which I cannot shake off, and which is killing me."

"Very well! here comes mysticism!" retorted Fabian, with a burst of Homeric laughter. "But I, who am less cloudy, I guess clearly that fatality has taken, to fascinate thee, the blue eyes of Candida. The fact is, that Mosch Terpin's daughter is worthy enough to turn the heads of the professor's best disciples. Love is an eminently respectable weakness; but nevertheless, believe me——"

As he was saying these words, the gallop of a horse at full speed, attracted the attention of the two friends towards a path which crossed the wood. This riderless horse raised a cloud of dust in his course.

"Hallo! hallo!" cried Fabian; "the cursed beast has run away and thrown his rider in the road." And he ran towards the Bucephalus, to try and stop him. But as he approached, the two friends distinguished a pair of big boots dangling in the stirrups, and something black, but very low down, was moving in the saddle. At the moment the horse passed, he made so violent a bound, that the two big boots were thrown at Fabian's head; and he having stooped, to avoid the blow, saw rolling between his legs, the black and formless thing which just before had been agitating itself in the saddle. The

horse stopped short, and began to smell the object that he had just rid himself of.

It was a human head, fastened between two lumps of shoulders, forming a ridge, and from which projected, without bust, two long spider-like legs. To give you another portrait of this grotesque individual, imagine to yourself an apple planted upon a fork.

Fabian was near dying with laughter; but the little abortion pulled his velvet cap down over his eyes, after brushing off the sand from whence he had picked it, and in shrill falsetto threatening voice, asked if he was on the road to Kerepes.

"Yes, sir," said Balthasar, unmovedly, presenting to the dwarf his two big boots; and as he tried in vain to put them on, Balthasar took him up under his arm, and gravely placed him in his leathern cases.

"Thanks, sir," said the shrimp, placing his hand upon his hip; and he tried to approach the horse, to gather the reins and replace himself in the saddle. But it was still necessary for the complaisant Balthasar to give him a lift. But the little man took too much of a spring, and came very near falling down on the other side of the horse. At the sight of this mishap, Fabian laughed again. The dwarf, having fastened himself securely to the mane of his horse, turned towards him, and said—

"My dear sir, if you are not cowardly as well as insolent, you will meet me to-morrow morning at Kerepes; for I am, mark it well, a student at the university, and you are nothing but a poor fox!"

"Huzza! what a Metamora!" exclaimed Fabian, whilst the horse bore off again, at full gallop, his petty rider.

"By my faith," said Balthasar, "there is too much



cruelty in thus laughing at a poor devil, because he is badly formed by nature; and if this abortion should lodge a ball in your head to-morrow, you would be seriously caught."

"God forgive me!" replied Fabian; "but I should laugh at him on my death bed! and so I must run to the city, to witness the dismounting of this microscopic Don Quixote." And without waiting for his friend's reply, Fabian disappeared in the direction of the city.

Balthasar remained alone, and plunged into the thickest of the wood, reflecting on the charms of Mademoiselle Candida, and the annoyance of having the most secret and holy sentiments of his heart, exposed to the heedlessness of his college companion. By degrees, the exaltation of his thoughts took such a bound, that, breathless, beside himself, fearing at every step to read irony in the faces least known, he regained, with precipitate steps, the road to Kerepes.

On arriving in the square, he heard a voice cry out:—
"Ho! Master Balthasar! Master Balthasar!"

He raised his eyes, and stood fixed to the pavement, without being able to utter a word. It was Mosch Terpin himself, arm in arm with his daughter Candida.

The young lady saluted the student, with easy grace.

"I will lay a wager," said the professor, "yes, I am sure, dear Master Balthasar, that you have just been botanizing in the little wood, turning over in your mind my morning lecture. Indeed, Master Balthasar, you are one of the most zealous and assiduous of my scholars. That does you honor, and I sincerely congratulate you upon it. I should be pleased to become more intimately acquainted with you. But, stop! I have a little party at my house, to-morrow night. Candida will serve us with

tea, and if you will give me the pleasure of your company, we can converse more freely. Good evening, dear Master Balthasar! until we see you again soon!"

The professor was already far away, with the adorable Candida, but our friend Balthasar still listened, and thought that he still heard those delicious words, which were about to draw him nearer to his beloved,—“ Good evening, dear Master Balthasar! until we see you again soon!” He was drunk with joy.

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When Fabian came out of the wood, he perceived the hunch-back at a distance, with a fine looking man who had joined him, pass, at full gallop, the gates of Kerepes.

“Zounds!” said he to himself, “that nut-cracker has travelled fast; but I shall arrive soon enough to see him dismount at the door of the Flying Horse.” And he quickened his pace.

On entering the city, he expected to see a laugh on the face of every person he should meet, in the street which leads to the inn called the Flying Horse. As it was not so, our student stopped several of his comrades, to relate to them what had just happened to him. But they told him, to his great surprise, that two persons had, indeed, just come at full gallop, and stopped at the inn of the Flying Horse, but that they were two men of distinguished appearance; one of them very small in size, it was true, but of exquisite form, and wearing the most magnificent head of hair, that could possibly be seen. He was, besides, a horseman of considerable skill, and he had managed his courser with indescribable elegance.

Fabian was quite disturbed, not knowing but that he might be the victim of sorcery. When Balthasar came

towards him:—"What!" exclaimed Fabian, "have all the students of Kerepes lost their wits, so far as to take for an accomplished horseman, that little deformed fellow that we saw rolling in the sand, a short time ago?"

"My friend," said Balthasar, "that only proves that minds less filled with ridicule than your own, may have consideration for one whom nature has thus hardly used, but who is not responsible for the deformity of his organs."

"But that is not the question!" replied Fabian; "aside from all commiseration, would you be good enough to explain to me how a dwarf, three feet high, can appear an Adonis, in the eyes of a whole population of students?"

Balthasar agreed that such a prodigy was difficult to believe; but other students, who were listening to them, energetically protested that the little gentleman was in miniature a master-piece of good looks. The repeated denials of Fabian and Balthasar aroused the suspicion that they were intoxicated.

Towards evening, as the two students were entering their commons, Balthasar allowed the secret of the invitation that he had received from Professor Mosch Terpin to escape him.

"Oh, too happy mortal!" exclaimed Fabian; "hast thou not a better chance than a sighing hermit? Thou art, then, about to see Candida! the beautiful, the adorable Candida! Thou wilt speak to her, breathe the perfume of her sweet breath! Oh Don Juan!"

Balthasar, offended by the levity of his friend, suddenly turned away; then returning, as if he felt remorse for his anger:—

“In fact,” said he to him, “it may be that my love for Candida makes me appear like a fool; but the truth is, that this love absorbs my whole soul; and I should prefer to die a thousand deaths, rather than renounce it. So, my good Fabian, if thou hast the least veritable affection for me, I beg thee, avoid uttering the name of Candida before me, if thou dost not wish me to become mad!”

“Art thou not taking the thing a little tragically?” said Fabian. “Thy poor head is then really affected? For the rest, my friend, God preserve me from voluntarily causing thee the least uneasiness. I will speak no more of Candida, in thy presence. Only allow me to express the trouble that I feel, at seeing thee governed by so senseless a passion. Candida is a charming girl, but her lively character would never ally itself to that of a grave and sombre man, such as I have always known thee. When thou hast become a little more acquainted with her, and taken time to study her, thou wilt suffer extremely from this discord of your natures, which will place an insurmountable barrier between you. To resume, my dear fellow, I have received an invitation for to-morrow, of the same description as thine. We shall see each other again at Mosch Terpin’s house; and if I can be useful in thy love affair, I am at thy service.”

Thereupon, the two friends separated, after having cordially shaken hands.

Candida was a beautiful girl, with lips a little prominent, but blooming like roses, and irresistible eyes. Her hair, fine and abundant, was neither dark nor light; she arranged it in tresses of coquettish beauty. Her waist was slender and graceful, her hand and foot were of irreproachable dimensions. She had read the prettiest

fashionable novels, played very well on the harpsicord, and danced after the French fashion, with German grace. It would not have been possible to find in this piquant person much fault; I do not even know whether the opinion would have been hazarded that she laced her corsets too tightly, that she had too masculine a voice, or that she consumed too many biscuits with her tea. To sum up all, Candida was a veritable heart-snatcher. She laughed heartily at the slightest things; this revealed a good natural disposition. She never studied to give utterance to languishing sighs, or cast assassinating glances. She was radiant with frankness and innocence. But all these qualities of a good girl, could they form the happiness of the romantic Balthasar? We shall see if the prosy Fabian had truly guessed the incompatibilities which must, according to his idea, forever separate these two beings.

Balthasar passed the whole night preceding Mosch Terpin's tea party, in composing in verse, a declaration to Candida. Then, when it was time to go, he dressed himself in the most careful manner. Yet his friend lacked the courage to rally him.

Balthasar's heart palpitated with pleasure, when he entered the house of Professor Mosch Terpin. Candida came towards him, with a smile upon her lips. She was dressed in a national German costume, and was charming to the sight. The student was near falling backwards, when, with her own white hands, she came to offer him a cup of tea, adding—

“Dear Master Balthasar, here is wine and Maraschino, biscuits and sweet-bread; please accept what you like best.”

Balthasar, his eyes fixed upon her with an undefinable

expression of love and happiness, forgot the wine and the Maraschino, the biscuit, and even the famous sweet-bread; he sought, without finding any, words strong enough to manifest to the beautiful girl the excess of his rapture.

At this moment, a professor of esthetics appeared, a man of gigantic stature, who seized our lover in so abrupt a manner, that he made him turn about like a top, and spilled half of his cup of tea on the floor of the drawing room, crying out to him in the voice of a sten-tor—"Come, then, my worthy Lukas Kranach, don't swallow that bad decoction, which is only good to destroy the most vigorous constitution in all Germany. Come rather into the neighboring room, where our excellent friend, Mosch Terpin, has a side-board on which figure advantageously a dozen bottles of Rhine wine, worthy of a throat like yours."

And before the student could have time to answer him, he drew, and nearly carried him into the dining room.

As they entered, they saw Mosch Terpin make his appearance, holding by the hand a singular little man, saying:—"Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you a young man endowed with the rarest qualities, and who merits your kindest reception. It is Lord Cinabre, quite recently arrived in this city, for the purpose of studying law at the university."

At the first sight, Balthasar and Fabian recognized the miserable abortion, who had so much amused them by his equestrian feats.

"Now then," said Fabian to his friend, "shall I go and provoke this hideous mandrake to fight with a needle? I don't know any other arms, that will suit this little monster."

"But for heaven's sake," answered Balthasar, "will you never give up persecuting this poor dwarf, who only asks to live in peace? The qualities that distinguish him, and of which our professor is convinced, can they not find grace in your eyes? and is it not well to give thanks to nature, which has granted him the gift of intelligence, in place of physical beauty, which she has so unfortunately refused him?"

Saying these words, he took several steps towards Cinabre, and said to him, with a peculiarly benevolent accent—"I am very glad, dear sir, that your fall from your horse did you no serious injury."

But Cinabre drew himself up by standing on his toes, and throwing back his head and leaning on a golden headed cane that he held in his hand, cried out, in a sharp nasal voice—"I do not know of what you mean to speak. Do I look like a man that could fall from a horse? Know, my dear friend, once for all, that I never fall; that I have recently made one of the most brilliant campaigns in the capacity of a volunteer in a regiment of cavalry, and that I was the best rider in the regiment."

Cinabre wished to confirm this affirmation by trying to vault; but his cane got between his legs, and he rolled like a ball at Balthasar's feet. The honest student stooped to raise him, but he had the misfortune to strike his head rather rudely, and the dwarf uttered so sharp a cry, that the whole room started. The spectators trembled with fear, and the ladies ran away. Balthasar was angrily questioned as to why he had given utterance to so disagreeable a sound.

"Indeed," said Mosch Terpin, "I took you, dear Master Balthasar, for a very gallant gentleman, but you will allow me, nevertheless, to observe to you, that such con-

duct cannot pass for a respectable jest. You have undoubtedly tried to imitate the cry of an enraged cat?"

At the word cat, a fat lady became ill, and two or three men escaped from the room in a singularly disconcerted manner. Mademoiselle Candida, who had poured a whole flask of vinegar on the head of the fainting lady, said angrily to Balthasar—"I cannot understand, Master Balthasar, how you could utter, in a re-union of such good society, so horrible a screeching?"

The poor student entirely lost his self-possession. This astonishing scene gave him a vertigo, and he knew not how to excuse himself by proving to the guests that Lord Cinabre was the sole author of the unpleasant noise that had been attributed to him.

Professor Mosch Terpin had pity upon his embarrassment. He took him by the hand, and said to him—"Dear Master Balthasar, do not thus trouble yourself about so little a matter. The jest was not well chosen, but we are very indulgent; for, indeed, you imitated the cat in a very funny manner. Just now you danced on your paws like a fine tom-cat on the house top. I am very fond, I assure you, of amusing gymnastic feats; only the time was not very well chosen to offer this specimen of your progress."

"But, I again affirm," exclaimed Balthasar, "that I have not moved."

"Oh, perfect! delicious!" continued Mosch Terpin; "you have a most grotesque self-possession; you are too diverting, young man."

Mademoiselle Candida came to beg her father not to torment any more the self-esteem of the good Master Balthasar.

The student believed himself upon burning coals. The

commiseration of Candida for a fault of which he was innocent, caused him excessive pain.

“ Good heaven,” said the young girl, “ can it be that people are so weakly organized as to be afraid of the mewling of a cat ? ”

There was in her look, whilst speaking this, so tender an expression, that Balthasar seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

Meanwhile quiet was restored. The fainting lady, seated at the tea-table, consoled herself by an ample consumption of wine and biscuits ; and the two or three men who had fled from the room, came slyly back and slipped into their places at a card-table. Balthasar, Fabian and the professor of esthetics paid their court to several pretty ladies. Lord Cinabre, who had regained his feet, climbed upon the sofa between two ladies, to whom he addressed the most extravagant compliments.

Whilst the company was thus occupied in various manners, Balthasar thought that the time was favorable to approach Candida, and recite to her advantageously the anacreontic elegy of the loves of the nightingale and the rose, which he had expressly composed for her. Mademoiselle Candida hastened to claim the attention of the society to the reading of a work which flattered her girlish vanity by its delicate intention. Balthasar drew the manuscript from his pocket, and commenced in a modest voice the reading of his poem. As he went on, his soul, warmed by the fire of his own poetry, gave so brilliant an accent to the verses, that the auditory, the ladies especially, frequently interrupted him by bravos and well deserved applause.

When he had finished, every one praised the literary beauties of the fable which they had just heard.



"Oh! it is charming! it is divine! A thousand thanks to you, dear Lord Cinabre, for the pleasure that you have procured us!"

"Zounds!" exclaimed Balthasar, "we are mad—you or myself!"

But he talked without being listened to. The women and men, without paying the least attention to him, clustered around Cinabre, who sat swelling on the sofa, receiving the general congratulations. The professor of esthetics, going beyond this admiration, raised the little dwarf, and carried him around the room, in spite of his struggles, reproaching him with his excessive modesty. Mosch Terpin himself, quitting the card table, loaded him with such serious politeness, that the wretch could not contain his joy.

"By heaven! ladies," exclaimed the professor of esthetics, I vote that, as a prize to the brilliant genius of Master Cinabre, that you, each one of you, give him a kiss."

Cinabre cautiously slipped from the sofa, and went around the circle of ladies. Candida herself deposited a big kiss upon his ugly cheeks. At the sight of this, Balthasar, taken with a fit of madness, exclaimed with every body—"Oh, Cinabre! divine genius! Yes, you are the author of that magnificent poem; you are worthy of the caresses of the celestial Candida! and I, I, I am nothing but a goose!"

Then dragging his friend Fabian into the neighboring room, he said, looking upon him with a fixed and glassy eye—"Do me the favor to tell me, on thy honor, if I am in reality the student Balthasar, and if thou art in flesh and bone my comrade Fabian; if we are in the devil's house, or in Professor Mosch Terpin's mansion; if we

dream, or if we have become mad. Strike me with your fist, pinch my nose, scratch my face, and try to break the charm that has bewitched us!"

Fabian looked upon his friend with an air of great pity. "My poor Balthasar," said he to him, "it is jealousy which makes you wander in this manner. Do you not see that nature has granted this poor dwarf all the treasures of intelligence, in exchange for the physical advantages of which she has deprived him by a cruel caprice? He has made admirable verses, and I maintain that on this account he deserves a sweet kiss from Candida."

"Fabian! Fabian!" howled Balthasar, "dost thou know what thou art saying?"

"I know," replied the student, "that Cinabre has just recited a delicious piece of poetry to us. I see that thou hast the meanness to be envious of it, and I pity thee. As for the rest, I freely confess that the mind is much superior to beauty of person; for just now Cinabre, in saying his verses, was illuminated with a divine ray. Let us recognize in him, thou and I, the material for a sublime poet!"

"Oh! this is an infamy! a derision! but I will strangle this miserable abortion alive!" cried Balthasar.

"Softly, my dear fellow," replied Fabian; "bridle thy jealousy; it will do thee wrong; and let us go back to the company, which is loud, I know not why, in its frantic acclamations."

Balthasar followed his comrade, staggering like an intoxicated man. They found Professor Mosch Terpin standing in the midst of the assembly, and still holding in his hands the instruments that served for one of his most curious philosophical experiments; but he was

pale, and appeared nearly suffocated with surprise and anger.

The whole company gathered around Cinabre, who, leaning on his little gold headed cane, received proudly the renewed congratulations of every body on his pretended amusing experiments. Finally, Mosch Terpin, beside himself, began to cry out louder than the rest—"It is charming! it is admirable, dear Master Cinabre! You are a universal man, a finished poet, a philosopher such as has never been seen!"

There was present that evening at the party, a young prince named Gregor, who was studying at the university of Kerepes. He was one of the most elegant gentlemen to be seen. This young man was one of the most enthusiastic around Cinabre, and the glances of all the ladies, instead of being fixed upon the prince, were levelled at this diabolical abortion, who unceasingly danced about like the elastic atoms invented by Descartes.

Professor Mosch Terpin approached Balthasar—"Well, my dear friend," said he to him, "what do you think of my favorite scholar, of this famous Cinabre, whose glory must reflect upon me? That fellow was mysteriously educated by a village pastor, who recommended him to me without wishing to answer any of my questions. Now, do you see, I hold it as certain that Cinabre is at least a descendant of a prince or a fairy, and that he is called to the highest destiny. That pupil will do me some day infinite honor."

As he spoke thus, a servant came to announce that supper was served. Cinabre sprang skipingly towards Candida, who gave him her hand to pass into the festive hall. The unfortunate Balthasar had not the strength to

see more. He fled from Mosch Terpin's house like a desperate man, and ran all night through the rain, which fell in torrents.

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The despairing lover of Candida was stretched out on a rock, whose projection partly covered the bed of a furious torrent. Black clouds passed swiftly by in the distant sky; the noise of the water, loaded with foam, was mixed with the howling of the autumn wind, and the night birds, circling about in the space with mournful cries, pursued each other like infernal game. Amid this frightful tumult of nature in convulsion, Balthasar wept over his fatal destiny, and his eyes, fascinated by a raging fever, seemed to see the spirits of the abyss rise from its bosom to seize him in their humid arms, and drag him into the waves.

Then suddenly the gay winding of the hunting horn burst upon his ear; his courage was re-animated, and hope again found place in his soul.

"No!" exclaimed he, standing up and casting his flashing eyes about him—"no! fate has not yet crushed me! I will break the fatal charm which opposes my happiness! Do I not feel within myself all that is necessary to merit and obtain the love of Candida! What to me are the sorceries employed by this miserable little dwarf, to attract towards himself the regards of that beautiful person! Were he the most accursed magician that ever left the bowels of the earth, I would triumph over the ridiculous Cinabre! I will crush like an earth-worm that miserable mandrake!"

And immediately gathering again all his strength, the student Balthasar descended from the rock and returned

to Kerepes. In following an avenue bordered by large trees, he perceived a travelling carriage, from which a person saluted him in a friendly manner, by shaking a white handkerchief. It was Vincenzo Sbiocca, a celebrated violin player, who had given him lessons for more than two years. The meeting between Balthasar and the artist was very cordial.

“What! dear Master Sbiocca,” said the student, “are you leaving Kerepes? Would you deprive of the enjoyment of your talent a city, which loves you and honors you as much as any of the great masters that ever existed?”

“Zounds!” exclaimed the artist; “you were not present at the concert that I gave yesterday? Oh no, assuredly not, for you would have protected me against the infamous conspiracy organized to drive me to despair. Figure to yourself that I was playing the most difficult concerto of Viotti. You know that this piece is my triumph every where, and that it is listened to each time with fresh enthusiasm. Well, can you believe that at the moment when replacing my violin under my arm, I was about to bow to the company and receive their applause, all the spectators spontaneously arose to go, and thank, with demonstrations of frenzied admiration, that accursed Cinabre, who has been met with for several days in all the drawing-rooms? And what is this Cinabre? A dwarf, an abortion, uglier than a monkey. And if you had seen him twisting himself about and making the most ignoble grimaces, to give himself the air of disdainful modesty! Ah! if you had heard him squeal out in his shrillest voice—‘He! he! my worthy gentlemen, my beautiful ladies, what you have just heard is nothing. I play sometimes a thousand times better, and I have not

stolen, they say, the reputation of the best violinist that has ever been met with in the four quarters of the globe.' Finally, my brave Master Balthasar, I was drunk with anger, and I was about to squeeze this worm between my four fingers and thumb until he died, when critics, furious to see the bad treatment that I was preparing for their idol, threw themselves upon me like enraged demons, and threw me out of the room, whilst Cinabre cried out—'Aid me, my worthy gentlemen, my dear ladies; do not allow the divine Vincenzo Sbiocca to be assassinated!' Ah, Master Balthasar, if you meet this rogue Cinabre, tell him that if ever he falls into my hands, I will shove him into one of the holes of my bass-viol, or I will let him rot in a violin box. Farewell, farewell, good health to you, and do not forget my lessons."

On finishing this monologue, in a ringing voice, but broken from emotion, the celebrated Vincenzo Sbiocca threw himself back in his carriage, and drove off at a gallop. As Balthasar, quite bewildered by the surprise that he had just felt, was about to continue his walk, he saw passing near him, at full speed, a young man whom he thought he recognized for one of his best friends. This young man was in frightful disorder. Balthasar, fearing that something unfortunate had happened to him, followed him, and joined him at the entrance of a little wood, where the unfortunate man, having leaned against a tree, was about to blow out his brains. Balthasar, arriving in time to oppose this desperate project, seized him in his arms, took away his pistol, threw it far away, and said to him—"What! my dear Pulcher, hast thou then lost all thy friends in the world, so as to decide thee upon committing against thyself an irreparable crime?"

What then has happened so unfortunate that thou canst not regain courage and open thy soul to hope?"

"Alas! my friend," said the young man, "thou knowest that since my admission to the grade of referendary, I directed all my wishes towards the office of private secretary, which is vacant at this time, near the minister of foreign affairs. I had passed the preliminary examinations, and the success of my trials, filling me with joy, seemed to promise to the dearest of my wishes a prompt realization. This morning was to commence the oral exercise which was to end the course. On entering the session room, I found a misshapen dwarf, a hideous monkey, seated on one of the benches. The counsellor of the legation charged with the care of the last examination, approached me with a smile upon his lips, and announced that Master Cinabre had placed himself in the ranks to dispute for the place that I was ambitious of gaining. He then added, in a low voice—'Fear nothing from such a rival, dear Master Pulcher; success, which has been faithful to you until now, will not fail you in this decisive trial.' The session was opened a moment after.

"Cinabre only croaked and yelped in the most comical manner. He fell two or three times from his seat, gesticulating like a puppet. I laughed in my sleeve like one of the blessed; I was sure of victory. But what was my surprise, when, after a series of questions, I saw the counsellor rise with a pleased look, and go straight to Cinabre, saying to him, with a pressure of the hand—'Perfect! admirable! you are indeed, sir, the most distinguished mind, the most capable head, the most universal man in the palace!' Then, turning towards me, he added—'My poor Master Pulcher, I am confused,

annoyed by your ignorance and the unsuitableness of the gestures and movements with which you have sustained the thesis. You fell several times from your chair, and Master Cinabre was so complaisant as to raise you with his own hands. When you solicit so important an office, you should at least present yourself fasting, and in a sober and decent manner. Farewell, Master Referendary! I hope that another time you will be more fortunate and wiser!' I thought that I had fallen from an elevation. I was stunned, stupefied, annihilated. I ran to the minister's house; but he received me very coldly, and informed me that the office of private secretary was due to and conferred upon Cinabre. Dost thou understand now, Balthasar, why I was about to get rid of so deplorable a life as mine has become?"

"Well then," exclaimed Balthasar, "the farther I go, the more I understand that the devil is mixed up with all that surrounds us."

He briefly related his own adventures to his friend, also the anecdote of Vincenzo Sbiocca. "That miserable abortion," said he finally, "is protected by I know not what infernal power. We must form a league against him; and were he stronger than an army, we must drive him from the country, or wring his neck. The prince Paphnutius, who has introduced enlightenment into his dominions, ought to have commenced by banishing from it the manufacturers of sorceries; and since I am forced to believe in the devil, I must have the last word in all this, should I be obliged to wrestle, face to face, with Satan himself."

Balthasar, electrified, would have added many other things, if the sound of a delicious music had not suddenly been heard behind the coppice. The two friends listened

whilst advancing to the borders of a path which cut the little wood into two equal parts. A strange sight then appeared, which held them immovable and voiceless. They saw rolling along the path a chariot of unknown form, surmounted by a personage in Chinese costume. The chariot was made with a double shell formed of rock crystal, with sparkling wheels, the movement of which on the gravelly road, produced the marvellous music of which the two young men had heard the sweet and penetrating accords. Two white unicorns drew this equipage, which had for coachman a silver pheasant, holding in his beak golden reins. A large beetle, perched behind the chariot, agitated his variegated wings, to refresh the person seated in the carriage. On passing before Balthasar and Pulcher, this person made a friendly bow; at the same time, from the carbuncle which served him as a head to his ivory cane, sprang a ray which penetrated, with the rapidity of lightning, the breast of Balthasar, and filled him with a secret flame.

When this singular vision had disappeared in the distance, Balthasar threw himself upon his friend's neck, crying out—"We are saved! it is the venerable unknown that we have just met, who will dissolve the enchantments of Cinabre!"

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V.

The minister of foreign relations, to whom the dwarf Cinabre became the first private secretary, was a branch of the remarkable family of Prætextatus de Mondschein, of whom we have already spoken. He bore the same name as his ancestor. He was a man of elegant and polished manners, and who took the trouble sometimes to do his work with his own hands, above all when the rain

did not allow him to ride out in an open carriage. Prince Barsanuph, who had succeeded Paphnutius, showed the greatest regard for him, for his minister never allowed him to have the least embarrassment in governing his subjects; and more than this, he played ninepins with him, always yielding the best chances to his gracious master.

Now it happened one day that the minister Prætextatus had invited the prince Barsanuph to breakfast with him on Leipsig larks, washed down with numerous little glasses of Dantzic brandy. On arriving at the house of his amphytrion, the prince found among the invited guests little Cinabre, who, standing by, leaning on his little cane, began to look at him with very impertinent curiosity; then suddenly advancing towards the table, he drew from the dish with his fingers a lark, and stuck it into his mouth whole. The prince, far from taking offence at this incivility, smiled upon Cinabre, and asked his minister who that little charming man was that he thus saw for the first time. "Is it not," said he, "the author of the well written reports, that you have handed me every morning for several days?"

"It is the same indeed, my lord," said the minister. "I congratulate myself greatly on the good fortune which has procured me so perfect a secretary. His name is Cinabre, and I ask permission of your highness to particularly recommend him to your gracious goodness. He has been in my service a very few days only——"

"And it is for that reason," interrupted a handsome young referendary, "that your excellence would allow me to acquaint your highness with the fact, that I am the author of the reports which have obtained your approbation."

“What does this mean?” frowning, and casting an angry look towards the referendary. “Did you ever know how to hold a pen? And then, what does this mean, if you please, this fashion of awkwardly chewing your larks, and spluttering all over my white breeches? Is not that sufficient proof of your diplomatic incapacity? Do me the favor to return home, and never appear again before me, except with a cake of cleansing soap; that is the only means of obtaining any right to my indulgence.”

The reader must be speedily informed that Cinabre, in devouring his larks, had come and seated himself by the side of prince Barsanuph, and that he was the author of the spot of butter impressed upon the breeches of the sovereign. The poor referendary changed countenance, and asked himself if the prince had become mad, whilst the latter, turning towards Cinabre, said to him with emphatic good will:—

“Men like you, Master Cinabre, are the fortune of a state, and merit the highest honors. In consequence of which, I elevate you from this day to the office of special and privy counsellor of my highness.”

“I am your infinitely obliged—” began to cry out the dwarf, who came near being strangled by swallowing the carcass of a lark; then wiping his greasy mouth with his long dirty claws, he added:—“I will perform the functions of that high office with a capacity that will astonish you.”

“I do not in the least doubt it,” replied Barsanuph; “that noble confidence in yourself is the surest guaranty for the services that you will render me.”

Thereupon, his highness had his last glass of Dantzig brandy poured out for him by his prime minister; after which, the whole society arose, and enlarged upon the

eulogiums of which the new special counsellor had just been the object.

That same day, Fabian met his friend Balthasar, whose face expressed the most expansive joy. "Devil!" said he to him, "it appears that you are having golden dreams; the misfortune is, that I must awaken thee."

"What is the matter?" asked Balthasar.

"Be calm, my dear fellow! be cool! remember that there is not a single misfortune that a little philosophy will not aid us to support. Candida——"

"Candida?" cried Balthasar, growing pale.

"Be calm," replied Fabian. "Imagine to thyself that the little Cinabre, since his promotion to the post of special counsellor, has fallen in love with Candida, that Candida dotes upon him, that they are betrothed, and that the marriage is on the point of being consummated."

Balthasar listened to this confidence with an apparent want of emotion, that strangely surprised his friend.

"Thou dost not then love Mosch Terpin's daughter?" said Fabian.

"I love her more than ever!" answered Balthasar, with emotion. "I know that she loves me also; that an odious sorcery turns every body's head, but that I shall immediately have the means of triumphing over all the obstacles that oppose my happiness. That is why I am not uneasy concerning the projects of Cinabre, and the fears that thy friendship expresses on my account."

He revealed at the same time to his friend, the meeting with the man of the crystal chariot, and the magical effect produced by the ray from the carbuncle which served as a head to his ivory cane.

"Now," continued he, "I have acquired the certainty

that this dwarf, Cinabre, is nothing but a miserable little gnome, that sooner or later we shall know about."

"Well done!" interrupted Fabian. "Thy head is assuredly turning. What art thou saying about gnomes, magical effects, and other ridiculous stuff? I, who thought thee a strong mind, begin to lose a good part of my admiration for thee. How is it that thou dost not know, that the man of the crystal chariot is no other than Doctor Prosper Alpanus, whose country house is situated two gun-shots from the city. There are circulated many singular reports concerning him. There are people who even affirm that this excellent man has commerce with the invisible world; but they are not wise men like thee and me, who would dare to give credence to the credulous prejudices of the vulgar. The inventions of Doctor Alpanus alone compose his magic. He luxuriously rides in a chariot of such singular construction, that the good wives imagine, on seeing it pass, that we have returned to fairy times. This is, nevertheless, only original. The body has the form of a half opened shell; it is of steel, plated with silver. In the mechanism is placed a musical movement, which is acted upon by the rotation. The famous silver pheasant that dazzled thee, is a little lackey, muffled up in plumes and painted feathers; and the wings of the beetle, that you thought you saw, are only the reflection of the pigeon throat colored parasol, which shelters the honorable Alpanus. As for the marvellous carbuncle, whose reflection dazzled thy eyes, it is the most remarkable object of his whole collection. It is pretended that, on fixing the eyes upon the centre of this rare jewel, there is seen to spring out from it, as from a concave mirror, the image of the person who, at the time, occupies your thoughts."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Balthasar.

"Oh yes! but it is only a report," said Fabian. "Educated people are not to be caught by such nonsense."

"Nonsense as much as thou wilt," replied Balthasar; "but certainly, I am not wanting more than any one in good sense and reason. A crystal shell is not of steel plated with silver; a pheasant is very little like a lackey; a street organ is essentially different from a harmonica, and I have never seen a parasol which could be mistaken for a beetle. Thus, I affirm, and I maintain, that the person I met was not Doctor Prosper Alpanus, or that the aforesaid doctor is a sorcerer."

"Obstinate fellow!" replied Fabian; "come and convince thyself with thy own eyes. I will immediately conduct thee to the house of Doctor Alpanus."

He immediately took Balthasar by the arm, and dragged him to the gate of the park which surrounded the learned man's house.

"How shall we gain admission?" said Balthasar.

"You must do as common people do, and knock," answered Fabian, raising and dropping the copper knocker attached to the lock.

A subterranean grumbling was soon heard, which resembled the sound of thunder among distant mountains. The gate opened of itself, as if by enchantment, and the two friends advanced through a broad avenue which led to the house. Balthasar expatiated on the beauty of the trees, with emerald foliage, which ornamented this part of the park. Fabian was near walking over two enormous frogs, that followed him from the entrance, jumping along by his side.

"Fine property this!" exclaimed he, "where such vermin as this is tolerated!"

And at the same time, he stooped to pick up a stone, and throw it at the frogs ; but they both jumped into the bushes, and from thence looked at him with strangely expressive eyes. He threw a stone, but the frog immediately became an old woman, bending over the border of the avenue, and who said to him:—

“ May misfortune happen to thee, to thee who comest with ill treatment for poor people, reduced to the necessity of working like negroes to earn a little bread ! ”

The other frog was transformed into a little old man, with red and angry eyes, who began to break off the decayed portions of the hedge.

Balthasar was afraid, and made his friend hasten along. On arriving at the lawn before the entrance to the house, they found there the two white unicorns, who were feeding at large, to the sound of a delicious music.

“ Well ! what did I tell thee ? ” exclaimed Balthasar. Dost thou see and hear now ? ”

“ I only see,” said the student, “ two little white horses, put out to grass ; and the noise that we hear, is nothing but the phenomenon known under the name of the Æolian harp.”

The house of Alpanus was of slight construction, and of exquisite elegance. It was only one story high. Balthasar pulled the bell ; the door opened, and a bird of the size of an ostrich, with golden plumage, came forward as the porter of the habitation.

“ Good ! ” exclaimed Fabian, “ here is a singular servant ! ” And seizing the ostrich by the bunch of down that hung from his beak, he added :—“ Go quickly, my bird friend, and announce us to thy illustrious master.”

The bird answered by a most menacing scream, and bit the lively student on the finger, causing him to cry

out with pain. He would undoubtedly have fought with this enemy, if the door of an inner apartment had not been opened.

A little bit of a thin man, dry and pale, wearing a black velvet cap, from which escaped a profusion of long hair, and clothed in an oriental robe of deep yellow, with red boots trimmed with ermine, advanced towards the two friends. This was Doctor Alpanus. Great good nature was exhibited in every feature. But, on looking at him closely and attentively, his face appeared transparent, like a glass cage, in the centre of which was seen another and a smaller figure, which looked out of his eyes, as though they were windows.

"Dear gentlemen," said he to them, in a sweet and plaintive voice, "I saw you coming, and besides, I knew beforehand, that Master Balthasar would pay me a visit. Take the trouble to follow me.

At these words, Prosper Alpanus, walking before, conducted them into a kind of observatory, hung with sky blue draperies. The light came into it from a dome-like roof. In the middle of it, was placed a white marble table, supported upon the back of a Sphynx. There was no other furniture.

"What can I now do to serve you?" asked the doctor.

Balthasar spoke, and related the disturbance which had been caused in Kerepes by the arrival of the dwarf Cinabre. He ended by saying that, according to his own private conviction, Prosper Alpanus alone in the world, had power to dispel this accursed enchantment.

The doctor reflected for several minutes; he then answered Balthasar, in a grave and almost indistinct tone of voice:—

"I know as well as you, that there is in these adven-

tures something mysterious ; but it is necessary, before all, to discover the hidden power which governs this intrigue. I am persuaded that your little Cinabre is nothing but a mandrake ; besides, I can assure myself of it, immediately."

The doctor placed his hand upon a silk cord, which moved some hidden springs. A drapery was drawn aside, exposing to view a library filled with folios bound in red. A cedar step-ladder descended from the ceiling to the floor. Prosper Alpanus ascended to the highest shelf, and took down a volume, which he brought and laid upon the table.

"This book," said he to the student, "treats of mandrakes, or vegetable men ; all that exist are represented in pictures that we are about to look over. If we find there the figure of your Cinabre, he will immediately fall into my power."

When the volume was opened, they saw a great number of images representing a multitude of little dwarfs, of every kind and form. As soon as the doctor touched one of them, he became endowed with life, sprang out of the book, and began to caper about on the marble table, making a noise like a humming-top, until the doctor, seizing him by the head, placed him on the leaf of the volume, where he immediately flattened out again like a colored engraving. All the plates in the book were passed in review, without enabling Balthasar to recognize Cinabre.

"That is singular," said Alpanus ; "but let us see ; perhaps Cinabre belongs to the family of gnomes."

He ascended the cedar steps again, and took down another volume, which he opened like the former on the marble table. The plates in this book represented mon-

sters with brown or black hair, and with the most hideous countenances. Each one of these, touched by the doctor, uttered a noisy cluck, came out of the leaf, crawling about like a caterpillar, and tumbling about on the marble table, whimpered loudly, until Prosper Alpanus put him back into the book again. Cinabre was not among these gnomes. "That is very strange," said Alpanus; "but let us try again." And he began to meditate.

Now whilst he was thus dreaming, voices were heard singing in chorus after a very sweet and agreeable fashion.

"Master Prosper," said Fabian, "you have marvelous music here."

The doctor did not answer; he looked fixedly upon Balthasar, and, with his arms extended towards him, shaking his fingers from time to time as if to throw off drops of invisible fluid. He then took the student's hands in his, saying to him with interested gravity—"Follow me, my young friend; I am going to try an experiment, for the success of which I shall absolutely need your assistance. Come."

The two student's followed the doctor through several rooms inhabited by singular animals, who were occupied in reading, writing, painting and dancing. Farther on, a double door opened before them, and they found themselves before a thick cloud, behind which Alpanus disappeared. The cloud soon burst asunder with a crash. Balthasar and Fabian first saw an oval room filled with transparent vapor. By degrees the walls of the room melted into a strange distance, and in their place appeared woods and fields, balmy with unknown perfumes. Prosper Alpanus appeared in the midst of this landscape, clothed in white like an Indian priest. He placed in the

middle of the room a crystal mirror, of spherical form, and after having covered it with a veil, he called Balthasar.

“Young man,” said he to him, “place yourself before this mirror, and concentrate all your thoughts upon Candida. Energetically wish her to appear in this place immediately!”

Balthasar called to Candida from his heart filled with boundless love, whilst Prosper Alpanus described magnetic circles around his head. This operation had hardly lasted two seconds, when Balthasar saw a bluish vapor condensing upon the surface of the mirror, which gradually assumed the features of Candida, adorned with all their natural charms.

But this ravishing sight had hardly presented itself to the eyes of the amorous Balthasar, when the ignoble face of Cinabre showed itself near that of Candida. They were kissing each other! At the sight of this, Balthasar, furious, was nigh bursting, when Prosper Alpanus seized him by the shoulders with extreme violence, and placed his magic cane in his hand, saying in a whisper:—“Strike, strike your enemy Cinabre forcibly, but without stirring from the place where you stand.”

The student took the cane, and, striking with all his might, he saw Cinabre fall and roll on the ground. Animated by this success, he made a step forward to give him a finishing blow, but the vision suddenly vanished.

“Stop, imprudent man! stop!” cried out the doctor to him. “If you break that mirror, it would be all over with us! Let us go out from this place; a stay of several seconds longer might be fatal to us!”

They all three precipitately left the room.

“I am now sure,” continued Alpanus, when they had

returned to the blue chamber, "that Cinabre is neither a mandrake nor a gnome; he is simply an ordinary dwarf, but protected and put into operation by a hidden power which I cannot yet discover. But come and see me again, dear Balthasar; until then I will think of the surest means of bringing this adventure to a conclusion."

When the two friends had taken leave of Doctor Alpanus, who left them at the door of his apartment, Fabian could not refrain from playing another trick upon the bird porter. But this time, as at first, the golden plumed ostrich gave another and angrier scream, and bit the inconsiderate student's finger again, who fled as fast as his legs would carry him, swearing desperately. The two frogs of the avenue re-conducted the visitors to the park gate, which closed itself again behind them with a subdued creak.

"Ah so! but, my dear friend," exclaimed Balthasar, who had been forced into a run to rejoin Fabian, "what singular coat hast thou thought of wearing to-day, with tails disproportionately long, and such short sleeves?"

Fabian looked at himself, and was not a little surprised at his strange appearance. His shortened sleeves only reached to his elbows, whilst the tails of his coat were so long as to drag on the ground behind him. He hastened to draw down the sleeves, and pull up on the shoulders, imagining that the evil was thus repaired; but at the gates of the city, the sleeves became still shorter, and the tails grew longer very fast, so that all the little blackguards in the streets began to hoot at him and jump upon the tail of his coat. Poor Fabian thought himself bewitched; he made vain efforts to gather up the infernal tail, which still increased. Finally, quite confused by the noise by which he was escorted, he threw himself



into the first house the door of which he found open. As soon as he had entered, his coat returned to its ordinary proportions. He found in this house the referendary Pulcher, who drew him aside and said to him mysteriously—"How darest thou show thyself in the streets of Kerepes, when the university officers are on thy track, with an order for thy arrest?"

"Well, what have I done?" exclaimed Balthasar.

"How canst thou ask me such a question?" replied Pulcher. "Hast thou so soon forgotten that thou didst force open Professor Mosch Terpin's house, and assailed the accursed Cinabre in the very arms of his future wife, and so severely that the physicians do not really know whether he will recover or not?"

"What are you telling me?" interrupted Balthasar; "I have been out of the city since morning."

"Go along!" replied Master Pulcher; "show astonishment to others; among friends, we know too well what to depend on. Just now, the ridiculous equipment of Fabian was the reason that no one took notice of your presence; but now if you wish to avoid being imprisoned, I advise you to move off without drum or trumpet. Give me your key, so that I may go this evening and pack up your things; but first I will take you to Hochjaçobsheim, and put you in a safe place."

Poor Balthasar mechanically allowed himself to be dragged along like a stupefied man.

VI.

During all this time, the Professor Mosch Terpin calculated the magnificent advantages of the union of his daughter with the privy counsellor Cinabre. "Whatever little attractions there may be in his appearance," said he

to himself, "he is not the less desirable as a son-in-law ; and it decidedly appears that Candida would die of grief, if this Chinese dwarf were refused her as a husband. As for the rest, what matters the appearance ; Cinabre is the prince's favorite, and Heaven only knows to what high honors this favor may lead him. Any one in my place would be jealous of such a match for his daughter."

And Mosch Terpin was right. Candida was in the highest degree in love with her Cinabre. Nothing could be more curious than to hear her boast of the perfections of her betrothed. The referendary Pulcher laughed in his sleeve more heartily than all others ; and in concert with the young secretary Adrian, who had regained the favor of Prince Barsanuph, by bringing him a cake of grease-extracting soap to clean his breeches, he resolved to attach himself, day and night, to the least movements of Cinabre, in order to seize the first opportunity to lay a snare for him, in which he would have a chance to break his neck.

Cinabre had obtained of the prince the enjoyment of a superb country house in the neighborhood of the palace. In the middle of the garden which surrounded this habitation, was a parterre filled with hundred-leaf rose trees. Every nine days, Cinabre arose at daybreak, went alone into the garden, and disappeared among the thick branches of the rose trees. Pulcher and Adrian, who were watching him, scaled the garden wall the night before one of the days that Cinabre was to visit it. Hidden behind a hawthorn hedge, they saw the dwarf reach the lawn before the parterre. At the same time the perfume of roses became more penetratingly soft. A mild breeze agitated the foliage, sparkling with morning dew, and a beautiful veiled woman descended on a golden

cloud into the midst of the rose trees. She took Cinabre into her lap, caressed him, and began to comb with a golden comb the thick hair of the little monster, who seemed to take a very sensual pleasure in this operation.

When Cinabre's toilet was finished, and the fairy, (for it was one,) had parted the hair on each side of his head, Pulcher and Adrian remarked a flame colored line, which sparkled on the top of the little man's head. The fairy took leave of him in a very tender manner, and said to him—"Dear child, be good and prudent, so that fortune may remain faithful to thee!"

"Farewell, little mother," answered Cinabre. And the fairy, re-mounting upon her golden cloud, disappeared in the air.

Pulcher and Adrian remained long silent and stupefied. But the first care of the referendary was to write to Balthasar, to tell him of the discovery which he had made, and promised him to redouble his watchfulness.

Meanwhile the accursed Cinabre had perceived his two enemies flying through the avenues of the garden, after the departure of the fairy. Trembling with fear that what had passed might be divulged, he had an attack of fever, and was carried to bed.

Prince Barsanuph, informed of the sudden indisposition of his special counsellor, sent his physician to him.

"Master Counsellor," said the physician, feeling his pulse, "your watchfulness in the service of the state, is using up your health in a frightful manner. Your head is hot; you will have an inflammation of the brain, and——"

"What is that you say, quack?" exclaimed in his hoarse nasal voice the favorite of my lord Barsanuph.

"Go to the devil, quack! I will not be sick; I am in

better health than thou, and I will get up and go to the council, which is held to-day at the minister's house."

The poor physician, completely frightened, received a good cuff in addition to this speech, and fled to the prince, who impatiently waited for the bulletin of health of his dear Cinabre.

Barsanuph laughed heartily at the cuff, and exclaimed : "My special counsellor is an incomparable man ! I defy you to find in the whole of Europe a functionary more zealous for the public interests !"

When Cinabre entered the council chamber, the minister Prætextatus congratulated him warmly on his indefatigable activity, and begged him to read to the prince a protocol, which he said he had drawn up for an important negotiation between the principality of Barsanuph and the court of Kakatuk. "This memorial is my own," said the minister, "and I will give notice of that fact to his lordship ; but your oratorical delivery will add enormous value to it."

Now the pretended work of his excellency Prætextatus was nothing but a plagiarism ; the true author of this composition was the poor secretary Adrian.

Cinabre took the paper and went to the palace with the minister. But he had hardly commenced his reading, when he began to stammer in a manner to render it entirely unintelligible. Nevertheless the prince appeared to be delighted, and incessantly repeated—"It is perfect ! that is finished diplomacy ! it is inimitable !"

Then advancing towards Cinabre, he raised him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, near where shone the grand decoration of the Green Spotted Tiger, and he untiringly eulogized emphatically the political and other talents of Cinabre. "My dear friend," said he to him

after this, giving the most solemn intonation to his voice, "I make you my prime minister, and I wish all my subjects to honor you equally with myself! As for you," added he, turning towards his excellency *Prætextatus*—"for you, sir baron, I beg you will retire to your estate; you are used up, very much so."

The disgraced minister, in great wrath, throwing a furious glance towards his successor, who saw him depart with a most disdainful air, his head erect and his body thrown back, was leaning on his little cane surmounted by a raven's beak.

Meanwhile Prince Barsanuph, continuing the investiture of his great dignitary, ordered his valet to bring the insignia of the decoration of the Green Spotted Tiger, and covered Cinabre with it, who this time appeared more ridiculous than he had ever been before. As the ministerial ugliness was so deformed that it was impossible to hang upon him, in a decent manner, the plate and cord of the eminent order which was conferred upon him, they called in a costumer from the theatre, to invent some expedient. This tailor, whose name was Kees, and who was distinguished by remarkable intelligence in the functions of his office, very judiciously decided to sew upon the back and chest of the minister a score of jeweled buttons, to which the insignia of the Green Spotted Tiger could be perfectly adapted.

The prince immediately invented on his part several degrees of the order. He declared and had it recorded, that there should be for the future, knights of two, three, four and five buttons, and so on. The minister alone had the right to wear twenty, rendered necessary by his deformity, but thus turned into a privilege.

The tailor Kees received the decoration of two buttons,

and the prince added to this favor that of making him grand master of his wardrobe.

314 Now whilst these trifling actions were taking place, Doctor Prosper Alpanus, leaning on the margin of his window, cast a long and melancholy look through his garden. He had spent a night in casting the horoscope of Balthasar, and this operation had revealed to him certain particulars concerning Cinabre. As he was thinking of this, and above all of the flame-colored line noticed by Pulcher and Adrian, and of which Balthasar had spoken to him, he heard a carriage stop at the park gate. It was Mademoiselle Rosenschoen, who came to pay him a visit. She was dressed in black, and wore a long veil.

Seized with strange inquietude at the sight of her, Prosper Alpanus took his cane, and directed on the canoⁿess the diamond-like reflections of the carbuncle. Immediately through the disguise of the fairy, he recognized the white and transparent tunic, the variegated blue wings, and crown of roses, which formed the mysterious attributes of the seductive Rosabelverde.

Not less tricky than his visitor, the doctor gave her a most gracious welcome, and offered her a cup of coffee, which she accepted. But when the coffee-pot was upon the table, and Alpanus wished to fill the cups, he in vain tried to pour it out; the coffee ran, but the cups remained empty. "Oh! oh!" said he, "can it be that my coffee is worthless? Would you, my dear lady, take the trouble to serve yourself?"

"Willingly," said the canoⁿess; and she took the coffee-pot; but this time the liquid did not run at all, whilst the cups filled so quickly that the coffee ran over in the twinkling of an eye, and Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen's dress was drenched with coffee. This was

prodigy against prodigy. As soon as the canoness placed the coffee-pot upon the table, the coffee all disappeared, without leaving the slightest trace, and the cups appeared perfectly dry.

Prosper Alpanus and the fairy looked at each other for a moment, with an air of defiance. Finally, the latter spoke :—" Doctor," said she, " when I arrived, you were reading, I think, a very interesting book."

" Yes, beautiful lady," replied Alpanus, " that volume contains truly surprising things." Saying these words, he tried to open the volume, but the leaves immediately shut together again with a klip-klap, klip-klap.

" Hold!" exclaimed the doctor; " that is singular. Could you not, my dear lady, open this volume yourself?"

The fairy took it and opened it without effort; but the leaves immediately detached themselves, and flew about the room, growing to monstrous dimensions. The fairy now started back in affright. The doctor smiled, noisily shut the volume, and all the flying leaves disappeared.

" Come, my dear lady," continued Alpanus, " let us lay aside these little allurements of our wisdom, and let us pass, if such is your pleasure, to more important experiments."

" No," exclaimed the fairy; " I wish to go."

" Ho! ho!" said the mischievous doctor; " that may depend a little upon my good will; for it is time for me to announce that you are in my power."

" Indeed!" said Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen, with an accent of ironical anger; " do you think so?" And at these words her black dress extended like the wings of a bat, and she began to fly about near the ceiling.

Prosper Alpanus immediately took the form of a big kite, and pursued the bat. The latter, exhausted by

fatigue, fell to the ground, and changed into a mouse. The kite immediately became a gray cat, who gave chase to the mouse. The mouse changed into a humming-bird to escape from the cat; but immediately a myriad of strange birds and dangerous insects filled the room, and a net with golden meshes extended itself before the window, to deprive the humming-bird of all chance of flight.

Then the fairy Rosabelverde took her natural form, and appeared in all the brilliancy of her beauty to the dazzled eyes of the wise Alpanus, who started up before her armed with his carbuncle cane. Rosabelverde advanced towards the magician; but this sudden movement caused her golden comb to drop, and break on the floor. "Oh, misfortune! misfortune!" exclaimed she. And thus the charm vanished; there remained only the canoness and the Doctor Prosper, quietly seated opposite each other at table, with China cups before them, in which sparkled the smoking and perfumed Mocha.

"By my faith," said Alpanus, "this coffee is divine. I am only sorry that your beautiful gold comb was broken on this floor."

"Oh! I am quite resigned to it," answered the fairy. "After all, it was my own fault, for I ought to have remarked that the squares of this floor are stones marked with magical signs. We have both signalized our science, and we are of nearly equal force. But how does it happen, dear doctor, that we have only become acquainted to-day?"

"It is," replied Prosper Alpanus, "because at the time that you were one of the most bewitching fairies of Dschinnistan, I was then myself, nothing but a poor student in the deepest pyramid of Egypt, under the ferule

of old Zoroaster, the most famous magician that the world has ever produced. It was during the reign of Prince Demetrius that I came to establish myself in this country."

"What then!" replied the canonesse; "you were not exiled at the glorious ascension of Prince Paphnutius, who created light in the bosom of his States?"

"No," said Alpanus, "for I showed myself one of the most zealous partizans of the new system. I proved by learned treatises, that it ought neither to rain nor thunder except by the supreme will of the reigning prince; and that it was to the especial protection of the nobility that we should render thanks for the ripening of the harvests, since they pass the time in deliberating in their palaces, that the laborers waste in planting their fields. The Prince Paphnutius, out of gratitude, created for me the office of inspector-general of civilization. I have done in this position all the good in my power, and I am very happy to tell you that you owe to my interest the notice that you received of the crusade of the police against the fairies. You owe thanks to me that you live tranquilly in the midst of the progress of enlightenment. But hold, my dear canonesse, look through this window at the splendid avenues of that park peopled by benevolent spirits subject to my rule. It has required some skill, I assure you, to keep off the spies and foresters of the crown. At present, I lead a peaceful existence. Prince Barsanuph cares but little about the fairies; all around him act their own pleasure, and no one is disturbed, provided he pays his taxes."

"But," interrupted the canonesse, "how can you, dear Doctor, filled with kindness as you are, persecute with such animosity my poor friend Cinabre?"

"It is to repair your want of consideration, which has lavished gifts upon an unworthy object. Your Cinabre will never be any thing but an ugly dwarf; and since your golden comb is broken, he falls into my power forever."

"Pity, pity for him, doctor!" exclaimed the canonesse, supplicatingly.

"What do you ask of me?" said Prosper Alpanus. "Do you wish to see a sample of the exploits of your friend? Take this, and read." And he held out a parchment on which was traced the horoscope of Balthasar.

When the fairy had read this work, she was obliged to acknowledge the error that she had committed. "You must really," said she, "yield to the power of destiny. Poor Cinabre!"

"Yes," replied Alpanus, "his destiny must be fulfilled; but he has still the chance of acquiring and possessing, for a short time, honors and dignities. I grant him this favor, out of regard for you, whom I should not wish to disoblige."

"Oh! you are an admirable man!" said the fairy. "Keep me still in your friendship."

"You can always count upon it," said Alpanus; "and come whenever you please, to taste of my Mocha, that you found so delicious."

The doctor accompanied the fairy canonesse to the park gate, and along the road, the invisible inhabitants of these bowers gave utterance to a melodious concert. Before taking leave of her, Alpanus begged the beautiful visitor to make use of his crystal shell for her return, which was stationed at the gate, and to which were harnessed the two white unicorns, with the great beetle, who spread behind the shell his azure wings, and the

silver pheasant, who held in his beak the golden reins. The fairy, charmed by the gallantry of the old doctor, smiled upon him, on leaving, most bewitchingly. 319

VII.

Balthasar, concealed in a garret, at the village of Hochjacobsheim, received from the referendary Pulcher the following letter :—

“My dear Balthasar, all goes on worse and worse ; our enemy Cinabre has become minister of foreign relations, and he has received the high decoration of the Green Spotted Tiger. Professor Mosch Terpin, already drunk with joy, has been named by his future son in law, director general of all the natural phenomena of the principality ; it is a sinecure of the most obese character. He is charged by the government with the writing of a folio treatise on the important question of knowing the reason of the difference between the taste of water and the taste of wine, and why they produce such contrary effects. He has been authorized to make experiments in the prince’s cellar. He has already exhausted in his studies half a tun of Rhine wine, and I know not how many baskets of Champagne. He is now occupied in the analysis of a cask of Alicante.

“The new minister has not forgotten the blow that you gave him at Mosch Terpin’s house. He has sworn to have startling vengeance. You would not be safe in Kerepes. He has a cruel spite against me, for having surprised him when the veiled lady was making his toilette in the middle of a rose bush ; and whilst he remains in power, I shall not have the most trifling office. For the rest, my evil star causes me to meet him every where. Lately, the infernal dwarf, clothed in all the insignia of

his dignity, visited, at the hour when the public is admitted, the Museum of Natural History in our city. On arriving before the glass case in which are placed the stuffed monkeys, a stranger perceived him leaning on his cane :—‘ Oh ! ’ exclaimed he, ‘ what a charming living specimen ! Where does he come from, if you please, keeper ? ’

“ At these words, the guardian of the curiosities placed his hand upon the shoulder of Cinabre, and gravely answered :—‘ Indeed, sir, it is a very rare animal, and will figure very advantageously after its death in that case. This species of monkey is called the *Mycetes Beelzebub* ; it is the *Simia Beelzebub Linnæi, niger, barbatus, podiis caudaque apice Crunneis.* ’

“ ‘ Sir ! sir ! ’ exclaimed Cinabre, exasperated, ‘ you have lied, and I will have you soundly chastised, to teach you what it is, not to recognize the minister Cinabre. ’

“ I was not far distant from this conversation. This comic scene excited my laughter ; the minister turned towards me, and gave me a furious look. But he in vain protested, the stranger did not the less persist in his cool admiration, and tried to feed Cinabre with nuts, that he prepared with the utmost care. The minister could bear it no longer ; he was seized with a nervous attack, and was carried away in his carriage.

“ This is the first misfortune that has happened to this accursed mandrake. That gave me a little hope. God does not always abandon honest people like us. Courage, then, and patience !

“ I have heard that Cinabre came back from his morning visit to the rose bush, very much disconcerted ; perhaps the lady who protects him did not make her ap-

pearance ; for the favorite's hair is in very great disorder, and the prince has said to him :—' My dear friend, you neglect your magnificent hair ; I will send my hair-dresser to you.'

"To which Cinabre very insolently answered :—' If that scoundrel appears before my eyes, I will have him thrown out of the window !' The prince stared.

"Farewell, my dear Balthasar, hide thyself carefully, all the ferrets of the police are on thy track."

Poor Balthasar was in despair. He wandered about the fields and woods, wringing his hands and mourning. He accused Alpanus of having mocked and bewitched him. Whilst he was uttering to the winds the broken phrases of his monologue, the night gradually came on, and a leaden tint loaded with obscure gray the distant horizon. Suddenly the sun, before disappearing, pierced the cloudy veil, and colored with a brilliant light the tops of the trees and the foliage of the bushes. The insects began to hum, as at daybreak ; the perfume of the flowers became penetrating ; a celestial harmony gradually filled all space. The light became fixed for a moment, like an aurora borealis, from the middle of which Doctor Prosper Alpanus descended towards Balthasar, mounted upon an insect sparkling with a thousand magical reflections, and like a butterfly with wings colored by all the tints and shades of the prism.

"Young man, why dost thou accuse me of having done thee evil, at the very moment when I am laboring to deliver up thy enemy to thee ? I am not offended at thy complaints, for I know how unjust and impatient love makes thee ! I pardon thee, and I have come to protect thee. Learn that Cinabre is a dwarf brought into the world by a poor peasant woman ; his true name is

Little Zack; he only assumed that of Cinabre from foolish vanity. Learn also, that the canoness of Rosenschoen, who is nothing less than the celebrated fairy Rosabelverde, having met this miserable dwarf, in one of her solitary walks, took pity upon his destiny, and thought that she would grant him a singular gift, the effects of which might console him for being deprived of natural qualities from his birth. This gift consisted in causing to be attributed to him all that another thought, said or did in his presence. He was, besides, in all societies of people remarkable for their physical beauty, their intelligence, or the superiority of their minds, to pass immediately, before the eyes of all, as the handsomest, the most intelligent, the wittiest. This singular charm was conferred upon a tress formed of three flame colored hairs, upon the top of Little Zack's head. The least touch was to be painful and fatal to him; for that reason, the fairy ornamented his head with a profusion of thick and silky hair, which she herself was to take the trouble to come and comb, every nine days, with a magical golden comb, the usage of which would drive away all evil directed against her little pet. But now the comb is broken. Little Zack is delivered up, without defence, to all the attacks of those whom he has injured, and it is only necessary to complete the breaking of the charm, to pluck from the head of the minister Cinabre, the three flame colored hairs. It is to thee, dear Balthasar, that the honor of this enterprise is reserved. It requires only a little courage, strength and tact. Take this crystal lens, go to Cinabre; as soon as thou meetest him, cast through this lens an attentive look upon his hair, and thou wilt see the tress of flame colored hair immediately rise. Seize unhesitatingly the dwarf, and pluck out his

talisman, which thou wilt burn at once, either in a candle, or by throwing it into the nearest fire."

"Oh wise and venerable doctor!" exclaimed Balthasar; "how little am I worthy of your counsel and assistance! Thanks be given to you, oh you by whom all my troubles are to be ended, through whom is to be given me a whole future of divine felicity!"

"That is well," said Alpanus; "thy gratitude pleases me, and thy pure and sincere heart was worthy of what I have done for thee. I may appear to thee at this moment, like one of those strange personages that fill the grandmothers' story books; but the result will soon prove to thee that nature is full of mysteries, which are only revealed to privileged beings. It now remains for me to confide to thee the secret of the future that I reserve for thee. I am tired of vegetating in this country, and I am in haste to return to the fairy kingdom, where a peri of marvellous beauty awaits me, to render me youthful, and marry me. I am about to leave all that I possess here, but it is thee whom I wish to constitute the legitimate inheritor of my goods. I will go to Kerepes to-morrow, and have a deed of gift drawn up, in which I will name thee my nephew. As soon as thou hast broken the charm that bewitches Cinabre and Candida, present thyself to Doctor Mosch Terpin, with the confidence assured by a good property, and he will be too happy to give thee his daughter in marriage. I wish thee then to fix thyself, with Candida, in my country house. You will both there enjoy unchangeable happiness."

On finishing this speech, Doctor Prosper Alpanus whistled thrice. His insect, saddled and bridled, immediately came to him; and at the moment of starting, Alpanus drew a little shell box from his pocket, and gave

it to Balthasar, saying :—" Keep this box carefully, with the crystal lens that I gave thee ; it contains what will relieve thee of all thy embarrassments."

Balthasar returned to take leave of his Hochjacobsheim garret, and joyfully hasten the preparations for his expedition against Cinabre.

VIII.

Balthasar entered Kerepes at daybreak, and ran to his friend Fabian's house. He knocked at the door ; a feeble and plaintive voice answered—" Come in." Poor Fabian was in bed, pale and weak ; death was in all his features. " For heaven's sake !" exclaimed Balthasar, " what has happened to thee ?"

" Alas !" murmured Fabian, with stifled sobs, " I am a lost man. Alpanus is a vile magician, to whom I owe my total ruin."

" Ho ! ho !" said Balthasar, smiling in spite of himself ; " we have then changed our manner of thinking. When was the time that you did not believe in this nonsense ?"

" I believe in every thing now," replied Fabian ; " gnomes, hobgoblins, the king of the rats, vegetable men—I think them all real ; and I am rudely punished for my doubt. Thou rememberest the laugh to which the tail of my coat exposed me, on returning, the other day, from the house of Alpanus ? Well, look !"

Balthasar saw the walls of his room draped in an infinity of coats of every form and color.

" Figure to thyself," continued Fabian, " that I have had this multitude of vestments, with the hope of seeing the mystification of which this accursed doctor has made me the victim, cease. Well, I can put on no kind of coat

without seeing the sleeves grow shorter, whilst the tails lengthen to at least six ells. The whole art of the best tailors is impotent against the sorcery that oppresses me. I am laughed at wherever I show myself; and, to crown my disgrace, the theologians wish to try me as a heretic, or one possessed, thus pointed out by divine justice, they say, to their zealous vengeance. If the inquisition still existed, I should be roasted like a witch. Oh God! oh God! what will become of me? The rector of the university has given me notice, that if I did not present myself before him with a suitable and decent coat, in eight days, I should be driven from the class. To-day is the eighth day! Oh, unfortunate that I am! Oh, accursed Prosper Alpanus!"

"Do not blaspheme against the worthiest and best of men!" interrupted Balthasar. "If he has punished you a little for your roguery the other day, he has too good a heart to allow any serious evil to afflict thee. Doctor Prosper Alpanus is actually my beloved uncle, to whom I am this day indebted for the possession of a delicious country house. And here, comrade, here is an infallible remedy against all the embarrassments of position that are to be met with in the course of a lifetime."

And Balthasar presented the shell box to the disconsolate Fabian.

"Well, what shall I do with this bauble?" asked Fabian; "what connection can exist between this shell box and the sleeves or the tails of a coat?"

"Take it," replied Balthasar. "Open the box, and we shall know what it contains."

Fabian opened the box, and took out of it a black coat, which grew and was developed to the exact size and proportions to fit the student. The joy of the two friends

was as great as their surprise. The name of Prosper Alpanus was loaded with blessings. Fabian immediately ran to the house of the rector of the university, and on his return, Balthasar told him the plan that had been drawn out by Alpanus to overthrow Cinabre and displace him from his usurped station, and to re-conquer the beautiful, the adorable Candida. Thus conversing, Balthasar, who was looking into the street, saw the referendary Pulcher passing. He called to him, and beckoned him to come in. But hardly had Pulcher heard in his turn the narrative with which Balthasar had regaled Fabian, when he piteously exclaimed—"All that is very fine; but it is too late, for this very day the marriage of Cinabre with Mosch Terpin's daughter is to take place. There will be a magnificent ball at the house of our professor, at which the prince himself will deign to appear."

"Very well," exclaimed Balthasar; "it is then to-day, and immediately, in Mosch Terpin's house, that we will clap our hands upon Cinabre. There will be no lack of chandeliers, full of wax candles, with which to burn the flame colored tress, which is the power of this odious little creature."

Several hours from that time, in the middle of the splendidly lighted saloon of Professor Mosch Terpin, sparkled the little Cinabre, by the light of a hundred wax candles. The minister wore a red coat, embroidered with gold at every seam. He had his sword by his side, a plumed hat under his arm, and bore himself with an arrogance that every body admired, out of respect for the insignia of the Green Spotted Tiger, whose ample decorations muffled him up in the most grotesque manners. Near him, Candida, more beautiful than ever, was dressed in her bride costume. Cinabre, from time to

time, pressed her hand, and hideously grinned, to which she answered by an angelic smile. It was a horrible sight to see, and the enchantment must have been very complete, when no one perceived the infamous fascination exercised by Cinabre over the numerous company that crowded the saloon. All eyes were fixed upon the accursed dwarf and Candida. No one appeared to pay attention to the presence of Prince Barsanuph, who had just entered.

At the moment when the exchange was to be accomplished between these betrothed lovers of marriage rings, presented by Mosch Terpin on a silver salver, a quick movement agitated the numerous guests. The door of the room was burst open with a crash; Balthasar, accompanied by Pulcher and Fabian, advanced with a firm step, clenched hands, and a high and menacing look. A violent disturbance welcomed them, an outcry was raised from all parts of the room, and Prince Barsanuph, thinking that it was a political riot, opened his mouth to give an order for the arrest of the three young men, when, quicker than lightning, Balthasar directed the crystal lens upon Cinabre. The dwarf uttered a cry under the influence of the magical gem, as if he had received an electrical shock. Candida fainted with fright and emotion at the sight of Balthasar. The spectators, struck with stupor, remained with fixed eyes and open mouths. Balthasar, without being disturbed, saw the tress of three flame colored hairs, sprang upon Cinabre, threw him down, and, in spite of his scratches and struggles, assisted by Pulcher and Fabian, plucked out the talisman of the fairy Rosabelverde, and threw it into the fire. At that instant an explosion was heard, the house was shaken

to its foundation, and the spectators of this scene awoke, as if from a long nightmare.

Meanwhile the minister Cinabre, bursting with anger, cries, swears and storms with all the force of his little lungs. He wills, he orders the arrest of the disturbers of the feast, who so insolently retard the celebration of his marriage. But now the enchantment has ceased; they look at him, and they ask what the meaning is of this ignoble dwarf disguised as a minister. He is surrounded, he is thrown from hand to hand, like a tennis ball; he loses, whilst thus tossed, his hat, his sword, and his dancing shoes. He even has irreverently plucked from him the insignia of the Green Spotted Tiger, with its twenty diamond buttons.

“Prince Barsanuph,” howled Cinabre, “come to the assistance of your favorite minister!”

The prince was confused, and tried to reach the door and take to flight. Mosch Terpin stood in his way; his highness seized the poor professor by the throat:—“Miserable man,” said he to him, “how dare you make your prince a witness of such a disgusting parade? What! you invite me to be present at the marriage of your daughter with my minister Cinabre, and in the place of my minister, I find here a most disgusting dwarf. You deserve to be tried for high treason; or rather, I ought to have you confined for the remainder of your days in a mad-house. I remove you from your office of director-general of phenomena in my principality, and I forbid your presence hereafter at my table. To the devil with you!”

Thereupon Barsanuph left the room in great anger.

Mosch Terpin, furious at the loss of his sinecure,

seized upon Cinabre, and was about to throw him out of the window ; but the director of the Museum threw himself before him, crying out—"Sir, master professor, what are you doing? Do not destroy so precious a national property. You hold in your hands the Mycetes Beelzebub, Simia Beelzebub Linnæi, who has escaped from the menagerie of living monkeys!"

A rude burst of laughter welcomed this claim of the director. But hardly had Mosch Terpin given up Cinabre, when he exclaimed, shaking him from him to the ground, like mischievous vermin—"Fie! fie! that is not the Simia Beelzebub; it is a dirty ignoble mandrake!"

The bursts of laughter re-commenced with the ill treatment; poor Little Zack had great difficulty in reaching the door and staircase; none of the servants recognized him.

Whilst this burlesque drama was taking place in the parlor, Balthasar had hastened to the neighboring room, where Candida had been carried in a fainting condition. He threw himself on his knees beside her, covering her hands with tears and kisses, and calling her by the tenderest names. Finally she opened her eyes, recognized her former lover, and gave him caress for caress.

When she had recovered from the too powerful emotion she had felt, she related to Balthasar how one day it had seemed to her suddenly that she had fallen into the power of an evil demon, who had taken possession of her heart, and subjected it to a frightful error, by taking, to seduce her, the features even of Balthasar. That is what had happened to her. The talisman of the fairy Rosalverde had made the little Cinabre appear to her eyes clothed in the resemblance of Balthasar.

As they were exchanging the most ardent vows, Mosch

Terpin entered the room, giving signs of the most violent despair. "No," exclaimed he; "I shall not survive it! What! to see myself deprived of so high and important an office! I driven from the wine cellars of the prince! deprived of all hope of ever obtaining entrance into the order of the Green Spotted Tiger, with three or five gold buttons! Alas! alas! all is then ended, lost, destroyed! And what will the illustrious minister Cinabre say, when he knows that I have taken for him the ugliest monkey that has ever been seen in the fairs throughout Germany!"

"But, my dear sir, remember," repeated the guests—"remember that the minister Cinabre no longer exists. We have been bewitched for some time by the malicious Rosabelverde."

Mosch Terpin rubbed his eyes, sneezed, coughed, and looked with his big eyes over the heads of those about him; then a feverish glow colored the centre of his cheeks, whilst listening to the marvels that the student Balthasar related, concerning Doctor Alpanus.

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed he, "I feel it beyond a doubt; I was the dupe of an infamous deviltry. But thanks to thee, Prosper Alpanus! Come to me! Descend from the ethereal regions, on thine azure firefly, and bring me a butterfly, saddled and bridled! I will follow thee fearlessly through the air; I will go and have my hair curled by the pretty fairy Rosabelverde; and I will then become minister, king, emperor! Huzza!"

And the poor man began to dance about, in such a frenzy, that it was thought they should see him grow mad. After several minutes passed in these extravagancies, he fell, exhausted, upon a seat. Then Balthasar and Candida took each other by the hand, and approached

him, to speak of their love, and ask his blessing, whilst kneeling. They both spoke with such eloquence, that Mosch Terpin could not restrain his tears.

"Yes, my children," said he to them, "love each other, marry each other, have many children, and die of hunger, all together, for I will not give you a groschen!"

"As for dying of hunger," answered Balthasar, smilingly, "we can do without that. My gracious uncle, Prosper Alpanus, has had the goodness to provide for our kitchen."

"So be it!" replied Mosch Terpin, stammeringly; "I consent to look at the resources of thy larder to-morrow. But if thou dost not wish to see my head burst, let me go to bed immediately." And he felt his way to bed.

IX. 33

The carriage of the minister of foreign relations awaited him all night, before the house of Mosch Terpin. A storm had come on, the rain had fallen in torrents; but the faithful footman of his excellency, nailed to his post, like a soldier in a breach, still waited. When the last lights were extinguished, not seeing his dear master come, he thought that his excellency might have gone back to his hotel, in another carriage. He went back, and called the valet de chambre.

"His excellency," said the valet, "came in at night-fall, and is sleeping."

"Is sleeping?" said the footman; "but in what condition is he?"

"Ah! that must be the devil's own secret! There are things like that, which ought never to be told to living soul. Yesterday, at night-fall, rolled up in my

cloak, I was about slipping into the wine shop, to play at backgammon. As I was descending the staircase, I saw something stir, and then roll between my legs, that mewed like an enraged cat, then grunted, (ah! good heaven! if his excellency knew it! I should be discharged and ruined!) something that grunted—yes, alas! yes, like his excellency, when the roast meat is burnt, or when he is too much burdened with affairs of state.”

The footman trembled. The valet de chambre made a sign, to impose silence, and continued thus:—

“Yes, yes, it was, I am sure of it, his excellency in person, who passed between my legs and the side of the staircase. A moment afterwards, I heard him tumble about chairs and tables, and open and shut, with great violence, the door that led to his bed chamber. I did not dare to follow into so private a place. Nevertheless, two hours afterwards, uneasiness, and I know not what instinct urging me, I overcame my natural timidity so far as to go and listen at the door. The minister snored in his bed, as he is in the habit of doing, when his brain labors in the most important affairs of state. I very naturally concluded from that, that some serious political event was about to take place; and if you will listen to me, we will go and post ourselves at the door of the chamber in which his excellency is reposing, so as to be near him as soon as he shall be pleased to awake.”

The two servants put this honest project into execution. Cinabre slept, whistling like the barrel of an organ; they listened to him with profound respect, saying to each other in a whisper:—“Indeed, our master is one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived.”

As soon as the following day broke, a great noise disturbed the quiet of the hotel. An old peasant woman,

very meanly dressed, had addressed herself to the porter, to ask immediate admittance into the presence of her dear Little Zack. The porter had replied, in a tone which admitted no reply:—"This is the hotel occupied by the great and powerful minister Cinabre, commander of the Order of the Green Spotted Tiger, with twenty diamond buttons; and no one here knows, among the servants, any person of the name of Little Zack."

At these words, the peasant woman exclaimed, with the greatest joy, that the minister Cinabre was the same Little Zack that she took the liberty of claiming.

At the cries of the woman, and the oaths of the porter, who wished to oppose her entrance, all the inhabitants of the hotel hastened to the scene of action, and the disturbance increased every minute. When the valet de chambre came down, to drive away the people, who disturbed the slumber that his excellency needed so much, they had just driven away the poor woman, treating her as if she was mad. But she seated herself on a stone bench in front of the minister's hotel, and began to weep bitterly.

The passers by were not long in crowding around her, and all were astonished to hear her relate that the minister Cinabre, favorite of the prince, and first dignitary of state, was no other than her own legitimate son. The spectators took her for a mad woman, as the servants at the hotel had done. Meanwhile she kept her eyes fixed upon the windows that looked out upon the street. Suddenly she arose, clapped her hands together, and exclaimed, bursting with laughter:—"But there he is! there he is! Did I not tell you that my cherished little one, my only son, my beloved Little Zack was here?"

Good morning, good morning, lovely child! Wilt thou not recognize the mother who nourished thee?"

The spectators were not a little surprised to see a little dwarf, striped with the insignia of the Green Spotted Tiger, moving and dancing about at a window on a level with the floor; and all began to cry out:—"Hold! that is Little Zack! Ho! Little Zack! Ho! the mandrake!"

The serving people came out to join the gathered crowd, and the clamor they raised was not a bad imitation of a revolution.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the valet de chambre; "what hideous little monster just appeared at the bed chamber window of his excellency? What does that mean? How did that ugly dwarf get into the hotel?"

He ran, leaping four stairs at a time; he arrives—but the minister's door is locked on the inside. He knocks; nobody answers. What is he to do in this extremity?

Meanwhile the crowd increased in the street. The appearance of the dwarf on the balcony of the minister, was talked of throughout the neighborhood. Simple curiosity ended by degenerating into a riot; the court and apartments of the hotel were invaded in the twinkling of an eye. The faithful valet de chambre, not being able to allay the storm, would have sacrificed himself to save his master. He knocked vigorously at the room door, he broke it open, to save Cinabre, in spite of the perils that surrounded him; no Cinabre! He ran through the rooms of the hotel, he called out, he supplicated; no voice answered his entreaties. What then had become of Cinabre?

Whilst waiting for him to be found, the tumult had been gradually stilled; nothing was heard from without,

but the ringing and imposing voice of a woman, scolding the rabble, and by force and energy succeeding in sending each one to his home, like school-boys caught in mischief.

The valet de chambre, who still sought Cinabre with admirable perseverance, finally discovered two long, slight and meagre legs, projecting from a silver vase.

"Sky!" exclaimed he, with deplorable lamentations, "do not those legs belong to my honored master? Alas! Excellency, what are you doing there?"

Cinabre did not answer. The valet hastened to assist him, but it was too late; the favorite minister of Prince Barsanuph had ceased to live.

At the cries of the disconsolate valet, all the people in the house went up into the bed chamber. Cinabre, properly disposed, was laid upon his bed and covered up.

At this moment appeared Mademoiselle Rosenschoen, the fairy canoness. Behind her came the mother of Little Zack, old Liza. A sad spectacle was presented to their wondering eyes.

Death seemed to have effaced the ugliness of Cinabre. His face was pale, but a slight smile hovered upon his lips, and his brown hair flowed about his head in wavy curls. The fairy canoness passed her hand softly over his head; a line of fire sparkled under her finger, like phosphorus.

"Alas!" said she, with a deep sigh, "the learned Prosper Alpanus prophesied well; fatality has had its course, and poor Cinabre has sorrowfully expiated his ridiculous greatness!"

The mother of Little Zack would no longer recognize him, in this pitiful state. Only when the fairy had affirmed to her that the little body extended on the bed

was really all that remained of Cinabre, she had a fit of covetousness; and walking about the chamber of death, her eyes sparkling with avidity, she began to say:—

“I ought then to inherit, immediately, all these fine things that belonged to my son?”

“No,” replied Mademoiselle de Rosenschoen, “all is ended; your destiny was not to become rich. You must console yourself, and leave.”

“But,” continued the old peasant woman, “let me at least carry off in my bag the body of my son. The pastor of our village has in his cabinet many singular animals; he will have Little Zack properly stuffed, and I will place him in my room, with that broad green ribbon, and that sparkling plate which covers his chest.”

“That cannot be,” interrupted the fairy. “Go from here, my good woman, and wait for me in the court yard; I will soon join you, and I will leave you at parting, a sure means of providing yourself against misery for the remainder of your days.”

When old Liza had obeyed this injunction, the fairy approached the bed upon which Cinabre was laid — “Poor Little Zack!” said she in a low voice; “nature has shown herself unjust towards thee; for thou didst not deserve, more than another, to be brought into this world stupid and ugly as I found thee. I gave thee a precious gift; I inconsiderately thought that, provided by my enchantments with the faculty of being taken for the handsomest, the most intelligent and witty of men, thou wouldst apply thyself to justify this favor, by trying to deserve it by labor. But thy narrow mind did not understand the duties imposed upon thee by my protection; thou couldst only descend to the bottom of the scale of beings, by all the acts of thy life. Thy ignoble death is

fat
The fatal expiation. Would that I could resuscitate thee in the form of some graceful insect, some wandering mouse, or greedy and playful squirrel! I should like still to protect thee; but thou art subject to the power of the severe Alpanus, and there is no means of bringing thee back to life. Farewell then, Little Zack! farewell Cinabre! may earth rest lightly on thee!"

On ending this funeral oration, the fairy Rosabelverde disappeared like a dream.

Now, a few moments after her departure, Prince Barsanuph, notified of the death of his minister, came, pale and trembling, followed by seven chamberlains more pale and trembling than himself. He looked at the little body, and said, sobbingly:—"Oh Cinabre!"

The seven chamberlains repeated, in a single voice:—"Oh Cinabre!" Every body wept.

The prince asked his physician how Cinabre could have died so suddenly. "My lord," gravely answered the remedy-giver, "his excellency owes his death to the cessation of the faculty of respiration. This accident is the result of suffocation, produced by the element into which your illustrious minister allowed himself to fall. But the prime cause of his death, is the Order of the Green Spotted Tiger, with twenty diamond buttons.

"How?" exclaimed Barsanuph, measuring the physician with a look in which anger was fulminating.

"Yes, my lord, I repeat it," continued the physician; "the plate of the order has affected the chest, and the strain of the ribbon, produced by the twenty buttons, has injured the vertebral column. The vital organs, thus attacked, have been subjected to inflammation, which has re-acted upon the brain. He has had a sudden fever,

accompanied by unequivocal symptoms of alienation, since the gracious minister, losing his head, lost his equilibrium to such a point, as to voluntarily precipitate himself, or fall by irreparable misfortune, into that silver vase which your highness had given him as a mark of your high satisfaction."

"Physician," said the prince, "you are an accursed babbler; congratulate yourself that I do not deign to understand the unbecomingness of your language. As for you, gentlemen," added he, turning towards the seven chamberlains, "it is to you that I confide the care of ordering the obsequies of my minister. Let us give a few tears to his sad fate, and let us go to dinner, if you please, for I am dying of hunger."

At these words the prince gave utterance to several groans, and covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief. The chamberlains chorussed the sobs, and also drew out their handkerchiefs. They then left in order not to give their respective dinners time to cool.

Before the door of the hotel they met old Liza, who bore upon a flat basket a bunch of golden yellow onions, of extraordinary size. "Good prince," said she to his highness, "buy my onions; they are my support; honey is not sweeter than my onions!"

Barsanuph admired Liza's onions. "Chamberlains," said he to the gentlemen that escorted him, "lend me a knife, for I have an outrageous desire to taste the flesh of that vegetable. Oh, gentlemen! that is a delicious dish," continued he, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "It seems to me, whilst munching this good woman's onions, that I see the ghost of my faithful Cinabre rise from the tomb, to say to me—'Dear prince, buy and eat

those onions; the safety of the state depends upon your ^{whole} appetite." ^{the} ^{purpose}

Old Liza immediately received an order for the general furnishing of onions for consumption in the palace. ^{Rec. of Edward's} The prince added to this a gratuity of several pieces of gold. ^{purpose} Thus was accomplished the promise that the fairy Rosabelverde had made to the mother of Little Zack. The poor peasant woman saw herself sheltered from misery for the remainder of her days.

The interment of the defunct minister took place with a splendid pomp worthy of his rank. The prince led the mourners, and the members of the order of the Green Spotted Tiger followed the procession in full uniform. All the bells were set in motion; and as there was no cannon in the country, the commencement and close of the ceremony was announced by the explosion of two pieces of firework. The people wept that day, and every body agreed in saying that the prince and the state had met with an irreparable loss.

This, dear readers, and you my beautiful ladies, this is the time for mutual separation. At this thought alone, the author of these tales feels moved to deep sadness. He would had many other things worthy of remembrance, without doubt, to relate to you, concerning the adventures of the minister Cinabre, for it is in his eyes the drollest story that he has ever kept in his memory. If, nevertheless, he excuses himself from going on, it is that he fears, before all, exhausting the patience or the good will of those who hold this book in hand.

Nothing is more disagreeable than to trace the words, "Last Chapter." So that before writing it, the author

earnestly begs you not to judge too severely the capricious wanderings of his imagination. If at times you have smiled, or if you have been strongly moved, the end which he had in view has been realized.

The story which closes this book might well have ended at the death of the little Cinabre. But is it not a thousand times more agreeable to terminate it by a happy marriage? Let us return back then towards our friend Balthasar and his betrothed, the pretty Candida.

The Professor Mosch Terpin, whom the deep study of the mysteries of nature must have prepared against all surprise, could not recover from his stupor, in thinking of the strange events which had brought him into disgrace with Prince Barsanuph, and his deprivation of the sublime office of director-general of phenomena. His imagination was so disturbed by it, that at times he seriously doubted his own existence. He was at first singularly astonished, when the student Balthasar presented as his uncle Doctor Prosper Alpanus, who verbally confirmed before him the deed of gift that he had signed of his domain. Balthasar, become rich, appeared to him a young man endowed with the most brilliant qualities, and he put no bounds to his esteem, when he found himself led by his future son-in law, on visiting the country house of Alpanus, into a cellar filled with the most exquisite wines, the enjoyment of which was assured to him by Balthasar, for continuing his experiments on the contrary properties of wine and water.

The union of Balthasar and Candida was immediately fixed for an early day. All those who obtained the favor of being invited to it, admired the extreme beauty of Mosch Terpin's daughter. The fairy Rosabelverde, who

assisted in the costume of a canonesse, had herself dressed the bride, whose most seductive ornament was a crown of hundred-leaf roses.

Doctor Prosper Alpanus illustrated this family festival by the most delicious marvels of his art. Never had the bowers in his park resounded with more harmonious concerts. When night came, trains of magic fire were lighted above the great trees; myriads of luminous insects sparkled amid the foliage like movable stars, and the perfume of the earth, enamelled with flowery meadows, filled the air with balmy breezes.

Balthasar, Candida and their friends acknowledged the power of Alpanus. Mosch Terpin, who had become nobly exhilarated, laughed, wept, sung, danced about.

Suddenly a sound of bells vibrated in the air. A butterfly, transparent as flame, came and lit on the shoulder of Prosper Alpanus.

Prosper Alpanus arose. "Dear Balthasar, and you good Candida, my friends," said he, in a grave voice, whose accent penetrated all hearts with a soft melancholy, "this is the moment for us to separate forever."

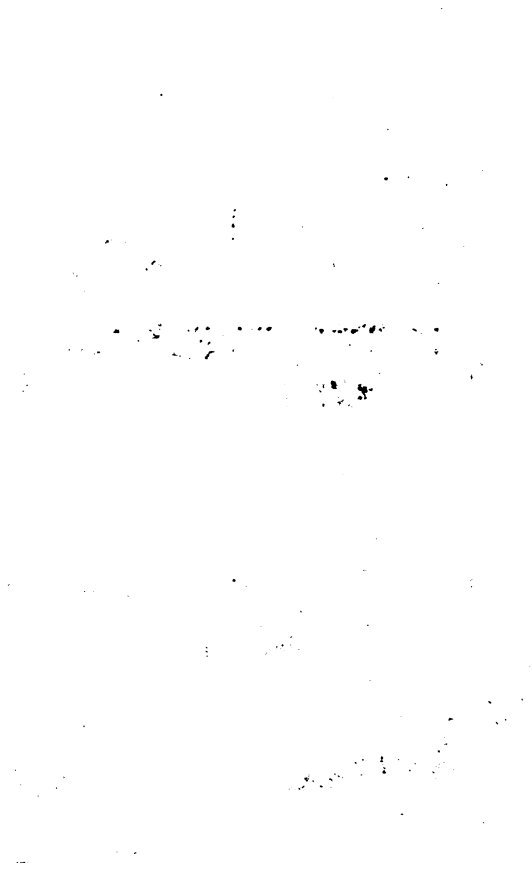
He approached the new couple, and murmured several words in their ears. Balthasar and Candida threw themselves into his arms and wept. The crystal shell, drawn by two white unicorns, and driven by the silver pheasant, slowly descended from the sky on an azure cloud.

"Farewell! farewell!" exclaimed Prosper Alpanus, seating himself in the marvellous chariot, which gradually arose and was lost high up in the air like a shooting star. Balthasar and Candida lived happy days together in the bosom of peaceful obscurity.

Solitude with love is a divine gift. Faithful love triumphs over misfortune and death. And what is death to him who is awaited by another soul beyond this life? For him the tomb is the cradle of heaven.

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