THE

CONSTANT LOVER;

OR,

WILLIAM AND JEANETTE:

A TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. VON KOTZEBUE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LITERARY LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

THE Author's Dedication, Page vii
Literary Life of the Author, - xi

CHAP. I. The Boy, - - - 1
II. The First Visit, - - - 8
III. The Pear-tree, - - - 16
IV. The Canary Bird, - - - 26
V. Love for Love, - - 37
VI. The Schoolmaster, - - 49
VII. Patience, - - - 56
VIII. The Soldier, - - - 65
IX. A new Character, - - 78
X. The Murderer, - - 90
XI. The Priest, - - 101
XII. The Prison, - - - 114
XIII. The Penitent, - - 126

CHAP. XIV. The Generous Conteſt, 138
XV. Fortune of War, - 147
XVI. The Meeting and Separation, - - 163
XVII. The Wanderer, - 181
XVIII. The Humouriſt, - 192
XIX. Improvements, - 204
XX. The Bower, - - 220
XXI. Slighted Love, - - 232
XXII. The Widow, - 247
XXIII. The Siege, - - 261
XXIV. Conſtancy rewarded, - 275

THE



THE

AUTHOR's DEDICATION.

TO MY FRIEND

Charles George Graumann,

ST. PETERSBURGH.

"OLD love ruſts not," ſays our German adage, and, like many others, it is falſe; for a thouſand times in my life have I ſeen old love ruſt, nay, ruſt, and ſo completely moulder away, that not the leaſt memory of the fondeſt and moſt endearing connections ſeemed to remain.

Let us, my dearest GRAUMANN, substitute friendship for love, and say, "Old friendship rusts not." With grateful heart, then, I can raise my eyes to heaven, and exclaim, "The adage is true!"

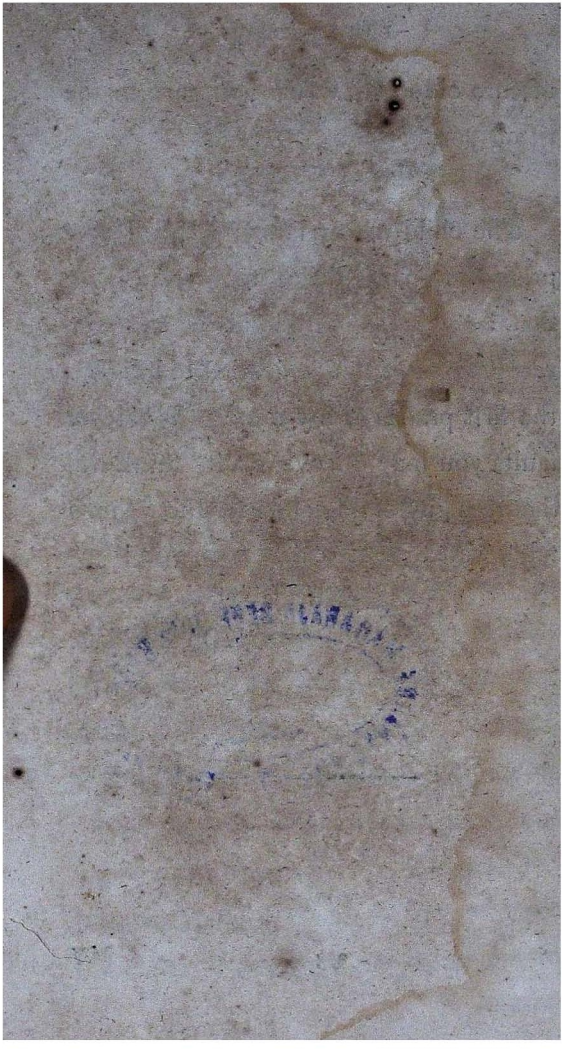
My faithful, my generous friend for eighteen years, far distant removed as sometimes lay the paths we have pursued in the journey through life, we have never forgotten to cherish our acquaintance with kind remembrances. Allow me, then, to indulge the delightful hope, that in those regions to which death is our common guide, and where, by various courses, our wanderings must all terminate at last, you will offer the same generous hand to the mature

mature old man, which you gave to the rising youth.

The child of my fancy, which I now present to you, deign to receive with that indulgence with which, eighteen years ago, you condescended to listen to the first prattle of my muse. Whatever faults you may discover in it, think still that it is my child, and, for the father's sake, you will not cast it from you!

KOTZEBUE.





MY LITERARY LIFE*.

AS an author, I have experienced both good and bad ſucceſs, both in a high degree, both frequently unmerited. I flatter myſelf that it may be uſeful to young men deſirous of entering upon the ſlippery career of literature, to read the hiſtory of a man, who has not reached the goal indeed—for how few ever do reach it!—but who has ſo far advanced before them in the progreſs towards it; one who, without ceremony, joins their circle, and relates without diſguiſe when he fell, when he erred, and when he was deceived; where he

* The following account of the Literary Life of Kotzebue is written by himſelf. Still preſerving the narrative in the Author's own words, the tranſlator has omitted many things which, to the Engliſh reader, would have been unintereſting, and which would have extended this article to an exceſſive length.

enjoyed the assistance of the Nine, and where he mistook the ravings of a Bacchante for the inspiration of the Muse.

Come hither, then, ye inexperienced youths, who have, for the first time, dipped the tip of your tongue in the honey of Parnassus, and think it desirable because it is sweet; sit down and listen to me. You see I am in the vein; my soul is unconstrained, and my lips are opened to confess with candour when I have been deluded by vanity, and when my mind has been warmed with the feelings of the true and the beautiful.

Rise then! rise before me, ye fairy phantoms of my happy childhood! In remembrance you now scarce form a part of the being I now am! Rise and hover round me, ye gentle shades! — Gracious Providence! suffer once more those delightful hours to rise out of the ocean of the past, like a dim mist before my fancy!

Seize then the fleeting shades as they pass! —Seest thou there that boy who hangs with rapt attention on his mother's tongue, as she reads to him and his sister some winter evening the interesting tale?—That boy was yourself!—Seest thou again how he makes the chair

chair his table, and the footſtool his chair ? See how he devours the romance, while ball and playthings lie neglected in the corner !—That boy was yourſelf !

My honoured mother—Heaven be praiſed ſhe ſtill lives, ſhe hears my grateful acknowledgments—My good mother, when but a very young widow, denied herſelf many of the pleaſures and enjoyments of life to devote herſelf entirely to the education of her children. She poſſeſſed taſte, reading, ſenſibility, and a rich portion of patient maternal affection. With theſe qualities, her efforts could not be wholly unſucceſsful. She provided preceptors of different kinds, but to her own diſcernment and taſte I owe more than to the tutors to whoſe care my inſtruction was confided.

In the evening I uſed to read to her in the parlour. The firſt book that made a lively impreſſion on me was a Collection of Tales ſelected from all languages, then in great repute; the next was Don Quixote; Robinſon Cruſoe then engroſſed my fancy, and I wiſhed myſelf the poſſeſſor of ſome deſert iſland.

Even in my ſixth year I began to compoſe rude eſſays in verſe; not long after I made

my firſt dramatic effort. I wrote a comedy, which was juſt the length of an octavo page. I was ſenſible, indeed, that it ought to be much longer, in order to reſemble a comedy; but who was to teach me the art of ſpinning out the thread, and expanding my materials?

I now come to that incident of my life, which, in its conſequences, produced the greateſt influence on my character, and from my tendereſt childhood irrevocably deſtined me to be a dramatic writer. The late Abt, the player, came with his ſtrolling company to Weimar. Since I poſſeſſed any power of thought, there had been no players in Weimar, and my curioſity was unbounded. Muſæus, the amiable and excellent Muſæus, who was attached to me from a child, offered to take me to the theatre.

I went with a kind of reverential awe; my expectation was wound up to the higheſt pitch. The piece was Klopſtock's Death of Adam. Muſæus placed me before him on a bench, that I might ſee over the heads of the ſpectators. The curtain drew up. I was all ear, all eye. Not a word, not a movement eſcaped me. Never had I before experienced ſuch powerful impreſſions. I returned home

enchanted.

enchanted. Robinſon Cruſoe and the deſert iſland diſappeared. The theatre now engroſſed my whole ſoul.

My joy, therefore, was unbounded, when the Ducheſs Amelia, that favourite of the Muſes, eſtabliſhed a theatre at Weimar. Several of the moſt celebrated performers of the time came there, and, among others, the admirable Eckhof. I never omitted any opportunity of going to the play, and I wondered that thoſe who could do what they pleaſed, could prefer any other ſpecies of entertainment. As a proof of my attention, I could repeat the whole of Leſſing's Emilia Galotti without ever having had the book in my hand. To the honour of the faſhionable world at Weimar, I muſt confeſs indeed that Emilia Galotti was very often performed, and always to full houſes.

Meanwhile I was a pupil of Muſæus in the Gymnaſium at Weimar. Among other things, we had every Saturday an hour dedicated to the reading of little poetical attempts. At this period the rage for ballets was at its height, and the magazines ſwarmed with terrific ſtories of chivalry and ghoſts. I compoſed a ballet in the taſte of the times. It contained

abundance of murder and ghoſts; a Spirit read a lecture on vice, and the ſinner was at length carried away by the Devil.

I read this performance the firſt Saturday after it was ready; and judge my raptures when, after it was finiſhed, Muſæus pronounced thoſe words which I ſhall never forget: "Well, very well! From what magazine have you taken this?" With what triumph did I reply, that it was my own compoſition! "Really!" anſwered Muſæus: "Bravo! go on." Nothing could exceed my tranſports at this panegyric, and my poetic propenſity was confirmed.

At this time of life every thing is imitation, and I am convinced that there is not a ſingle original idea in a man's head till he is of an age to propagate his ſpecies. Every thing I now made was only an imitation of the book I had laſt read. I wrote a comedy called All's Well that Ends Well, which I believe had a ſtrong reſemblance to the Count of Olſbach. Goethe uſed to viſit in our houſe; he heard of my comedy, and was ſo condeſcending, or ſo polite, as to aſk a reading of it. By this wiſh he highly gratified my mother; and this probably was his object, for I never heard more

more of the comedy. This able man, however, in my boyiſh days always treated me with great kindneſs.

In my ſixteenth year I went to Iena. At firſt my attention was principally directed to the acquiſition of the dead and living languages, and in both theſe my knowledge was conſiderably increaſed. At Iena my partiality for the ſtage ſtill continued. Before my arrival, there was a private theatre eſtabliſhed among the ſtudents, and it was one of my firſt objects to be admitted into the aſſociation. As it is not cuſtomary for ladies to appear in ſuch theatres, on account of my youth female characters of the younger ſort were often aſſigned to me. My propenſity for rhyming likewiſe continued, and I produced a number of poetic trifles.

In my eighteenth year I undertook to write a Romance, which I finiſhed. It conſiſted of eight or ten ſheets, and, in my own opinion at the time, was nothing inferior to Goethe's Werther. The ſtory indeed was much more terrific; for my hero precipitated himſelf from the top of a high rock, and was daſhed to pieces. This performance I ſent to Weygand, then publiſher of moſt faſhionable romances

mances at Leipzic. After waiting some time, however, I had the mortification to receive an answer from him, in which he told me that the manuscript was at my service, and desiring me to order payment of the postage of it! I never, however, enquired after it.

In the year 1779 I returned to Iena from the visit I had paid to my sister then lately married, and applied with considerable zeal to the study of jurisprudence. I likewise attended the professors of history, logic, and metaphysics, and continued to improve myself in modern languages.

I this year produced a tragedy called Charlotte Frank, which was performed at our private theatre, and I myself enacted one of the principal characters. The reception of it, however, was rather cold. Soon after I wrote a comedy, which was much better received, and, as far as I recollect, contained some tolerable comic touches. I likewise instituted a poetic club, from which I derived considerable improvement.

In my nineteenth year I returned to Weimar, and studied the Pandects with great industry; was examined by the Government, and admitted Advocate. While I waited for clients, I myself

myſelf continued a zealous client of the Muſes. The ſummer after my return I wrote ſeveral little things, which I am not now ambitious to recall into notice. I likewiſe wrote ſome Tales, which were publiſhed with my name by Dyk, at Leipſic, with an hundred and fifty pages by ſome other hand. Several little dramatic pieces were likewiſe the produce of my partiality for the theatre.

In 1781 I went to Peterſburgh. For ſome time I repreſſed my turn for poetic purſuits, but I again began occaſionally to indulge my ruling propenſity. There was a German theatre at Peterſburgh. It was then in a very indifferent ſtate; but ſoon after it was put in the number of the royal theatres, and the direction of it given to my friend General Bawr, of the artillery, a German. I now again found myſelf in my element.

I wrote a tragedy in five acts, called Demetrius Czar of Moſcow. By a whimſical circumſtance the repreſentation of this piece was nearly prohibited. In the hiſtory Demetrius was by many called an impoſtor. In my play I found it convenient to make him a hero. It turned out, however, that there was an old proclamation of Peter the Great, in

which this fame Demetrius was declared to be an impoſtor. With much difficulty, however, the piece was allowed to be performed; and I had in a very formal manner been made to declare that I was perfectly ſatisfied of the impoſture of Demetrius, and the juſtice of the proclamation, and that the freedom which I had uſed in my play was merely a *licentia poetica*. I likewiſe wrote a comedy, called The Nun and the Chambermaid, which was performed with great ſucceſs. It was never publiſhed, and the copy of it was accidentally loſt.

In the year 1782, ſome of my friends who had influence at court propoſed to procure me a place, and to facilitate their exertions I was requeſted to write a ſmall volume of Tales and Fables for young Princes, to be dedicated to the young Grand Duke. Though I felt no great call for ſuch a taſk, I complied; and the volume was printed in a moſt ſuperb manner by the direction of one of my friends. Finding, however, that I was not qualified for this kind of writing, I reſolved, after the work had proceeded a conſiderable length, to repay the publiſher for his expence, and to bury the four ſheets which were finiſhed in eternal oblivion.

Ye who ſo often and ſo loudly accuſe me of vanity, to my Fables I appeal as the proof of your falſehood! Their ſuppreſſion coſt me ſome hundred rubles, but my vanity not a ſigh.

I now come to the period when I went to reſide at Revel. Soon after this I wrote two plays, The Hermit of Formentera, and Adelaide of Wulfingen. The former was performed at a private theatre, and my propenſity for the ſtage revived. To this propenſity the people of Revel are indebted for a theatre, which for the laſt ten years has had an excellent company, and can boaſt of performers of no common merit. It was opened with a piece of mine, called Every Fool has his Cap. The piece bore a ſtriking reſemblance to Moliere's Miſer, and I have buried it among my papers.

In autumn, 1787, I was ſeized with a ſevere illneſs, which for ſeveral years reduced me to a ſtate between life and death; or, what is worſe than death, a ſtate of gloomy dejection of ſpirits. In the very height of this malady I wrote Miſanthropy and Repentance *, and ſoon after The Indians in England. Both of them were finiſhed within about eight or nine weeks. Never in my life, either before or

* The Stranger.

ſince,

ſince, did I feel ſuch copiouſneſs of ideas, ſuch vigour of imagination, ſuch fertility of diction; and I believe it to be undeniable that there are ſome kinds of maladies (among which may particularly be included thoſe which increaſe the irritability of the nerves) which elevate the powers of the mind to an unuſual height; juſt as, according to the ſtory, a diſeaſed muſcle forms a pearl.

In the year 1790 I wrote The Virgin of the Sun, The Child of Love *, and Brother Moritz the Humouriſt. I likewiſe proceeded in the collection of my ſmaller works.

Upon Miſanthropy and Repentance many fooliſh things were ſaid and written at the time. Among other things, it was objected that it was defective in poetic juſtice, becauſe, by an unconditional forgiveneſs, I had reſtored the criminal to the enjoyment of all the pleaſures of life. Whether any forgiveneſs could completely remove the cruel puniſhment which her crime carried with it; whether ſuch a woman as Eulalia †, with a conſcience ſo awakened, could ever again be

* Lovers Vows.

† Called Adelaide, or Mrs. Haller, in the play as performed here.

happy,

happy, are queſtions which nobody thought it worth while to aſk, except Mr. Ziegler, who, however, took up the whole affair erroneouſly, and, by the unjuſtifiable freedom of calling Eulalia's ſeducer from the dead, completely changed the nature of the caſe. I therefore wrote The Noble Lie, in which, although certainly there appears a young lady fallen from virtue, a circumſtance on which the impure imagination of Reviewers continues to dwell, unqueſtionably prevails the pureſt moral that ever was inculcated from the pulpit or the ſtage.

In 1790, I experienced one of the ſevereſt diſpenſations of Providence in the death of an amiable wife. Grief for this loſs drove me to Paris, and the account of this excurſion I publiſhed under the title of The Flight to Paris. This book was likewiſe ſeverely attacked by ſome critics.

Full of indignation againſt the Pariſians, of whoſe exceſſes I had been an eye-witneſs, on my return to Mentz I wrote The Female Jacobin Club, a farce not without ſome humour. My friend Huber, however, becauſe he happened to be of a different political creed from me, fell foul of it in the moſt violent manner.

Never-

Nevertheleſs, however, deſpotiſm is to me as hateful as to him; and this I teſtified ſoon after in my Philoſophical Sketch of Louis XIV. My publiſher at Straſburgh ſent me the work in manuſcript, and the correſpondence which I had with him on the ſubject was broken open before it reached me. I complained to our miniſter at Frankfort on the ſubject, who took my ſide; but it was alleged at Mentz that the letters were open before they arrived there, and I never was able to learn who it really was who did me the honour to miſtake me for a ſpy, or a red-capped Jacobin. It ſeems to be my fate, that while Mr. Huber and Co. exclaim againſt me as an advocate of deſpotiſm, the deſpots around conſider me as a dangerous democrat, worthy of their moſt jealous attention. I could give ſignal examples of this, if a man were at liberty to tell all he could.

Once in my life I had the weakneſs to write a book in complaiſance to another. It was the book on Nobility. I could ſay a great deal on this ſubject, but I am not at liberty to do it. If the world knew—and perhaps they may one day know—into what equivocal reputation of a certain kind I have been thrown by the opinions, which both before and ſince I have

I have expreſſed, and which have been ſo egregiouſly miſrepreſented; if they knew how my moſt confidential private correſpondence was turned againſt me; if they knew what inducements I had, and from whom they proceeded, they would decide upon that production upon quite different grounds; they would take into view not only the author, but the citizen and the father. I confeſs, however, that my inconſiderate complaiſance laid me open in ſeveral points to the attacks of criticiſm; but for attack from thoſe with whom I had lived in habits of friendſhip, I was not prepared.

All that I have written ſince has been received by the public with approbation, and by the critics announced without approbation. Theſe are, Count Benyowſky, The Death of Rolla, The Youngeſt Children of my Fancy *, Poverty and Honour, The Man of Forty Years, The Negro Slaves, The Chace, The Count of Burgundy, The Defamers, Falſe Shame, and La Peyrouſe.

Many of my plays have had the good fortune to be tranſlated into French, Dutch, Daniſh,

* Under this general title the following Novel was firſt publiſhed.

Poliſh,

Poliſh, Ruſſian, Italian*; a new thorn in the ſide of the Reviewers! A few days ago I received the following piece of intelligence in a letter from Moſcow: "Your play, The Child of Love, was as often repreſented, and with more applauſe here than The Marriage of Figaro in Paris. It is very well tranſlated into Ruſſian."

Is it not matter of ſurpriſe, that at the ſame time, and in ſo many countries, the Public ſhould every where have judged wrong, and approved of things upon which the Reviews had pronounced irrevocable ſentence of condemnation?—The inveſtigation of that phenomenon, however, I muſt reſerve for the continuation of this article on ſome other occaſion. What may follow I muſt beg to be conſidered as the defence of a man accuſed; for the critics have ſo often charged me at the bar of their judges and mine, the Public, that it would ſeem a contempt for that tribunal never to take the trouble to anſwer. In this view I certainly may have ſome claim to indulgence. Yet ſhall it be my endeavour, as

* He had not, when this was written, heard of the great ſucceſs of his dramas in this country.

far

far as it is in my power, to interſperſe with flowers ſo dry a ſubject, and never forget what Beaumarchais ſo well obſerves: " *Faut-il, parce qu'on a raiſon, donner des vapeurs à ſon lecteur? et faire ſecher d'ennui les magiſtrats? Leur état n'eſt que trop pénible* *!"

* Becauſe you are in the right, are you to give your readers the ſpleen, or kill the judges with ennui? Their ſituation is irkſome enough already!

THE

THE CONSTANT LOVER;

OR,

WILLIAM AND JEANETTE:

A TALE.

CHAP. I.

THE BOY.

WILLIAM ſat by the ſide of a brook under an alder tree. He had juſt ſlipped the bark from a willow branch, and formed it into a ruſtic flute. He ſat and drew from his artleſs inſtrument ſimple, plaintive melodies; and now and

then he would gaze upon the brook that babbled by, and weep bitterly. A few ſteps from the banks of the rivulet lay his hat, and in the hat a piece of bread. The linnets and goldfinches hopped from twig to twig, approaching nearer and nearer, till at laſt they had the boldneſs to peck the crumbs out of the hat. William viewed them with a melancholy ſmile, and ſtruggled to ſuppreſs his ſobs that he might not diſturb the little gueſts.

"Why do you weep, my boy?" ſuddenly cried a rough voice behind him.

"Why do you weep, my boy?" repeated a ſweet, tender echo. William ſtarted, and bluſhed as if he had been caught in ſome criminal act. Mankind are aſhamed of a gift which teſtifies their noble origin. We are aſhamed to ſhed tears. Nobody chooſes it ſhould appear that he has been weeping. We pull out our handkerchiefs, and preſs them

to

to our red eyes, to wipe away the laſt traces of humanity.

William had not time to dry up the large drops which trickled over his ſun-burnt cheeks. With his fine black eyes he gazed at the ſtrangers from whom the queſtion proceeded. Before him ſtood a corpulent man, dreſſed in a cloſe dark blue coat and bob wig. In his right hand, which diſplayed no common ſize, he carried a long Spaniſh cane with a golden head, and in the left he led a beautiful girl of eleven years of age, on whoſe roſy cheeks the evening ſun played through the trees, while the gentle zephyr wantoned in her fair flowing locks.

"Why do you weep, my boy?" repeated this benignant creature, and dropped a tear on the bunch of may-flowers which ſhe had newly plucked.

"Ah, miſs!" ſaid William, as he roſe from the ground where he ſat, "I

weep becauſe I know not what in the world will become of me."

"Are you an orphan?" ſaid the corpulent man.

WILLIAM.—Ah! no. I have a father; you, ſir, know him well, for he has often wrought in your houſe.

CORPULENT MAN.—Who is your father?

WILLIAM.—John Meadows the porter. Till now he has kept me at ſchool. I can read and write, and alſo conſtrue *Cornelius Nepos*. Times, however, are at preſent very hard. My father ſays he cannot any longer afford to ſupport me at ſchool; that I muſt turn porter, and earn my bread.

CORPULENT MAN.—And you are averſe to your father's propoſal?

WILLIAM.—I wiſh to apply myſelf to ſome ſettled profeſſion.

CORPULENT MAN.—My good boy, every man in the world is at bottom no other

other than a porter; and he that can take up his burden in one houſe, carry it to another, and there throw it down, has not the hardeſt lot in life.

William ſtared at the corpulent man; in his fine eyes it was eaſy to read—"I do not underſtand you."

"You do not underſtand me," proceeded the corpulent man; "and it were better that I did not underſtand myſelf.—How old are you?"

William.—Thirteen.

Corpulent Man.—Then, indeed, are you too young and too weak to purſue your father's occupation.

William.—I am extremely willing to work, but then I ſhould forget all I have learnt at ſchool. I uſed always to think with myſelf that I ought to be diligent and attentive, for it was poſſible that I too might one day come to be a ſchoolmaſter, and be able to provide for

my old father when he is no longer able to carry burdens.

" Give him something, father!" lisped the little miss as she clung round the corpulent man, and looked up to him with eager, sparkling eyes. When she found that her father did not immediately answer, she added, in querulous accents, " This, too, is my birth-day, and you have yet made me no present."

The good old man was touched; with a complacent smile he chucked her tenderly under the chin, and said to William, " Dry up your tears, my boy; I will pay the expence of your education at school. Come to-morrow morning early with your father to my house, and we will talk farther upon the business."

William hastily seized the corpulent man's right hand, and bathed it with his tears; the little girl kissed the left; the old man was affected. William gave his

flute

flute to the little girl. She accepted it; kindly nodded her head, and in return gave him the bunch of may-flowers. Not a word paſſed between them; but the young miſs viewed the flute with complacency, and William preſſed the may-flowers to his heart.

"Farewell till to-morrow!" ſaid the corpulent man as he went away, and the little girl tripped gaily by his ſide through the willows. William followed her with his eyes. She frequently looked behind, and every time with a kindly nod, till a hillock concealed the lovely angel from his view. William took up his hat, crumbled the piece of bread, and ſcattered it on the graſs for the linnets and goldfinches. He then ſtuck the bunch of may-flowers in his hat with more pride than a young cornet his firſt cockade, and went home in the higheſt ſpirits.

CHAP. II.

THE FIRST VISIT.

HE that goes to bed with his head full of the idea that to-morrow he has ſomething of great importance before him, commonly awakes betimes. Scarce was it day-break, when William ſtood before a ſhattered looking-glaſs to prepare for his viſit. He powdered his hair, and ſpared no pains to deck out his locks in the neateſt ſtyle. A roſe-coloured coat, of pretty fine ſtuff, but now worn thread-bare, which three years before had been purchaſed from an old-clothes-man, and conſequently now much too ſhort at all points, this day received a new decoration from the half-faded bunch of may-flowers, which William had faſtened upon his breaſt with two large corking pins.

Old

Old John Meadows ſpread a towel upon his ſhoulders, and pulled the braſs comb at leaſt twenty times through his cloſe-cropped hair. From the cheſt, which he ever kept locked with religious care, he drew out his Sunday's coat of dark blue cloth, and his ſcarlet waiſtcoat. It was trimmed ſuperbly from the ſhoulders down to his thighs; his clean ſhirt was moſt carefully plaited, and diſplayed innumerable folds. A dark cane with an ivory head waved in his hand by a leathern thong, and a hat with three huge cocks covered his head.

Thus proudly arrayed, they bent their way to the houſe of the corpulent man; and as they paced along, old John Meadows thanked God in ſilence, who had inſpired the heart of a heretic to aſſiſt William honourably through the world.

What! and the corpulent man then was a heretic?

Yes, courteous proteſtant reader! yet

was he no political, but only a theological heretic; and at this time of day such a thing has ceased to be a crime. The cut of your religion and of your clothes, the form of your creed and of your hair, are now subjected to the omnipotent sceptre of fashion; and Voltaire, who was once banished from his country because he ventured to start the impious doubt whether Adam and Eve in Paradise had their navels cut *, would now have been driven back to his country because he makes Titus exclaim—

——— Je porte en mon cœur
La liberté gravée, et les rois en horreur †.

Mr. Jerome, whom the inhabitants of the little country town of L * * *, by an easy corruption, used to call *Shrum*, was a French emigrant—driven from his

* Le Mondain.

† I carry freedom in my heart, and hold kings in abhorrence.

native

native land, however, neither by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, nor by the violence of the national convention. He had left the country of his anceſtors in purſuit of fortune, becauſe ſhe had not chanced to viſit him at home. He was a ſtaunch, thorough Roman catholic; by trade a ſtocking-manufacturer, a calling he had exerciſed for twenty years, during which he had been ſettled in Germany. Here by a pair of fine eyes his conſcience was ſo overcome, that he was fain to accommodate it to the wiſhes of his heart, as he faſhioned his ſtockings to anſwer every ſize of foot, great or ſmall. In other words, he had ventured to marry a proteſtant heretic, who, however, for the puniſhment of her miſbelief, died in childbed a year after their union, leaving him an only daughter, who was called *Jeanette* by her father, and *Jenny* by the reſt of the family.

Mr. Jerome was corpulent; but when

a wretched fellow-creature laid his h and on Mr. Jerome's breaſt, he felt his he art beat loud and kindly enough. He was of a cheerful diſpoſition; well he loved a laugh, heartily enjoyed a glaſs of Burgundy, delighted in the ſocial circle, but moſt of all when his morning had been employed in performing a kind and beneficent action. Benevolence, indeed, is the parent of gaiety, and the cheerful man is ever more ready than the gloomy and moroſe to draw his purſe to relieve a brother.

The doors inſtantly flew open when John Meadows and his ſon were announced. Mr. Jerome was ſmoking a pipe of tobacco, and Jeanette was ſoaking a roll in tea: beſide her cup lay the flute. She nodded benignantly to the giver, who returned her ſalutation with awkward bows, and bluſhed till his cheeks vied in colour with his father's waiſtcoat. She looked at the flute, and

then

then at William, as if ſhe meant to ſay, "Do you ſee how much I value your preſent?" William ſtood with down-caſt eyes, and played with the may-flowers, as if he would have anſwered—"Nor is yours leſs dear to me."

John Meadows broke ſilence. He ſpoke at great length of the chriſtian temper, and of God's bleſſing. He even ventured to maintain, that the man who protected and ſupported the poor orphan might, in ſpite of his corrupted faith, be placed among the ſheep on the right hand.

Mr. Jerome ſmiled with much good-nature, and glanced at his tobacco ſmoke as it rolled up in ſpreading volumes, as if he would have ſaid, *Smoke* or *cloud*, it is all one in the end.

"I ſhall be very happy," ſaid he with a gentle inclination of the head, "if the young lad continues to be diligent and well-behaved. I will pay the expence

of

of his education at ſchool, and take care likewiſe that he ſhall not want any thing neceſſary to his progreſs. Let him attend the precentor of the pariſh church two hours a week to learn to ſing, as I underſtand he has a mind to be a ſchool-maſter. He may come here every day, and dine with the ſuperintendant of my manufactory upon what Providence is pleaſed to beſtow. I ſhall then have an opportunity of hearing what progreſs he makes. Adieu! the table is always covered at two o'clock."

"Now, William, mind what you are about!" muttered his father, pinching his ſon's arm; "go and kiſs this worthy gentleman's hand!"

Heaven knows from what feeling it proceeded, but William baſhfully walked up with trembling ſteps to the tea-table, and kiſſed Jeanette's hand. Jeanette bluſhed as red as ſcarlet. John Meadows ſaid: Blockhead! and Mr. Jerome laughed.

laughed. "Be not diſpleaſed, good John! The lad has done quite right, ſince what I now do to aſſiſt him he owes originally to my daughter."

With many bows which no dancing-maſter would have endured, and many cordial bleſſings which God and the worthy old man's heart accepted, the happy pair took their leave. William, at firſt, in compliance with the dictates of politeneſs, was about to withdraw to the door, carefully obſerving always to preſent his face to the company. Vanity, however, whiſpered him to turn round, that the pretty little girl might have an opportunity of ſeeing his finely dreſſed and powdered hair. He wheeled abruptly round therefore, and with head erect he marched out of the room.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE PEAR-TREE.

WILLIAM continued to advance in ſtature; he learnt to write, to read, to caſt accounts, to ſing, and had Luther's ſmaller catechiſm at his fingers ends. Jeanette likewiſe improved in ſize, and learnt even more than William. When they were together, however, they were wont to forget what they had learnt. William dined every day with Mr. Jerome's overſeers. Frequently upon Sundays he was invited to his benefactor's table, as he was a well-bred, modeſt lad. On theſe occaſions he never forgot to drink the healths of the whole company, and generally had the misfortune to ſpill a few drops of wine on the table-cloth, becauſe, in making the circuit of the

gueſts,

gueſts, his hand trembled whenever his eye lighted on Jeanette.

Every year William celebrated Mr. Jerome's birth-day in a poem in *Alexandrines*, a yard long, elegantly tranſcribed upon royal paper, ſtitched up in morocco with blue ſilk. Jeanette's birth-day was likewiſe ſung with equal honour, but in *dactyls*; and inſtead of blue ſilk, the binding was ornamented with purple red. The father, on theſe occaſions, rewarded him with a guinea, and the daughter with a kind glance. The guinea dropped into his pocket, the glance went to his heart. The guinea he uſually carried to his father, and not a halfpenny did he retain for himſelf; the glance he would not have ſhared either with father or mother. He felt ſomething like the ſame ſenſation as the young gentlemen of London when they aſcend Dr. Graham's celeſtial bed.

Of the moſt delightful of all feelings

man

man is unable to give the leaſt account, becauſe, praiſed be the great Creator! they are original inſtincts in his nature. Envy, hatred, ſlander, and all the furies which compoſe the black catalogue of vice, are, at a later period, the baſtard brood of the ſocial ſtate. William had never reflected why he employed purple ſilk for Jeanette, nor examined for what reaſon, at the ſight of her, his heart leaped like his own dactyls. Neither did Jeanette know why at noon, juſt at the time when William came to dinner, ſhe was ſure to ſeat herſelf at the door. As little did ſhe reflect why upon Sundays, in helping about the ſoup, ſhe never failed to give William the largeſt ſhare of the *bouilli*. It proceeded doubtleſs from this cauſe, that, without our ever ſuſpecting it, in the firſt part of our life we are ripening for love, as in the latter part of it we are ripening for death. Love and death have many things in common.

common. No mortal can defy their power. Both come upon us by ſurpriſe, like a thief in the night; both tranſport us into Elyſium. A dying man and a lover reſemble each other in this too, that the ſpectators generally diſcover before the perſon himſelf what is his real ſituation. Fortunately this was not the caſe with William and Jeanette. Mr. Jerome never dreamt that Jeanette could ever forget in the amiable youth, poor William the porter's ſon; or that William would ever aſpire to the daughter of a manufacturer. He did not conſider that liberty and equality is the great myſterious law in love as in death.

When the light down began to ſpread itſelf on William's upper lip, and Jeanette's boſom began to extend, Cupid, the miſchievous boy, with cunning artifice prepared by various little incidents to unravel that web which, with playful hand, he had wove in their infant hearts.

Mr.

Mr. Jerome, who was univerſally conſidered a man of property, among other things poſſeſſed a garden in front of his houſe, where, in a fine ſummer evening, he was wont to enjoy himſelf. Hither uſed William to come after he had haraſſed his memory all day long, or had ſung himſelf hoarſe with the pariſh clerk, in order to refreſh himſelf with new milk and vegetables.

One harveſt day Jeanette happened to long for a pear, which hung deliciouſly tempting on the top of a branch. William inſtantly proceeded to climb the tree. The wiſh to gratify her was combined with the little vanity of ſhowing with what ſpeed and adroitneſs he could mount the higheſt tree; for it is a delightful ſenſation to extort admiration from thoſe we love. He ſoon aſcended the trunk, and lightly ſwung from branch to branch.

"William! William! you will fall," cried

cried the old man from the bower. "There is no danger," returned William careleſsly, and ſtretched out his hand to ſeize the tempting fruit. As his arm, however, was too ſhort, in leaning forwards he loſt his balance, tumbled, graſped a rotten branch; the branch broke, and William fell to the ground like a piece of lead.

Jeanette ſcreamed. "There it is!" cried the old man, and waddled up in all haſte quite breathleſs. In the fall the ſplinter of the branch tore the thoughtleſs boy's temple. "William!" cried Jeanette with trembling voice, "William! you bleed!"

"'Tis a trifle!" ſaid William, his countenance diſtorted with pain as he writhed himſelf on the graſs.

Mr. JEROME.—Then riſe.

WILLIAM.—Immediately, immediately.

JEANETTE.

JEANETTE.—O heavens! what is the matter with you? Riſe!

WILLIAM.—I cannot.

JEANETTE.—Why not?

WILLIAM.—I have broke my leg.

Jeanette very near ſwooned away at theſe words. She wept, and bemoaned his misfortune with ſo much anxiety, that William only lamented that he had not broke both his legs. He was immediately laid upon a barrow, conveyed home with all poſſible tenderneſs, and lodged in Mr. Jerome's houſe, where he was attended with the utmoſt care for ſix weeks. Twice a day came Jeanette with the knowledge of her father to viſit him, and twenty times a day did ſhe come without her father's knowledge. She brought him preſerved fruits, ſtrengthening ſoups, and kind glances, endued with the moſt wonderful healing powers.

"How are you now?" ſaid ſhe one day

day at the beginning of the ſeventh week. "Alas!" ſaid William in a querulous tone, "I am well, and the happieſt of my days are flown!"

"You dream, dear William. Have you not lain conſtantly in bed, and endured the moſt violent pain?"

"Ah! how ſoon was it forgotten when I ſaw Jeanette enter the room!"

At theſe words, he concealed his glowing countenance with the bedclothes; and Jeanette, overſpread with the moſt captivating bluſhes of modeſty, pretended ſome buſineſs at the window; in doing which ſhe awkwardly overturned three phials with medicines. Of theſe, however, there was ſtore remaining. The ſurgeon declared what William of his own free impulſe would never have announced, that his patient was completely cured. William, with a deep ſigh, left the houſe in which his heart had

had enjoyed more delightful emotions than his leg had coſt him painful hours. Winter covered with ſnow the garden in front of the houſe, and the glimmering ſparks of firſt love. Jeanette and William ſaw each other leſs frequently, and, when they met, they were conſtrained by an embarraſſment which they had never before experienced.

Meanwhile the youth received the moſt flattering teſtimonies from his inſtructors. "He is diligent," ſaid they, "and he has talents; it is a pity indeed that he is ſometimes a dreamer. For hours together he will ſit with open mouth, and gaze. Do you call him, he does not hear; do you ſhake him, he ſtarts up in amaze! and do you aſk him what he has been thinking of, the common anſwer is: Of *nothing*."

I know very well what I am thinking of, would William whiſper aſide to himſelf;

ſelf; I know well of what I dream, but I cannot impart it to you.—Jeanette felt ſome kind of ſentiment, as if ſhe knew likewiſe; but it was a ſubject which ſhe was ſtill leſs qualified than William to mention.

CHAP. IV.

THE CANARY BIRD.

SOON as the ſpring again awaked every bud to life, and every bird to love, Mr. Jerome began to viſit his garden. There would Jeanette often ſit under the fatal pear-tree, and wonder that her boſom, which was now ſo much enlarged, ſhould feel even more confined than when ſhe wore frocks. With the frocks of childhood its joys too had flown. Laſt harveſt the pear-tree was intereſting only on account of its fruit, but now ſhe preferred the bloſſoms. Formerly ſhe delighted to ſee the linnet with his clipped wings hop through the room, but now ſhe would rather liſten to his ſong in the groves. *Childhood* loves to demoliſh; *youth* to enjoy; *manhood* wiſhes to build up, and to repair, but in the

the midſt of its ſchemes is ſurpriſed by *old age*, which loves to lie down beneath a ruin, and doze away the remainder of exiſtence.

Out of the abundant treaſure of her youthful joys Jeanette had nothing now remaining but a favourite canary bird, which, by the help of a violin, had been taught to ſing the melodies of the ſong, "*Marlborough's to the wars gone.*" He would often ſit upon her ſhoulder, and peck the ſugar from her mouth. As her father and this canary were the only living creatures ſhe could venture to acknowledge, either to herſelf or to others, that ſhe paſſionately loved, ſhe ſoon became perſuaded that little *Marlborough* was indiſpenſible to her. "I ſhould fret to death," would ſhe often ſay, "were he to die." This in other words meant, "I cannot live without love, and I know not yet how eaſy it is to ſupply the place of a canary bird."

One hot ſultry ſummer day it happened—and William chanced to be in the garden—that all the windows of the houſe were thrown open to invite the breeze, which gently waved the vine-leaves that arched round the window. While little Marlborough hopped at liberty through the room, the reſtleſs ſpirit of his great anceſtor ſuddenly began to move in him. Perhaps he was enticed by the twittering of a ſparrow on the outſide, which reminded him, that in ſpite of his golden plumage, and his preſent delicate ſtyle of living, he was originally ſprung from the ſparrow race. He reſolved, therefore, to teach the courtier a leſſon, by condeſcending to acknowledge his humble relation. Preſto! in a moment he was out at the window, and Jeanette had well nigh leaped out after him. She ſtood with uplifted arms, and ſcreamed as if ſhe had ſeen ſomebody murdered below in the garden.

It was long before the cauſe of her ſcreams could be aſcertained, ſince nobody had obſerved the little fugitive, and Jeanette was ſo frightened that ſhe could not for her life ſtammer out the word *Marlborough*. William ſtood before her, moved his lips, twiſted his fingers, and with anxious looks ſeemed labouring to draw the words from her mouth. When he at laſt learnt what was the matter, he took the ſhorteſt way out at the window; and Jeanette was on the point of following him, had not female delicacy in the critical moment pulled her by the ſleeve, and held her back. She flew out at the door, and ſoon joined William, whoſe eyes wandered from tree to tree.

"There he ſits!" cried he at laſt, pointing to a cherry-tree, where Marlborough perched, and devoured with keenneſs a May cherry. "But how are we to entice him down without frightening him away?"

William whiſtled; Jeanette cried, but all in vain! A lump of ſugar was ſhewn him at a diſtance; but he eyed it aſkance, like a contented peaſant who is invited to the table of a prince, and yet would eat his buttermilk at home with much greater pleaſure and appetite. After the little fugitive had pecked the cherry to the ſtone, he flew merrily away, like the favourite of ſome great lady, who is compelled to give the tone to the feelings of his miſtreſs, though his heart refuſes to beat in uniſon, and at laſt has the good fortune to fall into diſgrace. His purſuers followed him cloſe. He then perched upon a birch, and the feelings of liberty appeared quite to overcome the duty of gratitude; for he took not the leaſt notice of Jeanette's fond, enticing complaints.

William was preparing to climb the birch, but Marlborough ſaved him the trouble, and flew from tree to tree. At

laſt

laſt he flew over the hedge into the adjoining meadows. Without wings, and in ſpite of the thorns, William ſoon contrived to find his way over the hedge. Poor Jeanette, however, was obliged to remain behind, and content herſelf with her tender hands to make a little opening in the thicket, through which ſhe could have a proſpect of the meadow, and at leaſt follow the beloved fugitive with her eye.

"Ah! William! William! get me him back," cried ſhe to the youth with a voice ſo touchingly ſweet, that he would have purſued the bird into the very cage of the fairy *Strigillina*, for whoſe acquaintance we are indebted to the facetious *Cazotte*. The meadow was but thinly planted with trees, and at the diſtance of a few hundred paces was bounded by a river of conſiderable breadth, though not very deep. On the banks of this ſtream Marlborough perch-

ed on a willow, ſo low, that he ſeemed eaſily within reach. William ſlipped up upon tiptoe, and when he was opening his hand—away the little fugitive took his flight acroſs the ſtream, ſat down upon an aſpen tree, and began to ſing merrily—not *Marlborough's to the wars gone*—but the ſong which nature had taught him without the help of an inſtrument. It is thus that we all do. Every one has his piece which he has learnt by rote, and he ſings it no longer than he is obliged. The parſon drones it from the pulpit, and at home reſigns himſelf to the ſpirit of the cloth, while he calculates the amount of his tythes.

There was no time to be loſt. William ſprang forward into the water without conſideration, clothes and all, waded up to the ſhoulders, and ſafely gained the oppoſite bank, but not the object of his purſuit.

Jeanette through the hedge ſaw what

William

William had done, and the big tear of anguiſh which rolled down her cheek changed into the ſilent ſtealing tear of tenderneſs. She trembled ſtill, but it was not for Marlborough. "Kind William!" ſaid ſhe aloud: "Dear William!" ſoftly re-echoed her heart.

He had now, together with the bird, diſappeared from her view. He leaped and ſprang over hedges and ditches, keeping the runaway favourite conſtantly in ſight. His ſtrength now began to fail; his breath was nearly exhauſted; the agitation of his breaſt was viſible; the moment ſeemed at hand when he would be compelled to drop down with fatigue, and the reſuſcitated Marlborough would be abandoned to his fate.

Unexpectedly a third party now came into action, who, unobſerved, had long watched his advantage. A hawk ſoared in air, lurking like a villain that prowls abroad to ruin innocence. Ah! that

nature had not beſtowed upon man the inſtinct of the feathered creation, to detect wickedneſs and treachery at a diſtance, when they ſeem to hover careleſs over him without menacing deſtruction! Little Marlborough in his golden priſon had never ſeen a hawk, but nature diſtinctly told him—"Above you there is your foe!" What neither ſeducing love nor tempting dainties could accompliſh, fear at laſt effected. He ſhaped his flight lower and lower; at laſt, but juſt above the ſurface, he perched upon a juniper buſh—the hawk darted down—and Marlborough leaped for refuge into William's protecting hand.

"I have got him!" cried William panting for breath; "thank God, I have got him." He forgot that his ſtrength was exhauſted; he thought only of Jeanette's tranſports, and the idea inſpired him with new vigour. He could not allow himſelf to think of going round by the

the high road over the bridge, and through the town to Mr. Jerome's garden. With the bird in his hand he leaped more lightly than before over all the hedges and ditches which ſeparated him from Jeanette; with the bird in his hand he plunged again into the river, and held his captive over his head.

"I have got him!" exclaimed he, when he ſaw the white robes of his beloved waving through the hedge. A tender tear ſtole down her cheek when ſhe at laſt ſaw William ſtanding before her breathleſs, drenched to the ſkin, his hands torn and bloody, his face inflamed and diſcoloured, his hair as wet with perſpiration as his clothes with water. She darted an animated glance which betrayed her whole ſoul; ſhe forgot Marlborough and her diſordered morning gown, ſuddenly threw herſelf round his neck, and with loud ſobs kiſſed his glowing cheek.

Poor William, indeed, had earned well his reward. He was ſo much exhauſted that he could not even return Jeanette's careſſes. He ſunk down on the graſs, and panted for breath; Jeanette could not ſpeak her thanks—ſhe was ſilent; but this moment decided the fate of her life. William was requeſted to go to town and change his clothes. He would not go. Next morning he was ſeized with a fever and ague.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

THE cunning boy Cupid claims an indiſputable right to inhabit every damſel's heart. Should you knock and enquire whether he is within, and you find him denied, you muſt not conclude that he is really abſent, but only that your viſit was not acceptable. Cupid is unqueſtionably the greateſt potentate upon earth, and accordingly he ſometimes exerciſes the privilege of other great folks, to ſlap the door in the face of thoſe low-bred worthy people who have nothing to pretend to but their honeſty. This celeſtial divinity too has it in common with the gods of the earth that he ſubmits to the tyranny of favourites, provided they never fall into diſgrace with him. Gentle reader! do you gueſs the

the names of these favourites? They are called *Vanity* and *Sense*. Love, indeed, has also a *friend*, less a favourite, as usual, it is true, than the flatterers, but often possessed of the greatest influence. This friend is *Pity!* and when, as it sometimes happens, the friends and the favourites combine together, the most rigid heart must open to their addresses.

William, without being aware of it, had succeeded in interesting both the friend and the flatterer in his favour. As early as the day when his tears dropped into the brook, and the flute breathed the simple tones of his plaintive melody, *Pity* first stole into the gentle bosom of Jeanette. The broken leg of last year nourished this feeling, and the ague now lent it incalculable strength. Hence was formed the triple alliance to which we have just alluded. Vanity whispered in soothing accents: "For thy sake it was he climbed the tree; for thy sake he plunged

plunged into the river."—*Senſe*—Fy! fy! what has an innocent girl of ſixteen to do with the ſuggeſtions of *Senſe*?

Forgive me, deareſt ladies! but be careful not to confound this refined feeling with its coarſer ſiſter *Senſuality*. Do you not contemplate with greater pleaſure the head of an Antinoüs than that of a Socrates? and who will impute this pleaſure of *ſenſe* to you as a crime?—William was a tall handſome ſtripling; he had the glow of health upon his cheek; his countenance diſplayed the freſh bloom of youth; he had a fine intelligent eye, purple lips, white teeth—Is it my fault that Nature has communicated to theſe qualities the power to pleaſe? When all is done, muſt we not exclaim with Boufflers:

Que deviendroient les familles,
Si les cœurs des jeunes garçons
Etoient faits comme ceux des filles?

The very ſame apartment where laſt year

year William had found his health but too ſpeedily re-eſtabliſhed, was on this occaſion likewiſe the ſcene of his joys and ſufferings. He entered it with delightful warmth of emotion, to which the ſhivering fit of his diſtemper was for a moment forced to yield.

Almoſt the whole day Jeanette was wont to ſit by his bed-ſide. Her father troubled himſelf little about the matter, partly becauſe the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion never entered his imagination, and partly becauſe his affairs, for ſome time fallen into diſorder, occupied his attention, and ſoured his temper.

Jeanette had learnt botany from an old Frenchman, a pupil of *Rouſſeau*, and inherited from her mother a number of notable receipts. She liked to dabble a little in medicine too, and ſhe reſolved to undertake in perſon the cure of her beloved patient; a deſign, in which ſhe very probably would have ultimately ſucceeded

ceeded without the aſſiſtance of any receipts whatever. Sometimes ſhe prepared for him freſh decoctions of creſſes, borage, and other herbs; again ſhe would give him mint leaves with honey; and ſometimes ſhe made him drink coffee with lemon juice. William, without reluctance, ſwallowed whatever her fair hand preſented to him; and had it pleaſed her to preſcribe it, he would have drank coloquintida without making a wry face.

When he at length perceived that the fever had left his body, but that his love for Jeanette was not likely to be ſoon expelled from his heart, he became penſive and melancholy. Jeanette daily made tender and preſſing enquiries after the cauſe; but in vain! no decoction could looſen his tongue. Moſt willingly indeed would he have rolled away the heavy burden that lay upon his heart,

but

but where could he find courage for the attempt?

"Bashful boy! when love is deficient in courage, it has recourse to art. You dread Jeanette's resentment? Why, well! Try then to discover your love without betraying the design. Have you not a fever? Cannot you affect delirium? The ravings of a distempered fancy she cannot take amiss."

Something *I know not what* whispered these suggestions to William's heart, and to its soothing accents William lent a willing ear. Several days he revolved his little plan of imposture, and watched only for a favourable opportunity to put it in practice.

One evening Jeanette amused him in reading the celebrated *Reinecke Fuchs*, which M. Goethe has dressed out in a new garb. He was so wearied with the pranks and the jokes of master *Reinecke*, that

that he had abundance of time to ſtudy his part. Twenty times was Jeanette, yawning with fatigue, on the point of laying the book aſide; but as William was ſilent, and his eyes, ſteadily fixed upon her, ſeemed to indicate that he was intereſted in the ſtory, ſhe concluded that it muſt be very entertaining, though ſhe could not comprehend it. She continued to read on to the ninth canto, and kept herſelf from ſleep as well as ſhe could. She was at the place which ſays that the "hero *boldly* addreſſed himſelf to all the barons," when the word *boldly* ſtruck William's ear, and vibrated to his heart. "Why do you heſitate?" whiſpered Love: "take courage! be *bold!*" —Here, however, it was no barons that William had to deal with; and he would have thought it far eaſier to addreſs himſelf to all the barons in Chriſtendom than to expoſe himſelf to the offended looks of Jeanette.

Suddenly

Suddenly William began to toſs himſelf about in bed, and to mutter unintelligible jargon. Jeanette looked up: "William, are you not well?"—He returned no anſwer. Jeanette repeated her queſtion, and William ſtill refuſed to anſwer. Alarmed, ſhe threw away the book, roſe, leant over him, and gazed upon his countenance with inquiſitive looks. His cheeks glowed—and that appeared a ſuſpicious ſymptom; his brow was hot—it was a return of the fever; his eyes rolled—he breathed quick—ſhe was ſeriouſly alarmed. Silent and anxious ſhe ſtood beſide him to watch the ſymptoms.

William now began to give looſe to his tongue: "Jeanette!" exclaimed he without turning his eyes towards the place where ſhe ſtood, "my beloved Jeanette!" Then he proceeded to talk enthuſiaſtically of palaces and cottages, which he would inhabit with his Jeanette.

nette. Now he would ſuppoſe that he ſaw Mr. Jerome before him; with tears he entreated and conjured him not to refuſe him Jeanette becauſe he was poor. Now he thought he ſaw her in the arms of another; then wept and raved, complained and ſtormed.

Jeanette was terribly frightened. She attempted to run away, but did not go; ſhe was about to cry for help, but ſhe did not. William's ravings were ſo intereſting that they fixed her whole attention, and the confeſſion of his love ſhe heard with rapture, as his ſituation ſpared her bluſhes.

After the pretended ſick man had played his part for a conſiderable time with great ſucceſs, and had unveiled the moſt ſecret wiſhes of his heart without embarraſſment, he ſunk down upon the bed as if exhauſted, and peered at Jeanette with half-ſhut eyes, in order to aſcertain the effects of his talents for the-

atrical

atrical performance. His ſinking down appeared to Jeanette to be a ſwoon; and when he gazed ſteadily at her, ſhe thought that his eyes were ſet in his head. Away ſhe ran to the window, where ſtood a phial with cordial drops, took a cup, and intended to pour out twenty; there were at leaſt eighty however, partly becauſe her hand trembled, and partly becauſe ſhe reckoned as much out of rule as if ſhe had in her life heard no more of addition or multiplication than of *Kant*'s Criticiſm on pure Reaſon. Had this cordial been applied as it was intended, the roguiſh patient would indeed have ſuſtained no injury; for on the way between the window and the bed her trembling hand had ſpilt four parts of the potent drug. With the remainder ſhe approached the patient's lips, and with ſoothing accents ſaid, "My dear William!"—At theſe words, inſtead of the cup he ſeized her hand,

preſſed

preſſed it ardently to his mouth, and gazed upon her with languiſhing ſoftneſs.

"You will ſpill the drops!" cried Jeanette confounded. But the drops were already ſpilt. William troubled himſelf no more about them; he threw his arms round the lovely girl, hid his face in her boſom, and ſtammered, "Forgive me, Jeanette, I do not rave!"

"What is the matter with you, William?"

"Alas! I am poor! I have nothing but a heart that dotes upon you!"

"You are ſick!"—

"O yes! to death if you diſdain me!"

It was indeed an excellent, though a very dangerous faſhion among the old Germans, which aſſigned to the fair ſex the practice of the healing art. What extraordinary cures might not in thoſe days a young handſome baggage have performed! How often, on the other hand,

hand, might ſhe not have been the victim of her humanity! How often has the patient been cured when the phyſician caught the diſtemper!

Jeanette felt that ſhe had more occaſion for the cordial drops than William. She would have run out of the room, but ſhe wanted ſtrength to diſentangle herſelf from his arms. She would have chid, but ſhe wanted breath to ſpeak, as William's glowing lips were preſſed to hers. At this moment the *juggler* Cupid, with inconceivable dexterity, exchanged their hearts; and ſhowed them, by the help of a little of his necromantic ſkill, inſtead of a yawning abyſs under their feet, a diſtant proſpect of flowery fields and beds of roſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE are four kinds of happy mortals in the world. With three of them happineſs glides ſwiftly away, like the light clouds which the helpleſs mariner, as he clings to the ſhattered helm of reaſon, at a diſtance miſtakes for land. With the fourth only is it permanent; provided no phyſician happens, uncalled, to interfere. The three firſt are, the *drunk man*, the *lover*, and the *child*.—The laſt—alas! why muſt I acknowledge the unwelcome truth?—the laſt is —the *madman*. All the four have this in common, that they are contented with what they poſſeſs; they enjoy the preſent, and entertain no apprehenſions for the future. On account of the coincidence which we have mentioned, it is

uſual to call lovers childiſh, drunk, or mad; and I have nothing to ſay ſhould the reader be inclined to apply theſe honourable appellations to the principal perſonages of my ſtory; for it was *childiſh* at their age to permit love to ſteal into their hearts; it was *intoxication* to acknowledge their mutual attachment; it was *madneſs* to dream of future bliſs.

William's moſt ambitious hopes ſcarcely aſpired ſo high as the rank of a ſchoolmaſter. Jeanette, indeed, thought that love ennobled every ſtation, and conſtituted the happineſs of the beggar as well as the prince. She already anticipated in imagination how ſhe would feed the hens and geeſe, and bake cakes at Chriſtmas. Even the difference of their religious faith gave her no uneaſineſs. Lovers have only one religion.

William thought theſe ſentiments extremely well founded, and did not fail to add

add many other reaſons no leſs concluſive. If a warlike prince, would he argue, returns his ſword into the ſcabbard to repoſe in the arms of his conſort, why 'tis the ſame thing exactly when the ſchoolmaſter lays down the rod and embraces his helpmate. The prince adorns his brows with laurel, and the ſchoolmaſter at Whitſuntide decorates his apartment with birch. The laurel is dyed with blood, but the birch ſheds a ſweet perfume.—Love delights to amuſe itſelf with ſuch companions. The imagination admits them without ſcruple; but as with infants, who thruſt every thing indiſcriminately into their mouth, it is ſoon diſcovered that ſome things will not go down.

William, whoſe fever had now taken a different turn, appeared endued with ſupernatural powers ſince Jeanette's lips had been preſſed to his. His maſters no longer called him dreamer. He was

the moſt attentive, the moſt ſtudious ſcholar in the ſchool. He acquired every branch of knowledge with extraordinary expedition, and never loſt ſight of the object of his exertions, the valuable prize for which he ſtruggled. He now learnt more in ſix months than formerly in as many years; and at a public examination, in preſence of the ſuperintendant-general *Horiſtophilius*, he made ſo favourable an appearance, that notwithſtanding his youth he received the appointment of ſchoolmaſter at *Walldorf*, a ſituation of no contemptible emolument.

Prouder than a cardinal who has received from the viſible head of the church the right to wear a purple robe, and to lead a great white horſe by a golden bridle; happier than a ſhipwrecked navigator, who for many weeks has defied the attacks of hunger and thirſt in a crazy canoe, and at laſt deſcries a friend-

ly

ly South Sea iſland at hand, on whoſe coaſts the bread-tree invites him to allay his hunger; prouder and happier did William now fly home to revive his ſick father with the news.

Good old John Meadows was not deſtined to enjoy the fruits of his ſon's induſtry and preferment, for he died a few weeks after. To the day of his death, however, he continued to amuſe himſelf with a hundred little plans how he ſhould ſpend an eaſy old age, how he ſhould ſuperintend the kitchen-garden and the orchard, or undertake the management of the ſchool upon occaſion, when urgent buſineſs took his ſon to town. In the midſt of theſe flattering dreams John Meadows fell aſleep—the happier for him, perhaps! The imagination is wont to paint *al freſco*; its performances will not bear a narrow inſpection.

It may naturally be ſuppoſed that

William, on being inveſted with his new dignity, immediately after communicating his good fortune to his father, hied away to Mr. Jerome's houſe. Before he ſet out, however, he carefully renewed the powder upon his temples, which, in the terrors of his examination, he had wiped off. On the road his ſenſes were inacceſſible to external objects. Now he joſtled againſt a milk-woman, and again a cart-horſe ſhoved him into the kennel. He preſſed onward without looking at his way, talked to himſelf as he went, and his ſmiles eaſily diſcovered that his ſoliloquies were not of a gloomy character.

"I am extremely happy to hear it," ſaid Mr. Jerome; "God bleſs you, my ſon!" Jeanette's cheeks glowed with tranſport; and ſhe could ſcarce reſiſt the impulſe to throw herſelf round his neck, and kiſs the beloved youth. The word *ſon*, which her father had employed, awaked

awaked in her mind a train of ſmiling images.

William was invited to ſtay dinner. He ſat in ſpeechleſs joy; he could not eat a bit, and ſatisfied himſelf with feaſting his eyes; and when the old man poured out a glaſs of wine, and kindly ſaid, "Your health, Mr. Meadows!"—the tears burſt into Jeanette's eyes; ſhe was obliged to riſe from table on pretence of buſineſs.

It is a good old practice to drink healths. It is indeed the moſt inſipid thing in the world when it is merely a piece of ceremony in a polite company. But upon particular joyful occaſions, when heart drinks to heart, the tear ſtarts into the eye of manhood, and the youth exclaims with the old man—

"God preſerve the good old cuſtoms of our forefathers!"

CHAP. VII.

PATIENCE!

A FEW days after this joyful incident, death ſummoned ſome half-dozen princes and lords to the other world, and by the ſame conveyance diſpatched likewiſe John Meadows the porter, there to be interrogated, by a more penetrating examiner than the ſuperintendant-general *Horiſtophilius*, how each of them had borne his burden through life, and whether they had dragged it without ſtumbling from the cradle to the grave?

After William had dropped a tear of filial piety upon his father's grave, and taken poſſeſſion of his whole inheritance, conſiſting of the blue Sunday's coat and the ſcarlet waiſtcoat, he departed in good ſpirits for Walldorf. He found on his arrival a delightful country; a hoſpitable manſion,

manſion, inhabited by a good old lady, the widow of the deceaſed ſchoolmaſter; a kitchen-garden and orchard, a bower formed of honeyſuckles and jeſſamines; a piece of arable land, a ſmall meadow, an honeſt peaſantry, and a worthy clergyman! All, all exceeded his wiſhes and his hopes. Happy as a child, he made his little domeſtic arrangements in the gaiety of a benevolent heart. His arrival had alarmed the old widow of his predeceſſor, as ſhe was afraid that ſhe would be thruſt out of the little cottage, in which for more than thirty years ſhe had lived in peace. Her fears were groundleſs. "You may live in my houſe, mother!" ſaid William, "till death ſummon you hence, and God may perhaps provide in the ſame manner for my widow when I am gone." He thought of Jeanette. She is unacquainted with the management of a family, and the old woman will teach her both by her ad-

vice and example. The old woman underſtands cookery as well even as the parſon's wife; and when I bring home the bride, ſhe will treat us with a diſh of pancakes, which I know Jeanette dearly loves. Then ſhall we dine in the honeyſuckle bower, and after dinner ſhall I lead her through the fields, and ſhow her all our riches. In the orchard are pears, and as good too as thoſe for which I broke my leg; and in the kitchen-garden are ſallads, which little Marlborough will reliſh ſweetly.

With thoughts like theſe did William nightly lull himſelf to ſleep, till he had fairly ſettled in his new habitation; and according to his opinion, every thing was properly dreſſed out and prepared for the reception of the bride. One morning then, with anxious beating heart, he ſet out for town, and, as he went, conned over a ſpeech, which was quite to overwhelm Mr. Jerome; every word of which, however,

however, he forgot the moment he laid his trembling hand upon the door of the room. "Hah! welcome, Mr. Meadows!" cried the old man when he entered, "how goes it with you?"

"Thank God, Mr. Jerome, matters ſucceed very well. I have enough for allthat I want, and ſomething over."

Mr. Jerome.—I am glad to hear it. Sit down.

William.—I want nothing in the world but a good wife.

Mr. Jerome.—So! ſo! Think you of that already? You are very right, very right. Well do, never rue. You muſt try and lay your hands upon ſome rich farmer's daughter.

Jeanette drew in her breath, and liſtened behind the door. Her boſom heaved with agitation, and alone prevented her from being miſtaken for a ſtatue.

"Ah! Mr. Jerome," proceeded William

liam with trembling voice, "what should I do with riches? The art to be rich is the art to have few wants, and thank God I am content. The daughter of a farmer, or a beggar, it is all one if my wife loves me."

Mr. JEROME.—Aye! very well. You are a good-looking young fellow, and will find plenty of girls to like you.

WILLIAM.—I—I have already found one—

Mr. JEROME.—O! I wish you joy. You are come then to invite me to the wedding?

WILLIAM.—Her name—is—Jeanette—

Mr. JEROME.—So! Why, that is the name of my daughter.

WILLIAM.—Dear Mr. Jerome! you are my benefactor! you have raised me from nothing, and made me a man—Complete your work!---Give me Jeanette to wife!

"What!

" What! what! are you out of your wits?" ſaid Mr. Jerome, and the pipe dropped from his mouth.

William ſeized the old man's hand, devoured it with kiſſes, and bathed it with his tears as he ſtammered the words: " Jeanette loves me!"

" This is very abſurd in you," ſaid Mr. Jerome, after he had a little recovered from his ſurpriſe; " very childiſh and thoughtleſs in both of you. I am indeed no friend of old-faſhioned whimſies, but order muſt ſtill exiſt in the world. Every one ſhould match with his equal. Beſides, I am a catholic, and two religions will never do in marriage. The children would not know whether to believe their father or mother. In ſhort, my friend, I can forgive you for hankering after Jeanette; for you are young, and ſhe is a handſome baggage: but I hope you will give up all ideas of matrimony, and never

never return the benefits I have conferred upon you with ingratitude."

This was the firſt time in ſeven years that Mr. Jerome had dropped a hint of the word benefit; ſo it went the more ſeverely to poor William's heart. "Ingratitude!" ſaid he, while his quivering lips drank up the falling tear: "No! God preſerve me from that crime! Befall me what may, God preſerve me from ingratitude!"—He ſqueezed his hat between his hands, looked to heaven, his eyes bedewed with tears, and exclaimed: "I may be wretched, but never ungrateful!"

With theſe words he ſtaggered to the door. The old man was affected. A compaſſionate emotion pleaded the cauſe of his adopted ſon; but reaſon interfered, and proteſted with deciſive voice: "It muſt not be!"---So he bade him go in God's name.

When

When William opened the door, Jeanette lay upon the threſhold and ſobbed. From the threſhold ſhe crept to her father's feet. She could not ſpeak, but her eyes ſpoke a language which her father's heart underſtood. Mr. Jerome was obliged to ſummon up all his firmneſs to withſtand its dumb eloquence. He ſtruggled, and was victorious; for the good man's oppoſition to the marriage was founded neither upon regard to rank, nor to the catholic religion, but upon reaſons which he was aſhamed openly to avow.

High living, indolence, and diſhoneſt ſervants had ſquandered his means of ſubſiſtence; and for ſome time paſt he had been meditating ſome ſcheme for repairing his fortune. The eaſieſt and moſt commodious appeared to be to marry his daughter to a rich young tradeſman, who had lately ſettled at L***,

and

and ſeemed to be much attached to Jeanette.

The world talks a great deal of prejudice, and yet in nine inſtances out of ten it is only the cover for human actions. Intereſt and paſſion are the ſecret ſprings of the machine, and prejudice is only the puppet that plays before our eyes. Gentle reader! be not offended with the corpulent man. He did what millions of honeſt Chriſtians would have done in his ſituation; he beſtowed upon the young people a fruitleſs, unavailing compaſſion; ſuggeſted common-place topics of conſolation, and recommended to them *patience*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SOLDIER.

THERE are a number of virtues of which we are unable to form any juſt eſtimate. A number did I ſay?—Perhaps all!—Climate, conſtitution, and age here form a ſaint, and there a villain. If the Indian, whoſe fruitful ſoil returns his increaſe an hundred-fold, is more beneficent than the native of Finland, who muſt draw his ſcanty bread from the rugged rock, in what does the ſuperior merit of the former conſiſt? When Boileau preaches chaſtity, becauſe a cold-blooded tutor had in his boyiſh years taught him to be a woman-hater, in him it is no virtue. And if Mr. Jerome, in the ſixtieth year of his age, ſhould practiſe the patience which he recommends, he is indebted for it to the ſober

temperament

temperament of his blood, which no longer darts rapidly through his veins, but creeps on in a ſlow and eaſy current.

The exiſtence of youth is compoſed of *wiſhes* and of *hopes*; that of the old man, of *habits*. Wiſhes and hopes, the youth may change or renew; but the old man clings to his habits like an oyſter to his ſhell; tear him from his habits, and he dies. Mr. Jerome felt that an eaſy life, a well covered table, and a glaſs of good wine, were become indiſpenſable to him. William was unable to ſupply him with theſe, and accordingly he perſiſted reſolutely in his refuſal.

William and Jeanette parted as life parts from youth, with ſtruggles and convulſions. "Alas! had fate but ordained me to be a porter!" exclaimed William, as he tore himſelf away. "Even then ſhould I have loved you!" returned Jeanette in a voice almoſt ſtifled

ſtifled with ſobs. In vain her father employed every means to divert the attention of the doting maid. He took her out to the garden—but there lay William under the pear-tree!—He walked with her in the meadows—there ſprang William into the river!—He invited company—but among them at table ſhe ſtill ſaw the image of William!—He preſented her with new dreſſes—but for whom ſhould ſhe now adorn her perſon? Her hair remained uncurled; her flowers were no longer tended; and poor Marlborough was almoſt ſtarved. She exchanged her apartment for that where ſhe had nurſed William in his ſickneſs. There ſhe would ſit upon the bed where firſt he had encircled her in his arms; there ſhe would rivet her to the ground where the fatal drops he had ſpilt yet ſtained the floor.

William returned to his village with a ſtern indifference to every thing that

is

is called mankind and the world. The good old dame at home obſerved with ſorrow, that he gave to the dog the ſavoury pancakes ſhe had ſo carefully prepared for his entertainment. He went out to the fields, and ſmiled when he ſaw that the vermin had deſtroyed the green ſhoots of the corn. He traverſed the orchard, and conceived a ſullen joy when he ſaw the caterpillar hang upon the bloſſoms. He accidentally looked up, and ſaw a hawk which had ſtolen one of his chickens from the court-yard, and he involuntarily exclaimed: Bravo!

In this temper of mind, he proceeded with haſty ſteps to the village. His arms acroſs, his hat flouched over his face, his head leaning upon his breaſt, he ſaw neither man nor beaſt; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. Suddenly he heard the voice of ſorrow moaning at a little diſtance.

He

He awaked for a moment from his ſtupefaction, raiſed his hat from his eyes, and diſcovered a country woman weeping and wringing her hands in deſpair. William, the once tender, kind-hearted William, ever ready to comfort and to relieve, now did not think it worth his pains to enquire the cauſe of her ſorrow. "What can be the matter?" thought he. "She has perhaps been robbed, or her cow-houſe has been burnt down. Poh! a trifle!" He was paſſing on.

"Ah! Mr. Schoolmaſter!" cried the woman, "help me, for God's ſake!" "God help you!" ſaid William carelefsly.

"Ah! the cruel ſoldiers! they have taken from me my only ſon!"

"The ſoldiers!"—A flaſh of lightning darted into William's ſoul. "Where are they?"

"There, in the alehouſe.—Alas, my Henry! I ſhall never ſee him more!

He

He is but a weakly lad, and never can ſtand the fatigues of ſervice!"

"Patience, Goody! We ſhall ſee what is to be done."

With rapid ſtrides William approached the alehouſe. In his ſoul was a cruel ſtruggle.—Who am I?—What am I?—Is there any thing now upon earth to which my heart can cling?—My father is dead! Jeanette is dead!—Shall I here remain, and eat and drink, and walk and ſleep, to-morrow and to-morrow, juſt as I did the day before?—Uniformity and repoſe were intended for happy mortals. Noiſe, buſtle, and war; here to-day, there to-morrow; well to-day, to-morrow wounded—This is the life for the miſerable!"

He went into the alehouſe. A Pruſſian ſergeant ſat at a table, toaſting the king's health, and laughing at the effeminate recruit who ſat weeping by his ſide. William called the ſergeant aſide.

"Sir!"

" Sir !" ſaid he, " what can you make of that poor delicate fellow ? He can ſcarce yet carry a muſket."

" There is no help for that," purſued the man of war, " we have no alternative. Food for powder—food for powder ! The French cut out work for us. If we were now to look ſo cloſely to the height and the broad ſhoulders, not a company in the ſervice would have its complement."

WILLIAM.—But what ſay you if, inſtead of this recruit, I ſhould furniſh you with a ſtout, healthy, robuſt young fellow ſix feet high ?

SERGEANT.—O ho ! that is another affair. In God's name, be it ſo with all my heart.

WILLIAM.—Done then ! I am your man.

SERGEANT.—(ſtepping back) What! you, Mr. Schoolmaſter ?

WILLIAM.—No more words. Give me

me a glaſs of wine. Here's to the king's health!

SERGEANT.—Has your honour drank a glaſs too much already? How? Would you exchange your ſnug, comfortable ſituation for eightpence a day?

WILLIAM.---That is my affair, good ſir. There is my hat, clap a cockade in it.

SERGEANT.—Why, then, ſince you will have it ſo——

WILLIAM.—Hold! that would attract too much notice in the village. When do you march?

SERGEANT.—This very evening.

WILLIAM.—So much the better. When you paſs my houſe, down there in the corner, whiſtle, and I ſhall immediately join you.

SERGEANT.—But the bounty money———

WILLIAM.---Bounty money? Ha! ha! ha! The bounty money is my wretchedneſs;

neſs; I will not run away from you. Now go and inform the poor devil that he is at liberty.

SERGEANT.—Not till I am ſure of my bargain, and you have taken the bounty.

WILLIAM.—Muſt it be ſo? Why then here!

William received a few guineas, and followed the ſergeant into the room. Here he viewed with indifference the joy of poor Henry, and the raptures of his mother. Into the hand of the latter he ſlipped the guineas, not for the ſake of doing a beneficent action, but to be rid of the money. Followed by a thouſand bleſſings, which neither moved nor gratified him, he went home to pack up his linen in a bundle. The old dame looked at him with aſtoniſhment, and twenty times aſked him what he meant, but received no anſwer. In the evening the ſergeant whiſtled. "Farewell!

good mother!" ſaid William, and threw his bundle over his ſhoulder.

"Gracious God! Where are you going? and ſo late in the afternoon too?"

"Go to ſleep in peace, good mother! When that morn ſhall dawn in *that place* where merchants and ſchoolmaſters, catholics and proteſtants, awake together, we ſhall meet again!"—The old lady underſtood him not. She looked after him till the hawthorn hedge concealed him from her ſight. She ſhook her head, waddled away to a neighbour, with whom ſhe puzzled her brain till midnight in vain, to conjecture what could have befallen the ſchoolmaſter.

The ſun roſe majeſtic in the eaſt, as the ſergeant and his recruits aſcended a hill, from which they could command a view of the place of William's nativity. William diſtinctly diſcovered the top of the houſe in which Jeanette lived.

The

The garden before the door appeared quite plain to his ſight, and he thought that he could even diſtinguiſh the fatal pear-tree.

Hitherto he had followed his conductor in gloomy ſilence. Neither words nor ſighs had betrayed the ſufferings of his heart. Now he ſuddenly ſtopped, as if rooted to the ſpot on which he ſtood, ſtretched out his arms towards the place of his nativity, and wept bitterly.

"Courage!" ſaid the ſergeant. "Tho' you were to ſpend twenty years in his majeſty's ſervice, the town won't ſtir an inch from its place. When you return, too, as a corporal, diſcharged, with a medal dangling in your button-hole, it will ſparkle far differently in your ſweetheart's eyes from that black old-faſhioned coat!"

"My ſweetheart!" ſaid William, alarmed: "How do you know —?"

SERGEANT.—Po! 'tis eaſy to ſee that. I have lived too long in the world not to know that ſuch things are. Were there not a ſweetheart in the caſe, you would not gaze ſo earneſtly upon yonder valley.

WILLIAM.—My father lies buried there.

The ſergeant ſmiled ſignificantly, and opened his knapſack. "I ſee you won't tell me. Why, no matter! Here, then, take a glaſs. There is an excellent ſong I have heard ſometimes, which ſays: A glaſs to the ſilent dead!"

William took the glaſs.

"To the dead or to the living?" ſaid the ſergeant archly.

"Why ſhould I deny it?" returned William: "it is to my Jeanette!"

SERGEANT.—Jeanette? Here's her health!

The ſergeant's obſervation recalled to William's

William's mind the ſong to which he had alluded, and he felt himſelf ſoothed as he repeated it to himſelf.—"Come along," ſaid he after a ſhort pauſe, "I am a man again."

CHAP. IX.

A NEW CHARACTER.

WERE it not inconſiſtent with the reſpect which I entertain for what is called *ſpirit*, I would ſay, that the ſoul ſometimes reſembles a ſprained joint—you cannot touch it without cauſing violent pain. Often, however, a little ſtroking by a ſkilful hand is ſufficient to reſtore every muſcle to its proper tone. Accident led the ſergeant to quote a few words of *Schiller's* ſonnet to *Pleaſure*. William had the ſong completely by heart; every line ruſhed into his memory, and every one bore the ſtamp of perfection; every one irreſiſtibly rouſed his ſoul to heavenly emotions. I know no human ills for which this exquiſite poem will not afford a cordial drop of conſolation. Bleſſings on the poet's

poet's head who wrote it! Once in a dreary hour it revived me!—"Bleſſings on his head!" exclaimed William, as a beam of hope dawned in his breaſt, and a ſpark of courage awoke in his ſoul.

William, with moiſtened eyes, caſt a parting look at his father's grave, the beloved pear-tree, and the ivy mantled roof of Mr. Jerome's houſe. With haſty ſtrides he darted down the hill, and felt a kind of ſatisfaction when he found that it concealed the laſt ſpires of the town from his view. *Satisfaction* do you ſay? —Certainly. As long as a man can graſp at a beloved image with the ſmalleſt probability of reaching it, he is more wretched than when the laſt ray of hope vaniſhes from his breaſt. As often as William ſaw, in the blue horizon *behind* him, the hill which the preceding day he had deſcried in the blue horizon *before* him, as often as he croſſed a river, and ſaw the flying bridge again removed

behind him, he felt as if his heart was ever collected more firmly within itself; the ſtorm in his ſoul was ſilent; and if he did not enjoy tranquillity, yet the tempeſt had ceaſed to rage.

Very naturally, the ſergeant, in this expedition, became his confidant. Communication is indiſpenſably neceſſary to a lover; and had no human ear been open to William's melancholy tale, he would have ſtolen a dog in the firſt village he came to, and made him the partner of his ſorrows. William's companion, indeed, was no ſuch rough fellow as his fierce whiſkers and his ſtern voice ſeemed to indicate. He had left a wife and child at home. He loved to talk of war and battles; but he loved ſtill better to talk of his dear Nancy, and his fine boy at her breaſt. The man who combines affection for a virtuous wife and a ſenſe of domeſtic happineſs can never be hard-hearted. Patiently he liſtened

liſtened to the complaints of his love-ſick recruit, or at leaſt ſeemed to liſten; and that was enough for William.

After ſeveral days journey they arrived at the place of their deſtination, a fortreſs upon the frontiers, where the recruits were aſſembled, and the new levies inſtructed in military ſervice. The ſobriety, regularity, attention, and rapid progreſs of the young man ſoon gained the regard of his ſuperiors. With eaſe he acquired dexterity in the manual exerciſes of his new profeſſion. He was ſteady and correct in his conduct, and never was involved in any unpleaſant adventures. He wrote a fine hand, and inſtructed his captain's children in the rudiments of education. By theſe means he gained univerſal love and reſpect; and even the wildeſt of his comrades entertained no animoſity againſt him, as he pretended no call to the office of a preacher of morality, and never interfered.

terfered to damp their pleaſures. There was one, however, more attached to him than the reſt; and this was preciſely the moſt diſſipated among them.

Frederick Perlſtadt, the ſon of a collector of the revenue, combined with an open generous heart a very ſprightly diſpoſition. When a boy he uſed to teaſe and torment his maſter by his miſchievous tricks, and was inexhauſtible in wanton ſallies of waggery. Sometimes he would faſten a hook to the venerable peruke of the ſchoolmaſter, and whip it off, to the infinite entertainment of his companions. Sometimes he would ſew together the ſkirts of his ſchoolfellows' coats, or ſtick their heads between the ſpars of the benches, as if they ſtood in the pillory. Neither admonition nor the rod was ſpared for the good of his ſoul, but the latter ſucceeded worſe than the former. His father, who had been ſeveral years a widower, was diſpoſed to

overlook

overlook his boyiſh tricks; and perhaps every thing would have gone ſmoothly with him, had not his evil genius curſed him with a ſtep-mother.

Truth demands the confeſſion, that ſometimes good ſtep-mothers may be found; they are very rare, however, like honeſt divines. Such a rarity the French call *belle mere*; the common ſtep-mother they ſtyle *marâtre**, a very ſignificant and energetic phraſe, for which the poverty of our language has no correſponding term. Frederick's peſt was a *marâtre*. She hated the wild boy from the bottom of her ſoul, and every childiſh waggery ſhe aſcribed to a rooted bad diſpoſition; every thoughtleſs, youthful extravagance ſhe imputed to a vicious and corrupted heart. His wildneſs daily in-

* Step-mothers *(les marâtres)* deſolate cities and villages; and, no leſs than poverty, they people the earth with beggars, vagabonds, domeſtics, and ſlaves.—*Characters of La Bruyere.*

creaſed; and as no debt on earth is more faithfully repaid than that of hatred, he returned his ſtep-mother's animoſity with ſilent deteſtation. Wherever he found an opportunity to do her a miſchief, he was ſure to ſeize it. His uſual enterpriſes of hoſtility were, to throw ſugar into the cream; to catch rats and mice, and then ſet them looſe in her bed-room; to place a number of beetles under her pillow, to keep her from ſleeping. By this conduct he eternally diſturbed the peace of the family; and his father was daily more and more ſpirited up againſt him, till his ſtep-mother began ſeriouſly to conſider of getting rid of the graceleſs youth.

One day ſhe was to ſtand godmother to the child of ſome perſon of conſequence. For this feſtival ſhe had brought out of her wardrobe a ſplendid white dreſs, which was carefully ſpread out upon the ſofa. Frederick ſaw it and chuckled.

chuckled. He went and brought into the room a large tabby cat, which had the bad cuſtom of conſidering the moſt valuable things of no more importance than the moſt uſeleſs. The cat was laid on the middle of the gown, and the conſequences anſwered Frederick's moſt ſanguine expectation.—At laſt, however, the ſtorm which had long been gathering over his head burſt.

"It is impoſſible to live any longer with Frederick," ſaid the ſtep-mother: "either he or I muſt leave the houſe!"

"But where ſhall he go?"

"It is no matter to me! I will no longer live under the ſame roof with him. Is not the raſcal big enough? Why, let him be a ſoldier. I'll warrant the muſket will ſoon drive the miſchief out of his head."

Frederick laughed; his ſiſter wept and prayed; his father made ſome feeble objections, but in vain. The irreſiſtible decree

decree of his ſtep-mother was pronounced, and before a month elapſed Frederick was a fuſileer in the celebrated regiment of *Oſtein*.

But the muſket did not drive the miſchief out of his head. Without being guilty of any very criminal exceſſes, he ſtill continued, as formerly, a wild, thoughtleſs fellow, ever ready to knock his head againſt the wall, and in danger of being betrayed by his impetuous temper into troubleſome ſcrapes. It is difficult to ſay what ſuch a temper, with a mind totally neglected and uncultivated, would have led to, had not chance brought a company of players to his native town. With this intellectual pleaſure he was altogether unacquainted. By the help of a few ſhillings, with which the ſavings of his ſiſter enabled her to ſupply him, he had ſometimes an opportunity of going to the theatre. The *Grateful Son* was the firſt piece which he ſaw repreſented.

ſented. It made a wonderful impreſſion upon him. He laughed and wept. They were the firſt tears of ſentiment which he had ſhed. He was aſhamed of them, and was ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the delightful ſenſations which they produced.

This moment, however, decided the nobler character of his ſoul. He was not, indeed, all at once changed into a new mortal. Still he was ſometimes hurried away by his impetuoſity, and indulged his diſpoſition to wild and boiſterous enjoyments. There were periods, however, in which he taſted the pleaſure of reading. There were moments in which he peruſed *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones* with delight; and at laſt he began to reliſh *Don Carlos* and *Oberon*.

It was at this æra that the hero of this hiſtory became Frederick's companion, and the books which William received from

from him, and read over and over with ſo much rapture, formed the firſt links of their acquaintance. It was yet a ſlender tie, but time gave it ſtrength. The diſſipated Frederick ſometimes followed the prudent counſels of his ſober friend; could not help entertaining a kind of reſpect for his judgment, and profited by his ſociety. William, too, would ſometimes gratify Frederick by joining his ſocial parties; and often by his preſence prevented many follies and quarrels, which ſo naturally ariſe among the votaries of Bacchus. In a word, William deſcended to Frederick, and Frederick elevated himſelf to William. He daily diſcovered in the unexplored regions of his heart new delicate emotions; his judgment every day became more correct, his ſoul more refined; and, in a ſhort time, of all his youthful foibles nothing remained but his ardent temper and

and impetuous ſpirit; qualities which, if they do not conſtitute a virtuous man, at leaſt are more compatible with goodneſs of heart than inſidious coldneſs and frigid equanimity.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

THE MURDERER.

IN this way of life two years had now elapſed. William had never received any intelligence from home, nor did he wiſh for any. What indeed could he expect to hear from ſuch a quarter?—That Jeanette had married ſome rich reſpectable huſband? That now, perhaps, ſhe was a mother?—Melancholy news! ungrateful ever to a lover's ear. William carefully avoided meeting any body from the neighbourhood of his native place; and was even afraid to read the newſpapers, from a fear of finding Jeanette's marriage announced. Still he continued to love Jeanette beyond every one in the world; and, to tell a ſecret, Frederick Perlſtadt would not ſo eaſily have

have gained his friendſhip, had he not chanced to have a ſiſter who was likewiſe called Jeanette. It was not that his ſiſter herſelf could ever have gained an intereſt in his heart. He had not the leaſt deſire to ſee her, though frequently invited by Frederick to accompany him to viſit her. It was enough for him to know that his friend too was affectionately attached to a creature called Jeanette. On this account, he delighted to hear him talk of her; and whenever the word Jeanette was mentioned, William nodded benignantly, as if he would ſay: "I too have a ſiſter called Jeanette."

The inceſſant activity of his ſituation alone prevented William from falling a victim to the melancholy of this laſting, hopeleſs love. The leiſure hours which the ſervice allowed him were employed in the inſtruction of ſome children, and in the cultivation of his own mind. It was but ſeldom that his gay friend could

contrive

contrive to draw him from his books to roam abroad. The weather muſt have been very inviting, and the heavens very ſerene indeed, if William conſented to accompany Frederick in his excurſions. When he did ſo, however, he could be extremely cheerful in his way; for his ſorrows were never ſo intenſe, but that the beauties of Nature were able, at leaſt for a moment, to ſooth his mind to tranquillity.

One delightful May-day Frederick came and perſuaded William to accompany him in a walk to a neighbouring village. They went, and ſtrolled along in friendly chat between two blooming hawthorn hedges. Near the village, where they intended to drink a glaſs of beer, another ſoldier, called *Frank Moritz*, joined them. This Moritz was a peeviſh, ill-natured fellow, conſtantly ſeeking quarrels and taking offence. When he had drank a glaſs of brandy

too

too much, he fell on friend and foe, like *Huber* the reviewer *; and if you could not get out of his way, you were obliged either to take no notice of him at all, or compelled to cane him.

William and Frederick would gladly have gone out of his way; but they never perceived him till they met directly in the teeth at the corner of a hedge.

" Good day, Mr. Parſon !" ſaid he.

FREDERICK.—Whom do you mean ?

MORITZ.—Who but his worſhip Mr. Meadows there ? who is ſoon to be our chaplain.

WILLIAM.—I thank you for the information.

MORITZ.—Then will you be ſtationed in ſafety beſide the baggage.

FREDERICK.—Even there he would

* A critic who has frequently fallen foul of our author's writings.

not

not be ſecure againſt the darts of malevolent tongues.

MORITZ.—Heaven guard him! Who dare attempt to aſſail our captain's favourite? He holds him out as a pattern to the whole company.

FREDERICK.—And ſhame it is that you, and thoſe like you, profit ſo little by his example.

MORITZ.—Po! it were a fine thing truly, if, inſtead of his cartridge-box, every man in the army carried a book in his pocket, and, when he ought to give fire, ſhould preſent the enemy with a poem.

WILLIAM (calmly).—Let that matter alone, Moritz. Allow every man to amuſe himſelf in the way he likes beſt.

FREDERICK.—And look you, Moritz, that is nobody's buſineſs; do you underſtand me?

MORITZ (contemptuouſly).—And if I were

I were to ſay that I do not underſtand you? what then?

FREDERICK (warmly).—Then I ſhould let you know my meaning more diſtinctly.

MORITZ.—O! ho! is this the caſe?

WILLIAM (to Frederick).—Let him paſs on; return him no anſwer.

They both were ſilent, but Moritz continued to follow them. "Where are you going this way?" ſaid he again.

WILLIAM.—To Greendorf.

MORITZ.—And what do you mean to do there?

WILLIAM.—Drink a glaſs of beer.

MORITZ.—A thimblefull I ſhould gueſs!

FREDERICK.—Hark ye, Moritz! you are but a ſorry jeſter! I'd adviſe you to hold your tongue, or perhaps you may repent it.

MORITZ.—How ſo?

FREDERICK.—Really your company is not agreeable at preſent.

MORITZ.—Why, I have ſeen the time when you did not think my company ſo diſagreeable.

FREDERICK.—I beſeech you don't remind me of the ſins of my youth.

MORITZ.—Why truly, comrade, you were once a fine fellow; but ſince you have attached yourſelf to that canting—

FREDERICK.—Hold your impertinence. That canter is my friend; and whoever dares to be rude to him muſt not think that his ſword will ruſt in the ſcabbard.

MORITZ.—Mine you ſee is pretty eaſy to draw!

WILLIAM.—I entreat you, Frederick, not to gratify him ſo far as to quarrel with him.

MORITZ.—His reverence the parſon there probably cannot ſtand the ſight of blood!

FRE-

FREDERICK.—Why not? Were I to give you a bloody noſe, perhaps he could ſtand that.

MORITZ.—O, ho! Mr. Smockface! we ſhall ſee that.

With theſe words he ſtruck Frederick a blow on the face, and, ſpringing a few ſteps back, drew his ſword. Like lightning Frederick's ſword flaſhed in the air; with blind rage he darted at the villain, and before William could run between them the miſcreant lay at his feet weltering in his blood. Half-drunk, he ruſhed on his antagoniſt's point, and received the mortal blow in his heart.

"My God!" exclaimed William, "what have you done?"

"The raſcal has met with his deſerts," ſaid Frederick. "Has he not compelled me to do what I have done?"

WILLIAM.—But what is now to be done? Will you not be puniſhed as a

murderer? Will the teſtimony of a friend in your favour be admitted?

FREDERICK.—I doubt it! What then is to be done? I muſt fly.

WILLIAM.—And your poor old father? your good ſiſter?

FREDERICK.—It is hard! but my misfortunes are unmerited.

WILLIAM.—And on my account too! To that I will never conſent!—Recollect yourſelf, Frederick; put up your weapon; go to town; declare me to be the author of this deed; and in the mean time I make my eſcape.

FREDERICK.—Are you mad?

WILLIAM.—There is no time to be loſt. You have never been from home; you are unacquainted with the world; you muſt be taken. I am better qualified to fight my way. Beſides, I have neither father nor mother, ſiſter nor brother; my fate will coſt no human being a tear.

FREDERICK (wiping his eyes).—Are not theſe tears? Think you I could drive you to miſery, and ever enjoy a moment's repoſe? Think you I could read your name upon the gibbet, and not ſink into the earth with ſhame?

WILLIAM.—Unmerited puniſhment can be no diſgrace. My name will remain engraved in your heart, and God is our witneſs here!

The two friends fell into one another's arms. There was no time now for much reflection. The danger required an immediate reſolution. Every moment they might be ſurpriſed beſide the corpſe. Delay would render flight more difficult. William exerted all his eloquence to convince Frederick that regard for his parents and relations, on whom his diſgrace would redound, impoſed it on him as a duty to allow his friend to fly. He did not convince, but he ſilenced him. Alas! Frederick, the involuntary

murderer, was already ſo confounded, that he knew not what he did. Weeping, he put his purſe into the hand of the generous youth—ſpeechleſs, he preſſed him to his heart. William tore himſelf away. He flew light as a roe; for, inſtead of a murder, he felt in his breaſt the conſciouſneſs of a noble action!

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THE PRIEST.

WHEN a fugitive with a few ſhillings in his pocket, and the conſciouſneſs of a good action in his heart, graſps the beggar's ſcrip with more joy and ſatisfaction than the crowned robber his ſceptre—O God! can man demand from thee a ſtill farther reward for that conduct which, in the moment it is performed, ſo richly rewards itſelf? About the cloſe of day William heard three guns fired, and ſoon after the ſound of bells in the neighbouring villages. He knew that he was the object of purſuit, and he concealed himſelf in a ditch under a bridge that croſſed a river on the highway. Over the bridge in a ſhort time he heard the trampling of the horſes of

the huſſars who were ſcouring the country in ſearch of him. He did not quit his hiding-place till darkneſs favoured his flight. Although he was unacquainted with the road, he knew that he was near the frontier; and after he had travelled on as faſt as he was able for two hours, a crucifix appriſed him of his ſafe arrival on a foreign ſoil, as the adjoining country was catholic.

Wearied with his journey, he threw himſelf upon the graſs to reſt himſelf. He had not lain long before the purple morn announced the coming day, and at a little diſtance he diſcovered a village, in which he reſolved to ſeek an aſylum till the evening, ſince even in a foreign territory he durſt not, for fear of the hue and cry, venture to purſue his journey during the day. "That church ſpire before me," thought he, "is a proof that there is a clergyman in the village. He is not of my perſuaſion, to be ſure, but

but humanity dwells among all religions; Jeanette, too, was a catholic. If I tell him candidly the circumſtance which compels me to fly, he will not refuſe me a corner of his hayloft till it grow dark."

Having formed this reſolution, he entered the village, and knocked at the prieſt's door. A window opened, out of which looked a chubby round head with the clerical tonſure. A pair of ſmall ſquinting eyes peered with gracious looks over his red bloated cheeks, and played on his purſy double chin.

"What do you want, my friend?" ſaid the fat prieſt to the fugitive.

"I wiſh to ſpeak a word in private with your reverence."

"A little patience, and I will open the door."

The roſy prieſt drew in his head, ſhut the window, came to the door with ſilent ſteps, and opened it without noiſe. William now ſaw that the head was only a

model of the belly, which, if another Jonah had been doomed to be thrown into durance, and no whale at hand, would have been able to contain a couple of prophets. That fat men may be generous and beneficent William had already experienced, nor was he ſtaggered in his opinion by the tun-bellied figure of the little prieſt.

Kindneſs, however, is of two ſorts. The one is like the duſt on a butterfly's wings; men's faces are only powdered over with it. The other bears the rich colour of an autumn fruit; it indicates full maturity and exquiſite flavour; it refreſhes the thirſty. When men ſmile, and ſmile whenever you addreſs them; if they are always ſmooth and ſimpering, the kindneſs of ſuch men is only farmed; it is not their *property*. From a leaſehold it is uſual to draw as much advantage as poſſible; while the proprietor alone has a real regard for his poſſeſſion without

without continually planning how he is to draw ſome profit from it. The little fat prieſt farmed his kindneſs, and it brought him annually large ſums from his pariſhioners. He looked with the ſame gracious ſmile on the bride and bridegroom whom he married, and on the poor ſinner whom he reproved when doing penance before the congregation.

William had not ſufficient ſkill in the ſcience of phyſiognomy to determine whether the kindneſs of his hoſt bore the ſtamp of the heart, or of cuſtom. With courage and calmneſs, ſince he was no criminal, William informed the prieſt of his difficulties, who liſtened to him without altering his countenance.

"Very well, my ſon," ſaid he with a ſoft and gentle voice; "follow me without apprehenſion. He conducted his gueſt to a loft, which was formed by a partition of boards, and ſhewed him a bundle of hay for his bed.

"It is probable you have wandered about all night, and will require repoſe. Here nobody will diſturb you. At dinner-time I myſelf will fetch you a baſon of broth, and whatever kind Providence may ſend. When it is dark you may, with the bleſſing of God, proceed on your journey. Two leagues hence lies a market-town, the mayor of which is my friend. I will give you a recommendation to him that you may procure a paſſport, for without a paſſport you will find it difficult to proceed. I adviſe you likewiſe, as ſoon as poſſible, to exchange your uniform for a peaſant's jacket."

William, affected and tranſported by this active and voluntary attention, kiſſed with ardent expreſſions of gratitude the fat hand of the prieſt. "I thought indeed," ſaid he to himſelf after he was alone, "that a religion which Jeanette profeſſes muſt teach humanity." Free from

from all care and apprehenſion, he ſunk down upon the new-gathered hay, and ſlept ſweetly for ſeveral hours. When he awoke about noon, the prieſt ſtood before him with a baſon of broth, a ſlice of bread and bacon, and a bottle of beer.

"Here, my friend, take this and refreſh yourſelf. There alſo is the letter to the mayor. I adviſe you, however, not to quit my houſe till midnight. There are Pruſſian huſſars in the village; the alehouſe where they are quartered is not far off, and you had better not ſtir till the landlord and his gueſts are all gone to ſleep. If you had only your dreſs changed, and the paſſport in your pocket, you are ſafe."

William renewed his expreſſions of gratitude. The prieſt took leave of him with his uſual kindneſs. William ate, drank, and again fell aſleep. Towards evening he awoke refreſhed and invigorated, and in this ſolitude reſigned

himſelf to his reflections. With melancholy emotion he reviewed the paſt; hopeleſs he looked to the future. Whither ſhould he go? What was to become of him? He knew not, and indeed it was almoſt indifferent to him. A man who can work, thought he, may earn a ſubſiſtence any where; and if he muſt forego love, it is of no conſequence where he finds a livelihood.

Till now the moſt profound ſilence had prevailed in the houſe. William heard not a footſtep, not a word, not a whiſper. Two or three mice attracted by the ſavour of the bacon, and which ran about quite tame, ſeemed the only inhabitants of the place. In the duſk of the evening, however, William thought he heard a feeble moaning in the room below. He liſtened—and again all was ſilent. I muſt have been miſtaken, thought he, and took no farther notice of the circumſtance. Scarcely had his mind

mind turned to ſome new object, when the moans he had heard again ſtruck his ear. He held in his breath, and again liſtened. He now diſtinctly heard, ſometimes with longer, ſometimes with ſhorter intervals, ſighs and groans. They appeared to iſſue from the apartment directly under his place of refuge. The houſe was built entirely of wood, and the thin floor favoured his curioſity. He laid himſelf down, and put his ear to the boards. He now heard quite diſtinctly that he was not miſtaken; but from whoſe breaſt the complaining proceeded, and by what ſufferings it was occaſioned, he could not gueſs.

Sometimes he thought he heard the voice of the prieſt. From this he concluded that there muſt be another wretched ſufferer in the houſe beſides himſelf, who was treated by the benevolent prieſt with the ſame kindneſs and hoſpitality. Still, however, he could not

conceive

conceive from what the accents of grief and pain which he had heard could ariſe. If it was a ſick perſon, the illneſs muſt be ſevere indeed which could extort ſuch violent expreſſions of pain and anguiſh. His heart ſympathiſed with the unknown ſufferer; and in that feeling he forgot his own danger.

As night advanced the groans became more violent and more inceſſant; at laſt they changed to ſhrieks. They were the ſhrieks of a female, and they cut William ſo cruelly to the heart that he wiſhed himſelf with the huſſars in the alehouſe. In about half an hour all was ſilent: he liſtened, and heard ſome one ſtep ſoftly; in a little the houſe-door creaked on its hinges. Curioſity led him to the window; the moon ſhone bright. He ſaw the prieſt ſlip through the court to the garden, and he ſeemed to carry ſomething under his caſſock. William's eyes followed him into the garden. The

prieſt

prieſt ſtopped under a large tree, laid his burden on the ground, took up a ſpade, and began to dig.

The female ſhrieks had meanwhile changed again into groans and ſighs, and William was withdrawn by their gentle influence from the extraordinary ſcene which he now witneſſed. He ſlipped down ſtairs upon tiptoe, and, keeping in his breath, approached the apartment from which the voice of anguiſh proceeded. A glimpſe of light diſcovered to him that the prieſt as he went out had left the door a-jar. He advanced, and ſaw the floor ſtained with new-ſhed blood; a lamp threw a feeble light upon a bed, in which lay a young woman pale as death.—Here I muſt drop the pen, nor attempt to paint the horror of William's feelings—Eternal Providence! it was Jeanette!

Cold as a ſtone, and deprived of ſenſation,

ſation, ſtood the wretched youth. His feet were rooted to the floor, his knees knocked againſt each other, his hair ſtood on end, his eyes gazed motionleſs on the ſpectre that threw around a doleful glance, and groaned. He attempted to cry, but his throat was choaked; he attempted to fly, but his limbs were nerveleſs.—How long he ſtood, how at laſt he had torn himſelf from the frightful ſcene, how he reached the ſtreet-door and gained the high road, and of every circumſtance which had paſſed, he had next morning nothing but a confuſed remembrance. When he firſt recovered his ſenſes, he found himſelf ſeated under a tree; the ſun was high, and a young peaſant girl that ſtood before him aſked kindly whether he was ill? offering him at the ſame time a pitcher of milk for his refreſhment.

He gazed at this girl with wild looks.

He

He felt as if he had recovered from the delirium of a fever. "I thank you, my girl," ſaid he in feeble accents, "I want nothing."—The girl threw a compaſſionate glance at him, ſhook her head, and went away.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE PRISON.

WHEN God ſent grief into the world he gave inſenſibility as its beneficent companion. Grief ſometimes would, in a moment, annihilate the machine, if it did not plunge us into the boſom of inſenſibility.

William flew, unconſcious, from the ſcene of horror. Haſtily, and without reflection, he continued to walk on. He went paſt the alehouſe; by the moonlight he ſaw two huſſars ſleeping upon a bench, and never mended his pace. After walking ſeveral hours, exhauſted with fatigue, he threw himſelf upon the graſs, under a tree. The chill morning dew wet him to the ſkin—he felt it not. —Night ſucceeded to day—he ſaw it not.—The lark mounted aloft to greet the

the morn with her melodious notes—but he heard it not. When the milk-maid left him, he gazed after her without thinking what he did; he dropped his head upon the ground, and, as far as he could reach, plucked the daiſies which grew around.

About noon a ſtorm aroſe, and the diſtant thunder rolled. William heard it, as through a ſlumber, and it was pleaſant to him. The heavens were obſcured with gloomy clouds, and he raiſed his eyes with ſatisfaction. The big drops of rain fell upon his face; they cooled the heat of his glowing cheeks. The lightning flaſhed more and more vivid; the thunder pealed louder and louder, and William began to breathe more freely. A violent ſhower of hail, accompanied by a furious whirlwind, ruſhed from the black boſom of an angry cloud. A little penthouſe offered a ſafe

ſhelter

ſhelter to the traveller. William ſaw it, but he moved not from his place.

At this moment, a party of huſſars paſſed by. To ſhield themſelves from the ſtorm, they had drawn their cloaks over their faces, and rode on at a rapid pace. They ſaw him not; but William viewed them without apprehenſion; he recogniſed them to be Pruſſians, and could not comprehend for what reaſon they appeared in ſuch numbers in this neighbourhood.

The louder the ſtorm howled and the thunder roared, the more he felt his breaſt lightened; with more firmneſs he looked up. The tempeſt now hung over his head. Not an hundred paces from the place where he lay, the lightning, with tremendous craſh, ſtruck an oak-tree, and ſhivered it to pieces from the top to the very root.

"Why not *this!*" ſaid William, pointing

pointing to the tree under which he lay. "O God! annihilate me amidſt this conflict of the elements! Take back thy unwelcome preſent of exiſtence, and give it to the fool who thinks it worth his pains to thank thee for it!"

Happy for thee, wretched youth, that thy lips, which anguiſh had ſealed, are again opened. Accuſe thy lot—murmur, complain; and when thy warm tears mingle with the cold rain which beats upon thy countenance, the demon of deſpair reſigns his prey and paſſes by thee. Wrapped in the myſterious inviſible boſom of the pealing thunder, the ſofter genius of melancholy deſcends into thy breaſt. The tempeſt is now ſilent—the ſun burſts through a watery veil—the birds awake to melody—thou weepeſt.

Weep on—ſigh—ſob—theſe tears extinguiſh the riſing thought of ſelf-murder.

der. "I am not yet wholly detached from the chain of exiſtence," exclaimed he, "I have ſtill a friend whom I muſt ſave! a friend to whom I have pledged myſelf to defend my life.—Fly! fly! every ſtep increaſes his tranquillity, and removes you from the faithleſs woman on whom you doted!—Ah! Jeanette! Jeanette! how low art thou fallen!

He now roſe, and proceeded on his journey. Towards evening, he arrived in the town to which the prieſt had directed him. Here he recollected the letter he had received to the mayor; and though his heart revolted at the idea of obtaining a favour by the aſſiſtance of a man who had violated the ſanctuary of his heart, yet the conſideration that the ſafety of his friend was now his only duty prevailed, and reluctantly compelled him to take this ſtep. He went to the mayor's houſe, was uſhered in to an old ſilver-

ſilver-haired perſonage with a benevolent countenance, to whom he preſented the letter.

The old man took the letter, peruſed it with amazement, threw an inquiſitive look at William, and the ſymptoms of diſſatisfaction were viſible in his face. He took off his ſpectacles thoughtfully, laid the letter on the table, and paced ſilently through the room. At laſt he pulled a bell, his trembling hand ſeemed reluctantly to perform the ſervice. An officer of juſtice immediately appeared.

"My friend," ſaid the old man to William, "I am ſorry to inform you that you have been betrayed. You have fallen into a prieſt's hands, and of courſe into bad hands. Were you merely a deſerter, I would willingly overlook the circumſtance; but this letter charges you as a murderer. You are my priſoner. Officer, do your duty."

William ſtood petrified. "Is it poſſible,"

ble," exclaimed he, "that ſo much villainy ſhould lurk under the maſk of friendly tenderneſs? This deceitful prieſt, who has ſo ſcandalouſly abuſed the confidence of a perſecuted man, has ſeduced an innocent girl, murdered his own child, and buried it, laſt night, under a tree in his garden."

The honeſt old man heard this charge with ſatisfaction, which William, whoſe natural feelings of reſentment were rouſed to the higheſt pitch, circumſtantially related, without conſidering the danger to which he thus expoſed the wretched Jeanette. With feelings moſt cruelly diſtracted, his reliance upon love, faith, and the whole human race ſeverely ſhaken, he followed the officers of juſtice to priſon, where a heavy chain upon each leg faſtened him to the wall. In other reſpects he was treated with as much indulgence as the ſtrict duty of his judge would permit.

The

The following night the magiſtrate repaired, with a party of officers, to the houſe of the prieſt. The mother did not deny her ſituation. When aſked what had become of her child, ſhe replied, that it had been taken from her, and given to a country woman to nurſe, though ſhe would willingly have ſuckled it herſelf." She ſpoke this with the tone of innocence and truth; but terror and anxiety ſat on the prieſt's countenance, and betrayed his guilt.

They went out to the garden, and found under a tree the earth new turned up. They dug, and found the body of a new born child, wrapped in a bloody cloth, with a large nail driven through its temples. The officers ſeized the culprit, and threw him in irons into a dungeon, from which the ſpiritual power ſoon after removed him. He did not, as he deſerved, expiate his crime upon the ſcaffold, for the honour of the church

was concerned in hufhing up the affair. He was fhut up in a diftant cloifter, and nothing more was heard of him.

When poor Jeanette was informed of the murder of her child, fhe lay three days fenfelefs; on the fourth fhe was delirious. The humane juftice did not attempt, in this fituation, to throw her into clofe confinement. He ordered a phyfician to be called, and appointed nurfes and midwives to attend her; and after the lapfe of a month, when the phyfician declared that fhe could be removed without danger, fhe was carried to prifon.

During this period, William languifhed in his cell, without knowing what was determined refpecting his fate. Legal forms had retarded his being delivered up. It was neceffary to write to the garrifon, and receive anfwers backwards and forwards, till at laft the news arrived that a party of foldiers was fent to take him

him into cuſtody. The juſtice was anxious to accelerate William's removal, becauſe the place where he was confined was the only apartment in the priſon in which a man could be lodged without danger to his health.

One morning, when the youth was buſy in trying to entice, with crumbs of bread, a mouſe, which was his only companion, to come nearer, he heard, at an unuſual hour, the doors of his priſon grate harſhly on their hinges, and the heavy keys rattle. The officers of juſtice opened the door, and puſhed in a woman, who ſunk ſenſeleſs upon the threſhold.—"Jeanette!" exclaimed William, and tore his chains, and tugged with all his might at the rings which faſtened him to the wall. In vain, however! His hard fate denied him the feeble conſolation of lending his aid to the faithleſs beloved. He roared out with agony!—The noiſe he made, and

the clanking of his chains, awoke the wretched girl from her ſwoon. She opened her eyes, and ſhuddered with horror, for ſhe thought the figure ſhe ſaw was William's ghoſt.

William ſtretched out his arms to claſp her. She roſe to throw herſelf into his arms, but ſuddenly the burden of her conſcience again weighed her to the ground.

"No! I am unworthy of your embrace! You know not why I am in this place!"

"I know it," cried William: "you have forfeited your innocence—but I truſt in God you are no child-murderer!"

"No! of that I am innocent!" She crawled upon her knees to her beloved, ſeized his chain, and preſſed it to her ſtreaming eyes.

What imagination can deſcribe the ſcene of ſorrow which the firſt melancholy

choly hours exhibited? Broken ſentences choaked with tears, woful looks, and lengthened groans—ſuch were the joys of a meeting, after ſo long a ſeparation! "Ah! Jeanette! how was it poſſible?" repeated William with indeſcribable anguiſh; and Jeanette, in a voice interrupted with ſobs, began her confeſſion.

CHAP. XIII.

THE PENITENT.

"GOOD William," ſhe began, "it was neither pride nor a difference of religion which ſteeled my father's heart againſt our wiſhes. We and the whole town thought him rich. He was indeed ſo once, but diſhoneſt people had cheated him out of his property. He was anxious to have an opulent ſon-in-law to re-eſtabliſh his affairs. Alas! had I known the reaſon why he ſo earneſtly wiſhed ſuch an alliance; had I known that he dreaded poverty in his old age, I would have made him the ſacrifice at the expence of my happineſs. I ſhould not thus, then, corroded by ſhame and remorſe, have been compelled to hide my head before the man I love. I would

would then have met him with confidence, and ſaid: 'Thy faithful Jeanette ſought to conſole herſelf for hopeleſs love in the diſcharge of duty.'

"It was not deſtined to be ſo! Fate had ordained me to experience how much miſery a feeble woman can endure. Falſe ſhame induced my father to keep the ſecret locked up in his breaſt. When he went to the counting-houſe, he ſaw that every day the ruin of his houſe approached; and when he came home, he was tormented by the ſight of a daughter who pined for thy loſs.

"When, at laſt, the news of your elopement reached my ears, I wept inceſſantly, and ſhut myſelf up for weeks together to prey upon my grief. Our houſe, once the centre of ſocial pleaſure, became deſolate as the grave. The once healthy, blooming girl walked about like a ſpectre, and Jeanette was no more the conſolation of her drooping father.

"The luckleſs old man cheriſhed his grief in ſilence; carping cares laid him upon the bed of ſickneſs; the hand of death was on him, and in his laſt moments he gave you and me his bleſſing, and departed to thoſe regions where he would receive the reward of his integrity and his benevolence. His death tore my bleeding heart; but I yet knew not the full extent of my miſery. Through the gloom which ſurrounded me ſhone a tender ray of hope. Something whiſpered me that I was free; 'I am rich, and richer too in my father's bleſſing. I will ſeek out William, and find him—for into what quarter of the globe will not the voice of love penetrate? Then will he return to my arms, and ſhare my father's inheritance, his *property*, and his *bleſſing*.'

"Such dreams ſoothed my ſorrow in the firſt weeks which ſucceeded my father's death. At laſt a diſtant relation came,

came, examined the papers of the deceaſed, and very coldly informed me that I was a beggar, a beggared orphan! Unaccuſtomed to earn my ſubſiſtence by the labour of my hands, without friends, without acquaintances; a ſtranger in the wide world—whither could I fly? where ſeek a refuge from want and hunger? My diſtant relation, from an apprehenſion of entailing a burden upon himſelf, ſaid a great deal of his numerous family, his ſcanty means, and adviſed me to go to *Munſter*, to an old aunt, by the mother's ſide, of whom I never had heard in the courſe of my life. Neceſſity compelled me to follow his advice. Out of my father's houſe I took nothing with me but little *Marlborough*, and, after encountering many difficulties, arrived ſafe at the houſe of my old aunt, who was very rich, very devout, and very avaricious.

" She heſitated long with herſelf whe-

ther ſhe ſhould acknowledge me as a relation. At laſt ſhe took me into her houſe, as ſhe expreſſed it, to lend her charity to heaven upon intereſt. Heaven, I truſt, will not deceive her hopes as ſhe deceived mine, or her capital and her intereſt in the other world will be but ſmall. She ſcarcely ſupplied me with the bare neceſſaries of life, and every morſel ſhe allowed me was ſeaſoned with reproaches on my poverty, and cruel reflections on the miſmanagement of my worthy father.

"In her houſe have I ſhed more tears than I drank drops of water; I ſuffered more than in the happy days of my youth I could have thought it poſſible for me to endure. And would to God I had then deſcended to the tomb with the honours of innocence! Fate had not yet poured out on me the full meaſure of my woe!

"Accident brought to our houſe father

father *Hieronymus*. He had formerly lived at Munſter, and had been my aunt's confeſſor. No man ever could more perfectly aſſume the maſk of honeſty and devotion. To this art he was indebted for a rich living in the country. He ſaw and was pleaſed with me. His living was only a few miles diſtant. He often returned, and ſpent whole weeks in our houſe; yet never did there a word eſcape him that could offend my innocence.

"At laſt, he addreſſed the old lady with a propoſal to take me as his houſekeeper. He himſelf indeed remarked, that I was too young; but he relied upon my diſcretion, and upon his own well-eſtabliſhed character. This propoſal was extremely acceptable to my avaricious aunt. She never ceaſed to congratulate me on my good fortune; ſhe extolled his piety and the fame of his holineſs throughout the country. She diſ-

played, with all her eloquence, the advantages of ſuch a ſituation in the cleareſt light. She repreſented to me, that I ſhould be ſupplied with every thing, that my reputation would be ſhielded from all attack. In a word, ſhe conſidered this as the beſt means to cure the errors of belief which I appeared to have imbibed in a herctical land.

"I ſaw how eagerly ſhe wiſhed to be rid of me; and far was I from ſuſpecting a profligate villain under the hypocritical maſk of kindneſs and of devotion. Conſider too, dear William, that the inconveniences and oppreſſions of my ſituation daily increaſed, and you will not blame me for at laſt yielding to the ſolicitations of the prieſt and the importunities of my aunt.

"For many months, indeed, I had no reaſon to repent the ſtep I had taken. Father Hieronymus treated me with ſtudied attention; whenever it was in

his

his power he anticipated my wiſhes, and ſeemed as dependent upon me as I was upon him. At this period indeed tranquillity, that friend by whom I had been ſo long deſerted, again returned to my breaſt. I called him father; he called me daughter. Gratitude filled up the void in my heart.

" Sometimes, indeed, it ſtruck me that his eyes dwelt upon me with unuſual fire. I called it kindneſs; it was voluptuouſneſs. Spare me the recapitulation of all the helliſh arts which he practiſed to enſnare my innocence; how at firſt he attempted by jeſuitical morality to overthrow the rooted principles of my education. When he found that he did not ſucceed in this attempt, he endeavoured by a thouſand arts to inflame my paſſions. When here too he was baffled, he employed the moſt villainous arts, mingled heating drugs in my

my food, and ſtupefying potions in my drink, till in an evil hour he availed himſelf of a death-like inſenſibility to render himſelf maſter of a violated form, and reduced me to a wretched, degraded woman !—Alas ! I know it well, I ought the very firſt inſtant that I penetrated his diabolical plan to have fled naked from his houſe, and thrown myſelf upon the protection of my aunt.—Rather ought I to have ſuffered every mortification than have expoſed my innocence a prey to this danger; but I relied too confidently upon a heart where William reigned, and the principles which a virtuous father had implanted. Alas ! I knew not the villainy of my ſeducer, and my own feeble means of reſiſtance.

" I am puniſhed !—The cup of my ſufferings is filled to the very brim, and I muſt drink it to the dregs.—I defy the utmoſt malice of fate, and I fly to a priſon

ſon with joy, there to conceal my ſhame. —At leaſt, theſe were the ſentiments I felt an hour ago. I ſuſpected not that my deſtiny had prepared for me another cruel ſtroke; I ſuſpected not that in this priſon I ſhould meet with a man from whoſe looks I would have hid myſelf in the grave!—Or do I murmur unjuſtly? May there yet be a drop of conſolation reſerved to cool my parched tongue?—Shall I quit this world without your forgiveneſs?—Perhaps you will not refuſe to the repentant ſinner the laſt conſolation in death?"

She threw herſelf at his feet, and bathed his knees with her tears. Her moiſtened hair clung round his chains; her trembling arms embraced the pillar to which he was faſtened. William's heart was bruiſed to pieces, and his tears mingled with hers.

"Till death ſhall I love thee!" exclaimed

claimed William ſuffocated with ſobs; "till death ſhall I love thee, poor ill-fated girl! I—I alone am to blame for thy undoing!—My precipitate elopement gave this cruel turn to thy fortune. Had I patiently waited in my lonely cottage for the ſupport of God, who crowns true love as well as virtue, for they are fiſter graces, we ſhould now have lived in ſweet tranquillity and union, rich in content. How could I impute my thoughtleſſneſs to you as a crime!—I—I alone am guilty of your undoing!"

Thus did this luckleſs pair mingle their complaints, and mutually exculpate each other, till in about an hour the doors of the priſon were again opened, and a party of ſoldiers entered, to whom the gaoler delivered up William. Jeanette ſunk to the ground inſenſible, and claſped the pillar to which her beloved was

was chained. By force they tore him from her. She remained lying upon the ground in convulſions; and ſeveral hours after, when ſhe opened her eyes, ſhe found herſelf abandoned to darkneſs and ſolitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE GENEROUS CONTEST.

"MY friend," said the captain to William, "you have here played a foolish trick. As to running that miscreant Moritz through the body, any one in your situation would have done the same thing; as we know from Perlstadt's information that the fellow was drunk, provoked you for a long time, and at last roused your passion by a box on the face. But why did you run away for this?—Means might have been found to assist you; but now God knows what will be the consequence!"

"Whatever God pleases!" said William, without betraying the least fear or anxiety.

CAPTAIN.—You seem very composed?

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.—I am drawing near the period of my ſufferings.

CAPTAIN.—I pity you very much. You were ever an excellent lad; my children enquire daily what is become of you. Would to God I could be of any ſervice to you! Without running the gauntlet you can ſcarcely get off; but we ſhall try to ſave your life.

WILLIAM.—Your honour will then confer upon me no favour.

CAPTAIN.—Po! for ſhame! What! if you have a mind to die, go face the enemy's cannon; but keep out of the hangman's way as long as you can. To-morrow your firſt examination will take place; be rational; ſay nothing but what you anſwer to the queſtions propoſed; and in God's name lay all the blame upon the deceaſed, who cannot contradict you.

With theſe words the good-hearted captain left the guiltleſs priſoner. William

liam was put into close confinement, again chained to the wall, and fed upon bread and water. There was a little grated window, through which you might see into the cell. Almost all his comrades came to the grate to see him, and to sympathise with his situation—Almost all—except Frederick Perlstadt.

"He is right," thought William. "His heart is made of too susceptible stuff; he would betray himself."—In tranquil expectation he awaited the coming day, in order to confirm the supposition of his guilt by a solemn confession upon his trial.

Meanwhile the scene was suddenly changed. Two hours after William's arrival, Frederick Perlstadt came pale as death, but firm and collected, to the guard-room, took off his sword, gave it to the corporal, and desired to be taken into custody, as he was really Frank Moritz's murderer. They stared at him, and

and thought him out of his wits; but he perſevered in his purpoſe. The commanding officer of the watch was called. Frederick repeated his ſtory. He was therefore taken into cuſtody, and the affair reported to the commanding officer.

Next morning a court-martial was aſſembled, which was not a little confounded at the behaviour of both the priſoners, as each of them reſolutely perſiſted in ſaying that he was the criminal. They were confronted, ſunk into each other's arms, and kindly reproached one another with their mutual obſtinacy. The circumſtance was ſo ſingular that it excited great attention. The duke of Brunſwick, the commander in chief of the Pruſſian troops, happened to be then in the garriſon. His curioſity was raiſed, and he ordered the priſoners to be brought before him. Frederick, without heſitation, related the affair as it had

had really happened, and how his friend had ſacrificed himſelf on his account to ſpare the ſufferings of an old drooping father. He had accepted the magnanimous offer of his friend, in hopes that he would make his eſcape, and becauſe by his talents he would be able to provide for himſelf every where. Now, however, as the innocent young man had been apprehended, it was impoſſible for him to derive any advantage from his generous devotion. He knew that he muſt die, but death would be leſs bitter to him than the thought of having brought his friend to the gallows.

William contradicted this ſtory in every point, told how Frederick from his youth had been the victim of a cruel ſtep-mother, and at laſt had been driven by her artifices to enliſt. He had embraced the life of a ſoldier with reluctance; ſince ever he had known him he had been overwhelmed with diſguſt at exiſtence,

exiſtence, and he had often expreſſed how eagerly he wiſhed for ſome favourable opportunity of ſacrificing his life for a man of worth and honour. He entreated the duke not to aſk him to profit by this mental malady of his friend. He only in an unlucky hour had done the act, and was willing to ſuffer the puniſhment which it involved.

The excellent duke eyed them alternately. "You are a couple of brave lads," ſaid he with emotion; "one or other of you muſt have done it. Confeſs to me candidly: I will report the affair to the king, and who knows what may happen?"

His arguments, however, were in vain. The two friends perſiſted in their ſtory, and Heaven knows how the affair would have terminated if the *viſum repertum* had not contributed to unravel the myſtery. The body of Moritz had been examined with the uſual formalities, and a de-

a detailed account of it drawn up. From theſe minutes it appeared that the wound had been inflicted with a ſword, which, a few inches from the point, had a pretty deep notch. The auditor availed himſelf of this hint, cauſed the ſwords of the two delinquents to be examined, and it was diſcovered that Frederick's ſword had this identical notch. William's denial was now in vain; the affair was decided. Frederick reſigned himſelf to joy, and William to deſpair.

But the generous conteſt between the two young men had made a deep impreſſion upon the mind of the duke. He reported this extraordinary occurrence to the court, and employed his intereſt to procure a pardon for the parties. William accordingly was liberated without puniſhment, and Frederick condemned to a year's labour on the ramparts.

William now applied himſelf to the

ſervice

ſervice as before; and when he could ſpare an hour, he flew to the ramparts to viſit his friend, and to carry him refreſhment and conſolation; or, when duty permitted, he would labour for half a day inſtead of his companion. By this generous proceeding, by his attention to his duty, his ſobriety and fidelity, he gained the friendſhip of his ſuperiors in ſo high a degree, that in a year's time he was promoted to be a ſerjeant. The period of Frederick's ſentence was now expired, and the two friends were more inſeparable than ever. Officers and privates conſidered them with ſome degree of reſpect, and William was rendered particularly intereſting by a ſettled melancholy which hung upon his countenance. Alas! how could his heart enjoy tranquillity when he thought of Jeanette's fate!

He had received intelligence, that although pronounced innocent of the

charge of child-murder, ſhe had been condemned to ſix years impriſonment in the correction-houſe for having concealed her pregnancy; that this ſentence had been put in execution, and that Jeanette now daily moiſtened her taſk with tears. The image of this ſufferer, ſtill ſo dear to him, haunted his imagination inceſſantly. He could not drink a drop of wine while he knew that Jeanette was languiſhing upon bread and water. He could not be gay while ſhe pined in tears.

CHAP. XV.

FORTUNE OF WAR.

WILLIAM's regiment received ſudden orders to march. The victorious enemy revenged the diſgrace with which their capital had raſhly been threatened. They ruſhed over the boundaries of the German empire, and every effort was required to check their impetuous career.

William and Frederick fought with diſtinguiſhed courage; for the one fought death, and the other an opportunity to ſave the life of his friend. Courage is a quality which combines with every other paſſion; it equally aſſociates itſelf with love and honour, with hatred and revenge. Towards the end of the campaign, one day the grenadier company of the regiment of Oſtein received orders to ſtorm an enemy's redoubt imme-

diately under the eye of the commander in chief. They advanced under a ſhower of grape ſhop. The captain loſt an arm, the firſt lieutenant a leg, and the ſecond was left dead on the ſpot. The enſign, a delicate milkſop, took to flight. The brave grenadiers deprived of their leaders, expoſed to a horrible diſcharge of artillery, began to give way, and but a moment longer and they would have fled. William then ſprang forward, and exclaimed with animation: "Follow me, my friends! for the king and for our country!"

With fixed bayonet he aſcended the hill; his companions preſſed round him with wild cries; Frederick was at his ſide. A ſhot carried off his grenadier's cap and the half of his ear. Bleeding violently, his head bare, William reached the top of the eminence, and ran through the body the engineer as he was on the point of applying the match to the touch-hole.

hole. The conflict now was decided by the bayonet. William received a thruſt through his ſide. Frederick ſtretched upon the ground the man who did it. William ſunk down, and ſhouted "Victory!" Frederick thought his friend was killed, and raged like a lion among the enemy. A private ſoldier here decided the event of the enterpriſe. Reader! you are ſurpriſed?—The gazette, it is true, ſays nothing of the matter. Often, however, has the courage of a common grenadier, whoſe exertions are afterwards rewarded with a crown, achieved exploits which, in future periods, ſhine in the biography of the general.

The redoubt was taken; the enemy fled; William was carried to the hoſpital. His wounds were no farther dangerous than from the loſs of blood they had occaſioned, and in three weeks he was perfectly recovered. He received a meſſage to attend at head-quarters.

"Enſign Meadows," ſaid the general preſenting him with a ſword, "it gives me pleaſure to reward your gallantry. The king allows you an hundred ducats to provide your accoutrements."

The modeſt young man was almoſt aſhamed of a diſtinction for which he was conſcious that he was indebted to the courage of deſpair. He even ventured to repreſent to the general, that, if the diſcharge of duty conſtituted any claim to reward, Frederick Perlſtadt's pretenſions were perhaps better founded than his.

"I have not overlooked his merits," replied the general. "Perlſtadt ſucceeds you."

Ha! What ſneers were thrown out by the little-minded noblemen when they ſaw William the porter's ſon appear with ſcarf and epaulets, and invited to the general's table! "To raiſe him to the rank of enſign might paſs, as it is poſſible

poſſible that ſuch a thing might be deſerved; but to bring him to the table of a prince, among men of birth and rank, that was too much."

The ſneers and the whiſpers were ſtill more loud when William, who had juſt enjoyed the honour of dining with the commander in chief, met his friend Perlſtadt at the door of his tent, and embraced him without ceremony. One of his new comrades, a hero over a glaſs and a lamb in the field of battle, tripped up to him with great ſelf-importance, and, pulling him by the ſleeve, whiſpered: "Enſign, that really is improper."

"Lieutenant," interrupted William abruptly, "my epaulets have within theſe two hours been changed to gold, and his are ſtill of tape, but Heaven has formed our hearts of the ſame materials. The action which has raiſed me to be an officer cannot permit me to be a raſcal. The man who in proſperity will not ac-

knowledge his friend, or would allow any injurious tongue to wound his feelings, is indeed a ſcoundrel!" — This warm declaration, accompanied by a ſignificant motion of the right hand towards his ſword, produced its effect. The gentleman ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and withdrew.

The young gentry of birth were ſhy of mingling in his company, becauſe he took the pains to gain by his perſonal exertions what they inherited without trouble from their anceſtors. Sometimes, indeed, an old ſtaff officer would ſhake him kindly by the hand, or a general converſe with him familiarly; but the proud ſubalterns took the advice of their noble mammas, and ſhunned him as a Bramin ſhuns a Pariah on the coaſt of Coromandel.

William ſmiled — "I have often heard," would he ſay, "that family pride is intolerable, but I find the contrary

trary to be the caſe; for it rids us of troubleſome company."

Modeſt and unaffected, firmly attached to eſtabliſhed principles, indulgent to fools, and haughty to the inſolent, William ſhowed that he knew how to maintain by the dignity of merit what he had gained in the field of battle by the equivocal courage of deſpair.

The troops retired into winter quarters. William divided his days between the performance of his duty, the calls of friendſhip, and the cultivation of his mind. His nights were ſpent in broken ſlumbers, and in tears for Jeanette. More than once he entertained the deſign of aſking leave of abſence, to go and carry conſolation to her dreary impriſonment. Whenever the thought came acroſs his mind, he was deterred by a feeling of delicacy—"How will ſhe be able to ſtand the ſight of me?

Am I in a ſituation to help her? Should I not rather increaſe her diſtreſs by depriving her of the only wretched conſolation ſhe poſſeſſes, in being accuſtomed to her ſituation?"

He checked the wiſh he felt to ſee her, and contented himſelf with ſending her every month, by the hands of a worthy merchant who had extenſive dealings at Munſter, the money which he was able to ſave out of his pay. "I am not actuated by love here," would he ſay; "this I owe to the daughter of my benefactor."

Jeanette received this gratuity with aſtoniſhment. "Lives there yet a human being in the world who pities me? I know nobody but William, and him I have cruelly injured! His magnanimity, indeed, forgave me; but is he ſtill alive? Has he not taken upon himſelf another's guilt? And if he ſtill lives, is he not a poor

poor ſoldier, who cannot be in a ſituation to ſhare his hard-earned pence with ſuch an outcaſt as me ?"

She conſidered the matter to no purpoſe, and loſt herſelf in conjectures. At the end of every month a merchant's clerk regularly appeared, whoſe whole converſation was : " Here is money, and be good enough to ſign this diſcharge." He never ſaid a ſyllable more, and neither tears nor entreaties could extort a word from him. Jeanette thought him cruel, but he knew nothing of the matter himſelf.

What rapture did William feel when firſt he ſaw Jeanette's ſubſcription ! what ſorrow when he read : " The unfortunate Jeanette Jerome returns her thanks to her unknown benefactor, and earneſtly wiſhes to know his name. The name of this generous friend will gladden her dreary ſolitude, and render her prayers acceptable to God."—William wept over

theſe lines, and kiſſed away the tears with which ſhe had bedewed the paper. Thus in the moſt deſolate ſituation ſome cheering bloſſoms ſpring up to the noble mind. He that can ſhare his penny with her he loves is not poor! He that can impart conſolation to the wretched is not a ſtranger to joy!

The army paſſed the winter in ſullen repoſe, like a ſick man who ſinks into a ſhort and feveriſh ſlumber to awake to new ſtruggles. Not the bleating of the folds, nor the ſong of the lark, now invited the friends of nature to the field; drums and trumpets drove the peaſant from his hut, and the linnet from her neſt.

The campaign was opened with great fury; ſkirmiſhes and battles were daily occurrences. Diſcord ſat on a ſable cloud, looked down with a ghaſtly ſmile, and with bloody lips kiſſed her general, *Death*, who with unwearied efforts overthrew

threw the hopes of wives and mothers. William and Frederick, as in the former campaign, behaved with great gallantry. Courage without fortune, however, is like merit without birth; neither of them can obtain diſtinction. The two young heroes wanted an opportunity to diſtinguiſh themſelves; and to confeſs the truth, William did not covet ſuch an opportunity ſo eagerly as formerly. What had he to loſe the preceding year? At that time death to him would have been a joyful event. Now, however, —who would ſhare the ſcanty pittance with Jeanette ſhould William fall?— Whoever wiſhes to raiſe an army of deſperate heroes, let him admit no lover among them who contributes to the ſupport of his miſtreſs.

But ſtop! Once indeed chance preſented the young hero with an opportunity of ſignalizing himſelf, and he ſeized it with avidity. Under the view of the king

king a decisive action was to be fought. Each party endeavoured to gain a march upon the other, in order to be able to occupy the most advantageous position upon the plain where the action was to take place. It was the intention of the general to extend the left wing to a village, which it was necessary to occupy before the arrival of the enemy. A strong corps was detached to take possession of this village. The enemy, who had gained a march of some miles, were approaching very near. They already had advanced into the village in great numbers, compelled the corps to give way, and were on the point of disconcerting the king's plan of operation.

William saw how extremely important it was to gain time. He found himself in the middle of the disordered crowd, and was hurried along with the fugitives. By threats and remonstrances he at last collected a little troop, and, with a few hundred

hundred grenadiers and ſome rifle-men, threw himſelf into the church, which was ſituated in ſuch a manner as to command the whole of the plain. Here he barricaded the doors with the benches and ſeats, and poſted his men advantageouſly at the windows. Grenadoes were ſcattered among the foe wherever they appeared in numbers, and the riflemen levelled every one who ventured to come too near.

The enemy, whoſe numbers every moment increaſed, were ungovernable with rage, to find themſelves checked by a handful of men. In vain they poured ſhowers of balls in at the windows. The gallant fellows were ſheltered by the walls. A general advanced, and, convinced of the importance of the poſt, condeſcended, at the head of an army, to offer the little party a free retreat. William anſwered: He was determined rather

rather to bury himself under the ruins of the church.

Already more dead lay on the graves in the church-yard than under the ground; but William's companions had nearly expended all their ammunition, and the enemy were preparing to open their heavy artillery upon the church, when the king, who had availed himself of this diversion, suddenly appeared with the whole army. As long as William held out, it was impossible for the enemy to form their right wing as they wished. They were, therefore, obliged to abandon this position entirely, and the fortunate issue of the battle was partly ascribed to the gallant officer who had so bravely defended the church.

"Who is he? What is his name?" said the king.

William was presented to him. With glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, he stood

ſtood as if aſhamed of the ſervice he had performed.

"I return you my thanks, lieutenant," ſaid the king: "you have this day done us moſt noble ſervice. Speak, what can I do for you?"

"Pleaſe your majeſty!" exclaimed William, throwing himſelf at his ſovereign's feet, "I have an unfortunate ſiſter—ſhe does not carry my name indeed—ſhe is but my half ſiſter—yet I love her more than if we had lain under the ſame heart.—Youth and baſe ſeduction have plunged her into miſery! Three years has ſhe languiſhed in priſon, and three years more is the ill-fated girl condemned to expiate the crime of a villain. I entreat your majeſty for her liberty!"

The king enquired the particulars of the affair; and when he heard that Jeanette was entirely innocent of the child-murder, he granted William's prayer, gave

gave him a letter of recommendation written with his own hand, and leave of abſence for ten days, that he might in perſon announce to his beloved ſiſter her freedom.

William could not expreſs his thanks, he could only weep. It is a charming thing to ſee a man ſhed tears, who two hours before has performed a heroic action. The king was affected. "I will provide farther for you," ſaid he. William flew out of the tent. Frederick in vain aſked him what was the matter. He could utter only a few broken ſyllables, embraced his friend with tears, ordered his horſe to be ſaddled, and ſet off full ſpeed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE MEETING AND SEPARATION.

MUNSTER is a city of conſiderable celebrity. The traveller, if he is a politician, viſits with reſpect the town-hall, in which the famous treaty of Weſtphalia was concluded, of which the different contracting parties obſerved juſt no more than they found convenient. If he is a curious traveller, he ſeats himſelf with fear and awe in the chair of king John of Leyden, who twice baptized his followers, though once ſeems quite ſufficient. The ſentimental traveller, however, will in future viſit the little cell where for three long years Jeanette ſuffered for the abſurdities of the primitive church, and the arts of prieſtcraft which it had produced.

The ſhades of evening had already begun

begun to deſcend upon St. Paul's hill, in the neighbourhood of the town, and the harveſt miſts began to veil the tops of an hundred uſeleſs ſteeples, when William allowed his blowing ſteed to ſtop at the barriers, and with haſty impatience anſwered the queſtions of the officer on guard. He diſmounted at the firſt good inn he came to, gave his horſe to the firſt perſon he met, called a porter from the ſtreet to guide him, and, covered with duſt and ſweat, was uſhered into the antichamber of the magiſtrate to whom his letters were addreſſed. Some time elapſed before he obtained an audience; for the magiſtrate, in company with his confeſſor and an old gouty counſellor, had five points to play out at an intereſting game of ombre. William bit his nails, and viewed, without the leaſt intereſt, the pictures of the ſaints which adorned the antichamber.

At laſt the doors were opened, and he delivered

delivered his diſpatches. The king's ſuperſcription produced a powerful effect; the affair was immediately decided; but the execution of it was poſtponed till next day, and the lieutenant invited to ſup. Although for three days William had ſcarcely eaten a morſel, he felt not the ſlighteſt ſenſation of hunger. He could not conceive how the magiſtrate had invited him ſo calmly, how the ſervants ſo unconcernedly waited at table, and every thing proceeded ſo evenly in its natural courſe.

"Speedy aſſiſtance," ſaid William, "doubles its value. Night appears long to the ſick, but to the wretched it ſeems longer ſtill. The ſooner you apply medicine and conſolation the better. If your excellency then would permit your ſecretary to attend me ——"

MAGISTRATE.—You will firſt do me the favour to eat a bit of ſupper?

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.—I ſhall cut but a ſorry figure at your table.

His whole appearance prayed moſt affectingly to be excuſed as he ſaid theſe words, but there was no remedy. Your great people think they can confer no higher honour upon a common untitled man than to permit him to eat in their company; and as they themſelves place ſo high a value upon the favour, they are not pleaſed that others ſhould treat it with indifference. They do not conſider, that a man of ſenſe and independence pays dearer for his dinner by conſtraint and ceremony, than if he went to dine at the moſt expenſive tavern.

Poor William ſat upon thorns, and whenever he ſaw a new diſh placed upon the table, he was ready to expire with vexation. During ſupper, his excellency read a lecture upon politics, in which he declared that he had long ago predicted,

dicted, in the cabinet, every thing which had lately happened, and every now and then appealed to the counſellor for the truth of his ſtory; and the latter corroborated every word with "Yes, brother," and at laſt became as eloquent in his turn when the converſation related to the different flavours of *Rheniſh*. On this ſubject the confeſſor found himſelf at home. He ſwallowed every glaſs with the air of a connoiſſeur, ſmacked his lips, and began to rail againſt a party of Pruſſian huſſars, who, when he was ſuperintendant of a certain convent, had drank a whole caſk of the beſt old hock.

At laſt the hour of breaking up arrived, and William received his diſcharge. With what rapidity did he deſcend the ſtair-caſe! a little fat ſecretary was ſcarcely able to follow him. In the ſtreet he would have left his companion behind, if he could have found his way to the correction-houſe without him. His

His cool-blooded conductor came blowing, a few ſteps behind him, and by his queſtions of What news from the army? almoſt drove poor William to deſpair.

"You have gained a battle?"—"Yes."—"It was at firſt reported that you had been defeated?"—"Yes, ſir, you are right."—"How? What? I do not underſtand you."

"My God! Victorious or defeated, any thing you pleaſe. At preſent I have no leiſure to talk of battles. To-morrow, to-morrow, my good ſir, I will tell you things which at preſent I know nothing about!"

The ſecretary ſhook his head, as if to ſay that all was not well with the ſtrange gentleman. At laſt, however, they reached the gate of the correction-houſe.

"We muſt ring," ſaid the ſecretary; and in an inſtant William had broke down the bell. Jeanette was paying her evening devotions. William was the

ſaint to whom ſhe commended herſelf; for ſhe thought him dead, and her unknown benefactor ſhe warmly remembered in her prayers.

Hark! the haſty tread of a man's footſteps ſounded through the long empty paſſage.—What can be the meaning of this late viſit?—Hark! ſome one rattles at the door.—What can it be?—Who drives open the door ſo haſtily?—An officer ruſhes into the cell—Jeanette had not time to recogniſe him—he lay at her feet, and breathleſs exclaimed—"*Jeanette, you are free!*"

There are ſcenes in human life which after the curtain drops appear a dream to thoſe who have played the principal parts. Such ſcenes defy all the ſkill of art to repreſent; and if the artiſt does not find the picture already ſketched in the imagination of the reader, it is better to throw away the pencil.

Jeanette was unconſcious of what

paſſed around her. Inſenſible ſhe lay in William's arms, inſenſible was ſhe carried to a hackney coach; and when ſhe at laſt recovered from her ſwoon, in a ſtrange room, ſhe began to conſider, with aſtoniſhment, how ſhe had come into this houſe, and lay in this bed.

All was ſtill around. Near the bed ſtood a night-lamp, which ſhed a melancholy light on the old embroidered tapeſtry. "Where am I?" ſaid ſhe. "Did not William appear to me? Alas! I have had ſtrange dreams."

She now accidentally looked round, and ſaw her beloved ſitting at the bedſide; the exceſſive fatigue of the three preceding days and nights had thrown him, in ſpite of his efforts, into a ſhort ſlumber. "William!" ſhouted Jeanette. He awoke, and ſunk down on her boſom. A flood of joyful tears eaſed his panting boſom. After many ſilent embraces, William at laſt recovered ſtrength and

and recollection to relate his ſtory in broken ſentences.

Jeanette liſtened with great attention, and particularly enquired the period when he was raiſed to be an officer. His anſwer coincided with her ſuſpicions. The myſtery of the unknown benefactor was now ſolved.—"Yes, it is you to whom I am indebted for every thing! My heart long ſince whiſpered it to me!"—She hung, ſobbing, round his neck. Day found them diſſolved in delightful tears; night ſurpriſed them in innocent endearments. Quicker than thought two days flew away.

What might not a young man, who had gained ſo many titles to the love and gratitude of his miſtreſs, have aſked? What might he not have ventured to attempt? But William honoured innocence and virtue, which, though once left defenceleſs in the ſpoiler's cruel fangs, had never forſaken the fair man-

ſion in which they reſided. At the word *innocence*, perhaps ſome prudes may ſneer. It is an eternal truth, however, that innocence is gone only when the purity of the heart is loſt, and many women, who may boaſt themſelves innocent from man, have forfeited theirs.

When they began to enjoy ſome moments of tranquillity, the queſtion naturally aroſe, "What is to be done with Jeanette?"

"She ſhall be my wife!" exclaimed William, and preſſed her, bluſhing, to his breaſt.

"God forbid," ſaid the generous girl, "that one who has ſuffered an ignominious puniſhment ſhould ſtain thy opening fame! How could you ſubmit to the ſarcaſtic jeſts of your comrades?"

"Ha! I would —"

"Why, yes, I know what you would do. You would dye your ſword in blood to wipe away my ſhame; you would

would make me a widow, or yourſelf a murderer.—No, William, the king cannot truſt the honour of a man who could give his hand to a degraded outcaſt like me. Though I may be more unfortunate than culpable, though I deſerve pity rather than contempt, this I muſt demonſtrate by the refuſal of a hand, the poſſeſſion of which I ſo willingly would have purchaſed with my blood. You have called me ſiſter—Then, brother William, let us for ever forego the ſweeteſt and the moſt endearing of appellations!"

William exerted all the eloquence of love to ſhake this reſolution. Five days of his period of abſence were now elapſed, the ſixth arrived, and he had no time to loſe. The heart of the poor girl was aſſailed with careſſes and with ſpecious arguments, which in ſuch caſes commonly paſs for invincible reaſons. She felt that longer reſiſtance exceeded

her power, and that ſhe muſt at length yield to the ſolicitations of her lover. With great difficulty ſhe obtained a ſhort reſpite from him till next day.

When he tenderly preſſed her hand, as he retired to bed, and had opened the door to go to his apartment, ſhe threw herſelf abruptly round his neck, and wept bitterly.—"What ails you, Jeanette?"—"Nothing! nothing!—To-morrow! to-morrow!"—"How? Do you think with alarm of the happy hour which will extort from you the delightful promiſe to be eternally mine?"—"No! no!—Eternally thine!—Go, good William—ſleep ſound—for God's ſake go!—I can endure it no longer!"

William withdrew. Delightful hopes ſoon lulled him to ſleep, and pleaſant dreams hovered over his head. Haſtily he ſprung out of bed next morning, threw on his great coat, and ſlipped ſoftly to the door of Jeanette's room.

He

He found that it was only on the latch, opened it without noiſe, and whiſpered, "Are you awake, dear Jeanette?"—There was no anſwer.—He put his head into the room, it was empty—he threw a glance towards the bed, it was empty! and, alas! not a trace was to be ſeen that it had been uſed that night at all. The blood flew rapidly to his face, a fearful preſage aroſe in his breaſt; with beating heart he entered the room, looked anxiouſly round, and ſaw a letter lying upon the table. His eyes devoured it.

"Forgive me, good William! I fly from myſelf. How could I longer have reſiſted you and my own heart? and yet I muſt reſiſt, to ſpare you diſgrace and repentance. In the violence of paſſion you will reproach me. Ah! William, reproach me not! My reſolution has coſt me a dreadful ſtruggle. Acknowledge, that to be worthy of you I muſt fly. Fare-

well! baniſh all anxiety on my account. Your kindneſs has placed me in a ſituation to live for months without other aſſiſtance, till I can find employment in ſome reſpectable family, were it even in the humble character of a ſervant.—Farewell, enquire not the place of my abode. You muſt never ſee me again, till I can call you brother without a bluſh; till the period of my guilt, of my ſhame, and perhaps of thy love, ſhall be forgotten.—Thy love!—Alas! why muſt I wiſh that?—Stop, poor Jeanette, while you yet have ſtrength to fly!—I have been in your bed-room—I have heard you breathe—perhaps for the laſt time in my life! I thought my heart would have burſt.—Already I held the lock of the door, when an inviſible power impelled me to ſlip once more to your bed-ſide, to ſee you once more.—I feared you might awake, and that your impetuous love might annihilate my honourable

nourable reſolution. I withdrew my hand, and covered with kiſſes and with tears the handle of the door which to-morrow your fingers would firſt touch. I kneeled upon the threſhold, and with folded hands implored the bleſſing of God upon you.—Now it is over!—I fly to conceal myſelf from my beloved. Farewell, brother! Remember thy ill-fated ſiſter!"

William gazed upon the letter with tearleſs eyes; his lips quivered, but not a word could he pronounce. After a long pauſe he awoke from his trance, wrung his hands, and exclaimed: "Ha! this is too much!" His wild look wandered round the room, ſeeking ſome relick of Jeanette. Alas! not a trace of the beloved fugitive could he find.

"Yet did ſhe not cover the handle of my bed-room door with kiſſes? Did ſhe not kneel upon the threſhold and pray for me?"

William kneeled in his turn, and prayed for Jeanette, and his tears renewed the faded marks of hers.

Suddenly inſpired by a burſt of paſſion he ſprang up, raged and ſtormed through the houſe, demanded, from every kitchen wench, an account what had become of Jeanette, and in the heat of his reſentment knocked down a waiter who very naturally aſked him whether the young woman had robbed him?

When he found that nobody could give him the leaſt information, when, how, and whither Jeanette had gone, he dreſſed himſelf in haſte, ſtormed the houſe of her old aunt, traverſed the whole city, the ſuburbs, and the neighbouring country. Wherever he ſaw two people converſing, he liſtened to hear if they talked of Jeanette. Wherever he ſaw a female face lurking behind a window-curtain, he remained ſtanding below, and gazed till curioſity induced

ſome

ſome ſtranger to look out. Wherever he ſaw a church-door open he ſlipped in, examined every corner where he ſaw ſome devotee kneeling before the image of a ſaint.

Without having received the leaſt refreſhment, and obliged by the coming night to abandon his ſearch, he returned to his inn. As he went back, he even ventured to cheriſh the hope that Jeanette, during his abſence, might have made her appearance. The landlord ſat quietly before the door, ſmoking his pipe. "She muſt certainly be come back!" thought William, "how elſe could the landlord be ſo tranquil?" He attacked him with an hundred queſtions; and when to every word he got no anſwer but an indifferent No, he felt the laſt beam of hope expire in his breaſt.

His leave of abſence was now reduced to four days. Three he had ſpent in travelling to Munſter, four were ſtill

neceſſary for his return to the camp. His horſe, too, was ſo jaded that it ſeemed doubtful whether he could hold out the journey. At day-break he mounted the battered ſteed, in ſullen ſtupefaction, took the road by which he came; and when, as he aſcended a hill, he turned round to Munſter, the morning ſun ſhone upon his tears.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THE WANDERER.

JEANETTE, with a ſmall bundle hanging on her arm, and a few pieces of gold in her pocket, had ſilently ſtolen at midnight out of the inn. She firſt thought of applying to her old aunt; but after what had happened how could ſhe expect a welcome reception? Had ſhe, during three years, ever ſhown the leaſt anxiety about the poor orphan, or ever ſent the leaſt refreſhment to her cell? Jeanette preferred throwing herſelf on the wide world.

With great difficulty, and by doubling the toll at the gate, ſhe prevailed upon the ſentinel to let her paſs, under pretence of going to viſit a ſick perſon in the ſuburbs. When morning dawned, ſhe had already walked a mile, and arrived

rived at a village where two roads croſſed each other. She ſat down to reſt herſelf under a row of trees at the entrance of the village, where ſhe had not been long when a ſtage-coach paſſed by. A few hundred ſteps farther on the carriage ſtopped at an alehouſe, becauſe the poſtillion, according to the laudable cuſtom of his calling, wiſhed to have his morning pint.

The idea inſtantly ſtruck Jeanette, "What if I ſhould take a place in this coach, and go on with it, in order the ſooner to eſcape from William's enquiries?"

She yet was entirely ignorant whither the road on which ſhe now travelled conducted. This, however, was of little conſequence, as ſhe had the world before her, and had left Munſter behind. In the firſt conſiderable town, whatever it was, ſhe reſolved to apply for ſervice.

Engroſſed with theſe reflections ſhe

went into the alehouſe, and found the poſtillion at breakfaſt. She propoſed to take a place in his vehicle, and at the ſame time offered him ſome drink-money. He grinned at the ſight of her white teeth, expreſſed his conſent by a nod, and ſeaſoned his complaiſance with ſome dry jokes at the expence of the ſolitary pedeſtrian. After he had finiſhed his breakfaſt, and with ruſtic politeneſs invited Jeanette to drink a glaſs, he went out to the coach: "Gentlemen, ſit a little cloſer if you pleaſe, and make room for a pretty young girl, who has walked herſelf lame." With blunt officiouſneſs he aſſiſted Jeanette into her place; and, as the weather was fine, he took his great-coat down from the coach-box, and ſpread it under the ſeat as a bolſter. The power of beauty is felt by the peaſant as well as the poet, and the poſtillion's coat was as great a homage to Jeanette's charms as a ſonnet.

When

When ſhe took her ſeat ſhe apologiſed to the paſſengers with modeſt condeſcenſion for incommoding them. It was impoſſible to be angry with her, and they willingly made room.—A ſtage-coach is often a place where a young woman, like *Greſſet's Vert-vert*, finds herſelf in bad company. Jeanette had already experienced this the firſt time ſhe went to Munſter to her aunt. Scarcely had ſhe now taken her ſeat, therefore, when ſhe began unobſerved to examine the phyſiognomies of her fellow-travellers, to diſcover what ſhe had to hope or to fear.

This ſurvey (for which the penetrating, infallible eye of a woman requires only a ſecond, were the coach ſtuffed as full as Noah's ark) gave her great ſatisfaction, as ſhe ſaw four or five grave old men who had the appearance of merchants, and did not ſeem inclined to interrupt her melancholy meditations. Inſtead of ſaluting her, they had only pulled up their

their night-caps a little, and one of them offered Jeanette a pinch of ſnuff. This, however, was all; they gave themſelves no farther concern about her.

She felt a ſtrong deſire to aſk the perſon who had offered to ſhare the contents of his ſnuff-box with her, to what place the coach was going. She was afraid, however, of betraying by this queſtion that ſhe was ſetting out in the wide world without object or proviſion, and by that means attracting attention. She therefore remained ſilent; her companions continued ſilent alſo, and ſeemed as if they were calculating the profit or loſs of an adventure. The gloomy ſilence, which was interrupted only by an exclamation of "God bleſs us!" when any of the company happened to ſneeze, cheriſhed Jeanette's melancholy; and the jolting and rattling of the carriage could not withdraw her from her comfortleſs reflections.

For

For the firſt two days they travelled only through villages and little towns, the names of which were utterly unknown to Jeanette, as ſhe had never troubled herſelf much about geography. As ſhe had no opportunity in theſe obſcure places to attain the object ſhe had in view, ſhe purſued her journey. On the evening of the third day, as ſhe gazed penſively on the fields and trees on the right hand, which ſeemed to recede from the coach, ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted, and with difficulty ſuppreſſed a loud ſhriek.

William rode paſt the carriage!—His horſe moved on at a ſluggiſh trot; William's head was reclined upon his breaſt, and his eye ſeemed to be ſo intent on the pummel of his ſaddle, that he never once looked at the ſtage-coach. Indeed he could not have ſeen Jeanette, as ſhe ſat back in a corner. A ſingle glance was enough for a lover, and ſhe would have

have pledged her ſalvation that it was William. Now it appeared evident, that inſtead of flying from him ſhe was running directly into his arms.

" My God ! what ſhall I do now ?—At the next ſtage the carriage will be emptied, I muſt diſmount, and perhaps meet William at the door !"

She became reſtleſs and uneaſy on her ſeat, her face glowed, her heart beat. The nearer they approached the ſtage, the more violent her anxiety became. One of the paſſengers happened to aſk the poſtillion, " Friend, have we far yet to go ?"—" Half a mile farther yet," replied the poſtillion. Jeanette was alarmed, and formed a haſty reſolution. " Stop, friend !" cried ſhe ſuddenly. The poſtillion ſtopped. She took up her bundle, put half-a-guinea into the poſtillion's hand, and bade him drive on.

" What a God's name do you mean, miſs ? What ! it is almoſt dark. You don't

don't mean to ſtay here on the road all night ?"

"In the next village I am at home," returned Jeanette; "drive on if you pleaſe without me." The poſtillion ſhook his head, mounted his horſe, cracked his whip, and in a few minutes the carriage diſappeared from Jeanette's view. She looked after it with a kind of ſtupefaction; and when ſhe ſaw herſelf alone and helpleſs amidſt all nature, when ſhe heard the cricket chirrup its evening ſong, and the graſshopper buzzing in the buſhes, ſhe began to weep bitterly.

"Poor girl! what will now become of you?—Return?—Whither?—Advance.—Alas! William!"—She paced on a little way upon the high road, till on the left hand ſhe ſaw a little foot-path, which ſhe followed without farther conſideration, and in ſecret prayer ſhe proceeded.

Hitherto twilight had ſhed a feeble ray

ray upon the pathway, but night darkened round, and ſhe found herſelf at the entrance of a thick wood. A few moments ſhe ſtood irreſolute, but her courage revived. "This foot-path," thought ſhe, "muſt lead to the abode of men. I muſt ſurely find ſome village, or at leaſt a farm-houſe, and the deeper in the wood the better." At firſt ſhe purſued her way with ſpirit; but the darkneſs every moment increaſed, and the ſullen ſilence was interrupted only by the diſtant cooing of the wood-pigeon. She felt a fearful oppreſſion ſteal round her heart which ſhe had never before experienced. She redoubled her ſpeed, and terror lent her new ſtrength.

Till now ſhe thought that ſhe had obſerved the marks of a beaten foot-path; but at length her progreſs became ſo embarraſſed by the thick twining buſhes, that ſhe began to fear ſhe ſhould loſe the path altogether. Alas! what ſhe feared

feared ſoon happened. She ſuddenly found herſelf in a ſmall opening bare of trees; and where all around the pines and firs entwined their branches, the ſhrubs oppoſed their cloſe-grown twigs, and appriſed her that here no human foot had ſmoothed a paſſage. Terror now deprived her of ſtrength and reflection; ſhe groped round as if ſtruck blind, and was unable to find the path by which ſhe had come. Trembling, ſhe ſunk down upon the root of a tree, and recommended herſelf to God and to his angels.

In about an hour the moon roſe, and with it a beam of hope in her ſoul. She roſe, and choſe the place where it ſeemed eaſieſt to penetrate through the buſhes. After ſhe had wrought her way through with great perſeverance for a conſiderable diſtance, her hands ſcratched and bloody, and her white cloak torn to pieces on the thorns, ſhe came to a hedge, which, as far as the feeble light of the moon enabled

abled her to judge, ſeemed to border a ſtack of hay. "God be praiſed!" exclaimed ſhe, "here muſt be the habitation of men!" She had not advanced many ſteps farther when ſhe really ſaw a light at a diſtance. "Ha! a light!" ſhe haſtily cried, and felt her ſtrength invigorated. With renewed courage ſhe followed the ſide of the hedge, advanced towards the light, and ſoon perceived that it iſſued from the window of a little houſe which was thatched with ſtraw, but yet had a better appearance than common cottages. It was ſurrounded by a few out-houſes, and ſkirted all round by the wood.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE HUMOURIST.

MAN, who now no longer has a window in his breaſt, nor carries a mark upon his forehead (ſhould he even have killed a brother), yet in two ways diſplays his character with conſiderable preciſion, namely, by his *âreſs* and his *habitation*. He whoſe head is clear, and whoſe heart is tranquil, loves to dreſs himſelf with taſte, and to live in a pleaſant ſociety. Only the enthuſiaſt or the miſerable bury themſelves in deſerts.

Such thoughts as theſe lay heavy upon Jeanette's breaſt when ſhe ſaw the little houſe in the midſt of the wood. "Could I but find an aſylum here; could I but be allowed here to attach myſelf to ſome unfortunate being, who flies from envy and perſecution as I fly from love!"

She

She advanced a few steps nearer till she came to an aged oak, which shaded a seat formed of turf. Higher up on the trunk of the tree something glittered in the light of the moon. It was a white board with some inscription, and fastened to the tree by a gilt thong. Jeanette stepped up on the bench, and by the moonlight read the following lines in French:

La plainte est pour le fat, le bruit est pour le sot;
L'honnête homme trompé s'eloigne, et ne dit mot *.

"Ha!" exclaimed Jeanette, "here lives some mortal who has quarrelled with the world; he will not shut his door upon the wretched."

Animated with hope, she leaped down from the bench, and went straight to the house-door. A large dog with a chain about his neck suddenly rushed out of

* The fool complains, the knave makes a noise; but the honest man deceived retires and says nothing.

his kennel, and bawled out like a reviewer. Jeanette was frightened, and did not venture to approach. She ſtood like a young baſhful author, whom the reviewer denies admittance into the temple of fame, the ſacred receſſes of which he himſelf enters as little as the watch-dog the houſe of his maſter. Both are kept only to bark, and to growl at every ſtranger.

At the noiſe which the dog made, Jeanette thought ſhe ſaw the light in the houſe move paſt the window. She heard a bolt drawn; the door opened, a man looked out, ſaid "Tuſh, *Fagel!*" to the dog; and when the bark ſoftened into a lower growl, the woodman turned to the place where the white figure of Jeanette glanced in his eye, and cried: "Who is there?"—Jeanette told in a few words that ſhe had loſt her way, and begged a night's lodging.

The ſtranger anſwered not a word.

He

He went in and ſhut the door behind him. The poor wanderer could not conceive what this meant. The cur again began to rage as before; the light appeared to be placed in its old ſituation; and, except the dog, nobody ſeemed to think of her being there.

After a few minutes of anxious expectation, the light again moved through the houſe; the bolt was withdrawn, the door grated on its hinges, the man who had before come out made his appearance, ſaid "Tuſh, *Fagel!*" to the dog, and to Jeanette two words: "Come in."—Jeanette followed. She now perceived by the light of the lamp that her conductor was an old man, with a blue jacket and cloſe cut hair. He did not appear to ſhare the curioſity with which ſhe viewed him, as he ſcarcely once looked at her. He led her into a little room adjoining to the lobby. "Here is a

bed," ſaid he, put the lamp on the table, and retired.

Jeanette knew not well what to think of this extraordinary reception. She examined the room, in which a kind of indigent cleanlineſs ſeemed to prevail. The furniture conſiſted of a ſmall folding bed with fine bed-clothes, a looking-glaſs with a brown frame, two tables covered with green cloth, and ſix ſtraw-bottomed chairs. The floor was ſtrewed with white ſand and new cut fir branches. The only articles which ſeemed to indicate the owner to be a man of property were four valuable landſcapes by *Wouvermann*, which were fixed to the wall.

When ſhe obſerved that all was quiet in the houſe, and that nobody thought any thing more of her, ſhe threw herſelf in her clothes upon the bed; and exhauſted by three ſleepleſs nights, by bodily

dily exertion and mental diſtreſs, ſhe enjoyed a pretty calm night's reſt. The day was well advanced when ſhe was awaked by a noiſe in the room. It was the ſame ſilent man who had attended her the night before. He entered with a baſket, from which, without ſaying a word, he drew a white cloth, and ſpread it upon the table. He then placed upon it bread, butter, cheeſe, honey, a baſon of milk, and a glaſs of ſmall beer. "Here is breakfaſt," ſaid he, and again withdrew.

This laconic invitation extorted a ſmile from Jeanette. She remained lying on the bed for half an hour, and puzzled herſelf with conjectures to account for the ſingular behaviour of her hoſt. She then roſe, and refreſhed herſelf with bread and milk. As ſhe happened to look out at the window, ſhe obſerved another man, about forty years of age, in a grey coat; and ſhort hair

like the other. He ſat upon the turf ſeat under the oak, reading a book. His palé, haggard countenance bore the traces of ſorrow; his eyes were hollow, and ſhaded with ſhaggy eyebrows, which gave his features a gloomy character mixed with ſomething of wildneſs.

Jeanette conſidered him long with attention. She concluded that he was the maſter of the houſe; and ſhe reſolved, as ſoon as he gave up reading, to throw herſelf in his way, to thank him for his hoſpitable entertainment, and to offer herſelf to him as maid-ſervant. The man in grey, however, did not ſeem diſpoſed to quit his place: Sometimes, indeed, he laid aſide his book, ſtroked a ſpaniel, or cut a piece of hazle, in doing which he loſt himſelf in meditation; he would then take up the book again, though he ſeemed to read but little.

About mid-day the ſervant, for ſuch

Jeanette

Jeanette conſidered the man in the blue jacket, placed a table under the oak-tree, and carried out a few frugal diſhes, of which the man in grey ſparingly partook. Immediately after the ſervant brought the ſame fare to Jeanette, and ſaid: "Here is dinner," and went away. "Theſe men," thought Jeanette, "are not curious. It appears to be very indifferent to them who I am. I however am very anxious to know who the perſon is to whom I owe this aſylum."

When the ſervant returned to clear the table, ſhe ventured, for the firſt time, to aſk him a queſtion: "Where am I?"—"Among honeſt people," returned the man, and went his way. Jeanette concluded that ſpeech was here uſed only as a neceſſary, and not, as at court, as a luxury. Notwithſtanding her deſire to gratify her female curioſity, ſhe felt a repugnance equally ſtrong to haraſs by her queſtions; and ſhe ſtrug-

gled with herſelf the whole morning, whether ſhe ſhould go out and ſpeak to the man in grey. More than once ſhe had the door in her hand; but after ſhe had ſummoned courage to make her propoſals, ſhe perceived that the ſtranger had left his ſeat, and hid himſelf in the woods.

The ſhades of evening cloſed around. The man in the blue jacket brought a lamp, and ſaid: "Here is a light." In a little while he covered the table in ſilence; and when he had placedthe victuals upon it, he retired, ſaying: "Here is your ſupper." The converſation for the day there cloſed. Jeanette remained alone, neither ſaw nor heard any thing farther, and ſlept as well as ſhe could till next morning.

When next day her breakfaſt was placed on the table, and ſhe had begun to eat, the monoſyllabic man in blue ſaid: "Now you may go. The road on the left hand takes you out of the wood."

wood."—"Alas! my friend!" ſaid Jeanette, "does your maſter want no ſervant girl?"—The man in blue for the firſt time looked her broad in the face, anſwered however not a word, but went out to his maſter, who was ſeated under the oak-tree. In a few minutes he returned, and ſaid: "No. The left hand road takes you out of the wood."

"I ſhall go this moment," ſaid Jeanette with a ſigh; "but may I not be permitted to return your maſter my thanks?"—"No!" was the rough anſwer with which the man in blue left her. Melancholy and diſconſolate ſhe went to the window, every moment thought of preparing to ſet out, and ſtill poſtponed it. "Where ſhall I find an aſylum ſo peculiarly adapted for the gloomy temper of my ſorrow? The buſtle of cities, the ceremony of great houſes, the importunity of talkative men—and here—this dreary wilderneſs, the ſolemn firs,

the domeſtic ſilence—O! he muſt retain me; the ſtrange mortal there under the oak muſt take me into his ſervice."

Suddenly ſhe felt, as it were, ſomething whiſper her: "To ſucceed in your object with ſingular characters you muſt yourſelf act in a ſingular manner."—The day before ſhe had accidentally obſerved, that at this hour the ſervant had brought ſome pails out of an adjoining houſe, taken them to the well, and waſhed them clean. He had then gone into a little ſhed where a couple of cows were kept, milked them, and brought the milk into the houſe.

On this diſcovery, Jeanette immediately formed her plan. She haſtily pinned up her gown, went out without heſitation, carefully avoided looking at the man in grey as ſhe paſſed him under the oak-tree, went into the out-houſe, took the pails, and waſhed them clean at the well. She then poſted to the ſhed,

ſhed, milked the cows, and proceeded to carry the milk into the houſe. All this ſhe did with the ſame neatneſs and dexterity as if ſhe had been accuſtomed to it all her life.

The man in grey dropped his book upon his knees, and eyed her with ſurpriſe. When ſhe came out of the ſhed, and was paſſing by him, he ſaid: "What is the meaning of this?"

"Good ſir!"—"I am no good ſir! But I am a man!"—"Alas! I am unfortunate."—"Who is not ſo?"—"I wiſh to remain with you as maid-ſervant."—"I want no maid-ſervant."—"If you do not want me—Ah! good ſir! I ſtand in need of you!"

The man in grey remained a few moments ſilent. "Peter!" cried he to the ſervant, "the girl may ſtay." After theſe words he took up the book, and took no farther notice of Jeanette.

CHAP. XIX.

IMPROVEMENTS.

AN old Latin proverb maintains, that the ſame conſequence does not always follow when two men perform the ſame action; and this obſervation holds as true in the woods of Weſtphalia as in the city of Rome. If nature is adorned with youth, beauty, gentleneſs and grace, the fortunate poſſeſſor of theſe advantages may boldly undertake what an old wrinkled beldame durſt not attempt. Had not Jeanette been a lovely girl, had not her hand excelled the milk in whiteneſs, and her form tranſcended the elegance of the poplars, perhaps the man in grey might have conſidered her unbidden officiouſneſs as extremely impertinent and diſagreeable. But it was impoſſible to meet the glance of the lovely

girl's

girl's fine benignant eye without feeling ſome emotion of kindneſs, though you had been ſtretched on a bed of thorns. When you ſaw her you felt the ſame effects which *Moritz*, in his Magazine of Moral Experiments, mentions to have been produced by the glowing tints of an evening ſky. A melancholy man was walking one fine ſummer evening up and down upon the Mall, with his face firſt turned towards the eaſt, where the ſky was dark and gloomy. Corroding care and diſguſt of life filled his breaſt. Suddenly he turned round—The ſoft beauties of the purple weſtern ſky ſaluted his view. Hope, love, and confidence awoke in his ſoul.

The man in grey would not liſten to Jeanette's thanks. He ſaid: "O! very well!" and beckoned with his hand for her to retire. He conceived that he had performed a pure duty of humanity abſtracted from all collateral feelings and views.

views. "She is unfortunate," thought he, "and imagines that it is poſſible in this world to enjoy happineſs. Happy for her! ſo long as ſhe continues to cheriſh this dream!—But what misfortunes can ſhe have ſuſtained?—O! 'tis all one! What is it to me?"—He continued to read, but ſoon perceived that he knew nothing of what he had been reading. "My thoughts wander," ſaid he to himſelf, put his book in his pocket, and plunged, as was his cuſtom, deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile Jeanette went chearily about her new occupation. She took poſſeſſion of the kitchen, arranged every thing in the neateſt order, ſcoured and burniſhed what was not ſufficiently bright, cleaned the pots, put water on the fire, ingeniouſly made herſelf a ſcuttle of twigs, which ſhe pealed with her fair hands. All this ſhe did without ſaying a word; for ſhe had already obſerved

ſerved that in this houſe *ſilence* was the greateſt recommendation and ſhe was determined to ſhew the man in grey, that it was not neceſſary to baniſh the fair ſex from his ſolitude on account of their reputed deficiency in this virtue.

Peter ſtood and gazed at her. He ſaid not a word indeed, but he ſmiled kindly, and ſometimes with a half nod muttered Ha! hem! However eagerly Jeanette longed to know where, and in whoſe houſe ſhe was, ſhe reflected that her ſilent hoſt had ſtill a better right to anticipate her curious enquiries; and as he allowed her to remain undiſturbed, ſhe thought it fair to obſerve a ſimilar delicacy.

Thus paſſed a whole month without a human voice being heard in the ſolitude. Every hour of the day was dedicated to its appropriate employment, every employment had its eſtabliſhed form. Good morning! Good night! were expreſſed

with a nod of the head, and at moſt by a ſingle word. The diſhes required for dinner were ſettled and communicated to Jeanette by their bare appellations. Never once had they enquired her name. When ſhe was called, it was, Girl!—The man in grey was called Maſter, and the valet was called Peter.

Jeanette endeavoured, by every little attention, to win the favour of her new maſter. She had now cauſe to rejoice that her old aunt at Munſter had initiated her in the myſteries of cookery. From the happy days of her youth ſhe had ſtill cheriſhed her propenſity for gardening. She was ſkilled in rearing fruits and flowers; and every thing, as formerly, flouriſhed in her hands.

In a corner of the kitchen-garden ſhe choſe a ſpot of good rich ſoil for a flower-plot. "Peter," ſaid ſhe, "take the ſpade and dig me this ſpot." Peter looked

looked at her, ſmiled, muttered, with a half nod, Hem! hem! ha! and prepared the ground as he was deſired. In a ſhort time, roſes and hyacinths began to ſhoot up, which Jeanette carefully watered every evening. When they began to perfume the air with their full-blown beauties, ſhe tranſplanted them into flower-pots, and ſtuck them in the ground, by the turf bench, round the oak-tree. When the man in grey repaired next morning, as uſual, to his favourite ſpot, it ſeemed as if during the night roſes and hyacinths had ſprung up under his feet.

When he firſt obſerved this little piece of gallantry, he ſtood a good while gazing at it. Peter brought breakfaſt, and his maſter pointed with his finger to the roſes. Peter underſtood him, and anſwered, "The girl."

"The girl!" involuntarily repeated the man in grey, and a ſmile eſcaped him,

which

which ſtill played round his lip with a caſt of ſeverity. He took out a guinea, gave it to Peter, and ſaid, "The girl." Peter carried the money, with the words, "From maſter."

"For what?"—"For the flowers."—"If the flowers afford maſter any pleaſure, I am rewarded. Kindneſs cannot be purchaſed with gold."

Peter looked at her with a little aſtoniſhment, and for the firſt time in his life clapped her on her ſhoulder. He carried the money back, laid it on the table, and ſaid: "She refuſes."—"Why?"

"She ſays, If the flowers have afforded maſter any pleaſure, ſhe is rewarded. Kindneſs is not to be purchaſed with money."—"Said ſhe ſo?"—"Yes."

This time the countenance of the man in grey relaxed into a ſmile, in which the ſeverity was almoſt totally eclipſed. Thus did Jeanette avail herſelf

ſelf of every opportunity which preſented to ſmooth the brow of the humouriſt. He was not ungrateful; he was ſenſible of the effort, though he long remained ſilent. When ſhe paſſed him in the morning to milk the cows, he could not refrain from lifting his eyes from the book, and looking after her. This ſtolen pleaſure had, without his being aware of it, become ſo neceſſary to him, that, if ſhe happened to be longer in coming than uſual, his eye wandered an hundred times from the book to the houſe-door, to catch her dear form. This, however, was all. In the ſame uniformity paſſed a quarter of a year. Jeanette could not help feeling her female vanity a little hurt, that with all her efforts, and all her attention, ſhe had not been able to intereſt the man in grey ſo far as to enquire her name. At laſt, however, ſhe hit upon a thought, the execution of which at firſt appeared extremely

tremely difficult, but which ſucceeded beyond her hopes.

" Who made the tablet which hangs on the oak ?" ſaid ſhe one day to Peter. —" It was I."—" And who painted the inſcription ?"—" I."—" Are you a painter ?"—" I was in my youth."

" I am glad of that. Make me ſuch a tablet." Peter looked and ſmiled. " Are you ſerious ?"—" Yes. You muſt ſay nothing of it, however, to your maſter. I wiſh to procure him an unexpected pleaſure." Peter laughed, again muttered Hem ! hem ! and made the tablet. When it was ready, Jeanette gave him a ſtanza to be inſcribed upon it. Peter wrought *con amore*, and ſurpaſſed himſelf. The kind thanks with which Jeanette repaid his trouble gave him more ſatisfaction than the celebrated *Caſanova* enjoys in a preſent from the Semiramis of the North.

When the man in grey, according to cuſtom,

cuſtom, ſlipped out one morning to the turf ſeat under the oak-tree, and happened to look up to the trunk, behold! the old tablet was taken away; in its place hung a new one, on which he read, with great ſurpriſe, the following words:

Ne te vante point d'avoir en cet aſyle
Rencontré le parfait bonheur.
Il n'eſt point retiré dans le fond d'un bocage,
Il eſt moins chez les rois,
Il eſt encore moins chez le ſage;
De cette courte vie il n'eſt pas le partage:
Il y faut renoncer; mais on peut quelques fois
Embraſſer au moins ſon image*.

He read it over twice, three times, and could ſcarcely believe his eyes. Peter brought breakfaſt, his maſter pointed

* Think not you have found happineſs in this retreat. It lives not in gloomy woods; ſtill leſs is it to be ſought at court, as little in the breaſt of the ſage. It is not the portion of this fleeting life. We muſt then forego the poſſeſſion. Yet ſometimes we are permitted to embrace at leaſt its ſhadow.

with

with his finger to the tablet. Peter underſtood the geſture, and replied with a ſmile, "*The girl.*"

"*The girl!*" involuntarily repeated the man in grey, and ſmiled without any mixture of ſeverity. When Jeanette paſſed by, quite unconcerned, a ſhort time after, to pay her morning viſit to the cows, he could no longer maintain his reſerve. "Girl!" cried he.—"Sir," replied Jeanette, and turned round to him.

"Who are you?"—"I am unfortunate."—"Can you tell me no more?"—"Excuſe me."—"Well, I am not diſpleaſed to ſee the unfortunate take refuge with me. Will you remain with me till I die?"—"Moſt willingly."—"What is your name?"—"Jeanette."—"Well, you may go." Jeanette withdrew.

The man in grey had not ſpoken ſo much at one time for many years. He

He was ſurpriſed, even himſelf, at the effort, and fell into a profound meditation, in which he forgot his morning walk. What was the preciſe ſubject of his reflections, kind reader, he never ventured to communicate even to the oak-tree; and perhaps he himſelf did not exactly know. This explanation, however, produced no alteration in the mode of life of the hermit and his domeſtics. Every thing moved on in its uſual courſe; and except the new inſcription upon the oak, every thing remained in its former place.

Winter had now ſtripped the leaves from the trees, covered Jeanette's flower-garden with ſnow, and kept the man in grey confined to his chamber. To the want of exerciſe, perhaps, it was owing that ſecret grief, and inceſſant brooding over a ſilent ſorrow, affected his health this ſeaſon more than he had before experienced.

perienced. He was attacked by a ſevere illneſs.

It is a proud deſtiny which the fair ſex enjoy, that to them we owe the moſt delightful of our pleaſures; but it is ſtill a prouder diſtinction they poſſeſs, in ſoothing our moments of ſickneſs and diſtreſs. Jeanette never ſtirred from his bed. Botany, formerly the amuſement of her youth, ſhe now employed with advantage. In the morning ſhe prepared him cooling draughts, and made him drink potions made from the juice of the moſt agreeable and ſalutary fruits. For dinner ſhe made him light vegetable ſoups; in the evening ſhe took a book from his ſmall but ſelect library, and read till he fell aſleep. She then lay down, without throwing off her clothes, on a ſofa in the adjoining room, and if the patient but ſtirred ſhe was with him in an inſtant.

By

By her unwearied care his health was in a few weeks re-eſtabliſhed. He appeared ſtill, it is true, as formerly, penſive and reſerved. His countenance, however, was no longer moroſe and miſanthropic. He was ſilent, indeed, as before, but his ſilence ſeemed to be conſtrained.

"Go to Jeanette's chamber," ſaid he one morning to Peter, "and lay this purſe upon her table." Peter did as he was deſired. Jeanette found the purſe, and eaſily gueſſed from whom it came.

"Go to your maſter's room," ſaid ſhe to Peter, "and lay this purſe upon his table." Peter obeyed, and the purſe was ſent three times backwards and forwards, without any farther explanation taking place upon the ſubject. The man in grey was at laſt obliged to put up his purſe again in his pocket. In the evening, as he ſtood at the window, with his face to the caſement, and his back to Jeanette, he began, contrary to cuſtom,

to whiſtle a tune. Suddenly he ſtopped, and without turning round ſaid, in a low heſitating voice: "You take no money?"

"No!" replied Jeanette. The man in grey continued to whiſtle, and beat time with his fingers upon the glaſs, but ſaid not a word more.

Next day, however, at dinner-time, when Peter began to cover the table, his maſter ſaid, "Lay two covers." Peter ſtarted, and remained ſtanding in the middle of his work, like a clock run out, till his maſter gravely repeated the order. He then placed the two covers, without ſaying a word, and thought with himſelf that company muſt be coming. No gueſt appeared, however, and dinner was ſerved up.

"Call Jeanette!"—Jeanette appeared.—"Sit down, and dine with me."

Jeanette felt the kindneſs of this behaviour. She ſat down, and attempted

to

to eat; but the tear ſtarted in her eye, and ſhe could not ſwallow a morſel. The man in grey threw a ſtolen glance at her. "Why do you weep?" ſaid he. Jeanette roſe, and ran out of the room.

"She is a good girl!" muttered the hermit; a ſmile played round his lips, but inſtead of the former ſeverity it was blended with a look of ſorrow.

CHAP. XX.

THE BOWER.

WHEN God pronounced the ſublime command, "Let there be light!" he ſent beauty into the world, and there was light. Where is there a dungeon ſo dreary—where a heart ſo overwhelmed with grief, to which the influence of beauty will not impart light and conſolation?

The hermitage of the man in grey by degrees loſt its gloomy aſpect. A groupe of tall firs, on the eaſt ſide of the houſe, intercepted the paſſage of the cheering rays of the morning ſun. This was preciſely to his mind, as he fled from the light of the ſun, and buried himſelf in a chamber looking towards the north, into which ſcarce a beam of light penetrated in the longeſt ſummer day.

day. Jeanette drove him out of this room on pretence of ſome repairs. Peter, in conſequence of a hint from her at night, cut down the old firs, and, when the man in grey awoke, the ſun peeped through his curtains.

Aſtoniſhed at this viſit, he rung the bell. Peter appeared. His maſter pointed to the ſun. Peter ſmiled archly.—"The firs are gone," ſaid he cheerfully: "What is become of them?"—"I hewed them down."—"Who ordered you to do that?"—"The girl." The man in grey bowed to the authority, as a loyal old Frenchman would have done to a diſagreeable order announced *de par le Roi.*

Two hundred paces from the houſe lay a little hillock, overgrown with thick buſhes and ſhrubbery. When ſpring began to open the leaves on the trees, Jeanette requeſted the ever obliging Peter to clear the top of the hillock, and to

leave only as much as was neceſſary to form a bower. The ivy, the jeſſamine, and the honey-ſuckles were arched over a turf bank. A gravel walk was formed up to the ſpot; the man in grey was invited to take a walk, and at the top of the hill ſurpriſed with an agreeable proſpect.

He ſaid nothing; but, when Jeanette retired a few ſteps to pull a bunch of May-flowers, he turned round, and nodded to Peter with an inquiſitive air. Peter nodded and winked. Another time, Jeanette privately bought a nightingale from a country girl. This was a bird rarely ſeen in this part of the wood, where only owls ſcreeched and hawks ſcreamed. She hung the ſweet ſinger, in the evening, under the window of her maſter's bed-room. The bird began his melodious ſong, now in plaintive, now in joyous notes. The man in grey awoke from his firſt ſlumber, liſtened, wondered,

wondered, and rejoiced at this unuſual viſit; and he even wiſhed that the nightingale might not be a paſſing gueſt, but that it might build a neſt in the garden.

When he opened the window next morning, he perceived from whence the ſerenade had proceeded. Peter brought up breakfaſt, and his maſter had already lifted up his hand, as uſual, to point to the object the appearance of which had excited his ſurpriſe; but he drew back his hand. The queſtion is unneceſſary, thought he: who elſe can it be but the girl?

Penſive and abſent he ſat down to the tea-table, and ſtirred the tea round and round with the ſpoon, to melt the ſugar which he had forgot to put in.—"Jeanette!" ſaid he in a low voice.—"Jeanette!" repeated he a little louder.—"Jeanette!" exclaimed he the third time, with ſome degree of vehemence.

Jeanette, in the kitchen juſt by,

heard her name called, and immediately appeared. "Did you call?"

The man in grey was visibly embarrassed. "I?—No. Go, my child—go." Jeanette withdrew, and felt an emotion of pleasure; for it was the first time he had called her child. It was anxiety to obtain this endearing appellation which had animated all her exertions, and every day seemed more and more to promise her complete success. Since the period when she had so disinterestedly refused the fee which her medical care had earned, she commonly dined at table with her master. Without her knowledge, he sent Peter into the next village, to hire a peasant girl to assist her. He no longer suffered her to do any work that had the appearance of drudgery. In the evening she participated in his hours of reading, and with the most kind address she contrived to supersede some of his former favourite authors.

authors. *Zimmerman's Solitude, Young's Night Thoughts,* and books of this deſcription, were exchanged for Montaigne's Eſſays, and the Travels of Anacharſis the younger. Sometimes even he condeſcended to liſten to the humorous adventures of Gil Blas. In a word, after the lapſe of a twelvemonth, he as little reſembled the man in grey of the laſt year, as the bare roſe-buſh which you bring out of the cellar reſembles the roſe-buſh that in a few weeks diſplays its foliage, and ſpreads its bloſſoms to the ſun.

He was conſcious of this change, and his heart opened to tender ſenſations. How dear Jeanette had become to him, and what might be the conſequence of the attachment, he had never reflected; and an opportunity alone was wanting to appriſe him of the true nature of his feelings.

Since the bower on the top of the

hillock had been reared, he had, in a great meaſure, deſerted his former favourite ſpot, the turf bank under the oak-tree. He often ſtole, well pleaſed, through the fields, and hied by the winding path to the top of the hill, where an unconfined proſpect no longer, as formerly, was diſagreeable.

One day, as he was approaching the bower with ſilent ſteps, he thought he heard an unuſual noiſe. He liſtened, and he imagined he heard ſome one ſob. By a ſudden turn he entered the bower, and diſcovered Jeanette in tears. She had been thinking of William, and her tears flowed to abſence and to love. She ſtarted up, and endeavoured to force a ſmile. The man in grey, however, looked her keenly in the face. "Jeanette," ſaid he, "you weep!" She could not anſwer.—"Are you ſtill unhappy?"

"Alas! No! I am as happy as I can ever be upon earth."

"And

"And yet theſe tears?"—"They flow to the remembrance of the paſt."

"Perhaps, too, the hopes of future bliſs in ſtore?"

"I hope for nothing but the continuance of your favour towards me."—A long pauſe followed. With faltering voice the man in grey again proceeded: "Are you married?"

"No."—"Have you a lover?"—"I had one!"—"Is he dead?"—"Heaven forbid!"—"Is he unfaithful?"—"O! no.—How is it poſſible that he could be ſo?"—"Yet you have renounced all hope?"—"Becauſe fate has divided us for ever!"

"How ſo?"—"Becauſe—forgive me—I cannot explain myſelf—but I muſt never ſee him more! I never will!"

"You never will?"

"While God enables me to retain the ſentiments of honour and virtue!"

"Do you mean this ſeriouſly?"—"I

ſhould hate myſelf if I thought differently; I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf if I could act differently."—A pauſe enſued. The man in grey ſeized Jeanette's hand with emotion, led her to the turf bank, and ſaid with tender accents: "My good child, I entreat your confidence; tell me the cauſe of your unhappineſs!"

"Were you to know that, you would expel me from this ſolitude, the only aſylum which is now left me."

"With you, then, I ſhould baniſh the happineſs of my life." And a violent glow ruſhed to his cheeks, as if he had been aſhamed of this involuntary confeſſion. "Speak without apprehenſion," continued he in a more calm and ſoothing tone. "Perhaps I have hitherto appeared to you unfeeling? We Dutchmen are reputed cold as the fogs in which we live. But my ſorrows too were chiefly the ſorrows of the heart! Speak, and fear not that your confidence will

be

be abuſed, or that your ſufferings will be unpitied."

Jeanette at laſt yielded, and from a very natural baſhfulneſs related—not her own but William's ſtory; how he had been received as the ſon of a poor porter into her father's houſe; how love had ariſen out of childiſh affection; how when he became a ſchoolmaſter he had ſolicited her hand, and in grief on account of the diſappointment of his wiſhes had enliſted; how he had ſo nobly ſacrificed himſelf for his friend; how he had bravely fought, and had been promoted by his merit. She pretended that ſhe could not bear the thought of confining the generous youth's advancement in the career of fame by an indiſcreet marriage. "We have at laſt agreed," ſaid ſhe, "to conſider one another as brother and ſiſter, and nothing in the world is capable of diverting me from this reſolution."

The man in grey ſaw nothing in this narrative which could juſtify the fear which Jeanette had expreſſed of being baniſhed from his protection. He gueſſed that there muſt be ſome myſtery unrevealed, and in vain he ſolicited the timorous girl to make a full diſcloſure. In ſpite of the repugnance which his heart felt to ſuch a taſk, he made ſeveral attempts to convince her that ſhe was guided by a falſe delicacy; offered to contribute his advice and aſſiſtance to effect a union between her and William, but all in vain! She remained immoveable, and entreated him, as he valued her peace, not to mention William's name in her preſence. He was obliged to give this promiſe, and he gave it without reluctance.

They now ſeparated, and went home in ſilence. Both remained immerſed in thought, and ſupper was carried from table untouched. The man in grey went

went to bed, but he never closed his eyes; he was deaf to the melody of the nightingale under his window; and, still lost in waking dreams, the morning sun called him from his pillow.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

THE following day paſſed in tranquillity. Jeanette had recovered her uſual ſerenity, but ſomething ſeemed to brood in the ſoul of the man in grey.

"Let us take a walk, dear Jeanette!" ſaid he in the evening. They went up in ſilence to the hill, and ſat down, as the preceding day, upon the turf bank before they exchanged a word. A long pauſe followed. Jeanette looked round with embarraſſment, and twiſted the leaves which hung down from the arching honeyſuckles. The unerring penetration which is inſeparable from a female mind in caſes of this nature enabled her to anticipate the ſcene which was impending. The man in grey ſat with his head

head reclining upon his breaſt, and his heart ſeemed labouring to be delivered from a heavy burden. "Jeanette!" ſaid he at laſt, "do you ſtill continue in the ſentiments which you expreſſed yeſterday?"—"I ſhall never entertain any other."—"Then you renounce your William?"

Jeanette with a ſigh: "I have already renounced him for ever!"

The man in grey, with faltering voice, and drawing figures in the ſand with his cane, continued: "Will you marry me?"

Jeanette ſtarted. A queſtion ſo abrupt ſhe had not anticipated. She gazed at the man in grey with a look which teſtified ſome feeling of horror, an emotion quite foreign to the ſentiments which he had hitherto inſpired.

"Yeſterday," proceeded he viſibly relieved, "you honoured me with your confidence, and it is juſt that I ſhould return

return it. My hiſtory you ſhall hear in a few words.—I am a Dutchman, and my name is Van Shipper. My father was a rich merchant, who loved money beyond every thing in the world. The little cultivation which my mind has received I owe to my reſidence in foreign countries, and to the peruſal of good books.

"When I returned home I had the misfortune to fall in love with a young lady of great beauty. I wiſhed to make her my wife, but durſt not gratify my deſire for fear of offending my father. The threat of diſinheriting me added fuel to the flame. I endeavoured to perſuade her to elope with me, and would have ſacrificed for her every expectation of preſent fortune. Before, however, my plan could be accompliſhed, a German coxcomb brought the peſt of ſentimental cant into her family, and ſhe became faithleſs.

"I now

"I now exchanged love to the fair ſex for love to my country. I became what was called a patriot, and was baniſhed. A perſon of the name of *Fagel*, whom I had once ſaved from being drowned at Baden, was my moſt violent perſecutor. I ſhould have forgotten the worthleſs fellow, but that the name of my dog daily reminds me of him. A reward was offered for my apprehenſion. My father was dead. I ventured to go ſecretly as far as Amſterdam, and lived ſome weeks concealed in the houſe of my mother. There I made arrangements for remitting my property out of the country. I had already ſafely tranſferred one half of it, when I learnt that I was betrayed by my own mother. Party ſpirit and fanaticiſm trample upon the feelings of nature. I was on the point of being arreſted; I fled, and truſted the other half of my property with my own brother, by whom I have been cheated

of

of it. Thus did fate diſſolve the bands of love, friendſhip, and nature. I remained alone in the world, and in vain opened my arms to catch to my heart a being of congenial diſpoſition. I then withdrew into this ſolitude, accompanied by a ſingle domeſtic, whoſe ſtupidity ſeemed a pledge for his honeſty.

"What I have been able to ſave from the wreck of my fortune is far more than I ſpend, but ſtill leſs than my heart requires. Since I have known you the paſt ſeems a dream, and the future begins to ſmile upon me. I cannot live without you. A man like me of eight-and-thirty, rough and forbidding withal, can ſcarce venture to pretend to your love. If, however, you are ſerious in your reſolution to ſpend your life in this ſequeſtered ſolitude, why not as my wife? as my cloſe united friend and companion?—You have reſtored confidence in humanity to my breaſt; if

you conſent to confer happineſs and tranquillity upon me, ſay the tranſporting *yes!*

"You are ſilent?—You tremble?—Do I gueſs your ſentiments?—The heart can love but once!—No, dear Jeanette, you are miſtaken. Try only to make a human being happy, and you will ſoon conceive an attachment to your own work.—Come, then! accept the hand of an honeſt man, and let me bleſs the hour which brought you to this wood!"

Jeanette, trembling and bluſhing, heard only one half of his narration, and of the apoſtrophe at the end nothing at all. A hundred times had ſhe ſecretly lamented that the day before ſhe had not been more candid; that ſhe had not diſcovered all, even at the riſk of being turned once more into the wide world. The man in grey, indeed, was agreeable to her, but the ſentiment he inſpired was not a-kin to the tender paſſion; his

pleaſing

pleaſing qualities were not thoſe which are rewarded with love. Had ſhe really felt for him, however, what he felt for her, and ſhe felt for William, ſhe was incapable of impoſing upon him an innocence which reſided only in her pure ſoul. She opened her mouth to make a full confeſſion, but her tongue refuſed its office, and ſhame cloſed her lips.

The man in grey looked in her face with penetrating eyes; he read confuſion and anxiety, but no repugnance. This obſervation gave him courage, and he became more preſſing. At length, with faltering accents, Jeanette entreated permiſſion to give him her anſwer in writing. "When?" exclaimed he eagerly.—"To-morrow," ſaid the wretched girl, and haſtened away. He was about to follow her—She turned round: "For goodneſs' ſake leave me alone!"—He withdrew. She plunged into the receſſes of the wood, where ſhe wandered

till

till it was dark, conſidering with herſelf in what terms ſhe ſhould couch her confeſſion. The attachment of the man in grey flattered her; the loſs of it was inevitable, and it was painful. Yet to loſe his eſteem—the thought was intolerable!—"But it muſt be ſo! Better to ſuffer what I have merited; better to ſink to the ſituation of a deſpiſed woman, than to deceive a worthy man who is my benefactor."

Having finiſhed her ſoliloquies with this determination, ſhe returned to the hermitage. She did not make her appearance in the parlour before Mr. Van Shipper, whom ſhe heard pacing through the room. She prepared ſupper as expeditiouſly as ſhe could, and retired to her cloſet.

Peter covered the table, and laid only one cover. His maſter pointed to it, and ſaid: "Why?"—"The girl does not ſup."—"Where is ſhe?"—"She is

in

in her room."—"What is she doing?"—"I can't tell."—"How does she look?"—"She has been weeping."—The man in grey redoubled his strides. Peter placed the dishes on the table, took his station with his towel under his arm behind the chair, and coughed several times to make his master perceive that supper was waiting. When he found that neither coughing nor stamping the ground produced the effect, he at last took the freedom to say: "Supper is cooling." This hint, however, he was obliged to repeat three times before Mr. Van Shipper could be so far roused from his reverie as to say peevishly: "I don't choose any supper!" Nine years had Peter lived with his master in this solitude, and never had been treated by him in this manner. It was no wonder, then, that this first ebullition of passion made a strong impression on the dull good hearted creature. He began to

weep. "Good maſter!" ſaid he ſobbing, "how am I to blame becauſe you cannot eat?"

Mr. Van Shipper immediately recollected himſelf. "Go!" ſaid he with ſoftened voice as he clapped him on the ſhoulder, "go, good Peter! Be not offended with me, I am ill." Peter carried the diſhes back to the kitchen, but his appetite was gone alſo.

The man in grey continued for two hours to pace backwards and forwards in the room. He was at laſt ſo fatigued that his knees trembled, but he found it impoſſible either to ſit down or go to bed. He burned with curioſity to know whether Jeanette was aſleep. He ſlipped ſoftly through the court, from which he could have a view of her window, which was on the ground floor. There was light in the room. He approached the window, and found the curtain half open. He ſaw Jeanette writing at a

table; often ſhe laid down the pen to wipe her eyes. This picture haunted him in his bed-room, and was not very well calculated to procure him ſound repoſe.

The morning ſun found Jeanette ſtill at the deſk. She had now finiſhed her ſtory; ſhe reviſed what ſhe had written, ſealed it with trembling hand, and called Peter. The man in grey ſhuddered when he heard her voice. He ſtopped his breath to liſten. Peter now opens the door of Jeanette's room—he returns, and every ſtep he advanced the heart of the anxious expectant beat more violently. The door opened; he ſaw a letter in Peter's hand, and the laſt drops of blood vaniſhed from his cheeks. Trembling he broke the ſeal; a miſt obſcured his eyes.

Jeanette, when ſhe had removed this burden from her breaſt, went with lightened heart to perform her uſual occupations

tions in the kitchen. She ordered the fire to be kindled, aſſiſted the maid to gather vegetables in the garden, and, as ſhe prepared dinner, liſtened with beating heart when ſhe heard the leaſt noiſe in the adjoining room.

After the lapſe of an hour, the door opened. Mr. Van Shipper came into the kitchen with Jeanette's letter in his hand. The poor girl, covered with bluſhes, durſt not look up. The greens dropped from her trembling hands, and the big tears trickled down her cheeks. —" Jeanette !" ſaid the man in grey— " thus do I deſtroy all remembrance of this confeſſion." He threw the letter into the fire.

Jeanette ſobbed. Mr. Van Shipper gave the maid a hint to withdraw. " Look at me, dear girl," ſaid he, and ſeized her trembling hand. She looked up with timid aſpect, her eyes bathed in tears.—" I am now acquainted with

every fold of your heart.—The expreſſion is improper, your heart has no folds. Forget what you have ſuffered, forgive the ſpoiler of your innocence, I have forgiven him. You have eſcaped from the ſnare into which your virtue was once betrayed; you are ſaved, and your heart is unpolluted. I have known women deſtitute of every good quality, women in whoſe breaſts envy and malevolence overflowed, who would ſneer diſdainfully at a poor fallen ſiſter, becauſe ſhe no longer poſſeſſed the trivial thing which alone they ſtamped with the name of virtue. Comfort yourſelf then, dear Jeanette; the letter is burnt, and with it all memory of the paſt is extinguiſhed. Never ſhall a word, or even the moſt remote alluſion, remind you of what you have ſuffered. Once more I ſolicit your heart and hand.—You are ſilent.—May I ſend Peter to the next village for the parſon?"

Alas!

Alas! poor Jeanette was in a cruel ſituation. On the one ſide her benefactor, a gentleman animated by moſt generous love, who nobly overlooked her fault, and offered her tranquillity and abundance.—On the other ſide, William!—She had indeed renounced him, but ſhe was not to blame becauſe a ſpark of hope ſtill glimmered in her breaſt; ſhe was unable to extinguiſh it. Could ſhe, in this ſituation, give her hand to another man?—Were William then to make his appearance, ſtill faithful, and overflowing with love, alas! muſt ſhe not be unſpeakably wretched? Muſt ſhe not render her generous huſband wretched likewiſe?—No! ſhe could not pronounce the word that muſt eternally ſeparate her from William. It coſt floods of tears, and a long ſtruggle between love and gratitude; but love prevailed, and ſhe pronounced an irrevocable refuſal.

The man in grey was too noble to

preſs her farther; not a reproach eſcaped his lips, he was ſilent, and locked up his grief in his heart. To his former moroſe and auſtere deportment ſucceeded a profound melancholy. He ſpoke leſs than uſual, was abſent when he was addreſſed, wandered the whole day in the wood, and toſſed himſelf, all night long, ſleepleſs on his pillow. Scarcely did he take ſufficient nouriſhment to ſupply the bare means of exiſtence. Jeanette ſaw that a ſecret ſorrow conſumed him, his cheeks grew paler and paler, his eyes grew more hollow—her heart bled.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THE WIDOW.

THE ſorrows of the heart have this in common with corporeal ſufferings, that they render us indifferent to life. The man in grey felt himſelf eaſieſt, in proportion as he perceived his ſtrength decay, and his ſtate of health promiſe him a ſpeedy period to his griefs. There was one thing indeed which ſtill lay heavy on his heart, and he haſtened to ſettle his laſt buſineſs with the world.

One morning he retired, as uſual, into the wood, but did not return at his accuſtomed hour to dinner. Jeanette became uneaſy; night came, but he did not appear. She waited all night long, but the man in grey ſtill remained abſent.

Peter wept, and Jeanette could not

reſt a moment for anxiety. She traverſed the wood for a mile round, cried the man in grey's name a thouſand times, but in vain.—Quite exhauſted, ſhe returned home at noon, and hoped that during her abſence he might have returned; but her hopes were diſappointed. She now felt that the man in grey was dearer to her than ſhe had ſuſpected. She reproached herſelf moſt bitterly for her ingratitude, and Peter's cries drove her almoſt to deſpair. In the afternoon ſhe renewed her ſearch, with cries and lamentations. She examined every buſh, and trembled every moment leſt ſhe ſhould find the lifeleſs corpſe of her benefactor.—She found it not.—Almoſt worn out, ſhe threw herſelf under a tree, and reſigned herſelf to the dictates of the moſt violent grief.

"What is the matter with you, Jeanette?" ſaid the well-known voice beſide her. She haſtily looked up, and the man

in

in grey ſtood before her. "God be praiſed!" cried ſhe with folded hands, while a flood of tears accompanied her words. She raiſed herſelf on her knees, and embraced his legs. "God be praiſed! you are alive!"

"My good girl, did you doubt that?"

"O! I have been frightened to death!"

"I am ſorry for that. I did not know that you took ſo warm an intereſt in my life. I thank you for it. It is a cordial drop in the cup of my ſorrows!—Be eaſy, riſe, night approaches, let us return home."

Jeanette roſe, and tottered to his arm. She was ſtrongly inclined to aſk why he had ſtolen away ſo privately? Where and how he had ſpent the two days he had been abſent? As he himſelf, however, ſaid nothing on the ſubject, ſhe did not venture to put the queſtion.

Peter came to meet his maſter, with

his eyes red and ſwollen, kiſſed his hand with ſobs, and in the evening ſang, in a very audible voice, in his room, " Praiſed be the Lord, &c."

A few days after this occurrence, the man in grey fell ſick. He himſelf refuſed to take any notice of it, and inſiſted that he was very well. But whence that unuſual fluſh upon your cheeks? Whence this want of ſleep and appetite? Whence theſe ſhivering fits which agitate your whole frame? Alas! poor man in grey, in vain you endeavour to conceal the violent fever which rages in your veins!

Jeanette, alarmed and diſtracted, preſſed him to accept her aſſiſtance, *him* who with joy ſaw himſelf at the period of his thorny pilgrimage. Every morning ſhe prepared, with the fondeſt care and the moſt tender anxiety, the medicines, which he took from her hands with complacency and with thanks. He placed them on the table, however, and allowed them

them to remain untouched. In vain did the faithful Peter entreat leave to call a phyſician from the next town. "You are ſtrange children," would he reply with a ſmile,—"I am quite well." Never had he been more ſerene or more affable than now; he even ſometimes indulged a joke. This pierced Jeanette to the heart. Bitter reproaches would have affected her leſs than the ſilent anxiety which he diſcovered to conceal his ſorrow.

He continued theſe exertions till at laſt nature was too powerful to be reſiſted. He was obliged to confine himſelf to bed. His ſtrength ſeemed to have ſuſtained a rapid decay; his health in a few hours was ſo much altered for the worſe, that Jeanette began to be ſeriouſly apprehenſive for his life. She ſtood by his bedſide, and ſeized his burning hand; big tears trickled down her cheeks; ſhe anxiouſly counted his feveriſh pulſe; her heaving

boſom ſympathized with the ſhort, quick breathing of the patient; in his eyes the fever glowed, in hers the tears ſparkled.

Her grateful heart was cruelly torn. Without knowing well what ſhe did, ſhe ſuddenly preſſed her lips to his burning hand. He made an attempt to prevent her. "What do you mean?" ſaid he in a low voice. "Do not embitter my laſt moments."

"My benefactor!" cried Jeanette with extreme emotion. "No! you ſhall not die! I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful wretch in nature if I could endure this ſight."—She kneeled by his bedſide.—"My benefactor!" ſaid ſhe with the utmoſt eagerneſs, "if the thought of ſeeing yourſelf united to a faithful, dutiful wife can now cheer you, live ſtill—I am yours."

Theſe words made a ſtrong impreſſion on the ſick man. For a long time he remained ſilent. At laſt, he tenderly preſſed

preſſed her hand, and, notwithſtanding his bodily weakneſs, ſaid with great animation: " My good girl! I can perceive what paſſes in your breaſt. A generous feeling has extorted from you an offer which your heart diſclaims. The ſight of my ſufferings you conſider as a reproach; you would ſacrifice your own repoſe to ſhield yourſelf from it. Of ſuch a ſtate of your feelings I ought not to avail myſelf, nor would I accept the offer you make, did not my own ſenſations now tell me that—that you hazard nothing. On the contrary, I flatter myſelf with the hope of eſtabliſhing the happineſs of your life on a more ſolid foundation, and turning the compaſſion you have ſhown to your own advantage. *Yes, I will die as your huſband.*—Riſe, dear Jeanette, and, if you are ſerious, haſten to call the parſon of the village. If he cannot unite our hearts, he can at leaſt join our hands. You ſhall bear my

name

name till you change it with the consent of your heart. And even then—surely, dear Jeanette—you will not forget the unfortunate man who acted so honourably towards you!"

Jeanette could not speak. She retired in tears, and ordered Peter to go to the village for the parson. About noon he arrived. Jeanette was more dead than alive. The man in grey seemed for a moment to gain new strength. He raised himself in bed, propped up by pillows. The bride's hand trembled; his was firm and steady. The *yes* which she pronounced was scarcely audible; his was manly and unembarrassed. The priest spoke the blessing, the bride rushed out of the room, and lay for several hours insensible on the floor of her chamber.

Meanwhile the sick man had a long private conversation with the parson. When Jeanette had recovered a little,

and

and dried up her tears, ſhe returned as collected as poſſible to the patient's room, and found him weaker than in the morning. With unwearied care ſhe exerted all her medical ſkill, and exhauſted all her receipts. "You have now," ſaid ſhe, "conferred upon me an endearing intereſt in your life. Will you then reject the aſſiſtance of that hand which is your own, and which ſo anxiouſly would contribute to your relief?"

"Heaven forbid!" ſaid the ſick man with a ſmile: "on the marriage-day we muſt refuſe the bride nothing Give me, my dear wife, give me whatever you think proper, I am ready to ſwallow every thing."

He kept his word, and took one ſpoonful after another; though it was eaſy to perceive that he did it merely from complaiſance, and expected no farther relief.

Towards

Towards night he became visibly weaker. Jeanette and the parson sat by his bedside. The latter spoke to him consolation drawn from religious views; Jeanette could only weep. Her tears the sick man repaid with a grateful squeeze by the hand. To the parson he replied, "I have ever endeavoured to act as became an honest man, and God will deal graciously with me!"

At midnight his breath became shorter. Sometimes it stopped altogether. In dumb anguish his wife hung over his pale countenance. A cold sweat covered his brow—her trembling hand was going to wipe it off. Suddenly he seized it with a kind of convulsion, and laid it upon his eyes—his throat rattled—he uttered a groan—and expired.

Doux nœuds de la reconnoissance!
C'est par vous que dès l'enfance
Le cœur à jamais fut lié;

La

La voix du ſang, de la nature,
N'eſt rien qu'un languiſſant murmure,
Près de la voix de l'amitié*.

Jeanette's grief was without bounds: Had William died in her arms ſhe could not have felt a more ſincere ſorrow. She lay in a paroxyſm of grief over the dead body. The houſe rang with Peter's lamentations.

In vain the clergyman preached comfort. She heard not what he ſaid, till he announced to her the laſt wiſh of the deceaſed, that ſhe ſhould immediately leave this ſolitude, and reſide in the parſon's houſe until the firſt tranſports of her grief were over, and her affairs were arranged. She was removed from the body almoſt by force; in a ſtate of ſpeechleſs ſtupefaction ſhe placed herſelf

* Sweet bond of gratitude, it is thou that bindeſt the infant heart to what it loves. The voice of blood and of nature is feeble in compariſon of the powerful dictates of friendſhip.

in

in the carriage, and allowed them to carry her wherever they thought proper.

The parſon committed her to the care of his wife, an honeſt good-hearted woman, and returned next day, in order to ſuperintend the burial. Two or three weeks elapſed before Jeanette recovered ſpirits enough to pay any attention to what was paſſing around her; and during this period ſhe had never once thought of William. She now learnt how Mr. Van Shipper had ſpent the two days of abſence in which ſhe had ſuffered ſo much anxiety on his account. He had been at the neighbouring town with a notary, where he formally made his laſt will. Jeanette was nominated heireſs of his whole property, conſiſting of thirty thouſand ducats, under the ſingle condition of providing for honeſt Peter till his death, in ſuch a manner as to enable him to ſpend his

his life agreeably in any way he thought beſt.

When this was announced to her, Jeanette wept bitterly. Such a diſintereſted proof of hopeleſs love, at a time when ſhe did not yet bear the name of his wife, tore her heart afreſh. "Where is Peter?" ſaid ſhe with emotion. Peter immediately appeared, for he had been in the houſe ever ſince his maſter's burial; and had been kept out of the way, that Jeanette's wounds might not, by ſeeing him, be opened anew.

Bathed in tears, Jeanette preſented him her hand, which Peter kiſſed with ſobs. "We ſhall never part, good Peter," ſaid ſhe with faltering voice; "I will provide for you as if you were my brother."

"Alas!" ſaid the honeſt fellow, "you are generous—I know it—but my good maſter—I ſhall never forget him!"

A few

A few months Jeanette continued in the houſe of the worthy parſon; and willingly would ſhe there have fixed her abode, but ſhe ſaw that his houſe was too ſmall to accommodate her longer. She, therefore, was obliged to think of another aſylum.

The war, which raged in the adjoining diſtricts, made reſidence in the country very inſecure and unpleaſant, eſpecially for a woman. She reſolved, therefore, after ſhe had rewarded the parſon's kindneſs as far as it could be rewarded by a preſent, to retire into a garriſon town with her property. She there bought a houſe, and lived retired, though on a very reſpectable footing, under the name of Mrs. Van Shipper.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE SIEGE.

FOR more than a year ſhe had heard no intelligence of William. The man in grey indeed received the Hamburgh newſpapers, and Jeanette never failed, on the accounts of any battle, to read with great anxiety the liſts of the killed and wounded. Fortunately ſhe never found William's name among the number; her prayers ſeemed to have made him invulnerable. But among thoſe, too, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in a particular manner, ſhe likewiſe ſought in vain for this beloved name, and often ſecretly curſed his unlucky ſtars, which denied him an opportunity of acquiring freſh laurels.

Now, when a young, rich, and independent widow, it occurred to her an hundred

hundred times a day: "Where is William? Does he ſtill love me?" To the laſt queſtion her heart ever replied, Yes; but the firſt nobody could ſo readily anſwer, for the flames of war ſtill raged around, and the country where ſhe reſided to William was a hoſtile land.

Could ſhe but find ſome perſon to ſend in ſearch of him—not to renew their old long-forgotten correſpondence—no, God forbid! her heart never confeſſed ſuch a deſign!—but only to enquire whether he was alive? A ſiſter ſurely may enquire, without impropriety, after the life of a brother.—Who can tell too in what circumſtances he may be placed? Whether he is not labouring under the weight of poverty?—Beſides, ſhe is ſtill deep in his debt. Once did he pinch himſelf in the neceſſaries of life, to ſave for her the half of his pay. It was indeed but a few crowns. The heart, however, does not calculate by

crowns,

crowns, and, in ſhort, it was the *half!* Ought ſhe not now to ſhare her property with him?—O! yes, yes! Could ſhe but find him! Had ſhe but ſome diſcreet, prudent, faithful perſon to ſend in ſearch of him! Why, ſuch a one is Peter. He is faithful and diſcreet; but is he prudent too? Could it be ſaid of him that he was wiſe as the ſerpent and harmleſs as the dove? Yet what extraordinary wiſdom was neceſſary to enquire for ſuch a perſon, whoſe name was ſuch a thing; to travel as a pedlar through the country where the hoſtile armies lay; to enquire from regiment to regiment, for a certain officer, till he was found; and then to tell him theſe few words:—"Your ſiſter Jeanette ſends you her compliments; ſhe lives in R***." This is the whole myſtery, and ſurely Peter is ſufficiently qualified for the taſk. To be ſure, he may very probably give himſelf a great deal of uſeleſs trouble; he will often expoſe

the name of Mrs. Van Shipper to the jeſts of the young enſigns and lieutenants; but where is the harm of that? Who knows Mrs. Van Shipper? Who knows her connections with William?—It is worth a trial!

Peter received two hundred ducats for the expences of his journey, was obliged to get his leſſon by heart, and was diſpatched with the injunction, "that he muſt find out the gentleman, though he ſhould be obliged to follow him to the extremities of the Ruſſian empire!"

He had now been away two months. Jeanette counted every minute, in anxious expectation of his return. During his abſence ſhe ſecluded herſelf more ſtrictly from the world, and lived alone in the joyful hope of finding William alive and faithful—Alive, that was very right—but why faithful?—Had ſhe not renounced him? What if, during their ſeparation, he had found a young, beautiful,

tiful, and rich lady, with whom he had indiſſolubly united his fate? Ought not Jeanette to rejoice that he had thus fortified the weakneſs of her heart, that he had ſecured her more firmly againſt the danger of a relapſe?—She formerly had conſidered herſelf unworthy of him—had her ſituation ſince been changed? Wealth could not reſtore her loſt reputation.

No, no! By fidelity ſhe underſtood only the faithful affection of a brother; to this ſhe was ſtill permitted to lay claim!

Enough! We ſhall not call her to a too rigorous account for the feelings by which ſhe is actuated, but boldly declare that none of my fair readers will be the firſt to cenſure her conduct.

Two months had ſhe waited in vain. The theatre of war approached nearer and nearer, and ſhe was ſoon obliged to renounce the hope of her meſſenger's

return, as the fortreſs of R*** was ſuddenly inveſted, and immediately beſieged in form. No human being was permitted either to enter or quit the place. Spies, indeed, might always contrive to make their way, but honeſt Peter was not formed for a ſpy.

The inhabitants of R*** had little deſire to ſee their houſes reduced to aſhes by the enemy's bombs; they preſented petition after petition to the commandant, entreating him to ſurrender the fortreſs. The gallant officer, however, knew his duty: and as he was wearied at laſt with their importunities, he ſwore to tuck up the firſt man who ſpoke of ſurrender, upon a tree, on the ramparts. This threat produced its effect; the citizens were obliged to be ſilent, and endured want and terror with ſecret murmurs.

The works of the beſiegers were daily brought nearer and nearer to the walls.

walls. What the beſieged with great difficulty deſtroyed in a week, was often repaired, with incredible activity, in the ſpace of a night. The people began, at laſt, to be as much habituated to the thunder of cannon as to the ringing of bells upon a Sunday. The enemy, however, had yet done little injury to the fortifications, nor was there any immediate danger of ſcarcity. The place was repeatedly ſummoned. An officer, who one day came for this purpoſe, with a flag of truce, to the gates, was taken to the commandant with his eyes hoodwinked.

Jeanette lived in the ſtreet through which he was to paſs; ſhe heard a noiſe, and went to the window.—Ha! among ten thouſand ſhe would have known him to be William!—A white handkerchief indeed covered his eyes, and part of his noſe; but his mouth, his hair, his gait, his ſize!—She would have known him

among ten thouſand!—She ſcreamed aloud, and ſtretched her arms out at the window. Fortunately the noiſe of the crowd drowned her ſhrieks; and as every eye was fixed on the ſtranger, her extraordinary agitation remained unobſerved.

With anxious beating heart ſhe waited his return, to be thoroughly convinced of the truth of her obſervation. Half an hour elapſed. Jeanette walked through the room with haſty ſteps, and a magic force irreſiſtibly attracted her to the window. At laſt he came.—O! yes, it was he! At an immenſe diſtance ſhe recogniſed him!—The unfeeling wretches lead him paſt.—He is ſo near—every muſcle bounds towards him.—Alas! ſhe dares not call him—ſhe cannot detain him—he diſappears from her ſight, and ſhe ſinks inſenſible upon the ſofa.

When ſhe recovered her ſenſes, ſhe recollected to have obſerved a croſs hanging at his button-hole. "Noble William!"

William!" exclaimed ſhe, "gallantly haſt thou behaved, though the lying gazettes have paſſed over your deeds in ſilence!"—This croſs flattered Jeanette's vanity not a little. A woman who dotes, thinks herſelf honoured in the man ſhe loves. Her eagerneſs to claſp her brave brother in her arms is redoubled. Her thoughts every moment wandered to the enemy's camp to William: and we muſt confeſs, that ſince his appearance ſhe had been a diſloyal citizen; for, had it been in her power, the garriſon would, right or wrong, have been ſurrendered.

She could not conceal her joy whenever ſhe heard that a new battery began to play, that the place was more cloſely inveſted on all ſides, and that all ſuccours were cut off. When the commandant found it neceſſary, to prevent a ſcarcity, to diminiſh the allowance of

bread, and a general murmur arose among the inhabitants, Jeanette alone remained tranquil and unconcerned, as she considered it as a proof that the place would speedily be given up; in expectation of which she would willingly have lived upon an ounce a day. Such is the character of the best of men! The passion of love for our country excepted, every other passion renders us selfish, and extinguishes our feeling for the good of the whole.

Yet the fulfilment of her hopes was not so near as she had expected. In proportion as the scarcity increased, the obstinate courage of the commandant was confirmed; and to the last summons, in which he was threatened with a storm, he gave the indignant answer, that he would bury himself under the ruins of the fortress. The enemy began seriously to make preparations for a storm,

ſtorm, and the beſieged remained day and night upon the walls, ready to oppoſe the moſt vigorous reſiſtance.

One rainy September night, the thunder of cannon awaked the citizens from their firſt ſleep. The enemy unexpectedly carried their threats into execution, and with wild ſhouts attacked the fortifications. The din in the ſtreets, the wailing of women, and the cries of children, the thunder of cannon, the diſtant ſhouts of the combatants, the bombs in the air, which gleamed a feeble light upon the horrid ſcene below—every thing was combined that could ſhake the firmeſt courage. But Jeanette ſcarcely retained any ſenſe of her own danger, ſhe ſaw nothing but William, beſmeared with blood; ſhe lay on her knees, and prayed for William.

Several hours victory remained doubtful, till day broke, and with it the cry roſe from every quarter, that the enemy

were in the town!—All that were able to fly took to flight. People concealed themſelves in churches and cloiſters, in cellars and garrets. Like a ruſhing torrent the enemy's legions poured along the ſtreets, the doors were every where broken open, every merchant's ſhop and every conſiderable houſe plundered. Children were torn from their mother's breaſts, and ſtuck upon pikes; chaſte matrons and innocent virgins were violated in preſence of their huſbands and fathers. In vain the officers endeavoured to ſtem the fury of their troops; the bands of ſubordination were diſſolved, and the voice of command was loſt in the dreadful confuſion.

A troop of theſe wild rioters broke likewiſe into Jeanette's houſe. She lay on her knees in prayer. The avaricious robbers fell firſt upon the ſilver plate, and broke and plundered every thing of value. At the ſight of the lovely ſup-

plicant,

plicant, however, a new paſſion aroſe in their ſavage breaſts. They flew upon their prey with brutal violence. The poor victim maintained an unequal ſtruggle with her executioners — and alas! ſhe had been undone if her ſcreams had not brought a humane deliverer to her aſſiſtance. A young officer entered, ſeized the brutal miſcreant by the hair, and with his drawn ſword threatened to pierce his heart. The firm tone with which he ſpoke, and the ſight of the ſword at his breaſt, compelled the ruffian to abandon his prey; one after another ſtole away with the booty, and left Jeanette alone with her deliverer.

She awoke from the ſwoon into which ſhe had ſunk. With timid looks ſhe eyed her deliverer, and hoped in him to recogniſe her William. It was not he. A young man of a noble appearance ſtood before her, and congratulated him-

ſelf on being the inſtrument of her deliverance.

Her ſenſes were ſtill confuſed. She could only utter broken ſentences. With tears of gratitude in her eye, ſhe pulled a valuable ring from her finger, which ſhe preſented to the generous ſtranger. He declined it with politeneſs: "Would you," ſaid he, "deprive the action I have performed of the little merit which it muſt likewiſe divide with accident?" He remained to protect her till the firſt alarm was over, and tranquillity was reſtored in the town. He then left her, with the promiſe as ſoon as poſſible to renew his viſit; and Jeanette recollected too late that ſhe ought at leaſt to have aſked him for his name. William's name, on the contrary, was an hundred times on her tongue, and only a baſhful feeling of delicacy prevented her from making enquiry for him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

CONSTANCY REWARDED.

WHEN Jeanette had a little recovered from her terror and alarm, ſhe ſpent the remainder of the day at the window, and reviewed the enemy's officers, who now paſſed in crowds. She trembled whenever ſhe ſaw a figure which in ſize and air bore any reſemblance to her beloved brother. Often ſhe thought ſhe deſcried him at a diſtance. "That is he! that is he!" whiſpered her heart. He came nearer, but it was not William.

"O! why muſt I be indebted to a ſtranger for my deliverance? Why did not fortune and love bring him to his ſiſter's houſe?—Or—Almighty God!—ſhould he be dead!—His courage muſt certainly

have hurried him too far!—Sure he was the firſt to lead the aſſailants!—Alas! he knew not that here his Jeanette lay upon her knees imploring guardian angels for his ſafety!"

Her ſoul thus fluctuated between hope and fear. Longer than till the promiſed viſit of the young officer ſhe was determined not to endure this dreadful ſuſpenſe; and ſhe reſolved immediately to aſk intelligence of William.

"O! that the ſtranger would come! Why does he tarry ſo long? Why did I indulge this unſeaſonable delicacy? Perhaps, now, I might have lain in William's arms!"

Patience, dear Jeanette! Look down the ſtreet; there comes your deliverer. You may recogniſe him by his elegant form, and his fine blue eye. Now he ſalutes you kindly—now he knocks at the door—the maid opens—heareſt thou not

not his foot upon the ſtair? Why do you tremble? Have you not already prepared yourſelf to put the queſtion?

The officer entered. Jeanette welcomed him with politeneſs, but he allowed her no time to finiſh her compliment. "Madam," ſaid he, "you were ſo good this morning as to offer me a teſtimony of your gratitude. However little claim my ſmall ſervice may have upon you, I feel myſelf at preſent compelled to employ your kindneſs."

Jeanette miſunderſtood him, and ſeized the ring which ſhe had upon her finger. The officer inſtantly waved with his hand, as much as to ſay that ſhe was miſtaken.

"No! it is not that which I come to aſk. I take the liberty to requeſt another favour, which perhaps may occaſion you inconvenience. I have a friend who is dearer to me than life. He has been dangerouſly wounded in ſtorming the

the town. In the firſt moments of confuſion he was carried to a houſe, where he is deſtitute of every accommodation; and the number of the wounded renders it impoſſible to tend him with ſufficient care. If your houſe were large enough to receive him, you would not only recompenſe the ſervice I was fortunate enough to render you, but make me eternally your debtor; ſince every thing you can do for my friend I ſhall conſider more than all the treaſures you could heap on me!"

At theſe words the tear ſtarted in his eye. Jeanette was affected. She haſtily replied: "And if I had but this ſingle apartment, I would ſleep on the floor till your friend is out of danger. Here he ſhall want for nothing. May I aſk your friend's name?"

"Captain Von Eichenwald."

"And yours?"

"Lieutenant Perlſtadt."

"Loſe

" Loſe not a moment then, ſir, to make arrangements for bringing your friend here. This houſe and all I poſſeſs belong to you."

The officer kiſſed her hand with gratitude, and flew down ſtairs.

Again ſhe felt herſelf aſhamed to enquire for William. But was this the moment for ſuch an enquiry? The friend of a man to whom ſhe was indebted for the preſervation of her honour lay helpleſs in the hoſpital, and his life, perhaps, depended upon a ſingle minute. What could the generous young man, who ſpoke of his friend with tears in his eyes, have thought of her unſeaſonable curioſity? No; ſhe could not blame herſelf for having this time poſtponed the feelings of love to the ſacred duties of gratitude. She immediately gave orders to prepare the beſt apartment in her houſe for the reception of the expected gueſt, and in half an hour four grenadiers

diers brought the wounded officer down the ſtreet upon a litter.

Jeanette threw a compaſſionate glance at the death-pale countenance of the young officer, who lay motionleſs with his eyes cloſed, and ſeemed inſenſible of what was paſſing. His friend accompanied the litter, and watched every ſtep of the bearers with anxiety, and warned them of every ſtone that lay in the way.

"But, gracious God! what a reſemblance—this Captain Eichenwald and William!—It is he himſelf!—Impoſſible!—It is he!—No! no!—My God! what a cruel deception!"

He was now brought into the houſe, where, that he might be leaſt diſturbed, he was laid in a room upon the ground floor. Jeanette was going down ſtairs, but ſhe was not able to reach the door; her knees trembled; ſhe was obliged to ſit down. She was quite alone. In vain ſhe called the maid, and a boy ſhe had

had hired in Peter's room. Both of them had been attracted by curiosity to the lobby to see the wounded officer brought in.

Alas! what cruel anxiety she suffered! With what painful, impotent struggles she exerted all the power of her mind to animate and put in motion her agitated frame!—"What if it were William, and I cannot quit this spot—am confined here—and perhaps he requires my aid—or perhaps the dreadful moment is at hand when he will no longer stand in need of human assistance!—O God! he dies, and I shall never see him more!"—She made a second effort to go out, but terror had completely deprived her of the use of her limbs.

Peace, peace, poor Jeanette! Why art thou so ingenious to torture thyself? What is Captain Eichenwald to thee?—Can a slight resemblance to William so violently

violently diſcompoſe your ſpirits, and enervate your body?—Perhaps, too, your imagination deceived you. The perſon who thinks he ſees ſpirits glide in every corner, and ſtalk abroad at night, will, in the end, really come to ſee ſpectres.

Thus did reaſon whiſper conſolation to her when anxiety allowed her to exert her underſtanding. But reaſon communicated as little firmneſs to Jeanette's mind as an evening zephyr could reſtore ſerenity to the ſtormy ſea. Anxiety and terror were viſibly painted in every feature of her countenance when Lieutenant Perlſtadt entered the room to return her his thanks. At the firſt glance he perceived that ſhe laboured under ſome extraordinary emotion. "Heavens, madam! what is the matter? You appear agitated?"

"And I am ſo indeed!—Tell me, ſir—repeat to me once more your friend's name?"

"Captain

" Captain Eichenwald."

" Are you ſure ?"

" Quite ſure ; but how"—

" Now I am eaſy.—Forgive me, ſir—a ſtrange caprice of nature—an accidental reſemblance—I had a brother in your ſervice—his name was Meadows."

" Is it poſſible !—Madam—this Captain Eichenwald—and that Meadows—but he had no ſiſter"—

JEANETTE (with extreme emotion)—" Proceed, ſir, for heaven's ſake proceed ! What do you tell me ?"

" *Are the ſame perſon!*"

He uttered theſe words ſo abruptly and inconſiderately, that he had not time to catch Jeanette in his arms as ſhe dropped ſenſeleſs to the ground. Aſſiſtance was called, and ſhe was laid on a bed. Perlſtadt, the confidant of William's heart, ſuddenly gueſſed who Jeanette muſt be, and bitterly reproached himſelf for his want of conſideration. He

ſat

ſat down beſide her, held her hand in his, beſprinkled her with hartſhorn, rubbed her temples, and liſtened with trembling anxiety till ſhe again began to breathe.

At length Jeanette opened her eyes. "Does he yet live?" were her firſt words.

"Compoſe yourſelf, madam," ſaid Frederick with friendly anxiety; "if my conjectures do not deceive me—if it be really Jeanette Jerome whom I ſee"—

"I am ſhe," interrupted Jeanette.

"Why then! every thing will go well. That name will ſave the life of my friend."

"Allow me to go to him."

"What is it you aſk? The ſudden joy would kill him. He muſt previouſly be prepared."

"Are his wounds dangerous?"

"The firſt dreſſing has not yet been taken away, but the ſurgeon gives us great hopes."

"Does

" Does he yet love me ?"

" Can you aſk ſuch a queſtion ?"

" But how comes this ſtrange name ?"

" Captain Meadows one day ſtormed an *abbatis*, and took poſſeſſion of an oak wood *, from which, with matchleſs courage, he drove an enemy three times ſuperior in number. The conſequence of this achievement procured us a victory. To reward his gallantry, the king conferred upon him, what nature had long before beſtowed, *nobility*, and called him in memory of the exploit Von Eichenwald."

Jeanette would have liſtened for hours together to the ſpeaker, for William was the ſubject ; but it occurred to her how indiſpenſible Frederick was at his friend's bed-ſide. Abruptly ſhe drove him out of the room to enquire whether her beloved wanted any thing ; whether he

* Eichenwald.

yet exhibited ſymptoms of convaleſcence; whether the removal had not affected him; whether he found himſelf commodious in his new apartment. Scarce was he gone when ſhe called him back; for there ſtill was ſomething which ſhe had forgot.

Frederick brought her the welcome intelligence that William had ſlept well, and now ſhe could not reſiſt the deſire ſhe felt at leaſt to ſee him as he ſlept. She pulled off her ſhoes, and ſtole ſoftly to his chamber door; ſhe liſtened through the key-hole; joy, grief, hope, melancholy—all theſe feelings combined, drew tears from her eyes. Frederick was obliged to bring her away with a friendly violence, that her ſobs might not diſturb the patient.

Several weeks elapſed before Frederick durſt venture to communicate to his friend the joyful intelligence. He did it with the greateſt care and pru-

dence, and ſuffered him only by degrees to infer at laſt that he was under the ſame roof with his beloved. Yet, perhaps, the joy would have been too much for the invalid, if it had not been damped by the name of Van Shipper.

"Mrs. Van Shipper! And was it poſſible ſhe could give her hand to another man?"—This moderated his raptures, and even made him melancholy.

Frederick gueſſed what paſſed in his ſoul, and baniſhed his gloomy, jealous apprehenſions by a narrative of Jeanette's fortune. William heard every word with the moſt anxious curioſity. O! his fond heart received with welcome the flattering conſolation from the lips of his friend! His beloved ſtood juſtified. Scarcely could he wait the moment when he ſhould be permitted to preſs her to his breaſt. He curſed the ſurgeon, who prohibited him in the ſtricteſt manner to expoſe himſelf to any violent mental agitation.

The

The wiſhed-for hour at length arrived—the door flew open—Jeanette lay in his arms.—Their feelings were too powerful for utterance; feelings, which no tongue can ſpeak, no pencil deſcribe. In delightful raptures William ſat on the ſofa. In his right hand he held his faithful miſtreſs; in the left, the friend to whom he owed the preſervation of her honour. "I am the moſt fortunate man on earth!" He could ſay no more.

A few weeks after he heard with indifference that the king had appointed him a major. How could he now rejoice at ſuch an event? To-morrow was his wedding-day! And on this joyful, important day did Peter return to his miſtreſs with diſconſolate looks, to inform her, that notwithſtanding all his enquiries Lieutenant Meadows was not to be found.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.