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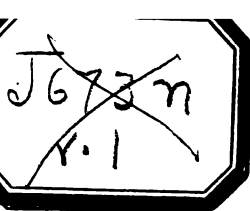
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THE NEW LANDLORD.



THE NEW LANDLORD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HUNGARIAN

OF

MAURICE JÓKAI,

BY

ARTHUR J. PATTERSON.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1868.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

OF late years the attention of the English public has been several times called to Hungary and the Hungarians. Hence the following picture of Hungarian life, by one of themselves, may not be without interest for English readers. Such pictures are always more vivid and more instructive than accounts written *ab extra* by foreign observers.

Mr. Maurice Jókai, the author of the novel now presented to the English reader, is one of the most popular and most prolific prose writers of modern Hungary. Besides publishing several novels and a host of smaller tales, he is a veteran journalist, and has been

for many years editor of a first-class daily newspaper, a *Hon*, "The Country," as well as of *az Üstökös*, "The Comet," which may be called the Hungarian *Punch*. In the present Diet he sits as representative of the electoral district of Siklos in the county of Baranya. I have selected *az új földes úr* for translation, as it depicts a very interesting period in the recent history of his country—that of the passive resistance made by the Hungarians to the anti-national domination of the Viennese Government, between the years 1849 and 1859. After perusing it, the reader will have some idea of the meaning of the statement, made by many Hungarians as a boast, by many of their opponents as a sneer, that it was their "barbarism" which enabled them to offer that passive resistance, which has at last been crowned with success. Of this barbarous opposition to the civilization proffered by a paternal Government, the swine-herd's hat (Vol. I. ch. v.) was the symbol.

The novel, it will be seen, is essentially a political one. Were it not so, it would be no faithful representation of the life of a people to whom politics are as the breath of their nostrils,—at once the serious occupation and the favourite pastime of every true Hungarian.

A few Notes have been inserted, to explain some points which, though perfectly intelligible to the Hungarian reader, would not be so to the English. The Translator alone is responsible for them. At the same time, it is as well to observe that the strange incidents in the second volume, relating to the inundation of the Theiss, are founded on fact. An Austrian official, bribed by the proprietors on the further side of the river, pierced the dam on the nearer side. To baffle inquiry in Hungary, they intended to transfer him to Galicia, but he was killed, as related in the story, each of a pair of brothers accusing himself of the murder.

Little difficulty will be found in the pronunciation of Magyar words and proper names, if the sounds of the following letters be borne in mind:—

<i>cs</i> =	English <i>ch</i> in <i>church</i>	<i>ly</i>	are the sounds heard in the English words	{	<i>filial</i>
<i>cz</i> =	„ <i>ts</i> or German <i>z</i>	<i>ny</i>			<i>new (nyoo)</i>
<i>s</i> =	„ <i>sh</i>	<i>ty</i>			<i>tune (tyoon)</i>
<i>sz</i> =	„ <i>s</i>	<i>gy</i>			<i>dew (dyoo)</i>

Besides these, *zs* is the French *j*; *v* and *z* are pronounced as in English; *g* is always hard; and, while *á* is the English *a* in *father*, *a* is something like *o* in *not*. Hence the diphthong, *aj*, *ai*, or *ay*, is the equivalent of our *oy* in *boy*. The accent over a vowel merely shows that it is long. As for the other letters, the reader will not go far wrong, if he pronounces them as in German.

The names of the German characters in the novel, Ankerschmidt, Maxenpfutsch, and Bräuhäusel, are of course to be pronounced according to the rules of German orthography; those of the two Tchekhs, or Bohemians,

Grisak and Mikucsek, however, according to the rules of Hungarian.

Lastly, it may be observed that the river Tisza is called by the Germans the Theiss, and the German names of the towns mentioned in these pages—Szeben, Kassa, Segesvár, and Pozsony—are respectively, Hermannstadt, Kaschan, Schässburg, and Presburg.

Although we are not told in so many words where the estate purchased by the "New Landlord" was situated, those who are acquainted with Hungarian topography will perceive that it lay somewhere to the southwest of Tokay and in the lower part of the counties of Borsod or Heves, of the former of which Miskolcz is the county-town.

It is hoped that these few preliminary observations will increase the reader's interest in the tale.

March, 1868.

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THE NEW LANDLORD.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS NON MUTAMUR IN
ILLIS.

“*Cogito, ergo sum*; I think, therefore I am. If then *non cogito, non sum*. From this day forward I will not think of anything; they may publish abroad that I am dead. To be sure it is possible that I am alive, thanks to the *Geleitschein* thrust into my hand after the capitulation of Komorn, and in spite of the Cossack lance which pierced my side at Szeben. Still, on the whole, I cannot see any reason why I should live any longer. The grass will grow just as well if I am not here to look at it, nor will this year's crop require my assistance to consume it. As Providence, however, has ordained

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B

that animals which are half plants should exist in the world, why, let us—vegetate.”

Such were the soliloquies which we might have heard from the mouth of old Garan-völgyi on those foggy winter evenings which set in so early in that dreary year, when some few millions of human beings were in that temper in which a man does not care to inquire, “What news is there abroad in the world?” The old gentleman had got home betimes after the campaign of ’49, to find his barns empty, his fields not a third part ploughed, the whole of the farm-stock and the agricultural implements gone, and nobody left to account for them; his whole estate of more than ten thousand acres without bailiffs, farm-servants, ploughs, carts, oxen, horses, or sheep. The furniture of the house bore witness to the riotous living of the soldiery lately quartered in it. In his pocket-book were some few thousand florins in such bank-notes as it was dangerous even to show. But who would trouble himself about such trifles, when things of so much greater moment had been lost?

In such a state of things a man shuts himself up in his own room; sometimes strolls

over to a neighbour ; drinks deep, if he is in a bad humour, without much caring whether he has anybody to drink with him or not. At the worst he plays cards from morning to night with great gentlemen like himself, of whom some had, some might have had, large properties ; some indeed have, but now all are on the same level, all are alike poor. One or two Polish refugees will have dropped in to eke out the company at the card-table. If there is nobody to play with, never mind. He lights his pipe, and smokes till it gets dark. Now and then a creditor or some shrewd cousin brings a lawsuit against him, relying on the *favor in judice* at this opportune time, which, like the twinges of the gout, affords a little excitement, and reminds him that he is, after all, still alive. And thus *truditur dies die*.

Let not our younger readers be vexed at finding so many Latin quotations. These, too, are characteristic of that period. We take refuge in the language of the classics, as in some ancient asylum, when this modern civilization oppresses us mightily. Alas ! when everything was carried on in Latin, they would

not have dared to say But enough. A drowning man snatches at a straw, and we, when the living will not help us, turn to the dead. Who knows but that, if our language had remained adulterated with Latin words, we might now pass ourselves off as a "Latin race," and receive sympathy from every quarter? And so *truditur dies die*, one day presses on another.

On one of these monotonous days they told Garanvölgyi that it is impossible to bar the outer world completely out of his room, that a man is not secured against political changes by merely holding his tongue; for they will then seek him out in his most secluded retirement, and even intrude themselves into his tobacco-jar; that from that time forward he is not allowed to smoke "virgin tobacco,"—the monopoly is introduced into Hungary, and tobacco must now be bought at the Government shops. Should he incur the suspicion of disregarding these regulations, his house would be liable to be searched, and, if the contraband article be found there, he would have to pay a large fine to the State.

To this Adam Garanvölgyi merely answered,

“Very well ; from this time forth I shall smoke no more. At any rate, I shall have a better appetite.” With that he sent up to the garret his old ancestral meerschaums, those trusty companions in so many dangers, which alone of all the family treasures had not been swept away by the great catastrophe, and never smoked again.

Another fine day they were gratified by the intelligence that wine had been subjected to an excise, and that no one could tap a cask without permission of the authorities ; thus paying the Government the price of both good humour and bad, for in either case the more one drinks the more taxes one will have to pay.

“Very well,” said he ; “from this time forth I shall drink no more wine. At any rate, I shall sleep better.” And Garanvölgyi now drank nothing but water.

Another day brought the news that playing-cards were to pay duty, and be stamped with the Austrian two-headed eagle. “Very well,” said he again ; “from this time forth I shall play no more at cards. At any rate, I shall not lose.” And in this point, too, he kept his word.

Again the day came round, and brought Garanvölgyi a notice to the effect that, if he wished to shoot, he could only carry a gun after getting a licence from the chief magistrate appointed by the victorious Government. In like manner he could only keep a saddle on giving the commissioner of police a written assurance that he would never use this dangerous accoutrement of a hussar for purposes at variance with the well-being of the State.

“Very well,” said the old gentleman ; “from this day forward I shall neither shoot nor course. At any rate, I shall not catch cold.”

Another time he learned that, if a man wished to make a visit in the next village, he must first of all get a passport, which he could only procure at the county town on producing two sureties, who stood good for the harmless character of his journey. This passport he would have to show to all the *gendarmes* he met on the road, who would immediately proceed to examine the signature *in facie loci*, wherever they might catch him *in flagrante*.

“Very well,” remarked the old Scythian ; “from this time forward I shall stay at home

in the village. At any rate, I shall not be upset on the road." He now went no further than the end of the village street ; he did not even go out to look at his crops.

But he had yet another regulation of the Government to learn ; namely, that it was the indispensable duty of its organs to provide against the offence committed by certain malcontents in wearing hats of an unusual shape, and in manifesting their discontent with the dispensations of Providence by allowing the ribbons on their hats to hang below the brim. Consequently all who desired not to expose themselves to disagreeable inquiries should take care that their hats be of such and such size and shape before they venture out of their street doors.

"Very well," observed the imperturbable old gentleman ; "from this time forward I shall not leave the house. At any rate, I shall wear out no more boots."

Thenceforward he only walked in his garden, and in bad weather occupied himself with his lawsuits, which seemed to have all come suddenly to life again as soon as affairs had become more settled, just as the flies, which

have disappeared in autumn, revive as soon as the rooms are warmed in winter. But soon after there appeared an order to the effect that all documents produced in the law courts must be written on paper of such sort and size as was determined on by the Government. In this way an opportunity was at the same time offered to the litigants for studying the difference between the greater and lesser stamp duties.

“Very well; so be it. From this time forward I will have no more lawsuits;” and with that he tied up his legal papers, put them away in a cabinet, and discharged his attorney. Whoever had a claim against him might come and satisfy himself; and against whomsoever he had a claim,—well, he would leave him to himself.

Now any one who is even but slightly acquainted with ethnology, will know that when a Magyar renounces smoking, wine, cards, the society of his friends, shooting, coursing, nay, even walking in the street, all these are sufficiently great sacrifices; but if, besides all these, he makes a resolution to carry on no more lawsuits, self-denial has indeed reached its *ultima Thule*.

But the old gentleman had at last to pay dearly for this rigid, passive obedience. The consequence of this *laissez faire* was that his farm-horses were distrained, then his barns were one after another sealed up by order of a court, at the petition of some creditor or other. Some went so far as to threaten him with personal arrest. But all this failed to disturb his stoical equanimity. One usurer put in an execution, while another came to his assistance, and, in consideration of a good percentage, helped him out of his embarrassment. One drove off his sheep, and actually gave them away at two florins a pair below the price the official valuer had set on them ; the other, out of compassion, bought them in again for him at two florins above that price ; and all was set straight again. One fine day, however, these expensive sheep took it into their heads to die. I do not know whether it was that they did not like the system, or that the *provisorium* of barley-straw did not agree with them ; but certain it is that that winter they began to pay their master the interest of the capital invested in them in skins, greatly depreciated in value, instead of

the expected coupons of wool. This untoward circumstance vexed even the stubborn heart of Garanvölgyi a little. Complaining of this misfortune to a relative who had dropped in, he casually asked him, if he perchance should find himself at Pesth, to send him a cattle-doctor, who might be of some service to the sheep. The cousin promised to do so, and, indeed, scarcely two days had elapsed before a hackney coach from Pesth turned into the courtyard, and stopped before the hall-door of the manor-house.

A portly individual stepped out of the carriage. His dress was in accordance with the newest fashions. He had on a rough winter overcoat. His chin was closely shaved; his hair parted in the middle, and pressed down by the glossiest of "chimney pot" hats. His broad neckcloth was fastened with a large turquoise pin, while his hands were encased in genuine Jacquemar kids. In one of them he carried a short jasper-headed cane, and a full-flavoured Havannah was stuck between his teeth. This well-dressed individual ran up against Garanvölgyi just as the latter was coming out of his house. Taking his cigar

for a moment out of his mouth, and, with the hand that held the cane, raising very slightly his stylish hat, he said,—

“Have I the honour of addressing the Herr Adam von Garanvölgyi? My name is Doctor Grisak.”

“Ah! welcome. You have come just the right time,” answered the old Squire; “I am delighted to find my cousin so thoughtful as to have sent you so soon. To be sure, my sheep are in great need of your assistance; come along, my dear Doctor.”

With this he took the Doctor by the arm, and, before he could enter upon any explanations, led him across the wide courtyard into the covered sheepfold, dragging him along to the evident damage of his patent leather boots, and, forcing him in the very pen of the sick sheep, began to detail to him the alarming diagnosis.

“Just see, Doctor, this sheep has a sore mouth, and cannot eat his hay; that one has sore feet, and cannot stand up.”

“But, I beg pardon, sir,” interrupted Dr. Grisak, “this is very strange——”

“To be sure it is, but what is still more

strange is, that, when one of them gets well of his sore mouth, he immediately gets ill in his feet, and, *vice versa*, he that has sore feet to-day will have a sore mouth to-morrow."

"But excuse me, sir," interrupted Dr. Grisak again; "I am astonished——"

"So am I; I cannot make out what is the matter with them. Can it be the fluke-worm?"

"But, sir, it seems to me that you labour under a mistake."

"Very possibly; I do not pretend to know much about cattle myself; of course you know more; that was why I sent for you."

"But allow me, sir——"

"Good, good; of course I do not wish to dispute your superior knowledge. I trust them entirely to you. Have you brought your instruments with you?"

"But, sir," cried Dr. Grisak, in a tone of wounded self-esteem, "what do you take me for?" And, losing all patience, he struck a giddy sheep, which was beginning to rub its head against his legs, such a blow on the nose with his cane as made the poor animal instantly pirouette round in the contrary direction.

"Are you then not a cattle-doctor?" inquired the Squire, with all simplicity.

"What are you thinking of? I am *doctor juris*, *doctor utriusque juris*, John Nepomuk Grisak."

"Then you are a lawyer!" exclaimed Garan-völgyi, suddenly enlightened; "then we will not examine the sheep. At any rate, I will not trouble you to go as far as my room. We can finish our business here; I presume, sir, you came to put in an execution, didn't you?"

"But pardon me," said the *doctor juris*, turning up his nose in disdain at the three-legged stool which was offered him as a seat; "perhaps it would be more comfortable if we were to settle our business in your room."

"Oh! believe me, there is nothing left there worth distraining; you had better take my advice, and lay hands on the sheep. Your client, to be sure, will not be very grateful for them, as he will have to pay himself out of their skins: but, at any rate, there will be enough to pay your Lordship's fees."¹

¹ Here, as in several other places, the reader will observe the loose and irregular way in which titles are used in Hungary. "To call his worship his lordship" has become a proverbial expression.

"Pardon me, sir, I have no claim to that title," said the Doctor, with becoming prudery.

"I beg pardon, your Grace——"

"Oh! that neither," put in the Doctor.

"Ah! I beg pardon, your Excellency——"

"Pray forbear; I can only pretend to the style of a gentleman."

"'Only?'" replied the old Squire, with a sarcastic smile; "but, my good friend, we are accustomed to give that title only to such as we really esteem. But, briefly, what is your business?"

"I did not come, sir, with the intention of causing you any unpleasantness; but to beg of you a neighbourly kindness in the name of the noble Herr Ritter von Ankerschmidt."

It was now Garanvölgyi's turn to be astonished.

"Ankerschmidt! Ritter von! My neighbour! Asking a kindness of me! How am I to understand all these riddles? Will you not be so kind, Doctor, as to explain this charade, for in my whole life I was never able to solve a single rebus? How have I the honour to be the neighbour of the noble Herr Ritter von Ankerschmidt?"

The Doctor on his part was quite ready to explain himself more fully.

"I see that you are not yet aware that the gentleman in question, a client of mine, is none other than the person who has bought the Hajnacs property."

"What property did you say, pray?"

"Why, that plot of two thousand acres adjoining your estate."

"Of whom did he buy it?"

"From whom should he buy it, but from Madame Pajtay, your sister-in-law?"

"But, sir, that property belongs to me. I only allowed my brother's widow a life-interest in it. I bought it for hard cash from my departed brother, but, as the poor fellow got ruined from causes on which we need not now dwell, I left it in the hands of his widow that she might be able to support herself and educate her children. For all that it is my lawful property."

As Garanvölgyi said this, he believed that he was uttering indisputable truths, before which every lawyer in the world would take off his hat. Dear me, how the Doctor did laugh at this to himself! How sarcastically

he smiled at the simple, old *táblabíró*,¹ who still entertained such, antediluvian notions about legal rights. He took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully with his silk pocket-handkerchief—for they were somewhat dimmed by the close, steamy atmosphere of the sheep-fold—replaced them on his nose, and then glancing through them at the old Squire, he continued with great gravity,—

“All this, sir, I believe, I entirely believe, on your word for it. It is possible.”

“It is not merely possible; it is so. I can show you the title-deeds.”

“I am very sorry,” replied the Doctor; “but all the deeds you can show me will not alter the case.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“Pray, sir, may I ask whether you take in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*?”²

“Take in the cuckoo!” was the answer of the testy old gentleman.

“Ah! well, I see you don’t; it is a great pity.” And with that the Doctor, thrusting

¹ This word, literally “table-judge,” was the name given to the assessors of the county tribunal. They may be considered to correspond to our “justices of the peace.”

² See note A at the end of the volume.

his gloved fingers into the breast of his great-coat, began with great volubility to explain that in such and such a number of the *Reichsgesetzblatt*, under such and such a paragraph, was to be found a decree, which put an end to all claims founded upon "ancient" title-deeds, and withal appointed a set term up to the expiration of which every one who owned real property, not being actually in his possession, must not fail to institute a suit against the usurper for its recovery; because after the term had expired—*beati possidentes*—whoever is found in possession will be considered, as the lawful owner, and no further suit, based upon former deeds, can be sustained against him. Forasmuch, then, as the set term had already expired; and forasmuch as Mr. Garanvölgyi did not take in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*, and furthermore did not choose to write upon stamped paper, the land in possession of his brother's widow had become her absolute property; consequently she could alienate it, which in fact she had done, and no piece of dogskin¹ could now mend the matter.

¹ The old Hungarian patents of nobility, and such like old documents, were written on dogskin instead of on parchment.

The old gentleman felt that these arguments were indeed irresistible.

“Sir, you are a great man! You are right! I acknowledge that I have found my master, and capitulate. It is I who am in fault, in not taking in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*. I will immediately send to the post-office and order it, and henceforth it will be for me the book *nocturnā versanda manu, versanda diurnā*; lest at any time, through my negligence and ignorance, somebody, to whom a paragraph therein shall give the right, should sell me myself. And now, sir, what is the kindness which I am to do for the Herr Ritter von Ankerschmidt? since by this time I understand how he has become my neighbour.”

“It pleases the Knight to call it a kindness, for he is a chivalrous and courteous gentleman. I for my part call it a good bargain, *pactum bilaterale*; *do ut des, facio ut facias*. You will perhaps be pleased to remember that in the written grant which you gave to Madame Pajtay, you were pleased on your part to insert in a certain clause a burdensome condition to the effect that you did not

allow her to put to any use whatsoever the old chateau which stands in the middle of the estate."

"Certainly. It was built by an old-fashioned ancestor of mine, and I didn't choose that the widow's farmer should make a distillery of it. To be sure, it is a foolish sentimentality on the part of such an old eagle as I am; but such is my weakness."

"In like manner you were pleased to reserve the road leading from your own mansion to the chateau in question, together with a fathom's breadth of land on either side."

"I did so, in order that I myself might have a way in thither; as the art of steering balloons has not as yet been discovered, one could not well drop down from above on to a plot of land inclosed on all sides. With respect to the fathom's breadth on either side of the road, I reserved that in order that the farmer might not have the right to destroy the alley of fine old poplars."

"Thus, by the terms of the grant, Madame Pajtay never came into actual possession of the building in question, nor of the road leading thither."

"And this perhaps is inconvenient to you, is it? Oh! don't stand so much on ceremony. Pull down the house, and build a palace in its place. Can it be necessary to ask my permission before you do so?"

"Certainly; for, according to the plain letter of the deeds, you, sir, are the actual possessor of the castle and road in question."

"And is it possible that so much respect is still paid to such musty old parchments?"

"Most decidedly," cried the Doctor eagerly, as if to remove the old gentleman's anxiety.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the latter, shaking his head with an air of such simplicity, that the Doctor began to despair of the limited powers of comprehension possessed by the primitive sort of fellow he had to deal with.

"And if," continued the Squire, "this Ritter von were to seize *vid facti* on the road and the old house, what could I do against him?"

"Bring an action against him," was the ready reply; "summon him into court."

"And should I not in that case be in danger of being locked up at once as a malcontent and a disturber of the public peace?"

By this time Dr. Grisak began to suspect that it was not out of pure simplicity that the *táblabíró* addressed him such innocent questions ; and drily set him right, saying,—

“Sir, you may be quite sure that *here* justice is dealt out equally to everybody.”

“I beg pardon, I was not aware of it.”

“This fellow’s ironical humility is quite insupportable,” growled the Doctor to himself ; while the old Squire continued with the most provoking good humour, “Perhaps they might discover some formal error in the documents, as, for instance, that they were not written on stamped paper, or that the seal was not affixed in the right place?”

“Sir,” interrupted Dr. Grisak, “I must observe that I did not come here to hold a legal consultation with you, nor to receive instructions as to how one might proceed against you under certain hypothetical circumstances ; but to make a friendly bargain with you, which would be for your own advantage. But, respected sir, if you would grant me one favour first, pray be so good as to get up from that heap of hay, and let us adjourn to your study ; for really I do not

think this place quite suitable to our present business."

"My study!" cried Garanvölgyi, jumping up at once from the hay on which he was sitting; "into my bureau, into my chancery! Certainly, if business is to be transacted, we must adjourn to the *comptoir*. Please go first."

With that he directed the stranger through the courtyard into the garden, nor was it at all amiss that he walked behind, for four shaggy wolf-dogs began to walk round the lawyer somewhat unpleasantly near. Nor did he consider it superfluous to remark that a man incurred great responsibility who allowed such large dogs to go about unmuzzled. When they had got into the garden, they had to walk down a winding path overgrown with grass, at the end of which they came to a curiously shaped building, bearing no little resemblance to a booth at a fair. Opening the door, the master of the house pushed in his honoured guest with a "Please to enter."

"What the deuce is this?" cried the doctor of laws, as he looked about him somewhat confused, and a suspicious buzzing sound

reached his ears; "why, this is a bee-house!"

"This is my study," said Garanvölgyi with a polite smile; "here I pass the day in quiet converse with my favourite authors;" and to prove the truth of his assertion, he brought forward some books from the pile which lay close to the hives, Latin classics, Blair on Taste, a few works on farming, and such like. There were besides on a plain wooden table paper and a large inkstand, also of wood, into the ink-bottle of which a quill, yellow with age, was thrust up to the feathers. "This," continued he, "is a very quiet, retired place, where, instead of being disturbed by the noise of the world, the student has ever before his eyes these silent, untiring workers, teaching him by example to labour for posterity. The society of bees is a very suitable one for us at present."

"Certainly, certainly; but then they sting," objected the common-sense lawyer to this philosophical reflection. ✓

"They never hurt good people," observed the host, to calm his anxiety, while he himself exhibited a composure worthy of a patriarch

in the desert. The Doctor, thus placed in a position to learn whether he was to be reckoned among the number of "good people," or not, seemed, to judge from his demeanour, to be by no means so sure upon that point as might have been wished. He, however, sat down on the bench, which was covered with a *bunda*,¹ which Garanvölgyi pointed out to him, while the latter seated himself on an empty beehive opposite to him.

"Then to be brief," began the lawyer; "my client, the Knight Ankerschmidt, having acquired the property with the house and farm-buildings upon it, would like to come into possession of the chateau and road in question."

"Of course," replied Garanvölgyi, finding the suggestion quite natural; "since the castle would be only in his way, should he wish to build."

"Just so, and it is in fact his intention to build there a magnificent country house."

"I thought so at once; in the whole plain that is the only spot suitable for a gentleman's mansion. I myself would build there, if I had but the means."

¹ A fur pelisse.

"Ah! this is after all a tractable fellow," thought Dr. Grisak, with great satisfaction. He continued aloud, "Since you, sir, have not at present any use for the building...."

"It certainly is in a very dilapidated condition."

"And it is not likely you would care to patch it up....."

"Oh no; it is good enough, as it is, for the owls and the rats."

The *doctor juris* thought this a very good joke, which he was bound to follow up, so he went on to say, "I presume that the bats do not pay any rent."

"Certainly not, no more than the ghosts of my ancestors."

"Ha! ha! ha! The honest ghosts will indeed be angry when they are turned out of their quarters.—Thousand lightnings!"

This final exclamation was not meant for a continuation of the joke. In his high spirits the Doctor happened to wave his cane in the air, which gesture was taken by a quarrelsome bee for a menace, so it immediately lighted on the nape of his neck, and touched him up with its sting.

“Never mind ; just rub a little moist clay on it, and the pain will soon go off,” was all the consolation the old man gave the sufferer, who had by this time lost all inclination for joking. Not so his opponent, who continued,—

“Well, sir, for how much do you think I ought to give notice to quit to the owls and the bats and the ghosts of my ancestors?”

“If only no more would sting me ;—I have full powers from the Knight—the devil take that bee—I should think that twelve thousand florins, sir, would be a very fair price for the crazy old ruin.”

“Twelve thousand florins, sir, is, to be sure, a very nice sum of money.”

“And, besides, the building is very much dilapidated.”

“That also is true ; it is likewise true, that I could make very good use of twelve thousand florins just now : nevertheless, please to return and tell the gallant Knight that I will not sell the crazy old building.”

“Why not ? It will rise.”

“What ? the price ?”

“This sting in my neck”

"I will not sell it, because it was built by my great-grandfather."

"Oh! ho! He wants more money for it, does he?" reasoned the Doctor to himself, as he continued aloud, "Let us come to terms, sir; I am empowered by the Knight to go as high as twenty thousand florins. Let us strike hands."

"What I have said, I have said," was the Squire's discouraging answer.

"But," expostulated the lawyer, "the building will soon fall to pieces of itself."

"It will be then so much the more picturesque, a romantic ruin in the grounds of the chateau."

"The wind has already begun its work on the roof."

"If it blow it off, I shall not set it up again; and if the whole building tumble to pieces, why, there it will lie."

Dr. Grisak now began to perceive with what a tough customer he had to deal. The Knight had, in fact, commissioned him to purchase the old place at any price. He himself was to have five thousand florins for his pains, so that the matter lay very near the Doctor's heart.

He therefore determined to make one effort more.

“But, sir, please tell me what is your idea about the matter; what do you yourself propose as a basis of negotiation?”

“Well, sir, I will tell you. It is my final and unalterable determination to give up my ancestral ruins neither for money nor for fine words, nor for threats, but to wait until a paragraph appears in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*, which ordains that in case somebody has a tumble-down hovel on the very spot on which somebody else wishes to build a splendid mansion, the owner of the hovel must cart it away before the expiration of a set term. And now, sir, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning.”

And that he might put an end to all further discussion, as soon as the Doctor rose from the bench, he stretched himself upon the *bunda*, and began to read Horace as attentively as if he had never looked into the book before. Doctor Grisak had no other course left than to return to his coach alone, as his host showed not the least inclination to accompany him.

“That’s a very stubborn, perverse old fellow, as I shall not fail some day to show him,” thought the discomfited lawyer to himself, as he took his seat in the carriage, and rolled away.

CHAPTER II.

MISFORTUNE AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD.

By the end of the year the new chateau at the further end of the village was ready to be inhabited. Its being built so quickly showed that the builder had plenty of money at his command. Next autumn, the Knight and his family took up their residence there. He was an old gentleman of soldierly bearing, with his daughters. His steward, farm-servants, carters, and such like were, like his house-servants, all brought out of other lands ; so that Garanvölgyi's people came very little in contact with them, and the older landed proprietor could live in peace without anybody reminding him of the presence of his new neighbours.

Garanvölgyi had an old bailiff, who, when the storm carried the younger fellows away to the right and left, still stuck to his old place.

He was somewhat too stout and squat in figure to be suited for the pursuit of glory. Nevertheless he also was one of the levy *en masse* under the walls of Kassa. He had the good fortune to be one of the first who came away from thence, and brought away his gun with him, which even in the worst days of oppression and terror he kept in concealment, instead of declaring and surrendering it to the authorities.

Mr. Kampos was a clever farmer, and knew his business thoroughly, but he never talked about it. He talked exclusively about matters of higher interest, about politics, and, if he got hold of any one to listen to him, would discourse on that subject to satiety. If his master was the man of passive resistance, he was just the reverse. If his master gave up smoking on the introduction of the Government monopoly, he held it an additional reason for smoking virgin¹ tobacco. How he got it was his own secret. He never applied for a passport, yet he went about everywhere without fear of the police. If he could trick them

¹ Smuggled, which had not passed through the hands of the excise officers.

in any way whatever, he held it for an act of the highest virtue. As he stood in the fields among the workmen, he used to hold forth to them on the affairs of state. He did not care about what was printed in newspapers. He had his own especial sources of information; pig-dealers and cattle-dealers from Servia and Wallachia, who drove their beasts through the village; waggoners, too, on their way from Poland. From these he made inquiries, and learned what was going on in Europe, things which the newspapers did not dare to publish; and, so far was he from giving way to despair, that he held it certain that what did not come to pass in spring would in autumn, "as sure as death." And he always concluded his conversations on the subject with the ominous words, "And we shall see, I shall again eat grapes with new bread."

Those who are initiated into the secret meaning of this mysterious phrase will know what a terrible assertion that is in the mouth of a Hungarian, that he intends to eat grapes with new bread.

Mr. Kampos was, moreover, entirely devoted to his master. Garanvölgyi could entrust his

embarrassed property to him with as much confidence as if his accounts were audited by a Government board. If any one cheated Garánvölgyi, he never rested till he had paid him in kind. If Isaac picked out the darnel from the wheat sample, and, when the corn had to be delivered, insisted on similar quality, he took care to give Isaac his sample of corn-brandy in a frozen water-bottle, and cheat him out of a couple of degrees or so. For such things Squire Adam used regularly to scold him.

"It is dreadful to see how the Magyars become demoralized under oppression! This open, sincere, honest-hearted race learn to cheat, to lie, and to perjure themselves."

"*Inculcata tutela*" (justifiable self-defence), pleaded Kampos on such occasions.

It was only to prevent such reprisals that Squire Adam looked through the accounts. Certainly there were curious items put down in them. For instance, there was always a column headed "For the poor lads."¹ There

¹ "Poor lads" is the cant name given in Hungary to robbers. It characteristically denotes the sympathy with which such persons are regarded by certain classes.

were to be found set down bread, bacon, wine, brandy, felt cloaks, boots, hats, very seldom cash, but all the oftener a young pig. How a foreign farmer or landlord would laugh at it, if he saw it! To provide vagabonds with food and clothing, instead of denouncing them to the authorities! Explanations might be given of this, but for the present let it pass. As Garanvölgyi's eye ran down the column, it lighted on such items as :—

“ To Alexander, a gallon of Ménes.

To Alexander, a pair of kid half-boots.

Item, to Alexander, a flannel waistcoat.

Ditto, for repairing Alexander's repeater, 3 fl.

Again, to Alexander, for certain purposes, 10 fl.”

Garanvölgyi, without making any inquiries, could easily guess what sort of “ poor lad ” he was to whom these items referred,—some harmless fugitive, who roams about to avoid his fate, protracting his existence now here, now there, and making off whenever he is recognised. A sufficiently sad fate. Were it not better for such an one to go at once to the judge of a court-martial, and say, “ Here I am, sir ; what have I to pay ? ” Still there was one thing the Squire did not like in the business.

Whoever might be this man who was the object of so much compassion, he thought that he might be a little more moderate in his claims.

"Of course, I do not say you should not give him wine, but still Ménes!"

"Let it pass, worshipful sir," faltered out the stout little fellow, who began to feel very uncomfortable at this comment.

"And then kid boots! Why, I myself never wear such things, especially not in the country."

"Other boots hurt the poor fellow's feet."

"And then repairing his watch!"

"Well, I made him a present of that myself."

"What, that too? And then for 'certain purposes!' What the deuce could be those purposes for which you gave him ten florins?"

"I beg your worship's pardon, but please not to inquire too closely into the matter. Indeed, I would rather pay it out of my own pocket, only I know that your worship would be very sorry, if you ever came to know who he was to whom you grudged it."

Garanvölgyi did not become in the least anxious, but only observed drily,—

“It seems that somebody is again making a fool of you?”

“Oh, no! I beg pardon; but not this time. Please not to say that. When I am once fully convinced of a thing, I cannot be mistaken.”

“Nonsense! Did not you the other day give a new cloak to a man who asserted that he was aide-de-camp to General Bem, and a week after you found out that he was an hotel waiter in Eger?”

“Well, well, that happened once, but this time I have no doubt that this is the man.”

“Who?”

“If I mention his name, your worship will at once jump up from the table and require me to lead you to him.”

Squire Adam shook his head, and asked, “What does he call himself?”

The honest little fellow hesitated for a time whether he should let out the great secret, or not. It was already on the tip of his tongue, but he recalled it with an effort; then it got into his nose and tickled him; lastly it got into his eyes, and appeared in the form of two

large tears, which he wiped off with his rough knuckles, as he finally blubbered out,—

“He is he is no other than our never-to-be-forgotten Alexander Petöfi.”

Squire Adam struck his fist on the table and sighed deeply. The sigh was for the memory of the idolized poet, the blow for him who usurped his name.

“Did you ever know Petöfi?” asked he sadly of the steward.

“Of course. Why, I know every verse he wrote by heart.”

“But did you ever see him personally?”

“I never actually saw him, but I have often imagined what he was like.”

“You never saw his portrait either?”

“Oh! the painters could never succeed in giving a proper likeness of him, I am sure.”

“Does he look like this?” asked Garan-völgyi, opening an album which contained the portrait of the poet.

“I beg pardon, but he has changed his appearance, so that they should not recognise him.”

“Then, pray, what reason have you for believing in his identity?”

“Why, he can make verses on any and every occasion. Every day he writes twenty-five lines, each better than the other.”

“Come, I should like to see such verses.”

“A hundred of them at once, if you like ; only please to wait.”

With that the warm-hearted patriot pulled a penknife out of his pocket and began to rip up the lining of his fur jacket, where he carried the precious poems, concealed with jealous care.

“Let me see them,” said the Squire ; “even at this distance I can see that the handwriting is not Petöfi’s.”

“Ah ! but that he has changed also, lest they should get upon his track.”

Garanvölgyi took the verses, which were written on all sorts of scraps of paper, and began to read some of them. To be sure, they were as worthless specimens of a village poetaster’s scribbling as ever lighted an editor’s fire. Squire Adam now began to be angry, not so much at the imposition, as at the stupidity and credulity of his steward. “My dear friend,” said he, putting his hand on the papers, which Kampos eyed wistfully, in

readiness to sew them up again in his jacket ;
 “do you know the old story of the man
 who, in the dark, once swallowed the cat’s
 one-day-old kitten instead of the dumplings
 which his wife had cooked for him ?”

“Yes, I do,” answered the short-necked
 fellow, not in the least understanding what
 it had to do with the matter on hand.

“Now, do you think it likely that any one
 would have so dull a palate as not to know
 the difference between the dumplings and the
 kittens ?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, now, I do ; there—there are the
 kittens ;” and with that he gave him back
 the pseudo-classics.

Mr. Kampos made such a face as one would
 who had offered bank-notes in payment of a
 debt, and had had them returned to him as
 false. It was very difficult for a man to
 believe that what he thought was silver and
 gold should be after all only spills to light
 his pipe with. According to this, he would
 have to give up all that he had learned in
 secret from the great fugitive. According to
 this, his correspondence with “Papa” Bem

was all apocryphal. According to this, he was obliged to hang upon the peg the consoling belief that there are in Asia Scythian Magyars, divided into seven tribes, who are only waiting till they can build a bridge over the Bosphorus to come over and help their brethren in Hungary. To give up all this at once was too much to ask any man.

“But I beg pardon,” pleaded he; “he described to me all his adventures, and how he escaped out of the battle, and travelled further, so that one saw the whole before one’s eyes as he spoke. When, at the end of the battle of Segesvár, a whole *sotnia* of Cossacks were in pursuit of him, he set his back to a tree, and faced them. Seven of them he cut down, but as he cut down the eighth his sword broke against the pommel of the saddle. Then he threw himself on the ground as dead, and the Cossacks left him alone. But, after the battle, the Saxons came to bury the dead. He then hastily pulled off his *attila*,¹ and stripping one of the dead Cossacks of his pelisse, he put on him the *attila*, and wrapped himself up in the

¹ A Hungarian frock coat.

pelisse. And well it was for him that he did so ; for when the Saxons examined the *attila* they found in the pocket of it a hundred and twenty thousand florins in American¹ bank-notes, and a war-song. The notes they burned, and, knowing from the verses that they were Petöfi's, they cut off the Cossack's head, thinking it was his. After that they buried him with the rest, but, as they threw him the last into the grave, he contrived to scratch his way out in the night, and took refuge in a wood. The next day he heard that they were in pursuit of him. There he found a brook which lost itself in a cave, into which he let himself down, and for three days he wandered along in the dark underground, always following the course of the brook, till on the fourth day he found himself in the open air again, and out of Transylvania, for he was already in Hungary."²

"In America, I thought you were going to say."

"Well, well, I see that it doesn't please you to believe me, so I'll e'en say no more.

¹ A cant name for Kossuth's bank-notes.

² See note B at the end of the volume.

Although, to be sure, it was a most touching story to hear how a man came from Bihar to Borsod without eating anything on the way but pine-seeds."

"Especially as he came across Great Cumania, where there are no pine-trees. But let that pass. I will believe anything you tell me. But, as the celebrated poet was a personal acquaintance of mine, do you not remember his ever having expressed a wish to see me?"

"I beg pardon. Every day he makes mention of your worship, but he always says, 'I do not wish to meet my old friend lest I should bring him into trouble.'"

"The noble spirit!"

"I beg pardon; please not to be ironical. He knows more than we do." With this he looked carefully around him, an operation not a little uncomfortable for his short neck; and then, when assured that there was nobody who could hear him, and half covering his mouth with his hand, he leaned towards the Squire's ear, and whispered, "The other day he informed me that this Knight here has taken up his abode in this village for no other purpose than to know what your worship says,

for which he receives from certain quarters ten thousand florins a year."

Squire Adam smiled at the terrible intelligence.

"My dear friend, you may certainly believe me when I tell you that those people in certain quarters would not risk ten *piczulas*¹ to know what I talk about. But, as it seems that your mysterious *protégé* remembers me so well, be so good as to ask him if he remembers when and where we met in Vienna, in what hotel, and with what words we took leave of each other."

"That I will learn from him at once." And Mr. Kampos hardly waited to get back his accounts; hurried home; and ran to the secret hiding-place where he kept his refugee. Were we now to disclose where this castle of refuge was, it would be a piece of the vilest treachery and meanest denunciation. Let us not pry into that secret of Mr. Kampos. Suffice it to say, that two hours after the honest, warm-hearted patriot burst into the Squire's room, quite out of breath and red in the face,

¹ A comic name given by the Hungarians to the paper ten kreutzer notes, worth about twopence.

as one who has come from a great distance, or at any rate has made a great round. By this time the Squire had quite forgotten the whole business. From his bailiff's haste he thought that some farm-building was on fire.

"I have spoken with him," gasped the puffy little man; "I come just now from him. Yes, he remembers the meeting in Vienna."

"Ah! does he? But first wipe the sweat from your brow; why, it trickles quite down your face."

"I am much obliged, but I am not hungry," answered the bailiff, for the principal thought so occupied his mind that he could not understand what was said to him; "yes, there were together, on the 27th September, 1848, in the Golden Lamb, at Vienna, Petöfi and the worshipful Mr. Garanvölgyi, who parted from each other with these words——"

Here the warm-hearted fellow stopped to take breath, and, lest he should alter a single word of the tradition he had received, he first took out his pocket-book. This had a curious secret compartment, in which were a quantity of papers written in a peculiar secret writing, whose key consisted in this, that the vowels

were represented by numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. which is of course very difficult to decipher.

Having first assured himself of the genuineness of the sentence he was about to utter by reference to his private notes, he carefully drew near to the Squire, till their feet were in contact, and then with one finger he pointed to the mysterious line, while, with an eye sparkling with excitement, he watched Squire Adam's countenance, to mark the effect of what he was going to say.

"Their last words were, 'We shall meet on the battle-field!'"

Kamos did not expect anything less than that the Squire, on hearing these words, should fall back in his chair, and, with faltering lips, murmur, "It is he." How great then was his astonishment at seeing Garanvölgyi, with the utmost composure possible, take out his pocket-book, draw from it ten five-florin *Reichschatzschein*, tastefully printed with gold and silver letters, and say, with a malicious smile,—

"Very good, my dear Kamos ; just run over once more to this same worthy *armer rájzender*,¹

¹ "Poor traveller," German words in Hungarian orthography.

and tell him that Petöfi left it in writing that he would never go to Vienna ; as for myself, I can positively state that I never even started on a journey thither ; and then just give him this trifle for his travelling expenses."

Mr. Kampos felt as if the earth was rising under his right foot, and sinking under his left, and was obliged to lay hold of the braid of his jacket in order not to lose his equilibrium. Once more he had been made the dupe of a swindler ! A terrible discovery for one who imagined everybody to be as zealous and self-sacrificing a patriot as himself.

He himself never knew how it all happened. Only so much is certain that, when he raised his head to ask Squire Adam for further explanations, he found himself walking along the side of the maize-fields. From the moment he left the Squire to that time he had been quite oblivious and unobservant of everything around him. The gentle whisperings of that grove of maize first aroused him from his abstraction. He began to think over all he had heard. Inasmuch as it would have been a deadly sin to have doubted the truth of a single word which Mr. Garanvölgyi said, he

could not help coming to the conclusion that the other's words were horribly far from being true. In that case the fellow had made an unexampled fool of him. Night after night, when every one else in the house was fast asleep, he had taken out the provision-basket, had carried it in the dark through pathless meadows into the vineyard, and there had made a considerable *détour* so that he might slip into the vintage-house from behind. There he had, for the sake of this refugee, daily gambled away four or five florins of his hard-earned money. He had clothed him, had given him a watch that in his solitude he might know what time it was. Yet he did not even now grudge him any of these things; but what in his own mind he did bitterly reproach himself with were the illusions which he had so lavishly bestowed upon him. How watchful had he been over him! What sleepless nights he had cost him! He could scarcely eat or drink, so constantly was he in his thoughts. And then those beautiful, delusive dreams, with which the refugee had stuffed his head, about the splendid, glorious future that was in store for the Hungarians.

Was, then, the hope of a better time for Hungary all a lie? This was more than he could get over. At any rate, he would tell him to clear out and be off. That he should have played such tricks with his honest, patriotic soul!

This time he did not go round by the fence, but went straight to the hut, and, opening the door, went in. In his wrath he pulled his hat lower over his brows, as it occurred to him that hitherto he had been so foolish as to climb up upon the roof and creep through the hole of the loft when he went to visit his *protégé*. This time he would not do that, at any rate. And then how the refugee would be surprised at seeing his former adorer enter with his hat on!

A few empty barrels were lying here and there in the passage for the purpose of giving the place an uninhabited look. These he shoved roughly out of his way, and, swelling with anger, came to the door of the retreat, which he opened without knocking.

He was already expected.

The important person, whom — until we become acquainted with his real name and

condition—we are obliged to style *pleno titulo*, “Mr. Unfortunate,” having perceived the smell of saffron, expected that out of so much inquiry there would come something unpleasant. He had therefore prepared himself so as to be ready for battle in the hour of need; that is, he had stowed away in safe places everything which stood at his disposal in the room—watch, comb, knife, fork, plate, towel. Then he had put on all his articles of clothing, the uppermost of all being a fashionable light-brown winter overcoat, out of a side pocket of which there peeped a red silk handkerchief.

The great man was of sufficiently imposing appearance to produce an effect upon any impressionable person. His figure was tall, upright, and well-proportioned. The ends of his coal-black moustache were turned up like the tails of a §. A round, crisp, curling beard surrounded his smooth chin. His face was ruddy and full-fleshed, and his black hair was parted in the middle, just as one sees it in the portraits of Johannes Hunyady. It was such a good-looking, honest, open Hungarian face, as might at first sight disarm any one’s suspicions. So we do not set it down to Mr.

Kampos' discredit that, when he actually saw him again bodily before him, he forgot all the resolutions he had made, and took off his hat respectfully, as though it was only through inadvertence that he had not removed it before entering.

"Now, sir, what good wind has brought you again to us?" said the respected unfortunate, with as much gracious condescension as a prince might display when receiving the congratulatory address of a city through which he was passing.

Mr. Kampos, to tell the truth, began to feel very confused and uncomfortable. When he heard that clear, hearty voice, it was impossible for him to believe that it was that of a liar. When he looked at those eyes, he could hardly restrain himself from kissing his hand, and begging his pardon beforehand for the offensive things he was going to say.

"Sir, I crave permission a hundred times, . . . I beg pardon, I have come from his worship, from Squire Garanvölgyi. Please not to take it amiss, but his worship does not remember that he ever was in Vienna. Accordingly"

But here the worthy unfortunate made a step backward, beckoned with his left hand to the bailiff to be silent, while in an excited tone of voice he interrupted him with—

“Say no more ; I am satisfied.”

At this Mr. Kampos, in his terror, thought that the best thing he could do was to unroll the notes he held in his hand by way of propitiating him. The great man meanwhile crossed his arms over his breast, shook his head slowly and sadly, and continued, in a sorrowful voice :

“I understand thee, man. This, then, is Hungarian friendship ! This then is the halo which surrounds great names ! Shame and disgrace ! To lay mean traps for a persecuted patriot. With Jesuitical cunning to get out of him words, for which they may then yell ‘*pereat*’ against him. I see what ye are. In a cowardly manner ye would get out of the danger in which the neighbourhood of a persecuted patriot might involve your miserable lives ; ye would seek an opportunity for getting rid of me. Shame on the nation, which calls such men her great ones ! Treachery and perfidy at every step. We entrust our secrets

to spies ; we run our heads into the noose of the hangman ; devils sport with our salvation. But, tremble ye ! The day of reckoning will come, and that day will indeed be terrible. Then remember how ye grudged a poor persecuted patriot a morsel of bread, and barred your gates against him. Tremble ; tremble !”

In fact, Mr. Kampos was trembling all over. Against such terrible denunciations he thought the fifty florins might prove the best protection.

“ But I beg pardon ; his worship has sent fifty florins.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha !” shouted the great unknown, excitedly, clutching the notes extended towards him with such an eager gesture, that Mr. Kampos expected to see him tear them in pieces.

“ Fifty florins !” cried the refugee bitterly, raising the ten *Reichsschatzschein* towards heaven. “ Seest thou this, O my country ? For thee have I ten times offered up my life ; with my blood have I bedewed thy furthest boundaries ; and now fifty florins is my reward ! O poor, deserted country !”

By this time Mr. Kampos was so overcome by his feelings, that he began to feel in his

pockets for his pocket-handkerchief. This movement, however, was misunderstood by the refugee, who at once rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the waistcoat, cried, "Confess, thou faithless one, that they sent me a hundred florins, and thou hast pocketed half of them."

But at such a suggestion as this even Mr. Kampos felt angry.

"Now, don't say anything of that sort to me; if you don't believe my word, come along with me to his worship, and speak with him yourself; don't suspect me. Do you hear?"

The great fugitive surveyed the short fellow from head to foot with an air of the greatest contempt, and in a tone of the proudest self-respect trumped him, by saying,—

"I scorn both thee and thy master, and your dirty alms;" and with that, rolling the "dirty alms" between his hands, he hastily—shoved them into his pocket.

Then once more casting a contemptuous glance at the squat figure of the little bailiff, he left the room with a dignified air. In spite of all his bitterness he still retained sufficient presence of mind to select the best of the two hats which lay on the table before him. As

that happened to be Mr. Kampos', he left him his own worn-out wide-awake as a keepsake. At the door of the passage he stopped, and perceiving that the good fellow's eye still wistfully followed him, turned round once more, and striking his hand against his brow, he groaned out,

*"Great is the world ; from one end thereof to the other will
I roam,"*

and disappeared.

Mr. Kampos felt like a criminal. After all, it was "he." With what dignity he spoke ! How nobly was he moved ! This must have been somebody after all. If any mischance should happen to him, his conscience would never be at rest. With these thoughts in his mind, he took the old wide-awake home with him, and put it away in a cupboard ; while that sentence rang continually in his ears,

*"Great is the world ; from one end thereof to the other will
I roam."*

Now this verse the great poet undoubtedly did write.

Nevertheless, at that very moment the refugee, instead of wandering to the further end

of the world, only went as far as the further end of the village, to the chateau of the Ritter von Ankerschmidt. He there introduced himself as one of the free corps formed in the county of Sáros, to fight on the side of the Austrian government. He represented himself as inadequately remunerated by the authorities and persecuted by the people, so that he was forced to wander into another neighbourhood, where he might find bread, and better treatment. His present name was Richard Marczian, not so famous as that of which they had just now deprived him, but useful for the common purposes of life, as long as it would wear.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND HIS FAMILY.

THE Knight Ankerschmidt, as major in a regiment of cuirassiers, had spent several years in Hungary, and had thus become acquainted with the towns of the *Alföld*,¹ where he had felt himself very comfortable. After that there came a time when he had to encounter his former friends, nay, even many of his former companions in arms, as his enemies on the field of battle. This also passed away. The wounds he had received in fighting with his old well-wishers gave him a reason for quitting the service and retiring into private life.

His wife had been the daughter of a banker of Vienna, who at his death had left her about half a million of florins. A careful consideration of the Money-market of the time, which

¹ Lowland, the name given to the great Hungarian plain occupying the whole of the central part of the country.

was not one whit better than the present, led the veteran to the conclusion that it would be best to invest the money in some permanent property. Hungary was at that time a new America, where, treading in the steps of the Ritter von Ehrenfels,¹ one might perhaps get a landed estate for nothing, but for ready money one might certainly purchase very nice properties at an easy rate. Bank-notes to the value of seventy millions of florins had just been burnt to ashes, or hidden away as relics. Many proprietors were insolvent; many more deeply involved. There were many sellers and few buyers in the market.

Nor was the Knight one of those men who allow themselves to be stopped by trifling difficulties. He was of a determined character, accustomed to danger and to command. He had besides confidence in the iron hand of the new *régime*, nor less in his own talents as a soldier.

Dr. Grisak, his family attorney, to whom he gave the commission to purchase an estate for him, had made a very good bargain in buying for him out and out the land in which Madame

¹ See note C at end of the volume.

Pajtay, as we know, had only a life interest. For two thousand acres of the best and most fertile land he paid only a hundred and sixty thousand florins. The rest of the money he laid out on farm-buildings, stock, implements, &c. &c. &c. As to the circumstances and mode of the purchase the Knight did not know much, to be sure; and it was only afterwards that he discovered the servitude connected with the old chateau. When, however, he found that this was an evil which could not be remedied, he acquiesced in it, and built his new chateau in front of the old one.

It was indeed worth while to look at Ankerschmidt's farming, for it was hard to find its like in the neighbourhood. He had a steam mill, threshing machines, reaping machines, winnowing machines. All the farm-buildings were roofed with tiles. Besides this he had a spirit distillery, splendid Mürzburg cows for the dairy, Yorkshire pigs, mummy wheat, and first-rate rape and root crops. Lastly, in order that everything might be the best of its kind, all the agricultural *personnel*, from the inspector¹

¹ Land steward, the chief person on an estate under the landlord himself.

down to the very last farm-servant, were steady laborious Tchekhs from Bohemia. ✓

Nor were measures of precaution neglected. All the servants whose work took them far from home, such as the gamekeeper, wood-keeper, swineherd, were provided with good double-barrelled guns. In the tower of the chateau was hung an alarm-bell; at whose sound the whole garrison could be concentrated to repel any daring attack that might be made. Further, on every stall, fold, and barn, was stuck conspicuously a large bright badge of the *Azienda Assicuratrice* of Trieste. Even the stacks and ricks were protected in like manner, in order that any would-be incendiary should lose all desire to set them on fire. At night watchmen, provided with horns, made their rounds about the chateau and the farm. With such precautions the Knight thought he could live, *even* in Hungary.

As for the chateau at the other end of the village, the Knight knew no more than that some sullen *kurucz táblabíró*¹ lived there, who, on account of some legal subtlety which the Knight could not understand, had a quarrel

¹ "Malcontent squire." See note D at the end of the volume.

against his female relative, and now she had sold the property, extended his ill-feelings to the purchaser ; and that he also cherished ill-feelings, for some other cause equally mysterious, which neither the ministers "up there," nor their representatives "down here," could understand. At any rate, it was not very easy to quarrel with him, as he never left home, nor ever stepped into the village street.

The Knight was already a widower before 1848. At that time he had left his two daughters in the *pension*. Now that he had become a landed proprietor he brought them with him into Hungary, under the care of a Viennese governess. The eldest of these girls was already of an age to go to balls ; the younger had not yet attained that in which the reading of novels is officially allowed.

Fräulein Hermine was a tall, haughty beauty, whose features resembled those of her father. She had his aquiline nose, only of a finer, more feminine cast ; his strongly-marked eyebrows, only they were not so sternly drawn together ; his blue eyes, only veiled with a somewhat dreamy melancholy ; and his dimpled chin, only in her case it was smooth by nature and not by the use of the razor.

Her sister, *Fräulein Elise*, was said to be more like her mother, whom we did not know. She was short of stature, of a plump and lively figure, with coal-black curly hair, bright eyes, ready at a moment's notice to cry or to laugh. She had a small mouth which must always be talking or singing, and withal the best-natured disposition in the world, which quickly forgot an ill turn and long remembered a good one.

It was just dinner time when they announced the worthy refugee to the Knight. The family were seated at table when the servant said that an unfortunate person, who looked like a gentleman, begged to be admitted.

"If he is unfortunate, let him in ; he shall dine with us," said the Knight, whose stern countenance and soldierly bearing formed a marked contrast to the kindness of his disposition.

"What are you thinking about, *Elise* ?" said the governess, *Fräulein Natalie*, a terribly learned, scientific and sensitive, but withal somewhat meagre lady. "Remain where you are ; George will put a plate for him at the end of the table."

The unfortunate gentleman entered. In his

attitude, in his movements, might be discerned somewhat of the *Weltschmerz* of the hunted fugitive. The downcast gaze of his eyes, his compressed lips, bore witness to the inward struggle which it cost him thus to throw himself upon the bounty of others. As he appeared before the Knight, as he bowed to the company, he could not keep down a sigh, and it was with a hollow, choking voice that he said,—

“Sir, I am an unfortunate object of persecution”

“I know, I know,” interrupted the Knight, cutting short the self-introduction; “sit down; you have come just at the right time; we are still at our soup.”

The refugee took the place assigned to him, with a sigh so deep and so long we had almost called it a groan, and sat down as if to a funeral feast, while he took that degree of care to look interesting which one can only take when expecting to be looked at by lady strangers.

“Sir Knight,” said he, swallowing a spoonful of soup; “this noble condescension, with which you receive a poor victim, is not lavished on one entirely undeserving of it; I also fought by your side.”

“Did you ? That was very good. But you had better finish your soup, or else it will get cold.”

“Thank you ;”—here followed a few spoonfuls of soup, accompanied by a bit of pathos ; “I also have served ;”—two spoonfuls ;—“with my blood, with my life ;”—three spoonfuls ;—“I fought for the good cause to my last breath ;”—a few more spoonfuls ;—“I did not fear death nor the persecution of my kindred ;”—again a spoonful of soup ;—“I sacrificed my all, and at last my life also.” Here the unfortunate man was obliged to stop, as there remained no more sacrifices to be made nor soup to be swallowed.

“In what regiment did you serve ?” asked the Knight, with a suspicious movement of the nose.

“Sir, I did not serve upon compulsion ; that is my greatest pride ; I was in a band of volunteers.”

“In what band ?”

“In the Sz—y.”

“Well, now, they once left me finely in the lurch. They were ordered to guard my baggage, and on the approach of a few hussars

they all became invisible, and through them I was placed between two fires. You might have been there then, for I do not remember any other occasion on which I was in the neighbourhood of that worthy corps."

"I *was* there!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, with one thrust of the fork taking up two pieces of the boiled beef which was being handed round; "I alone remained there while my companions fled; I fought against the immense multitude of the enemy like Horatius Cocles, alone on the wooden bridge over the deep Hernad, until they brought a cannon to bear upon it, and I was struck by a spent twelve-pounder, and fell senseless into a ditch."

"The deuce! Do not tell such audacious tales here," cried the Knight, losing his patience. "A spent twelve-pounder! whosoever it may touch is a dead man."

"It was already very much spent," explained the new comer.

"No matter how spent it might have been; when it trundles along the ground, when it merely rolls, it kills whosoever it touches. A twelve-pounder! Confound it! That is coming

it very strong. Why don't you take some of those liver dumplings with the meat?"

The hero himself thought it as well just now to confine his artillery studies to the liver dumplings, six or seven of which failed to kill him. The pause of a few minutes, spent in this occupation, served to mark the quiet dissatisfaction he felt at the scepticism with which his account of his self-sacrifice had been received. It was only when he dipped the last morsel of the boiled beef in the tomato sauce, that he thought good to sigh forth,—

"And for this cause I am forced to wander as a refugee in my own country."

"How so?" asked the General; "why, the Government, as I know, behaved very well to all the deserving. Did you not get an appointment?"

"They drove me out of it; everywhere I was threatened by assassins, so that I was forced to wander."

"Had you no mother?" asked Fräulein Natalie, with a feeling intonation of voice.

"They murdered her, out of rage against me."

“Horrible! And your sisters?”

“Those too they murdered, two younger sisters of mine, as blooming, as beautiful, as the two young ladies here;” and the refugee’s well-trained eyes let fall two tears on his cutlet. That, however, did not prevent his eating it, nor did he forget to squeeze a lemon over it.

“Unfortunate youth!” sighed Miss Natalie, quietly.

The Knight was by no means so affected by the recital, and gave a somewhat different turn to the conversation by asking,—

“And why did you leave the protection of Mr. Garanvölgyi?”

This question took the unfortunate man so much by surprise that he swallowed the morsel he had in his mouth without chewing it.

“What did you please to say?” asked he, with astonishment.

“How I knew of your being there? Oh! very simply. I was out shooting in the vineyards, and saw you sitting on the terrace in front of the press-house. My gamekeeper explained who you were, but to the effect that

you were some escaped *honved*,¹ or Hungarian government commissioner, which seemed to me much more probable."

"And — your grace — nevertheless — suffered——"

"You mean to say, that I knew what I did and yet did not denounce you."

"It indicates a noble heart."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Knight with great warmth of manner, for he began to lose his temper at the manner in which the new-comer stared at him, "I am a bear who have wrestled with bears like myself, not a pointer who finds out partridges for a sportsman."

From this explosion the stranger was able to sound the Knight's disposition, and to see that here it was necessary to dig very deep before one came to springing water. So he prepared to excavate deeper.

"Garanvölgyi really did believe me to belong to the revolutionary party, and therefore afforded me shelter."

¹ "Protector of the country," name given to the new soldiers levied by the government of Kossuth, to distinguish them from the royal Hungarian regiments fighting in the same army.

"That is but natural ; everybody sticks to those who are of the same opinions as himself."

"But I am not of the same opinions as he is," said the stranger, hastening to whitewash himself ; "and that in fact was the cause of my leaving him. He is a very dangerous man. Both he and his bailiff, Kampos, are for ever troubling their heads with plots and conspiracies. They attempted to gain me over, and entrusted me with their most dangerous secrets, where weapons are buried, with whom they correspond in foreign parts, when they purpose to"

"Sir," exclaimed the Knight, rising hastily from his seat, "proceed no further, and never recur to this subject again in my presence, for in my house I do not allow denunciations to be made."

The *soi-disant* Richard Marczian thought it best to give way before such a vigorous lunge. To be sure, he never intended to play the traitor in that place. He had not spoken of such things by way of a denunciation. For the rest, he would not be behindhand in making known his loyal feelings, &c. &c.

The governess interposed to lend the conversation a somewhat milder and less uncomfortable character. They talked about theatres and balls, about the *Prophète* and *Fides*. When dinner was over, Richard disclosed musical tastes and talent, and seating himself at the piano played the Radetzky march, the overture to the *Prophète*, and the *aria* of *Lucia*, until Fräulein Elise expressed a desire to hear what a *csárdás*¹ was like. To this the stranger demurred, and, rising from his seat, declared that he was not accustomed to play such things. The governess reproved with a "*quelle idée!*" the young lady, who tripped into an adjoining room. Then Fräulein Hermine sat down to the piano, and let off a series of reveries, which displayed a remarkable superiority to the trammels of time. The stranger accompanied them with the conventional ecstasies.

Later, the ladies retired to their own room, while the Knight conducted his guest into the smoking-room. There Ankerschmidt, having given him a cigar, and taken one himself,

¹ The Hungarian national dance. The name is derived from *csárda*, a lonely wayside inn.

placed both his hands on his shoulders, and in a frank, soldierly manner, said to him :

“Now hear me ; I have found out who you are : you are a persecuted, proscribed ^{outlawed} Revolutionist, and are keeping out of the way of the iron claws of the courts-martial. Everything else which you say of yourself is merely a joke, made use of to conceal your real character. Have confidence in me. I have a little interest here and there, and, if you like, I will procure you a pardon, or, should you prefer it, a passport for foreign parts.”

But Richard Marczian put one hand on his breast, and with the other raised his cigar toward heaven, and thus swore that he was playing no part ; he was the victim of his loyal sentiments, and sought refuge from the persecutions of his fellow-countrymen.

“Well, well,” said the master of the house ; “then remain here as long as you like. The guest-chamber has been warmed. It is No. 11 in the passage on the left-hand side. You can retire when you like.”

After saying this, the Knight would talk no more, whatever subject Marczian might bring forward, but threw himself at his ease on one

of the sofas in the room. The refugee soon perceived that, whilst he was explaining the operations in the mining cities, Ankerschmidt began to snore, his cigar had ceased to burn, and now fell from his mouth. Marczian rose, took five or six cigars out of the box on the table, and put them in his pocket, and moved away to look for the new quarters assigned him. These he found without difficulty, which, however, did not prevent him peeping through the keyholes of all the intervening doors, as he held it an advantage to see as much as possible. To this end he was accustomed to walk on tiptoes, like a cat.

This time at any rate he did see something. In No. 10, which might be a guest-chamber also, but which certainly was not warmed, as was evident from its empty fireplace, sat Fräulein Elise at the table, and wrote a letter, apparently in great haste. From time to time she blew on her fingers, which were almost numbed with cold.

Richard left the keyhole, and went softly into No. 11. By the bye, every room in the chateau was numbered. There he found a fire lighted on the hearth, clean linen on the bed,

and every care taken for the guest's comfort. But what occupied his thoughts was the question, "What could Fräulein Elise be writing on the sly in the cold?" It is good for a man to know everything. Presently a door creaked. Richard looked through the keyhole, and saw a little lad enter No. 10. The urchin was scarcely more than ten years old, and cut a very comical figure in his high hat and his stockings. This was the body-guard of the young ladies, and waited on them at table.

Whither was he to be sent?

After the space of a few minutes the boy came out again, and he saw him stick a letter into his hat. Fräulein Elise also came out with him, and said, in a whisper, "Go through the park." Richard saw and heard everything, and no sooner had Fräulein Elise left the passage than he sallied forth from his room, ran down the steps in front of the castle, and overtook Gyszi, the little Bohemian, and called him back.

"Stop, Gyszi; the young lady sent me after thee for the letter thou hast in thy hat, as she wants to write something more in it. I shall bring it back directly; meanwhile lie

close here in the grass, so that nobody should perceive thee, and wait till I return."

The little brat regarded with open mouth the great, imposing gentleman, and held it impossible that what such a person said should be anything but the truth, so without any hesitation he handed him the letter. Richard, hiding it carefully in his breast, once more ordered the child to keep himself out of sight till he returned, and then went back to his own room. There he locked the door, and placed the letter before him.

Here I may observe that there are no material difficulties in the way of reading a sealed letter. I for my part do not understand why people seal their letters at all, since everybody who chooses may know that there are persons who are in the habit of opening sealed letters without leaving the least trace of their having done so. If there is any one ignorant of the fact, let him now learn that the secrecy of epistolary correspondence has no other guarantee than the feeling of personal honour.

As soon as Richard felt himself safe against surprise, he took up one of those pellets of bread-crumbs which some guests have the bad

habit of rolling up between their fingers in the intervals between the courses at dinner, which form a substance as pliable as wax. Such a pellet of bread-crumbs he pressed upon the seal of the letter, of whose impression it took a perfect fac-simile. This he placed on the warm chimney-piece to harden. Then he held the letter before the fire on the hearth until the wax softened, and the envelope opened. He was now in possession of the contents of the letter, which he perused with haste. It was written in the German language, and ran as follows :

“ *To the well-born Mr. Garanvölgyi,*

“ SIR,—I hasten to inform you that you are in great danger. An *evil-minded traitor*, whom you have nourished on your own bosom, has discovered that you are plotting with Mr. Kampos, your bailiff, where your weapons and your secret correspondence are. Make haste to save yourself. As yet the traitor has made these disclosures in a place where there is no one who will make use of them against you, but he will presently repeat them before those who will call you to account. Therefore con-

ceal or destroy everything which may compromise you. Believe my words. Good-bye.

“ONE UNKNOWN.”

“Only think of the little dove troubling her head about such matters,” thought Richard to himself. “Well, this at any rate won’t do any harm; let the old *kurucz*¹ know that they are looking after him; it will only irritate him the more.”

Meanwhile the bread-seal had become as hard as a bone, and, when the wax was again softened before the fire, the letter could be sealed up again without leaving any trace of its having been tampered with. In two minutes’ time the little “brat” was again on his way with the missive, and was running to make up for lost time.

Mr. Richard came, by this time, to the conclusion that by keeping up the character he had adopted he would not be able to reap roses. The family had evidently a decided tendency to sentimental generosity. The old veteran declined to persecute in peace those with whom he had contended in war, and the

¹ Malcontent.

young ladies were of a very elegiac turn of mind. Here it would be necessary to turn his cloak once more. It's no use arguing ; not everything is gold which is—yellow.

He was not long in coming to a determination. Arranging his hair and his neck-tie before the glass, and parting his beard so as to give a somewhat squarer outline to his face, he rehearsed his part to himself, and then made an afternoon call on the ladies in their apartment.

He entered quietly, looked cautiously around, closed the door softly behind him, put the tip of his tongue between his teeth as if to hint caution to himself, and then hastily approached the three ladies who were alone in the room embroidering a mat, and addressed them with great rapidity in a low voice, but with a somewhat theatrical energy.

“Respected ladies, pardon my having played such a degraded part before you a short time ago. I feel that you despise me, and such contempt will kill me. My blushes must have betrayed to you every minute that I was not speaking the truth. Rather let me die than continue to wear those blushes.”

With these words the refugee dropped on one knee, and seizing Miss Natalie's hand in one of his, and Hermine's in the other, he raised them alternately to his lips, while with a broken voice he continued :

"I am not what I represented myself to be ; I am a Polish refugee, one of the defenders of Praga, the ill-fated suburb of Warsaw ; my name is Count Bogumil Brazeszky. I equipped a regiment of lancers at my own cost, and led them myself into the field ; for then three country-houses and twelve villages were mine. All these I have lost, but what is that to the loss of my country!"

Here Bogumil Brazeszky—or whoever else he might be—buried his face, suffused with tears, in his hands, while through his fingers he watched the impression he had made on the two ladies. As it seemed a favourable one, the stranger, now become Bogumil, thought that the time had come for him to open his whole heart, and with a firm voice he added :

"And now, ladies, I have put my life in your hands ; one word from you, and I am a dead man."

Miss Natalie hastened to assure the refugee that no one in the family would abuse the confidence reposed in them. "Get up and wipe away your tears, lest some of the servants should suspect something; and you may rest assured that although the master of the house himself cut down the insurgent Poles in Galicia a few years ago, he would defend a guest who had trusted to his hospitality as though he were one of the old Moorish Caliphs of Cordova. Only of one thing I must warn you, and that is, not to let any word of Polish escape you before the head gamekeeper, because he knows Polish."

"I will take care," answered Bogumil, and gave the promise with the greater readiness as he did not know one word of that language. Then he wiped his eyes and began aloud to bless his fate, which had led him to the protection of such guardian angels.

But among those guardian angels there was one evil angel as far as he was concerned. Fräulein Elise, who had often shaken suspiciously her mischievous little head during the performance of the above bit of tragedy, now took advantage of the moment of silence to

address the following interpellation to the refugee :

“Why, then, does the Polish warrior inform against the Hungarian?”

“Elise!” cried both Miss Natalie and Hermine to the young opposition member; “how can you be so unfeeling?”

Bogumil might have acted as many others in a similar position have done, and after so decided a vote of confidence on the part of the majority have held all further self-justification superfluous; but he wished to show clearly that his “blue-book” was in order, and could at any moment be laid on the table of the house.

“I only anticipated the traitor, as I knew that, for the sake of preserving his own miserable life, he was about to denounce me; for you may believe me, that those obstinate old *táblabírók* are capable of everything that is bad. So I anticipated him, in order that if he carried into effect his wicked treachery, he himself would fall into the snare.”

Elise shrugged her shoulders, and made with her little tongue such a cluck as one makes when one wishes to convey to another the idea,

"Oh! what a clumsy big falsehood you are trying to impose on me," without actually uttering a single word. Miss Natalie darted basilisk glances upon the sceptic, and Bogumil perceived that a very good scolding awaited Fräulein Elise.

As he did not wish to delay her receiving such salutary correction, he rose to leave the room. He took up his hat with an expression of suppressed sorrow, and stammered out a few words to the effect that he saw it was time for him to withdraw; nay, further, that if he came to the conclusion that his presence in the house was displeasing to any one there, he should consider it his duty to depart. With that he retreated from the room, and hastened across the park to catch Gyuszi on his return.

The war of words broke out at once among those whom he left behind him.

"Fräulein Elise, you are an ill-behaved child," began Miss Natalie.

"Why?" asked the little rebel, boldly raising her defiant head.

"Is it becoming to wound the feelings of a guest?"

"Is it becoming to play the traitor against one's host?"

"About that matter you are not capable of judging; it is what the men of the law call 'justifiable self-defence.'"

"Well, we girls at school used to call it 'mean tale-telling,' and used to torment finely all who practised it."

"That I can easily believe; you are thoroughly capable of tormenting and worrying anybody: of your abilities in that line you give abundant proof every day; but I had rather you would learn your French grammar instead."

"I had much rather not have to learn any French lesson at all."

"Yes, I daresay; you would like to learn nothing, but to grow up like a little Cinderella, and then come to be dressed in diamonds. I know that is every little girl's ideal."

"Why don't they teach me what I should like to learn? Why don't they give me a Hungarian grammar? I should learn that?"

At this speech all the worsted balls fell out of Miss Natalie's lap, and rolled about under ever so many chairs.

"Unheard of!" exclaimed the governess.

"Why, pray, should it be so very unheard of? Nobody is ever going to take me into France, nor are they going to bring Frenchmen over here; but every day I meet Hungarians, and it feels so strange not to be able to converse with them. They greet me so prettily in the street, and I don't know how to return their greetings, not even so much as to say, 'God give you a good day.' Down in the garden yonder the peasant girls sing such pretty songs while they are weeding. I should like to know the words they are singing; they must be very pretty, and very touching. The tune runs in my head. All day long I keep humming it to myself, because I do not know the words."

And with that she began to warble without words the tune of the really beautiful song, "*Winter and summer in the wilderness is my dwelling.*"

"Fräulein Elise!" said the governess in a tone of command, "get up from your embroidery, and go and learn your *grammaire*."

Elise at once put down needle and scissors, took up the *grammaire*, and sitting by the

window began to sing to the melody of "*Winter and summer*," &c., the interesting grammatical exercise on the use of the pronoun *il*; "*Il fait froid. Quelle heure est-il? Il est midi.*"

"Elise!" cried Miss Natalie, almost beside herself with rage, "that is quite enough; the measure is full; go at once into the large room, sit down to the piano, and as a punishment practise your scales for an hour."

The little malefactor got up, and with a malicious smile turned round and said—

"The honoured court-martial can condemn me, but still I do not think the refugee an honest man."

The wicked creature! She knew that that was what she was to be punished for; she knew that that would sting the deepest. And what did she do next? Perhaps she humbled herself before the court which had condemned her. Far from it. She just sat down at the piano, and for a whole hour played, not the appointed scales, but that very same dangerous, proscribed, confiscated melody, "*Winter and summer in the wilderness is my dwelling.*"

Miss Natalie had cramps. She would have

even fainted, if Hermine had not administered consolation to her, and bade her "take no notice of that wicked, naughty child; we will tell papa presently."

"Ah! Hermine!" sobbed Miss Natalie, as she hid her face on the young lady's neck, "if it were not for you, I should leave this house."

* * * * *

In spite of the chill twilight of early spring the refugee stood watching by the back gate of the park, knowing that Gyuszi must return that way. The lad was a little late, for there were a good many sparrows in the acacia hedges along his path, and of course he could not leave them unpelted. Bogumil had remarked this neglect of duty from a distance, and, when the boy got to the garden gate, suddenly rushed out upon him, like the bearded wolf which eats up the little children in nursery tales.

"Why dost thou not make more haste?"

Gyuszi in his fright pulled off his hat, which was well-nigh as large as himself, just as if he meant to say, "Here is my hair; pull it as you will, but ask no questions."

And Bogumil did pull it with a will. Such an opportunity of correcting the household was not to be neglected.

"Well, what answer did he send back, thou vagabond?"

The urchin first of all rubbed up his nose, then he elevated his eyebrows, and began the speech he had prepared by the way—

"His lordship sends his compliments to your lordship, kisses your hands, and answers, '*nix tájts.*'"¹

"What does he answer, you good-for-nothing scamp?" asked Bogumil, giving the unfortunate brat a cuff first on one side and then on the other.

"He answers that he sends the letter back," blubbered the urchin, letting the mis-sive drop out of his hat.

"Ah! he has sent it back," cried Bogumil, ri king his own forehead.

"Yes, he sends to say that he does not understand German," whined Gyuszi, very glad that the great gentleman had begun to strike himself, and not him.

"Unheard of! Give me the letter: or dost

¹ *Nichts Deutsch*, no German.

thou perhaps wait for me to stoop and pick it up, clumsy? And now cut away, and don't dare to tell any one where you have been, or they will stick you on a spit."

With these words he thrust the letter into his pocket, and proceeded with it straight to Ankerschmidt's room. The Knight had not finished his afternoon nap when he was roused by the noise which Bogumil made on entering.

"Such a proceeding is unheard of; it cries to Heaven!"

"Why, who's got away now?" exclaimed the Knight, jumping up from the sofa.

"Sir Knight, this really passes all bounds; it is a piece of downright impertinence."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Just imagine. That insolent, unpolished *tablabíró* has committed an unpardonable offence against your lordship—against your lordship's house, family, and illustrious name. Really, I am amazed at the fellow's daring."

"What has happened? Just explain."

"I will; I have just now met one of your lordship's faithful dependants, the little Gyuszi. I observed that his countenance was suffused with indignation, which, in spite of his youth,

showed the noble passion of his soul. I asked him what had happened. 'Just think,' said the honest lad; 'I have taken a letter from the chateau to the other house, to the short nobleman¹ there, and he wouldn't take it in; he has sent it back unread.'

"Letter! From this place! From us!" cried the Knight in amazement. "What letter can that be?"

"Here it is; the little fellow gave it to me to hand over to you."

Ankerschmidt took the letter, and, with frowning brow, looked at the address, and hoarsely murmured—

"This is Elise's handwriting."

Bogumil pretended not to have the least suspicion of the fact, while he observed—

"That makes the matter so much the worse. Rudeness to a lady! Garanvölgyi sent to say that he did not take it in because he did not know German."

"The deuce! But what could my daughter want to write to Garanvölgyi about?"

¹ The "short nobles" was the name often given to the so-called peasant nobles. It is obviously inapplicable to a man of property and education, such as Garanvölgyi.

"I beg pardon ; but that we can easily know," suggested Bogumil officiously.

"What ?" exclaimed Ankerschmidt, holding the letter on one side ; "you don't suppose that I am going to open a letter which is not addressed to me, do you ?"

The adventurer was for a moment taken aback.

"I beg pardon ; that was not what I meant. But perhaps the young lady herself——"

"Ah ! you don't know her," said the Knight, interrupting him ; "she won't tell me ; my business is with Garanvölgyi himself."

"To be sure," chimed in Bogumil, determined to strike the iron till it should get hot ; "a downright insult to return for answer that he didn't know German."

"What disturbs me is, that I must know what there is in the letter which my daughter writes to the hostile camp."

"Downright treason. Shall I not call Miss Natalie ?"

"No ; stop here ; I shall presently know all about it from the person to whom this letter is addressed."

"But the young lady herself——"

"I have already said 'No.' If she does not choose to communicate the contents of this letter, I can't make her, for I do not strike children; but from him I shall know them, for he is a man, and, if he does not tell me, I shall quarrel with him."

"Bravo! spoken like a gentleman and a soldier. I hope your lordship will allow me to rush upon the old poltroon, and call him to account for his disgraceful and insulting conduct."

"What! In my stead?"

"No, but as bearer of your challenge. Allow me to be your second in this affair?"

"Thank you; I shall go myself," replied the Knight, as he girded on his sword.

"But without witnesses? Is it not dangerous? Supposing they were to insult you?"

"We shall be two," said the veteran, clapping his hand on his sword; "I desire you now to go to your own room, and not to mention this affair to any one."

Bogumil bowed and withdrew; rubbing his hands, and with a polka step he reached his room, where he began to whistle softly to himself. He had succeeded in setting the two old

fellows by the ears. To be sure, it would have been better if he had been sent with the challenge ; still, as it was, the quarrel was certain. The *tablabíró's* biting sarcasm and the old soldier's gunpowder excitability could not meet without producing an explosion.

Such anticipations inspired our adventurer's private polka while the old soldier's sword clattered down the passage.

CHAPTER IV.

THOSE WHO WISHED TO EAT ONE ANOTHER.

MR. GARANVÖLGYI was working through the farm accounts with Mr. Kampos when Ankerschmidt's sword was heard rattling outside the door. The Knight's anger had somewhat cooled down during his walk, and he thought that it would be more suitable to commence business with a harmless joke or two than to open his heavy guns upon the Squire at once. When he knocked at the door, the word "*lehet*"¹ spoken within sounded to his ears like "*herein*."² So, as he entered, he good-humouredly cried out,—

"Ha-ha! you answer '*herein*,' and yet assert that you are ignorant of German."

Thus for the first time in their lives they met face to face.

¹ "It is possible" (*Hungarian*). ² "Come in" (*German*).

"No, sir," answered Garanvölgyi; "I said '*lehet*.'"

"Ah! And pray, why not, according to old Hungarian custom, '*szabad*'?¹ You see I know Hungarian, and do not deny my knowledge."

"Because, sir, I consider the word '*szabad*' as contrary to police regulations. But, pray take a seat. May I ask to what I owe this honour?"

"You must know very well; you have wronged me."

"That is impossible, sir; I never even dream of your lordship, and I never wrong any one. I always carry in my pocket a copy of the Austrian criminal code, nor do I ever commence any action without first referring to it to see if it is not forbidden by some one of its paragraphs."

"But you have sent back unread a letter which came to you from my house, with the answer that you do not know German."

"Against that crime there is no paragraph in the criminal code, unless, indeed, it has been

¹ "It is permitted" (*Hungarian*). The word also means "free," "privileged."

enacted quite recently, and is to be contained in some later number of the *Reichsgesetzblatt*.¹ It certainly is not in the earlier numbers, for I have studied them carefully."

The blood began to boil in the Knight's veins again, but he mastered himself sufficiently to answer—

"But, sir, you yourself were a soldier, and, as I well know, a brave one; you must therefore be aware that there are wrongs which no legal tribunal can redress, but which are settled between man and man."

"I know that, Sir Knight; but I know also that they are very exceptional laws which warrant a man taking arms in his hands without having got a licence; now, I am an obedient subject who have not got a licence."

At this irritating speech Ankerschmidt had great difficulty in keeping back a volley of oaths. The only thing that helped him to maintain his self-restraint was the calm, mild, apostolic appearance of the old gentleman's face and grey beard. The old Squire continued:

"But, jesting apart, allow me, highly respected sir, to ask you in what manner and

¹ See p. 16.

by what means you consider yourself injured by me?"

"Why, sir, you received to-day a letter brought by one of the servants of my family; this letter you did not open; you did not even look to see from whom it came; but returned it with the message that you do not know German."

Ankerschmidt, as he uttered these words, fixed a searching glance upon Garanvölgyi's face, who answered, with the most Quaker-like mildness,

"Because I really do not know it."

"Bah! let the devil believe that. You are a gentleman of condition; your parents doubtless took care that you should receive a good education; it is impossible that you should not have learned languages."

"Oh! certainly, I knew it once. More than that, I held German literature and science in high estimation. There was a time when I kept myself *au courant* with all its productions, and could have told you who were the newest authorities in each of its branches: but by this time I have forgotten it all."

"But, sir, this is too much!" exclaimed

Ankerschmidt, striking his sheathed sword violently on the floor before him ; "give such answers as these to others, but not to me; I did not come here to listen to humorous remarks."

"Do you find them humorous?"

"How the devil should I not? To say that a man can forget—such things as those." ✓

Garanvölgyi gave a great sigh, drew his chair nearer to the Knight, and proceeded—

"Noble and gallant sir, a man can forget very, very important things if he chooses. There was a time when I was for twenty-four years the elected governor of this county; every third year I was elected anew, and I administered justice according to known laws, I maintained order successfully, I defended by word and deed all that the country held precious. ✓
That state of things passed away. The first year it often occurred to me, as it were in a dream, that I must go to the county town, that a county sessions was being held, that there were important subjects coming on for discussion. But it was folly thinking so. All that had been put an end to. I had to forget all that, and I did forget it. There was a time when I was a rich man ; if the people were in

want, they always sought bread at my house and found it. That, too, has come to an end. For a long time, whenever I saw men in rags taking off their hats as they pass under my window, I thought that I must go out and ask them why they were in such misfortune. A stupid fancy! Things are not with me now as they used to be. That also I had to forget, and I did forget it. I had relations upon whom I had heaped benefits. They betrayed me, they deprived me of the inheritance of my fathers, and I was able to forget my wasted bounty. I had a nephew, a dear lad, the only child of my departed sister; him I brought up from his cradle, and he was all to me which a son could be to a father—good-hearted, honourable, brave, wise, my pride, my support, the comfort of my old age. No, he did not deceive me; but he now sits in Kufstein, condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. If he had remained with me, if we had kept on the same road together, even now he might be free; but because I let him go another way, he must now suffer for it, and must waste away the years of his youth between four walls, while I have escaped. For a long time it seemed to me that I was expecting him

home, that he was already in his room, that I heard his well-known voice, that I recognised his steps in the passage, that it would be of some use to dream of him and to take him by the hand, and say, ‘Now thou wilt remain here;’ just as if I should then find him here even when I awoke. This hallucination stuck by me the longest, but I had to forget it, for it was folly (I shall not live to see him again), and I did forget even this sorrow. Sir, I have forgotten what I have lost ; I have forgotten what I have suffered ; I have forgotten what I have hoped ; I have forgotten the ruin of my country ; I have forgotten my own pride, my own shame ; how then should I not have forgotten that on which I never bestow a thought ?”

Ankerschmidt did not notice the sophistry which lurked in the connexion of the antecedent and consequent in this argument. All that remained in his mind was that his opponent had a dear child who was now languishing in a dungeon, and here he felt his eyes moisten. When he spoke, it was in a much gentler tone than before.

“Far be it from me to come here to insult you ; but I have been compelled to trouble

you by recognising in the address of this letter the handwriting of one of my daughters. You, sir, will find it quite natural that I consider it my duty, as a father, to know what my children write to a person unknown to me. It would not be proper for me to open this letter, as it is not addressed to me. So I have brought it back again to you, that you may open it; and if you yourself do not understand it, which of course I must now believe on your word, here is your bailiff, who knows German; you can have it read to you by him, and, if possible, make me acquainted with its contents."

"Very well," said Garanvölgyi, taking the letter: and pulling it out of the envelope he handed it to Kampos to read. Now, Kampos did know very little of German. But what was he to do? If he was to say the same as the Squire had said, the officer would think that he was trifling with him, and would blow out his brains. What is allowed to the Squire is not allowed to his bailiff. So he had nothing to do but to stumble through the letter as best he could.

Luckily, however, the young lady wrote a

hand as fine and legible as if it had been lithographed, and Mr. Kampos made no other mistake in reading it over, except, that wherever a *ß* occurred, he read it as if it was a *ss*. Of course ; why did not they write it as an *f*, if they meant it to be pronounced as one ?¹

Ankerschmidt seeing that the work of translation was really very difficult to him, himself suggested the Hungarian after every separate clause. When the bailiff came to the passage relating to himself, the worthy fellow's voice almost stuck in his throat—his face went all manner of colours ; and when he had done reading the letter, it seemed as if the chairs, the sofa, and the two squires upon it were dancing around him.

Garanvölgyi put the letter back into the envelope.

“ You will allow me, sir, to keep this, won't you ? ”

Ankerschmidt silently nodded assent, and began to pull out his long moustaches, while frowns furrowed his forehead. At last, turning all at once toward Garanvölgyi, he said—

¹ In the Hungarian language, the letter *v* is pronounced as in English.

"This is a foolish business, is it not, sir?"

Garanvölgyi smiled blandly. "Why so? There is no harm in it at all. I am very much obliged to the good young lady for her kind warnings; they denote a good heart: but as for me, I can assure you, my heart excepted, there is nothing which I keep secret. And so this critical question is settled, is it not?"

"So it seems; I at any rate am very glad to have been made acquainted with the contents of the letter, and hope that you will not consider me indiscreet."

"I in turn hope that it will have no ill consequences for my kind protectress."

"That is my affair," said Ankerschmidt, as he rose from his seat; "I am accustomed to be strict in my family circle; I have learned in the service that the subordinate must obey his superior."

"Very true," answered Garanvölgyi; "only what is so awkward in domestic discipline is that the women are for the most part the officers, and the men the common soldiers."

Ankerschmidt thought it as well to sound

the retreat. He was in a hurry to get home. Garanvölgyi escorted him to the terrace, where he left him to the escort of Kampos, as he himself did not leave the house.

"Does your vow still forbid it?" asked Ankerschmidt.

"Not so much that as the rheumatism in my head."

And with that they separated. The next moment it occurred to each of them that perhaps they might as well have shaken hands at parting. But it was already too late. "Why did not the *other* put out *his* hand first?"

Before Ankerschmidt, however, could step down from the terrace into the courtyard, his escort, Kampos, suddenly placed himself in his way. This he did with such rapidity of movement that the Knight at first thought that he was going to attack him.

"My lord," he began, "I beg you to wait a moment; do not go without hearing me."

"Well, what is it?" asked Ankerschmidt, regarding him sternly.

"This is a terrible business that I have been betrayed. But do not believe that his worship

knows anything about it ; I alone am the criminal."

"What?" said the Knight, looking very grave ; "then there is something in it."

"I don't mind if they break me on the wheel for it ; I know that that traitor will talk about it elsewhere, so I denounce myself beforehand, lest his worship, my good master, should get into trouble about it. That villain knows very well where they are, for I hid them in the press-house before his eyes."

"Hid what?" asked Ankerschmidt anxiously.

"Well, if they were to cut off my head for it, what's the use of my denying it?"

"Surely it is not"

"Yes, it is ; a bundle of the '15th of March!'"

"What the deuce is that?"

"The newspapers of 1848."

"Nothing else ; then you had better take them up again ; otherwise they will get rotten there."

"And shall I not get into trouble about them?"

"Who, do you suppose, will trouble his head about the newspapers? put them on

your book-shelves ; nobody will come for them."

"Hum ; dear me ; I should not have thought that : but I beg pardon, there is something more."

"What the deuce ! Something more ?"

"Yes, what the letter speaks of."

"Surely not arms ?"

"Yes, certainly ; in the roof of the press-house."

"Thunderbolt ! that's bad ; you conceal arms ; and for what purpose ?"

"I know there's an end of me, but I'll speak out. It will be much better if I speak out at once. Once I got a fine double-barrelled gun from his worship—a very valuable present ; and that's why I denounce myself beforehand, lest they should arrest his worship when they find it, for it has his name engraved on it. I did not like to give it up, because it shoots very well, and I hoped that some time or other I might be able to go out shooting."

"A fowling-piece ! Well, what more ?"

"Well, I may as well tell everything,—a powder-horn."

Ankerschmidt burst out laughing. The

least he had expected to turn up was a cannon.

"I'll tell you what," said he, clapping the penitent concealer of forbidden wares upon the shoulder: "as you are such an eager sportsman, go out to the press-house, bring home your double-barrelled gun, and by the time you have done that I will send you a permit to carry arms, as I have a few at home on account of my servants, and, when its time has run out, I will get it renewed for you, and then mind you shoot plenty of hares."

Mr. Kampos did not know whether he was awake or only dreaming. That he should once more be able to sling his gun over his shoulder and in that guise go over the stubble in broad daylight was more than he had dared to dream of. He did not escort the Knight far, but wished him "good-night" as soon as he could, and turned up the path leading to the press-house; and, if anybody ever took two steps in the time of one, he did then. Garanvölgyi might have been expecting him back, but for all that he never stopped to draw breath till he had climbed on to the roof of the press-house. Then, at the risk of his neck, he clam-

bered up to the chimney of the unused distillery, and, reaching down it, brought out the prized treasure wrapped up in a hundred pieces of old clothes, with which in the excitement of his joy he rolled down from the roof. Luckily he fell on a heap of vine-stalks, otherwise he would have broken his nose at least. But what did he care, so long as no harm happened to the gun. He found it not in the least injured ; there was not even a spot of rust on it. Mr. Kampos rubbed it carefully with the flap of his coat, tried the lock, held it up to his eye, and finally kissed it all over. Then slinging it over his shoulder he marched back to the village with his hand on his hip. He firmly believed himself to be two feet taller than the day before. When he presented himself before his master, and showed him the treasured weapon, Squire Adam saw from his triumphant face that he could talk no more with him about business just then.

The little fellow went straight home. He was unmarried, and so had no one to whom he could talk about his happiness. As for the servants, it was enough for him that they could admire him, and observe that the "other gentle-

man's" servant brought him a sealed letter. He knew already what were its contents, and withdrew to his room. There on the wall was hung a roeskin, on the very nail on which the gun used to hang. The only weapon in the room was a knotted stick. But now he reinstated in its former place his worthy fellow-traveller, his inseparable companion on all his excursions, which he had never flung away, not even when the *chevaux legers* had chased him from Kassa to Miskolcz.

He sat quietly enjoying the sight of his gun, thus happily restored to its right place, till gradually the feelings of satisfaction beginning to cool, those of resentment began to wake. The thought of his betrayer occurred to his mind. What a detestable, ungrateful fellow he was! And yet he had put away as a keepsake the wide-awake which the vagabond had left in exchange for the new five-florin hat which he took away. Come forward, thou wide-awake! With such thoughts he routed it out of the drawer, and put it before him on the table. Then he took off his coat, turned up his shirt-sleeves, and addressed it as follows:—

“Thou treacherous vagabond; thou perverse-minded rascal; thus dost thou go about informing against him who fed thee, sheltered thee, clothed thee. Thou thankless, abominable puff-ball, thou wouldst get me into mischief, wouldst thou? But thou hast got no ‘red boots’ thereby. Seest thou, disgraceful scamp, for all that I have got back my gun? Thou wouldst do me an injury, but good has come of it; thou wouldst destroy me: was it not so, thou godless one? But thou hast found thy match.”

With that he fell upon the hat with his fists, and began to pound it mercilessly. When he had beaten it flat, he began to work it into all manner of shapes, till at last he flung it to the earth, and stamped upon it.

“There’s for you! there’s for you! Dost thou feel it, wretch? Once more!”

The servants outside thought that Mr. Kampos must be trampling the life out of somebody, and when the noise of combat was at its height, they opened the door, with the intention of separating the combatants from one another. The bailiff, in no way disconcerted, lifted the pommelled hat from the

ground, and with a feeling of satisfied vengeance handed it to the farm-servant at the door, who had prudently armed himself with a pitchfork.

“Here it is ;—it is already dead ;—take it out ;—stick it on a stake ;—put it in the field where the peas are,—as a scarecrow !”

Then he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, puffed a long breath, turned down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, and sat down to rest from his exertions.

* * * *

Meanwhile the Knight Ankerschmidt held at home his stern *auto da fè*, the rigorous family court-martial, whose whole code consisted of but one paragraph : one commands, the others obey.

Fräulein Elise was summoned before the court-martial into the Knight's own private room. A terrible court that was. There were to be found a stern president, unsympathising assessors, incorruptible auditor, and cold-blooded executioners, all in the single person of the Knight Ankerschmidt himself.

To give the room a more solemn appearance four candles were lit on the table, on which a

skull was placed in a prominent position. Besides this, a pair of pistols lay there. The Knight had on his sword, and walked up and down the room with long strides, as he thought over what he should say to the culprit.

Elise opened the door, and advanced, with a light, dancing step, before her father.

"Fräulein Elise," thundered the Knight, "stop where you are. Down with your hands. To-day we are not trifling."

With this he took his seat by the table.

"You—are before your judge."

Fräulein Elise, with a gracious smile, signified that she understood.

"Don't smile! Thousand lightnings! this is no joke. Do you know whence I now come?"

"Tell me."

"Thunderbolt! Am I to tell you? I have been at Mr. Garanvölgyi's house. Do you know why?"

"Of course, it was allowed for papa to go there."

"For me, yes. Who said otherwise? But why did I go there? Because you sent a letter thither."

"Who, pray, let that out? Oh! that stupid Gyuszi! Won't I pull his ears for him?"

"Stop here. What did you write in that letter?"

Elise shrugged her plump little shoulders, as she answered:

"What did I write? Why, I let him know that he had better be on his guard, because people were betraying him, and that, if he had anything to conceal, he should hide it still better."

"Chained thunderbolt! Why, that's downright treason; you have betrayed family secrets."

"They were his secrets—not ours."

"Silence! not a word more!"

"Then do not ask anything more from me."

"Silence!" cried the Knight, striking his fist forcibly on the table; "confound it! I will show that I command at home."

As he uttered these words, he made an ominous movement of the hand towards the pistols, which lay on the table. He thereby gained so much that for a few moments so still a silence prevailed in the room, that the buzzing of a fly might have been heard. For

a few moments Elise left off smiling and nodding, looking all the while so beautiful, with her little mouth drawn together, and her large bright eyes opened wide with wonder.

In the midst of this solemn silence Ankerschmidt rose from his seat with great firmness, and regarded Elise with a stern marble countenance.

"Have I, then—done wrong?" stammered the child, hesitatingly.

"Silence! Fräulein Elise! You have committed a fault worthy of powder and ball. You have betrayed private secrets to the opposite camp. If you were my soldier, I should have you shot for such an offence."

"And as I am thy daughter, why, thou wilt kiss me for it," interrupted the saucy child; and the next moment she was clinging to the neck of her inexorable judge, who scolded and growled, but at last perceived that he was hugging to his bosom the criminal whom he should condemn, and, kissing both her rosy cheeks, he dismissed her with the injunction to be good "another time too."

CHAPTER V.

HOW A MAN GETS HIS FIRST SWINEHERD'S HAT.

"I WOULD not give up my having nothing for a hundred florins."

Who but the Magyar could have invented this paradox? And he is quite in the right, too. He has no manufactories which can be left without cotton by an American war; he has no commerce which can be ruined by great events in the world's history; he has no inflated paper securities, on whose account he awaits with anxiety the new year's congratulations at the Tuileries, or the telegram of the London Exchange; his whole wealth is the God-given field.

It is true that by this means he becomes a proprietor *ascriptus glebæ*; but then, he is bound to nothing else. If one time he loses the whole fruit of the year, so that he is left

like the sparrow which drops from the tree in winter, the new corn shoots up again the next spring, and, if Heaven smile on his husbandry for but one year, he recovers all his losses, and is again where he was.

Just such a smile of heaven reached him in the year 185—. The corn-crops promised well, the rape came up prosperously ; this is the Hungarian's reversed usury which pays back a thousandfold the capital which has been invested. But this year he had the additional piece of good fortune that just at that time the great lords of the world arranged for their mutual amusement a little tragedy,¹ which had the effect of sending up the price of grain.

“ Well, if we only get in the rape without damage, we shall get on swimmingly ; we shall see no more creditors.”

With these words Mr. Kampos cheered Garanvölgyi as one summer afternoon he returned from the meadow streaming with perspiration. The carrying of the hay had just been finished, and the getting in of the rape was to follow at double-quick pace.

¹ The Crimean war.

"Upon how much can we reckon?" asked Garanvölgyi.

"There will be about ten thousand bushels; Patron Vendelin,"—for so did Kampos call the Moravian director of Ankerschmidt's estate,—"from twice as much ground will, I believe, hardly get eight thousand."

"Why?"

"Because he would not listen to me when I told him to sow the rape early; he said that he knew better than I did, because he read about it in a book: after that he began to swear when he saw that the fly had attacked his crop. Whenever we fell in with one another, he always scolded me for having some charm with which I send away the fly from our crop to his. I told him that he might send them all back again. Of course the vermin always seek the young plants."

"But how can you rejoice in such a thing?"

"But when the fellow is always making himself so big with his learning; he knows everything better than us; presently he'll be teaching us how to make gold."

"Well, only take measures to have everything ready for the work that's to be done."

“ Oh ! that's all arranged ; pray be quite satisfied on that point. This evening I shall speak to the pastor, so that next Sunday he may pray for a little sunshine, and to-morrow I shall have beans cooked, so that the dish may be emptied.”

Here I have let out that the Hungarian is so ignorant and superstitious, that, when a favourite dish is on the table, he is wont to encourage both himself and his guests to eat of it, on the ground that “if the dish is empty, the weather will be fine to-morrow.” This by way of data to prove our barbarous condition. ✓

All persons who have ever seen a farm know what a busy time is that of getting in the crops. Servant and master rise early and lie down late. Labourers, whether for daily wages or for a share in the crop, are treated with great consideration. The best food is cooked for them in the kitchen pots, and is taken out to them punctually at the stroke of noon. Man and beast hurry and sweat, and the bailiff or overseer has hardly time to light his pipe.

Things are quite different in a more civi-

lized country. Where there is a large population, one may pick and choose labourers for a few *groschen*. Besides, there are reaping, threshing, and raking machines. Three or four men will in one day cut down, carry, thresh, ay, and measure as much as would take one of our old-fashioned squires, aided by quite a regiment of labourers, a whole week to struggle with, and at the end he would not have it done.

For instance, Knight Ankerschmidt's farm was such a model of arrangement as to be completely independent of the habits and customs of the people. Vendelin Maxenpfutsch, the "director" or manager of the estate, was a very scientific man, and Ankerschmidt's purse was long enough to pay for scientific experiments. While the drops trickled fast from Mr. Kampos' brow, the Inspector was enjoying his porcelain pipe most comfortably, as he sat under his verandah sipping his daily tea. His fat pointer lay panting under the bench with his tongue lolling out; his gun was put by in the corner; it was very hot weather—for going after the quails. Other work he had none.

An old peasant entered the courtyard and inquired, of the first servant he met, where was the "Mr. Inspector." He pointed him out as he sat in the cool shade and drank his tea. The wild man politely put down his hat by the side of the steps going up to the verandah, and wished the "Mr. Inspector" a hearty "good day." "Perhaps he is ill," he thought to himself, "as he drinks herb tea, which is certainly very good when one has the gripes, especially fresh elder."

"Well, what do you want, fellow?" cried the Inspector; "tell me shortly."

Of course, just as if that would not come in its turn.

"Well, well-born sir, I and my comrades, we be out of the neighbourhood here—out of the Palocz country here; but we are not Paloczes, because we are Calvinists, except a few of us who are Papists, and the rest are Lutyerans."

"Well, what have I got to do with that?" asked the Inspector in amazement.

The honest fellow shrugged his shoulders, as he answered—

"Well, surely, I can't say: I am no *tilogus*.¹ Perhaps the difficulty is too much for 'em."

"What do you want, fellow?" roared the Inspector.

But the wild man did not allow himself to be brought out of his groove, and composedly continued—

"Why, you see, we should be just eighteen; next, we should have twelve horses; next, each of us has his own scythe, and his own pitchfork and rake besides."

"But what the devil is it to me how many you and your horses are, or what tools you may have?"

"Why, just for this, that on Monday by break of day, if God give us life, we shall cut down the rape of his Honour, the worshipful Mr. Garanvölgyi, and by Saturday we shall have carried it and threshed it too. Then not till a week after the following Monday shall we begin on the barley, and then go on to the wheat; so that there will be a whole week atween, and we a-picking our teeth."

"Well, pick them, for all I care."

¹ *Theologus*, theologian.

"I say that the rape of the worshipful Mr. Garanvölgyi is more forward than that of the worshipful Mr. Akkorsincs',¹ so that his mowing will come just a week later."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, as we have undertaken the housing of the worshipful Mr. Garanvölgyi's crop, we could house that of the worshipful Mr. Akkorsincs in the same sweating."

"So you are looking for daily wages?"

"Well, you see, partly this way, partly that. For hay and rape, daily wages; for rye and wheat, a share of the crop. The daily wage fifty *groschen*, a pint of brandy, two quarts of wine a head; in the morning bacon and bread, at noon boiled meat with dumplings, or else a stew; in the evening two dishes, of which one is meat; for afternoon bait smoked meat or curdled milk; in our hats artificial flowers. Where we take a share of the crop, it would be every ninth bushel out of the unwinnowed heap."

Vendelin Maxenpfutsch's pipe went out as

¹ In the original this misrendering of the knight's name sounds very comical, as it signifies "*Even-then-there-is-not.*"

he listened to this unheard-of speech. "It seems that this scamp considers me a fool." The scamp in question would continue the enumeration of the preliminaries of the treaty, but the Inspector did not treat the affair as a joke any longer. He jumped up from the bench on which he was sitting, sprang upon the contracting party, seized his collar, and, giving it a good shake, said—

"Be off with thee, thou good-for-nothing vagabond! Dost thou suppose that thou hast to do with a fool? Only just come here once again, and thou wilt see that I'll give thee three meals in one day."

With that he flung him from him, and threw his hat after him. As for the wild man he maintained the most phlegmatic composure.

"Very good, very good; I shall go of myself, only say that you don't want us; but, for all that, there is no reason for cursing the soul of a man's father. I wish you a quiet good night."

"If ever that impudent fellow comes here again, fling him outside the gates," the irate Inspector commanded the servants. "To dare

to tell me such things! As if I had to learn now for the first time what is the price of a peasant!"

But he might as well have considered it superfluous to give orders as to what was to be done in case the peasant came again into his courtyard, as his behaviour was by no means such as to allure him thither. He had effectually protected himself against all such extortion on the part of the peasants. The estate was provided with so many servants as to form in themselves a small division. Besides, they had an excellent reaping and mowing machine, which he himself had ordered at Vienna. When it had been tried on a perfectly smooth field, it had shaved off a whole rick of barley in two minutes. What then would be the trouble of reaping the few hundred acres of rape?

Garanvölgyi's labourers had already sweated for five days together, while Mr. Vendelin smoked his pipe in the cool shade, and allowed them so much start of him as the swift hare did to the slow tortoise in the fable. On the sixth day he too set to work.

Six oxen dragged out the ear-clipping mon-

ster on a broad-wheeled waggon expressly made to carry it. Twelve men struggled with its weight ere it could be got into position. Luckily as yet nothing had got broken. Then two sagacious, well-trained, powerful Mecklenburg horses, of a race on whose sense and sedateness dependence might be placed, were fastened to the machine, and now—forward!

The machine got under way amid general hurrahs. The wheels went round admirably, the cranks turned over and over famously, the teeth of the rollers clashed regularly, and the iron shears, which fitted into one another, snapped mightily on the rape-stalks. In five minutes they had shaven a strip as large as would have taken one man a whole day to mow down with a scythe. In turning the machine, however, the head farm-servant, who accompanied it—his name was Konrad, and they had brought him from Czaslau,¹—scratched his head under his hat, and said to the director—

¹ Czaslau is a town in Bohemia. These two details about him are mentioned to show how un-Hungarian a person he was.

"Your Honour, this machine is such a good machine, that it not only mows the rape, but threshes it and grinds it too, all at the same time."

Herr Vendelin looked, and saw that the man was right. The confounded machine worked quite differently at Hietzing¹ when he tried it to what it did here in the rape-field. There, to be sure, it cut off the ears of barley, but here it even shelled the rape-seed, so that in its track they would not be able to gather anything but the stalks.

Herr Vendelin wished to show that he understood something about machinery. He took the hammer and the screw-driver in his hand ; he put the wheels further apart, and tapped them ; lastly he oiled the axles. Now it would do.

But the interior construction of the complicated machine was so arranged that the further the cutting-rollers were apart, the faster the wheels moved ; and if at such a time the heavy machine was going down hill, it would go on of itself, even after the horses that drew it stood still.

¹ In the vicinity of Vienna.

Now just there came some sloping ground, and the machine began to hurry forward by its own natural weight, so that the two Mecklenburgers all at once perceived that they were no longer dragging it, but it was shoving them. Now, as the Mecklenburger is a remarkably quiet and amiable animal during a period of "peaceful progress," so is it just as outrageous if once it gets into "abnormal situations." So, after the first shove, first one of them, then the other, started off, and carried the devil's mill with ever-increasing velocity down the slope.

"Stop it!" roared Herr Vendelin, with a presentiment that something was wrong: but it was already too late. The four men who accompanied the machine were flung in four different directions. Konrad himself, being a stout fellow, dared to seize with both his hands the main-wheel, which, however, threw him into the air as if he had been a cat, and he fell ten fathoms off into the rape.

Meanwhile the machine and the horses, all three now run wild, began to race with each other. The pole broke in two. The machine forced its way in between the two horses, as

if it was a third, by its infernal noise maddening still more the excited animals, until they reached an obstacle in the bank at the bottom of the slope. The machine, we are inclined to think, won the race by about half a head; and as it could not jump over the obstacle in its way, it then grounded. By the time they came up to its assistance, a few of its teeth were missing, and it was so damaged that nothing was to be done but to send it up to Vienna to its maker to be repaired.

But meanwhile, what would become of the rape? Nothing remained but to set to work every available hand on the estate. Watcher,¹ gamekeeper, groom, watchman, cook, footman and valet, each took up the sickle one after another, to assist the regular farm-labourers. The work went on as it could. It was a matter of principle not to call in the assistance of the peasants of the neighbourhood.

But now let us leave them sweating over

¹ *Csösz*. On every Hungarian farm of any extent there is always at least one farm-servant whose duty it is to go about at all hours of the night and day, and keep a lookout that the standing crops, or the outlying ricks, &c. are not stolen.

their work, and speak of something else. Ankerschmidt had selected everything that was best of its kind. For instance, he had hornless cows, hens that laid every day, and Yorkshire pigs from England, which could be fattened up to miraculous weights. These latter had multiplied since their arrival, until they were now about forty. None of them were ever killed or sold or given away. It can be easily imagined that such great gentlemen were not turned out to feed like the piglings of poor people. They were never driven into the forest to eat the mast, but had a separate palace built for them hard by the gamekeepers' house. They got their dinners and suppers, which were specially cooked for them by the cook, served up in marble troughs. Two guards stood continually in waiting upon them, as well as a veterinary surgeon, and all three were provided with guns and bayonets, ready to defend the pig-palace against any daring attempt which might be made upon it. To make assurance doubly sure, the whole was surrounded with a high stone wall.

How much they favoured these animals will appear from the fact, that not even for the

sake of the rape, to cut which even the watcher of the pheasants had been impressed, had they withdrawn one of their three attendants.

Now just when the cutting of the rape was at its height, one fine morning Christopher, one of the guards of the pigs, appeared with the terrible announcement that in the night—how? he could not make out—twelve of their swine lordships had been stolen. They were all young ladies and gentlemen, the least of whom, however, weighed a hundred-weight. He could not make out how they took them away, for the gate was locked all night; and if they lifted them over the wall, surely some one of the three must have awoken, for the young ladies in question were not such as to allow themselves to be carried off without protesting noisily.

This was a terrible misfortune. Maxenpfutsch went to communicate this Job's tidings to Ankerschmidt, who immediately got into a great rage. They might steal what else they pleased from him, only not his Yorkshire pigs. This was his weak point—this he could not allow. To what end was order maintained

and courts of justice established, if not that such daring deeds should receive their fit punishment?

One of the grooms had at once to get upon horseback, gallop to the county town, and give Dr. Grisak a letter, in which the Knight circumstantially described what had taken place, and requested the action of the authorities as soon as possible. The Doctor was ordered to spare no expense, as the perpetrators of the outrage must be discovered.

The next morning four armed policemen appeared at the chateau with a written order from Herr Bräuhäusel, the commissioner of the district, to the effect, that in consequence of grave suspicion resting upon them, the three keepers of the pigs must be brought before the Tribunal.

"Oh! these have not done it; of that you may be sure," asserted Ankerschmidt; "they are old faithful servants of mine. Please to send them back at once."

Now, however, that they were gone, it was necessary to detach the three gamekeepers and a field-watcher from the rape to guard the pigs. Next morning the four policemen

appeared again. Herr Bräuhäusel had given orders, that since the swineherds would not confess, it was necessary to confront the gamekeepers with them.

“But send them all home, as quickly as possible,” cried Ankerschmidt after them.

Only just wait.

The next morning the four policemen appeared, as was now their wont, with an order from Herr Bräuhäusel to bring in the field-watchers, as the gamekeepers would not confess anything.

“But, alas! at this rate you will take all my men away, and I am in great need of every one of them just now.”

But there was no help for it. They had to go. Of course they confessed nothing, being as innocent of the whole business as new milk. In the rape-field there were day by day fewer and fewer at work, till at last only the regular farm-labourers were left; and one day Herr Bräuhäusel sent and took even these away,—of course, for the purpose of confronting them with the rest.

By this time Ankerschmidt began to swear. This was too much. This was dreadful. Just

at such a busy time too. What were those people in the town thinking about? All the work was at a standstill. There was more loss than profit in the affair.

Then one fine morning they ordered in all his remaining men-servants—coachman, groom, footman—and kept them all. Nobody was now left with him but Mr. Vendelin and the little Gyuszi. He himself might watch and get in the crops, and feed his beasts, just as if he had established himself on some American prairie six hundred English miles from the nearest inhabited country.

But to-morrow they will send them home? Or if not to-morrow, at any rate the day after to-morrow? The fact was that they kept them there a whole week, and still none of them returned.

But it is high time for us to look after Herr Bräuhäusel and Dr. Grisak ourselves, and see what they are about all this long while.

We shall be most certain to find them, if we look in at Herr Bräuhäusel's about three o'clock in the afternoon. Every day at that hour, unless prevented by a toothache, Dr.

Grisak was accustomed to visit Herr Bräuhäusel, at whose disposal he remained the whole afternoon until six. During this time he could make undisturbed the inquiries which as an advocate he had to make. The intervals between each several inquiry they thought best filled up by a game of *tarkli*, which served to keep their attention on the *qui vive*.

Herr Bräuhäusel was an enthusiastic *tarkli*-player. He whom he had once got into his power was straightway condemned to so and so many years' penal servitude at the card-table without the slightest prospect of ever regaining his freedom. Yet Dr. Grisak had voluntarily subjected himself to this slavery. For you must know that there is no relation so deeply rooted, no friendship so firm, no love so platonic, as that which one *tarkli*-player has for his companion in play—especially for one who always loses. The enamoured youth does not await the hour of rendezvous with as much impatience as Herr Bräuhäusel awaited Dr. Grisak when three o'clock approached. If the Doctor was an hour late, he had to be provided with all sorts of stories, true and not true, to excuse

his absence. If he stayed away the whole afternoon, a medical certificate was necessary.

In the middle of the play he could inquire after the affairs of his clients. The most favourable opportunity was during the shuffling of the cards.

"Have you been pleased to name the committee in the matter of the sluice on the Tisza?"

"Yes; you represent there the engineer who proposes to make it, don't you? Well, the members of the committee are those whom you chose.—Tierce."

"How many?"

"Only to nine."

Dr. Grisak had quart in his hand, but he would not spoil his friend's play.

"I don't believe that the engineer Schmerz will make much in building that sluice."

"Why not?"

"Because of the conditions of the contract. To cut a thousand oaken staves, every one of which must be three fathoms four feet long; of this one fathom four feet is to be driven into the ground, every stake receiving one hundred and twelve blows with the mallet. Now, when we consider the rate of labourers'

wages and the price of materials, I can hardly help thinking that he has made a miscalculation.—Why, you are throwing away your trumps!”

“Dear me! So I am. I did not notice it.—But how would it be if, instead of giving a hundred and twelve blows, the contractor only gave thirty-two blows to each stake?”

“Why, then more than two fathoms would stand out of the ground.—You are throwing away the knave of hearts, and I have not seen one of that suit yet.”

Dr. Grisak had in fact six others in his hand, but did not say anything about them; he only observed—

“Or perhaps only two fathoms remain above ground; but so much less will be below.”

“Ah! ah! to be sure; to be sure! Now who would have thought of that? Of course the committee can only see how much there is above ground, but not how much has been driven into the ground. He will thus save a third of the materials.”

At this both of them laughed heartily.

“Even so, the work will last ten or twelve

years ; and if after that time it has all to be done over again, who can call him to account then ? ”

“ Very true. — Trump. Another trump. Here is a ten. The last trick is mine. I have won.”

“ The cuckoo take it ! I expected everything, and nothing came of it.”

“ Please to deal.”

They began a new game. Herr Bräuhäusel, well pleased with his good fortune, took a pinch out of his snuff-box, and picked up his cards.

“ Shocking ! How can you deal me such cards ? All sevens and eights.”

“ That will cure itself,” was the consoling assurance of the *doctor juris*, who had four nines in his hand, and immediately led one of them without scoring 150.

“ Well, it’s a pity to throw away nines like that.”

“ They never come to me.—Has that intelligence been forwarded to higher quarters about the prisoner Aladar Garanvölgyi ? ”

“ Oh yes, with all that appertains to it.—Pray, what was the first trick ? ”

"Look at as many as you like.—Did Straff's letters go with it?"

"Of course, of course; they were the most damning part of it all.—A tierce of queens. Good?"

"Very good."

"What interest can Madame Pajtay have in making Aladar Garanvölgyi sit out his whole punishment?"

"That I don't know. Madame Pajtay is my client. She wishes it, so I work to that end. In the way things go Aladar Garanvölgyi isn't likely to be one of those who will be liberated, eh?"

"Tierce major.—You may rest quite assured on that point. Straff has found out very ugly things about him."

"And does nobody know who that Straff is?"

"*Bellus musicus*. Nobody can know that. —You have thrown away four nines."

"So I have; I did not take care. I imagine that the young widow must be actuated by injured vanity, or else by jealousy."

"Ah! that's a confounded business. But I am surprised at your leaving me the last trick. Now I have all the four knaves."

"Deuce take it! so you have! Well, one trick is mine, the rest are lost."

"You have lost the game again."

"To-day I have peculiarly bad luck."

"Shall we play one more?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

Herr Bräuhäusel began dealing.

"*Apropos*, the old Ankerschmidt wrote to me to-day; they have stolen twelve of his Yorkshire pigs out of a walled courtyard."

"Thunderbolt! Clever fellows those."

"And the old gentleman's idea is to know who stole them."

"Eccentric curiosity!"

"He has signified to me that I should send in the application for an inquiry into the matter."

"Fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-nine,—yours is 82.—Have you the application in writing here with you?"

Dr. Grisak pulled out of his pocket the document, while Herr Bräuhäusel dealt. After dealing, the latter looked into it, and seemed to ponder deeply upon it.

"My dear friend," said he at last, "here is an error."

"What may that be?"

"The stamp is not sufficient."

"That is impossible; twelve pigs at thirty florins a-piece make three hundred and sixty florins, and the stamp is for sums up to four hundred florins."

"There is your mistake. *Yorkshire* pigs are in question, and of these the price is at least forty florins a-piece, which makes the total four hundred and eighty florins. For sums above four hundred florins the stamp is double. I am obliged to condemn you to a treble fine."

Of course this time Herr Bräuhäusel lost the game, and that too so completely as to lose the rubber. It was a great mistake of his to suppose that the *doctor juris* would pay the fine when he had the cards in his hand.

When they separated, the final balance the Doctor had to hand over to Mr. Commissioner was nine florins.

"And I beg you to take Ankerschmidt's affair in hand at once; because the old gentleman knows how to make a great noise."

"I know him; we'll soon cure him of

that; only trust me; but do come more punctually to-morrow."

"I shall be here after dinner."

When Doctor Grisak returned home from his card-playing, the first thing he did was to take down his account-book, and to enter the day's expenses under various letters:

"For information from the judge in the matter of Herr Schmerz, engineer 9 fl."

"For information from the judge for Madame Pajtay 9 fl."

"For information from the judge for the Knight Ankerschmidt 9 fl."

Of course nobody imagines, that, if a *doctor juris* for the sake of his clients throws away four queens, while playing with the Commissioner of the district, it is nobody's business to make it good to him.

The next day the conference was renewed, with this important difference, that, as Herr Bräuhäusel had in the course of the forenoon given a judgment unfavourable to Dr. Grisak, he was in consequence unmercifully trumped by him. Of course, to-day's loss was put down by the Commissioner to the account of the Knight Ankerschmidt, under the head of

I know not what kind of *Diäteuklasse*. Thus, whether Dr. Grisak or Herr Bräuhäusel won, Ankerschmidt was sure to lose. To be sure, towards the end of the last game there was some conversation about the Yorkshire pigs, about the suspected persons and the witnesses, and generally what a complicated piece of business it was. The inquiries were likely to last a long time.

The complicated affair grew, in fact, every day more and more complicated. The more witnesses were examined, the more numerous were the objects of suspicion; the more protocols they wrote on the subject, the further they were from coming on any traces of the actual thieves. Meanwhile, Ankerschmidt's rape might rot as it lay in swathes on the ground.

Herr Vendelin had already made his submission, and offered terms to the peasants. He promised them double wages, four meals a day, and even offered to supply them with drink at night if they were thirsty. "Impossible," was their answer; "we are engaged for the whole harvest." Nor could any promises induce them to break their engagements

for a single day. As for those in the village who had land, they were themselves so busy with their own husbandry, that entering into any arrangement with them was out of the question.

So, in these days, when everybody else was sweating over their work, Ankerschmidt rode every day round his estate, and saw the beautiful, ripened ears going to destruction, and reckoned mentally that, if this sort of thing went on only a few days more, the rape would shell out, and his loss would be twenty thousand florins. Then he blessed the Yorkshire sow that had littered those young ones for whose sake his rape was left ungarnered, and then—all other sows too.

Besides, he held it for quite certain that while the sties were abandoned to the protection of the women-servants, the robbers had taken all the rest of the pigs away. He did not even dare to ride in that direction. On Saturday evening, however, his curiosity so far prevailed over him as to lead him to inquire after them from Garanvölgyi's swine-herd as he met him on the road bringing home his drove.

"Heigh! my younger brother, hast thou heard whether they have stolen *all* my pigs while the swineherds have been called away?"

At this Swineherd shook his head very much, and giving his long felt mantle a jerk so as to throw it on one shoulder, he began in a tone of expostulation to give the new landed proprietor truer views about the customs of the country.

"What is your lordship thinking about? Why, that would be a shocking ugly piece of robbery if any one were to steal from another's drove, while the swineherd was 'called to the country.'¹ It is not allowed to take one single pigling of the whole lot of 'em as long as the swineherd is down yonder with the *Vaszzagter*² gentlemen. That is a matter of honour, sir. God bless you."

"The deuce! I had no notion of such a *point d'honneur*," said Ankerschmidt to himself, beginning every day to see more clearly ✓

¹ See note E.

² *Was sagt er?* "What does he say?" A nickname given to the German-speaking officials who were ignorant of the Hungarian language.

that there was, after all, a great deal that is new under the sun.

Meanwhile the examinations in the town went on continually, and Herr Vendelin went continually out into the neighbouring villages to look for labourers, and came back every evening without having succeeded in getting any.

Towards the end of the second week all the reserves of Ankerschmidt's patience were entirely exhausted. This was too much; this would weary out any loyalty. He sent letter after letter to Dr. Grisak and Herr Bräuhäusel; he begged, he prayed; then he scolded; he threatened that he would bring the case before the notice of the Minister,—nay, he even went so far as to hint that he would publish the treatment he had received in all the newspapers; that he did not want either pigs or thieves, but only his servants back again; if not all, at any rate the wagoners, so that he might carry the rape now lying out on the field. But it was all in vain. At last there came an answer to his sixth letter. It bore an official seal. Opening it, he read, to his satisfaction, that inasmuch as

he had directed six ordinary applications to the court without affixing to them the stamp required by law, he was ordered to pay six times forty-five kreutzers as the fine proper to such neglect. After reading this, Ankerschmidt had it framed, and placed conspicuously above his desk, so that it might be always before his eyes whenever he might put pen to paper; but he behaved himself quietly for the future.

Sunday came, and he rode sadly round his deserted fields. The horizon began to grow dark, the call of the quail was heard loudly in the wheat, everything seemed to portend stormy weather. This alone was wanting to complete his misfortune. Three quarters of the crop lay in cocks on the fields, and if the rain got to it, it would ferment and rot. Forty thousand florins lost in the mud—just as much so as if it had dropped out of his pocket. What made the matter still worse was, that the rape had been sold beforehand, and if not delivered to the purchaser, a large forfeit-money would have to be paid.

Oppressed with such anxious thoughts, he was walking his horse across the stubble,

driving before him thousands of grasshoppers, when all at once a well-known voice addressed him. He raised his head and recognised Mr. Kampos, who seemed to be trotting along in a diagonal line so as to get in his way.

"Your lordship's most obedient servant. We have very warm weather."

"*We* haven't; we are resting ourselves, thank God," answered the Knight, with bitter humour.

"To be sure, it is bad enough as it is, and now it is likely for rain—in fact, it is certain; for my knee always gives me notice of it since the ball struck it in the battle of Kassa."

"What! a ball struck you too!" said the Knight, in a tone of suspicion, for the story of Bogumil instantly occurred to his mind.

"Well, humbly craving permission, it happened so," exclaimed Kampos, with a laugh: "as we were going along, I found a ball on the road, and put it into the pocket of my mantle, meaning to carry it away as a keepsake. During the march the heavy thing wore its way out of the pocket and slipped into the lining of my cloak without my having observed it. All at once, as I began to run, the ball gave me

such a blow on my knee that I almost became a beggar in consequence of it."

"Ah! well, that's possible," said the Knight graciously.

"And since that time my knee serves me as a weather-glass."

"To be sure; but then how can one help it?"

"Just about that matter I came to speak to your lordship. We finished getting in our crops yesterday, and I told his worship what a misfortune had befallen your lordship—if now rain should fall on your crop, the whole would be good for nothing. So he said that it would be a great pity; and gave orders that this week, instead of setting to work on the rye, we should all come down here to your lordship's rape, and cut it with our own reapers, and get it in with our own carts and carters. If then your lordship approves of it, his worship most heartily puts them at your disposal. He says that what is lost out on the fields is the loss of the whole country."

He really said something else besides; but with respect to that Mr. Kampos held his tongue. As for Ankerschmidt, on hearing the proposal, it occurred to him to stoop down

from his saddle, and with frank courtesy to extend his hand to Mr. Kampos, who took it—as soon as he had assured himself that no money was being offered him.

“Tell your master that I thank him for his offer—that I thank him warmly; and say to him further, that Ankerschmidt is not a man who forgets things.”

It was only when the whole crop had been got in that Ankerschmidt's servants arrived from the town. The only conclusion arrived at by their fortnight's examination was that they were all innocent. With them arrived the rainy weather—proving Mr. Kampos' knee a true prophet—and a long account from the lawyer and the magistrate, which Ankerschmidt paid without saying a word, and showed it to nobody except Maxenpfutsch, to whom he proved that he might have replaced the pigs direct from England for the money. As for the returned servants, he called them together before him, and with military brevity gave them the following order:—

“Men, for the future let each one of you take care that no such mishap occur again; but if by chance it should happen, mind that

you keep it a secret; for if any one of you dare to say that anything has been stolen from me, I shall turn him off at once without fail."

Maxenpfutsch alone did not approve of this command. If the Knight talked such *sottises*, all the more reason for him out of his own private zeal to throw himself into the pursuit of the lost property. Of course, with the magistrates, things go somewhat stiffly; but then there were the police, with whom he was on a friendly footing. Quietly, without any noise or display, they would come upon the right track; all that was needed was a little perseverance. It would be possible to bribe one or two of the men who dwell in the forest, who might pretend to be friends with the thieves and then betray them to justice. Now this was a very ingenious idea.

Nor had he to wait long for the success of his move. One evening the "Mr. Inspector" was visited by a tall sturdy fellow, with an honest respectable face and a fine black moustache; his chin was cleanly shaved, and his hair combed smoothly backwards from his forehead. For the rest, he wore a blue waistcoat studded with a thick-set row of silver buttons,

and over his shoulders a short peasant's mantle of white felt, ornamented with tulip-flowers embroidered on it in gay colours. From the leather thong and metal buckle, which fastened the mantle round his neck, hung a short axe with a helve of plum-tree wood, while round his arm was twisted the thong of his swine-herd's whip, its handle adorned with leaden ornaments. His whole appearance proclaimed him a well-kept orderly servant on some well-ordered estate.

"Good evening, well-born sir."

"Good evening, elder brother; what do you want?"

"I should like to speak a few words to you about them fine pigs you have lost."

"Do you know anything about them? Please to sit down here on the sofa."

The new comer did not require any pressing, but took the seat pointed out to him with the air of a man to whom such an attention was no more than due.

"Yes, I know something about them," answered he intelligently and cautiously; "I suspect who it was that took them, and am on their traces. You please to know that here in

the Beech-forest,¹ the *pandur* can but with difficulty get hold of such persons, the *gensdarmes* not at all ; because as soon as their approach is observed, one swineherd passes the chattel on to another—it is driven from one valley to another, so that they only come upon the track when it is cold. But I myself think that such very peculiar pigs, which are so very different in their appearance from others, would be very inconvenient to the thieves themselves to keep ; for to whomsoever they might offer them for sale, they would be straightway asked how they got hold of them. To be sure, they might kill them for their own eating ; but now, in summer, the meat would not keep ; so there again they would not gain anything. So I think that, if a person like myself were to go among them, from whom they would fear no harm, and they were promised to be let off without punishment, they themselves would

¹ The *Bükk*, a wooded mountain in the county of Borsod.

² The *pandurs*, the old Hungarian county mounted constabulary equipped in the Hungarian style. The *gensdarmes* were imitated from the French *gensdarmes*, and introduced into Hungary by the Austrian Government.

gladly give back the stolen goods for ten or twenty florins."

Herr Vendelin was delighted at what he heard, and already stretched his hand towards his pocket-book.

"But you have not as yet been pleased to inquire after my name."

"Oh! I can see by your countenance that I have to do with an honest man."

"That isn't enough; I wish to show you that I am all right," said the stranger, as he pulled out of his waistcoat pocket a piece of paper carefully wrapped up. In the midst of it was a well-worn seal. Its contents informed Herr Vendelin that the respectable person sitting beside him was Michael Vak, the head swineherd on the Nyeregkapa estate of his lordship Laurence Nyirbárodí, and consequently a highly trustworthy individual.

"Well, now, I tell you, elder brother," exclaimed Herr Vendelin, laying his hand on the worthy fellow's shoulder, "that if you bring back the Yorkshire pigs, over and above the twenty florins which the thieves are to have I will give you another twenty florins for yourself."

"Thank you, that will be a great deal for me ; I do not deserve so much ; ten would be enough."

What an honest, good sort of fellow this was !

"Do you want anything beforehand ?"

"Only the redemption-money we have been speaking of, and of that only the half."

"Then ten florins will be enough ?"

"Quite ; they'll wait for the rest."

Such amiable thieves, that they even give credit !

"There is only one thing I should like to know, and that is, how the deuce they contrived to steal the pigs in spite of the wall."

"I think that they must have first filled the troughs with brandy, and, when the beasts were drunk, some of the thieves handed them over to the others."

Hum, this worthy man has, it seems, been to school. But at any rate the bargain stands ; one only risks ten florins.

"Well, I trust the matter to you, master. When you return with the pigs, I will give you thirty florins ; here's my hand on it."

The swineherd struck hands with Maxenp-

futsch, and then took up his hat and bowed himself out.

After a few minutes, however, he came back again.

“There is one thing which has struck me, and that is, that if I get hold of the pigs, and am driving them home, the *gensdarmes* will perhaps fall in with me, and then they will be sure to put me in irons as the thief; so I beg you finally, please to give me an agreement about the twelve pigs, so that I can bring them home without any trouble?”

“Very true,” said Herr Vendelin; “I never thought of that;” and at once made out the required agreement, which secured the good-natured go-between from all molestation, after which they parted in a most friendly manner.

The next day Herr Vendelin encountered Mr. Kampos, to whom he boasted that the pigs were still to be got, and how great would be the Knight’s delight when he saw them back again. He even confided to him how he was to get them. To all this Mr. Kampos, who was engaged in filling his pipe, merely answered by a smile. Herr Vendelin asked him why he smiled.

"A similar thing happened to me once at Pest," answered Mr. Kampos. "Somebody stole my meerschaum pipe; I advertised, that if any one would bring it back I would give him five florins. The next morning an honest fellow came in with my pipe, and said that he had discovered the thief, and was on his way to the town-hall to make a deposition about the theft. I gave him five florins, and he proceeded to steal my pipe a second time, officially and with my own consent. But then, such a thing did not happen to me twice."

"But what do you mean by all this?"

"What I meant was, that you have in this way furnished the thief with his travelling expenses, and, in order that he might go off with his booty unmolested, you have provided him with a passport into the bargain; and that your Michael Vak¹ is, in fact, no other than Mike Szemes, the slyest 'poor lad' in the neighbourhood."

By this time Herr Vendelin might be sure that the thief had got far enough away; and the most aggravating part of the whole business was, that everybody who heard of the affair

Vak, "blind;" *szemes*, "provided with eyes."

laughed at him. The Knight Ankerschmidt himself laughed heartiest of all, and, when he next went into the town, he bought himself in place of his green *jäger* hat a genuine swine-herd's hat, with turned-up brim, broad ribbon, a large buckle in the middle, and a crane's feather on one side. His old acquaintances started back when they saw him in such a thing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEL ESPRIT.

MADAME PAJTAY was still a pretty woman. Both her face and her figure were such as keep their beauty a long time. And then, she had nothing else to do except to be pretty. She had never been troubled with children or by violent passions. The storm which had turned so many heads grey had never caused her a single sleepless night.

There are such happy people, who live wholly for themselves.

Punctually by twelve o'clock at noon she finished her toilette, and was very well satisfied with the success with which she had hid two immense rolls of horsehair in her own. I do not know who has induced the ladies to believe that stuffing the hair of animals among their own makes them beautiful. However,

Corinna was very well satisfied, and what concern is it of ours ?

She was now ready to receive her admirers, among whom she had cleverly contrived to divide her time. No. 1 came at twelve o'clock ; No. 2 at half-past ; No. 3 after one ; and No. 4 at two. Each of them she received in a manner suited to their several characters.

No. 1 was an honest country squire, Theodore Törkölyi by name, no longer a young man, it is true, but still well-preserved. He had serious intentions of marrying, and was by no means a contemptible match. He was accustomed to call at twelve o'clock ; for at half-past he was expected by his friends in the dining-room of the Golden Eagle, and it would not do to make them wait.

So by noon Corinna had left her toilette-table for her writing-table, and spread open before her a large account-book. As soon as she saw Theodore she cried out, " Ah ! you have come just the right time ; you can tell me what is the price of wool ; they offer me so much, but I do not wish to sell it under such and such a price." Then she asked him his advice as to whether she should not give

up her distillery on account of the heavy excise ; and she complained how dear everything was. "One is continually thinking and thinking how one can contrive to put something by ; but a woman is cheated and fleeced by everybody ; they know that she cannot take care of anything." Then when Törkölyi was among his friends he could not sufficiently sing Madame Pajtay's praises : she was such a sensible, economical woman, just the wife for him, as if he had educated her himself for that end. But no sooner had he closed the door behind him than Corinna carefully washed off the inkstains from her fingers—for we know that no lady ever takes a pen in her hand without inking her fingers,—and, shutting up the uninteresting account-book, surrounded herself with pictures of the fashions, admirer No. 2 being a very different man from his predecessor.

Ferdinand Taréjy was a man of mark, and one of those who have the right in great Hungary to say, "We are gentlemen." A grand position that. Beside this he was one of the managers of the "gentlemen's ball." He always led the cotillon, and was a perfect

master of the art of making love. Thus there was no fear of being bored in his society.

"Ah! your ladyship is perusing the *Ladies' Newspaper*."

"Oh no. I was only looking at the fashions. I do not take in these papers for the sake of anything else in them except the pictures, and they are not worth much. For instance, just look at this. Can one imagine such straw-coloured trimmings on this lilac silk? Why, it is a perfect fright."

"Your ladyship is quite right. The editor is probably in the good graces of some dress-maker who wishes to induce the public to purchase her rococo dresses. Only Madame Szalmavary would think of dressing in such a way."

"Ha! ha! ha!" (This hit was successful.)
"Really, I am obliged to have my ball-dresses made up in Vienna. The *modistes* here have no idea of taste. And yet there are some people who even make it a point of patriotism to employ them."

"Yes, it is really too ridiculous. *Du reste*, it is just as well that your ladyship does not read the letterpress in those newspapers. At

any rate, the same thing won't happen to you which did to me the other day. I was in ladies' society,—I won't say where,—when some one in the company very *mal-à-propos* brought literature into the conversation. Then they began to talk about authoresses. All at once a lady asked me what was my opinion of the last verses of 'Paradisa,' which appear in the 'Moonbeam.' To this I answered, that to judge from the style of all that has appeared with the signature of 'Paradisa,' that was the *nom de plume* of some village poetaster in red leather boots. Upon which the lady bowed graciously and said, 'Thank you for the compliment, for I am that village poetaster in red leather boots.' "

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Who was that? Do tell me."

"That, your ladyship, I am very sorry to say, I can't do."

"Wasn't it Baroness Királyváry? No? Ah! you cannot deny it. Or perhaps Countess Zajtay? It's in vain that you deny it; I know who it is. Very amusing. But do tell me how everybody will be dressed at the first 'gentlemen's ball?' What have you found

out at the Baltánszkys'? Where do they have their dresses made? My dress is still a secret. I will whisper it to you, but you mustn't let it go further. I have given strict orders to the milliner not to show my cap to anybody, else I shall leave her; but if you like to look at it"

How should Ferdinand Taréjy not wish it? Of course he was enchanted with the good taste it displayed. Not everybody could imitate *that*. Only a diamond *solitaire* in the cups of the flowers; how that will look by lamp-light!

"This is an even more original idea than the last, when you appeared in a collection of old gold coins. Certainly the youth never studied any numismatic collection with so much interest; and, of all there, your ladyship's face was the most genuine queen's head; just as your eyes alone will outshine the other diamonds."

The ladies are pleased with such nonsensical speeches.

In half an hour Ferdinand Taréjy left the field clear for another, and hastened away to fight his thirteenth duel in support of the

proposition that Corinna Pajtay, and no other, was the queen of the season.

Before No. 3 entered Corinna had already turned to the letterpress of the *Ladies' Newspaper*, for this one was a poet. He called himself Dano Fellegormi, which may at once be seen to be a feigned name. By it he was known among his friends; his real name was only seen by his creditors on his bills.

"Your ladyship is allowing the beams of her soul to wander over the delightful prospect of the coming carnival," said Dano Fellegormi.

"Oh no," sighed Corinna; "my soul was not touched by the frivolous desires of vanity, but by a poem which I have discovered here, entitled 'To the Dew.' How delicate is the idea! How delightful it is to find sentiments with which one can sympathise! It is signed with a *nom de plume*; but I flatter myself that I can guess who is the author."

Of course she knew very well that he was no other than Dano Fellegormi himself, who blushed up to the ears, as he stammered something to the effect that those poets were happy whose spirits came into spiritual contact with all kindred spirits.

“Does not your ladyship recognise a similar tone in this poem ?” Dano went on to say, as with a certain timid sort of impudence he drew from his breast-pocket a piece of paper with gilt edges. From this he began to declaim in a terribly elegiac tone some halting verses entitled “The Captive Bird.” It was not quite clear whether the piece was meant for the use of children, or to be considered as a fable after the manner of *Æsop*, or as an allegory of love, or finally as a patriotic poem.

Corinna, however, at once took up the last theory, and exclaimed—

“It is just as if we had made an agreement beforehand ; only just see how similar is the piece I have written.”

“What ? Does your ladyship, too, write poetry ?”

“Ah ! but you must not tell any one ; you alone are allowed to hear it.”

“Permit me to look at it ?”

“No ; I myself will read it aloud. But you mustn’t criticise it : I know that it is a feeble production.—‘The Fettered Eagle.’”

Now this was a genuine political piece. The fettered eagle was a captive youth, whose

flight was impeded, not merely by his want of wings, but also by the constant supervision of a turnkey.

“This is really an excellent piece, of really classical merit. Allow me to take it to ‘The Moonbeam?’”

“Oh! no! no! Nobody is allowed to know of it; you alone have ever heard of it. Perhaps, later.”

“What a pity to bury in oneself such burning patriotism!”

The fool! to talk of patriotism to one who wore *accroche cœurs*! But it is high time that he should go. Dinner is waiting. Let No. 4 come in his turn.

Now, No. 4 was no other than Dr. Grisak. It is a sign of the ignorance that has prevailed for centuries among novel writers that, until very recently, they erroneously supposed it impossible to assign the parts of lovers to *doctores juris*. Now, such an opinion is not only opposed to the liberal spirit of the age, but is even more effectually refuted by the teachings of experience. On the contrary, *doctores juris* not only make love, dance, hold consultations with fair eyes without de-

manding any professional fees, but—strange to say—have even been known to hasten on a piece of legal business ; that is to say, when it concerned their own marriage contract.

Why, for instance, should not Dr. Grisak pay court to Madame Pajtay ? In the first place, he had a certain claim upon her. It was his cleverness which had converted her life interest in her land into exclusive possession, so that she had been able to sell it. After such a beginning a *doctor juris*, who knew very well how to get on in life, would find it an easy matter to acquire further claims upon her good-will by services, professional and otherwise ; claims, which at last could be liquidated only by marriage. But Dr. Grisak had other reasons for prosecuting such a suit, besides any claims he might have upon the fair widow. No one knew better than he that her pecuniary position was thoroughly satisfactory. The purchase-money of her landed property had been invested in sound Government securities, which at that time were paying seven per cent., and might, *Jove favente*, pay eight per cent. On such a revenue one might live like a lord. Besides this, the lady

was young enough, and fair enough, and seemed to entertain a preference for him. It is true that others paid court to her, but the Doctor was distinguished above the rest; he was an almost daily visitor, and was regularly kept to dinner. In fact, he began already to feel himself at home in her house.

Besides, the nature of things compelled Corinna to trust the Doctor with her best-kept secrets. As the thief's lawyer said to him, "My friend, tell me all the truth; the falsehood I'll add myself, afterwards," so it was with her. Now for some time she had given the Doctor a very curious commission. It was, to take all measures to prevent the possible shortening of the term of imprisonment to which a certain young man had been condemned for political offences. This young man was Aladar Garanvölgyi. The old Adam Garanvölgyi would certainly move every stone to get his nephew's imprisonment shortened. His efforts must be counteracted. To this end evidence must be collected tending to show that even now the old man was meditating bad work; just as he did before. It must be proved that he had plans, for whose execution his nephew's co-

operation was necessary. In one word, Aladar's liberation must be prevented.

Dr. Grisak found all this quite in order. He at once told off for the work one of the men who looked to him for employment. The man's name was Peter Straff; but we have heard of him before, as he was in fact none other than the false Petöfi, *alias* Richard Marczian, *alias* Count Bogumil Brazeszky.

But, although the Doctor readily set about taking means to gratify his fair client, he very much wished to know why she, with her bright eyes and smiling lips, should pursue a young man with so implacable a malignity. If it was an instance of the hatred often prevailing among relations, well and good; but supposing it to be the vengeance of slighted love, what then? He determined to avail himself of the first opportunity of inquiring into the matter, which he did, half as a confidential friend, half as if actuated by professional curiosity.

"Would your ladyship be so good as to inform me why you are bent upon destroying this Aladar Garanvölgyi so unsparingly? I make no doubt but that you have very sufficient grounds for so acting."

“Well, you see, I should not tell any one else in the world, but you I must, lest you should suspect something wrong. When my husband died, old Adam Garanvölgyi never left off intriguing and managing until he succeeded in betrothing me to his nephew. Now, this arrangement cost a good deal of trouble, inasmuch as Aladar was a very near relation of my deceased husband. The old gentleman’s object was simply this: If I married Aladar, who had property which he had himself acquired, my share of the family property, which belonged to me as widow, would revert to Mr. Adam. The old gentleman is a very sly fox, and never misses an opportunity for taking anybody in.”

Here Dr. Grisak’s soul compelled him to utter an assenting “Very true.”

“But I had so much foresight as to make Aladar sign a marriage contract before I promised him my hand. By the terms of this contract, all we had was in common; his was mine; mine was his. Aladar was a thoughtless fellow, and lightly consented. My own property just then was not much, for my mother’s inheritance was about to be put up

for a forced sale,—a fact of which he certainly was not aware. Before, however, our marriage could take place, the war broke out. Aladar at once joined the red-ribbons, as Captain in the National Guard, while I fled to Pozsony. Later I heard a report that he had joined the hussars; he took part in everything, and became a Colonel in the Hungarian army, from which you may judge how thoughtless he was. I meanwhile was waiting to be married.”

“Unheard-of folly!”

“All at once the comedy came to an end. Aladar was caught, was unable to clear himself, as a sensible man would have done; nay, even took the blame of others’ faults on his shoulders, from which you may see what a good-for-nothing fellow he was.”

“Yet he had studied law.”

“The upshot of the whole matter was that he was condemned to prison; well, that might pass, but besides, all his property was confiscated.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Dr. Grisak, who now began to see how the land lay.

“If now he were suddenly to get out, he would find the state of things reversed; then

he was rich, and I insolvent ; now I am rich, and he is a beggar. But he has our contract in his possession. This through my own forethought, and in order to secure my own interests, was complicated with so many provisions against non-performance, that, whichever party wished to release himself from it, would have to cut a large slice out of his own fortune. Do you understand the case ?”

“ Perfectly.”

Dr. Grisak was, in fact, enraptured at the wisdom of this woman. What a *doctor utriusque juris* was lost in her ! But, as Nature's unkindness prevented her from becoming one, surely the next best thing that she could do was to become the wife of one. More kindred spirits could never encounter.

“ Dear Madame, I quite understand your anxieties, but fortunately our laws have provided efficient remedies for such cases. The first thing you have to do is to insert in the newspapers an official advertisement to the following effect :—‘ Aladar Garanvölgyi, whose whereabouts are not known, is hereby summoned to appear at the place signified below, and there to fulfil the obligations imposed on

him by the marriage contract he entered into ; which should he not do within a year and a day from the present time, all the obligations arising out of the said contract will be declared null and void.’”

“Would that be possible?”

“There are many instances of its being done. Even marriages have been dissolved in that way.”

“But, you see, we do know where Aladar Garanvölgyi is.”

“We are under no obligation to know it. The question of domicile is not one for the plaintiff to discuss. That he does not appear within the time specified is his own fault. We are not obliged to know why he does not appear, nor does the law make any objection to our ignorance. Then, when the year is past, in order that your ladyship may relieve yourself from all possible inconveniences, I advise you to marry immediately.”

As the Doctor said these words, Corinna wished to look into his eyes. This, however, she could not do, as he wore spectacles, which are very inconvenient things for the ladies, as instead of reading through them a man’s

real thoughts, they see nothing but a miniature likeness of themselves. But in the present case the matter did not require very deep inquiry. The Doctor was evidently ready to take his own prescription.

"Still, I should not like to do that," said Madame Pajtay, shrinking from the sensible advice; "I have to spare certain feelings."

"Pardon me, respected Madame; it seems to me that Mr. Aladar's feelings would be best spared by acting on my proposition. In that case, he would only have to keep his present quarters for a year, after which time your ladyship's interests at any rate would not stand in the way of his liberation, whereas we should otherwise be under the painful necessity of still further prolonging his confinement."

"Pardon me, but I was not thinking of sparing his feelings, but my own. It is true that your plan would diminish his troubles; but then, it would increase mine. You have no idea of the intolerance with which people here judge every action. Out of the most private matters they make political questions. If the betrothed of a *honvéd* who has fled to foreign countries marries somebody else, they

cry 'Serpent! toad!' upon her. If a man does not leave his money to be lost in the hands of a refugee patriot, he is instantly denounced as a traitor. If any public step on my part should make my position generally known, I should be exposed to the most daring insinuations. Now, sir, you know that one has a weakness for one's reputation."

"After all, I do not see that your ladyship is obliged to live in this part of the empire."

"I have often thought of that myself, but have not been able to make up my mind about it; but now let us leave the consideration of that question to another time. Will you come to tea this evening?"

This was as much as to say that she did not mean him to stop to dinner.

"I have a great deal to do," added the widow, as if by way of explanation; "all sorts of letters to write."

"Your ladyship has such an extensive correspondence that that alone is a reason for taking a husband."

"You don't suppose that I should write my letters with my husband."

"No; but then this letter-writing would cease."

"Oh! pray don't suppose them to be love-letters. If I chose to love somebody, I should not tell him so in writing."

Dr. Grisak thought that a very sensible speech, which was fully justified by the trouble which one declaration of love had already cost her. As he went down the staircase, he ran over in his mind the long list of letters which the widow had written him, and remembered that not one of them contained a single passage which could be construed into a declaration of love. Now, if anybody, surely he....

Dr. Grisak had scarcely pulled the door after him, when Corinna again sat down to her writing-table, and began to write on a sheet of small, lilac-coloured, scented note-paper, "Dear friend." What followed was in cypher. On the envelope of the letter was to be read, "Mr. Peter Straff, Kápolna, *poste restante*."

"Mr. Peter Straff" and "Dear friend"! A pretty conjunction!

When Dr. Grisak got back to his office, he found on his table a visiting card, on which the name of the Knight Ankerschmidt was to

be seen, followed by some scratches of a pencil; from which he made out that the Knight intended calling again at five in the afternoon.

“Ha! ha! On account of his Yorkshire pigs; he imagines that lawyers and magistrates have nothing else to do but to run after the lost cattle of some worthy ‘farmer.’ Well, let him come, and just see if he can catch me at home.”

Fate, however, punished him for this malicious design, for as soon as he entered the *restaurant* where the elegant world was accustomed to dine, whom should he see seated at the table he habitually occupied but the Knight Ankerschmidt!

“I was just looking for your lordship,” said the Doctor, taking his seat by the Knight’s side.

“Bravo! then there is no necessity for going back to your place.”

“Oh! I hope I shall have the honour: we cannot finish our business here.”

“There is not much to explain in the business about which I have come to you.”

“I know;—about the pigs.”

“The devil! The thunderbolt! Don’t let me hear any more about those pigs!” exclaimed Ankerschmidt angrily, and then washed down

his passion with a glass of sweet Ruster ; “ he was a fool who began that game ; however, that is over now ; so not a word more about it. I have come about something else—about a petition.”

“ I am at your service.”

“ When I had myself pensioned off, they told me, up there, that I might be certain that whenever I had any request to make, it would be granted. I am now going to make use of that promise of theirs—to which end I want a written petition ; what has to be said by word of mouth I can do myself.”

“ I understand,” said the Doctor in a confidential whisper and leaning nearer toward the Knight ; “ it is for the insignia of some order.”

“ Thunderbolt ! As it is, I have so many that I don’t know where to wear them ; and besides, to whom should I show them ? To my peasants at home ? No, I have something else in my mind ; I want to procure the release of a prisoner.”

“ Ah ! that is noble. He was perhaps condemned on account of some financial failure ?”

“ No ; on account of political offences.”

"Ah! some member of the 'Aula.'"¹

"No; a soldier in the Hungarian army."

"Probably one of your lordship's former comrades."

"No; in fact I do not know him; but I wish to exert my influence on his behalf. His name is Aladar Garanvölgyi, the nephew of that Adam Garanvölgyi you know. Why, what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing; only a fishbone stuck in my throat."

"The deuce! a fishbone out of a veal cutlet! Well, I am an old traveller, but such a thing never happened to me."

Dr. Grisak was, in fact, caught in a trap between two clients, one of whom afforded a very good income, and the other held out to him very good prospects.

"May I ask the reasons which induced your lordship to take this interest in the gentleman you mention?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter. There is no necessity for proclaiming to the

¹ The insurgent students of the University of Vienna, who played the chief part in the Revolution of 1848 in that city.

world the steps I take in the affair. As soon as it is accomplished, let us forget it. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Aladar Garanvölgyi, nor do I mean to make his acquaintance. Just treat the whole as being done for my own private amusement. I do not want to play any theatrical *rôle*, nor to be applauded by the galleries for magnanimity, or anything of that kind. I merely wish to gain one point, that Aladar Garanvölgyi should be set at liberty, and then I shall have nothing more to do with him. If we meet in the street, we shall wish one another 'good day,' and go on our several ways. That is why I do not wish to present the petition in my own name, but that of somebody else. My part in the matter will be confined to endeavouring to procure success to this third person's petition by means of the influence which I still have in certain quarters."

"I understand now ; the old Garanvölgyi will be the petitioner."

"The old Garanvölgyi ! Ah ! my friend, it is plain that you do not know the old man ; he won't petition for anything."

"I have heard that he was very fond of his nephew."

"So he is; but for all that he will not petition for his release."

"More than that, he has need of him, for he himself, with all his crazes, will ruin his large estate, which a well-educated young man would maintain in good condition."

"All that is very likely, but my old neighbour would sooner let his house fall to pieces over his head, would sooner let the mice gnaw his boots off his feet, than sign his name to a petition. I know him better than that. Somebody else must come forward, some other near relation."

Dr. Grisak began to play with a tooth-pick, as with uneasy curiosity he speculated as to who that could be.

"Now, haven't you found out who must present the petition?"

Dr. Grisak shook his head; he had not found out.

"Well, then, don't find out, but prepare a well-written petition; it must be in a nice style, not in so dry and formal a style as you would employ for a man who wanted

a patent for a newly-invented shoe-blackening, but in a suitable, dignified style; and then it will be my business to provide it with the suitable signature, and to take it up to Vienna. So make haste with that *compote* you are eating; there is no need of your picking out every cherry-stone separately; when I was your age I used to eat cherries, stones and all. So pray make haste, for I shall wait for you, and then we will go together to your quarters. The petition you must write yourself, for it cannot be trusted to one of your clerks. I shall then put it in my pocket, and go and get it signed."

During this speech of the Knight, Dr. Grisak felt himself more done than the "roast-beef" which he was eating. A very pretty thing indeed! His own handwriting would go up in the petition, just where Madame Pajtay had given him a commission in the exactly contrary sense. He himself would have to write a touching supplication in behalf of that man's liberation whose betrothed he was thinking of marrying. However, it was now impossible for him to get rid of Ankerschmidt. Nothing would do but that

he should drink his black coffee as quickly as possible, return home, sit down, and not get up till the desired document was composed. The Doctor was so sly as to make as many blots and erasures as he decently could, in the hope that it would be necessary to have it copied fair. But in this he was mistaken. The Knight read the rough draft right through, and then folded it up neatly and put it in his pocket.

"I beg pardon, but I will have it copied fair by one of my clerks at once."

"That is not necessary. It is very well as it is."

"Surely your lordship does not mean to present it in such a mess as it is now in?"

"Of course not; the petitioner will have to copy it out word for word."

"But he won't be able to make it out."

"I can make it out, and shall dictate it myself."

It could not now be helped. The Knight had taken it in his hand, and it was not to be got out again. Consequently the Doctor's most urgent affair was to inform Corinna of the impending danger, which was to be

averted by any possible means. Luckily the Knight had no sooner put the paper in his pocket than he also seemed in a hurry to leave. They both of them seized their hats and went down into the street. Dr. Grisak, of course, was going to Madame Pajtay's. To be sure, she only expected him to tea, but under the circumstances it would not do to wait for the regular hour of audience.

At the street door Dr. Grisak took leave of Ankerschmidt, but when they had shaken hands with one another, said "good bye," and each had declared how much he was delighted that they had met,—why, they found themselves moving along the same road.

"Excellent, we shall still enjoy one another's company."

When they came to the Christopher Square, they again shook hands.

"Much felicity."

"God be with you."

"Which way are you going?"

"Down the Vác Street."

"Ah! so am I."

So after their second leave-taking, they

again moved on together, laughing heartily at the circumstance. At last they came in front of a two-storeyed house, where Ankerschmidt stopped and said,—

“Here we must really take leave of each other. Till I see you again, dear Doctor.”

“Much pleasure,” was the answer, and then they both turned, each to the other’s surprise, to go through the half-opened gateway.

“What the deuce! Are you coming in here, too?”

“What! your lordship, too, means to come: excellent!”

“And yet how often we have taken leave of one another already.”

“Yes, neither remained behind the other in so doing.”

“What acquaintance of yours lives here?”

“Of mine?” said Dr. Grisak, hesitatingly. “I was going to her ladyship, Madame Pajtay, on certain affairs of hers.”

“Bravo! That is excellent. Why, I am going there too. At any rate you can show me the way. What a lucky chance!”

With that the Knight took the Doctor by the arm and pushed him gently before him.

The Doctor would have liked to have thrown the Knight down stairs, only he felt pretty sure that in case of any appeal to the *jus fortioris* he would be the party nonsuited. As he preceded Ankerschmidt up the stairs, he felt like a schoolboy who has done something wrong, and has a notion that, if the master knew something, he would make free use of the hazel-rod.

Ankerschmidt might have been a welcome guest at Madame Pajtay's ever since he made the purchase of her property. She was always accustomed to speak highly of the Knight's loveable qualities. Yes, my young, curly-haired fellow-citizens, of his *loveable* qualities. You must not suppose that you engross all the attention of the ladies to the exclusion of those admirers of theirs who are grey, half-bald, or even wholly so.

She really did receive the Knight most heartily, being all attention for him. She distinguished him above all the other guests : asked him what she should play on the piano ; sat by his side while she drank her tea ; and left the rest of the company to amuse themselves. Yet there were present the country

Squire, the leader of the cotillons, the Poet, and the rest of her admirers, who took care of her lady guests, leaving, like men of the world as they were, Corinna at liberty to pay as much attention to the Knight as she pleased. To this, however, there was one exception. Dr. Grisak continually tried to get a share in the conversation of his two clients. But his anxiety about them was groundless. They were not saying anything but the customary prettinesses of polite society.

Gradually the company began to thin. According to the excellent custom imported from abroad, each one of the worshippers at the shrine slipped away in such a way that nobody observed his disappearance ; not as if he was at an evening party in the country, where he first puts on his pelisse, then his felt overshoes, and lastly says "good night," first to all the family, and then to the remaining guests. Here, at the most, the servant who helped him on with his overcoat knew of his departure. Dr. Grisak looked often at his watch. It was not far from midnight. Everybody was going away, except Ankerschmidt, who would not move from the position he had taken up, and

was drinking his seventh cup of tea. Dr. Grisak charitably wished him a fit of apoplexy.

At length, two ladies who were leaving disturbed the Knight's conversation with the hostess, who escorted them out of the room. The Knight, however, kept his seat, as if he were the prince with the stone leg in the Thousand and One Nights.

"It is getting late," suggested the Doctor, fidgeting about.

"Yes, it is," said Ankerschmidt; "you have to get up early: why don't you go home?"

"I am waiting for you, that we may go together. I have ordered a hackney coach."

"That was quite superfluous. However, wait if you like; but help yourself to another cup of tea; you have plenty of time."

"Hum, it seems that he feels very comfortable here," thought the Doctor to himself.

The Knight began to burn some sugar in rum on his teaspoon. Corinna came back and resumed her seat by his side. Doctor Grisak sat sideways, leaning his elbow ill-humouredly on a little *étagère*.

"Your ladyship's guests are all gone," remarked Ankerschmidt.

"Oh! that makes no difference," Corinna hastened to assure him.

"I should very much like to speak a word or two with your ladyship alone."

Corinna cast a doubtful glance toward the Doctor.

"Oh!" continued Ankerschmidt, "I can speak before the Doctor," and he began to drop the burning rum and melted sugar into his tea; "he is already let into the secret."

"What can it be?" thought Corinna to herself, while the Doctor fidgeted nervously in his chair.

"Your ladyship, as I am informed, is betrothed," said the Knight, regarding the lady with an expression of good-natured *bonhomie*.

"Oh no! Oh no!" she exclaimed, wishing at the same time to blush to her ears.

"But I am so informed."

"I beg pardon; I have no intention of being married."

That is what those say who wish to be asked.

"I know, I know. Very unpleasant circumstance. Your ladyship rejects every suitor,

without anybody knowing why. Now I have found out the reason. Pray do not be disturbed. Your betrothed is in prison, and condemned to so long a term of imprisonment, that, when you again see him before you, you will at length join your hands in the twilight of a lost youth. This sorrow your ladyship keeps secret, and says that you will never be married. Such conduct I esteem. As for the prisoner himself, it is possible that we were enemies, while we were fighting; but why should I persecute one who cannot defend himself? Now, Madame, I venture to say that you will shortly be made happy, and that too by him whom you count for lost."

Corinna in her surprise looked at Grisak, who did all he could by pulling up his shirt-collar to conceal himself completely behind it.

"To speak roundly," continued the Knight, "I wish to present a petition for pardon, backed by the best recommendations in the very best quarter, and I pledge myself for its success; in two months Aladar Garanvölgyi will be at your ladyship's feet."

Here Dr. Grisak found it necessary to drink

a glass of water, while Corinna, in confusion, but with an affectation of unconcern, murmured, "I don't understand."

"Nothing can be more simple," said Ankerschmidt; and to Dr. Grisak's horror he pulled out the rough draft of the petition. The Doctor felt that he was lost.

"This is a very nice petition, which your ladyship will copy out with your own fair hands. The trembling of the loving hand ought to be seen in the writing. If a few letters are left out here and there, so much the better; they will vouch for the genuineness of the feelings. This your ladyship will sign, and then we will go up to Vienna together. I myself will escort you wherever your personal appearance is necessary; and I assure you, that if anything ever obtained a favourable answer, this petition will."

Dr. Grisak felt that two sharp arrows pinned him to the chair in which he sat, quite overpowered; they were Corinna's two eyes. She had recognised his handwriting in the rough draft, and it was all over with him. Meanwhile her veins boiled with rage. This stupid old simpleton, instead of taking

advantage of her position as a straw widow, a *res nullius*, wanted to throw all her plans into confusion; and not content with that, must have it set down to his credit as magnanimity. And then that other! That man of law, who knew all about it! Could not he have dissuaded the old soldier from his idiotic scheme? And he himself drew up the petition with his own hand! He himself carries out a plan, whose success would be fatal to himself! Why, all the men deserve to be confined in subterranean dungeons, where they may languish to death for the sound of a woman's voice.

While such thoughts passed through the mind of Corinna, the Knight kept on stirring the burnt sugar in his teacup. He was quite satisfied with his little *coup de théâtre*, and expected nothing less than that the lady should burst into tears on his neck, and attempt to kiss his hand, which attempt he on his part was fully prepared to frustrate. Corinna, however, had suddenly thought out a stratagem, very characteristic, as showing how much weakness and how much strength can exist together in a woman's breast. She

folded up the petition, and laid it before the Knight, and then coldly but hurriedly said—

“Sir, before I made your acquaintance, I should have been ready to have taken this step; now, your enemy is my enemy.”

This was a confession *in optimâ formâ*; as much as to say, “I will not liberate my old lover, so that he may not be in your way.” At the same time it was an extinguisher for Dr. Grisak’s hopes.

Ankerschmidt drew his lips tightly together, gave one glance from under his shaggy eyebrows at Corinna, then thrust the document into his pocket, and buttoned his coat over it.

“It is getting late, Doctor; let us go.”

“Will you not finish your tea?” asked Corinna.

“Thank you; I have had enough,” answered the Knight. He had had enough of everything. With a cold bow he took his leave. Dr. Grisak followed at his heels. He would not have remained behind a moment just then, not for a Minister’s portfolio. He must first of all think out at home what paragraphs he should quote to defend himself against Corinna’s attacks. At present, all

he had to do was to get away as fast as he could under cover of the Knight.

Ankerschmidt did not say a word till he had got downstairs, and stood before the door of the hackney coach, where he waited for the lawyer. Then laying his hand on his shoulder, he said—

“I say, Doctor, have you ever seen how, when a bitch has six puppies, they pick out the best looking of them and leave it with her, the rest they bury alive?”

The Doctor looked his astonishment at the strange question.

“Well, I can tell you it would be a much better lot to be one of those puppies buried alive than to be the betrothed of that woman. Good night, my dear Doctor.”

With that he let the Doctor get into the coach, while he himself walked home. He was not afraid to walk alone at night in the capital of the barbarians.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER ONE.

ANKERSCHMIDT'S new country-house, which was built in the Renaissance style, completely hid from the road that old building which Adam Garanvölgyi so obstinately refused to part with. It was only after walking round the new house that one caught sight of the old ruin, surrounded as it was by old chestnut trees, which clustered around it as though undertaking to defend it against the storms. The green creepers, whose tendrils entered in through the windows and ran right up to the roof, showed similar kindness to the bald brick walls. Their stems were as hairy as a roe's leg. All round the old house and the trees the grass grew wild and luxuriant as far as Garanvölgyi's property extended. Ankerschmidt had marked his own land off with an

open railing, and had it laid down with pebbles and gravel.

From spring to autumn the grass grew unmolested ; no one mowed it, no one trampled it down. But four times in the year regularly came Mr. Kampos with a bundle of keys. He opened the doors, aired the rooms, did something inside—nobody knew what ; and after half an hour came out, locked up everything after him, and went away.

Now, as may be imagined, these quarterly visits to the old house did not escape the notice of Straff, whom we may as well call by his real name, now we know it. He was still in the Knight's family in the capacity of music-master, as he very well knew how to play the piano and the Polish refugee, which Ankerschmidt himself at last believed him to be.

On one of those quarterly visits Straff contrived to slip out after Mr. Kampos, and, while the bailiff locked the house-door after him, Straff concealed himself in a lilac bush, and peeped into the window of the room into which, to judge by the noise of an opening door, the other had entered. As Mr. Kampos entered the room, he first looked to see whether

the window-blinds were drawn well down ; but he did not observe that the lead setting of one of the windows had fallen away, and that a man might, with a reed inserted through this opening, raise up the curtain so far as to see into the room.

Mr. Kampos had on a fur-trimmed mantle with large sleeves, which, like a conjurer's japonica, was very convenient for the purpose of rendering things visible or invisible at will. All at once there appeared in his hand a small casket about one foot square. Whence he got it could not be very well seen. It was of ebony ; at any rate it seemed so, from its black colour. Mr. Kampos took out of his waistcoat-pocket a small key, with which he opened the casket. Unfortunately he held it in such a manner that the lid completely prevented the contents of the box being seen by an observer at the window. They must, however, have been of importance, for Mr. Kampos looked long into the box, until his eyes grew moist, so that he was obliged to wipe them. He then clenched his fist and made an ugly threatening movement in the air. Then he took some papers out of the pocket of his fur-trimmed coat, and put them

into the casket. A very suspicious action! Next he lit a candle, looked for some wax, pulled off his signet-ring from his finger, and sealed up the casket. A highly suspicious operation! He then took up the box again, moved about the room once or twice, and then left it. Whether he had put down the casket anywhere, or had taken it out with him, his mantle rendered uncertain. So much, however, was certain, that when he left the old house he did not appear to be carrying anything with him. Consequently the *corpus delicti* must have been left *in loco*. This was a very important discovery in many respects. For such information his employers would give a great deal.

Instantly a letter was written to Herr Bräuhäusel, which was given to an extra-post; speed was enjoined. Nor indeed was any time lost.

Two hours after midnight Herr Bräuhäusel arrived, as quietly as possible, with his secretary, his clerk, his police commissioner, and a suitable force of armed men, of whom one part were posted at all the outlets of the old house, while the rest proceeded at once to arrest

the principal delinquent, Kampos. They succeeded in preventing his possible escape. He was already fully dressed, and going in the direction of the stables.

"Stop!" shouted Bräuhäusel to him; "whither are you going?"

"Into the stall," answered Mr. Kampos, innocently.

"What are you looking for there at this time of the night?"

"I am the farm-bailiff; *oculus domini saginat boves*, you know; besides, it is no longer night, for it is already morning."

"What sort of morning? Three hours after midnight."

"Well, that is morning; it is the peasants' hour for going to the *bureau*."

"No joking. You must come with us. Bring with you the keys of the deserted house. Herr Mikucsek will escort you, with two of his men."

Herr Mikucsek was a lean, long-necked individual, who would have frozen in his close-fitting snuff-coloured winter coat if he had not been further protected by a sort of mantle of coarse cloth. As it was, he could hardly hold

his jaws together, so severe was the night frost.

"Just come after me, *amice*," said Mr. Kampos, although he had the greatest mind in the world to fill his pipe and to keep striking with the flint and steel till the whole lot of their lordships were frozen.

Herr Mikucsek, however, followed close at his heels. With the help of a hand-lamp they looked out the bunch of keys, with which the whole party moved toward the old house; in front Herr Bräuhäusel, in the midst Mr. Kampos and the shivering Mikucsek, all round them the armed policemen.

When they arrived in front of the old house Mr. Kampos was formally summoned by the authorities to open the door without delay, and Mr. Kampos complied with the commands of the authorities.

"Two men stop by the door,—let nobody pass either in or out," sounded the word of command of Herr Bräuhäusel; "forward, you with those keys!"

Nobody told Mr. Kampos what they were looking for, nor did he inquire what it was they wanted to find. However, a regular

search was commenced. First of all the floors were examined most carefully, board after board was taken up, and many secret labyrinths constructed by mice and rats were disclosed to the lamp-light, while their alarmed inhabitants rushed out in confusion among the legs of the searchers, nor waited to be put on their examination. In the corners of the rooms they discovered the retreats of widowed crickets who had retired from the world, the secret nests of centipedes, and the lairs of the mole-cricket. Besides these, nothing of a secret character was discovered.

Then came the turn of the chimneys. Here Herr Mikucsek was in his element, and stripped to the work. As a man of practical talent, he well knew that the hollow recesses of stoves and fireplaces were very well adapted for the construction of hiding-places. These therefore were taken carefully to pieces, the pieces themselves examined, and a few urn-shaped ornaments with narrow necks had holes pierced in their sides. Still nothing was found, except a great quantity of soot, from which Herr Mikucsek became in a short time as black as a professional chimney-sweep.

Picking up the marble squares of the passage-floors was much cleaner work, as it was effected with small picks, and did not involve dirtying one's hands. Here too, nothing was to be found. The deputy-commissioner had again to screw down the lid of his inkpot without having been able to put any remark, while Herr Bräuhäusel himself took the lamp in his own hand, throwing about the light here and there, lest after all some roguery should be going on.

From the passages they went down to the cellars. There on their mouldering tressels stood a few empty casks. Of these the bottoms were knocked off, and their insides were proved by official inspection to be very musty, and entirely empty.

But Herr Mikucsek was a practical man. It was not his practice to go probing and poking about a cellar. At his command an empty cask was filled with water, and then suddenly overturned in such a way that the water all streamed out at once. This they did in order that, if any excavations had been made in the cellar, they would be betrayed by the water's sudden disappearance exactly where they were dug. The committee of inquiry meanwhile took their

places on the tressels, to keep their feet out of the deluge.

Mr. Kampos between the two policemen regarded the operation with a smile, when all at once the water began to flow together and to disappear, exactly beneath the stand on which he had taken his place.

"Here it is! we have it!" cried three of them at once; and Herr Mikucsek in his haste slipped up to the ankles in mud, while he cried, "Away from here! bring hither the spades!"

The "Away from here!" was evidently addressed to Mr. Kampos, who had made himself an object of suspicion by having taken his place exactly over the suspicious place, just as if he would have concealed it with his person. The stands of the casks were shoved roughly on one side, and they began to dig with great industry. Something rattles! Ah! here is something then. Mr. Kampos himself was curious to know what it was.

"Quietly,—take care,—cautiously." Herr Mikucsek took out of the excavation the lumps of wet earth with his own hands. At last he came upon something. What was it? An empty bottle. Nothing in it. Let us go on.

Then another empty bottle ; and then another. At last they got out about fifteen bottles, of all sorts of shapes, some larger, some smaller, pint bottles, quart bottles, of blue glass, of green glass, of yellow glass, for holding tokay, ménes, champagne, but all agreeing in one peculiarity, and that was—in not having anything whatever in them.

The gentlemen engaged in the search looked at each other embarrassed. What might this mean ? They did not ask Mr. Kampos ; and he held his tongue. It had at once occurred to him, that his Worship had had a heyduk who was given to drinking, and that in his time a great many bottles of wine disappeared from the cellar. Doubtless it was this scamp who, after he had feloniously drained the bottles of their contents, buried them, the silent witnesses of his malpractices, under the floor. But nobody asked Mr. Kampos any questions, and he merely looked on, while the gentlemen, placing the protocol on the top of a cask, entered, with becoming zeal, how that they had discovered in a very suspicious subterranean hole an extraordinary and mysterious collection consisting of seventeen empty bottles, which

will have connexion with circumstances to be brought to light later ; the bottles were officially sealed up.

Meanwhile the day had dawned, and as it was now light, the inquiry could be extended to the lofts under the roof. Here Herr Mikucsek had a great deal of trouble with the bats, who absolutely refused to recognise his official character, flew into his eyes out of every cranny and corner, and whenever he thrust his hand into any secret recess they bit his fingers.

What a nice place that old-fashioned loft was for committee of search—full of cross-rafters, round which they could swing themselves ; lattice-work partitions with narrow openings, through which one could only crawl ; party-walls now crumbling to decay, whose gaping chinks were so many ready hiding-places for conspirators and birds' eggs ; remains of old-fashioned furniture, gnawed to pieces by the woodlouse. Then every window was in a separate recess which could be separately examined, after which examination one might creep out through the air-hole on to the roof, and so look down the chimneys, to see if there was not the object of the investigation. Nay, Herr Mikuc-

sek was so far carried away by his zeal that he had himself let down one chimney by a rope tied round his waist, and so came back with his face covered with cobwebs, to the intense amusement of Mr. Kampos. But still the loft did not yield any positive result.

Thence they turned to the rooms. There a painted wooden box attracted attention. It was full to the top with old papers. It might contain at a moderate estimate about three hundredweight.

"What documents are these?" asked Herr Bräuhäusel, shuddering at the sight.

Mr. Kampos had so much malice in him that he simply shrugged his shoulders, and answered that he really didn't know, "please examine it."

Accursed job! And yet perhaps just there is concealed the object of their search. The gentlemen set to work on it with very sour faces, and began to separate the heaps of faded writings, opening one letter after another, and looking into it, to see if it was not what they were looking for. Certainly not. They were all written about matters of two or three hundred years ago, by men who had long become

dust, with ink which had long become red. This was very bitter work.

The bell of noon was just being rung when they had got through about a fiftieth part of the terrible treasure they had discovered. Now Herr Bräuhäusel was quite ready, in case Mr. Kampos should humbly propose that they should now go to dinner, to allow him with some hesitation and as a great favour to go home under escort, while they locked up the old house and went to dine at the Knight's château. The practical fellow, however, quite frustrated the magistrate's gracious intentions, for no sooner did he hear the bell going than he took his seat on the sill of a window, and pulled out of the pocket of his fur coat something wrapped up in a bit of greasy paper, which being undone disclosed a large piece of bread and another of bacon. These he had doubtless provided against a projected excursion to the outlying parts of the estate. He now began with great calmness to consume them, with the assistance of a knife which he drew out of his boot, in the presence of the hungry and thirsty commission of inquiry. As soon as he had eaten the last morsel he quietly replaced

his knife in his boot, and pulled out of his other pocket a small flask, out of which he took a long pull. He then replaced it, wiped off the crumbs from his clothes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and continued as before to regard with an appearance of the greatest unconcern the respected gentlemen examining one packet of documents after another.

This malicious phlegm of his began to exhaust Herr Bräuhäusel's patience. Nor indeed could anything be more natural. What can be more aggravating than for a party of hungry and thirsty men, engaged in disagreeable, tiring work, to see in their midst a man who does nothing but look, and look, and eat and drink, without once asking them what they are looking for, why they are putting themselves to so much trouble, nor even if they would not like to take a drain of that plum-brandy.

"We must turn the whole box over," said Herr Bräuhäusel, in a voice which was hoarse from vexation, as he saw that it would take them a long time to look through the immense collection letter by letter.

Mr. Kampos no sooner heard the dangerous proposal than he at once knew what would be

the consequence, picked up his feet from the ground, and drew them up to the window-sill. What followed in a minute or two showed that he had not done so without a cause. No sooner had they with great difficulty overturned the enormous chest of papers than a whole legion of young and old rats, who had for years taken up their quarters there, thrown into unbounded confusion by the violent act of eviction, rushed pell-mell out of their ancestral abodes, flying for refuge to all sorts of dead and living objects, making no distinction in their hurry between the legs of men or of tables. A terrible battle and uproar ensued. Heels of boots, legs of chairs, butt-ends of guns, stamped, cracked, hammered. Men swore. The guards outside thought that a band of robbers must be engaged with their superiors inside, and rushed in to the rescue. No sooner was the door opened than the host of rats poured out through it, leaving behind their dead and wounded.

The other side had suffered no greater loss than that Herr Mikucsek had contrived to give himself a blow on his left eye with the butt-end of a gun. His face swelled up at once, so that it had to be bound up with a pocket-handker-

chief. He might now continue his researches with one eye.

As Mr. Kampos had surveyed the whole comedy in perfect safety from the position he had with so much foresight taken up before it began, he was so much amused by it that he now volunteered a piece of information, to the effect that there was a terrible corn-chest which he himself dared to approach only in his most resolute moments. "There might be something there," he suggested.

Herr Bräuhäusel cast a suspicious glance towards him at this proposal. He could not imagine that a man who stood in such a dangerous position could indulge in mere trifling jokes. He thought it much more probable that the suggestion was made to lead the officers of justice astray in their search. "Doubtless," thought he, "we are getting near their places of concealment, and therefore he wants to throw us off the scent."

Among the papers turned topsy-turvy it might be seen that there was nothing of a suspicious nature.

"I have got it!" cried Bräuhäusel all at once, slapping friend Mikucsek on the shoulder,

“an idea has just occurred to me ; let us go back to the room we first came into.”

With these words Herr Bräuhäusel, thrusting his left hand under the tail of his coat and grasping his stick in his right, himself led the way into the room whose floor they had taken up at the beginning of their investigations. In the middle of the room stood an old-fashioned writing-table, provided with a curious top, which would pull in and out like a Chinese window-blind, which at the moment of being locked down formed a convex top, and when pushed up went into some opening in the interior of the table. Before this piece of furniture, out of which every drawer had been already taken, Herr Bräuhäusel posted himself in an attitude of triumph, surrounded by his whole party.

“Do you see this table ?” said he, addressing himself to Herr Mikucsek.

“Yes, I see it,” he answered, pointing to his one uninjured eye ; with the other he could not see it, because it was bandaged up.

“We have examined it, have we not ?”

“Yes, and found nothing in it.”

“Nothing ?”

"Nothing."

"Nor any cause for suspicion?"

"No."

"Mikucsek! Mikucsek! You are a man of experience, but you will find that the old fox sees further. Look here."

Herr Mikucsek had such a sense of due subordination that he lifted up the bandage from his left eye that he might see better.

"Do you see this convex top of this table? It is now drawn out."

"Yes."

"Now it is pushed in."

"Very true."

"But where has the top gone to?"

Herr Mikucsek looked outside the table, inside the table, under the table, but could see it nowhere.

"It has disappeared somewhere between the boards."

"Just so; it has disappeared between the boards. In other words, there is a secret recess in this table where the top disappears; but where the top disappears, something else may disappear."

"Very true!" exclaimed Herr Mikucsek,

overcome with admiration of the ingenuity of his superior officer.

"We must take off the back of this table," said Herr Bräuhäusel, slowly tapping the table as he uttered each word.

But when Mr. Kampos saw that they were going to pull to pieces the venerable old piece of furniture, he could not any longer restrain himself, and said—

"Could not your respected lordships say what it is you wish to find?"

Herr Bräuhäusel, seeing that his victim could not now escape and was forced to surrender himself, pulled one of the flaps of his fur coat and growled out:

"That particular ebony box in which you are accustomed to stow away letters."

"But, gentlemen, there it is before your eyes."

To be sure, there it was, on a shelf of the table, between two old volumes of the *Corpus Juris*, bound in dogskin. Nobody had thought of looking there. Herr Bräuhäusel's nose grew visibly longer at the discovery. Here had they been looking from three o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, moving

heaven and earth to find something which was standing unconcealed on the table before them. In order to disguise his human liability to error, he at once called out to Kampos—

“What is in this box?”

“Please to look ; here is the key.”

“Why is it sealed up?”

“That people should not put things into it besides what I have put in it.”

“What are its contents?”

“But that is why your lordship has it in his hand, that he may look into it and see.”

“Who is the owner of it? Why is it concealed here? What is the secret connected with its being hid away?”

“I beg pardon, gentlemen ; but these are questions which I will answer in a court of justice, but not at this time, nor in this place, among so many inquisitive persons.”

“Ah ! so you won’t answer. Sergeant, that man is from this moment your prisoner.”

Mr. Kampos was not in the least disturbed, and at the approach of the officer presented to him the only weapon he had about him, which was his clasp-knife. This he did with the greatest calmness and firmness. The

voluntary surrender of his knife showed plainly enough that he did not mean to make any resistance.

"You will take this man into the town," said Herr Bräuhäusel to the sergeant; "and keep him in custody."

"All right," said Mr. Kampos with calm defiance; "they will soon let me go again. Are we to go on foot, or shall we have the horses put to?"

The vengeful sentence was just on the tip of Herr Bräuhäusel's tongue, "Go on foot;" but he reflected that the escort would not thank him for such entertainment. So he gave Mr. Kampos permission to send orders that the coachman should harness the horses to the caleche, and bring it to the old house. Herr Bräuhäusel then solemnly warned the sergeant that he was responsible for his prisoner to the extent of all he had in the world. Then he himself took the casket under his arm, and was going out, if Mr. Kampos had not stopped him with a modest objection.

"So then, you are pleased to have me taken into custody on account of what is in that casket?"

“Well, what then?”

“And supposing there is nothing in it?”

“Nothing!”

“I gave you the key for the very purpose that you should open it, and, if now your lordship takes that casket home unopened, places me before a court of justice, and then they open the lock and find nothing but emptiness inside it, then the gentlemen will see what a noise I shall make about it.”

“What then do you propose?”

“I propose that the gentlemen should first look, and see if there is anything in the box which you are taking away in such triumph or not; because there are plenty such to be got at the turner’s at Pest; nor do I believe you came here merely for the sake of the trouble.”

Now that was certainly true; so they accordingly broke the seal and officially opened the box and examined the contents. Fixed in the lid they found a portrait of a young hussar, while in the drawers were about twenty letters.

“Whose portrait is this?” asked Herr Bräuhäusel.

"That is Aladar Garanvölgyi, the relation and adopted son of Mr. Adam Garanvölgyi."

"And what letters are these?"

"They are the letters which young Mr. Aladar writes every quarter, from Kufstein, where he is a state prisoner, to Mr. Adam. Please to look at the envelopes, and you will see that they have passed through all sorts of supervision and inspection. First of all they were read by the commandant of the fortress of Kufstein; next they were forwarded to the chief office of the Police at Vienna; there they were tested, critically and chemically, to see if there was no secret meaning in them, no cypher intelligible to one who had the key, no lines written with invisible ink. None of these things being found, they sent them back again to Kufstein. Thence they were sent down to the chief office of the Police for Hungary, whence they were sent on to the persons to whom they were directed. All the *visés* and stamps of the authorities through whom they have passed are to be seen on the letters."

In fact, neither Herr Bräuhäusel nor his associates found a single passage in any of

the letters which could give any cause for suspicion.

“Why, then, this secrecy? Why do you thrust these letters out of the way here?”

Mr. Kampos shrugged his shoulders and smiled :

“Why, you see these letters are written in a foreign language,¹ as in fact they were obliged to be. My master said that he would not sleep in the same house with one of them, and yet he did not wish to burn them, as they were written by his nephew; so he gave me orders to put them away somewhere out of the house. Accordingly I used to explain the contents of each letter when it came (for he never took it in his hand), and then bring it here and put it in the box. I thought that here they would be in nobody’s way.”

Herr Bräuhäusel fell into a terrible rage at this explanation. Anybody who had heard, even from a distance, of the whims of the obstinate old malcontent would have found the explanation perfectly natural.

“Do you hear, sir?” cried Bräuhäusel,

¹ Meaning German.

turning fiercely round on his heel towards Mr. Kampos; "if you gentlemen are fools, don't think the authorities are fools too. What do you make a mystery of such trifles for, and give us trouble, and let us search from morning till evening, hungry and thirsty? That is no joking matter, I can tell you. Such trifling comes very near to attempts to bring the authorities into contempt. Therefore, I hereby solemnly and officially give you warning to avoid for the future all such actions as may tend to disturb the course of the public administration, and impede in its irresistible progress the most important condition of the well-being of the state, that is, the conjoined action of every citizen towards the consolidation of public order and public peace; and if after this, both of you, and especially you yourself, without any other actual consequences of your attempt to frustrate the purposes of justice, are again sent back into private life, you must take that for an indication of the double object of authority—on the one side, the chastisement of the guilty, on the other, in consideration of the compunction of the penitent, such acts of grace as

may be expected to bear good fruit for the time to come."

From this fine speech Mr. Kampos concluded so much as "according to that then I am no longer a prisoner."

Herr Bräuhäusel with a gesture of silent condescension signified that he was released.

"Then I am acquitted of all charges against me, am I?"

Here Herr Mikucsek clapped his protocol under his arm in a great rage. To obtain such a result it was not worth while getting such a blow on the eye!

The gentlemen were already about to move away, when Kampos called after them—

"I beg you, sirs, to hear me one word more."

"Well, what is it?"

"You see that I am already out of danger; I have the box in my hands; I am under no charge. Now then, you may know that there is still something in the box which you have not seen."

With that, pressing one corner of the box, the porcelain plate on which the portrait was painted sprang open, and disclosed a few

sheets of thin paper closely written on. Herr Mikucsek again produced his protocol in great delight. "What are these?"

"What are these, do you ask? Do any of you know Hungarian? No? - So much the better. Now then, just have me escorted into the town, because here I will not say what is written in these letters. I mean higher-placed gentlemen to know that. Where is the sergeant? My friend, here is the carriage. Have you got handcuffs with you? Fasten my hands as quick as you can, and let us start."

They gave Mr. Kampos to understand that he was not to be handcuffed; but then, he was not to run away. He on his part merely begged their lordships to put the stoves together again, lock everything up, and then give the keys to the housekeeper. Then in company of his escort he drove off, amid many expressions of goodwill.

"A devil of a fellow," murmured Herr Bräuhäusel after him; "a devil of a fellow. If only one could know why he gave up the secret papers, when they were already in safety! If one could only know what is written in them!"

However, it was just as well to look about for some dinner, as it would otherwise soon be evening before they broke their long fast.

Care had, however, been taken for them.

Ankerschmidt himself was, it is true, not at home ; but Miss Natalie knew the duties such a house owed under such circumstances to such important guests, as well as with what sort of a spoon it became each of them to eat according to the place he held in the *Hof-Schematismus*.¹ Accordingly, little Gyuszi (for the Knight had taken his *jäger* with him) about eleven o'clock received orders to the following effect: "Go down to the old house, where the gentlemen are, and invite the one who has three stars to dine at the château ; and let the other two who have one star apiece know that dinner will be spread for them at the land-steward's ; and tell the policemen that they will find something to eat at the farm-bailiff's."

With this message Gyuszi went down at least ten times to the house under search, but at the door there stood an angry sentinel with strict orders not to let anybody either

¹ *Court Calendar.*

in or out. So whenever Gyuszi approached he cried out, in a stern voice, "Back!" and prepared to stick him with his bayonet should he persist in his attempt to get in. Gyuszi ran away home as fast as he could with the news that they wanted to spit him. Miss Natalie sent him a second time, with orders that when he got near the sentry he should put himself in a military attitude, raise his hand to his cap, and tell why he came, when they would be sure to let him in.

The powers which rule the world had, however, so arranged matters that the sentry was an honest Tchekh,¹ and did not understand the language in which Gyuszi spoke. He now looked upon him as a spy, and drove him away with menaces. When the little fellow came a third time, he threatened him with his fist from a distance, and bade him "only just come nearer." The fourth time he stamped on the ground, so as to drive him away. The fifth time, however, he determined to play him a sly trick. He drew himself close to the door, so as not to be seen by Gyuszi

¹ The Tchekhs are the inhabitants of Bohemia, of Slavonic race. Gyurzi, of course, talks only German.

until he had come up to him, when he suddenly rushed out upon him, seized him by the nape of his neck, and gave him a good shaking.

Still, however, the lad had to try and try again to make his way to the gentlemen. Once he stole quietly behind the back of the house, in order to bawl his message to them through the window ; but the sentinel drove him away. Another time it occurred to him to climb up into a chestnut tree, and thence deliver his invitation. But this filled up the measure of his provocations. The angry *gendarme* pulled him down from the tree, and dragged him in by his collar to their lordships, with the intimation that he had caught a dangerous spy, who had been trying these ten times to break into guarded ground. Gyuszi only kicked and struggled with hands and feet.

“Now, thou good-for-nothing little scamp, what dost thou want ?” exclaimed all the three gentlemen at once. It was lucky that little Gyuszi just retained command of his senses, in spite of their terrible glances, so far as to whine out, “I am to call the gentlemen to dinner.”

At those magical words all the three angry countenances smoothed down to an expression

of benevolence, as they all stroked the little lad's face, saying, "What an honest little fellow! This is one of the servants from the Knight's château." With that they turned all their wrath against the innocent policeman, who had now enough to hear about his awkwardness and his stupidity, &c. &c. &c. Poor fellow! to this day he does not understand what was his fault.

"Were you frightened, my little fellow?" asked Herr Bräuhäusel, turning again to Gyszi, on whose cheeks were to be seen the marks of tears, like pools of water in a clay-field after a thunderstorm.

"That I was."

"And his lordship sent you?"

"No, not he, because he is not at home; but the 'Miss' sent me to ask if you would not like to dine."

"Oh! certainly, my boy; we kiss her hands; tell her we shall be there directly."

"Yes; but which of you has three stars?"

It should be observed that the gentlemen after their great exertions had wrapped comforters round their necks for fear of catching sore throats, so that Gyszi could not make out

which was to be invited to the chateau, which elsewhere. Herr Bräuhäusel was a man of experience and of tact, and instantly understood the drift of the question ; so stepping forward with dignity he said—

“I am the *chef*, my boy.”

“Then the two others have each one star apiece, haven’t they ? And these with the guns are the policemen ? Well, the ‘Miss’ presents her respectful compliments to the policemen, and tells them that dinner is ready for them at the chateau ; the one-starred gentlemen will be gladly seen at the land-steward’s ; and you with the three stars, if hungry, can go to the farm-bailiff’s.”

“He ! he ! he ! Thou little fool ; thou hast turned thy message upside down. They have invited me to the chateau, haven’t they ?”

“Yes, so I said.”

With this, Herr Bräuhäusel, having given suitable directions to his subordinates, allowed them to disperse each his own way, in order to gratify the demands of exhausted nature, while he himself was conducted by little Gyuszi to the chateau.

On the road, by way of compensating to his

guide for his unmerited sufferings, Herr Bräuhäusel presented him with a bran new *kreuzer*, just fresh from the mint. This afforded little Gyuszi no small matter for wonder and meditation as to what might be this marvellous coin, which had, it is true, the slight defect that it was not of gold, but still bore, plainly stamped upon it, the inscription "One Kreuzer."

As Herr Bräuhäusel stepped into the *salon* he saw Miss Natalie and the two young ladies of the family coming towards him from the farther end of the room. Bogumil, *alias* Straff, was not present. He had gone yesterday to shoot on the banks of the river Tisza, in order that no meeting with any of his acquaintances might bring him into suspicion as having been the author of the denunciation which gave rise to the search. As for Herr Bräuhäusel, he made as if he had never even heard of the deserving fellow's existence.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon a thousand times for the original mistake which happened to your page," began Herr Bräuhäusel, choosing a very amusing subject of conversation; "the sentinels took him for a spy, first of all drove him away, and then took him into custody.

Luckily I interfered, otherwise he too would have been sent to prison."

"I hope that his mission served him as a defence," said Miss Natalie, continuing the graceful *badinage*.

"His sender's name was sufficient," answered Herr Bräuhäusel gallantly, as he took his seat with Miss Natalie on his right, Fräulein Elise on his left, in front of him the soup, and Fräulein Hermine near him.

Most delightful company! The soup, full of sliced sausage and small dumplings, was especially excellent. The cook seemed thoroughly to understand what sort of soup one ought to put before a magistrate who has in his official capacity been searching a house, and has swallowed nothing from dawn to eve but dust and insolence.

"It is a very unpleasant occupation, isn't it?" asked Miss Natalie, as soon as he had put down his spoon and wiped his mouth.

"Oh! I am used to it. In such a country as this it is unavoidable; in fact, an every-day occurrence. It is not the fatigue which is the worst of it; but the perpetual vigilance which is needed to prevent one's being put on the

wrong track by their subtlety. It is necessary to disarm their inventive cunning by equally inventive cleverness, and to get out the truth from the most obstinate of them by means of cross-questions. That is really a fascinating pursuit. But then it requires a special talent, which few have ; in fact, very few have it."

The bright smile with which he said this seemed to add, "but I am one of those very few."

Herr Bräuhäusel with very natural caution had brought the important casket in with him. He could not trust it in anybody else's hands. A principal ought always to suspect even his own subalterns themselves. As the little box was very nicely carved, it attracted in no small measure the curiosity of the ladies, which circumstance was by no means unpleasant to the official gentleman ; on the contrary he waited impatiently for somebody to put him a question with respect to it. Nor had he to wait long.

"Perhaps that casket is connected with your discovery ?" asked Miss Natalie, pointing to the object as it stood on the chair.

"Oh, certainly, certainly ; it was just that which we were looking for, and which cost us

so much trouble to find. It really was very cleverly hid away, very cleverly indeed. But at the end, you know, 'Argus had a hundred eyes.'"

No doubt Herr Mikucsek was making the very same remark to Maxenpfutsch; of his hundred eyes, however, they had bunged up ninety-nine, for only one was left him.

"No doubt these are very dangerous writings?" continued Miss Natalie.

"They are; it contains besides a very dangerous portrait."

A dangerous portrait! All the three ladies immediately wished to look at it, and it would have been a great act of self-denial on their parts not to have wished to see it. Herr Bräuhäusel felt himself bound to grant the ladies their wish, and opened the casket before them.

"Ah! By no means an ugly young man! Only he has a somewhat obstinate expression on his face. Those very thick eyebrows give him the appearance of a regular brigand. He seems to be really terrible."

Such were the remarks made by the "Miss" and Hermine. Herr Bräuhäusel assented to both of them.

“And these letters here?”

“They are nothing particular. These the young gentleman scribbled in a very safe place, where he is well taken care of. But what is especially dangerous is hid away under the portrait. If one presses here, the portrait flies up, and we find underneath these notes written on very fine paper. From the signature you will see that they are written by the old Adam Garanvölgyi with his own hand.”

Herr Bräuhäusel had not the least scruple in allowing these suspected papers to circulate from hand to hand among the ladies of this notoriously loyal family. Why, they were written in a 'foreign language, so that they could not understand them. Neither he nor the domestic police knew that one member of the Knight's family had for a long time been engaged in learning from the girls that reaped in the fields or worked in the garden, or from the peasant-women who came into the courtyard, the language of that friendly and in-offensive people; that Fraülein Elise during a year and a half had learnt Hungarian.

In profound ignorance of her dangerous

accomplishment, nobody took any notice of her. Miss Natalie had explained to her at length by Herr Bräuhäusel how they got upon the concealed object, how they opened it, how they caught Mr. Kampos tripping on this point and on that. She inquired what would probably come of it all: would there be some terrible disturbance?—would it be as well to have Mr. Maxenpfutsch to sleep in the house with a gun? All this time they did not observe that Elise was looking at one of those thin closely-written sheets. The child was in fact reading, and marvelled at what she read. It ran as follows:—

“My dearly beloved and never-to-be-forgotten son. By the time that thou again beholdest the free heaven, I in my shroud shall be no longer able to see anything. If any one beside thee and him to whom I have entrusted them should see these letters, he would say that I am a crazy old man who writes love-letters—to a picture, and sends them—to a picture. Who would understand me? Should I rather write to thy living body—a letter, which every turnkey would read before he gave it into thy hand? Should

I write to thee of such things as it would be permitted me to write of? Or should I run the risk of my cramped hand letting out a bitter word which may make heavier thy chain? Or shall I betray by my complaints that I am a hundred times punished in thee; that I sit with thee in prison; that whatever thou art without I deny myself; that when thou art alone, I am alone; that I sit in spirit by thy side before thy cold couch, and bear one end of thy chain? This no one may know, not even thou,—only then, when it is all over. Thou wilt be then already a grey-headed man, and I shall be cold dust. But therefore thou must know, even then, how much thou wert loved. My arrangements, which are in thy favour, I hide here. I am obliged to conceal them, and put them away; for, if I carry them about with me, those relations, who already in my lifetime have carved out estates from my property, will make away with them, as soon as my eyes are closed. From these letters thou wilt know all which can interest thee. Meanwhile, I reckon up the days; their end is beyond the boundary of my life. The shipwrecked mariner

in the midst of the ocean knows that the shore is thousands of miles off; but for all that he clings to his plank and swims."

"May I ask for that letter, Fraülein Elise?" said Herr Bräuhäusel.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said the startled girl, as she let the paper fall out of her hand.

"You were looking at it with as much attention as if you were reading it."

"The handwriting is so peculiar."

"Your ladyship seems to be crying."

"Oh no! something has got into my eye. Doubtless some of the sand has sprung off the writing."

"Ah! well, it is to be hoped it is not poisonous. It were a pity to injure such fine eyes."

In fact, there is no doubt that the poison of the writing had injured those fine eyes. Who would have expected it?

Herr Bräuhäusel now thought good to count the letters, and see if they were all there. Not one was missing. He then put them back again in their place of concealment and locked up the box. After that; however, he had to eat for himself and his left-hand neighbour as

well, who had no more appetite for anything. To think that one grain of sand could cause so much inconvenience !

But it is now time for us to look after Mr. Kampos. We shall have plenty of time while the gentlefolks are finishing their dinner.

“ Yes, yes ; it is easy work for them ! They sit down to a dinner, all ready for them, while they send a poor man on errands, and never even ask him if he has had a bite of anything. To run about the whole day like a dog, to lie down in the evening fasting like a horse, to be called up again at midnight like an owl ! ”

Such were the complaints which broke from the lips of the corporal of *gendarmes*, whose charge it was to transport Mr. Kampos to the county town. The prisoner merely smoked his pipe in silence, without uttering one word of consolation. His other two companions, however, expressed their decided concurrence with the corporal's sentiments, and added that, when a man was engaged on duty from morning to night without getting anything to eat, he ought to draw extra pay just as in time of war. Still Mr. Kampos spake never a word.

“ What then, you are not hungry ? ” said the

corporal, addressing the bailiff in a decided tone. The latter understood the meaning of the question, and answered—

“There is a public by the roadside, where one can get a glass of wine and a stew.”

“But won’t somebody betray us?”

“If you mean me, No.”

The end of the conference was, that when they got to the public by the name of the “Giver to drink,” Mr. Corporal looked about him, and not seeing anybody, stopped the coach, and made the proposal that if Mr. Kampos made no objection they should turn in for a draught of wine. Mr. Kampos expressed his compliance with the general wish, and all four entered the public-house.

In the large drinking-room, at one end of the long table, there sat a man who seemed from his dress to be a swineherd. From time to time he raised a five-quart *kulacs*¹ to his lips, while he ate leisurely some bacon and red pepper out of the sleeve of his coarse mantle.²

¹ A large bottle in the shape of a flat spheroid, generally made of the skin of a colt.

² The sleeve of a Hungarian peasant’s mantle is generally sewn up, and then serves as a pocket.

We have already made his acquaintance, nor if Mr. Maxenpfutsch were here would he fail to recognise the man to whom he gave the commission to recover his Yorkshire pigs. Possibly that very piece of bacon was made out of one of them. His appearance struck the corporal as suspicious. When he stooped down to pick up his knife, which he had dropped, the corporal beckoned to the two policemen that they should keep their arms in their hands. The swineherd, however, had kept a constant look-out from the corner of his eye, even while in the act of stooping, and had observed the sign. He at once saw that he had got into trouble.

“God gi’e ye a good day, my gallant masters,” said he, pledging to them with the *kulacs*; “have your honours ever heard of the fame of Mike Szemes?”

“That we have.”

“Well now, I am Mike Szemes.” And with these words the swineherd got up from the bench and stood at his full height. His cap almost touched the rafters.

The *gendarmes* raised their muskets. The “poor lad” had no other weapon than his

swineherd's hatchet. This he drew out of the sleeve of his mantle and flung it upon the table.

"Do not make any preparations against me. I am already near my end. I am tired of this shunning of the world. Till now I have been afraid that they would put me in prison for a long spell; but this week I read that they have proclaimed the *statarium*,¹ so I now surrender myself, as I know that they will deal lightly with me. What price is set upon my head, Mr. Corporal?"

"Dead, two hundred florins; living, five hundred."

"There now, Mr. Corporal, you have five hundred florins in your hands! Why, if I choose I could cut my throat with the knife I ate my bacon with, and cut you out of three hundred florins at a stroke. Only just do so much for me; as you gain so much money by me, let the innkeeper fill up my *kulacs*; you see there isn't a drop in it."

¹ An institution somewhat resembling martial law, proclaimed when crimes of violence, especially highway robbery, are very frequent in a district. The accused is either hanged at once, or handed over to the ordinary tribunals. It is called in German *Standrecht*.

With this he held his *kulacs* upside down, and not even a drop came out.

"At any rate," continued he, "I shall drink as long as I can drink. I shall drink down on the score of my own skin about a florin. The innkeeper here draws wine at twelve *kreuzers* a quart; the *kulacs* holds five quarts; so that will just make a florin. I'm sure, Mr. Corporal, you will not grudge that to a 'poor lad' who has already given you for nothing a head worth five hundred florins."

The corporal saw that he had to do with a very good sort of devil, who already wished to die, and now moralized upon his situation. This was just the sort of thing which he had often read of in story-books.

"Very good. Here, host, fill the fellow's *kulacs* for him." Thereupon the innkeeper, before the eyes of the whole company, filled the gurgling *kulacs* from a large jug full of wine, pouring it through a metal funnel. This he did so bountifully that it foamed over the mouth, at which Mike Szemes instantly seized it and took such a hearty pull at it as to reduce its contents by twenty per cent.

"Now, Mr. Corporal, do your honour drink

one drain of this to the soul of a poor vagabond ready to perish," said Mike, wiping the mouth of the *kulacs*, and offering it to them.

The corporal hesitated.

"Ah! To be sure, the gentlemen do not drink out of this, but out of glasses." With that he filled the glasses of all the three with wine out of the very *kulacs* from which he had been drinking; then he wiped the mouth of it with his shirt-sleeve, and filled Mr. Kampos' glass too, saying, as he did so—

"Your honour, too, will not object to drink for my soul; you are the *Komiszárus*¹ himself, are you not?" knowing very well all the while that he was the bailiff.

Then he drank again from the *kulacs*, to assure them all that it contained neither poison nor sleeping potion. After that, with an air of great resignation, he asked one of the policemen to draw the "gloves" on his hands, meaning by that the handcuffs. At a sign from the corporal the policeman addressed pulled them out of his pouch. Szemes crossed

¹ The Hungarian peasant's corruption of the word *commissarius*, i.e. commissioner, the chief civil officer of a district.

his hands and allowed them to be quietly fastened, merely requesting them to give him to drink whenever he felt thirsty.

Meanwhile, the corporal's joy knew no bounds. The price put upon the man's head—glory, advancement, the insignia of some order of merit, his name in the official reports, and then celebrated throughout Europe as the captor of the notorious bandit Mike Szemes; such were the visions that floated before him. Who would not have been intoxicated by such prospects? On him they had such an effect that he paid out of his own pocket, not merely for the wine which had been poured into the *kulacs*, but for all that had been eaten or drunk by the whole party. Nay, his extravagance rose at last to such a pitch that he ordered ices, but this article of luxury was not to be got at the wayside inn.

Refreshed with such a good take and with what they had eaten and drunk, they returned to the coach after half an hour's absence. They were now six in number. In front sat the coachman and one policeman; with their backs to them sat the handcuffed robber and the other policeman; on the back seat Mr. Kampos

and the corporal. The coachman began to drive briskly. Night was coming on. The horizon grew of a dusky lilac colour. A thick mist rose in the east, amid which the trees covered with rime showed like a grove of silver. Noisy rooks flew cawing over their heads in the direction of the forest. "The raven croaks, Mr. Corporal," muttered Mike Szemes. The corporal made no answer, but rolled against Mr. Kampos like a man who has no command over himself. The two policemen who sat respectively by the sides of the robber and the coachman were in the same state. By the time they had got out upon the meadows they were all three fast asleep. Then Szemes quietly drew his hands out of the handcuffs, just as if he was taking off a pair of winter gloves, and as they came to a bridge he addressed the coachman—

"Just stop the horses here, my younger brother. Now, my great sir, I thank you for bringing me thus far, the rest I'll walk. All the three of them are asleep. My *kulacs* has a double hollow. When I wipe its mouth, I just change the tap, and so I give other people to drink. You, great sir, drank with me ; the

others, of the sleepy stuff. I wish you a quiet good night."

With that he let himself down lightly from the carriage, and a minute after had disappeared among the broom which grew by the roadside. Mr. Kampos merely shrugged his shoulders. It was not his business to run after him. So he did nothing but wrap himself up well in his mantle, and, leaning sideways in the corner, took care that when they got to the courtyard of the barracks of the *gendarmerie*, he should be the last person whom they succeeded in awaking.

When the corporal and the two common *gendarmes* came to themselves, they first looked round in astonishment for Mike Szemes. Then the corporal began to examine the contents of his purse, where, sure enough, he missed the florin he had paid for the robber at the "Giver to drink" inn. The daring scamp had gone so far in his presumption as to make the officers of justice pay his score. However, all the three had so much *savoir-faire* as not to mention a word about Mike Szemes.

Ankerschmidt, on his way home, just met

the commission of inquiry as they were also on their way back. He was greatly astonished at the armed train which followed the post-chaise of Bräuhäusel *et consortes*; he was, besides, constrained to pull up, for the respected gentlemen, recognising his equipage from a distance, stopped their carriage, jumped out, and, approaching Ankerschmidt's coach, began to thank him for the kind reception they had enjoyed in his house during his absence.

"What the apoplexy! Have your lordships been holding a hunt here in the village?" His first idea was that they had come for the Pole.

"Yes; and it has been crowned with complete success. Your grace had no idea what dangerous secrets were contained in the old building close to your castle."

"Oh! Is Garanvölgyi then compromised?"

"That will come out in due time. At present only his bailiff has been taken into custody."

"Very good; I am glad that I had the honour; I recommend myself." With that, Ankerschmidt threw himself angrily back in

his seat and drove on. If there had been a search held in the old house, it must have been preceded by a denunciation. There was but one man who could have furnished it—the stranger. . Ankerschmidt made very severe reflections on his own conduct in not having sent the fellow out of the house when he first appeared, instead of allowing him to stay on as music-master, merely because the woman-kind took his part. And now, what will be the consequence of it all? If the old Garan-völgyi has been mixing himself up with any folly, the lot of his imprisoned nephew would be aggravated. If traces of a conspiracy should come to light, the projected petition would have a poor chance of success. It was, besides, a sufficiently bitter experience to find that just those who stood the nearest to the unfortunate man had abandoned him. Here was the woman, to whom he was engaged, who refused to present a petition on his behalf. A man would not have believed such a thing, if he had not learned it by experience. And now, what was he to do with the draft of the petition in his pocket? In whose name was it to be given in? Even if the old

Garanvölgyi could be brought to sign it, what success could be expected as long as he himself was under examination? And all this time the Knight knew not how to divide his indignation between Madame Pajtay and Bogumil. If he stormed against one of them, he straightway reproached himself for forgetting even for a moment the villany of the other. He could scarcely wait till he got home.

From the first servant who came for his luggage he inquired if the music-master was at home. As soon as he heard that he had come back from a shooting excursion that very morning he hastened into his own room. He had not time to take off his travelling clothes, when the little Gyuszi came with the compliments of the "Miss," to say that she should like to speak about something serious with him in the dining-room.

"Something serious. What the deuce does the 'Miss' mean? Just as if I was a buffoon who was always making jokes. I shall begin to talk seriously enough directly."

In the dining-room the "Miss" was waiting alone for the Knight. On the present solemn

occasion her hair was done *à l'Anglaise*, so as to make her face look longer, and give it a more tragical expression.

"What does Miss Natalie want? What have you to communicate to me?"

"Sir Knight!" began the "Miss" in an ominous voice, such as that in which the Pythonesses of old communicated the oracles of Delphi, "prepare yourself for very bad news, which will disturb your noble heart."

"Well, what is it? Out with it at once. I do not like this slow *tirailleur's* fire."

"There is a traitor in your house."

"I know it! The d—l take it! Don't say anything more about it; I have been informed of everything on the road."

"Is it possible? I attempted to keep it secret."

"That I believe, but I'll have it proclaimed with tuck of drum, never fear."

"But, sir, reflect a moment; there is the credit of your family to be taken care of."

"I'll take care of that; I will not allow it to be said that a secret traitor is permitted to live in the house of Ankerschmidt."

The "Miss" betook herself to entreaties.

"But, sir, pray consider ; a member of your family."

"A member of it not a moment longer ; that I swear to you. I'll drive the creature away this very day. I shall give orders that, if the creature ventures into the courtyard, they shall drive it out with the whip."

"For God's sake, sir,—your favourite!"

"Not my favourite ; d—l take it!—your favourite. I long ago knew that it was a deceiver, but overlooked it for your sakes. But now it is enough. This very hour my house shall be clear of it. I'll show you what sort of martial law I deal out in my own house to one who has disgraced it."

"Do not, sir, do anything in your present excited state."

"On the contrary, I'll finish the whole business at once. Heigh ! Gyuszi !"

On this the "Miss" called Fräulein Hermine out of the adjoining room to help her to soothe her papa's wrath.

"Spare, sir, spare."

"Do not be so much afraid. I shall give no blows, nor even betake myself to abuse. I will not even use one rude word ; but your

excellencies must allow me, when I consider some one unworthy to stay under the same roof with me, to say, mildly, 'My dear soul, there is the door, and the coach is waiting outside, *korschamadin*er.'¹ Gyuszi, send hither the music-master."

"What! Before him?" asked the "Miss."

"Yes, of course, before him. I am not accustomed to arrange such matters by letter. I do not speak evil of anybody in secret, but if I have anything to say, everybody may know of it. That is why God has given me such a voice that it can be heard on the road. Is the music-master coming?"

Herr Straff entered the room with a smile on his face, as one who suspected nothing, and was about to express his pleasure at the Knight's return home. But this was at once stopped by Ankerschmidt crying in a terribly loud voice, as if giving the word of command to a whole regiment of cavalry in full gallop—

"Stop!"

At this he was obliged to stop, for the

¹ Colloquial German corruption for the words *gehorsamster Diener*, "most obedient servant."

Knight stretched out towards him his clenched fist, as he went on --

"Hearest thou, fellow? Yesterday an official search took place in Garanvölgyi's house. The denunciation was thy work. I don't live in the same house with an informer. Right about face—march!"

All present stood as if thunderstruck, as they heard the word of command. The two ladies clasped one another's hands in their terror, while Straff placed one hand on his breast, and raised the fingers of the other as if to take an oath. He wished to say something terrible.

"Hands in position!" roared the Knight, as he marked his purpose. "Did you hear? Right about face!"

Straff saw that he was making no progress, so he suddenly abandoned all attempts at defence, and only thought of taking farewell of the ladies with a bow full of devotion and resignation, suppressing at the same time a bitter sigh.

"March! march! How often am I to say it?" exclaimed the Knight impatiently; at which Straff judged it best to retreat to the

door. There, however, he turned, and with a threatening gesture and a scornful look, said to Ankerschmidt—

“For this you will have to remember me another time.”

At these words Ankerschmidt, who was at the highest pitch of rage, suddenly regained the coolness proper to a commander-in-chief, and with a certain humour turned to the page who was standing near the door, and said—

“Gyuszi, turn that gentleman out of the room.”

And Gyuszi, who altogether did not reach to the waist of that tall man, rushed at once upon Straff, and, fixing both his little hands upon the latter's back, with surprising precision carried out the operation ordered. Private revenge made him the more zealous in obeying that command of his master. A somewhat better-humoured public would have applauded him, but during the scene Fräulein Hermine had fled from the room. Her sensitive heart did not permit her to be a witness of another's humiliation. Miss Natalie remained. Her face was paler than usual. Her blue lips were pressed tightly together, and she regarded

Ankerschmidt with such an expression of rage as might suit a snake making ready to sting.

"Gracious lord," said she, with difficulty suppressing her anger; "you are pleased to be deceived. Treason has struck much deeper roots in the sanctuary of your homestead than that you can sweep it away so easily."

"Dear 'Miss,' do not talk in such flowery language; but, if you are better informed, tell me plainly who it was that informed against Garanvölgyi; for whoever it was, must have been somebody in this house; and, if you can prove to me that it was not this vagabond, I will go after him and beg his pardon, saying, 'Do not be angry with me, my friend vagabond.'"

"That is not the question, who informed against Adam Garanvölgyi or who did not."

"But that is the question. What else should be the question?"

"What has your house to do with the name of Garanvölgyi?"

"What has it to do with it? It has this to do with it, that he was my opponent in politics and on the battle-field, and I will not allow that anybody should be able to say

that I came to live near him in order to play the spy on him."

"They will be able to say even worse about you, my gracious lord,—that you came to live near him in order to make alliance with him."

"I don't understand you. What sort of alliance? Do you mean conspiring with him?"

"Oh no!"

"Or perhaps the old man has a daughter, whom I may marry?"

"He has not, but you have."

"And would the idea occur to anybody that I want to force one of my daughters upon the old man as his wife?"

"No, your grace; but Garanvölgyi has an adopted son, who is at present a prisoner of state."

Ankerschmidt really thought that report had travelled faster than his horses. Why, here at home they were aware of his plan, of which he had never given anybody a hint until the day before in the capital.

"How do you know that?" asked he of the "Miss."

"That is a very simple matter. Herr Bräuhäusel, giving way to our feminine curiosity, opened before us the casket which contained Garanvölgyi's secret papers. In that casket were the portrait of a handsome young man, and some letters written in a foreign language."

"What sort of foreign language?"

"Hungarian."

"Ah! yes."

"Your grace believes that none of your family knows Hungarian. You are mistaken; Fräulein Elise already understands that language."

"No wonder. Two years is long enough time to pick it up in. I learnt it in the same way."

"Very good, your grace. Now just read this document."

"Why, this is Elise's handwriting!"

"Pray read it."

Ankerschmidt did read, amid conflicting emotions of surprise, admiration, pleasure, and anger.

What was it; what, but a petition addressed to the very highest quarters, which a simple, noble heart inspired in artless words, which a

delicate childish hand had written—a naïve, out-spoken petition, for the pardon of an unfortunate young prisoner.

“What did she want to do with it? What did she say?”

“She wanted to send it to Vienna.”

“In what way?”

“By the post.”

“The little fool! Where is she now?”

“Confined to her own room.”

“Send her to me; I wish to speak to her alone.”

“Now, sir,” exclaimed Miss Natalie, with an expression of triumph, “is not this such treason as, were it not for my watchful eyes, would have inflicted an incurable wound on your good name; and not that action on account of which you allowed yourself to be so carried away by your passion?”

“Well, well; another time we will deliver philippics on the subject; at present, just send me my daughter.”

“Does not your grace wish me to be present?”

“No; if she is alone with me, she will be much more open, and more readily confess all.”

“As you please to command.”

Ankerschmidt did not give her an opportunity of continuing the conversation, as he rose and went to his own room. There he sat down at the table, spread his daughter's petition before him, and read it over and over again. How true, how natural were its expressions! Then he put by its side that drawn up by the *doctor juris*, and compared the two together. How poor, how forced, how degrading, how dry, how dull, how tiresome was the production of the professional man to that of the artless girl! And, while the prisoner's betrothed refused to write the petition, refused to accompany him to the footstool of grace, a child, to whom the man was nothing, was nobody, had of herself thought what one ought to do for the poor sufferer thus condemned to pass the flower of his age under triple locks.

The door opened, and the culprit entered. She already knew the greatness of her fault. she knew that she was summoned before her judge, but she made no defence; she surrendered herself at once, as she threw herself at her father's feet, and hid her blushing cheeks against his knees. Ankerschmidt still had his

hand upon the petition, and gazed now at that, now at his child. Thus they remained silent for a long time.

Then he put his hand on her head, and stroked her hair. Elise, with her two hands, took her father's hand, drew it to her lips, kissed it, and held it there a long time, during which they still kept silence.

At last, however, something must be said.

"My little girl, didst thou write this?"

"Yes, I did."

"Thou didst very well and very ill; very well as far as the prisoner is concerned, but very ill as regards thyself: for, henceforth, thou thyself wilt be a prisoner. I myself will take thy simple lines to the place whither they are directed, and assure thee of their success; but from that moment thou wilt be a prisoner in this house, because thou must never meet at any time the man whom thou hast released from prison."

Here Ankerschmidt tenderly raised his daughter's chin, so as to look into her eyes, as he continued—

"Dost thou understand me? He who is now a prisoner will become free and return

home ; whereas thou wilt thereby become a prisoner, no longer allowed to leave my house, lest that should happen which would enable people to cast into Ankerschmidt's face that he, out of interested feelings, went after his adversary's adopted son, and at the very time he appeared to be doing a noble action was speculating like an usurer on the *Bourse*."

" I understand, and obey."

" Remember that thou mayest never go out without either me or thy governess."

" I will not."

" And thou must promise that till I come back from the capital of the empire thou wilt not go beyond the bounds of the house."

" No, I will not go."

" Very well, now get up and give me a kiss ; and don't speak to anybody about what we have been saying."

With that he took his daughter by the hand, led her into the dining-room, and presented her to the " Miss " with these words :

" Miss Natalie, the delinquent has confessed all. I have condemned her to imprisonment in the house until she is married. Please to keep a strict watch over her."

“ Ah ! the little rebel has caught it,” thought Miss Natalie, triumphantly to herself, while Ankerschmidt returned to his own room with the sorrowful gratification of thinking that what “ one of them ” had thrown away “ this other one ” had picked up.

*CHAPTER VIII.**REVENGE, AFTER HIS OWN FASHION.*

THE next day Ankerschmidt started from home early in the morning. To everybody else in the house he said that he was going to Pest; only to Elise he confided in a whisper that he was going further. Nobody knew, nobody was allowed to know, how much the old soldier loved his rebellious little daughter.

"I confide her to your care, Miss, especially as regards the maintenance of the domestic imprisonment to which I have sentenced her," said he, as he stepped into the carriage, to which he was escorted by the "Miss" and by Hermine. The prisoner was only allowed to look after him from the window, and to throw kisses to him, of which, however, the stern father did not choose to take any notice. "I commit her," said he, "to your strict care ;

I clothe you with full parental authority ; treat her as if you were her own mother."

The "Miss" did not understand the sarcasm. For that, much more is wanted than "English spoken."

"And thou, Hermine, thou art older, and wast always a sensible child. It was never necessary to scold thee, or to tell thee what thou wast to do. Thou wast ever orderly and attentive since thou wast a little child. Watch over thy sister. Thou knowest how thoughtless she is. She has a good heart, but not one fit for a girl. Why, if she had been a boy, she would become a general. She has every good quality for which boys are praised and girls are blamed. Treat her kindly and with love ; thus may she perchance be somewhat softened, and learn a great deal of good from thee. Now embrace me, and do you at home all take care that no new misfortune happens."

Ankerschmidt took his seat in the carriage, and the ladies went back into the house. Elise still continued to wave kisses with her hand after the carriage as it drove off, not caring that no one took any notice of them. But once Ankerschmidt leaned out of the

coach, and seeing that the coast was clear, took out his white pocket-handkerchief, with which he too waved an adieu. Then the window was at length fastened.

The wind had scarcely dispersed the dust which the Knight's carriage had stirred up when Herr Maxenpfutsch knocked at the door of the room in which the two ladies were sitting. The worthy man had on a white waistcoat and a white neckcloth. Instead of his usual *jägers* hat, he carried under his arm a neatly-brushed cylinder, with its opening of large calibre directed forward like a piece of a siege-train. From all these signs it might be concluded that the worthy gentleman was bent on serious business.

"Your most humble servant, my young ladies; your most humble servant, Miss Natalie. I kiss your hands. How have you slept?"

"Good morning, Herr von Maxenpfutsch, please to take a seat. We have already forgotten how we slept; it is so long ago. To what do we owe this honour?"

"I for my part thought that I was coming very early, Miss; have you ladies long finished your toilettes?"

"We had to make haste this morning, as the Knight was going off."

"So I was informed, Miss. That was why I made so bold, Miss, as to disturb you at such an early hour. Oh! I know well what is the proper time for making state calls."

"You are at home, Mr. Director, you belong to the family."

"You are very good. It was just that which moved me to be so bold; for I have come, Miss, on important business: on very important business, I may say."

At these words Natalie put down her work, at which she had been stitching very fast, as she considered it an important business of life to hem as many holes as possible in a lace collar. Herr Maxenpfutsch at the same time put his cylinder between his knees, and, as if he were reading off his part from its crown, began with affected hesitation—

"Yes, Miss; however, Miss, I am come on a somewhat secret mission, Miss, if you would perhaps be so good as to hear me alone. The matter concerns you personally."

Miss Natalie turned to Elise, and with motherly tenderness addressed her—

"My dear Elise, be so good as to begin your practising on the piano a little earlier than usual. You know that yesterday you neglected it altogether."

Elise understood it at once. To get her out of the way, and at the same time to make sure where she was, from the noise of her occupation. She obeyed at once.

Herr Maxenpfutsch now turned his cylinder on his knee, and began to drum gracefully on the top of it.

"Yes, Miss. Hum, hum, Miss, and Fräulein Hermine!"

"Oh! sir, before her I have no secrets; I could not have any. She is my very sister, the half of my soul; we are like the two sides of an embroidery."

Miss Natalie had made a very poetical comparison, meaning a white embroidery; but Herr Maxenpfutsch was such a prosaic person as to think of coloured embroidery, of which one side shows the pattern and the other the confused ends of the threads; but he smiled and said, "true."

"Then I can speak openly before the young lady. Where shall I begin? Oh! ah, yes!

yes, Herr Bogumil spent the night at my house."

"Ah!" said Miss, as if interested, while Hermine took up a novel, and pretended to read it.

"My friend Bogumil has told me everything, Miss, everything; that the Knight had forbidden him the house, under the pretence that he was the cause of a search being held in Garanvölgyi's barn. Now everybody can see that this was merely a pretence. My friend Bogumil confessed to me the real reason of the unfortunate circumstance. Shall I tell what it is?"

"I beg you to do so."

"He confessed that it was no other than that the Knight remarked that a relation of the most intimate character had arisen between Bogumil and Miss Natalie."

"Ah!" sighed Natalie, overcome by her feelings, and hiding her bashful face behind the lace she was working at. To be sure, it was so full of holes that it could be looked through. Hermine turned over a leaf of her novel.

"I beg pardon, Miss; I spoke of honourable relations, and that they are honourable I am

quite convinced. My friend Bogumil opened his whole mind to me. He wishes to make you his wife."

"Ah! sir!"

"*Fait accompli*, Miss, as I know. He has the dispensation in his pocket; he showed it to me. Everything was in order; in a few days the ceremony was to have taken place. Nevertheless, some one of the people in the house betrayed him maliciously to the Knight. The latter had some objection to the arranged alliance, and therefore drove away the young man, and in order to render your union impossible he degraded him in your eyes. Was it not so, Miss? I say just what I have heard from him, without adding anything to it."

Miss Natalie dropped her eyes, and whispered assent.

"Very well, Miss; now the question is, do you wish to repair the wrong done to this unfortunate, down-stricken young man?"

"I wish to do so, sir, but do not know how."

"I will tell you presently, Miss, if you will only first say 'yes' to my question. By what

has taken place both his honour has been wounded and yours also, has it not?"

"Very much so," said Natalie, sadly turning up her eyes and pressing her hand on her heart.

"My friend Bogumil has thought seriously about the future. He has shown me his nomination to the post of teacher in the *Real-schule* of Ofen; but if it should be known there that he had been driven away from this place, there might be some difficulty about his inauguration."

"Heavens! Sir!"

"So that there remains no way of repairing the evil, but by your immediately marrying Bogumil."

"Dear me! Sir!"

"You do not wish it, Miss?"

"But in such haste!"

"But sufficient preparations had been already made; or perhaps you think that Bogumil has plenty of time to wait for the reparation due to his honour?"

"No, no, sir. If it is his honour which is in question, I am ready to do anything," said Natalie magnanimously extending her hand

to Maxenpfutsch ; then, seeking a support for her soul in so great a resolve, she looked towards Hermine, who put down her book and stepped up to her. The feeling lady hid her face on the shoulder of her only friend, and burst into tears, saying—

“Ah ! you will not find fault with these tears of joy ?”

“Very good, Miss ; now we are in order : I have only to speak about some of the minor arrangements which are necessary to the carrying out of our plan ; but till then I take my leave ; when necessary, I shall come back again.”

Natalie understood the hint, and accompanied him out of the room into the passage, where she hurriedly told him that now the motives of Ankerschmidt's conduct were quite plain to her. The Knight's wife had left her, her former companion, a legacy of five-thousand florins, in such a way that, as long as she remained in the Knight's house, she was to receive the interest on it, but when she married he was to pay her the whole sum ; should she, however, misconduct herself in the meantime, she would lose the whole. Now

the Knight's recent conduct was nothing else but a trick to avoid the necessity of paying the legacy, perhaps to make her lose it altogether; but in that attempt he would fail, as justice would be sure to triumph in the end.

"Ah!" said Herr Maxenpfutsch—as a new light broke in upon him with respect to Bogumil's infatuation for the "Miss," which he had not understood before—"so she gets five thousand florins at her marriage," said he to himself, "that beautifies a great deal in the affair."

He also seized the opportunity of making her acquainted with the particulars of their plan.

The marriage must take place that very night at Herr Maxenpfutsch's house; at night, so that nobody should notice, and at that place, because Bogumil could not expose himself to the risk of fresh insults by coming to the chateau. Witnesses had been provided. The director had placed his own carriage at Bogumil's disposal, so that he might fetch the clergyman from the next village, as the one in the place was of a different religion and

did not understand the language.¹ It was necessary that Miss Natalie should come unobserved to the director's house, which could be done in the following way. The chateau had a small back door, opening into the park-like garden. This door communicated with that part of the house in which the family lived by a spiral staircase. In order to secure this entrance against being broken into, it was locked on the inside, while on the outside there was not even a keyhole. In case, however, that somebody wished to come in that way, there was a bell-handle fixed in the wall by the door, which sounded in the servants' room. Now in order to avoid all observation, it was proposed that Miss Natalie should come out through this door when everybody in the house had gone to bed, and meet the director in the garden, who would then escort her to his own dwelling. That she might be able to return by the same way, he advised her not to fasten the door behind her, but to leave it ajar.

¹ It appears from Chapter V. that the people in the village were Protestants. Of course Ankerschmidt's household were Roman Catholics. The Calvinist pastor is here represented as being ignorant of German.

"But supposing some thief should improve the opportunity, and come in by the open door?"

"That is true ; we never thought of that."

"I know what to do. Hermine loves me ; she is as much attached to me as if I were her sister. I shall leave the key with her, and beg her to let me in when I come back."

"But supposing she falls asleep?"

"Oh ! I am sure that she won't do that. She has for some time been begging of me a particular novel to read, which I refused as not being suited to her ; now I will give it to her, and we may feel quite certain that it will keep her awake till morning."

"All right. But I have still one more question to ask. Pardon me, Miss. It is an indiscreet question ; but one which cannot be avoided. Have you . . . have you . . . a certificate of your baptism?"

"Probably I have ; although I really do believe that the priest by mistake copied out the one of my aunt, whose name was also Natalie."

"That is very probable ; at any rate, you have no need to show it to anybody but the

priest who marries you. But don't forget to bring it."

Miss Natalie assured him with sobs that she was ready even for this sacrifice. Herr Vendelin begged her not to cry too much, as it would excite suspicion, which was entirely unnecessary; and then, having finished his duties as groom's best man, he went home to get ready for his part as bride's father.

As for Miss Natalie, she by no means obeyed his instructions, for no sooner had she got back into the room than she fell upon Hermine's neck, and wept there with such violence that the latter had great difficulty in calming her.

"No one can imagine what I feel, but you alone, my beloved Hermine, the very image of my soul. If I must leave this house, my heart will bleed only on your account; but you will not condemn me, will you?—if circumstances compel me to quit this house—if I have to share the hard lot of exile with him to whose fate I link my own? And what nobler calling can there be for a woman than to share the sorrows and sufferings of a beloved husband? This is the worthiest mission of

a weak woman's heart, the one in which it feels itself most strong."

"Miss Natalie!" here broke in a profane voice, at which the two sensitive bosoms shuddered. It was Fräulein Elise, who called from the other room. Absorbed in their plans, they had forgotten her at the piano, and she began to feel very weary of her task.

"Miss Natalie! with permission prisoner number one humbly inquires to how many hours of music trenchwork she is condemned?"

Very true, she must be relieved.

"Fräulein Elise can go to her room, and sit down to her easel."

Ah! This was an act of grace. Elise's passion, her delight, was to paint. She would sit all day at her easel till evening, and when she took her pencil in her hand, shuddered at the thought that she would have to lay it down again. If they only would not make her copy so many of those tiresome models, but would allow her to draw all sorts of faces, figures, and caricatures out of her own head! For these she used regularly to get scolded. The greatest favour that could be shown her was to allow her to

copy from nature bunches of flowers, melons cut open, and such-like harmless objects. Of one thing at any rate they might be sure, and that was, that once seated at her drawing, she did not require to be watched.

Thus Miss Natalie had the whole day free for arranging her plans with Hermine. The latter had to take care that the "Miss" could go and return unperceived. She had also to write to her father that very night, in order to communicate to him what had taken place, and to dispose him to relent toward the object of his wrath, who had had serious intentions, and was neither a spy, nor a seducer, but a noble heart *mal compris*.

Never did any reactionists wait with so much eagerness for darkness as did this pair of friends. Supper was hurried over earlier than usual. The servants were told to lock up every door betimes, as it was necessary to take increased precautions now the Knight was from home. After supper Elise was let off her mental arithmetic, and, as she had behaved herself very well that day, she was allowed to go to bed earlier.

By ten o'clock all was quiet in the chateau.

The lights had all been put out, except the night-lamps that burned in that part of the house in which the young ladies lived. This consisted of two rooms opening into one another. The one which opened on the passage was occupied by Hermine and the governess. The little one, which opened out of it, and had no other exit, was occupied by Elise.

The shutter of the window in her room was fastened ; that of one of the windows in the other was left open. This was the sign agreed upon with Herr Vendelin to let him know that all was arranged in the house. On his part Herr Vendelin had agreed to throw up a small stone against the lighted window as the signal that he was waiting down below. For this signal they had not long to wait. On hearing it the "Miss" begged Hermine to put her hand on her heart and feel how it was beating,—which it certainly was. Then wrapping herself up in a shawl, and accompanied by Hermine, she descended the spiral staircase to the little door. There she gave her pupil the key which Ankerschmidt had left in the special charge of the "Miss," embraced her, and passed out into the garden, Hermine at that very moment

blowing out the candle lest its light might be seen through the opened door, which she immediately locked.

"Here I am, Miss," whispered Herr Vendelin, who was keeping close to the wall, and now stretched out his hand to support the prize that was to be carried off.

"Oh, how afraid I am!" whispered she, "it is so dark."

"I have the lamp in my pocket; I shall bring it out as soon as we get into the outer garden."

"Are there no snakes there?"

"Dear me, no! they are all sleeping their winter sleep."

"Herr Director," whispered the lady again, now squeezing the arm of her escort, "I am not sure that I shall not faint when I see your friend."

"Oh, pray be easy on that score; he is now a long way off."

"A long way off?"

"Why, he'll be back directly; he went in my carriage to the next village to bring the priest. In half an hour they will be here; by

that time you will have become accustomed to your situation."

For all that Miss Natalie irrevocably promised to faint as soon as Bogumil arrived. She was already disposed to do so. Herr Vendelin's cares were directed to keeping up her spirits until the final catastrophe should take place, which it was to be hoped would not be long. Why, the next village was for good horses scarcely half an hour's drive, so that in an hour's time both the priest and the bridegroom would have arrived ; till then the Herr Director had to amuse the bride with his conversation.

The hour, however, passed away, and then another hour, and still the bridegroom did not make his appearance. Miss Natalie had begun once or twice to cry, and had left off, while Herr Maxenpfutsch was conscious of yawning more than was becoming. The minutes which are passed in waiting for a tardy bridegroom have great effect on the nerves of the groom's best man, still more on those of the bride.

It was now past midnight, and still Bogumil

had not arrived. A terrible idea occurred to Miss Natalie.

“Sir, if by some chance he should not come to-night, what would the world say?—that I—that you—that we—here—together—outside the chateau—spent the whole night till morning!”

Herr Vendelin’s blood ran cold at the suggestion. That would be a fatal situation. Why, then *he* would be obliged to marry the “Miss.”

“Oh! that is impossible,” said he, by way of calming the lady’s anxiety, “that is utterly impossible. I am certain of my friend, when I have once named him my friend. He is a man of constancy and character.”

“That was not what I meant; but supposing some accident happened to him on the road. Perhaps the carriage has been overturned in the ditch by the roadside, and he has been hurt; or he has been attacked by robbers, defended himself bravely and been killed; or he may have lost his way in the dark.”

“Oh no; do not disturb yourself, I pray; I know why he is so long. Doubtless the priest

was called away to administer the sacrament to some one in danger of death. You know, Miss, a priest's first duty is to attend to the dying, and then to those who wish to get married."

After this they both of them agreed that in truth one who wanted to die had more reason to be impatient than one who wanted to get married.

But, alas! there was time for the priest to have even buried the dead, so long were the hours which now passed slowly away. It struck one—two—three o'clock; and still the carriage had not come back. Certainly they have fallen in with robbers.

"Do not be afraid; I hear the sound of wheels; the coach is driving into the courtyard. Well, it is good that they have arrived at last. I knew that the whale had not swallowed them up; but for all that they made even me anxious. Now, Miss, courage and strength."

"Sir, I cannot warrant myself not to faint, as soon as I hear his well-known footsteps."

But the well-known footsteps would not be

heard, and one may imagine how unpleasant it is to keep oneself a long time ready to faint. Five minutes passed, and yet nobody knocked at the door. What can have happened out there? Herr Vendelin was now obliged to beg pardon of Miss Natalie for leaving her a moment alone, as it was necessary for him to see what was keeping them out there. With that he stepped out into the passage, at the end of which he saw somebody standing, and greeting him—

“Your humble servant, reverend sir; pray come in.”

It was only when he got nearer the object, and his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, that he perceived that he was addressing his own cloak which was hung up there.

In the courtyard stood the close carriage. The coachman had taken out the horses, and was walking them about.

“Well, Antony! Antony!”

“Good morning,” growled the old coachman.

“What dost thou mean by good morning, stupid? I have not yet been to bed.”

“Nor have I, but for all that it is getting on for morning.”

“What has happened? What have ye done?”

“What have *we* done? Why, *I* drove the horses, and *they* went with me.”

“Don’t play the fool. And the others?”

“The other two horses are being walked about by the groom.”

“Art thou mad, old fool? I am asking about Herr Bogumil.”

“Oh! Why, I took him where you were pleased to tell me.”

“Well, and then?”

“And then? Why, then he sent his compliments to the Herr Director.”

“Did he remain there?”

“No, surely; for he instantly ordered *post-horses* and went further.”

“Post-horses! Why, there is no posting-house in the village.”

“But I was not in the village; I was in the town.”

“In the town! And what did he say?”

“He said that he thanked the Herr Director

for his kind assistance, and would always keep him in remembrance."

"My kind assistance! And the Miss; what message did he send to the Miss?"

"To the Miss?"

"Yes, to Miss Natalie."

"What *message* did he send her?—Gee up, Bay;" and Antony led the horses further.

"Stop, thou scoundrel!" shouted Herr Vendelin after him. "Whither goest thou?"

"The horses will catch cold if they stand still."

"Why dost thou not answer my question?"

"But what can I say to such a question as 'what message did he send to the Miss?'"

"Why, either he did send some message, or he sent no message. There is no third case."

"But there is."

"What?"

"How can a man send or not send a message to a person whom he is taking with him?"

"Whom did he take with him?"

"Why, the Miss."

"What Miss?"

"As if I did not know the Miss; as if I did not know the green veil which she is

accustomed to wear so that the sun should not burn her face, and the bonnet with the yellow flowers, and the straw-coloured silk mantilla ; as if I did not know what the Miss is like ! ”

“ Holy Lord in Bavaria ! ” cried Herr Vendelin, striking his forehead ; “ what has happened ? Didst not thou hear that person’s voice ? ”

“ They spoke very low before me, and in French. ”

“ Where didst thou pick her up ?—when ?—how ?—and under what circumstances ? ”

“ Why, I just did as you were pleased to command. The Herr Director said : ‘ Antony, harness four horses to the covered carriage, and drive it round empty to the garden-door on the lower road ; there wait quietly. There Herr Bogumil will come presently ; take him up and then he will tell you where to drive to, and then take up somebody else, he will tell you whom. ’ All this I did. I stopped under the garden. It was already pretty dark when the young gentleman came out of the garden door. The Miss was clinging to his arm. He

opened the carriage-door, and helped the Miss in. I asked whither he wanted me to drive, and he said, 'into the town.' In the town we stopped before the posting-house; there the young gentleman got out, and ordered horses. The Miss, during this time, stopped in the carriage. Then, when the post-chaise and horses were come round, he helped her from one carriage into the other. They had a travelling bag which he did not allow anybody to touch but himself. The Miss put into my hand a silver dollar, which does not pass here; the young gentleman gave me a counter for playing cards, wrapped up in paper. No doubt he made a mistake; he thought that he was giving me a double ducat. With that they said *adieu*, the post-horn blew, and I turned round and came back, and here I am."

After hearing this pretty story, Herr Vendelin burst into the room with such violence as almost to pull the door off its hinges. The Miss inside hearing the noise, threw her head back on the cushion of the sofa, and was just *en train* to fall into the arms of Morpheus's later-born brother, the swoon, whom the pagan

mythology somehow forgot to set down in its roll of gods, when Herr Vendelin flung his cap on the ground, and, with a ghastly countenance, exclaimed :

“ Well, Miss Natalie, now *I* shall faint. That scoundrel has carried off another woman in Miss’ clothes, and I have a terrible suspicion as to who it is.”

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE A. (P. 16). *Reichsgesetzblatt*.

It may seem strange that the laws of an empire should appear as a periodical, to be taken in like a newspaper, though our annual and other legal publications present some analogy to the *Reichsgesetzblatt*. In the case of the Austrian Empire after 1848, it must be remembered that the absolutist reformers, in their passion for unification, arbitrarily abolished the various systems of law which had prevailed in the different portions of that empire, and substituted the Austrian Code, which they had then to adjust, as seemed to them good, to the peculiar circumstances of each particular country. The *Reichsgesetzblatt* was published in German and in bi-lingual versions, having on one column the German text, and on the other a translation into one of the following *nine* languages:—Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Slovak, Ruthenian, Servian, Illyrian, and Wallachian. Unless it was expressly stated otherwise, a new law came into operation on the forty-fifth day after its publication in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*.

NOTE B. (P. 41). *Petőfi's death.*

Alexander Petőfi, the most popular poet of Hungary, disappeared in a skirmish between Russian and Hungarian light cavalry, not far from the Saxon town of Segesvár, or Schässburg, in Transylvania. He was never seen afterwards, either alive or dead; and for a long time it was hoped that he had survived. Even so late as last year (1867) Mr. Jókai wrote, in the newspaper of which he is the editor, an article urging the Hungarian Government to use its influence with the Russian to allow of inquiries being made among the condemned in Siberia, with the view of ascertaining whether he was not still alive and in captivity. As may be easily imagined, there were several impostors, who, like the one in this story, imposed upon such honest patriots as Mr. Kampos, by pretending to be the lost poet.

NOTE C. (P. 57). *Ritter von Ehrenfels.*

This Ehrenfels was an adventurous swindler, who published a pamphlet setting forth the advantages which Hungary presented to the superfluous population of Germany, as a field of emigration. Of course

he recommended himself as emigration agent for this new America. About 160 Hanoverian families, deceived by his representations, migrated to Hungary, where, to their surprise, they found no unappropriated lands. In the course of two years they were glad to return from that land of promise to their own country, but they returned as beggars.

NOTE D. (P. 59). *Kurucz*.

The word *Kurucz*, which I have rendered by "malcontent," affords a curious instance of the tendency of words to drift away from their original meaning. It is a corruption of the Latin word *cruz*, and was first applied to the host of peasants got together by the Papal Legate, Thomas Bakacs, in 1514, for a *crusade* against the Turks. They, however, turned their arms against the nobles, and all the horrors of a *jacquerie* were perpetrated on both sides. Later, in the seventeenth, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, this anti-aristocratical name was appropriated by the aristocratical insurgents,—

the Russells and Cavendishes of Hungary,—who fought for “civil and religious liberty,” *i. e.* aristocratic privilege and Protestantism, against the Emperors Leopold I. and Joseph I. Thus it at last became a general appellation for the party opposed to the Court and its adherents.

END OF VOL. I.

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