

THE DREAMER'S HOME.

Where cloudland's towering mountains rise,
High swelling o'er the ether sea,
With white sail spread, through summer skies
I drift in passive reverie.
And the fairy isles that sleep
Encircled by the upper deep,
In pinace fair, with vapory sail,
The boundless sea of air I sail.

As far beneath my dreamful eyes,
Outspread in loveliness below,
The world's great panorama lies
A flash with sunset's ruddy glow.
The hamlets by the river's brim,
The cities vast on ocean's rim,
The wide sea decked with snowy sails,
The wooded hills, the happy vales.

Through narrow inlets blue and bright,
Twist mountain peaks of sun-gilt snow,
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,
My fairy pinace drifteth slow.
As fades the sunset light away
I anchor in my own bright bay,
With fingers deth I feel the sail
And seek my happy dreamland vale.

Clasped in the blue arms of the sky,
Secure from mortal griefs and ills,
My home a nook of beauty lies—
Shut in by tall, far-looking hills.
A stately, many-windowed pile,
Yet bright with sunset's dying smile,
Set in labyrinthine maze
Of tangled paths and winding ways.

Oh! ne'er has earthborn footstep pressed
The flower-enamelled velvet sod,
Nor care, a grim unwelcome guest,
The woodlands' winding ways hath trod:
No couchant beast in covert green
Hath stirred the forest's leafy screen,
Nor bird of evil plumage fanned
The air of this enchanted land.

Secure within my airy dome
The tumult of the darkened sphere,
Whose shadows wrap my earthly home,
Fall soft upon my spell-bound ear.
As falls the sound of wind and stream
In pauses of a forest dream,
As dies upon the level shore
The long, slow wave when storms are o'er.

To greet my coming far espied
The lamps are lit, the rooms are bright,
From door and casement, open wide,
Bright faces lean into the night.
Fair hands are waved, loved voices call,
I enter the enchanted hall,
Lulled by sweet songs and visions blest,
I sink to deeper dreamless rest.

Cambridge, Ill. HANNAH M. BRYAN.

FATALITY.

"But, chevalier, do consider—"

"But, baron, I have considered, and nothing you can say or do will shake my resolution. This is Tuesday. I give you till Thursday noon—not an hour beyond. If you are unwilling or unable—no matter which—to settle with me then, you know the consequences, and you will have to take them. Surely, it is easy enough for you to get the money from your uncle, who is worth millions; or, if he prove obdurate, why not address yourself to the prince? I know he has helped you before, and he will help you again."

"My uncle! You do not know the stern old man. When he cleared me the last time he made me take a solemn oath that I would keep henceforth within my very handsome allowance, and he swore that if I broke my oath he would cast me off for evermore, even though I am all the kith and kin he has in the world. The prince! How could I dare to face him with another application for help to discharge a gambling debt, after having pledged my word of honour to him that I would never again touch dice, card, or cue!"

"Well, baron, that is your lookout. I can only repeat I must have my money by Thursday noon, or—you know how you are likely to fare. Why not raise the money from the Jews? With your brilliant expectations, surely there ought to be no difficulty. A paltry ten thousand florins, pooh!"

"So I will, chevalier; I will raise the money from the Jews, at whatever sacrifice. Only you must give me time. One brief fortnight is all I ask—"

"I cannot do it."

"One week then. I swear to you, chevalier—I give you my sacred word of honour—in eight days from this you shall be paid."

"You swear! You give your word of honour! What, think you, is the value of your oath and of your word of honour? You have broken the one to your uncle, the other to the prince, and you expect me to trust in either? No. I must be in Paris next Monday, and I want to leave here on Thursday. You must make up your mind—either the one thing or the other. If you do not satisfy my claim at noon on Thursday, I post you as a defaulter, as one who, under the shield of high birth and supposed great wealth, stakes his credit and honour against hard cash, and when the cards and the dice fall against him, would pay the debt of honour contracted by him with idle promises to settle at some future time—promises which he means never to keep, most likely."

"Liar! Base liar and slanderer!" shouted the baron, the fair colour of his face turned to ashen gray, and his blue eyes flashing with uncontrollable fury. "You shall bitterly atone for this insult. Take that!" And with his delicate white hand he struck the chevalier a heavy blow straight in the face.

The swarthy complexion of the man thus assaulted grew a shade deeper and darker, and his evil black eyes shone with intenser malignity. He seemed to gather himself up for a deadly spring upon the baron; but this first impulse

was suppressed on the instant. He stood motionless for the space of a few seconds, then, with apparent calm, he took out his handkerchief, and coolly wiped the spurting blood off his face.

"Meseems, Sir Baron," he cried, with sneering irony, "you fancy you have felicitously discovered a new way of paying debts of honour. Pity only that there is a fatal flaw in your most ingenious device. I will not fight you before you have paid me, you see. So your crafty calculation comes to naught."

The baron, by a powerful effort, regained his composure.

"Be it so, sir," he said calmly. "Come here on Thursday, and you shall be paid. You had better provide yourself with a second meanwhile. We shall fight after."

And with a haughty gesture of dismissal, he turned on his heels, leaving the room in possession of his visitor.

The chevalier looked after him with a malignant scowl.

"Yes, be it so," he muttered; "his money first, his life after. Coarse German brute, to dare to strike me! Not that, but that the fire is burning my nails, it might have been as well not to drive him to desperation. But that cursed affair at Berlin has completely upset me. I somehow feel as if the bloodhounds were on my track, and my only safety lay in immediate flight to Paris. I dare not stay here, and I must gather every sou I can lay hands on. As for this German clown, I'll spit or shoot him like a dog before I go, or my trusty right hand must indeed have lost its cunning."

The Chevalier St. Hilaire belonged to a collateral branch of the ancient Lenoncourt family. He had in early life squandered a rich inheritance left him by his mother, only daughter and sole-heiress of Admiral Kerouart, a Breton nobleman, who had amassed great wealth by successful privateering in the wars between France and Great Britain. Of expensive tastes and prodigal habits, and utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous, the chevalier had, when his estates and money were gone, sold himself to the vile camarilla clique surrounding Marie Antoinette. A few years later he had gone over to the winning side, and had served Robespierre, Barras, and Fouché in succession. He was still in the pay of the French police, though he trusted chiefly to cards and dice to supply him with the means of living to his liking. His age was about fifty.

Baron Walter was a young man of twenty-four, descended from an ancient patrician family of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which had been ennobled by the German emperor about a century back. He was the last of his race, and had only one relative surviving on the mother's side, an uncle, to wit, Councillor Muller, a very wealthy old bachelor. The young baron was handsome and accomplished, and of most engaging manners. Unhappily, self-indulgence, self-conceit, and weakness formed the chief ingredients in his character. He was one of those neutral beings who, lacking alike exalted virtues and notable vices, are for that reason the most susceptible of yielding to the opportunity or force of circumstances, even to the commission of crime. More unhappily still, he was an ingrained gambler. He had gambled away his patrimony, and his uncle, who allowed him the very handsome sum of ten thousand florins a year, had more than once paid his debts. So had also the then Grand Duke of Frankfort, Charles Theodore (Dalberg), Prince Primate and President of the Rhenan Confederation, who had made him his first chamberlain, and with whom he was a great favourite.

He had recently had recourse to both these generous friends and protectors to free him from a load of rashly-incurred debts, and he had pledged his oath and his word of honour that he would henceforth reform. Nay, the very day before our story commences he had obtained from his uncle ten thousand florins, to take up an often-renewed bill given by him to one Lazarus Levi, then a rather well-known denizen of the Jewish quarter in Frankfort. He was aware that the uncle had taken care to inform Lazarus Levi that the baron would settle with him on the day the bill would fall due (Wednesday), and to request notice of the settlement to be forwarded to him; and he knew his uncle's sternness and firmness of character too well to dare to turn to other uses the money intrusted to him for this specific purpose.

Some ten days before the opening of our story the baron had lost to the Chevalier St. Hilaire some five thousand florins in cash, and ten thousand on his written promise to pay immediately when called on. This in brief explanation of the scene with which our story opens.

Later in the evening of the same day Lazarus Levi sat in the innermost sanctum of his house in the Jewish quarter, about three doors from the dwelling of the great Meyer Anselm Rothschild. It was a short time before the social and political emancipation of the Frankfort Jews, decreed by the noble and enlightened Dalberg.

In the free imperial city of Frankfort the Jews had had a specially hard life of it, and it continued still the habit with them to live apparently in misery and squalor in the wretched Jewish quarter. But although the outside and the outer rooms of the houses looked wretched enough, there was to be found in not a few of them an inner part handsomely and even luxuriously appointed in every respect, where the family really lived. It was so in Lazarus Levi's dwelling.

It was in a richly-furnished apartment then

that Lazarus Levi sat at supper with his wife and his two grown-up daughters. To look at the old man in splendid Oriental attire, his fingers bedizened with diamonds and rubies and sapphires and emeralds and costly pearls (a weakness indulged in to excess by most Orientals), no one surely, not intimately acquainted with the man, could possibly have taken him for the grimy-faced, dirty-handed old Jew, in ragged gaberdine and greasy headgear, universally known in Frankfort and for many miles round as Lazarus Levi, money-agent and diamond-broker; for, of course, he professed to be too poor to have money of his own to lend, or to own precious stones.

He had been telling his wife and daughters that he intended to go to Mayence next morning, a neighbour of his, one Aaron Veit, having proposed to take him there in his trap; that he expected to do a good stroke of business in precious stones offered for sale there; and that he would set out on his walk back early in the afternoon, so as to reach home before nightfall (it was in the month of July); and his wife was just enjoining upon him to order a butt of wine of their old friend, the landlord of the Golden Lamb, at Mayence, when the servant of the family, old Rachel, entered the room, to inform her master that a gentleman was waiting outside the street-door—for, without her master's orders, she would admit no one into the house—who had told her that he must see Mr. Levi that very night.

After a few moments' reflection the old man rapidly stripped off his rings, divested himself of his splendid upper attire, cast off his satin slippers, and, taking the oil-lamp out of Rachel's hand, proceeded to the outer room, where he expeditiously put on his old shoes, his ragged gaberdine, and his greasy cap. He then went to the door, opened the little window in the centre, and threw the light of the lamp on the face of his visitor.

He found, to his very great amazement, that it was Baron Walter who had risked himself thus late at night into the Jewish quarter. He cautiously and noiselessly undid the bolt, and admitted the Christian nobleman to the wretched room in which he generally transacted business with customers who called upon him.

The baron clearly had an important object in view; he was charming in his manner to the Jew. With condescending affability he gave the old man a friendly pat on the back (with an inward shudder at the contact of his aristocratic hand with the Jew's dirty, greasy vestment). "Ah, Lazarus, my good friend," he said, in a jovial tone, "you did not expect to see me to-night, I wager. I come on business, old man; to put a chance in your way to make a thousand florins. What think you of that?"

The old Jew darted a swift sly glance at the young man's face, in which he at once detected, beneath the assumed mask of jauntiness and mirth, unmistakable traces of deep anxiety and care. "The gracious Sir Baron," he said, in a slow hesitating way, "is very good and very kind to think of befriending poor old Lazarus, who will never live to be able to do anything in return for the gracious Sir Baron's great goodness to him."

"Now drop that, Lazarus, I say. You know that's a crammer," said the baron, giving the old man a friendly poke under the ribs. "The fact is, old man, I want you to renew my bill, which falls due to-morrow, for another two months, and I'll sign this new bill for eleven thousand florins instead of ten thousand. There, you old cormorant, there is an offer for you! But you must, of course, hand me the old document, and tell my uncle that I have paid you the money. What say you?"

"What can I say, most gracious Sir Baron! All I can say is that I cannot do it. You should know that I have got no moneys of my own. I am only the poor agent of Meyer Anselm, who has advanced the money to you through me, and has intrusted your bill to me simply for collection. He knows that your gracious Sir Uncle, the great Councillor Muller, has given you the money to take up the bill, and he expects me to pay it over to him on Friday morning, as I am obliged to-morrow to go to Mayence, and, having to walk all the way back, shall not be home in time to see him at night. Meyer Anselm is a good friend to me; I and my family live by him. But he is a strict man, and a man of business, and if he is not paid his money on Friday morning he will go to your gracious Sir Uncle to get his money there, as your gracious Sir Uncle has promised him."

"Nonsense, Lazarus; you know that you can do this for me," said the poor baron, his voice trembling with ill-suppressed emotion and anxiety. "Look here, I will make the interest two thousand florins, instead of one thousand—nay, I'll make it three thousand; only let me keep this money two months longer—I shall have plenty of money then."

"Would I not do anything to oblige the gracious Sir Baron, who is so good to me! But how can I! It is Meyer Anselm's moneys, which must be paid to him on Friday. Next week perhaps Meyer Anselm may consent to advance the money again to the gracious Sir Baron; but nothing can be done till then."

"Listen to me, Lazarus," said the baron desperately. "I must keep this money; I cannot part with it to-morrow. Do not tell me you cannot do this for me. I know that old Rothschild has nothing to do with the matter. It is your own money that you have lent me. If you let me keep it, I will sign you an undertaking to pay you thirty thousand florins at my uncle's death. You know the old man is above seventy."

The old Jew pondered deeply for some time.

The offer was a most tempting one. But he had in his pocket Councillor Muller's letter, in which he was plainly told that, in the event of the money not being paid by the baron, he, the councillor, would discharge the debt upon immediate application to him; but that he would under no circumstances and on no consideration ever again be answerable for any debt whatever contracted by his nephew, whom he was determined to cast off utterly and disinheret if after this he should go on drawing bills or contracting debts. And Lazarus knew both the councillor and the baron too well to have any doubt but that this was most likely to be the ultimate upshot of the matter.

So, having duly weighed in his mind the chances in favour of and against the baron's proposal, he resolved to have nothing to do with it—at least not just then. "The gracious Sir Baron," he said at last, with sharp decision, "must pardon me if I am forced to decline his gracious offer. I tell the gracious Sir Baron once more that I am but a poor agent in all loan transactions, and the gracious Sir Baron may ask Meyer Anselm, if he will not believe me. But I will talk to Meyer Anselm about the matter. I doubt not he will do it; I cannot, by the Taou-vef Jontof! which the gracious Sir Baron knows is a most solemn asseveration for a Jew to make."

After this the baron felt that it would be useless to pursue the subject further. He was even on the point of handing the amount of the bill at once over to Lazarus Levi; but he suddenly changed his mind.

"Well, then, Lazarus," he said, with assumed indifference, "it must even be as you will have it. You must try to raise the money for me next week. As you are going to Mayence to-morrow, you may call at my place in going, and bring the bill with you. I will pay you in notes, so that you will have no heavy load to carry along with you on your journey. Good-night."

With much bowing and scraping, and many hollow asseverations of his willingness to do anything in his power to serve the gracious Sir Baron, the Jew let out his visitor, who rapidly got away from the Jewish quarter to the respectable part of the grand-ducal city.

Early next morning Aaron Veit's trap drew up at the door of Baron Walter's villa, outside the city, on the road to Mayence. Old Lazarus, having got down, was speedily ushered into the baron's reception-room, where he was soon joined by the master of the place. Before handing the notes over to his Jew creditor, in exchange for the bill, Baron Walter made one last desperate effort to induce the old man to let him keep the money. He offered him a post-obit for one hundred thousand florins. It was in vain. The dazzling offer, instead of alluring the Jew, as the baron clearly had expected, tended only to make the Hebrew still more cautious. He firmly declined again, telling the baron, by way of consolation, that he had every reason to believe Meyer Anselm would do it for him next week. So the baron handed the money over at last, with a deep sigh, looking fixedly at Lazarus, saying with curious abruptness, and in somewhat sharp tones, "There, take your money; and may you not have reason to repent your morning's work before the day is out!"

Lazarus Levi paid little heed to this outburst of angry feeling. He climbed up again into the trap, rejoicing that he had got his ten thousand florins safe in his pocket, and he and his friend were soon rolling on the road to Mayence.

About an hour after, Baron Walter left his villa upon horseback. He rode into the city, where he called upon one of his intimates, a gentleman in the Grand Duke's service, with whom he took counsel about next day's hostile meeting with the Chevalier St. Hilaire. He then rode off in the direction of Hanau.

In the large guest-room of the Golden Lamb, at Mayence, sat two travellers, looking like journeymen craftsmen, with their knapsacks deposited on the ground near them. They were discussing with evident relish a magnum of Rhenish wine, which the host had served to them along with a huge omelet and a copious salad. The one was a handsome, olive-complexioned, dark-eyed man of about forty, clearly either an Italian or a Spaniard; the other was a fair-faced fair-haired blue-eyed unmistakable son of the great German Fatherland, which at that time, however, was simply a geographical and ethnical expression. To judge by the eagerness and gladness of their conversation, and the many handshakings across the table, it was clear that they were old friends who had accidentally met here after a long separation.

They were conversing in a language evidently unknown to the other inmates of the room. As mine host, however, was casting from time to time an intelligent glance in their direction, he perhaps understood what they were saying, though it certainly did not seem to interest him much.

Besides, the host's attention was soon altogether taken off the two strangers by the entrance of Lazarus Levi, whom Boniface heartily welcomed to his house; Master Ephraim Troll, the host of the Golden Lamb, being, though a very good Christian, a most intimate friend of the money-agent and his family.

A succulent dinner was soon placed before old Lazarus, who did full justice to it, and to the bottle of Rhenish out of the landlord's own special bin, which the two set about discussing with a hearty will.

So much good cheer opened the Jew's heart, and made him forget his habitual caution, to the