

THE BARON OF UTTERNHEIM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF N. FOURNIER.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

ONE morning in the month of August 1838, any one passing through the public square of a pretty little village of Germany, about half a league from Freudenberg, would have found himself involved in a crowd of the villagers, gathered around a young man, who was addressing them with great volubility. He held in his hand several papers, which he occasionally displayed to his attentive auditory, and at the head of which those stationed nearest could observe an engraving, representing a magnificent castle, surrounded by rich gardens; a description of the domain was appended, and above the whole flourished in fanciful characters, the magic words:

Lottery of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

This advertisement recalled to the villagers instances which they had seen, or heard related, of grand fortunes suddenly acquired by parties as poor as themselves, through means of this lottery.

"My worthy friends!" cried the young man—reciting from memory the printed description—"never again, perhaps, in the whole course of your lives, will a like opportunity of becoming rich and powerful, be presented to you." Of all the prizes which I have had at various times the honour of announcing, on behalf of the honorable bankers of Frankfurt, the present is certainly the most magnificent. It is the superb castle of Utternheim in Bavaria, with its handsome peristyle, courts paved with marble, ornamental fountains, a gallery containing the most valuable specimens of ancient and modern art, parks and forests of immense extent, and all other dependencies; the whole valued at 40,000 ducats, and conferring on the fortunate possessor, in addition, a title of nobility! 40,000 ducats, I repeat, may be obtained for the price of one of those tickets—just 20 florins! This lottery is divided into 90 series, and I have the honour of offering for your acceptance the 90 numbers of the 12th series. Come forward young men! sacrifice 20 florins, for the chance of becoming a fitting match for the loveliest heiress in all Germany; fathers of families, spare from your savings the paltry sum, which, multiplied by

fortune, may make your son a gentleman; mothers, make an effort to procure for your daughters a dowry worthy of a princess. In my hands is possibly the ticket, which will make you possessor of all the splendid advantages I have enumerated; choose and take!"

A confused murmur replied to his harangue, but no one stretched out his hand to receive the tickets he held out. The small means at their disposal, and a sort of shame of their credulous hopes, kept back even those most inclined to venture, so that after his last address, the crowd gradually dispersed, and the orator was left alone with all his tickets unsold. Still the lottery agent was not discouraged; he felt very certain, from his former experience, of succeeding in private, with some of those who had resisted his public advances.

With this confidence he was wending his way to the *Golden Sun*, the inn at which he had taken up his quarters, when he perceived in a corner of the square, a young man leaning against a wall in an attitude of profound meditation, his arms crossed, his head bent on his breast, and his eyes steadily fixed on the ground.

"Ah!" thought the lottery agent, "here is one of my speculators meditating on his chance of profit or loss! He seems in suspense; my eloquence may perhaps determine him."

Full of this idea, he advanced towards the young man; but he had no sooner desisted his countenance, than he arrested his steps, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"Ulric Müller! my early friend, is it you?"

"What! George Arnold?" replied the other, roused from his reverie, "was it you, then, who addressed the crowd just now? I thought I recognised you. You are employed by the bankers of Frankfurt now?"

"Yes, and in the fair way of making a fortune, I have a commission on each ticket I sell, and have already done a very good business. If by any chance, you have confidence enough in your star to venture in the lottery, you have only to speak. You may gain a superb castle, with handsome per-