

was slow and hesitating in his speech, and did not often elevate his eyes.

Zittaw had been settled in the forest about five years; he had come, nobody knew from whence; all that the people could tell was, that he had purchased the lease of his farm at an auction, and had brought his stock from Bohemia. His farm was known not to be a very profitable concern, which proceeded in part from his inattention, and partly from the very high terms at which he rented it. His landlord was the baron of Darmstadt, a man who racked his tenants unmercifully: restrained them from all pleasures and rural enjoyments: put into severe execution the laws for protecting game, and was in every respect such a tyrant and a hunter, that the first Nimrod was a merciful and moderate man when compared to him.

Zittaw had the misfortune to offend the baron, by falling under the suspicion of killing a hare upon his domain; the fact, indeed, was not proved against him, or he might have been imprisoned, perhaps hanged; but he had incurred a violent suspicion, and received notice to deliver up his farm on the next rent day. Mary, though aware of her lover's situation, did not on that account hesitate to accept an offer of marriage which he had made her, and an invitation to accompany him to settle in his native country, Bohemia. There was one impediment only; it was Andrew Risborough. If there was one man whom Andrew disliked more than another, it was Zittaw! and there was no one who shared the bitter hatred of Zittaw to such a degree as Andrew Risborough. The honest man well knew of the attachment subsisting between Mary and Frederic, and had often warmly and passionately cautioned her against him. Mary loved her father tenderly, but her duty was languid when engaged against her affections; she devoted on Zittaw to distraction; confided everything to him; believed him to be as innocent as herself; and resolved to comply with his wishes, however extravagant. Banishment from her native province, the desertion of a father whom she dearly loved, poverty and distress, were all evils too light to weigh in the same scale with affection for her lover.

After an interview one summer's evening in a paddock behind the Golden Fleece, Mary returned to her home silent, pensive, and disturbed. The house was full of guests, but Mary had lost her usual vivacity and officiousness; the bells rung,—the waiter was called,—the guest wondered,—Andrew was astonished,—but nothing could dispel the care and deep reflection which seemed seated on her

countenance. Andrew inquired the cause; Mary gave no answer.

When the house was cleared of visitors at the customary hour of night (for in Saxony all houses of entertainment must be closed at a fixed time), Mary retired to her chamber, where, instead of undressing, she began to adorn herself with more than usual gaiety. She took out a box in which she had preserved with great care all the remaining trinkets and jewels which the lady of rank, to whom we have alluded, had left her, and which were very valuable: she put on her necklace, earrings, and bracelets, and disposed of various pins, brooches, and smaller articles, within the thick ringlets of her hair; and then, dressing herself in virgin white, she sallied out of the Golden Fleece before day light, and long ere any person in the village was stirring. She bid adieu to her home with a melancholy serenity; she shed tears as she looked back upon the village, buried in sleep and tranquillity, but resolved to show her lover the strength of her affection, by the fortitude with which she resigned everything for his sake.

He met her at the appointed spot. The reason of this elopement is easily conjectured: Zittaw's rent-day had arrived, which was that likewise of his quitting his farm. He had made no provision, nor did he ever intend to pay his rent; but had secretly disposed of his stock, and sold everything valuable, leaving a naked possession for his landlord. Having determined to stay no longer in the neighborhood of Darmstadt, he had invited Mary to accompany him to his native province in Bohemia, where he had engaged to marry her; and with the assistance of what he himself had saved from the wreck of his farm, and the sale of Mary's valuable jewels, it was his proposal to purchase a good house of trade, and commence inn-keeper. Mary assented to the plan, and the present morning was fixed upon for the flight.

They were now upon the borders of the forest of Darmstadt, one of great extent, the feudal rights of which, the free warren, and all the paramount claims, belonged to the baron of Darmstadt. The sun had now risen, and the lovers walked forward with a brisk step. Mary told Zittaw how she had disposed of her trinkets about her person. "I have stuck the smaller ones in my hair, and I fear," said she, "they are so fixed in it, that I must cut it off to disengage them."

"We will think what is to be done by and by," said Zittaw.

Her lover walked so fast, that Mary could scarcely keep up with him, but she scorned to betray weariness. She was very silent, and