

ary of another state. He spent the first night in a little town, where he heard that war had been declared between the two princes, on account of a distinguished officer whom one of them had seized within the territory of the other, and whom he kept confined in a castle. Frederic, without giving credit to this news, which he considered as a mere groundless report, continued his journey the following day. He had not got more than two leagues, when he resolved to stop for repose at a village situated on the banks of a beautiful lake celebrated for its baths. At that moment a man of commanding aspect and noble appearance, clad very simply and without a hat, came running up—

"Friend, save me," he exclaimed; "I am the Count of Lowe, prime minister of the sovereign of this country: but I cannot tell you all my history, it would be too long. They will not fail to ravage our territories again, as they have done already. Lend me, I pray you, a dress, in order that they may not recognize me, should I be overtaken. Come afterwards to see me, at my castle of Blankenstein, which is only four leagues distant, and depend on my gratitude. Yes believe me, I am not a malefactor," he added with dignity.

Frederic, who recollected what he had heard at the inn where he had passed the night, made no difficulty; opened his portmanteau; took out of it the old wig and morning-gown; gave them to the count, together with his stick and hat, and said to him, pressing his hand:—"May God be your supporter and guide."

The count dressed himself in haste, and departed. Frederic put his portmanteau on his shoulder, and continued his journey. Ten minutes after, he saw a cloud of dust, and soon distinguished six soldiers coming at full speed towards him. He put on a cap of white cotton, and hummed a tune which he knew from his infancy. The soldiers coming up, looked at him:—"It is not he," said one of them.

"Tell us, young man," said another, "did you not meet a person clad in such and such a manner?"

"I saw an old man," replied Frederic, smiling, "but he wears a large wig, is clad in a morning gown, and rests on a stick; he is not far hence, and seems suffering, he looks like a sick man that has not gone out for some time, and is now taking the fresh air. But I see, good men, that you do not wear the uniform of this country; take care of yourselves, and don't go too far, otherwise you will soon regret your temerity."

The soldiers regarded him with an air of astonishment, not knowing whether to go farther or not; however, they wished at all hazards to recapture the man who had escaped from prison; and spurring their horses, they soon came up to the count. He, having seen them afar off, sat under a tree, near

a ditch, like a man exhausted by fatigue, who could scarcely walk. The soldiers examined him; they recognised him to be the man whom Frederic had described to them, but not the one they sought. The count coughed and sighed, the better to receive them, and by these stratagems escaped detection—the soldiers turned, and soon recrossed the frontier which they had violated.

Frederic, seeing himself free from all fear, also rested, for the heat was excessive. "Already," said he to himself, "I am deprived of the souvenir which my father left me! Did I do well to give these things to a man with whom I am unacquainted? I know not. Possibly this man is indeed the officer whom I heard spoken of at the inn—it is possible, also, that he is a malefactor: however, he seemed to me worthy of pity, and therefore I ought not to regret having assisted him. Still, I should be sorry to have given to a bad man, that which has never been worn but by an honest man. Let us see a little; he called his castle Blankenstein. I must learn if there is in this country a castle of that name."

Having recovered a little from his fatigue, Frederic continued his journey. It was near noon, when he arrived at the village; he there found the peasants greatly excited; some laughed heartily, others seemed to wish to perform wonders, and were brandishing their swords, crying out, "Let them come, if they dare we will soon drive them back to the frontier."

Frederic, not knowing what was the matter, addressed himself to one, and asked him what was the cause of the excitement? "I will tell you," answered the peasant in a tone which much amused our young traveller; "it is, you see, because his excellency, the count of Lowe has escaped from prison where he has been confined for seven months. The soldiers have had the boldness to pursue him even into this country, which is no longer dependent on their sovereign; but behold his coming, sir, he deceived them by putting on a large wig and an old morning-gown, which some unknown person whether it was an angel or the devil, it matters little, lent him; then he began to cough and the soldiers did not recognise him; after which he came here and related to us this adventure." The man then burst forth again into a loud fit of laughter.

"And where is the Count of Lowe?" asked Frederic.

"He took a carriage to go to his castle, which is only four leagues hence. He set out in his singular dress to amuse his wife and children."

"How is his castle called?"

"Blankenstein, and it deserves that name; for it is situated on white rocks, which may be seen afar off. I have been there a hundred times, when I was yet a miller's boy," He then related many tales, true or false, concerning Blankenstein. Fre-