

said he, "that I shall not see that noble young man again, who so kindly lent me his wig and morning gown. I will be miserable, if I have not the satisfaction of testifying to him my gratitude for the favour that he has conferred upon me. I should like to know what he wished to do with these articles, which were so carefully wrapped up in his portmanteau.

"He is perhaps a strolling actor, one of those buffoons who frequent the country to amuse the people," replied the countess.

"I don't believe it, picture to yourself a mild and agreeable countenance, a nobleness of manner, clouded by a certain melancholy; a person of tall stature" All on a sudden, he hears the crack of the coachman's whip, and sees the carriage return. The count went to the window "Ah! it is my preserver that comes—Constance send the children out." said he to his wife, "in order that I may be alone with this young man; however, you may remain."

A moment after, Frederic entered the parlor.—The count advanced to meet him, pressed him to his heart, and testified his lively gratitude for what he had done for him. The countess likewise thanked him for having contributed in restoring her husband to her. The count made him sit down, and asked him his name, his business, and in what he could serve him. Frederic answered him with a tone of modesty, which charmed the noble lord; he also showed him the certificates of his professors. The count read them with attention. Frederic had too much delicacy to mention the ill treatment of which he had been the victim. "From this day forward said the count to him, after having asked him many questions, "I will take care of you. My family and myself start for the capital to-morrow; you will accompany us. I do not wish the prince to hear of my escape from any other than myself, and I will present myself before his highness in the same dress that I wore when I came to surprise my wife and children.—This is not very respectful, you may think, but the prince is my friend, and this will amuse him. I wish you to leave me this wig and morning-gown: I will keep them carefully, to remind me continually that to them I owe my liberty."

"These articles," replied Frederic, "have little value in themselves, but they are very precious in my eyes, and I cannot part with them."

"Why not?"

"Because they are the only souvenir that I have of a dear father."

"But your father must have had a fortune, since he has given you so excellent an education."

"My father left a very large fortune; but his second wife who was not my mother, used her influence over him to deprive me of my inheritance, and to draw from the weak old man a will entirely in favour of her own son. By inheritance I received only this wig and morning-gown, as a punishment for faults I never committed. I will, then, keep them, because the blessing of my father is attached to them, and I am happy in possessing them, because they have already rendered a service to such a man as your Excellency."

The count was struck at these words. He reflected some moments, then asked Frederic if he had any money, since his father had not left him any thing.

"I will tell you the whole truth, my lord; I should not have had wherewith to pay the expenses of my journey, had not one of my friends, formerly my fellow student, advanced me a hundred crowns. It is the attorney at Corlin, who has been so generous to me in my necessity."

The count wrote on a piece of paper the name of Corlin, attorney at Willemburg.

Frederic was then conducted to a fine room, and the count appointed him a servant. What a pleasant night he spent in the castle! The future did not seem so dreary; his thoughts ranged on the most agreeable subjects.

The next day the family set out for the capital. The count carried the comical dress which had aided his escape, and also a suit ornamented with gold lace, and covered with badges of the orders of which he was a member. Frederic travelled in a separate carriage with the son of the count. Being desirous to know why the count had been taken from his castle and shut up in the tower, from which he escaped the day before,—he put many questions about it to his companion, who informed him that his father had become an object of hatred to the neighbouring prince, because he had recommended to his sovereign many vigorous measures to stop the smuggling that had been carried on with impunity, and would not consent to the dismemberment of one of the finest provinces, which this same prince claimed. "My father," added the young count, "was then prime-minister, and the most influential man in the country; our enemies knew that he directed the councils of our sovereign. To punish his fidelity to his prince, they watched the moment when he was to spend some days at the very castle which we have just left, and carried him from the garden to his prison. Our prince protested against this infraction of the law of nations; he demanded the liberty of his most devoted servant: he threatened war; but he obtained nothing, and my father still remained a prisoner. We did