A NEW WAY OF MAKING MONEY.

A STORY.

Trinity Term—hot, dusty, feverish Trinity Term—was over at last; the mace-bearer had taken away his bauble, and deposited the same in a strong box, where it was destined to remain until the 2d of November; the Lord Chancellor had smiled a learned smile, as he doffed his robes, and thought of the Kentish hop gardens; Sergeant Swillers had dried his eyes, red with much weeping over the matrimonial quarrels of 'his own his native land;' the exciting case of Potts *v.* Robinson, together with the tender correspondence exchanged between that 'lowly maiden in her flower,' as my friend Bob Strong touchingly described his client, the barmaid of 'The Hole in the wall,' and that profligate young aristocrat, Ensign Robinson of the—st West India Regiment; even my own little suit about a mill and a water-course, on which I had expended considerable forensic eloquence, and, in imitation of a distinguished living statesman, had instructed the bucolic minds of twelve sturdy Britons as to the glorious nature of the Bill of Rights—all these things had passed away, and we were let out of school for the long vacation.

Now, I maintain that no one but a lawyer, who has spent the loveliest part of the summer cooped up in half-suffocating courts, too often wasting entire days on the back-benches, vainly waiting for that 'occasion sudden' which, alas! so seldom comes, can appreciate fully the magic of those three little words—the long vacation. Visions of green fields and mountain-glens—if his tastes be pastoral; of pump-rooms, circulating libraries, umbrella-shaped hats, and telescopic views of mermaids emerging from bathing-machines—if social; of the moors or the Mediterranean—if adventurous: these float across his mind in delightful confusion. Two entire months to go where he likes, do what he likes, and dress how he likes!—why, it is absolutely worth while going through a course of *Fern on Contingent Remainders*—and these are big words—to relish those two months with true smack. Fancy me, then, most benevolent reader, seated one fine August night in my solitary chambers in the Temple, smoking thepipe of tranquillity, listening to the plash of the fountain below, and revolving in my mind a number of cheap pedesterian excursions. At length I grew so embarrassed in the choice, that I am more than half inclined to take my gun, and ramble quietly down to my dear old aunt in Devonshire—when I suddenly recollect receiving some months ago a letter from my friend Fritz von H———. I was too busy at the time to pay much attention to its contents, especially as they were conveyed through the medium of the German language, in a hand by no means the most intelligible; so that I now opened my desk, and reperused the epistle, which I found contained an intimation of the marriage of the High well-born Freiherr von H——— with the ditto Fraulien Bertha von S———, and, what was much better, a pressing invitation to come and visit him in his new abode in the Berg Strasse.

Fritz had been my college-chum, or *dutzcamarade*, as they say in Germany; and I had never seen the kindhearted fellow, since we parted one winter night, years ago, on the bridge of Mayence—I to shave off my moustaches, and become a member of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple; and my friend to enter the 3d Uhlan Regiment of His Imperial Royal Majesty the Emperor of Austria. My mind was made up in a minute, I wrote a few lettere, thrust half-a-dozen clean shirts into my knapsack, hunted out my passport, and by noon next day was pleasantly steaming down the Thames in the Antwerp boat. —After a lounge through Belgium, I made my way to Heidelberg, and engaged a *voiturier* to drive me over to the village, where my friend resided. To my surprise, on reaching W——, and enquiring the direction of the house, mine host immediately assumed an air of profound respect. He was delighted, he said, to be of service to any friend of the noble Baron von H———, and would himself accompany me to the *schloss*; but just at this instant, a handsome open carriage drove up to the door, and a gentleman alighting, inquired whether any English traveller had recently passed through the village—that in case such a person arrived, he was immediately to be conveyed to the castle, as a visitor from that country was hourly expected. For a moment, I could scarcely believe that the polished stranger before me was the veritable Fritz of yore; but all doubts were speedily removed by his recognising and welcoming me with a warmth that would seem exaggerated to an Englishman accustomed only to our own undemonstrative manners.

As soon as the first greetings were over, I discharged my slender bill at the *gasthaus*, handed my knapsack to the astonished chasseur, and took my seat in the carriage by my friend's side. He was in high spirits, and whipped the horses on to a gallop, until we reached a pretty lodge-gate, through which we drove up to a charming country house, constructed out of the remains of a feudal castle that had formerly belonged to an ancestor of the present proprietor. A servant in livery now conducted me to my bedroom, from whose Gothic windows I could feast my eyes on the scenes where so many years of my boyhood had been spent, and drink in the full beauty of that unrivalled landscape, with the Rhine in the distance, like a huge silver snake winding along through that 'land of joy' as the dear old *minnesanger* called this territory. I was next introduced to Madame la baronne, a very charming girl, with the clear blonde complexion and homely grace so characteristic of her countrywomen—a grace which welcomes you as a cousin or very near connection of the family. The dinner was excellent; the Sillery sparkled in the rich crystal; the Steinberger had the true amber glow; and above all, the coffee and *canaster*, served afterwards in a delicious little smoking-room, whose walls glittered with a fantastic exhibition of the pipes of all nations, were absolutely all that mortal man could desire. Really, thought I to myself, as I lay awake that night, Fritz must by some means or other have become possessed of Aladin's lamp, Fortunatus's purse, or one of those delightful machines for converting gold out of dry leaves, so plentiful in the reign of Haroun al Raschid of blessed memory, but which seem unfortunately to have entirely disappeared with the califate of Bagdad. There was something fairylike and unreal in all this wealth; and had I found on awaking next morning, that the schloss had vanished into thin air, and that I was the inmate of a cottage in the middle of a wood, the guest of my old friend Fritz the forrester, and his pretty little wife Bertha, in an apple-green spencer, I don't think I should have expressed much astonishment; in fact, I rather fancy I anticipated some such miracle to take place, and was consequently slightly disappointed at finding nothing supernatural had occurred during the night. To explain this, I must let you into a little secret concerning Fritz's previous position in the world. He was the son of a poor officer, who had made the campaign of Moscow under the German hero, Emilie of Hesse-Darmstadt, and had, by strict economy, been enabled to send his son to the university of Heidelberg, where we first became acquainted. But nature never intended that my friend should become a doctor of philosophy; and so, after neglecting his lectures, fighting a score of duels, and making a grand reputation at the *kneipe*, his father removed him in despair, and, with some difficulty, procured him a cadetship in in the Austrian hussars. Here, as elsewhere, he soon became a leading favourite; his handsome person and generous qualities rendered him the admiration of the ladies and the pride of his corps he ate, drank, danced, made merry like a lion-hearted dragoon as he was, and got into debt. Two years ago, he wrote me a very desponding letter, wherein he stated his embarrassed circumstances, and his intention of seeking active service in some other land; so that his present affluence naturally astonished me, and I could only account for his good-fortune by ascribing it entirely to his wife. However, as he never evinced any desire to be communicative on this point of history, I felt a delicacy in alluding to the subject, and gradually dismissed it from my mind.

We had a glorious autumn! The fine bracing air of the Berg Strasse sent the blood coursing through my veins with a tingling alacrity unknown for many a weary month of my parchment life. The glow and keen enjoyment of youth seemed again restored to me, and I met with no unlucky *contre-temps* to disturb my perfect enjoyment. Both my friends were the kindest of all conceivable hosts and hostesses, ever scheming little parties of pleasure or excursions into the neighbouring mountains, and rendering the same doubly attractive by their fine social qualities. Then on grand occasions, Fritz and myself used to depart in great splendour for the chase; and I felt that, for a Chancery lawyer, I really represented pretty respectably the race of British Nimrods amid this conclave of hirsute cavaliers.

But alas! and alas! even the long vacation will pass away; and the brown woods and falling leaves now warned me that Michaelmas term was near at hand, and that I must prepare for my departure home—home! What a bitter mockery there was in the very idea of my home!—a home in the Temple, where my most cordial welcome would proceed from an ancient female of unattractive aspect (my laundress!), and a dismal bobbledehoy with a profusion of unkempt red hair (my clerk!)

One evening towards the close of my visit, Fritz and I were sitting alone in the *rauchzimmer* chatting pleasantly over our early friendship, and recalling the *bursch* life with all its vanished joys and sorrows. It was a wild night. The wind howled in fitful gusts across the mountains, and came moaning through the old belfry in accents of despair. Heavy masses of clouds scudded rapidly along the heavens, and everything betokened a storm. It was just such a night as the spectral huntsman and his lawless gang would choose for their unearthly glee amidst the Harz Mountains—such a night as, if sleeping alone in a certain ruined tower not far distant, I should fully expect about two o'clock the panel of the wainscotting to open with an unearthly sound, and a lady in white to advance stealthily to my side, and imprint *three* frozen kisses on my brow, then, with uplifted finger and a reproachful glance, slowly restire. In fact, it was one of those nights when, bluster as we will, we are all of us superstitious, and when, for my own part, I would assuredly prefer the society of a boon-companion over a steaming bowl of punch, to being left alone in any ruined tower in any part of Germany. The wind rose higher and higher, and the dismal shriek-owl mingled its notes with those of a dog in the village, baying at the moon. We drew nearer the fire, threw a fresh log on, and smoked hard. My friend was evidently distrait and uneasy; and after an unusually long pause, during which he puffed out enormous mouthfels of smoke, he turned suddenly round and said:

'Harry, since you have been here, you have often wondered how I became possessed of my present fortune. I know it. I could see it in every look. I enjoyed mysitfying you; but I never intended letting you depart without telling you how I made my money. You remember a Werterish sort of a letter I wrote you a year or two ago. About that time, I was in considerable trouble. Our regiment had been stationed for some months in a small town on the Bohemian frontier; and, as I had nothing else to do, I managed to fall in love, veritably over head and ears in love, with the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman. At first, all went on prosperously enough, and I had already constructed some very magnificent *chateaux en Espagne* for our future abode. My love was amply returned; and the confiding innocence of a young country girl, fresh and pure as one of her own mountain-flowers contrasted so favourably with the artificial graces of the great ladies I had recently left in Vienna, that I felt a tremulous rapture, difficult to describe in possessing the affections of so pure a heart. Matters went on in this happy way for some time; but "always to woo, and never to wed," although good in a song, becomes a bore in reality; so I screwed up sufficient courage one afternoon, as we were sitting alone chatting "across the walnuts and the wine," to ask the count's consent to our marriage. He seemed perfectly astonished, and asked me what fortune I had to support a wife upon. Here was a knock down blow to all my hopes. Fortune—my fortune! Surely it must be a joke for any one to ask Lieutenant Fritz von H——— what his fortune was. But I resolved to use no deception; so I gave the old gentleman a minute and graphic account of my worldly possessions. As I concluded, he rose, saying very quietly:

"I wish to avoid all recriminations. If you have been wrong in playing the *role* of an adventurer—pardon the expression—I was equally to blame in encouraging your visits; therefore I cast no reproach upon your conduct: it is what men of the world and romance-writers would applaud. Now, let there be no further doubt on this subject. Your are a suitor for my daughter's hand; her affections, you say, are already yours, and I believe your general character to be fair and honourable. I therefore will not raise any unnecessary obstacles in the way of your union" (I was ready to embrace the old fellow for joy), "but there are conditions" (my face fell immediately) "which must be fulfilled before my consent can be obtained. I consider that it would not be prudent for two young people in your station of life to marry much under a yearly income of 6000 florins. My daughter's marriage-portion will not exceed the moiety of this sum. Therefore, my young friend, you will see that until you can make up the difference, I should not be doing my duty were I to yield to your wishes;" and so saying, he rang the bell, and bowed me out of the room with perfect courtesy.

'I left the house mechanically without saying a word. I was quite stupified, and continued so for the next few days. I have the recollection of writing a letter to the dear girl I was losing, but what about, it would puzzle me much to tell. At length the colonel, seeing how ill I looked, gave me a month's leave of absence, and advised me strongly to travel. Caring but little where I went, I found myself, after a week's ramble, deposited one afternoon just outside the pretty village of Homburg, where I engaged a quiet lodging for a few days. The neighbouring scenery pleased me; and that was lucky, for I cared nothing just then, as you may believe, for drinking, or gaming, or sociality of any kind. That evening I read part of *Zanoni*, took a stroll in the Frankfort road, and returned to bed at an early hour. When I awoke next morning, the first object that met my eye was a large heap of gold carefully piled up on the dressing-table. Strange that I had not noticed it before. I must have mistaken my bedroom, or made some confounded blunder; so I immediately rang the bell, and demanded an explantion of the mystery. The landlady could not solve it; I was in my own room; no money was left there last night; the servants had neither seen nor heard any one moving about the house, consequently, I must have placed the gold on the table myself.

'Unable to get any explanation, I carefully counted the money, which amounted to the large sum of 10,000 florins, and locked it up in my portmanteau, fully expecting to have a claimant for it in the course of the day. But, to my great surprise, no such person appeared, and I went to bed that night with these riches still in my possession, previously taking the precaution to lock my door and placethe key under my pillow. The following morning, a similiar heap of gold and bank-notes stood on my table. I sprang out of bed, unlocked my portmanteau, and found the money I had deposited there untouched. I next examined the room: there was no entrance but through the door, and his was fastened, and the key safely stowed away under the pillow. I now called the landlady, and somewhat sternly rebuked her for permitting these practical jokes in her house; but the poor woman's face too plainly shewed that she at least was innocent of all participation in them; so that I again counted the money, and placed it with the other sum.

'That night, before going to bed, I made a minute survey of the premises, carefully hasping the window and locking the door; but the good fairy who supplied me so liberally with gold, was not to be shut out thus easily, and I found on awakening a larger sum than ever on my table. It was perfectly useless asking the landlady or servants any further questions—they only stared at me; and the other lodgers were by no means persons of affluence. Unable, therefore, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I rambled about the promenade in a somewhat dreamy state of mind that day. I thought people seemed to look at me in a peculiar manner as I passed along, but this was probably mere fancy on my part. Towards evening, I received a letter from my darling girl, saying that she had at length succeeded in inducing her father to accept me as his future son-in-law, and that they were now on their way to Homberg. The count added a few lines, wherein he stated that this decision was caused partly by his daughter's entreaties and failing health, and also by the excellent character my colonel had given him of me. You can easily imagine my joy at this unexpected announcement; in fact, it was almost greater than I could with safety bear in my then excited state of mind. Brimful of happiness, I ate a light supper that evening, smoked two or three pipes, and was sound asleep long before midnight; but although I went to bed at an early hour, I felt unusually lethargic in the morning, and when I awoke, it was ten o'clock, and the count was waiting for me in the adjoining room. I sprang out of bed to embrace him.

"Hold, sir!" said he, drawing himself up proudly, "I promised my daughter's hand to a poor but honorable man; it shall never be given to a wealthy blackleg"—and he pointed scornfully to the table, where, as usual, lay a mass of bank-notes and gold.

'I felt the blood mount to my head as he uttered these words, but I made a grand effort to be calm.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I know you do not wish to add insult to my other misfortunes, and therefore I attribute those harsh expressions entirely to misapprehension. I never was a gambler. I have no wish to deny or even extenuate my many transgressions, but I solemnly assure you that I never was a gambler. Let me know the name of your informant, and he shall either eat his own words or bite the dust before another day is over."

'The count shook his head, and pointed to the heap of gold.

"By everything that is holy in this world, I swear that I am ignorant of how that money came into this room!"

'The count shook his head and smiled ironically.

"In the name of God, here on my bended knees I repeat that oath; and as a soldier and a man of honour, I pledge my life that what I have sworn is true."

'The count still shook his head, and his lips wore the same incredulous smile.

"If, sir, you neither believe my oath as a Christian, nor my word as a gentleman," said I, rising indignantly, "I have nothing further to add, save merely this—that had any other man but the Count von S——— insulted me in this manner, his conduct should not have passed with impunity For your daughter's sake, for the deep love I shall ever bear towards her, I am content to suffer this indignity unavenged;" and I rang the bell for the servant to open the door.

"You renounce all pretensions to my daughter's hand?" said the count perfectly unmoved,

"Never!" cried I passionately—"never at the bidding of a fickle and remorseless tyrant!—never until she herself renounces me."

"She has done so!" calmly replied my visitor, opening his pocket-book and delivering to me a letter.

'I clutched the paper frantically in my hand—I fastened my eyes on the well-known characters. It was too true—she discarded me! In a few calm but decisive sentences, blotted with tears, but not otherwise evincing any grief, she acquainted me with my doom. The missive fell like a stone from my grasp, and an icy chill shot into my heart.

"You no longer refuse my request?" asked the count, moving across the room.

"I do not, sir," replied I, with a great effort at self-control, all my pride coming to my temporary assistance. "I willingly renounce every claim to your daughter's hand, and hope she may enjoy the happiness she so fully deserves. With the greatest imaginable pleasure, count, I renounce your *future* alliance, and trust that your chivalrous conduct on this occasion will ever continue to be a subject of self-gratulation. I have the honour to wish you a very good-morning, Count von S———;" and so saying, I most courteously attended my visitor to the door.

(To be continued.)

"When one is in opposition," said the late Lord Bath, "it is very easy to know what to say; but when one is Minister, it is difficult to know what *not* to say."

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.