

## POETRY

## PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known  
In human nature, but often shown  
Alike in castle and cottage,  
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,  
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"  
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,  
The queerest one is pride of birth,  
Among our "fierce Democracy!"  
A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save it from sneers—  
Not even a couple of rotten peers—  
A thing for laughter, flairs and jeers,  
Is AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
Your family thread you can't ascend,  
Without good reason to apprehend,  
You may find it waxed at the farther end,  
By some plebeian vocation!  
Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station!  
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,  
At poorer people in plainer clothes,  
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,  
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!  
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,  
Is subject to irritation.

## Select Tale.

## Love and Money.

A STORY OF EMS.

Ems is a charming place. It lies about twelve miles to the southeast of Coblenz, in the valley of the Lahn—that miniature Rhine, all bordered with orchards and vineyards, and steep-wooded hills. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of the town, which consists of one long irregular line of hotels and lodging-houses, with the mountains at the back, the river in front, and long, double rows of acacias and lindens planted at each side of the carriage-way. Swarms of donkeys with gay saddles, attended by drivers in blue blouses and scarlet trimmed caps, loiter beneath the trees, soliciting hire. The Duke of Nassau's band play alternate selections of German, Italian and French music in the pavilion in the public garden. Fashionable invalids are promenading. Gaming is going forward busily in the Conversation-Haus alike daily and nightly. Ladies are reading novels and eating ices within hearing of the band; or go by, with colored glass tumblers in their hands, toward the Kurhaus, where the hot springs come bubbling up from their nauseous sources down in the low vaulted galleries filled with bazar-like shops, loungers, touters, and health seekers. All is pleasure, indolence, and flirtation.

To Ems, therefore, came the Herr Graff Von Steinberg—or, as we should say, the Count Von Steinberg—to drink the waters, and to while away a few weeks of the summer seasons. He was a tall, fair, handsome young man; an excellent specimen of a German dragoon. You could never suppose, to look at him, that anything of illness could be his inducement for visiting Ems; and yet he suffered from two very serious maladies, both of which, it was to be feared, were incurable by any springs, medicinal or otherwise. In a word, he was hopelessly in love, and desperately poor. The case was this: His grandfather had left a large property, while his father, an irreclaimable gambler, had spent to the utmost farthing. The youth had been placed in the army, chiefly through the interest of a friend. His father was now dead; the inheritance forever gone; and he had absolutely nothing beyond his pay as a captain of dragoons, and the distant prospect of one day retiring with the title and half pay of major. A sorry future for one who was disinterestedly and deeply in love with one of the richest heiresses in Germany!

"Who marries my daughter will receive with her a dowry of 200,000 florins, and I shall expect her husband to possess, at least, an equal fortune."

So said the Baron of Hohendorf, in cold reply, to the lover's timid declaration; and with these words still sounding in his ears, weighing on his spirits, and lying, by day and night, heavily upon his heart, came to the Count Von Steinberg, to seek forgetfulness, or, at least, temporary amusement, at the Brunnen of Ems. But in vain. Pale and silent, he roamed restlessly to and fro upon

the public promenades, or wandered away to hide his wretchedness in the forests and lonely valleys around the neighborhood of the town. Sometimes he would mingle with the gay crowd in the Kurhaus, and taste the bitter waters; sometimes linger mournfully round the tables of the gaming company, gazing enviously, yet with a kind of virtuous horror, at the glittering heaps of gold and at the packets of crisp, yellow notes, which there changed hands so swiftly and in such profusion. But Albert Von Steinberg was no gambler. He had seen and experienced the evil of that terrible vice to keenly already in his own father, to fall a prey to it himself. Years ago he had vowed never to play; and he had kept his oath, for no card had ever been touched by his hand. Even now, when he found himself, as it might happen now and then, looking on with some little interest at the gains and losses of others, he would shudder, turn suddenly away, and not return for days. Nothing could be more regular than his mode of life. In the morning he took the waters; at noon he walked, or read, or wrote; in the evening he strolled out again and heard the band, and by the time that all the society of the place was assembled in the ball-room or at the tables, he had retired to his quiet lodgings, and perhaps, already gone to bed, in order that he might rise early the next morning to study some scientific work, or to take a pedestrian excursion to the ruins of some old castle, within the limits of a long walk.

It was a dull time for a young man—especially with that sweet sad recollection of Emma Von Hohendorf pervading every thought, every moment of the day. And all because he was poor! Was poverty a crime, he asked himself, that he should be punished for it thus? He had a great mind to throw himself off the rock where he was standing—or to throw himself into the river, if it was deep enough—or go to the Baron's own castle-gate, and shoot himself—or, in short, to anything desperate, if it were only sufficiently romantic; for his hot young German head, full of sentiment and Schiller, would be content with nothing less than an imposing tragedy!

He thought all this, sitting in a little fantastic summer house, perched high on a ledge of steep rock, just in front of the gardens and public buildings. He looked down at the gay company far beneath, and heard the faint music of the royal band. The sun was just setting—the landscape was lovely—life was still sweet, and he thought he would not commit suicide that evening, at all events. So he went moodily down the narrow pathway, across the bridge, and, quite by chance, wandered once more into the Conversation-Haus. The gaming was going on, the glittering gold pieces changing hands, the earnest players sitting round as usual. The sight only made him more unhappy.

"Two hundred thousand florins!" he thought to himself. "Two hundred thousand florins would make me the happiest man on earth, and I cannot get them. These men win and lose two hundred thousand florins ten times over in a week, and think nothing of the good, the happiness, the wealth, they would be to numbers of their fellow creatures. What a miserable dog I am!"

And he pulled his hat on fiercely, folded his arms, and strode out of the rooms, taking the road to his own lodging with so dismal an air that the people in the streets turned and looked after him, saying, "he has lost money—we saw him come out of the gaming rooms."

"Lost money!" muttered he to himself, as he went into his garret and locked the door, "lost money, indeed! I wish I had any to lose."

And poor Albert Von Steinberg fell asleep, lamenting that the age of furies and gnomes had passed away.

His sleep was long, sound and dreamless—for young men, in spite of love and poverty, can sleep pleasantly. He woke somewhat later than he had intended, rubbed his eyes, yawned, looked lazily at his watch, laid down again, once more opened his eyes, and at last sprang violently out of bed.

Was he still dreaming? Is it an hallucination? Can he be mad? No, it is real, true, wonderful! There upon the table lies a brilliant heap of golden pieces—hard, ringing, real golden pieces, and he turns them over, weighs them in his hands, lets them drop through his fingers to test the evidence of his senses.

How did it come there? That is the important question. He rings the bell violently once—twice—thrice. The servant runs up, thinking some dreadful accident had occurred.

"Some one has been here to call upon me this morning?"

"No, monsieur."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Monsieur. I saw no one here. Only you, and you are paid to deny it. Only tell me who it was and I will give you double for your information."

The servant looked both astonished and alarmed.

"Indeed, there has not been a soul. Does Monsieur miss anything from his apartment? Shall I send for the gens d'armes?"

The Count looked searchingly in the girl's face. She looked wholly sincere and truthful. He tried every means yet left—adroit questions, insinuations, bribes, sudden accusations—but in vain. She had seen no one—heard no one; the door of the house was closed, and had not been left open. No one—absolutely no one had been there.

Puzzled, troubled, bewildered, our young friend dismissed her, believing, in spite of his surprise, the truth of what he stated. He locked the door, and counted the money. Ten thousand florins! not a groschen more or less!

Well, it was there, but whence it came remained a mystery. "All mysteries clear themselves up in time" said he, as he locked the money up in his bureau. "I dare say I shall find it all out by-and-by. In the meantime I shall not touch a single florin of it."

He tried not to think of it, but it was so strange a thing that he could not prevent it from running in his head. It even kept him awake at night, and took away his appetite by day. At last he began to forget it; at all events, he became used to it, and at the end of a week it had ceased to trouble him.

About eight days from the date of this occurrence, he woke, as before, thinking of Emma, and not at all of the money, when, on looking round, lo! there it was again. The table once more covered with glittering gold!

His first impulse was to run to the bureau in which the first ten thousand florins were stored away. Surely he must have taken them out the night before and forgot to replace them. No, there they lay in the drawer where he had hidden them, and there upon the table was a second supply, larger, if anything, than the first!

Pale and trembling, he turned them over. This time there were some notes—Prussian and French—mingled with the gold—in all, twelve thousand florins.

He had locked the door—could it be opened from without by a skeleton key? He had a bolt fixed within that very day. Honest Albert Von Steinberg! He took as much pains against fortune as others do against robbery!

Two days later, however, his invisible benefactor came again, notwithstanding all his precautions; and this time he found himself fourteen thousand florins the richer! It was an inexplicable prodigy! No one could have entered the bolted door, or from the window, for he lived in a garret on the fourth story—or by the chimney, for the room was heated by a stove, the funnel of which was no thicker than his arm! Was it a plot to ruin him? or was he tempted by the powers of evil? He had a great mind to apply to the police, or to a priest, (for he was a good Catholic.)—still he thought he would wait a little longer. After all, there might be more unpleasant visitations!

He went out greatly agitated, and walked about the entire day, pondering this strange problem. Then he resolved, if ever it occurred again, to state his case to the *chef de police*, and set a watch upon the house by night.

Full of this determination, he came home and went to bed. In the morning, when he woke, he found that fortune had again visited him! The first wonder of the thing had now worn off, and he arose, dressed himself, and sat down leisurely to count the money over before lodging his declaration at the *bureau de police*. While he was engaged in making up little rouleaux of gold, twenty in each rouleau, there came a sudden knocking at his door.

He had no visitors, no friends in Ems; he started like a guilty man, and threw his overcoat hastily upon the table, so as to conceal the gold. Could it be that this summons had anything to do with the money? Was he suspected of something that—? The knock was repeated this time more loudly, more imperatively. He opened the door. It was the Baron Von Hohendorf!

"How! The Baron Von Hohendorf in Ems! I am rejoiced—this honor—I—pray, be seated."

The poor young dragoon's heart beat so fast, and he trembled so with pleasure, and hope, and astonishment, that he could scarcely speak.

The baron looked at him steadily, but sternly, thrust back the proffered chair, and did not deign to take the slightest notice of the extended hand.

"Yes, Herr Count," he said dryly. "I arrived yesterday at this place. You did not expect to see me."

"Indeed, no. It is a pleasure—a—delight—a— He was so agitated that he forgot his visitor was standing, and sat down; but he rose up again directly.

"And yet I saw you Herr Count, yesterday evening, as you came out of the Conversation-rooms."

"Me? Indeed, sir, I never visited the Conversation-rooms at all yesterday; but I am very sorry that I was not there, since I should have had the honor of meeting you."

"Pardou me, Herr Count, I saw you. It is useless to argue the point with me, for I stood close behind your chair for the greater part of an hour. Do you know why I am here this morning in your apartment?"

The young man blushed, faltered, turned pale. He knew but one reason that could have brought him a visit from the baron. Had he relented?—Could it be his generous design to make two lovers' hearts happy by granting that consent which he formerly refused? There were things more impossible. The baron was capable of such goodness. Something to this effect he stammered in broken sentences, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands playing nervously with a pen.

The baron drew himself up to his full height. If he had looked stern before he looked furious now. For a few moments he could hardly speak for rage. At last his wrath broke forth.

"Impertinence such as this, Herr Count, I did not expect. I came here, sir, to give some words of advice to your father's son—to warn—to interpose, if possible, between you and your destruction. I did not come to be insulted!"

"Insulted, baron?" repeated the young man somewhat haughtily; "I have said nothing to call for such a phrase at your lips, unless, indeed, my poverty insults you. The richest man in this land could do no more than love your daughter, and were she a queen, the homage of the poorest would not disgrace her. Explain yourself, I beg."

"Permit me first to ask you one question. What brings you to Ems?"

The young man hesitated, and the baron smiled ironically.

"I came, sir," he said at length, "in search of—I will confess it—in search of peace, of forgetfulness, and of consolation. I was not happy, sir—"

The baron laughed aloud—a harsh, mocking laugh that caused Albert to raise his head with a movement of sudden indignation.

"I have not deserved this treatment at your hands, Baron Hohendorf," he said, turning away toward the window. "Your position as the father of one whom I dearly love protects you from the satisfaction which I might demand; but I trust the time will come when you will recognise and acknowledge your injustice to me."

"What effrontery! You forget, then, that it is in my power to confront you with the proof of your vice; nay, even at this instant to confound and convict you. What gold is this?"

And the old gentleman, whose eyes had already detected the glimmer of the coin beneath the coat, extended his hand, and lifted the garment away upon the end of his walking stick. The lover turned pale, and could not speak.

"Der teufel! for a poor man you have, it seems, a well-filled purse for travelling! Ah! you never gamble?"

"Never, sir."

"Indeed! Pray, then, if your gold be not the fruit of the gaming-table, from whence does it come?"

"I know not. You will not believe me, I am aware; but I swear that I speak the truth. This gold comes here, I know not how. This is the fourth time I have found it upon my table. I can discover nothing of the source from whence it arrives. I know not why it is here, who brings it, or how it is brought. By my honor as a gentleman and a soldier—by all my hopes of happiness in this life or the next, I am utterly ignorant of everything about it."

"This is too much!" cried the baron, furiously. "Do you take me for an idiot or a dotard? Good morning to you, sir, and I hope I may never see your face again."

And he slammed the door violently behind him, and went away. Albert was utterly overwhelmed and broken-hearted. "Cursed gold!" he exclaimed, dashing it upon the floor in his anger, "what brought thee here, and why dost thou torment me?" Then the poor fellow thought of Emma, and of how his last chance was wrecked, and he was so miserable that he actually threw himself on his bed and wept bitterly. All at once he remembered that the baron had a sister at Langeschwalbach;