

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE NIGHT OF ST. SILVESTRE.

PART II.

Philippe could scarcely refrain from laughter. 'My substitute may arrange these matters as he best can,' said he to himself. 'I think I have not played the part of his highness so badly. But I wish he may finish as I have begun.'

He drew near the dancers, and saw with pleasure the beautiful Carmelite with her desolate Brahmin, who immediately came to him and expressed the warmest gratitude. 'It is a pity that I cannot remain a prince always,' thought Philippe; 'all these people would be very well pleased with me. There is nothing in the world more easy than to be one. If I were a prince, Rose should be—' Here the gardener paused in his thoughts—drew a long inspiration, and then he suddenly muttered, 'She would be lost to me, so it is better that I continue what I am.' He looked at the clock. It was half past eleven; and just as he was thinking of his rendezvous, the mameluke put a paper into his hand. 'I could fall at the feet of your royal highness,' said he, 'in gratitude for all the kindness you have done me. My wife not only consents to depart this very night, but she desires henceforth to live on my Polish estates. Suffer me, my prince, to take a grateful farewell of you; and believe me, that from this night forth my life is at your service. (He bowed, and was moving away, when he suddenly returned.) 'I forgot to inform your highness that that paper is an order upon the court banker for the debt of one hundred and eighty florins which I lost to you last week; please to accept it, and along with it my gratitude.' At these words the Marshal disappeared.

Philippe looked at the draft, and then put it in his pocket, remarking at the same time, 'it is a pity, after all, that I am not the prince.'

At that moment some one approached him, and said wildly in his ear, 'your highness, we are discovered. I am undone for one, and shall have to blow my brains out.'

Philippe turned and stared with distended eyes upon the agitated countenance of a negro. 'Who art thou, black mask?' said Philippe, recovering his self-possession.

'I am Colonel Kalt,' responded the negro, in a low voice. 'The wife of Marshal Blankenschwert has revealed all to duke Herman, and he is on fire against you and me.'

'What about?' said Philippe, smiling, calmly.

'But the king shall know all,' said the negro, 'and I shall be arrested to-night, and sent to a fortress to-morrow.'

'You will not retire with great profit, in that case,' said Philippe.

'Will I not rather pass the remainder of my life in disgrace?' he cried, in a trembling voice. 'I tell you I am lost. The duke will exact a terrible revenge. His backbone must still be scored with the blows which I administered to him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter also. Oh I shall run and throw myself into the river.'

'That were a stupid way to save the baker's daughter,' said Philippe.

'Your highness jokes, and I am in despair!' cried the negro, in a distracted tone. 'I humbly supplicate for a five minutes' secret audience with your highness.'

Determined to trace out this new plot also, Philippe followed the mysterious Kalt into a cabinet, where a few candles shed a doubtful light. The negro threw himself down on a chair like a man completely exhausted. Philippe lifted a flagon of wine from a table, and gave him to drink.

'I cannot comprehend how your highness can preserve your calmness in this terrible affair,' said the negro. 'If that scoundrel of a Neapolitan Salmoni were here—he who played the part of exorcist—he is full of cunning devices and plans, and might perhaps lead us out of this scrape, but he has absconded.'

'So much the better,' replied Philippe, 'when he has fled we shall blame the whole affair on him.'

'But how is it to be done? the duke knows all now as well as you. The marshalese, whom we associated with the baker's daughter in the plot, has told him that we were playing on and profiting by his credulity. He knows that you employed Salmoni to personate the sorcerer; and that I had bribed the baker's daughter, whom I love, to entrap him; and that I was the ghost who knocked him down and beat him. If the affair had only not been pushed so far. I cured him of his love for the bakeress; and he shall cure me of henceforth engaging in wicked plots, to gratify the frolicsome disposition of any one. Oh, I am a gone man. I believe I shall have to poison myself.'

'Bah! take another glass of wine,' said the son and heir of Gottlieb Stark; 'it is better than arsenic, although bad enough, too.'

'Will your highness excuse me, but my head is turned. The duke's old valet told me that the marshalese had just gone to the duke, before leaving for Poland, and had told him that you had arranged the whole scene at the baker's house, in order that you might have it in your power to refuse him the hand of the princess, your sister. She said that she was deputed to tell the princess about his superstition, and the ridiculous figure he made in the scene; and that the ghost who beat him was no other than Colonel Kalt, aid-de-camp to the prince.'

'It is this which has made you loose the hand of the princess; for this she renounces you, and refuses to listen to you,' said the marshalese to Duke Herman, a few minutes ago. O, I am a lost man!

Philippe shook his head and muttered, with a scornful smile on his manly lips, 'what splendid revelations! One dare not impute such baseness to the meanness of the people.'

'Yes,' cried the Colonel, 'it is impossible to find such baseness as that of the fury of a marshalese. Your highness, save me.'

'Where is the duke?' demanded Philippe.

'The valet de chambre told me that he had immediately demanded his sword and hat, and had declared that he would instantly repair to the king. Think, my prince, what will the king say if he tells the story in his own way?'

'Is the king now here?'

'Yes, he is playing in the next room with the minister of police and the Archbishop.'

Philippe crossed the chamber with great steps; he felt himself now in a trying situation.

'Your royal highness save me,' said the negro; 'you can easily do it. Otherwise I am prepared, on the first bad news, to throw myself out of the window.' So saying, he departed in all haste.

'It is time that thou shouldst resume thy humble position of watchman again,' muttered Philippe to himself. 'Thou art involving both thyself and substitute in affairs that shall yet require unravelling. Ah! what a difference there is between the life of a prince and that of a gardener! We make ourselves imagine that they are as happy as angels at court, and as innocent; but I have discovered here in one half hour, more villainous things than I have listened to during the whole of my life.'

'Art thou alone, my prince?' said a mandarin at that moment, who was covered with gold and gems. 'I esteem myself fortunate in having found a single instant with your royal highness.'

'Who are you?' said Philippe, fearing that he was again to be involved.

'Count Bodenlos, minister of finance,' replied the Chinese; and he uncovered a face, which, thanks to his very small eyes and to a large nose, resembled a second mask placed over the first.

'Ah, well, Count, what now?' said Philippe, in a careless tone.

'Can I speak freely? I have been announced to your highness three times now, and never had the happiness to be introduced to your august presence, and yet no one has a more lively interest than I have in the service of your highness.'

'I am very grateful Count, but be brief.'

'Can I speak to you of the banking house of Abraham Levi?' said the Mandarin, in a hesitating tone.

'Of anything you please,' answered Philippe.

'He is pushing me for the hundred thousand florins which you owe him, and he threatens to appeal to the king. And your highness knows the promise you made his majesty the last time he paid your debts.'

'These people can wait, can they not?' said Philippe.

'The brothers Goldschmidt are also clamorous for the seventy thousand florins which are due them.'

'They, too, must wait,' said the young gardener, smiling.

'But for desperate cases there are remedies your highness; and I am in a state to remedy all, if you will deign to accord me your gracious and august ear for a few seconds. Abraham Levi will be content to forego the debt, if you will grant a special licence to him for the import of corn; and will assure me of my office for several years to come. Of course the profits of the corn trade are only prospective and uncertain, and I need repose; but the service of your highness requires us to sacrifice ourselves even more than this.'

Philippe reflected for a few moments and his lips curled in scorn, at he said, 'If I comprehend you well, Count, you would furnish the people in order to pay my debts. Think of the evils you are preparing for the country, and judge if the king would consent to this.'

'If I remain at the head of financial affairs lean you on me, your highness. As for the people we cannot consent to weigh their embarrassment in the balance with those of your royal highness.'

'Then, M. le Comptre let me tell you,' said Philippe, firmly, 'that I will not consent that thousands should suffer for my follies. Nor will I consent to acquit myself of my debts in this way.'

'But, your royal highness, consider the banker, Levi,' said the astonished courtier.

'Listen to me, M. le Ministre. If grain increases one doit in price, or if you grant a special licence to your Jew bankers, I shall go immediately to the king and discover all your plans, and shall beseech him to chase you and your Israelitish friends from the country. I give you my royal word for this, and you may reckon on its fulfilment.'

Philippe turned haughtily upon his heel, and left the Minister petrified with astonishment. 'Shall I call your carriage, your highness?' whispered a man who was dressed like a Dutch merchant, and wore an enormous peruke.

'I do not wish a coach,' replied the gardener.

'The girl is in the street Manheim just now, and could easily be carried off.'

'What girl?' said Philippe, starting, and looking down on his little Dutch confidant.

'Rose, the daughter of widow Ruttner, your

highness,' continued the disguised attendant; 'and a veritable rose she is.' (Philippe gasped for breath, and his fingers twitched nervously, as if they would fain be at the Dutchman's throat.) 'I shall try to carry her off from Manheim street. Your highness shall rescue her, and take her home to her mother. Gratitude will open their door to you and then you can easily win the maiden.'

Philippe was almost stifled with rage, as he exclaimed, 'If any one dares to interfere with that girl—'

'Do not fear, your highness,' said the Dutchman. 'Give me that chamberlain's key and I shall soon send that young gardener to the army, and clear the way of him. He shall learn to combat for his country; and I shall school her into complaisance.'

'I'll break your neck for your reward,' muttered Philippe between his teeth, for he dared not trust himself to speak.

'Your highness is too good,' said the courtier, bowing. 'Your recommendations to the king and the chamberlain's key will be sufficient.'

'Now, sir, listen to me,' said Philippe, trembling with rage, and grasping the shoulder of the Dutchman with a clasp like that of iren. 'If ever you speak to me on that subject again, I'll break every tooth in your head; and if ever I see you in the street where the widow Ruttner and her daughter live, you shall die by my hand.'

'Mercy, mercy your highness,' cried the wretch, making a thousand contortions, as the pinching fingers of the gardener sunk into his flesh; 'I will not forget one word of what you have said. Remember, I will defend, that young girl,' said Philippe, fiercely.

'I hear, your highness,' said the stupefied courtier, as Philippe turned away.

The royal watchman, who had been impelled to relieve Philippe, and assume the functions and garb of a protector of the citizens, from no particular motives, very soon began to show that he had no particular idea of his new vocation. He chanted past eleven right lustily, gave sundry unearthly toots upon the horn which he carried, in order to call for assistance when necessary, and then he sung, in a snivelling, mocking tone, verses of the most common street rants. In the street of the drapers he roared at the top of his voice the following ungallant stave:

'Is it good linen that you want,
Or drab to cloak your shoulders,
Or simpering dames to cook your kraut?
Then hither bring your guilders.
For here is merchandise in store,
Good cloth and thrifty lasses,
And you can get your choice for gold,
So come and load your asses.'

'What an insolent fellow that watchman is,' cried several young women who were going home with their friends; 'he compares us to merchandise.'

'Bravo, Charlie,' roared some roysterers, who had been keeping a jovial hogmanny. 'How dare you insult the ladies of this city in the open air?' cried a gay lieutenant, upon whose arm hung a fair girl.

'Come, come, M. Lieutenant,' said a young workman, in a determined voice, 'the watchman sings nothing but truth. And that young woman who is with you is a proof of it. Eh, Marie, do you know me? Does it become my pledged sweetheart to give her arm to another, do you think? To-morrow your mother shall know all, and henceforth I am done with with you.'

The young woman hid her face and would have fled; but the lieutenant, who was irritated, held her hand, and prepared with the other to strike the bold citizen. In a moment the workman's hard fist was planted in his face; and a wild and disorderly tumult instantly broke the general quiet of the night. The melee soon became general; for officers and braziers, dandies and blacksmiths, students and bakers, clerks and butchers, swelled the crowd, and considerably swelled the dimensions of each other's countenances.

Laughing immoderately at the success of his scheme, the prince quickly extricated himself from the crowd, and, taking up his station before the hotel of the minister of finance, with whom he was not on the best terms; he ranted the following refrain:—

'Wretched man, with meagre frame,
Hollow stomach—heart the same,
'Tis your turn to be glad,
And the people's to be sad;
They in famished crowd shall yell,
Since you've got that great hotel
For your courtly domicile.
Be you cheat and cruel miser,
You'll find it easy there to lie, sir.'

In a moment a crowd of lacqueys, accompanied by several financial secretaries, rushed from the palace to arrest the culprit, and pouncing upon the watchman of that quarter of the city, who was quietly walking his rounds, they dragged him into the court, and then conveyed him to the guard-house. In a few seconds came another prisoner watchman, who had sung an insulting couplet at the door of the minister for foreign affairs. A messenger also came to say that another had sung at the windows of the palace, until at last word was carried to the minister of police, who was at play with the king, that the watchmen, ordinarily so well conducted, had risen in insurrection in the city. The king, who had beaten both the archbishop and minister at play, burst into fits of loud laughter, as the actions of the nocturnal poet were recounted to him, and he commanded the culprit should be brought before him in his private apartment, as he rose and left the card-table.

Philippe had looked at the clock and was hurrying from the ball room, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the Duke Hermann commanded him to stop. 'Speak quickly,' said Philippe, impatiently, as he turned and confronted a man of lofty and commanding stature, who had stopped in a niche off the corridor leading to the court.

'I have an explanation to make with your highness,' said Hermann, fiercely, and raising his mask at the same time; 'look at me, your conscience knows the rest.'

'I know not what you would say,' cried the young gardener, endeavoring to move away, but the duke retained him.

'Do you deny,' cried he, 'that you employed Salmoni to play the sorcerer in that ridiculous scene, and that you suborned Colonel Kalt to attack my person?'

'There is not a word of truth in all you say,' replied the youth.

'I insist that you come with me before the king, and accord me satisfaction,' said the duke in a peremptory tone; and he seized him by the arm, and tried to drag him into a side room.

'Whom do you take me to be?' said Philippe, thus forced to his last resort.

'I know you well, and you shall not escape me,' replied the duke. 'If you are not the greatest scoundrel in the kingdom, you will follow me.'

'Now, duke, look at me, am I the prince?' and Philippe raised his mask.

Hermann staggered back in amazement, and before he could recover himself, Philippe had disappeared.

With all the speed of which he was master, the young gardener rushed into the street, and pulling off his gay bonnet, cloak, and tunic, sped along amongst the snow to the church of St. Gregory.

The prince who was already waiting, beckoned him into a niche, formed by a pillar of the church, and their garments were quickly exchanged. 'Now haste thee—haste thee, comrade, and save thyself,' said the prince, eagerly, 'for the whole town is up; and he was rushing off when Philippe caught him by the mantle.'

'Stop, I have a few words to say to you,' said the gardener.

'Fly, I tell you, comrade,' cried Julien, 'you are pursued.'

'I have no occasion to fly, your highness, but I have a bill from Marshal Blankenschwert to deliver to you.'

'Pest!' said the prince, impatiently; 'how have you come to be with the marshal, my comrade?'

'It is a debt which he wished to pay before he set out with his wife for Poland.'

'Are you mad? how do you know that? who gave you that message?'

'I have a message from the minister of finance also, who offers to pay your debts to the Jew Levi, if you retain him in his office.'

'Why, you seem to possess an evil spirit,' cried the astonished prince.

'I refused him, however, in your name,' said Philippe, smiling, and then he recounted the rest of his adventures to the astonished Julien.

'Who art thou?' demanded the prince, who was stunned with surprise, long before Philippe had finished.

'I am Philippe Stark, gardener, and son of Gottlieb Stark,' said the young man, calmly.

At that moment a loud voice was heard shouting, 'Seize him!' and a posse of police caught hold of the prince.

'Whither do you wish to lead me?' said Julien, looking contemptuously at his captors.

'Before the minister of police,' they answered.

'My friends,' cried Philippe, in a warning voice, 'be prudent; this is one of the most important personages at court.'

'If it were the king himself, we should do our duty,' replied one of the officers.

At this moment a carriage, drawn by eight horses, and preceded by men bearing torches, advanced to the church. 'Stop,' cried a voice in the vehicle, just as it passed before the group of police agents. The carriage stopped, the steps were let down with a thundering noise, and a personage, decorated with several orders, pushed aside the agents, examined the prisoner from head to foot, and said in an impetuous voice, 'it is he; I knew him by his plume,' and turning to Julien, he said, 'and who are you, sir Musk?'

The Prince looked around him, as if he sought the means of flight, for he recognised in the new comer the duke Hermann.

'Answer me!' cried the duke in a thundering voice. Julien shook his head and made a sign for the duke to go.

The duke then turned to the agent of police, who informed him that they had orders to convey all the watchmen whom they encountered, before the minister of police, in order that it might be discovered who had prompted them to certain irreverences towards authority. They had found one in conversation with this unknown gallant, who gave himself out as a lord of the court, and they had considered it their duty to arrest both. 'That man does not belong to court,' said the duke; 'he is an adventurer, who has been masking it as Prince Julien.—I denounce him to you. Go, my friends, you have made a good prize.' At these words the duke remounted his carriage, and the eight horses set off at a brisk trot.

Philippe was almost constrained to believe that he dreamt, so marvelously had the events of that night crowded on him; but nevertheless his heart beat with lively force when he arrived before the palace, and had his cloak, horn,