THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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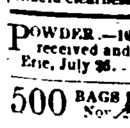

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Erie, July 26. R. T. Sterrett & Sons.

500 BAGS Dairy Salt, on hand and for sale at
Nov 29 W. F. RINDERNECHT.

Poetry and Miscellany.

"I AM NOT A POET."

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

'Tis said that a poet must soar to the sun
On a fiery-winged horse that is christened Pegasus,
Drink draughts long and deep from the famed Helicon,
And climb up a mountain—I think 'tis Parnassus.

All this may be true, I'm sure I can't tell—
If it is, I'do wish all the world could but know it—
If it did, there are people, I wot of, right well,
Would cease to be dubbed by the queer name of poet.

I've been called a poet—I am not, I know,
For the nearest I get to the skies o'er our heads
Is when, every morning, I soberly go
Up a long flight of stairs to be making the beds.

As to climbing Parnassus, the nearest I come
To that, is in gaining the steeps of Mount Airy,
My own lofty breeze shaken, flower-decked home,
A spot that might suit either poet or fairy.

The fount that I drink from springs up from the earth,
Not Helicon waters yet pure fresh and free,
And often they add to both comfort and mirth,
As we whirl up that "iron bound bucket" with glee.

The horse that I ride trudges kindly along
Wherever I bid him, upon his own feet;
He has never a wing; but his muscles are strong,
And instead of Pegasus, we call him "old Pete."

'Tis said there's nine Muses—not one do I know,
Though I sometimes have read all their names in a book,
(I wish to the kitchen with me they'd all go,
I'll teach them for nothing to wash and to cook.)

But I am not a poet, of that there's no doubt,
Though I live in the world full of brightness and beauty;
And it never is fairer within or without,
Than when here below I've been doing my duty.

No; I am not a poet—yet I have my nine
That inspire me each day, as still earthward I roam;
A husband; eight children, and the holiest shrine
That ever was knelt at—the altar of Home.

A STORY OF VIENNA.

BY MISS PARDORE.

It is a well-known fact that, like Haroun Alraschid, of oriental memory, Joseph II., of Austria, was addicted to midnight and incognito wanderings through the capital; which, though they occasionally led to results not only disagreeable, but even dangerous, at other times amply repaid his risk and fatigue by their originality, and the insight which they afforded him into popular feeling, and that species of national under-current of thought and motive from which kings and kaisers are necessarily shut out in their gilded saloons and crowded ante-rooms. Joseph, however, unlike his eastern prototype, eschewed all companionship in these nocturnal pilgrimages; suffered no grandvesir to follow upon his footsteps, or to share his perils; but conveniently disguised and fitly armed, sallied forth alone, and trusted to the influence of his star, or that of his name, should the declaration become necessary, to liberate him from any untoward situation in which he might chance to involve himself.

Many were the unpalatable, if not useless facts with which he was thus made acquainted; and more than once, during his strolls through the suburbs, he found himself compelled to ransom his person by the surrender of his purse, his watch, his mantle, and even his arms, to the light-fingered gentry whom he encountered upon his path; but these little adventures, perilous as they were for the moment, so far from abating his passion for this mysterious pastime, only invested it with an additional zest, which contrasted most invitingly with the daily monotony of a life of restraint and etiquette.

This much explained, we will relate at least one of his adventures as it was told to ourselves.

It was on a dark and stormy night when, at the close of a midnight mass (for it was the eve of a grand festival,) closely folded in a heavy cloak which had sufficed, coupled with the obscurity of the remote corner in which he had ensconced himself during the ceremony, to conceal his identity from the pious crowd about him, the Emperor issued from the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, into the gloom of the open space before. Leaning within the still deeper shadows of the building against the stone work of the sacred edifice, he suffered all the congregation to disperse before he attempted to pursue his way; but they had no sooner betaken themselves to their separate habitations, hurrying each in his own direction, to escape as quickly as they might from the heavy rain which was falling, and the fierce gusts that swept howling and hissing round the several corners of the streets, than he drew his broad-flapped hat deeper upon his brow, and securing his mantle by a tight grasp, set forth in his turn.

On the occasion in question, he bent his steps to the Leopoldstadt, which, although at that period a very important adjunct of the city, had not attained to the importance which it afterwards acquired. The houses were more thinly scattered, and the open spaces more lonely, dark, and dangerous. More than once, however, the imperial wanderer had succeeded in exploring its recesses without molestation, and the violence of the weather on this particular night gave him additional confidence. Nevertheless, he was not fated to find that confidence well placed, for when about midway between the fortifications and the suburb, he was attacked by four ruffians, to whom, after a brief resistance, he was compelled to deliver over, not only all the valuables in his possession, and the cloak which had hitherto sheltered him from the storm, but even the vest of black velvet that he wore beneath it.

In this unregal plight, shivering under the cold blasts of wind, and becoming rapidly wet to the skin, he pursued his way more hurriedly in order to secure a shelter, however humble. But all was pitch darkness as he reached the straggling street: every door was inhospitably barred, while not a sound broke upon his ear, except the dull moan of the river as it flowed between its invisible banks. The descendant of the Cæsars began to wish himself safely housed in his palace; but he had wandered far, and regrets were unavailing. For an instant he stood still, deliberating in his own mind how he should act, and that moment sufficed to decide him. He had, at length, detected the bright gleam of a lamp, through the aperture of a shutter, which had apparently been defectively closed, and he no longer hesitated as to the next step to be taken. The house from whence the friendly light had emanated was large, gloomy, ancient in its structure for the neighborhood in which it stood, and was moreover, totally isolated, being surrounded on all sides by a high wall, only broken in one direction by a pair of tall, wrought-iron gates, through which the Emperor had been enabled to detect the wholesome gleam. By another chance, equally fortunate, the gates had been carelessly fastened as the window, and a very slight degree of exertion sufficed to fling one of them back upon its hinges, and to afford ingress to the imperial intruder into a vast paved space, as silent and gloomy as the street from which he had just escaped.

Nothing daunted, however, by the sepulchral aspect of this place of temporary refuge, the Emperor hastily mounted half-a-dozen stone steps, which led to a covered door-way, where he found himself in a slight degree sheltered from "the pelting of the pittiless storm," and his next discovery being a large iron knocker, he applied it so vigorously to the solid oak of which the door was composed, that he heard the long dull echoes reverberate for several seconds along the interior passages of the dwelling. Nevertheless, not a sound bespoke the existence of any one within; and again and again did the heavy hammer resound upon the oaken panels with the same want of success. Joseph II, began to lose at once his patience and his temper; and, as if to irritate him still further, the wind suddenly veered round, and drove the rain into the deepest recesses of the partial shelter he had gained. Unfortunately, kaisers become wet through as soon as the meanest of their subjects; and when the exasperated Emperor seized the knocker for the last time, he presented a pitiable spectacle. On this occasion he was, however, spared the necessity of putting forth his strength, for he had scarcely clutched it ere the door opened, smoothly and noiselessly, as though it fell back upon velvet, and a young man of apparently six or seven-and-twenty years of age, holding in his hand a lamp which burnt with extraordinary steadiness and brilliancy, stood before him.

"Who are you? and what do you seek at so untimely an hour?" he asked firmly, but courteously.

"I am one of the Emperor's officers, and I have been robbed. I seek shelter."

"His imperial and royal majesty would scarcely care to own you in such a trim, my friend," said the young man, as his eyes wandered with a smile of doubt over the dripping stranger. "How can you convince me that you are not yourself a robber?"

"If I look so little like one of Joseph's guards," was the retort, "surely I bear no more resemblance to a knight of the road: a coat and cloak too many might well make you suspicious, but, as you see, I am without either."

As he spoke, the Emperor looked full into the eyes of the young man; and having advanced a pace or two toward him, the glare of the lamp fell upon his features. In an instant the door flew back, and the head of his new host was reverently bent.

"I recognize your majesty," he said, humbly, but not servilely; "enter without fear; you possess not throughout your empire subjects more devoted than me and mine."

And snatching up a mantle of dark velvet which was flung down upon a carved chest in the spacious hall, he adjusted it respectfully upon the shoulders of the shivering Emperor. He then rapidly closed the door, and with a gesture which might have made the most finished courtier turn pale with envy, prepared to lead the way for his imperial guest.

Wet and weary as he was, however, Joseph II. gazed about him with astonishment. The walls of the magnificent hall in which he stood were of white marble, paneled with black; the first decorated with the most costly pictures, and the last throwing into broader relief the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel; the floor was overlaid with rich Persian carpets, and the domed roof was studded with silver stars. Bewildered by so unexpected a display of splendor, he moved slowly, but when he reached the threshold of the first apartment, he began to believe himself the sport of a dream. Velvet hangings, with their rich crimson folds held back by bands and fringes of gold; sofas and divans embroidered with flowers so vividly as to appear strewn but newly from the choicest parterres of Eden; mirrors which supported the ceiling and reflected the feet; vessels of gold and silver inlaid with jewels; toys from foreign lands, alike without names or uses, but all either graceful or gorgeous, a bright fire of cedar and sandal-wood blazing upon a hearth of red Egyptian marble, beside which was placed a table of marqueterie, covered with fruit and wine, and goblets of Bohemian glass; and a chair of inlaid ivory and ebony, with cushions of satin-damask as white as the breast of the aigret-heron—such was the spectacle which presented itself in one of the suburbs of his capital, to the astonished and benighted Emperor.

In his first surprise, the imperial visitor had not remarked the disappearance of his host; but ere long he discovered that he was alone, and throwing himself upon the snowy chair (decidedly little suited to bear so dripping a burden,) he stretched his aching legs closer to the genial and perfumed heat of the vast chimney; and pouring into one of the Bohemian goblets, which resembled a large ruby, veined with gold, a stream of amber-colored tokayer, bright and rich as though it had been just crushed from the precious grape that yields it, he emptied it at a draught.

When he again raised his head to look around him, he found his host at his side; nor did the costly garments with which he was now laden, and which he respectfully assisted his royal guest, astonish the monarch less than all the other wonders by which he was surrounded.

His acknowledgments for this well-timed attention were brief, but sincere; and when he had possession of a second chair, which was wheeled forward for his accommodation, he prepared to inquire into the mysteries about him.

"Your imperial majesty must be exhausted," said the firm but sweet voice of his entertainer, as he was about to speak; "permit me to offer to you a few drops of a precious elixir which will at once restore your strength," and taking from the table a curiously-twisted phial, covered all over with strange mystical characters, he dropped into a tall-stalked Venice glass a small quantity of its contents, which he himself swallowed; and then, rinsing the glass with tokayer, which he flung into the blaze of the fire, whence it streamed upward like a pyramid of liquid topaz, he once more let fall a similar quantity into the goblet, and reverently bending his knee, presented it to the Emperor upon a small salver of chased gold.

"By St. Stephen, our patron! my good friend," smiled Joseph II., as he returned the glass, "your elixir is as agreeable as your welcome. Like the man in the Thousand-and-One Nights, I feel inclined to pinch myself, in order to ascertain whether I be really awake. Who are you, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Your imperial majesty shall, ere long, know all," was the reply; "but since I may never again have the honor to receive you beneath my humble roof, I would crave permission to present to you one who is very dear to me; and who, although she may be for the moment unconscious of so high a privilege, will nevertheless cherish the memory of it, to the end of her life."

"And she is—" commenced the Emperor.

"Here, your majesty," and the young man drew toward him a thick rope of gold, which, when forcibly pulled, swung back a hanging drapery that veiled the upper end of the room, and revealed the space beyond it.

As the heavy curtain rolled aside, Joseph II., forgot his imperial dignity, and started from his seat. He saw before him a miniature forest, with trailing plants linking the trees together, and garlanding their very summits with gorgeous blossoms, while birds of bright plumage were flitting from bough to bough, or pluming themselves upon the branches. But that which more especially riveted the attention of the Emperor, was the figure of a young girl, apparently buried in a profound sleep, and lying with one hand beneath her head, and the other grasping a garland of wild flowers, upon a green bank, over-canopied by a tulip-tree. Nothing can be more faultlessly beautiful than both her form and face; her long and glossy hair, of that rich purple black, which takes a golden gleam in the light, was confined round her brow by a circlet of half-blown locus blossoms, and then fell over her neck and shoulders in wonderful profusion. The long lashes of her closed eyes rested upon a cheek as fair as Parian marble, and as white; while her parted lips were of the richest tint that ever nestled of a sea shell.

"Once more," exclaimed the Emperor, as he sank back in his chair, when his entertainer having relaxed his hold of the golden rope, the dark curtain again shut out this fairy vision; "once more, who are you? Do not fear to confide in me. Have I not shown that I have trust in yourself? Tell me all at once. You could not do so at a more favorable moment. I am your guest, and will not repay your hospitality by harshness.—Speak."

Again the young man bent his knee.

"Sire, I have faith in your imperial word."

"And you are right. Who are you?"

"I am the grand nephew of Faust."

"How!" cried the Emperor, once more starting from his seat, and gazing upon him, half in anger and half in amazement; "you are Gottlibe Faust! and you dare to own this to me?"

"Fearlessly, sire," said the young man, firmly; "for you will not falsify your pledge."

"Gottlieb Faust!" repeated Joseph II., unable to conquer his surprise. "Can you be Gottlieb Faust, the initiated, the Rosicrucian, the atheist, the sorcerer? Are you aware that I have been a thousand times solicited to arrest you, and to put you upon your trial?"

"I am not ignorant of the fact."

"That I have been entreated to take your head?"

"I know both wherefore, and by whom."

"You know this, and yet you venture to deliver yourself thus into my hands?"

"Why should I hesitate?" asked the young man with a proud smile; "your imperial majesty is not to be duped by the idle and empty superstitions of the ignorant.—You have never put faith in these vulgar fallacies."

"No, assuredly," said the Emperor, with dignity; "and yet the outcry is loud against you. You live in regal splendor; you dispense annually a fortune in charity."

"For which men call me an atheist," interposed Gottlieb, with another of his beaming smiles.

"You are known to possess extraordinary talents, which you disdain to use," pursued Joseph II., without heeding the interruption; "and marvelous secrets, which you will not divulge."

"And thus men esteem me a sorcerer!"

"By St. Stephen! I scarcely marvel at their belief," exclaimed the Emperor, "althouth I do not share it—But you owe me an explanation of all this mystery, were it only for my faith in your innocence; and, first, who is that magnificent beauty, who does not seem to be of this world, or even conscious of her own existence?"

"Simply my sister, sire; who, too timid to have sustained your gaze, would still have chidden me had I not enabled her to feel that she had once had the honor of being for an instant in the presence of her Emperor. A slight narcotic sufficed to reconcile my fears with my indulgence. For I love her, sire," said the young man energetically, "I love her as those only can love who have but one sole object upon which to pour out the full tide of their affection. We are alone in the world, save that we make our house the home of the poor; for even to the very gates of the palace of the Cæsars, which nothing should approach save what is joyful and glorious, poverty will creep, and it is a happy privilege to be permitted to beckon it away."

"Rise, mynheer, rise," said the Emperor; "give me truth, and fear nothing. I value truth more than knee-worship."

He was obeyed.

"And now, this affluence, this splendor," persisted Joseph II.; "this lavish magnificence, when not only my wealthiest nobles, but even I myself, am impoverished by a long and expensive war—how can you account for this?"

"Simply and satisfactorily, sire. I have told your majesty that I am the grand nephew of Faust; but few are aware that before his death he had discovered that mystery of mysteries, the art of producing gold; a secret which he only divulged, and then under the most solemn oaths of inviolable silence, to his next of kin, my father, who was neither to profit by his knowledge until he had attained the age of sixty years, nor to communicate it, except upon his death-bed, and still under the same restrictions, to his immediate descendant. You see him before you, sire. My father, thanks to a constant use of that elixir of which your imperial majesty has partaken, lived to the age of seventy, not only hale, but even vigorous as in his first manhood; and during the ten years which were granted to him after he had unrolled the mysterious scroll which taught him how to transmute the basest metals into stirling ore, he spent every day and almost every hour, in enriching me, his only son, and the child of his old age."

"And should you die before the allotted time," asked the Emperor, eagerly, "who would inherit the secret?"

"No one on this earth," said the young man almost despondingly: "for the scroll is written in hieroglyphics so difficult to decipher, that it requires years to comprehend them, learnt, as they must be, without the aid of written characters; and the task is rendered doubly onerous by the fact that the lesson thus required is complicated by the introduction of a host of figures, signs, and sounds, which ultimately prove supererogatory, and are only invented to check the impious curiosity of those destined to succeed to the mysterious inheritance."

"And can you reconcile yourself to thus uselessly mystifying your son in your turn?" asked Joseph II., gloomily.

"Sire," was the steady but sad reply, "I have already told your imperial majesty that I live only in, and for my sister. I shall never press a child of my own against my heart. I will inflict no such bitter misery upon another human being as I have myself borne."

"Misery?" echoed the Emperor, incredulously—"misery! Are you not surrounded by every luxury, by every splendor, and assured by their possession, whatever may be the fate of cities and of empires?"

"Your majesty has been importuned to take my life?"

"True; but I have protected it."

"And your successor might be less lenient. Believe me, sire, the gold is hardly earned which must be bought by popular execration, loud-voiced suspicion, and the constant perspective of a scaffold."

"Yet to lose such a secret! Do you not feel that you owe something to the world?"

"Atheist though I am deemed, sire, I feel that I owe more to my own soul. What can I have in common with a world which hates and misjudges me?"

"I, at least, have done you justice."

"Ah, sire," said the young man, as he bent down until his lips came in contact with the imperial hand; "to you I owe more than life, for you have reconciled me with my kind; and, if I dared—"

"Dare anything," said the Emperor, interested even to fascination by this strange adventure.

"And I shall be forgiven?"

"Freely—fully."

"Then, sire," and Gottlieb Faust lifting from the lofty mantel a piece of yellow metal which had served to secure some withered blossoms that had been spread out to dry beneath it, "your imperial majesty spoke a while back of being impoverished by the war. It is an unworthy offering, but it is humbly made."

"By St. Stephen! I accept it as frankly as it is tendered," said Joseph II, with flashing eyes. "It will replenish my treasury bravely; and shall be well applied." Then rising and drawing back the curtain from an unshuttered window, "We must part now," he said, the day is dawning; but you shall still further make me your debtor—give me a mantle and a sword. I must return to the palace unrecognized. And remember, not a word of this interview, as you value your life. You shall soon hear from me again."

The young alchemist obeyed upon the instant. The Emperor girt on the weapon, muffled himself in the cloak, extended his hand, which Gottlieb reverently pressed to his lips, and in five minutes the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer audible. Then, and not till then, Gottlieb Faust withdrew from the gate with a heavy sigh, closed the oaken doors behind him, and retired to his own chamber.

On the following day all was commotion in the imperial palace; and the state ante-chamber, like the *Eil-de-Bœuf*, at Versailles, under Louis XIV., was crowded by a throng of idle courtiers; a few lounging listlessly against the wide casements opening upon the Joseph-Platz, apparently watching for some anticipated event; others shedding around them an envenomed shower of that courtly small talk which is generally as wicked as it is witty,—that flood of brilliant epigrams and rounded periods which engulf a reputation in a repartee, or sacrifices the feelings of a friend to a rhetorical flourish. Others again, more ambitious and less vain, sauntered near the door of the Emperor's reception-room, keeping their eyes steadfastly upon the usher on duty, and calculating the amount of their present favor by the length of the period which elapsed before they were admitted to the presence.

Never, perhaps, since the gorgeous but frivolous court to which we have already alluded filled the gardens and saloons of Versailles with a galaxy of splendor, has the palace of any European sovereign afforded so brilliant a spectacle as that of the Cæsars. The blending of so many national costumes, all alike costly and picturesque, among which that of the noble Hungarian guard, alike in form, but varying in color and ornament, is eminently conspicuous, renders the select circle of the Emperors of Austria a human kaleidoscope, of which every successive move only tends to enhance the attraction; and thus it was on the morning of which we write.

"Can it be true, my dear Marquis," asked a tardy courtier, as he made his way from the gallery toward a member of the government, "that our gracious Emperor has at length consented to arrest that rascally alchemist, Gottlieb Faust?"

"Nothing can be more certain, Count; and, moreover, he is already in the palace, awaiting the pleasure of his imperial majesty."

"What is his crime?" asked a tall superbly-mustachiood Bohemian noble, joining the group; "it must be something fearful to win him the honor of so much excitement."

"His crimes, you should say, Baron, for they are legion. Here are we, the faithful and honest servants of Joseph II., with all our gold upon our doublets, while he is flinging Pactolean showers about him which seems exhaustless. No wonder that the imperial patience has given way at last."

"If riches be a crime, it is certain that a more righteous court than this of Vienna does not exist at the present moment," laughed the light-hearted young Bohemian. "As for me, I have only the memory of my inheritance and two mortgaged estates to exist upon."

"And the smiles of an Arch-Duchess," murmured the younger of his two companions.

"No scandal within the walls of the palace," was the merry repley. "You know that it is as contraband as Turkish tobacco."

"And, consequently, as easy to enjoy. But as regards this Faust; they say that he has not only the Midas touch, that turns all upon which he lays his hand, into gold, but that he also deals in spells, some of which are not so innocent as to defy the law."

"I can believe it," observed a magnificent Hungarian, carelessly adjusting the jeweled belt which sustained his sword; "such practices are common in the Banat, and I could give you instances———"

"Not now, Erdodi, not now," said the first speaker; "remember that walls have ears, and that Faust is not far off."

The Hungarian was silenced. He would not have turned his back upon a host in a fair field, but he was superior to the superstition of his age and country.

Suddenly a murmur was heard in the state gallery, and an instant afterward a stranger was seen to enter the waiting room, between two officers of the imperial guard. In a moment every voice was hushed, and every eye turned upon the new-comer. He was a tall and stately man, in the full vigor of life; his eyes were large, dark, and singularly calm; his black hair was parted along the centre of his finely-moulded head, and fell in heavy masses about his brow, and over his shoulders. His nose was, perhaps, a trifle too prominent, but its outline was perfect; while the firm and graceful curve of his mouth was rendered conspicuous by the jetty blackness of his beard and mustachio, which, contrary to the fashion then prevalent in Germany, he wore full and smooth. He was richly habited in a pourpoint of black velvet, embroidered with arabesques in gold; and in his hand he carried a cap of the same material, to which a short red feather was attached by a clasp of large emeralds; and as he moved forward with a dignified unrestraint, which it had taken years to enable some of those now about him to acquire, the astonishment was universal. His lip never quivered, his eye never sank; and when, as he was summoned onward by the sonorous voice of the usher, he traversed the vast apartment on his way toward the audience-chamber, his step was as free and as firm as though no peril awaited him at the termination of his progress.

As the tapestried hanging of the imperial saloon fell behind him, every tongue was unloosed. "Can that be Gottlieb Faust? Can that be the son of the alchemist of the Leopoldstadt? And admitted on the instant to the Emperor, while we have been so long waiting!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another, "our good master is anxious to get rid of him. He is a dangerous inmate for a palace."

"They will surely not accord to him the honor of decapitation," remarked a third; "he is of plebeian birth, and should die by the cord."

"Patience, gentlemen," said the old minister; "we shall soon know all."

Meanwhile, the object of all these comments and speculations had bent his knee upon the threshold of the imperial apartment, in which Joseph II. was seated before a table covered with papers, and entirely unattended.

"Come forward, mine host, come forward!" said the Emperor, good-humoredly. "I owe you a courteous welcome for that which you bestowed upon myself last night. Ay, and for more than that. Do you see these multiplied columns of figures which make the eye dance that endeavors to rest on them? Well, my assayer has given me full assurance that, through your means, a sponge may be passed over them all; and this is no trifling obligation. I have faith in all that you have told me. I believe you to be an honest man and a gentleman; but this acknowledgment is insufficient to satisfy the pride of an Austrian monarch. You have laid me under a heavy debt, Count Von Faustemburg. Nay, do not kneel; your knew title will serve to tickle the ears of the courtiers, so that it may be useless in its way. But here, sir," he continued with sudden dignity, as he took from the table a cross of the order of Maria Theresa; "here is an honor less empty, and to which I am convinced you will not be insensible. I bestow it freely, for I know that the jewel will rest upon an honest heart."

"Your imperial majesty beggars me," stammered the young man, overcome for the first time by his feelings.

"And now," said the Emperor waving his hand, as if to deprecate all further acknowledgment on the part of the new-made noble; "and now, Count, what are your future intentions? You surely cannot purpose to waste your life in a solitary home, which, however splendid it may be, is still only a gilded prison. You are too young to yield to so ignoble an indolence. What! silent!"

"I was thinking of my orphan sister, sire."

"Nor have I forgotten her," eagerly replied Joseph II.; "she shall be cared for. We will attach her to the suite of one of the Arch-Duchesses"

"Not so, sire, if your imperial majesty will pardon me," said the young man, gloomily; "she is a wild bird, fit only for the free wood; she would pine and die in a gilded cage."

"No fear of that, my friend," persisted Joseph II.; "we shall not keep her long. Young, rich, and beautiful, she will soon become noble in her turn."

"The saints forbid!" was the emphatic reply. "She must go to her grave as she came from her cradle, unconscious of the penalty which is attached to the name she bears."

"On what do you decide, then?" demanded the Emperor, somewhat impatiently.

"I will serve in your armies, sire, should you consider me worthy of such an honor; and during my absence from the capital my sister shall seek refuge in a convent."

"By St. Stephen! it is a poor alternative," smiled the monarch; "but be it as you will; although it is certain that you must, by such a measure, mar her fortunes; for should others only feel as I do, she were a bride for whom the noblest in the empire might not scorn to contend."

"I know it," said the young man, with a kindling eye; "but here is not a nature to contend against proud mothers or insolent sisters, who might presume upon her meaner birth; and thus the blossom which I have reared so tenderly would be withered in its first bloom. I have red her heart; ay, like an open volume; and I feel sure that, once our separation over, she will cling to the calm refuge of a cloister. So let it be, sire; if you would indeed bind me to you forever—so let it be. She is too pure for the contact of a world—for the contact of a court. So let it be; and the doomed name of Faust will then perish upon earth—perish and be forgotten."

"You are a poor courtier, my friend."

"I shall make the better soldier, sire. Trust me, try me, and I shall not fail."

"I believe you, Count; and now I will present you to a few of my private circle."

As the Emperor ceased speaking, he rang a silver bell beside him, which was no sooner answered than he rapidly ran over a number of the noblest names in Austria and desired that those who bore them might be introduced. Anxious and excited, the courtiers lost not a moment in obeying the imperial summons; and great was their surprise when, upon entering the presence, they saw the descendant of the Cæsars standing within a pace or two of the supposed criminal, whom they believed themselves to have been called upon to judge; but upon whose breast each detected at a glance the glittering cross of Maria Theresa.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said Joseph II, as he slightly bent his head in acknowledgment of their salutations; "I have requested your presence in order to make known to you your new comrade, the Count von Faustemburg, upon whom I have just conferred the command of a company in the Lichenstein regiment. I recommend him to your friendship." And then by a silent gesture he dismissed the circle.

Not one solitary token of wonder escaped the well practised courtiers, nor could the grand-nephew of Faust have himself suspected by the courtesies and congratulations with which he was overwhelmed on his reappearance in the ante-chamber, that it contained even some who deemed him to vile for the headman's axe.

Had he known it, however, the heart-stricken young man was too fully employed with his own thoughts, and his approaching separation from his sister, to have yielded even a smile of pity to their duplicity; but hastily returning their compliments with as lofty an air as though such homage were familiar to him, he made his way through the brilliant crowd, and left the palace.

In another week his home was desolate, and his sister the inmate of a Benedictine Convent at Gratz; and this struggle over, he gave himself up to the performance of his new duties. Constitutionally acute, he was not long ere he comprehended all that was required of him, and then his only anxiety was to be placed upon active service. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself; the corps to which he belonged was summoned to the field—no matter where or against what enemy—we are not writing the history of a nation, but that of an individual—and among the first who fell bravely, and breast to breast with the foe, was Gottlieb Faust.

As he sank to the earth, a voice of authority issued hasty orders that his body should be carried to the rear, and it was no sooner extended upon a cloak beneath a tent, than one of the favorite generals of the Emperor galloped up, and springing from his saddle at the entrance knelt down beside the dead man, and anxiously pressed his hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat, and an icy coldness was already spreading over the body, alt ho the countenance was as calm and composed as it had ever been.

"He is gone!" murmured the officer in a tone of relief; and then tearing open the brest of the uniform, now defaced with blood, he cautiously passed his finger over the chest of the corpse, and drew forth a massy chain of gold to which was suspended the portrait of a lovely girl, whose luxuriant dark hair was crowned with water-lilies, and a small discolored scroll of parchment. He gazed upon the first for a brief instant with flashing eyes, and then carefully securing both that and the writing about his own neck, he once more mounted, and returned to his post as rapidly as he had abandoned it.

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"It is then useless to persist longer?" said Joseph II., about two months subsequently, as he sat poring over a small scrap of time worn parchment; "you feel convinced, mynheer, of the impossibility of deciphering this accursed scroll?"

"Thoroughly, your imperial majesty," was the reply of a tall, lean, sallow-visaged individual, his sole companion; "I have spared neither time nor study—I have consulted the stars—I have made various intricate combinations, both mineral and elemental; and all have alike failed. If your august majesty could recall to life the illustrious Tullius, the great Faust, and the incomparable Flamel, then, indeed, there might be hope; but I know, from unerring signs, that none of mortal birth now living can read these mystic characters."

"There might still have been a chance," exclaimed the Emperor, despondingly, "had the novice of St. Benedict survived her brother's loss. She died strangely—marvellously."

"Like a bird smitten on the wing, sire, as I have heard," was the reply. "Has your imperial majesty any further commands?"

"None, mynheer; you may return to your laboratory."

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That scroll, negative as its merits had become, was carefully preserved among the treasures of the imperial palace, but it is probable that during the recent outbreak in Vienna, it has been lost or stolen. Who is now its owner? And, more important still, who will become its next interpreter?

☞ Health is getting to be vulgar, and is confined principally to servant girls. No "lady" can possibly plead guilty to "being well," without losing caste. Spinal complaints are just now in the ascendant—no female being considered "good society" who possesses sufficient strength to raise a smoothing iron.

☞ Buckwheat cakes and molasses have reached the zenith of popularity—not forgetting "Jarsey sassingers."