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CHESTNUTS.

Brown children of the nutman wood,  
You tell me of the olden time,  
When over the hillside path I roamed,  
In bright October's golden prime.  
When nuts were ripe and all around  
I crossed the pleasant hours away  
While round me like a picture fair  
The woodlands in their beauty lay.  
And the white, milk-like fallow fell,  
Came slowly creeping up the hill,  
And the leaves all around me strewed,  
The chestnuts lay around me strewed.  
Ah! then what joyous talk was mine,  
My basket with brown nuts was full,  
I took the longest light-colored by  
Gives me a welcome load and thrill.  
How well I love each woodland view,  
The squirrel's chirp, the brook's low song,  
The rustle of the alders' leaves,  
The hum of the bees' busy throng.  
That most soft lengthen the trees,  
The wood with spicy perfume sweet,  
The chestnut golden and brown,  
By the nutman's side I stand,  
I ever shall see each wood again,  
Those autumn days can come no more;  
For life has drifted away from me,  
From youth's enchanted forest shore.  
How long it is that I think the nut,  
To me, is still the same old nut,  
The hillside path, the orchard slope,  
The pastures where the berries grow,  
And here in commerce-crowded life,  
I find the nutman's side no more,  
Mid all the sounds that fill the street,  
I still remember the nutman's side,  
And I am glad to see you still,  
This small town in its beauty still,  
And I am glad to see you still,  
This small town in its beauty still.

My mother's room, long closed,  
Was unlocked for the guest, and she  
Came down in a few moments, lovely,  
Fresh, smiling, composed, praising  
The prospect, praising everything.  
It was not long before Lucille had  
won Feleza's confidence, and the  
dinner table boistered again a table-  
cloth. Old trunks and table linen  
were unlocked, and the Baron's silver  
chest yielded its treasures, the sound  
of hammer and chisel was heard in  
the rooms, and I became an upholster  
in her service, nailing up old tapestries  
and curtains. Lucille insisted  
that Ludwig should fresco her room,  
and she bought material at the village,  
which soon fluttered in the morning  
breeze from her casement, giving a  
refined air to our donjon keep. Oh,  
how she liked the dogs, the puppies,  
the ponies, and what a horse-woman  
she was! A little timid at first, but  
soon a seat across country that was  
unwieldy. She would not hear of  
our making a change in our toilettes.  
"No," she said; "those sheepskins  
are so picturesque and suited to  
the landscape, as you got out of  
Ernest the fact that he loved a young  
girl at Erdoszeigh; she taught him  
how to write and fold his love letters;  
she reproved him for drinking too  
much; she corrected our French,  
which was before unknown to me,  
absolutely corrected the Baron's  
beard! A young girl from the vil-  
lage was introduced as parlor-maid  
or waiter, or what-not, and Lucille  
soon had her in cap and apron wait-  
ing upon the table, as she would  
be all being changed from animals  
to men. A woman's hand, what was  
it not to the sad, self-willed and  
neglected boys, who had grown up  
in the old stone castle, without the  
sight of woman?"  
Lucille found joy in our noble  
landscape, happiness in our out-of-  
door life; she seemed always to be  
discovering a bit of carving, a majolica  
jug, an old mirror, or curious  
object, which she would take home  
unnoticed. She brought in taste,  
best of visitors, and love and  
beauty and refinement to our den.  
The Wolves in her presence forgot  
all their grossness. The young girl  
carried her little cases, as she would  
repelled while it allured, and alto-  
gether in our Wolves' den, she was as  
safe as if she had been in the moon.  
Something of the boy mingles in  
the character of such a woman as she.  
The Baron, who had been so long  
Shakespeare by the key-note. Her  
joyous companionship with us for a  
season shut the dangerous door of  
sentiment. I had no mysterious fear  
of her, as I had heard that she had  
been a lover's mistress, and I loved  
her, although her Parisian finery and  
pretty boots and gloves claimed my  
senses like a new perfume. I still felt  
capable of gayly criticizing her gowns  
and ribbons, if they were not alto-  
gether in the line of fashion. She  
told her that her favorite pink dress  
was horrible; she was equally frank  
in despising his one broadcloth, badly-  
made suit. We were comrades as  
well as cousins, and joked each other  
freely.  
But Pandora's box had been opened,  
and the troubles were sure to  
come out.  
"Lucille goes away to-morrow; she  
goes back to Paris to be married,"  
said the Baron one day, as he sat  
departed to the kitchen to instruct  
Feleza in the manufacture of a new  
salad. "She had been with us all  
summer—a golden summer for the  
Wolves."  
"It was as if an icy heart had taken  
the place of that warm viscera which  
before had beaten in my bosom, and  
I looked up at Ludwig. He was as  
pale as death. Ernest could only  
speak.  
"The sunshine goes out of the  
Wolves' castle, does it?" said he.  
"Yes!" said the Baron, gloomily.  
"Lucille has been very charming."  
She will make a noble wife—an or-  
nament to the rich and famous family  
to which she enters. Her husband  
loved her, and she loved him. She be-  
longs to your mother's blood! She  
loved luxury. I could not give it to  
her. We are poor."  
Why had she come here—this  
daughter of his? Why had she en-  
tered our mountain fastnesses? That  
we dared not ask. We only heard  
and remembered that last sentence—  
"We are poor." The Baron permitted  
no questions.  
I saw Ernest who had the courage  
to speak to her of her marriage. It  
was a family arrangement, she said,  
and that she supposed it was all right.  
She seemed to be, as we were, ignor-  
ant of all that most immediately con-  
cerned herself. Her relatives were a  
quiet family, as we could not but  
reflect. And then I wandered off  
up the high hill that looks over to  
the Valley of the Danube, and com-  
muned with my own heart, and was  
still. I got the first inkling that  
I had a letter from Ernest Franz,  
that loved her, and must win her, else my  
heart would break—and yet, what  
had I to offer her?  
As I came home at nightfall I  
heard in the wood near me two  
horses come slowly along. I stepped  
down a mighty pine tree and hid  
myself. It was Ludwig, and with  
him Lucille; he had his hand on her  
bride-ride, she was weeping bitterly.  
He was telling her that he loved her,  
and she was crying and weeping and  
looking as he bent his pale, grave  
face over her.  
"Oh! Ludwig! Ludwig!" said the  
girl, looking up through tears, like  
Anastasia, "I have loved you every  
day since I came to Castle Wolf."  
"But it cannot be—it cannot be—  
it cannot be!"  
The wind and rain beat heavily  
against the window-pane. The night  
came with sighs and tears to the  
Valley of the Sarvis. Our grapes  
were all gathered, however, and the  
vintage had been better than usual;  
but the Baron, my father, seemed  
trapped in a greater gloom than he  
ever before, for the bailiff had seized  
some of his wine in payment of an  
old debt. The Baron, alas! was no  
manager.  
I heard his words between him  
and Ludwig one night, and I saw  
The hillside vineyard and the

## THE WOLF'S DEN.

PART I.

"They called us the Wolves, us  
three brothers, and our old father,  
Baron Wolfgang von Wolf. They  
said that we looked like wolves, which  
desolates the fold of the shep-  
herd and carries a terror to the heart  
of the wandering boy and girl. Cer-  
tainly we all had rather sharp teeth,  
except my brother Ludwig, who had  
inherited his beauty from my mother,  
and her melancholy blue eyes, even  
white teeth, not at all like a wolf's."  
We lived in a great castle, near to  
Szegezard on the river Sarvis, south  
of Pesth, and from the Danube, with  
a view from our windows which  
had not its equal in the world for  
picturesque beauty. No, there was  
no such hills, such skies as those.  
My mother was a countess, and  
differed from my father in religion.  
She had died when I was born. I  
had nothing of her but her picture,  
a tress of her long, golden hair, and  
her book of prayers.  
Some tragedy had happened,  
some terrible fortune, my father,  
we never knew which. Gloom  
and severity were his two insepar-  
able companions. He used the whip  
truly upon us, as boys, and upon  
all his servants. He was feared and  
loved and hated as few have been,  
and women ran when they saw him,  
for they said that he had killed his  
own wife and would light their chil-  
dren. He had, however, an old  
maid, a spinster, to read and write,  
most excellent Greek and French,  
most excellent called Ernest  
Frantz, who taught us Greek and  
Latin and mathematics, and how to  
paint and to draw, for he could illu-  
minate his breviary like Fra Angelico.  
Ernest Frantz looked to us church-  
men, and he taught us to read, and  
I loved him, and he loved me, and  
I loved to this man everything, and  
particularly that in summer he used  
to take us to his convent, which was  
in the hills, and he showed us the  
spurs of the mountain chain, and  
descending from Transylvania, unite  
with the great Alfold plain. There  
with the holy monks we stayed in  
comfort, being allowed to ride at will  
over the blue-green plain of prairie,  
except an inland sea where there were  
roads, having for the time the in-  
estimable boon of liberty and the  
privilege of getting lost, so dear to  
boyhood, yet always bringing up at  
night at some village or market town,  
sometimes going even out to Erdos-  
zeigh, where Ernest found his rom-  
ance, and where we all had some  
wild adventures. Yet we always  
found ourselves, and got back to the  
holy calm of the convent, and the  
serene companionship of those monks,  
who had been noblemen and soldiers  
in their day, and seemed to love us  
well. Ernest Frantz was the great  
blessing of ourselves, mitigating the  
rigors of the peculiarity of a  
destiny which we could not under-  
stand; for we were noble but poor,  
our only wealth the uncertain yield  
of vineyards, which gave usually a  
rough red, spirituous, fruit-tasted  
wine. There was a better hidden  
vineyard (said Ernest Frantz) which  
we had heard belonged to Ludwig.  
This yielded a white wine, with a  
fresh, cool taste, and pleasant faint  
bouquet, but we made very little of  
it, except in good years. One old  
woman, called Feleza, who had a  
black mustache and severe features,  
was our cook and nurse, the only  
woman whom we ever saw in our  
house. Our table was served with  
fish soups, big joints, and fish from  
the sea, and although he had great  
bowls. My father ate like a wolf,  
and we were not far behind, and we  
drank of the heady red wine—my  
brother Ernest too much, so that he  
was first silly, then quarrelsome, and  
then sleep every day at dinner.  
Ludwig was not so easily excited,  
but when he was angry he and my  
father would fight, and my father  
would get the whip, separate them,  
like two angry dogs. I was not as  
strong as my brother, nor could I  
eat and drink as they did. My  
tenderness always seemed to follow  
me, as a child whose mother had died,  
and old Feleza had ever a bit of  
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