VOLUNTARY JOURNEY.

FROM

The German of

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

BY

JAMES N. BECK.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

For a clearer comprehension of the following, it becomes necessary to note that the letter-writer, together with his sister, was invited to a ball, in the palace of the Countess Amalia Sedlitzky, at Warsaw, on the 29th of January, 1807. He attended and passed a joyous evening, over which the great casualty's manifestations of delight and displeasure proceeded from the lips of the Countess, at a time in Warsaw was full of Polish and Frenchmen, and but few Saxons, among since the installation of that transient Government-Commission, at whose head stood Count Stanislaus Malachowsky, the Marshal of the Diet. The Countess of St—y, on the evening in question, looked beautiful as an angel. Around her white neck glittered a magnificent necklace, which her husband's father, a rich Polish nobleman, had presented to her. The letter-writer had received a similar one, although, however, he had forgotten to wear on his breast the cross. The young rivals chanced into a violent strife as to whose ornament should be worn; each claimed the triumph of her own, and, finally, both challenged the writer of the following letter to produce the jewel which should be the brighter. He received the key to his sister's casket, ordered his carriage, and hastened to his rival's house.

FIRST LETTER.

BLONDE, January 21, 1807.—By all the graces, in whose number you, my beauteous Countess, are one of the foremost, I entreat you, be not offended with me. Instead of promenading you Sophy's necklace, I carried it to Blonde. But I shall return it to Warsaw this very day, and lay it at your feet, whenever you shall signify to me a propitious hour and a courier to send you my apologies in advance. You will doubtless be the bitterness of your heart, at the sacrifice of your beauty's triumph unparalleled, and maintain that it is not to be atoned for. But I beseech you still to grant me at least so much grace as to honor these lines with a glance, and you will, perhaps, be induced to pardon the presumptuous trifling transgressor, who has become, against your simply through friendship.

I had just concealed Sophy's pearls about my person yesterday, and was on the point of entering my carriage to return to you at the ball, to which your beauty added the last enchantment, when I received a note announced a French officer. He handed me a bowstretter. What think you! they were the first letters I had received for twelve years from the beloved friend of my youth, brave Felix L——y, who since that time has participated in all of Napoleon's campaigns, and now stands at the head of a Polish regiment. He wrote but few words: "I have just arrived at Blonie, and hear, dear Joseph, that you still live. My hope to embrace you in Warsaw is dashed, just as I am almost at the gates of the dear city. I come from Posen, and here find army couriers and orders to leave Blonie for Tolmo. If possible, come to Blonie for a few moments, where I design to dine, indeed to breakfast and sup. Bring your sister along. Who knows whether we shall ever meet again be thus near to each other in this world? How much we have to say! I have so much about! Early to-morrow morning I shall be on my journey farther."

I will you became my new, beauteous Countess, if I failed to allow this important message to pass unimproved. Imagine the pain of missing a property, which I had nearly parted from me. I besought the owner to seat himself in my carriage; wrapped my mantle around me, and thus journeyed to the seat of friendship, instead of the temple of love.

When I finally arrived at Blonie after a fatiguing stage-coach ride—the roads being horrible and the night pitch dark—I find Felix already off for Tolmo, where a couple of Saxon officers were awaiting him. He had left a note behind for me, bidding me to follow him that place, where he should expect me without fail. Now since I have come thus far on his account, why not journey the remaining room? Tolmo is only, I am meeting with a fresh vexation. One of my horses has gone lame and I shall be compelled to take the post-chaise, and wait until the latter secures a team of horses, for everything is in requisition. They hold out hopes of starting in an hour. Fare thee well, lovely one. This evening I shall kiss by thy lips.

YOUR J., COUNT OF W.

SECOND LETTER.

KUTNO, Jan. 22.—You will assuredly be no less astonished, my gracious friend, when you perceive on opening this letter, that I write to you from Kutno, that I am to find myself here. My family estates determined to hold me forth to you as a liar, and I am inconsolable by reason thereof. What will you think of me? And yet I am truly the rebel innocent as an infant. In all my life not a single entire adventure is my fortunate meeting with Felix at Sochaczew. We embraced with transport. That was a great, but withal sweet pain which suddenly seized us when first our eyes met. Tears came as though I pressed a long since departed friend once more to my breast, in another world. You must certainly have known him. The hospur has now become quite sedate. The Egyptian and Italian suns have well bronzed his face, and the slight wound over the left eye of his forehead, incurred in an action with the Turks at Czernagora, becomes him so well, that I would grow jealous, did I know that he might come to Warsaw and be seen with you. I reserve for myself to narrate to you the entire history of his campaign adventures, when I shall be with you, which will be the case the day after to-morrow. Heavens, how we are flung around in the vortex of the globe, in these Napoleonic times!

These are veritable migrations of nations, and no one can positively swear whether he will be compelled to eat his last crust beyond Europe, America, Asia or Africa. Felix was stationed for a long time on the General's staff, and now commands a regiment. According to his belief, he has been assigned to a corps of General Lannes, and he marches as that General's corps, to St. Petersburg, in summer, especially if the Turks do not. Of Finlatory, now he may have declared himself