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BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

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Select Poetry.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.—By W. C. BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side and mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Sung and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat,
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, [sings]
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Purring boasts from his little throat;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knave if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobly knows that my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's hum drum croon,
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Selected Miscellany.

CONSOLING.—To go into a fight under the hallucination that fortune favors the brave, and to come out with your head broken.

To lend all your money to a friend, who then asks you to stand treat.

To pay fifty cents for a bowl of turtle soup, and find on tasting that it is the essence of cockroaches.

To buy an article and find you have been sold.

To have a pail of dirty water thrown over you, and then be told to stand from under.

To eat two dozen oysters, and then read in the New York Herald that each one of them is composed of a hundred million of animalcules, which look like dock rats seeking food.

To eat two dollars' worth at Taylor's with your lady-love, and an searching your pocket to find a three cent piece.

To spend a hundred dollars on the night of an election in treating your friends, under the supposition that you are the successful candidate, and to see it in the papers of the following morning that your opponent is elected by a thousand majority.

To pay twenty dollars for an advertisement in the daily papers, and find when published, that it has your rival's address.

To fall through an open cellar on a dark night, and to be informed you must be more careful in future.

To send an advertisement of your marriage to a newspaper, and to see it published under the head of distressing news.

THE GHOST LOVER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In the year 1810, Gen. Von Streiben, commander in the Wurtemberg branch of the army of the Germanic Confederation, laid aside his jackboots, his epaulettes and his plumed cocked-hat subsided into private life. He had seen forty years of active service, and was now superannuated and pensioned. Having, besides the pension, a small private fortune of his own, he was enabled to take up his residence at Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, and to live in a very comfortable and respectable style, military and civilian friends, who honored the brave old soldier, and loved to hear his fine brave talk—for a service of forty years in an age of wars gives a man a great deal to talk about and a grand style of talking too. The slightest reminiscences which issued from beneath his shaggy moustache were worth hearing. Nearly half a century of exciting and perilous work had imparted firmness and sharpness to his mind, and to his language rare force and vigor.

He had been married, but his wife did not long survive the birth of his only child. The only child, Clemenza von Streiben, was now the chief delight and solace of the widowed veteran. She was in her nineteenth year when the general threw aside his jackboots and cocked-hat; a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the pride of the old warrior's heart, and the toast of half the young officers and gentlemen in Stuttgart. But her love lot was already cast. Of many suitors, one had been preferred and accepted—Konrad Poveliski, a handsome estimable young lieutenant in the service of the grand-duke—whose high character and promising talents bore fair to render him a distinguished ornament of the army.

With frequent interruptions, the courtship proceeded for two years, when Konrad gained promotion, and was made captain of a company. It was then arranged that the marriage should take place, and preparations were actually in progress for the happy event, when Capt. Poveliski was awakened from his dream by an order to put his company in marching-order immediately.

It was at the end of June that Konrad with his troop advanced to meet the French army. The young officer set out on this expedition with none of the ardor and vivacity which had characterized his behavior at all previous occasions, when he had been proceeding to active service. To his own private disappointment, there was added an amount of despondency and sadness, which appeared doubly remarkable in one whose temperament was ordinarily so brave, firm, and equal. Clemenza was much distressed at this unwonted display of feeling, and, like a woman, began to think of omens, of impending misfortune, of bereavement. The general alone sustained his hearty good cheer. "What wonder," cried he, "that our Konrad is a little out of sorts, seeing that he has made up his mind to be married? Where is the young man who would like to put off such an affair as that, to Heaven knows when?"

During the early weeks of the campaign Konrad had written thrice, and in a tone of good cheer. Indeed, after each of the successive victories which marked the commencement of hostilities, the general had been rendered triumphant and hilarious, and the wistful Clemenza had been comforted, by receiving an account of it in Konrad's own handwriting.

But after the third letter, they heard from him no more; nor did they learn anything respecting him until the February of 1813, when a worn and ragged troop of men—the only remaining fragments of the fine little army which started from Stuttgart in the preceding summer—straggled back again. By one of these it was stated that Captain Poveliski had been shot in the heat at Poltsk, and had been taken to the hospital established there by the French; that was before the proceedings at Moscow, and before the fatal retreat; therefore, argued the soldier if nothing had been heard of him since, seeing that six months had passed, it must be supposed that he had died. The general and Clemenza, and all their friends, pursued their inquiries by every possible means; but only procured, with a single ray of hope, unanimous confirmation of the soldier's statement that Poveliski had been shot in the head during the engagement at Poltsk, and had been taken to the French hospital, where he had undoubtedly died.

Months after month passed away, until a whole year had elapsed since Konrad's departure. General von Streiben—knowing well what the hazards of a war-hospital—well long since given up his much-beloved pupil and son-in-law for lost. Clemenza had also resigned herself to that belief; and both were mourning for the sake of the fine and dear young fellow.

One evening in June, a twelve-month after that June in which she and Konrad had taken their last evening walk, Clemenza was sitting in the window of the saloon, her hands occupied with a dainty morsel of needle-work, and her mind with many trifling recollections. The old general sat in his easy-chair, smoking his great silver-mounted pipe, alternately dozing and making strenuous attempts to read the *Zeitungsverger*. It was in the hearts of both of them that that exactly a twelve month had passed since Konrad went to the wars.

Over houses and trees, the beautiful light of the warm summer moon threw a silvery sheen. And now all was still in the streets of Stuttgart. The patrol had gone its round, and the people were within doors. "It is like a dream of another world," muttered Clemenza. All was divinely fair, the light so soft and tender, the forms and colors of objects so harmonized and mellowed by the thin mist. "Would that my

Konrad were here!—safe and well, and at home again!"

The wish had hardly been murmured, when a dull heavy sound of footsteps broke upon the ear. In the daytime, a noise so slight and muffled would hardly have been noticed or heard; but now, amid the silence, it monopolized the attention. Clemenza turned a little out to see who was coming; it was a soldier on horseback, advancing at a measured and solemn pace—There was something strangely spectral in the appearance of the night-wanderer.—The horse was gaunt, bony and lame, and seemed, from the muffled sound of its footsteps, to have lost the shoes off its hoofs. The horseman appeared to be in as bad case as his steed; his uniform was soiled and tattered, and hung in sad disorder upon his shrunken frame, as if it had once belonged to a stouter man. His helmet was slouched down over his forehead, so as to conceal his face from any one looking down upon him; and the plume was diminishing to a single feather, which drooped forlornly towards the earth.—With halting, yet measured and steady progress, the strange apparition came on. Clemenza softly called to her father to come and see the unwonted sight; but the general had dozed into slumber, and did not hear. As the horse and rider gained the front of the general's house, they stopped in the middle of the street. Then, for the first time the horseman looked up and in spite of ghastly emaciation, hollow cheeks, and wildly shining eyes, Clemenza recognized her Konrad! It seemed as if he expected to see her there. He looked directly up to the very window at which she stood, and, with a gesture of infinite grief and despair, solemnly saluted, and then passed on and away through the silent streets.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" cried the general, starting from his nap.—"What could all you, that you screamed out like that? Are you ill, darling?—What is it?"

"It is Konrad!"

"You have been dreaming. Put that scared look, I entreat, and compose yourself."

"Let me go; he cannot be yet far off." "There—let me put more water on your forehead; you are not recovered; you have been dreaming, and have lost your senses. Small this bottle—drink this brandy."

"It is no dream. Konrad, wasted to a skeleton, had just passed down the street." "My poor child is delirious."

"Oh, let us hasten out and overtake him."

"You have been brooding over the unholy ideas."

"I have neither slept nor dreamed. It is plain truth that he just went by; and if you will come with me down the street, you will see him, and then be satisfied that it is no dream—no delirium."

So assured, so piteously beseeching was she, and, in spite of her agitation, so self-possessed, that the general gave up the contest, and with a muffled, incredulous air put on his hat and took up his pipe again. Clemenza threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and led him out in a great hurry. They went down the street, some distance along the Esslingen road, and scrutinized wistfully all the adjacent roads and streets; but the worn-out horse-soldier was now here to be seen. In deference to Clemenza's great anxiety, they roamed hither and thither for more than an hour; but nothing came of it. At last they returned home, the general much strengthened in his argument, insisting upon it that Clemenza had fallen asleep by the window while full of thought about Konrad, and had dreamed of him.

A month went by in the usual every day style; no solution was afforded to the mystery. The general had forgotten it by this time, and Clemenza had almost begun to believe in the truth of the supposition he had uttered whilst restoring her from her fainting fit. Nevertheless, she did not fail to keep vigil—"to mount guard," as the general said—at the window every evening. After this month had elapsed, Clemenza was again excited by seeing a semblance of Konrad in the cathedral one Sunday morning. In the middle of the mass, when all eyes were engaged by the priest, and all ears by the music of the choir, a haggard spectral figure rose up by the side of a pillar, and looked fixedly at Clemenza, with a most heart-touching expression of anguish, despair, and resignation. Again, in spite of hollow cheeks and wildly shining eyes, Konrad was recognized, and Clemenza, with a stifled shriek, fell from her seat, to the great astonishment and fright of the general, who had not perceived the cause of agitation, and who now, assisted by a sacristan, bore his daughter out of the building, amidst the wondering congregation. All sorts of inquiries were made, with a view to discovering who the seeming Konrad could be, or where he was, but still without effect.

A week or two after, a precisely similar occurrence took place at the opera, whither the general had taken his daughter for the sake of amusement and exhilaration of mind. The same weird-face rose up before the heart-sore young lady; the sadly impassioned gaze was fixed upon her; and then the figure disappeared amidst the company. This time she did not faint, but hurriedly communicated to her father the cause of her agitation.—The general in spite of much inconvenience went instantly to the part indicated, and examined every one in the *loge*. Unfortunately, the nature of the occasion prevented him from asking any very searching questions; but he saw there was no Konrad, or semblance of Konrad, within view, for he could recognize every person as an inhabitant of Stuttgart or its vicinity.

Then General von Streiben, greatly afflicted, began to think that his daughter's mind was affected; that continual brooding upon her bereavement had preyed upon her intellect and disordered it. In this belief, he consulted a physician, and the physician advised change of air and scene. Upon this advice the general instantly acted, procured passports, and removed himself and household to Vienna. Clemenza was greatly averse to the removal; but the general, set upon effecting her recovery, would hear of no opposition, and when his mind was made up, upon anything whatever, the old soldier was firm as a rock.

PART II

In Vienna, General von Streiben, with a view to diverting his daughter's mind, took her frequently to public places, to the theaters, the opera; received as much company at home as his means would allow; and went out often into society.—In fact, in comparison with their quiet life at Stuttgart, their residence at Vienna, was a continual round of pleasure-talking. The old soldier being a man of good capacity, and a thorough citizen of the world, played this public part admirably well; and even poor Clemenza seemed to be finding out that it was not the wisest plan to pass life in seclusion and sadness.

But shortly a new turn was given to affairs, by the fact of a young gentleman, Moritz Jaellmann, the son of a banker, one of the partners of a very opulent establishment, conceiving suddenly a violent passion for Clemenza, and seeking every honorable means of ingratiating himself in her favor. He contrived that his relatives should become acquainted with her, that they might sanction his wishes; and Clemenza, being really, a very charming young lady, and her father being of high rank, one might almost say of European reputation, this proved to be no such difficult matter. The general and his daughter were invited hither and thither constantly, and the enthusiastic young banker was invited to most them. The affair was at length ripe. The young man applied in due time to the father; and he had not the slightest objection in the world, having heard generally an excellent account of the young gentleman's disposition, talents and prospects; he must leave it, however, entirely to his dear daughter, who had suffered much and was still suffering from a sad bereavement, which had already cost her a husband. The young banker's relatives were pleased to find his attention engaged to an object so worthy; and being anxious to see him married, and settled, did all they could to encourage the suit.—As for Moritz himself, his daily life became a fervid dream—such was the depth and strength of his passion. But another person was interested in the question as well as he—namely, Fraulein Clemenza von Streiben herself. What did she say? What did she do? Alas! she shrunk back in affright as if from an unholy compact. As yet, her heart was wholly Konrad's, whether living or dead.

Now, if Konrad had been living, or if there had been any rational hopes of his being so, Moritz would undoubtedly, as a man of honor, have withdrawn his suit instantly; but under actual circumstances, neither pride nor despair could induce him to do so. He would not allow his love and his whole life's happiness to be sacrificed to a sentimental passion for one who was in all human probability, long ago in his grave. To his earnest remonstrances, however, Clemenza would not listen. She would not believe in Konrad's death. She cited many remarkable incidents she had heard her father relate; and declared that it would be a sin to take it for granted that he was no more; since they knew what the chances of war were, and how many a lost one had returned even after a lapse of years. Her faithful heart was not to be won. Moritz heard, saw, admired and despaired. This touching fidelity, this calm, unmovable constancy turned love into adoration; and into the height of his enthusiasm, he made a most romantic and generous proposal.—He offered to spend a year in search of Konrad, and during the whole time, to spare no efforts to find him; to go all over Wurtemberg; to visit every scene of the war; to trace the course of the great retreat; to ascertain the number and names of the Russian prisoners of war; and, in short, to omit nothing which could help to discover whether his rival were living or dead. "He cared not what he went through," said this enthusiastic young lover, "if he only could resolve uncertainty! If he found Konrad, then he should have the satisfaction of having done a good deed; but if not, or discovered that he was indeed dead, then, at last Fraulein von Streiben could not but consider herself free from her engagement. He was a fine, sanguine fellow, and Clemenza was deeply touched by this extraordinary proof of affection. She solemnly accepted the agreement, however, in the exact spirit in which it was proposed. As for the old general, he smoked his pipe over the compact, and thought the duty of knight-errantry were coming back again.

With as little delay as possible, Moritz Jaellmann set forth, going first to Stuttgart, which place he meant to make the point of departure for his expedition of discovery. Once within the old city, of course curiosity and love took him directly to the deserted residence of General von Streiben.

Full of resolves as to what he should do, and of deliberation as to how he should do it, Moritz set smoking his pipe in Clemenza's old window-seat on the night of his second day in Stuttgart. Although early spring it was very warm; and the young lover found his place so exceedingly pleasant, and his ruminations so interesting, that he remained there for some hours. When, by and by, he recalled his thoughts from their wanderings, it would have been quite dark, but for the unsteady glimmer of the old oil lamps suspended across the street at different intervals. All was still. The thoroughfares were deserted.

It seemed as if the people of Stuttgart were all gone home to bed.

"Ah, sighed Moritz, 'how often, at this self-same window, has Clemenza followed in reverie the fortunes of that love to whom she has been so constant! Oh Konrad! I would I had some tidings of thee! On behalf of the sweetest lady in Germany, I ask it thou art living or—'

A movement of something in the street arrested his muttered soliloquy. It was the slow waving of a thin white hand, only indistinctly visible in the dim light.—Moritz looked hard to see what this could possibly mean. A tall figure was standing in the middle of the road, looking up towards the window at which he sat. Through-out his life, Moritz remembered the strange look of the upturned face, so ghastly.—The figure waved its hand three, and passed slowly down the street. There was something curious in the movements and appearance of the night-wanderer; but Moritz was no amateur of the supernatural. He merely supposed that it was some poor friend of the porter, who believed he saw Fritz himself at the window. Moritz thought it strange, however, that the person, whoever he might be, uttered no sound. However, all his thoughts speedily returned to Clemenza, whose spirit he could fancy to be hovering about the old house; and as it was growing late, he went down to Fritz—whom he found in an incipient state of intoxication—procured a candle and betook himself to bed. His dreams were all of Clemenza; and of a Konrad Poveliski, whom he had never seen. By and by they became of a disagreeable character—something resembling the nightmare. Weird-voices, unnatural sounds smote his ears and his bed was tossed up and down, and from side to side. In the perturbation of distracting fancies, he groaned aloud. Now he was tossing upon a stormy sea his bed rolling perilously upon the billows; now he was borne rapidly through subterranean caverns, where a single hissing voice pursued him. At length with a start and a cry he awoke.

His bed was, in reality being roughly shaken; and though it was a breathing presence could tell there was a breathing presence in the room. He rubbed his eyes—ran his fingers through his hair. Some one had been endeavoring to wake him then. Perhaps there was something the matter.

"If it is you, Konrad Poveliski? And is the house on fire?"

"I am not Fritz," answered a deep and solemn voice.

"Not Fritz? Then I suppose you are the watchman or the fireman. To think of a drunken porter perilling the house in this way! But the smoke is not very strong; I suppose the stairs are all safe as yet."

"There is no smoke, because there is no fire," returned the voice with the most irritating deliberation; "and I am neither watchman nor fireman."

"Indeed," cried Moritz, sliding out of bed, and grasping a pistol which he had placed on the table over night, though with little thought that he should have occasion to use it. "Who are you, and what do you want, then? My pistol here has a couple of barrels, and there is a ball in each—do you wish anything in that way?"

A mocking laugh was the only response to this formidable enquiry. Moritz shuddered at the unearthly sound, and began to think he had innocently become the occupant of a haunted chamber.

"My senses," said he, "are tolerably sharp; I can hear where you are. Leave the room this instant or I will fire!"

"I am beyond the power of earthly weapons," returned the voice calmly; "had you fifty pistols, and fifty barrels each you could not harm me!"

"Begone, or I will put it to the proof. 'If it will give you any satisfaction, do so. Fire!'"

"Prepare,"

"I am here."

"You are moving—come not near me.—Man or spirit, my conscience is good, my heart is firm, my hand is true; it will be dangerous to sport with me."

"I have not moved and will not. Again I say, fire!"

"As you will not heed my caution—take!"

Moritz fired. In the momentary flash, he described a tall dark figure standing on the other side of the room. The old-fashioned pistol exploded with a loud report, and the bullet shattered the wainscot, and sent a shower of splinters into the room.

Then there was a deep silence.

The terrible suspense silent moments was intolerable. The nerves of the young man, wrought up to the most painful tension by his dreams, and by the presence of what seemed like a supernatural visitor began to fail him, and he felt ready to faint beneath the influence of a species of terror he had never before experienced since his boyhood. His limbs shook; although he desired to hear the sound of his own foot on the floor, he parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

At length there was a deep sigh from the other side of the bed. The silence was broken by the voice.

"Are you satisfied?" it demanded.

"There is another bullet," gasped Moritz; "begone, or I fire again!"

"If you must, do so quickly," rejoined the voice; and then, perhaps, you will be content. I have something to say and I cannot remain here long."

"Something to say? Say on, then, whoever or whatever thou art!" exclaimed Moritz, lowering his pistol, now totally abandoned and awestricken by the immovable calmness of his mysterious visitor.

"Be not afraid; I will not harm thee," said the voice. "Light your lamp, and you will see that there is nothing to fear."

Moritz hesitated. By this time, imagination had large scope, and had invaded the visitant with a thousand spectral terrors. He dreaded to produce a light, lest his eyes should encounter some revelation—perhaps so awful as to ruin memory and reason forever.

"Light the lamp, I say, and you will see that there is no ground for either terror or anger."

Moritz fancied there was some abatement in the awful solemnity of the tone now—something human and persuasive in the voice.

"I am a poor and broken soul—more worthy of your ruin than your wrath," it added.

"But why do you visit me thus?"

"I wish to ask a question."

"Ask, in Heaven's name, and have quickly done with me!"

"At one time there was a beautiful presence in this home—glorious as an angel, and sweet as the spirit of love!—Have you seen her—Clemenza von Streiben?"

"Clemenza!" exclaimed Moritz in amazement. "What would you with her?"

"Then you know her?"

"That I do."

"Is she alive and well?"

"She was four days ago."

"So lately! Have you seen her so lately as four days ago?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In Vienna."

She was sitting, and her father took her hither for change of air and scene, thank Heaven! or I should never have beheld her."

"Do you love her then?"

"Ay; that I do—I love her as never mortal loved before."

The voice was silent, but there was a deep long-drawn sigh.

"What is it?" exclaimed Moritz again; "what would I not go through to prove I love her? Even now I am bound upon a long and difficult enterprise on her behalf."

"Ha! what may that be?"

"Before the war, she was betrothed to a captain in the army of Wurtemberg, who has never returned, and whose fate has never been ascertained. To his memory Clemenza is still constant; and till she is assured of his death, will listen to no other suitor. I go to seek him—Konrad Poveliski."

"Alas! vain enterprise. Poveliski is no more!"

"How know you that?"

"By reason of evidence stronger than any the world can furnish. I tell thee again—thy journey will be taken for naught; Poveliski is no more!"

"Oh, let me hear! How do you know that? What evidence can you give me?—what incontrovertible assurance? Let me hear—let me hear!" exclaimed Moritz, greatly agitated. "If he has fallen in the war let me know where lie his bones."

"In the cemetery of Potolsk they whiten, for Konrad is no more! answered the voice, in accents of such choking pathos that Moritz was touched to the heart.

"There is some mystery here, but come what may I will endeavor to unravel," he exclaimed.

Putting down the pistol, he strove to kindle a light. There were no commodious lucifers or congresses in those days, and fire was commonly produced with the clumsy machinery of flint and steel.—With trembling fingers, Moritz smote the steel against the stone until the tinder in the box was ignited. A minute after, the lamp was lit, and shed its soft light over the chamber.

An exclamation of amazement broke from the young man as he beheld the form and features of his visitant. It was the same personage that he had seen standing and waving his hand in the street. He had moved from the spot he occupied at the time the pistol was fired, and was now nearer the door. Behind that spot there was a gaping hole in the wainscot, that proved the destructive power of the weapon. The figure was clothed in dark habiliments; was dreadfully haggard, thin and pale; and the eyes blazed with a light like that of insanity.

"Why here is no ghost as any rate! 'Midst—his alarm changed to wonder. 'Come here my poor fellow. Thank God, I did not kill thee!'"

"My errand is done," said the visitant. "I have told thee Poveliski is no more, and happily saved thee a toilsome journey and fruitless quest. In return, bid Clemenza von Streiben to remember the promise she made to her Konrad on the eve of his departure for the war."

"The figure turned, and solemnly performed a military salute.

"Go not yet. Oh, my God, he is wounded!" cried Moritz, as now, upon the stranger turning, he observed blood trickling down his right cheek. "I have killed him! Come here this instant and let me see how thou art hurt!"

But before the words were well uttered, the figure was gone.

Moritz hastily put on a portion of his clothes, took the lamp, and hurried down stairs. The porter, overcome by the deep positions of the evening—consequent, perhaps, upon Moritz's generosity—was sitting asleep in the passage by the concierge, the front door being unsecured and on the latch. Moritz went out, but could see on one in any direction; nor could the watchman, when he awakened from a sleep as sound as Fritz's, afford any information. He then went back and strove to discover whether there were any traces of blood on the ground. Finding none, however, and being completely off the scent, he could do nothing but address himself to the task of cultivating patience until the morning.

As soon as daylight had returned, and people of business were astir, he caused a description of his visitant, not forgetting the wound on his right cheek, to be circulated throughout the city, offering a reward to whomsoever should produce the person described, or give any information respecting him.

An old widow woman came to him in the course of the day, with one of his proclamations in her hand. For the last seven or eight months she said, a person whose name she did not know, but who answered exactly to the description in the bills, with the exception of the wound in the face, had been living at her house, which was a somewhat sequestered spot about two miles from Stuttgart. He had left home the preceding night she said, and had not returned all night. After further inquiries, Moritz went with the widow to her house, when she had done her marketing in the city. She said the stranger had come there last summer looking half-starved and broken down, and asked her to let him stay a day or two, paying her handsomely. She was too old to be afraid of scandal, and having a whole house to herself, she consented and gave the stranger an apartment, which he had occupied ever since. The stranger was an horseback when he came to her, but the horse was dreadfully out of condition; and though she had got it placed in a paddock, it did not improve. He possessed an old suit of uniform, like that of a Wurtemberg captain, which, however, she had only seen him put on two or three times. He was exceedingly taciturn, and never afforded her the least insight into his history; and as for friends, he did not seem to have one in the world. She had fancied his mind was affected; indeed she had no doubt that such was the case; but as he was always harmless and civil, and paid her regularly, she did not take any notice of that.

Great was the widow's astonishment and alarm to find that her mysterious lodger had left her house apparently for ever, as for several days he never returned. Moritz, after much difficulty, persuaded her to allow him to examine the stranger's apartment. Therein, among sundry valueless articles of clothing, he found a small Bible, and on the fly-leaf was the name "Konrad Poveliski." Moritz was almost at his wits' end with excitement, curiosity, and embarrassment as to the means by which he might unravel this strange mystery. He took up his abode for the present at the widow's house, expecting daily the reappearance of the late lodger, and meanwhile wrote to Vienna an account of what had befallen him.

In answer to this letter, came a very brief one from General von Streiben, congratulating him upon not having proceeded further than Stuttgart, and entreating him to return without delay, as Captain Poveliski had been found! Astonished beyond measure, Moritz returned to his native city. Almost immediately after his arrival, he repaired to the house of the general and there and then again beheld von Poveliski—for in the long lost captain he recognized his mysterious night-visitant.

The story of Konrad's wound in the retreat from Moscow was correct; he had been actually shot in the head, and carried to Potolsk, as the soldiers had stated. The wound, however, was not mortal; the shot had been extracted, but it had produced an effect upon the brain which had deranged the intellect of the sufferer. Under the influence of a hallucination, he had escaped from the hospital, after lying there many months, believing himself to be dead, and he was permitted to rove about the world in the spirit. In that belief, he had wandered back to Stuttgart, and presented himself before Clemenza, as related.

When she left for Vienna, he had been stricken with despair, but still passed the house occasionally; and when he saw Moritz at the window, he had, under the influence, it is conjectured, of jealousy and curiosity, returned in the night, procured entrance into the house through the negligence of the porter, and roamed through the chambers until he found the room in which Moritz was sleeping. He then learned whither Clemenza had gone, and on leaving the house, set forth straightway for Vienna. He discovered where the general lived; and on presenting himself, was recognized and secured by the veteran himself—he and his daughter discovering that their poor friend's mind was in ruins.

The wound from Moritz's pistol, though merely a graze of the flesh, had become infl