Anton in America: A Novel from German-American Life

by Reinhold Solger

Translated by Lorie A. Vanchena

2006

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Anton in America

A Novel from German-American Life

Reinhold Solger
Lorie A. Vanchena, translator
ADVANCE PRAISE FOR

Anton in America

"It is a pleasure to read Lorie A. Vanchena’s sprightly and congenial translation of Reinhold Solger’s *Anton in America* (1862), which begins as a good-natured spoof of Gustav Freytag’s earnest, somewhat stuffy best seller *Debit and Credit* (1855) and continues with a tolerantly comic tale about American justice and capitalist anarchy, wearing its prejudices so lightly and cheerfully that they do not offend, and constantly parodying the conventions of popular literature. Professor Vanchena’s meticulous commentary supplies the most thorough source of information on Solger we have yet had, and clarifies his many allusions and literary tags."

*Jeffrey L. Sammons, Leavenworth Professor of German Emeritus, Yale University*

“This is a mordantly humorous take on mid-nineteenth-century America, framed as a continuation of Gustav Freytag’s baleful *Debit and Credit*. It could be read as a scathing indictment of American business and society if it weren’t so much fun to read. Rarely has a good history lesson been so diverting.”

*Steven Rowan, Professor of History, University of Missouri-St. Louis*
Anton in America
Reinhold Solger

Anton in America

A Novel

from German-American Life

TRANSLATED
AND INTRODUCED BY

Lorie A. Vanchena

PETER LANG
New York • Washington, D.C./Baltimore • Bern
Frankfurt am Main • Berlin • Brussels • Vienna • Oxford
Contents

Series Editor's Foreword ........................................................................................................... xi
Acknowledgments ..................................................................................................................... xv
Introduction ............................................................................................................................... xvii
Anton in America. Part One: The City ...................................................................................... 1
Introduction. An Orientation for the Reader .............................................................................. 3
Chapter 1. Which humbly announces to the reader Mrs. Wohlfahrt's happy delivery of the healthy hero of a novel. The story of his youth and emigration to America ........................................................................................................ 7
Chapter 2. Antonio makes the acquaintance of a dry goods merchant in Barclay Street ........ 13
Chapter 3. Our hero finds a beautiful beggar woman on Broadway and befriends an Irish family on Mulberry Street ................................................................................................................ 19
Chapter 4. A soirée on Fifth Avenue ......................................................................................... 31
Chapter 5. Our hero gets into trouble in a casino, but luckily escapes with his life ........... 47
Chapter 6. A murderous attack in the night, as occasionally happens in New York ........... 51
Chapter 7. Count Roussillon makes arrangements for his December 2 .............................. 55
Chapter 8. Our hero is asked to present public lectures and has a look at New York's business world, where Mr. Dawson suggests a compromise based on a reasonable view of the matter ........................................................................ 65
Chapter 9. Our hero does not find his charge, but his friends avenge the attempt on his life ........................................................................................................................................ 77
Chapter 10. Mary Dawson receives news in the evening that, if received that morning, could have prevented great disaster

Chapter 11. The crisis. Mr. Dawson as a bear

Chapter 12. Mr. Beauford pays a visit to brother and sister, as ordered by the count. Donkey and lion

Chapter 13. Our hero goes into business but soon discovers much to his disappointment that his prophetic, philosophical view of American circumstances has not deceived him

Chapter 14. European-American business entanglements. Our hero’s business is sold out from under him

Chapter 15. Since our hero has lost everything, he becomes his own master, discovers new inner strength, and is happy

Chapter 16. Reckoning between father and son

Part Two: The Country

Chapter 1. A summer trip to the mountains

Chapter 2. A country outing. Two adventures in one day

Chapter 3. Susan receives a proposal and does a small heroic deed

Chapter 4. Rain and sunshine

Chapter 5. Sleepwalking, sunrise, hatred of bears

Chapter 6. Rinaldo in the Garden of Armida

Chapter 7. The lost daughter

Chapter 8. The hero takes Annie to a sanctuary for the time being. Confessions of a sacrificial lamb

Chapter 9. Murder

Chapter 10. Antonio opens his letters
CONTENTS

Chapter 11. General departure. Young Dawson searches for a bride after his recent crime and finds an angel........................................205

Chapter 12. The hero prepares to travel overseas, but the police stop him..................................................................................213

Chapter 13. The criminal trial. Examination of the witnesses..................219

Chapter 14. The defense lawyer’s speech.................................................................225

Chapter 15. The prosecutor’s speech.................................................................231

Chapter 16 ...........................................................................................................239

Chapter 17. The verdict .......................................................................................243

Chapter 18. The sentence is carried out.................................................................249

Chapter 19. How Mary Dawson came to her ride ..................................................255

Chapter 20. How Mary Dawson came to her horse. An old acquaintance resurfaces ...............................................................259

Chapter 21. How Frank obtained the pardon .........................................................263

Chapter 22. Susan’s wedding...............................................................................267


Chapter 24. Another coup d’état. Counterplot.........................................................281

Chapter 25. Dies irae .........................................................................................285

Chapter 26 ...........................................................................................................289

Final Chapter. With three postscripts. Travel, money, and wedding.............293

Notes to Translation.........................................................................................295
Series Editor's Foreword

The German-American Tradition Reconsidered

There are approximately 6,000 languages spoken around the globe today, and since there are fewer than two hundred nation states this means that most countries are multilingual. This simple fact may not have been recognized by different branches of nationalist history-writing. Even today, notions of "one nation, one language" enjoy considerable, unmerited, and at times dangerous popularity.

The United States is a case in point. Obscured by the battle about "Official English" is the fact that Americans have expressed themselves in more than a hundred languages. These are not just unrecorded spoken languages by native American Indians and immigrants from many lands. There are also well over 100,000 American texts that were written in languages ranging from indigenous Amerindian tongues and from Spanish, French, Dutch, German, and Russian colonial writings to immigrant literature in all European, many Asian, and some African languages. To cite just one example, the list of multilingual American newspapers that were under the surveillance of the U.S. Postmaster in 1917 is sixty single-spaced pages long and includes over two thousand titles of periodicals in languages ranging from Ruthenian to Syrian, Bohemian to "Spanish-Jewish" (Ladino), Tagalog-Visayan to Romanian, as well as bi- and trilingual formats such as Polish-Latin, Danish-Norwegian-Swedish, or German-Hungarian. These little-studied texts raise important issues of language policies, national identity, and education, and they are especially suited to the kind of international scholarly collaboration that the Longfellow Institute at Harvard University and the John F. Kennedy Institute at the Freie Universität have begun to establish.

Though it has been a stepchild of German as well as of American Studies, the German-American tradition is particularly rich, extending as it does from the seventeenth century to the present. In quantitative terms alone, the German-American tradition has been impressive. The German Society of Pennsylvania, for example, holds 70,000 titles (among which there are many German-Americana); and new electronic bibliographic research has shown that in the Harvard University library system there are more than 25,000
German-language titles published in the United States, making German by far the largest single non-English language group among American imprints. How many more might the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, and the University of Chicago Archives hold? In addition, more than 5,000 German-language newspapers and periodicals have been identified.

One of the first German-American writers was Francis (or Franz—he used both versions of his first name) Daniel Pastorius who co-authored the first protest against African slavery in the English colonies in 1688 (for which he later was memorialized by John Greenleaf Whittier) and also wrote the first practical legal treatise in British North America that included provisions for mediation instead of litigation. His most important and intriguing manuscript is called *Bee Hive* (1696), a multilingual collection of excerpts, parental advice to his children, and autobiographical observations. Pastorius may at least be known by name. But this is not the case for the many German-American autobiographies, and countless essays, poems, plays, and novels that still await twentieth-century readers. Such works include Franklinian autobiographies before Franklin; incisive political and economic analyses of the United States; memorable observations on subjects ranging from slavery to the emergence of prefabricated housing; early candid literary representations of lesbian love; interracial novels of manners; pioneering journalistic accounts of America's ethnic diversity, of rural and of the rise of urban life; haunting poetic articulations of labor issues, women's rights, and environmental concerns; expressions of exile and hope, nostalgia and despair; comedies of manners and serious drama in High and Low German, Yiddish, English, and the mixed language sometimes called "Germerican."

These works raise many questions: was there, in fact, ever a unified German-American tradition, or do quite heterogeneous linguistic, religious and regional groups and rather unrepresentative individual figures dominate the scene? How did German-language writers in the United States position themselves in relationship to the various German-speaking areas and countries in Europe, and how did they interact with different ethnic and linguistic groups in the United States? Which new general insights into emigration from Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, into American cultural and ethnic relations, and into transatlantic history can be gained by new scholarship and by freshly presented literary and historical sources?

We may have known for a very long time that German-American literature is historically long-lasting and quantitatively significant—but, the reader
may ask, how about the quality of this literature? Are there any “good,” “interesting,” or otherwise “important” texts among them? What do they tell us that we do not already know from “better sources”? And, given the antiquarian and dusty feeling that surrounds the very term “German-American,” do these works connect with, and relate to, the work of such flourishing fields as Cultural Studies?

Reinhold Solger’s fascinating novel *Anton in America* (1862), never before translated into English, provides answers to such questions. Published here in its vivid English translation by Lorie A. Vanchena, this suspenseful, well-written and well-plotted German-American novel is a page-turner in the best nineteenth-century mode. It is a novel of manners and of education, a political novel, an immigrant narrative, a story of country and city, and it contains such unforgettable scenes as the social satire of a party in a New York parvenu’s house, a tall tale about a New Hampshire bear hunt, and a tense courtroom drama, complete with the defense lawyer’s and state attorney’s pleas. Solger’s novel is self-consciously literary: it pretends to be a sequel to a once-famous German business novel; it includes a Dickensian trustworthy street urchin and a Harriet-Beecher-Stowe-inspired New England spinster-reformer; and it alludes to many authors, not only Schiller and Goethe but also Shakespeare, Bacon, Boccaccio, Camões, Dante, and Homer.

Behind the intrigues of love, domination, and assassination—an attempted murder is set at Niagara Falls—Solger represents the bourgeois world, including not just its courtship and family plots but also, and most fully, the business sphere of money-making and of losing big, the bull and bear cycles of financial speculation and economic crisis, informed by an impressive international awareness of the American business consequences of such events as the Crimean War or Italian unification. It is hard to think of another American novel like *Anton in America*. Lorie A. Vanchena’s introduction provides full information about the German-American author and his novel, including its linguistic features.

It is the purpose of this series to subject the large topic of German-America to new critical scrutiny. It does so as an international collaborative effort among scholars from disciplines ranging from modern languages to political history and from American Studies to anthropology who present independently conceived publications as part of the larger project. Reimagined as part of multilingual America, the new examinations of the German-American tradition in this series offer not only new approaches to German-
American studies, but they also force new thinking about what constitutes “German literature” and what have been the defining, though too little recognized, multilingual features of “American literature.”
Acknowledgments

I would like to express my appreciation to colleagues and friends who have supported and assisted me with this project. I am especially grateful to Lynne Tatlock, who encouraged and inspired me to translate Reinhold Solger’s novel and offered invaluable advice throughout my work on this project. She and Vanessa Van Ornam meticulously read drafts of the introduction and the translation and provided insightful commentary. Jeffrey L. Sammons, who wrote an endorsement for this volume, generously used the occasion of that reading to help me further polish this work. Ortwin Knorr assisted me in interpreting German and Latin expressions and identifying literary allusions. Many colleagues graciously responded to my inquiries and provided aid; I thank Robert A. Gross, Gail Bederman, Elise Lemire, Leslie Perrin Wilson, Mia Bagneris, Susan A. Calef, Mark Freitag, J. William Harmless, David Gardiner, David Vanderboegh, and Charles Kestermeier. Randy D. Jorgensen and Anthony Schwartz offered insight on the novel’s financial passages, and students in my seminar on German-American culture provided helpful feedback on an early draft of selected chapters. Lynn Schneiderman, Reference/Interlibrary Loan Assistant at Creighton’s Reinert/Alumni Memorial Library, deserves a special thanks for her valuable expertise. Gregory Bucher patiently assisted me with the technological aspects of preparing the final manuscript. The editorial and production staff at Peter Lang kindly helped throughout the publishing process.

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I am indebted to Werner Sollors for opening a new field of research that reconsiders the German-American tradition. I thank him for his lively interest in Solger and for making possible the publication of *Anton in America*. 
I would also like to thank Lucy and Louis Falaschi, Ann Fredricksson, Kristin Klay, Gina Missurelli, Betty and Ralph Morrone, and Annette Morrone for their constant support and encouragement. I dedicate this translation to Rose Treusch von Buttlar.

L. V.
March 2006
Introduction

*Anton in Amerika: Novelle aus dem deutsch-amerikanischen Leben* (Anton in America: A Novel from German-American Life, 1862), written by forty-eighter, journalist, and immigrant Reinhold Solger, has been described as "probably the best known of all works of German American prose fiction of the nineteenth century," as "a classic," and as "one of the best" examples of German-language literature published in the United States.1 A tale of the fortunes and misfortunes of a fictional German immigrant who arrives in New York in 1857, *Anton in America* was selected as the winning entry in a novella competition sponsored by the *New-Yorker Criminal-Zeitung und Belletristisches Journal* (New York Crime Reporter and Belletristic Journal). In an article announcing the winning submission, the judges praise the author's impressive talent and knowledge of German-American life. Rudolf Lexow, the journal's publisher and editor, also informs readers that the author—already well-known for the prize-winning poem he had written for New York's Schiller centennial in 1859—had conceived his work as a continuation to Gustav Freytag's best-selling novel, *Soll und Haben* (Debit and Credit, 1855).2 Solger's well-educated but naïve protagonist (whose name is really Antonio) is indeed the son of Anton Wohlfart, Freytag's exemplary merchant. The German-language weekly serialized the winning narrative from 21 March to 5 September 1862, putting it on the front page of all but the last of twenty-five issues.3

In taking up German cultural material and transferring it to a new national landscape, Solger created a work that offers insight into the German-American experience in the mid-nineteenth century. He achieved this not only by inventing a son for Freytag's fictional protagonist, but also by using contemporary historical developments in Europe—the Revolution of 1848, for example—as a distant backdrop for Antonio's experiences in the United States. Throughout *Anton in America*, moreover, we find evidence of the contact between German immigrants and the American landscape. The broader society with which Antonio interacts includes other Germans—both German-Americans and fellow countrymen residing in Europe—as well as Irish immigrants, in particular the spirited O'Shea family living in the Five Points neighborhood of lower Manhattan. Americans, from Fifth Avenue
INTRODUCTION

high society to rural farmers, from a black servant to a fundamentalist preacher, from Tammany Hall thugs to independent female schoolteachers, play significant roles. Many episodes focus on preconceived notions of cultural identity shared by immigrants and Americans alike; these attitudes are especially pronounced in the suspenseful murder trial. The physical landscape of the United States also figures prominently in this literary response to intercultural contact. Solger strives to evoke the two major settings in his book, New York City and the White Mountains of New Hampshire (a juxtaposition he emphasizes in the titles of Part One and Part Two, “City” and “Country,” respectively), as evidenced, for example, by his lyrical descriptions of the sun rising over the harbor of New York City and the peaks of northern New Hampshire, and by his portrayals of a sweltering afternoon on Broadway and a nighttime thunderstorm in the country.

As historian Kathleen Neils Conzen writes, German-speaking immigrants often viewed nineteenth-century America as a “phantom landscape” of opportunity, only to discover that this landscape “had its own settlement geography, its own local and cosmopolitan cultures, its own social structure, its own institutions, its own politics and agendas, its own religious perspectives, its own intellectual life, its own sense of past and future.” Immigrants could not exist solely within the phantom landscape, Conzen argues, for it was anchored in the real landscape inhabited by Americans. As a product of nineteenth-century German immigration, Anton in America sheds light on the immigrants’ experience of having to adapt to life in the United States and create a hybrid identity as German-Americans. As a novel written in German by a German immigrant, moreover, it belongs to the rich multilingual history and culture of the United States.

A Competition for a German-American Novella

By the mid-1840s the German-language press was emerging as an effective voice for the growing number of German immigrants in the United States. Approximately eighty German-language newspapers existed in 1848; by 1860 that number had reached 266, and circulation had also risen considerably. Many of these newspapers came to play an important role in promoting and disseminating some of the earliest prose fiction published by Germans in the United States. As Patricia Herminghouse observes, most of this literature appeared in serialized installments in the German-language periodic press.
New to the United States in the 1850s, serialization was inspired by the enormous success of Eugène Sue’s *Les Mystères de Paris* (The Secrets of Paris), which had been published in installments in a Parisian newspaper in 1842. The idea of German-language periodicals sponsoring contests to encourage the production of German-American literature took hold by 1858, when Heinrich Börnstein’s *Anzeiger des Westens* (The Western Advocate), a periodical published in St. Louis, sponsored a competition won by *Fata Morgana*, a novella written by another forty-eighter, Adolph Douai. Editors recognized that narratives like these helped entice readers to buy or subscribe to a particular journal.

On 23 November 1860 the *New York Crime Reporter and Belletristic Journal* published an article announcing its competition for a novella about American life. According to the article, the contest sought to enrich the journal’s literary pages and motivate talented writers by offering a prize of $300 for the best submission. Each novella had to include an epigraph on its title page and be long enough to fill the front page of at least twelve issues, but writers were granted free reign in choosing their topics. The announcement emphasized, however, that themes drawn from German-American life would be particularly appropriate. Although Lexow, a forty-eighter from Schleswig-Holstein, claimed that similar competitions had failed in the past, he believed that his had a good chance of succeeding, given that

the fates of the Germans on this continent offer novelists a wealth of potential material. There is certainly no lack of both tragic and comic circumstances here. There is no shortage of potential topics, whether in the large cities or on the prairies and in the forests of the Far West. We cannot look upon a newly arrived immigrant—lonely, left to his own devices, standing on a completely foreign shore—without being touched. And the trials and tribulations, both external and internal, that most immigrants must endure before the dreams that led them here in the first place are either realized or disappointed!

Lexow also reasoned that the Revolution of 1848 and the “sad circumstances” prevailing in the German states had convinced many to cross the Atlantic, although immigrants who needed to spend their time and energy on securing their material needs, he acknowledged, could hardly devote themselves to writing. The competition would thus encourage the creation of a body of German-American literature that Lexow believed was crucial to the survival of German culture in the United States, and he felt his journal would
serve as the appropriate vehicle for promoting and disseminating the winning novella.

A second announcement that appeared in the journal one week later offered additional guidelines for competitors: novellas should have a clear intention, avoid contemporary American political developments, and—most important—have a lively plot set in a significant historical or social context.\(^{11}\) This announcement emphasized to an even greater degree the German-American nature of the contest. Lexow encouraged submissions that would strive not only to “awaken and elevate” the German spirit in the United States but also to provide Europeans with convincing evidence of intellectual vigor among German immigrants in North America. In the editor’s mind, Europe, and Germany in particular, remained one point of reference against which the success of his literary endeavor would be measured. Also included were the names of the three judges, all of whom were prominent members of New York’s German-American community: Karl Dilthey, Friedrich Kapp, and Wilhelm Aufermann.\(^{12}\)

In his study of German-American prose fiction, George E. Condoyannis cites an advertising leaflet for *Anton in America* that provided biographical information on Solger, Aufermann, and forty-eighter Caspar Butz.\(^{13}\) The leaflet, he writes, stated that all three men had been friends in Europe; although Aufermann, a conservative, had become a political opponent of the other two during the Revolution of 1848, the three men had renewed their friendship in the United States. The advertisement also claimed, according to Condoyannis, that *Anton in America* was based on adventures shared by Solger and Butz, and that Aufermann had inspired the character of Wilhelmi, Antonio’s German friend.\(^{14}\) A newspaper article published after Aufermann’s death in 1902 maintains that Aufermann was actually the hero of Solger’s novel, which it erroneously refers to as *Wilhelm in Amerika*.\(^{15}\) The information about Aufermann, however contradictory, suggests that Solger had ties with at least two of Lexow’s three judges; he and Friedrich Kapp had been friends since 1847.\(^{16}\) While conclusions as to whether or not these friendships had any bearing on the outcome of the competition must remain speculative at this point, these coincidences do suggest that Solger was part of a German-American community in the Northeast whose members—at least in literary and publishing circles—supported each other’s professional endeavors.
INTRODUCTION

The \textit{New York Crime Reporter and Belletristic Journal} generated interest in the competition by publishing each week in its "Editorial Correspondence" column the epigraphs of novellas that had been submitted.\textsuperscript{17} The judges finally announced the winner in the first issue of 1862 (and again in several subsequent issues) in the form of a letter addressed to Lexow.\textsuperscript{18} They unanimously selected Solger's \textit{Anton in America: A Novel from German-American Life}, whose epigraph was "So spielt man in Venedig!" (That's how they gamble in Venice!). According to their letter, the judges had asked Solger to rework the first half of his manuscript because they felt that situations and characters had been introduced but not adequately developed; Dilthey had requested that Solger rework his entire manuscript. (Lexow, in the same article, assures readers that Solger had made revisions prior to publication and had thus removed any grounds for further criticism.) The judges praise the \textit{Belletristic Journal} for sponsoring a contest that had exceeded all expectations: it had motivated twenty-three writers to submit original German-language novellas that could stand as worthy partners beside those published in Germany. The periodical's editor also proclaims the competition a success, for it demonstrated that numerous talented German authors lived in the United States and that they only needed opportunities to publish their work and become better known. The competition, Lexow writes, had commanded "a high level of participation" and enriched German-American literature "with several creations that have earned a place next to the best fiction from the old Fatherland."

In the first installment of \textit{Anton in America}, the title was followed by \textit{Stadt und Land} (City and Country) and the sentence: "In zwei Theilen nach den Aufzeichnungen eines Freundes herausgegeben von Reinhold Solger" (In two parts, based on the notes of a friend and edited by Reinhold Solger). The narrator, who introduces himself in the first chapter, claims to have known Antonio in Germany and to have met him again in the United States. This suggests that the "friend" to whom Solger refers, like the author himself, is also a German-American. The epigraph follows, along with a dedication to the author's friends and well-known German-Americans, Friedrich Kapp in New York and the philosopher, judge, and statesman J. B. Stallo in Cincinnati.\textsuperscript{19}
The German-American Author

An essay written by Kapp after Solger’s death in 1866 remains our most detailed published source on Solger’s biography; twentieth-century scholars who have included biographical summaries in their writings draw largely on this text. Only the highlights of his life in Europe need be recounted here, therefore; the more extensive discussion of his years in the United States is based in part on archival material not previously considered by scholars.

Born on 5 July 1817 in Stettin, Solger attended a Prussian boarding school and began studying theology and philosophy at Halle in 1837, where he became a follower of the Young Hegelian Arnold Ruge. After earning a doctorate in history at the university in Greifswald, Solger worked briefly as a civil servant in Potsdam. When his plans to emigrate to the United States in 1843 fell through, he found employment as a private tutor for four years in Liverpool; here he began writing an epic poem entitled “Hans von Katzenfingen und seine Frau Tante, geb. F. v. K.” (Hans von Katzenfingen and His Aunt, née F. v. K.), a satire of the Prussian military. He associated with revolutionaries like Mikhail Bakunin, Alexander Herzen, and Georg Herwegh in Paris in 1847; after spending that summer in Heidelberg (where he met Friedrich Kapp), he returned to Paris and married Adèle Marie Bémère on 19 February 1848; he was still in the city when the February Revolution broke out just days later. Solger lived briefly in Berlin, where he joined a radical democratic organization, but in August 1848 he began serving as translator and adjutant to Ludwig Mieroslawski, a Polish general who commanded Baden’s revolutionary army. In July 1849, after Prussian troops had squelched the revolutionary uprising in Baden, Solger fled to Switzerland, where he helped found the Deutsche Monatsschrift für Politik, Wissenschaft, Kunst und Leben (German Monthly Journal for Politics, Science, Art, and Life), a short-lived periodical that served as a mouthpiece for exiled radical Democrats. Solger’s contributions included a political comedy, Der Reichstagsprofessor (The Professor in the Parliament, 1850), a satire about the failure of the German National Assembly to establish a unified German nation state. The forty-eighter returned to England in the summer of 1852, but after failing to make a success of lecturing, he left for the United States in 1853.

Solger and his family settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts, just outside of Boston. He gave public lectures on a wide range of topics, including the phi-
philosophy of history; the past, present, and future of Europe; the Crimean War; and the Civil War. Twice he presented the prestigious Lowell Course at the Lowell Institute in Boston, speaking in 1857–58 on the “History of the Reformation” and in 1859–60 on “Rome, Christianity and the Rise of Modern Civilization.” His mastery of the English language served him well in this professional pursuit. A lecture series on the Crimean War, which he presented to the Mercantile Library Association in 1854, prompted the following observation:

Though as a foreigner, under some disadvantage in addressing an American audience, he is so well versed in the origin, philosophy and use of our own language, as to be easily and clearly comprehended....He always has the right word in the right place, and no one can mistake the meaning they were intended to convey to his hearers.

Several contemporary accounts support Kapp’s claim that Solger’s lectures were generally a success, even if audiences were small. On 10 June 1857, several members of the Harvard faculty and administration wrote to Solger to express their high praise of his presentations:

We have been gratified and instructed by your comprehensive exposition of Ethnology as the basis of Historical Study, and of the Philological relations of the families of languages, as an important aid in illustrating the relations between nations and races.

These topics you have handled with clearness, elegance and ability; and you have shown the true method of making History a philosophical study, as well as of arranging facts in a natural and luminous order. History so taught, becomes a great and interesting science—worthy of the best energies of the highest minds.

Lecturing allowed Solger to associate with the intellectual and social elite on the East Coast, but it also remained an important source of income throughout his years in the United States. He argued for sufficient lecture fees in order to ensure that “the energies and interests of the professor” would not have to be focused on “other channels of employment.” In the fall of 1863, facing financial difficulties, he inquired about the possibility of presenting another course of lectures at the Lowell Institute.

The newspaper articles Solger wrote also covered topics European and American, historical and contemporary. In 1854 he published a series of articles entitled “Letters on the War.” A note at the end of one article states:
Dr. Solger, whose lectures on European society have given him a wide reputation, is writing a series of able articles on the Eastern war for the New-York Independent. They are the best papers on the subject that we have seen in any journal—English or American. He wields a facile pen in English as in German.  

A series of articles he published in 1857 on the state of Europe was introduced with the following commentary: “They will be carefully prepared, and the information they contain will be derived from sources of unquestionable authority.” His speeches were often reprinted in the periodic press; “War and its Blessing,” for example, which he delivered at Music Hall in Boston on 28 April 1861, just after the outbreak of the Civil War, later appeared in the Daily Atlas and Bee.  

In 1857, educator Franklin Benjamin Sanborn hired Solger, whom he referred to as the “omniscient Prussian,” to teach history at his college preparatory school in Concord, Massachusetts; he also engaged Ralph Waldo Emerson as a lecturer in English literature and intellectual philosophy. According to an advertising flier, “the names of those engaged in the enterprise will be a guarantee to the public of a faithful effort for a generous and truly liberal education.” Solger associated with many Transcendentalists while in Concord, including educator Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa May Alcott; in fact, Solger served as one model for Professor Bhaer, the German character in her popular novel Little Women. At one point Solger was considered for another teaching position, too. In an undated letter, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, the kindergarten pioneer, writes of a “scheme” to appoint Solger to a professorship at Antioch College, “because he is a man of such earnest moral character who has even more than most natives a sense of the duty of American citizens.”  

Like many of his fellow forty-eighters living in the United States, Solger was committed to the ideals of a “liberal constitutionalism or ‘republicanism,’ to which was often added a belief in national unity as the strongest vehicle through which to achieve a liberal constitutional state.” He became involved with the emerging Republican Party and stumped throughout the state of Indiana for Abraham Lincoln during the presidential election of 1860. In November of that year, Kapp and newspaper editor Sigismann Kaufmann appealed to Nathaniel Prentice Banks, the Republican governor of Massachusetts, to recommend Solger to President Lincoln for the post of U.S. Commissioner at Constantinople. The German-Americans argued that Solger was “the standard-bearer of that intellectual agitation, which has so
completely changed the spirit of the German population in this country, since
the immigration of 1848 and has resulted in rallying them on the Republican
side," and that he was, moreover, "profoundly versed in Eastern affairs and
pronounced by the best authority (Prof. Agassiz and the Cambridge Professors) a first rate Ethnologist."\(^{41}\) The post in Constantinople did not ma-
terialize, but Lincoln rewarded Solger for his support by appointing him to
the position of assistant register in the Treasury Department; created by an
Act of Congress dated 22 January 1863, the appointment became effective
13 March 1863.\(^{42}\) Solger and his family moved to Washington, D.C. that
winter. Solger's involvement with the Republican cause also influenced his
literary production. In 1860 he revisited his German-language drama, Der
Reichstagsprofessor, and transformed it to create his only English-language
work, The Hon. Anodyne Humdrum; or, The Union Must and Shall be Pre-
served, a farce about the presidential election of 1860 and the increasingly
divisive issue of slavery.\(^{43}\)

Solger, who became a naturalized citizen of the United States on 6 May
1859, remained an active and respected member of the German-American
community.\(^{44}\) He gained recognition for the poem he wrote in 1859 to com-
memorate the centennial of Friedrich Schiller's birth. Preceded by a quote
from Schiller's essay "Über das Erhabene" (On the Sublime, 1801), "Der
Wille ist der Geschlechtscharacter der Menschen" (The will is the genetic
characteristic of man as a species), Solger’s poem urged Americans to renew
their committment to a future characterized by freedom of thought.\(^{45}\) The
poem no doubt resonated among German-Americans because many of them,
like Solger, had experienced the dangers of living in a state that repressed
civil rights. Solger also helped organize the Schiller celebration held in Bos-
ton on 10 November 1859, where he gave a speech that explored the
philosophical spirit of German literature, the conflict between faith and
knowledge, and the challenge faced by nations seeking to reconcile the ideal-
ism of the heart with the reality of a rational life and a progressive science.\(^{46}\)
The Orpheus Club, which held a Schiller Soirée at the Lowell Institute on 8
December 1859, invited Solger to recite both his "Schiller Oration" and his
poem, which were translated into English for the occasion.\(^{47}\)

On 1 November 1862 Solger spoke in support of the Union war effort to
a "Mass Meeting of Loyal Germans" in New York, "an assemblage of that
Teutonic intellect which renders New-York inferior only to Berlin and Vi-
enna as a German city, not only in population, but in influence."\(^{48}\) Described
as "gentlemen known to the world through statesmanship and in literature," the speakers at this event included General James S. Wadsworth and German-American Franz Lieber. The following year, Solger supported a campaign led by his friend Kapp to pardon members of the United Turner Rifles Association in New York who had been accused of mutiny on 29 April 1863; believing that their term of enlistment had ended, they had laid down their arms. Solger submitted a legal brief to Salmon Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in which he stressed the men's patriotism. He argued that the accused felt "as if the U.S. had not kept faith with them" and that they were being treated unfairly "in return for having come forth, first of all and entirely voluntarily, for pure enthusiasm for the cause of the country."

Solger had written, or at least drafted, *Anton in America* in 1860, while traveling and presenting lectures in New England. Kapp, who saw Solger frequently in Washington, D.C., maintains that his friend was planning to write another significant literary work about current political developments in the United States and was therefore reading American novellas and everything he could find on the Civil War and American politics. *Anton in America* proved to be his last literary work, however. In April 1864, just over a year after beginning his position in the Treasury Department, Solger suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed and unable to speak French or English. He died on 11 January 1866 after a second stroke at the age of forty-nine and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D.C.; he was survived by his wife and four children. Kapp eulogized his friend in his essay of 1866:

> Solger was unequivocally the most talented, the most educated, and the most influential German in the intellectual circles of all the so-called forty-eigheters. The untimely death of such a man is a loss for his numerous friends and a tragedy for the country in which there are few equals among us Germans. Honor his accomplishments and his memory!  

An article published in the German periodical *Die Gartenlaube* (The Garden Bower) shortly after Solger's death refers to the author as "one of the most intellectual and commendable fellow Germans that the Revolution of 1848 gave to the New World," a man who spoke effectively on behalf of German philosophy and dispelled countless anti-German prejudices of the Anglo-Americans.
INTRODUCTION

Reception and Scholarly Assessment of *Anton in America*

In January 1862 Lexow was optimistic that *Anton in America* would attain the same degree of success as Freytag’s bestseller, both in Europe and in the United States. Debit and Credit, first published by Salomon Hirzel in Leipzig in 1855, went through six editions in just the first two years; by 1905 sixty-three editions had appeared. The first English translation was published as early as 1858. Solger’s novel, in contrast, did not appear in book form in the United States until 1872, and the book was never reprinted; the present English translation makes Solger’s novel available for the first time to a non-German-reading public. Not surprisingly, the book edition of *Anton in America* published in Germany in 1862 included the subtitle *Seitenstück zu Freytag’s ‘Soll und Haben,’* thus identifying the novel up-front as a “continuation” of Freytag’s bestseller. In 1928, furthermore, Erich Ebermayer published *Anton in Amerika: Roman. Nach Reinhold Solger frei bearbeitet* (Anton in America: A Novel. Based on Reinhold Solger), also in Germany. While Ebermayer’s publication attests to the afterlife of Solger’s novel in the twentieth century, he did make extensive changes to the original text. In order to “bring the yellowed pages alive,” Ebermayer writes in his epilogue, he had to rewrite completely the original novel, retaining Solger’s “sharp and clever” characters but omitting “observations that were uninteresting for today’s Europe.”

Assessments of Solger’s German-American novel have varied dramatically. Most scholars have examined, if only cursorily, the novel’s relationship to *Debit and Credit.* Milton Allan Dickie, who dedicates nearly a fourth of his dissertation on Solger to a discussion of *Anton in America,* first reviews the reception of Freytag’s work and its relationship to Solger’s novel. Of the latter he writes that “the conception and outline of this novel are excellent,” although the plot is “awkward and cumbersome” and does not turn out as expected; he concludes that the novel demonstrates Solger’s hope for “the speedy blending of the better elements of the German and the American mind and spirit in the melting pot of America.” In a biographical sketch from 1939, A. E. Zucker suggests that Freytag’s “moralizing novel in which all of the hero’s middle-class virtues are not only praised but also rewarded” could not help but incite Solger to write a witty satire in response, one that, compared to *Debit and Credit,* “has all the advantage when it comes to interest, philosophy of life, or humor.” Arne Koch, in the first in-depth study of...
the intertextuality of *Debit and Credit* and *Anton in America*, argues persuasively that Solger’s novel serves as a previously overlooked but valuable contribution to the discussion of nineteenth-century literary realism. Jeffrey L. Sammons, in a recent article that contextualizes the depiction of America in *Debit and Credit*, writes that Solger could offer a more nuanced portrayal of “American chaos” in part because the author had actually lived in the United States.

Other scholars, focusing on various aspects of the prize-winning novel, have reached different conclusions as to its significance. Kapp, who examines Solger’s narrative in his essay of 1866, describes the novel as sometimes sketchy and uneven. He argues, however, that its author had successfully developed a plot that hinged on the differences between the American and German educational systems and that he had managed to do so without distorting the reality of either American or German-American circumstances.

More recently, Horst Denkler has maintained that *Anton in America* affirms the capitalist system and concept of social progress that were emerging in the United States in the mid-nineteenth century while at the same time serving to alert immigrants to the realities of life in the United States; Jerry Schuchalter, on the other hand, claims that the novel functions as a rejection of these aspects of American society. Describing Solger’s work as “an amusing, confusing, and perhaps somewhat deceptive book,” Jeffrey L. Sammons praises it (as does Zucker) for showing signs “of having been written out of American experience.” In contrast to Dickie, however, he concludes that *Anton in America*, “while not relentlessly anti-American, is ultimately dismissive.” As we shall see, there is a fair amount of ambiguity in Solger’s novel.

**The Historical Context: European and American Developments**

As mentioned above, it is likely that Solger wrote his novel in 1860; he probably submitted the manuscript to the *New York Crime Reporter and Belletristic Journal* in the spring of 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, and revised the text before its serialization began in March 1862. Solger outlined at least parts of his novel in letters written in French to his wife, most likely in July 1860; in a note added above the greeting of one letter, Solger tells Adèle that she must hang on to the letter, for he plans to rewrite it in English
“for the newspapers.” Indeed, Part Two of Anton in America begins with a letter written by Antonio to his friend Wilhelmi, dated 3 July 1859, in which he relates his adventures in the White Mountains; the story bears a striking resemblance to that told in the letters Adèle received from her husband. Solger made extensive editorial comments in his own letters, which suggests that they served as a draft for the novel. Perhaps Solger had already known of Lexow’s plans to sponsor a competition.

Readers will not find many specific dates in Anton in America, but those that are mentioned anchor the novel in the eventful and often turbulent years of post-revolutionary Europe and antebellum America. Together with numerous references to contemporary people, places, and events, these dates serve to situate Solger’s fictional tale in a contemporary international context. Although the competition guidelines stipulated that authors should not deal with contemporary American political issues, Solger did not in fact follow the rules; there is plenty of political content in the novel, although it does not necessarily serve as the focus of the plot. The novel, a portrayal of Antonio’s contact with American culture, reflects Solger’s perception of his own interaction with the landscape he encountered in the United States; in this respect, Anton in America is quite different from his political comedy, The Hon. Anodyne Humdrum, which does not include any German characters.

Anton in America begins with an “Orientation for the Reader” that presents a brief biography of Antonio’s father Anton as well as a biography of Antonio himself up to his arrival in New York harbor on 18 March 1857—nine years to the day after the Revolution of 1848 began in Berlin. We also learn that the revolution is the reason for Antonio’s estrangement from his father and for his exile. He had fled first to Switzerland and then to France and England before emigrating to the United States. Antonio’s experience recalls that of Solger, who like many forty-eighters left his homeland when the revolutionary movement failed to remove absolutist German princes from power and bring about national unity.

The first ten chapters of Part One span just a few days, but Chapter 11 jumps to the third week of August 1857. The import business run by Antonio’s friend Wilhelmi is flourishing, and Wilhelmi has nearly forgotten the warnings of an impending economic crisis that he had received months earlier from the capitalist Wilhelm Dawson. The threat of economic instability resurfaces, however, when Dawson reveals a plan to sell stocks from the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company. Here Solger’s fiction corresponds
fairly closely to fact. The Panic of 1857, an economic crisis that affected not only the United States (especially the North) but also Europe, South America, and the Far East, was precipitated by the unexpected failure of the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, one of the largest financial institutions in New York, on 24 August 1857. The panic was exacerbated by widespread railroad failures and by the end of the Crimean War, a conflict that had begun when Russia occupied territory in Turkey in 1853 (the year in which Solger left Europe for America); with support from its European allies, the Ottoman Empire invaded the Crimea in September 1854, eventually destroying Russian naval power in the Black Sea and capturing the fortress city of Sebastopol. When this European conflict ended in 1856, so, too, did the large demand it had created for grain from the western territories of the United States. The chapter contains an explicit reference to the peace negotiations convened in Paris at the end of the war. Dawson plans to use Paddy O’Shea as a middleman in his stock market scheme, but the young Irish entrepreneur, dissatisfied with the initial terms of deal, informs Dawson that “a negotiation’s not possible on such a basis, as they like to say at the Congress of Paris” (97). In Chapter 13 we learn that the economic crisis has left its mark on Solger’s characters. Wilhelmi, abandoned by his business partner in Germany, has had to start his own business, and Antonio’s company in Chicago has accumulated enormous debt. After the Panic of 1857, as Solger explains in Chapter 14, “warehouse supplies remained far too large for the exhausted market and outstanding debts were not being paid” (113).

Wilhelmi almost manages to save Antonio’s failing business, but European developments—this time “Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour,” or the Franco-Austrian War of 1859—once again interfere with his plans (116). In Chapter 15 (it is now late January 1859) we read of how “the French emperor’s ominous New Year’s reception of the Austrian envoy kept the curious eyes and minds of the American public absorbed in the Italian question” (119), a reference to the hardly veiled public declaration of war Napoleon III made to the Austrian ambassador on 1 January 1858. The French emperor and Count Cavour, the minister of Sardinia-Piedmont, who secretly negotiated a military alliance against Austria in late 1858, defeated Austria in the battles of Magenta and Solferino in 1859 and thus paved the way to Italian unification in 1861. Solger recognized that the Italian liberation movement struck a chord with Americans increasingly concerned about the dissolution of their Union; Antonio, having abandoned his business plans
once and for all, seeks to capitalize on the European political situation by lecturing—as Solger had done—on the Italian war.

While the Civil War, a conflict in much closer proximity to German-Americans than the European developments described above, is not mentioned explicitly in *Anton in America*, Solger does raise other issues that were shaping contemporary American politics in the early 1860s. In the three chapters that focus on a criminal trial in which Antonio is accused of murder, Solger tackles the nativist movement, depicting the dangers posed by the emergence of the American (Know-Nothing) Party in the 1850s. Here Solger’s fiction is again rooted in fact. American nativism originated in the 1840s; anti-Catholic in nature, it flourished when the famine in Ireland and political unrest in the German territories added three million immigrants (most of them Catholic) to the population of the United States between 1846 and 1854. In 1854 efforts were made to expand secret anti-immigrant organizations into a national political party that aimed to restrict the rights of immigrants, in particular the Irish-Catholic immigrants in Massachusetts. Many found the party’s unparalleled rise in this Eastern state alarming, especially when all candidates who won statewide offices in 1854, including the governor, were affiliated with the American Party. In *Anton in America*, it is the New Hampshire governor who, “like all New Englanders, a Know-Nothing by nature,” refuses to consider a pardon for the alleged criminal (247). Frederick Snobbs, a New Hampshire shopkeeper, has uttered “sympathetic comments about the corruption of the Republican Party” (151), suggesting that he, too, is a Know-Nothing. Solger criticizes not only the nativists, however, but also the immigrants who subscribe to their own set of stereotypical cultural beliefs. The courtroom scenes in particular support Sammons’s observation that Solger is ambivalent in his portrayal of anti-American tendencies.

“A Novel from German-American Life”

*Anton in America* is a page-turner, filled with drama and suspense but also humor and good-natured fun, all couched in a highly implausible plot. The string of incredible coincidences begins on Antonio’s very first day in New York City with his fateful encounter with a beautiful beggar woman on Broadway and continues until the end of the novel. Readers will find elements of the picaresque in Antonio’s adventures. His story is one of a jour-
ney, and while he is not of low station (he has ten thousand dollars in his pocket and letters of recommendation), he must learn to negotiate the vicissitudes of a new life in a foreign environment; his adventures, moreover, bring him into contact with many different elements of society. There are also elements of crime fiction: the plot encompasses murder and attempted murder, as well as various criminal acts. The novel bears some resemblance to the *Geheimnisliteratur* (literature of secrets) made popular in Europe in the 1840s by Eugène Sue’s novel and in the United States by German-American novels such as Heinrich Börnstein’s *Die Geheimnisse von St. Louis* (The Mysteries of St. Louis, 1851), Ludwig von Reizenstein’s *Die Geheimnisse von New Orleans* (The Mysteries of New Orleans, 1854–55), and Emil Klau-precht’s *Cincinnati, oder Die Geheimnisse des Westens* (Cincinnati, or The Mysteries of the West, 1854–55). This popular middle-brow literature tended to focus on the crime-ridden lower classes in large urban cities; the criminal acts committed in Solger’s novel are perpetrated by characters who frequent the criminal underworld of New York City (such as a casino run by the political machine Tammany Hall) but who do not necessarily belong to the poverty-stricken classes.

Anton in America, like other novels of this genre, also deals with the feelings of alienation and dislocation experienced by immigrants who confronted challenges in their new homeland.

Much of *Anton in America* focuses on the interaction of German and American culture, as best illustrated by Antonio and his experiences in the United States. His German heritage, in particular his Prussian education, initially works in his favor. The “highly distinguished Prussian” becomes an instant celebrity after giving an extemporaneous lecture at a soirée on Fifth Avenue. While his knowledge of all things German wins him friends and respect, it also causes trouble. Mary, Dawson’s daughter, initially denounces Antonio as a lager beer-drinking, sauerkraut-eating Dutchman (55), and the attorney charged with convicting him of murder denounces his Prussian background, which he equates with atheism (232–33). Antonio is naïve when it comes to American social customs; fortunately, Wilhelmi proves willing and able to explain circumstances that his friend finds puzzling. But even with Wilhelmi’s moral and financial support, Antonio’s business venture in Chicago fails miserably. He retreats to the New Hampshire countryside and decides (again with Wilhelmi’s moral and financial support) to abandon business and lecturing and to go on an ethnological expedition to Asia. The end of the novel has him preparing, at long last, for his trip. Antonio does not
feel at home in the United States; as Sammons suggests, Antonio is "less an immigrant than an exile."\textsuperscript{78}

The many passages that focus on business matters also illuminate the tensions resulting from intercultural contact. Wilhelmi and Antonio, honest and hardworking, struggle with their companies; Wilhelmi, generous to a fault, loses money in deals with Germans and Americans alike. Both Mr. Dawson and his son Augustus, representing American capitalism, meet financial ruin, a fate portrayed as clearly of their own doing. As Denkler suggests, the experiences of these four men reflect German idealism and American reality.\textsuperscript{79} Solger does offer more positive, albeit less traditional, models of financial success. Susan Cartwright, the industrious and generous daughter of New Hampshire farmers, saves enough money to rescue the family farm, a good deed that does not go unrewarded. Paddy O'Shea, the ambitious, hardworking Irish immigrant, both realizes and embodies the American dream: he begins humbly as a newspaper boy but quickly climbs the ladder of success, remembering along the way those who helped him get started.

The question of religion in \textit{Anton in America} offers yet another avenue for exploring the experiences of German immigrants in the American landscape. Solger contrasts Antonio, denounced at his trial as an atheist who goes to church for purposes of sightseeing rather than religion, with American fundamentalists such as the reverend who fabricates a religious explanation to make a nude statue palatable to offended sensibilities, or with devout villagers who, in one episode, willingly forego their observation of the Sabbath when fashionable visitors arrive from New York City. Solger does not limit his ironic critique to American worshippers, however. As his execution approaches, Antonio makes a quasi-religious statement about life after death that appears incongruous, perhaps hypocritical, especially as he allows a pastor to accompany him to the gallows as a friend, but not as a clergyman (251). The pastor is unwilling wholly to respect his German friend's wishes; he wants to be with Antonio at the gallows, just in case he should change his mind. Antonio, on the other hand, claims to be comforted by knowing that his friends will remember him, while his religious thoughts reveal that this might not be comfort enough.

Despite its dark passages, \textit{Anton in America} is replete with humor. Among Solger's most humorous characters is the Dawson's butler, Pompey, who unfortunately appears only in Part One. He shares his name with that of
a Roman general and statesman ("the Great"), suggesting that he wields considerable power in the Dawson household. Solger writes that Pompey "always grinned when he announced the Count" (59), a Frenchman courting Mary Dawson; the servant even takes advantage of a moment, when others have turned their eyes, "to ape the count's vehement nodding" (62), knowing the suitor will be annoyed—hardly the deference demanded by a purported member of the nobility. At this point the servant has outsmarted his masters, however, for they have not yet questioned the count's credentials or behavior. Pompey has the upper hand, which places him in the tradition of the servants found in Solger's political comedies, Hanne in *Der Reichstagsprofessor* and Sally in *The Hon. Anodyne Humdrum*. While Solger traffics with and even blends certain literary clichés and racial stereotypes, his portrayal of Pompey (and of Sally, a black slave) is less prejudiced than the traditional characters often found in literature. Pompey serves as a source of humor, but he is not the butt of jokes. The same holds for Solger's sympathetic—and often very humorous—depiction of the O'Shea family. The entire family, right down to the infant, enjoys a swig of whiskey and a good street fight, but the adult O'Sheas are loyal friends and industrious members of society.

Mr. Snobbs, whose name perfectly describes his personality, finds pleasure in contemplating whether he should deprive the villagers of a chance to admire him in his new stovepipe hat, and Mr. Sewerage has made his fortune by following his father's footsteps in the sewer business. The wedding of Susan Cartwright and Augustus Dawson smacks of slapstick, and readers cannot help but laugh when Augustus urges Beauford, a menacing debt collector, to run for his life before his sister Mary returns with a second loaded pistol. Witty dialogue permeates much of Solger's novel, as evidenced by the passage in which Dawson tries persuading Wilhelmi, whom he has just cheated out of nearly $50,000, to take a "reasonable view of the matter" (72), or when Frank Cartright criticizes the governor for being "rather slow" (264). Much of the humor is more subtle. Many chapter titles, for example, reveal the author's ironic distance to the events he depicts. Chapter 6 (Part One) is entitled "A murderous attack in the night," but Solger tempers this rather startling announcement with the observation that this "occasionally happens in New York."

The fact that *Anton in America* was intended for German-American readers is underscored by the author's use of deliberate Americanisms. These attest not only to Solger's fluency in the English language but also to his
ability to use the language creatively; German speakers without any knowledge of English may have had difficulty understanding some of the passages. Jack O’Dogherty, a bad-tempered Irishman, argues with Mrs. O’Shea to get more money for helping her carry a rug upstairs: “daß er mit einer so reichen Frau...über den Preis für seine Mühe ausfiel” (that he had a falling out with such a wealthy woman...over the price of his labor); the German verb “aus­fallen” (literally to “fall out,” but also to miss or be cancelled) is used here in the sense of “to have a falling out with someone” (29). When Mr. Dawson wants to “do the right thing” for his creditors, Solger writes “das rechte Ding’ tun” (35); Mary’s love of all things French is “die fashionable Vereh­rung” (the fashionable infatuation, 58). According to the German businessman Mr. Haffner, the practice of soliciting donations is “amerikanischer Humbug” (American humbug, 66), and Grandmother O’Shea energetically “pokte” Jack O’Dogherty in the eye with her four-pronged toast fork (82). Solger often includes English phrases in the body of his text; he generally capitalizes nouns according to German orthography and places them in quotation marks; for example, Dawson belongs “zur presbyterianischen ‘Con­nection’”—“to the Presbyterian connection” (community of worshippers, 13). The author also succeeds in imparting an Irish flavor to the O’Sheas’ dialogues with phrases such as “jointlemen,” “sure an sartin,” and “spal­peen.”

Anton in America: A Novel from German-American Life is characterized in large part by Solger’s wit; as Sammons has written, the author “tends to lampoon and satirize whenever he can.” The best examples of his flair can be found in the sharp, often pointed dialogues that form a large part of the narrative, as well as in the broad spectrum of lively characters who populate his New York and New Hampshire settings. These characters and the situations in which they find themselves, moreover, reflect Solger’s keen eye for social and ethnic difference. This is what Antonio’s story is all about: his attempts to negotiate not only the difference that confronts him upon arriving in New York in 1857, but also the difference that he represents as a German immigrant in the American landscape. Solger’s Anton in America is an important immigrant narrative as well as a novel of manners that examines topics of perennial interest such as politics, business, education, religion, a hero’s development through encounters with different social worlds, and the country and the city.
A Note on the Translation

This translation does not strive to recreate nineteenth-century English but rather aims for a naturalized translation of Solger’s original German. The author’s preference for complicated sentence structures, along with basic differences in German and English syntax and punctuation, often made it necessary to translate more freely. This translation nevertheless attempts to capture not only Solger’s voice but also those distinctive voices he gave to a wide range of characters, including Augustus’s “habit of uttering his words, like his ideas (if one could even speak of such), in vague inelegance and, at the same time, only half-finished” (41), for example, or Count Roussillon’s “awful English” (40), which is peppered with French expressions. Solger’s French, Latin, and Irish phrases in the body of the text have been retained in order to give readers a sense of the linguistic richness of *Anton in America*, especially as his liberal use of English inevitably gets lost in translation; translations are provided in the endnotes. The epigraphs found at the beginning of most chapters have also been left in the original language, so as not to elide the international flavor and multilingual aspect of the text.

Notes


"Dr. R. Solger’s Preisgedicht zur Feier von Schiller’s hundertjährigem Geburtstage am 10. November 1859" (New York: D. Appleton, 1859).

3 Reinhold Solger, _Anton in Amerika: Novelle aus dem deutsch-amerikanischen Leben_, parts 1–25, _New-Yorker Criminal-Zeitung_ 10, nos. 53–54 (1862); 11, nos. 3–25 (1862). The novel filled more than twice the number of front pages required by the competition. Lexow published _Anton in America_ in book form in the United States in 1872: _Anton in Amerika: Novelle aus dem deutsch-amerikanischen Leben_, vols. 1–2 of Deutsch-amerikanische Bibliothek (New York: Steiger, 1872). C. M. Roskowski published Solger’s novel in Bromberg (a city then under Prussian rule and today located in Poland) in 1862, but this edition was probably plagiarized, as there was no international copyright law at that time. Roskowski’s German edition differs from the original serialization in several respects; it includes an additional chapter, for example, as well as passages and also epigraphs at the start of some chapters that do not appear in either the serialization or the later American edition. Except for occasional omissions of short phrases or paragraphs, the American book edition is nearly identical to the original serialization. This translation is based on the American book edition from 1872, as Solger would have had an opportunity to correct errors that appeared in the serialized version, and the German edition was not authorized in the same way. Moreover, it was presumably the American book edition from 1872, and not the newspaper version, that had an afterlife with German communities in the United States. Passages that vary dramatically from the original serialization will be discussed in the notes.


6 La Vern J. Rippley, _The German-Americans_ (Lanham, MD: UP of America, 1984), 163.

7 Sue’s novel ran for two years in the _Journal des Débats_ (The Journal of Debates) and was published in book form in ten volumes at the same time. Patricia Herminghouse, “Radicalism and the ‘Great Cause’: The German-American Serial Novel in
INTRODUCTION


8 Adolph Douai, Fata Morgana: Deutsch-Amerikanische Preis-Novelle (St. Louis: Verlag des Anzeiger des Westens, 1858); Condoyannis, “German American Prose Fiction,” 49.


14 Condoyannis, "German American Prose Fiction," 64. Condoyannis’s source could not be located.

15 “Ein Deutsch-Amerikaner, der einen Königsthron besetzen half,” 1902, Reinhold Solger Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, album. Solger’s papers contain many newspaper clippings for which the necessary bibliographic information is missing. References to these clippings will include all available bibliographic information as well as the name of the folder in which they are located. The location of clippings, letters, and documents pasted in a scrapbook will be designated as “album.” Aufermann’s entry in the Deutsches biographisches Archiv also claims that Aufermann served as the inspiration for Solger’s protagonist.

16 Condoyannis raises the question as to whether Aufermann might have tipped the competition in Solger’s favor, but he concludes that Solger’s entry was just one of twenty-nine (the actual number was twenty-three) and that the judges’ choice had been unanimous. Condoyannis does not mention Solger’s friendship with Kapp. Condoyannis, "German American Prose Fiction," 64.

17 Solger’s epigraph did not appear, suggesting that he submitted his manuscript close to the deadline. On 1 March 1861 an item in the “Editorial Correspondence” column reminded authors to send in their novellas; on 10 May 1861 the newspaper announced that it was extending the deadline for submissions to 15 May 1861 because of numerous disruptions to postal delivery. “Editorielle Correspondenz,” *New-Yorker Criminal-Zeitung* 9, no. 50 (1861): 809; 10, no. 8 (1861): 121.

18 Aufermann et al., “Preisausschreiben,” 964.

19 Subsequent installments did not include the epigraph or dedication. J. B. Stallo (1823–1900) was a prominent philosopher of the positivist school and the author of *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics* (New York, 1881 and 1884). He also helped organize the all-German Ninth Ohio Turner Regiment in the Civil War. See Don Heinrich Tolzmann, “Introduction: The Great Cincinnati German Novel,” in *Cincinnati, or The Mysteries of the West: Emil Klauprecht’s German-American Novel*, translated by Steven Rowan, vol. 10 of New German-American Studies, edited by Don Heinrich Tolzmann (New York: Peter Lang, 1966), xi–xxv, here xi–xii.


21 Arnold Ruge (1803–80) edited the Hallische Jahrbücher (Halle Yearbooks), the mouthpiece of the extreme Hegelian left.


23 Mikhail Bakunin (1814–76) was a Russian anarchist, Alexander Herzen (1812–70) a leading Russian revolutionary intellectual, and Georg Herwegh (1817–75) a German revolutionary and poet. On 24 February 1848 a French insurrection deposed the French king, Louis Philippe (1773–1850). The uprising, motivated by the economic crisis of 1847–48 and the desire for parliamentary reform, sparked similar events elsewhere in Europe.


27 The Lowell Institute, which hosted the Lowell Lectures, was established by John Lowell (1799–1836). See “The Lowell Institute,” Reinhold Solger Papers, Printed Matter 1859–1930.

28 Henry Lee to George H. Snelling, 1854, Reinhold Solger Papers, album.

29 Kapp, “Reinhold Solger,” 367.

30 Louis Agassiz et al. to Solger, 10 June 1857, Reinhold Solger Papers, album. Louis Agassiz (1807–73), a Swiss-born American zoologist, geologist, and paleontologist, founded the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University in 1859. Other signatories included James Walker (1794–1874), the pastor of a Unitarian church in Charlestown for twenty-one years before serving as president of Harvard University 1853–60, and James Russell Lowell (1819–91), a poet, critic, and professor of Modern Languages at Harvard 1855–76.
Solger to Theo. W. Dwight, 1 April 1861, Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1854-67.

Solger received a negative response to his plea. Solger to Anna Cabot Lowell [1863], Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1868-1944 (chronologically misfiled).

Reinhold Solger, “Letters on the Eastern War,” 1854, Reinhold Solger Papers, album. The note, quoted from the Boston Transcript, erroneously states that Solger was formerly a “Professor of History and Political Economy in a collegiate institution in Prussia.”


Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Sixty Years of Concord 1855-1915, edited by Kenneth Walter Cameron (Hartford: Transcendental Books, 1976), 13. Philosopher and poet Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82) invited Sanborn (1831-1917) to direct the small private school in 1855; Emerson’s children attended the school, which had been founded by essayist and poet Henry Thoreau (1817-62) in 1838. It closed in 1841 due to the failing health of Henry’s brother John (1815-42), who also taught at the school. Sanborn, who graduated from Harvard in 1855, became an abolitionist and wrote a biography of educator Bronson Alcott (1799-1888).

F. B. Sanborn, 1 June 1857, Reinhold Solger Papers, album.


E. P. Peabody to Anna Cabot Lowell, 30 August, Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1868-1944 (chronologically misfiled). According to Peabody (1804-94), Solger was interested in the job, despite a lower salary, because he wanted to teach and the position would enable him to spend more time with his family. The position never materialized. Antioch College was founded in 1852 by Horace Mann (1796-1859), an education reformer who served for seven years as the first president of the college; he was married to Peabody’s sister, Mary.


Dickie, "Reinhold Solger," 61. Just weeks later, on 1 May 1863, Lincoln appointed Solger to "discharge the duties of Acting Register of the Treasury." Abraham Lincoln, hand-written note, 1 May 1863, Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1854–67.

The Hon. Anodyne Humdrum; or, The Union Must and Shall be Preserved. A Farce, in Two Acts (Boston: Stacy & Richardson, 1860). For a discussion of this play and its German-language predecessor, see my article, "From Domestic Farce to Abolitionist Satire: Reinhold Solger's Reframing of the Union (1860)" in Tatlock and Erlin, German Culture, 289–316.

Linus E. Person, document from Board of Registrars of Voters, 17 November 1892, Reinhold Solger Papers, album.


“Dr. Solger's Rede zur Säkularfeier von Schillers Geburtstag,” in Reden des Herrn Dr. Reinhold Solger und des Herrn Dr. Friedrich Hedge, am hunderjährigen Geburtstage Schillers zu Boston, den 10. November 1859 (Boston: Voßnack, 1859). Fifty years later, an article published in the Boston Transcript recalled: "Professor Dr. Reinhold Solger gave the opening festival address in German; a scholarly, finished oration, worthy of the man and his illustrious subject." Charles W. Wendte, "Our Schiller Festival of 1859" (Boston Transcript, 5 January 1905), Reinhold Solger Papers, album.

Program from the Orpheus Club Schiller Soirée, 8 December 1859, Reinhold Solger Papers, album.


Solger to Salmon P. Chase, 16 June 1863, Reinhold Solger Papers, Legal Brief. Salmon Portland Chase (1808–73), an antislavery leader, served as Secretary of the
INTRODUCTION

Treasury 1861–64 and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court 1864–73. Lincoln par­
donned the 20th New York Volunteers on 10 August 1863. At the outbreak of the
Civil War, forty-eighers enthusiastically recruited troops for the Union army; mem­
bers of the Turner societies enlisted in large numbers. See Rippley, German-Amer­i­
cans, 58–71.

51 According to Dickie, the date on Solger’s manuscript was 1860. Dickie, “Reinhold
Solger,” 39.

52 Kapp, “Reinhold Solger,” 380.

53 A. D., “Verdienstvolle Deutsche in Amerika,” Die Gartenlaube 10: 1866, 159–60,
here 160.

54 Aufermann et al., “Preisausschreiben,” 964.

55 T. E. Carter, “Freytag's Soll und Haben: A Liberal National Manifesto as a Best-

56 Gustav Freytag, Debit and Credit, translated by L. C. Cummings (New York: Har­
per, 1858).

57 See note 3 above.

58 Erich Ebermayer, Anton in Amerika: Roman. Nach Reinhold Solger frei bearbeitet
(Berlin: J. M. Spaeth, 1928).

59 See Ebermayer’s epilogue, 313–14. Ebermayer also found Solger’s style and tech­
nique (“clearly the work of a dilettante”) “unbearable” for contemporary readers.
Zucker wrote: “I shall say of Ebermayer’s work merely that it is both good and
original, only whatever is good is not original and whatever is original is, alas, not

60 Dickie, “Reinhold Solger,” 46, 48, 53.

61 Zucker, “Reinhold Solger,” 7, 10.

62 Arne Koch, “Realismusdefinitionen im interkulturellen Dialog: Freytags Soll und
Haben und Reinhold Solgers Anton in Amerika (1862),” in 150 Jahre “Soll und Ha­
ben”: Studien zu Gustav Freytags kontroversem Roman, edited by Florian Krobb

63 Jeffreý L. Sammons, “Die Amerikaner als Juden: Kontextualisierte Beobach­
tungen zur Amerika-Episode in Gustav Freytags Soll und Haben,” in Krobb, 150 Jahre,
255–68, here 265.

64 Kapp, “Reinhold Solger,” 374.

65 Denkler, “Die Schule des Kapitalismus,” 120; Jerry Schuchalter, “Reinhold Sol­
ger’s Bildungsreise to the New World: The Immigrant Intellectual on Trial in
America,” in Crossing Scholarly Borders: Interdisciplinary Studies of Language,
Literature, and Culture, edited by Rolf Lindholm (Vaasa: Vaasan Yliopisto, 1993),
9–51, here 45.

66 Sammons attributes the underlying anti-American tendency evident in the novel to
the author’s nationalist loyalties to his native Germany; “Excursus,” 219, 222.
INTRODUCTION

67 Solger to Adèle Marie Solger, July [1860], Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1854–67.
68 Reinhold Solger, Anton in America, 8–9. Subsequent references to the English translation are cited in the body of this text using the page numbers.
69 See Bergquist, “The Forty-Eighters.”
72 For an account of Italian unification, see Harry Hearde, Italy in the Age of Risorgimento, 1790–1870 (London: Longman, 1983).
74 In a letter to his friend Anna Cabot Lowell, Solger writes: “You are all Knownothings at heart in Mass., treating us hospitably as guests, but shaking inwardly at the idea of our being treated on equal terms as citizens.” Solger to Anna C. Lowell, 27 January 1863, Reinhold Solger Papers, Correspondence 1854–67.
INTRODUCTION

1854); *Cincinnati, or The Mysteries of the West: Emil Klauprecht's German-American Novel* (see note 19 above).


77 Tolzmann, “Introduction,” xxiii.


80 See Vanchena, “From Domestic Farce to Abolitionist Satire.”

81 Sammons, “Excursus,” 223.
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*New Yorker Criminal-Zeitung und Belletristisches Journal* 9, nos. 36–41 (1860); 9, nos. 42–44, 48–49, 50–51 (1861); 10, no. 8 (1861); 10, nos. 42, 47, 53–54 (1862); 11, nos. 3–25 (1862).


INTRODUCTION


That’s how they gamble in Venice!

Muß wirken und schaffen,
Erlisten, erraffen,
Muß wetten und wagen,
Das Glück zu erjagen.
—“Das Lied von der Glocke”
Introduction

An Orientation for the Reader.

_Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühlles Grab._
—Melody from _Die Zauberflöte_

Of those educational biographies for youth that have been appearing in Germany for some time now, one published in Leipzig by Mr. Gustav Freytag entitled _Debit and Credit_, namely the biography of the merchant Anton Wohlfahrt in Breslau, has deservedly enjoyed the best sales. This is because the example set by this honorable man, who began with absolutely nothing, demonstrates that a man need not worry as long as he is respectable and industrious, always takes care to pay his employer due respect, is on good terms with his family, and is generally well-behaved and polite to everyone, as a young man should be. Such a person will do quite well. Thus whoever has not yet read the book _Debit and Credit_ should obtain it himself as soon as possible and definitely give it to his adolescent children to read, too. Mr. Anton Wohlfahrt, who is now so unbelievably rich and respected, began with nothing, as stated above. He was the son of a mere subordinate official and became an apprentice only because Mr. Traugott Schröter, the great businessman in Breslau, had the heart to teach him his trade. So he chose the motto "honesty is the best policy" and thus became what he is now. This is because he had good principles and thought: "It's always best to follow the straight and narrow." He was deaf to the voice of temptation. He wanted nothing to do with aristocrats and even less with Jews; hence he adhered to the golden mean between these extremes and became a rich man. Once he fell in love with a young woman of the nobility, whose father had even retired with the rank of major, and she would have been quite fond of him. But he said to himself: "Hands off! That's not for you," and that is all there was

* Readers in Germany will understand that this comment is directed at "uneducated German-Americans."
to it. Now that is a man! He had a friend, an apprentice in the same business, who also happened to be an inveterate trickster. He was not a bad guy, exactly, but he was given to mad pranks. Did Anton follow his lead? No, he did not! He said, "von Fink," he said, "you are my friend, but go along with your games for that reason? Never!" That was the end of the matter, and as von Fink well knew, once Anton said "Never!" it stayed "never," with no fooling around. One has to grant Fink that much, for he was noble in this respect: he treasured the friendship and put up with a great deal from Anton that he would not tolerate from anyone else in the business, not even his employer. The master, Mr. Traugott Schröter, had a sister, Sabina, who would have liked to marry Fink. Fink refused to consider it; he was, as already mentioned, not a commoner but a "von." Meanwhile he had a love affair with a Jewish girl, which was really bad of him, as he of course did not wish to marry her. Anton read him the riot act. In the end everyone thought: "Birds of a feather flock together" and "Marry with your match." So Fink married Leonora, Anton's old flame; in the end Sabina preferred to marry Anton, and her brother, Mr. Traugott Schröter, took him on as a partner, because he had always been satisfied with him, and after all, it was better for his sister to marry a sales clerk than to remain utterly single. And so there were weddings; Fink and Leonora became husband and wife, as did Anton and Sabina, and they lived happily ever after.

By the way, it was truly good luck for Anton that everything worked out as it did, which attests once again to how virtue is rewarded and vice is punished. Leonora's father, the retired Major Baron von Rothsattel, also wanted to keep up with the times and thought to build a factory on his property in order to provide better for his children and to bring his wife, who was growing bitter in the country, to the city once in a while. And what happened? He went bankrupt and wanted to shoot himself, but managed only to blind himself. He lost his son, moreover, also an aristocratic young man and hussar officer, in a skirmish with the Poles. Everything would have been all right, if only he had not lost his good cheer over this. But without courage all is lost, and thus everything was over for him.

Therefore the biography of Anton Wohlfahrt, as everyone will admit, is exemplary not only for commoners but also for noblemen, for from it one can, once again, glean the truth of the saying: "Cobbler, stick to your last" and "Seek not out things that are too hard for thee." What, indeed, is the result when an aristocrat wants to found a factory? Nothing but trouble, grief,
embarrassment, blindness, and poverty. And what would have been the result if Anton had associated with the aristocratic crowd? He would not have gotten Sabina, because, naturally, he could not have married two women; Schröter would have hated him; and he would now be starving to death with his most noble father-in-law.

And that is the moral of the story.
Chapter 1

Which humbly announces to the reader Mrs. Wohlfahrt’s happy delivery of the healthy hero of a novel. The story of his youth and emigration to America.

_Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended._
—Shakespeare, _Hamlet_

The sentimental reader, who has accompanied the virtuous Anton to the threshold of his domestic and commercial happiness, to the possession of his virtuous Sabina, and to the beginning of his partnership in the virtuous firm Schröter & Co., will be indebted to us for further news about the doings and dealings of this virtuous merchant family. We have this news from the most reliable source, namely from the mouth of Anton’s own son, an acquaintance from Germany we had the pleasure of meeting again a few years ago here in the United States.

Sabina had already been quite interesting as the housekeeper for her brother, who unfortunately died and went to his eternal reward all too soon afterwards; in time she became even more interesting as the wife of her husband Anton, who went to his eternal reward while still alive. The existence of the aforementioned younger Antonius Americanus developed organically from this relationship; it is for his fate overseas that we enlist the interest of the reader of principle (for the sake of Antonio’s honorable parents). Because, as for him, we have only to admit at the outset that he most definitely did not—as occasionally happens even in the most virtuous of German merchant families—take after anyone in the family. Whether because the elder Anton had looked too deeply into the eyes of the young baroness (the present Mrs. von Fink) or because Sabina had gone astray with Mr. von Fink—the boy had inherited nothing from his father beyond the enjoyment of a leisurely glass of rum punch. He took more after his mother, from whom he had inherited his beautiful eyes and a love of fine table settings and linens, especially if something fine was served with them. Just like his mother, moreover, he became very pale whenever he suppressed strong emotions, as
the distressed reader will occasionally have opportunity to observe. There was also something anachronistically chivalrous in his nature, and before he was transformed by his transatlantic experiences, he appeared to the superficial observer to be more Fink than Anton. Fortunately, his prescient mother—for whose taste the name Anton was a bit much, despite all of her domestic habits and bourgeois virtues—had insisted, for the sake of compromise, upon baptizing her future ideal of manliness Antonio. The father, however, with his typical strong-mindedness, insisted on calling him Anton in everyday life.

Should the concerned reader be inclined to pity the worthy parents because of the aristocratic inclinations of their son and heir, let there be comfort in knowing that these very parents, at least initially, were really quite pleased that their boy started out such a gentleman. Young Sabina, who had accepted her exemplary apprentice only as a last resort, certainly did not object, but it was also the father's secret, most fervent wish to see his son, if not with the imperial guard, then with the government. How could the elder Anton, a purveyor of groceries and household goods out of principle, conviction, and an awareness of the times, abandon himself to such retrograde desires when it came to his son and namesake? The author of Valentine, who knows the family better, will undoubtedly be able to make sense of this.

Antonio was thus sent in due time to the Gray Cloister Preparatory School in Berlin, where he rubbed shoulders with the best society and passed his high school exams with flying colors. Whether or not he should study at the university remained undecided. The poetry of coffee and syrup that his father had once craved with moderation did not interest him. As a result of his Berlin education, Anton had become too alienated from the spirit of the German middle class and its modest depths to develop such tastes. Only once—he was visiting home during a break—was he suddenly struck by a sense of the poetic in connection with his father's business life, when an obstruction plugging a barrel was discovered to be a dead Negro child. The mood was too short-lived, however, to win him over to that side permanently. On the other hand, he found the excesses of the Prussian bureaucracy no less odious than the petty shopkeeper mentality of the Prussian middle class. Clearly, given his intellectual thirst and his high degree of education, he had only the desperate choice between becoming a lecturer and emigrating. He had already begun with the former and eagerly thrown himself into history and ethnology when the revolution of 1848 offered itself as a pallia-
tive that eventually enabled him to end with the latter: emigration to America.

When the revolution broke out, Antonio initially sided with his father. There had been a moment when he felt like a member of the class to which he had been born, a feeling that formed the basis of his entire self-esteem. He had believed that the age belonged to the bourgeoisie, which would rise to the occasion and impose the law upon the age. But nowhere in his extended family did he find an echo for the impulse to dominate that existed in him. His father went no further as a politician than he had, with such great success and such high praise, as a clerk: one should be obsequious toward the king, make an impression on him with one's exemplary behavior, and piously seek to persuade the king to make one a partner in government. The son responded that if clerks were to rule once again, then he would rather take them away from the school desk or the military parade grounds than from behind the store counter. They quarreled with each other over these matters, and Antonio became a democrat—for no better reason than because he saw his new comrades' willingness to shed their blood for their cause. He fought at Waghäusel, and with an adventurous escape, avoided the bloody claws of the military court in Rastatt. He stayed first in Switzerland and then in Paris for as long as he was allowed, spent a few years in London, and finally, tired of Europe, disembarked in New York on March 18, 1857. He had thus spent ten years of his life living aimlessly, a chapter he believed finally closed—cruel delusion!—once he settled in America. The plan he had once nourished, to travel a few years as part of his education, had therefore been fully realized, and in this case had fully realized its intended purpose, for a person matures and becomes emancipated not by traveling but by living abroad. Indeed, there have purportedly been cases of poor devils who, after being banned from Europe by their rulers, returned to become rulers themselves among the poor devils of Europe; many a European mama's boy would benefit from being exiled suddenly for ten years, without a cent in his pocket.

Antonio, however, brought a few cents with him to New York, although, as will soon be evident, his possession of them was not exactly beneficial. He had ten thousand dollars, a final gift from his father to help him get settled in the New World. The old man had become surly and had completely lost his balance during the revolutionary activity of those years. Something like this had not even happened to him on the Polish border, back during his famous trip, when he and his employer—as a matter of principle—took from the Pol-
ish revolution those three or four covered wagons loaded with Grünberg champagne and bad Schwedt tobacco. This '48 revolution had a much nastier outcome: Schröter & Co. lost thousands upon thousands, without being able to hold a Polish innkeeper responsible in turn. So where was the security for the most solid of business deals and exemplary bookkeeping? And since he had to blame someone and in the absence of a Polish proprietor, he turned this time to his son. It was Antonio who, in collaboration with other criminals and lunatics, had allegedly caused the whole disaster. Antonio ascertained this fatherly view of the matter while reading his mother’s letters; this perspective swam toward him in a river of tears brought on by the pain and fear in his mother’s heart. He had not corresponded with his father since 1849.

Antonio traveled through the Narrows into the wide harbor of New York on a beautiful, brisk wintry morning in March. The cannons’ greeting called those passengers who had slept through the big moment quickly from their beds. Both forts, right and left, still stood in the morning shadows, while the bushes on the peaks of Staten Island turned golden; here and there the roofs and windows of solitary country homes at higher elevations sparkled in the early light. From the fog on the left, behind which the shoreline of New Jersey stretched out in a long strip like a dark, heavy background, could be heard the shrill sound of a locomotive. A thick white cloud of smoke poured from the gray haze. On the water, between the ships that were moored more and more densely, everything came alive and appeared habitable; new arrivals were already surrounded by the city though still on the water. Groups of large three-masters were scattered in clusters throughout the bay, like groups of trees in a winter landscape. Here and there a grumpy steamer floated among them, looking, without sails and mast decorations, like a plucked rooster in the midst of white chickens. Further in the background, masts and ropes formed a filigree that stretched across the entire breadth of the horizon; schooners, yachts, and fishing boots crossed the path of the approaching steamship with teasing grace, like playful water insects; like lovers chasing each other on the dancing waves with pertly curved sails, they passed between those larger vehicles that were still lying calmly at solemn morning rest, so that the fresh, white foam sprayed high on the bows. Among them, miniature tugboats puffed along their paths with an officious air, unconcerned about the carefree activity around them, looking neither right nor left and following the straight path of their assigned route. They reminded Antonio instinctively of his father Anton, always loyal and honest, and how he, as
a young and ambitious clerk, had always maintained his integrity in his busi-
ness affairs and thus managed to attain his current high position as the head
of Schröter & Co. and husband of his deceased benefactor's sister, whose
packages he still carried out of grateful devotion. Anton suppressed this last
thought out of filial piety, expressing it only as half a sigh for his terribly
bored mother. At that moment he felt it, without actually saying it to himself:
her husband was so straight that she too would have acquired the unbending
characteristics of a yardstick if she had not had the future of her son, with all
of her hopes, fears, and castles in the air, with which to revive her imagina-
tion and heart. Recognizing in his heart the responsibility he had for his
mother's dreams, with ten dearly bought years behind him and ten thousand
dollars in his pocket, he stepped, more anxious than happy, onto the shore of
the new country, which still seemed—not only to him but also to the entire
world—a mere experiment.
Chapter 2

Antonio makes the acquaintance of a dry goods merchant in Barclay Street.

*Leben und leben lassen.*
—German proverb

Antonio had letters of recommendation (to which, on the whole, little attention was paid), including one addressed to a dry goods merchant in Barclay Street named William Dawson; he was estimated to be worth either half or an entire million, depending on whether or not one included his wife. Mr. Dawson was a tall man with a small bald spot and long, sparse black hair that fell to his shoulders. His cheeks displayed two sharply delineated red spots, as if the color had been branded, independent of the circulatory stirrings of his blood; his mouth and eyes were marked by gentleness and honesty. His very posture and measured steps were those of a mature young man, although he was already well into his fifties. Antonio, who was a good judge of character, thought he saw purpose in this bearing, but he did not let it bother him; he was not at all surprised, however, that Dawson was known by young women as “such a nice man,” by business associates as such an “excellent man,” and by the world in general as such a true “Christian,” that is, a religious man, and that he instilled in everyone a sense of trust. But the strange thing was that the expression of this trust was constantly emphasized, and Mr. Dawson’s name was never mentioned without this affirmation of his character. In his parish—he belonged to the Presbyterian “connection”—he was considered one of its greatest patrons and had helped build various churches in the West.

As a man of the world, Antonio did not dwell on the character of a mere acquaintance, and he did not feel obliged to question the manner in which the rest of society regarded him. But he was all the more exacting with his friends. Admittedly, there was one problem with this tolerance: once the first infallible impression had dulled out of habit, Antonio, through the sheer force of living with others from the same circles and the mutual acquaintances that
resulted, became chained to people from whom there was little to gain and much to lose.

Mr. Dawson took Antonio's hand between his warm, sweaty ones and congratulated America on the acquisition of such an educated foreigner. Since the letter of recommendation introduced Antonio as a refugee, the businessman thought he was even poorer than he actually was and believed that Antonio wanted to eke out an existence by teaching. This made him all the more generous with his congratulations to America. "The republican experiment can only succeed," he said, "if the masses acquire the necessary religious and intellectual qualifications. Our institutions are based on the education of the people. Every educated foreigner who comes here should therefore be received as a benefactor of the republic, and he will be, I assure you, by all well-meaning citizens."

Antonio was very edified by this view; Dawson even meant it sincerely—at least in theory. He wondered if helping to educate America might just be his calling, and he asked how things stood with public lectures. Exuding cordiality, Mr. Dawson immediately offered to help him fill a lecture hall. "I'm having a soirée at my home the day after tomorrow," he said. "Wouldn't you like to come? I can introduce you there."

Antonio assured him that he would accept the invitation with great pleasure.

During this conversation a German friend of his entered—Justus Wilhelmi, who was actually the only close acquaintance he had in all America.

Wilhelmi had gotten his start as a business apprentice in Germany a few years earlier, in the large export business of Johann August Schröter in Frankfurt on the Main. This Schröter in Frankfurt was a brother of Schröter the One and Only in Breslau, Anton Wohlfahrt's former partner and brother-in-law. And just as the Schröter in Breslau had once adopted Antonio's father into the business, so had the Schröter in Frankfurt accepted Justus Wilhelmi as a partner. Soon afterwards Wilhelmi went to New York to establish an import business, with expenses paid by the company in Frankfurt. He was to have a full fifty-percent share in this business, as he had received a twenty-five percent share of the business in Germany, and as boss of the New York company he was allowed proudly to place his name first in the company's signature: Justus Wilhelmi & Co., whereas in Frankfurt it was Johann August Schröter & Co.
Mr. Dawson was very happy to discover that Wilhelmi knew Antonio and—he kept this to himself—that he could vouch for his respectability.

“How do you do? Have you been well?” Mr. Dawson asked Wilhelmi, squinting with sincere interest and covering Wilhelmi’s hand with the two of his, like an oyster between the two halves of its shell.

“Very well, thank you. And you?”

“Tolerably well, thank you very much. Don’t you find the weather to be unseasonably warm for this time of year?”

“Actually, it seems very cold to me. It’s blazing hot in the sun, but the wind is icy in the shade.”

“In London Mr. Wohlfahrt associated with some of the most distinguished statesmen and other famous people. He knows Disraeli, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Cobden, in short, all of the ‘right people.’ He’s going to present a series of lectures on European politics here. They’ll surely be extremely interesting. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“A series of lectures?” asked Wilhelmi, who had grown visibly impatient. “Well, that’s news to me! But excuse me. Would you please grant me a word about a business matter?”

Antonio made ready to leave.

“Please stay,” said Dawson, detaining him. “There’ll likely be no secrets.”

“If you have no objections,” replied Wilhelmi. “I, for my part, have no reason to keep secrets from my friend.”

“Well?” Mr. Dawson looked at him with an expression of very innocent anticipation.

“Well, Mr. Dawson, it pains me—there are rumors circulating—rumors about your business affairs—.”

“Really?” asked the merchant, tsking disapproval while shaking his head, as if to say, “How unpleasant!”

“Yes, unfortunately! In short, someone just paid me a visit—a broker—who offered me fifty percent for your notes.”

“Fifty percent? Not more?” repeated the man, shaking his head and tsking disapproval once again. “How unpleasant!”

“Fifty percent, not one iota more!” confirmed Wilhelmi, almost indignant at the shameful offer. “You know, Mr. Dawson, I have notes from you, totaling ninety thousand dollars, lying in my safe!”
“That much?” said the debtor, surprised at the revelation. “Really that much?” Shaking his head and tsking disapproval he insisted, as clearly as one could through this combination of sound and gesture, on the view he had held from the start, namely, that the situation was really very unpleasant.

“Mr. Dawson,” continued Antonio’s friend earnestly and in an urgent tone, “we’re old business associates; we’ve been dealing with each other year after year since my arrival here. I thus expect and hope that you’re telling me the truth. What do you advise me to do with your notes?”

The businessman thought about it for a few minutes, raising his eyes to heaven while shaking his head and then, still shaking his head, tsked disapproval yet again.

“I didn’t realize that it had already come to this,” he said, his eyes despondent. Placing a hand on Wilhelmi’s wrist, he continued, “But since it has, then I want to answer you as an old business associate, as you have asked me to do, straight and openly: fifty percent is a good offer.”

This caught Wilhelmi by surprise after all. But he composed himself immediately in order to shake his associate’s hand with sympathy for his misfortune and with gratitude for his good and honest advice.

“Really?”

“I doubt—please notice that I say nothing with certainty—but I doubt that I’ll be able to offer my creditors fifty percent. So sell—but don’t noise it about.”

“Of course. I thank you for your honesty and friendship, dear Mr. Dawson. It pains me that things are the way they are. But you have friends who’ll help you get back on your feet, and you can count on my assistance!”

“I’m much obliged to you for this expression of your friendship. It’s nevertheless a hard test, sir.”

And with that the two business associates shook hands warmly and parted.

The two Germans were already at the door when the American called after them,

“Nota Bene! I’m having a small soirée on Thursday evening. Your friend has already promised to come. Wouldn’t you also like to be there, Mr. Wilhelmi?”

Quite flattered, Wilhelmi accepted the invitation.

Antonio had observed the entire conversation in silence and astonishment.
"Did I understand correctly?" he asked his friend, as they stood at the door. "This gentleman is bankrupt, yet he's throwing a party on Thursday evening? You're losing forty-five thousand dollars, and instead of declaring his bankruptcy, you consider it an honor to be among his guests?"

"He can't withdraw the invitations for that reason!" said Wilhelmi quite naively. Then, realizing that his friend could not yet be as familiar with American views as he was, he continued, "When a man like Dawson goes bankrupt, no one will demand that he change his accustomed way of life. Such small expenditures, given the amounts we're dealing with here, are insignificant. He'll do what he can, and no one here would demand more of a person. On the contrary, we'll all be served if he falls as lightly as possible so that he can become our customer again as quickly as possible."

"Those are very strange ways!" thought Antonio.

"Yes, that's how they gamble in Venice! You'll be surprised..."

"And you lose half of one hundred thousand dollars without flinching, without doing anything, thus forcing him to make a better offer?"

"Assume that I take on the legal trouble and manage to squeeze a couple thousand dollars from him, assume that all of his creditors do the same—what do we gain from it? Indeed, we could drive the man into a corner, make him sweat blood, and leave him no option but total ruin or the use of cunning and deceit. Perhaps each of us would walk away with a couple thousand dollars more from long court battles, but it'll probably be less; most likely it'll be absolutely nothing at all because once he starts kicking up a fuss, he has thousands of means at his disposal for avoiding his creditors. In the first case we'd have the satisfaction of having cut out a pound of his flesh and watching him bleed to death. Instead, I'll now sell his notes at market value. I have my losses but I know what's left and I can adjust. Tomorrow he'll be back as one of my best customers, and in two or three years I'll be compensated for everything and for more than what I lose on him today. Isn't that much more reasonable?"

"And no one tears his hair out because of it, neither he nor you. This really is a great country."

"Well, at least the world here has finally overcome conventionality."
Chapter 3

Our hero finds a beautiful beggar woman on Broadway and befriends an Irish family on Mulberry Street.

War einst ein Knabe frech genug,
War erst aus Frankreich kommen.
—Goethe, Claudine von Villa Bella

It was already late afternoon when our new arrival, having taken various walks to explore the city, joined the large stream of people that flowed up Broadway at the close of every business day. It was one of those March days in America that are so obliging. The sun had burned all day like fire upon one’s head, while the cold, dry wind had driven dust beneath one’s eyelids, between one’s lips and teeth, and into every pore. The New York ladies did not let nuisances like these stop them from going on their customary promenade before dinner, however; forming a countercurrent that came down Broadway, they mixed with the flood of men coming up the street and then rolled back again. The whirlpools that formed from this confluence—not to mention the dangerous undercurrents in which many hearts drowned—were particularly difficult to surmount at the construction sites that blocked the sidewalks in this never-finished city and often delayed passers-by for five minutes just where the wind could blow most freely and dust from the construction sites, mixed with that from the streets, could swirl most thickly.

At one such spot, where two boards lying next to each other afforded the crowd a narrow passage over an excavated cellar, Antonio had to stop in order to allow a long line of ladies both with and without beaux to pass. The wait gave him the opportunity to contemplate the figure of a beggar woman who, seeking meager protection against the wind, huddled behind a truncated pyramid of construction blocks and covered herself and the child lying in her lap as best she could with her thin shawl. Antonio dropped a nickel into her outstretched hand, noticing as he did that the hand was pretty and the arm shapely. This discovery drew his eyes to her face. It was bowed deeply on her chest, however, as if in mourning over the shame of its public exposure.
Still, the delicate contour of the pale but full cheek could not be hidden under the bowed forehead, nor was the cheek itself so concealed by the shawl as to hide a strong, well-formed, and perfectly developed organization of the skull from the ethnologic eye of our friend. He immediately classified it as the result of the noblest mixture of races—which ones we will not mention here, so as not to draw him into a scholarly debate with the reader—and initially took a scientific interest in this excellent specimen. The thick, dark curls, in accordance with the classical pattern, grew a bit low on the forehead, lying upon it in flat, carefully parted waves. Furthermore, the considerable fullness of the bosom called to mind the bust of Isis, just as the peaceful, good face did later, once he was able see it; the agreeable impression it made nearly caused him to forget its irreproachable beauty. The contrast between the mild warmth radiating from this figure and the cold misery that fell shivering upon her was pitiable. Thanks to his cultivated upbringing, which was second nature to him, Antonio never let his behavior toward women be governed by their clothing, at least not beyond the extent demanded by the slightest consideration of social decorum. Nothing, therefore, but the fear of exhibiting the best of his chivalrous convictions in public, as well as the fear that she could misinterpret his intentions, kept him from offering himself as a protector to the poor woman. He thus stood undecided on the very spot where the crowd was largest and he was most obstructive, completely engrossed in the interesting figure beneath the tower of bricks and nonplussed by his own helplessness. He noticed neither the shoves nor the laughter of the passers-by when they followed his captivated glance to the object captivating it. A rather rough shove put an end to his indecision and hurled him directly against the woman, causing her head to fly up. At the same time an irritated voice uttered a French curse:

"Sapristie! Ne peut-il se mettre autre part, ce drôle-là, que dans le chemin de tout le monde?"

"Tout le monde?" responded Antonio immediately, with the most indifferent expression of amused politeness. "Pardon, monsieur, je ne vois que demi-monde."

The Frenchman, a small, sturdy, pale, dark-haired dandy with flashing eyes, smooth shaven except for a mustache, was especially sensitive to this attack on his unambiguous social standing, given that he was accompanied—as one could see at a glance—by a full-blooded New York lady. She was al-
ready a few steps ahead of him, however. The insulted man screamed all the louder.

"Do you realize, sir, that the person you dare to call demi-monde is Count Roussillon?"

Antonio was just about to respond when a glance at his opponent sent his thoughts in a different direction. The last syllable of that great feudal name had barely died on the lips of its adopted heir when those very lips opened wide, as if the spirit of one of the illustrious ancestors of the man whose lips they were had risen from the dead in a full suit of armor. For half a second he, the count, fixed his gaze on this apparition, namely on the beggar woman. In the next half a second he did a left about-face and took off. Not like a trained dog, which at first only trots away slowly and in shame and in order to maintain its decorum before public opinion and the dreaded eye speeds up only gradually, with its tail between its legs, not breaking into a run until it is far away, but rather like an untrained family of piglets that suddenly stands still, abruptly jumps sideways, and with one jerk, without any moral consideration except that of sheer terror, runs away pleine carrière. Thus ran Count Roussillon—suddenly, headlong, and jerkily—after his companion, a very young lady who, luckily for him, had not concerned herself with the entire scene and just then had turned her head halfway to check on her hat; in so doing she cast a fleeting glance at Antonio, her eyes steady and rather haughty.

This brief glance had a strange effect on our knight. If a tender flicker of emotion had tried earlier to sneak unnoticed into his sympathy for the pretty, unhappy woman, his cheeks now suddenly flushed with shame, even if only because of a still unacknowledged suspicion that such an emotion might exist. His initial reaction was to continue on his way and leave the poor woman where he had found her. And so he turned, like a needle toward the pole, in the direction of the haughty eyes glancing at him. But a remorseful look back stopped him once again. The poor woman had stood up, like someone who, upon returning from a horrible dream, was still struggling to awake from it. She had put one foot forward, as if she wanted to follow the count, but just as Antonio looked back at her she began to sway, like a tree that, with the final blow of the ax, does not know to which side it should fall. Then she fell backwards, striking her head against the brick wall. Blood ran from her temples, and the child lay crying on the ground. Lifting her up and looking
around for help, Antonio grabbed the arm of a corpulent Irish woman with red hair who was just passing by.

"Look after this poor woman and her child," he said in a low voice to avoid attracting further attention, "while I go look for a carriage. I'll pay you for your time and effort."

The Irish woman first picked up the child and then took the mother from the arms of the good Samaritan. She dealt with both simultaneously in a way that suggested a great deal of family experience. But she was indignant about the offered payment.

"God Almighty and the saints bless you for the good deed you've done this poor woman and fine specimen of a baby," she cried in the broadest Irish dialect and with such a penetrating voice that a crowd soon gathered around the scene. "But no one should accuse Bridget O'Shea of having taken money to stand by Him in His good works." Then she turned with renewed enthusiasm to care for the "sweet creature," as she called the poor woman, and the "love of a baby," while Antonio rushed off to secure a carriage.

Passers-by now expressed their sympathy by tossing copper and silver coins; the Irish woman told them that they were blessed by God and all the saints. No one thought to soil his or her hands on the ragged group, however, until Antonio returned and got everyone, including himself, into the carriage as quickly as possible. Not until they were all seated inside did he realize that they needed a destination, and so the Irish woman gave him her address in Mulberry Street.

This acknowledgment of the significance of her hospitality sealed the bond of friendship between the daughter of the Emerald Isle and the son of Hermann and Thusnelda, although it initially had the adverse effect of repeatedly preventing the coachman from departing, for she rehearsed with him to perfection her address, the salient features by which one could recognize her apartment, the names of her neighbors (to avoid confusion), the genealogical entanglements between her family and others, and the most direct route through the labyrinth of the Five Points.

A carriage ride is the great passion of the Celtic race, undoubtedly passed on with the blood of the Vortigerns and Dutigerns, Gwallawg ap Llaenogs and Gwan Gleddyvruids, and all the other "sentries of battle" with unpronounceable names who scorned going to battle against the pernicious Lloegrwys in any way other than by wagon.
The entrance to Mrs. O’Shea’s apartment, right next to the broken windows of a run-down pub, opened to reveal a narrow, steep stairwell, from which a small girl greeted them by crashing headlong from the top to the bottom flight, like thunder on Lake Geneva. Before the anxious Antonio could catch the child, however, she had run back up the stairs, whereby all of her fleshiest parts, in unhindered vividness, were exposed through two flapping rags praiseworthy more for their intention than their ability to cover. Antonio, who had brought along a head still full of reports from the English health committee, asked himself in astonishment where such forms, bursting with strength and health, came from, given the atmosphere—throughout the house he was met with the smell of warm vapors that had been preserved, airtight, all winter—and their presumably scrofulous diet; the best-fed and best-aired children from the city district with the highest number of health regulations could not bear comparison to them. “In the end it’s all just a matter of God’s mercy!” he thought. Other snotty-nosed specimens of the same type stood on the top step like a herd of chamois, staring at the approaching strangers until they were a stone’s throw away and then fleeing in silent terror to the sanctuary of family life.

Mrs. O’Shea occupied a back room on the fourth floor of this large inn. The drapery hanging around the oven and from the ceiling announced her line of business. Between two dangling men’s shirts one could see the ancient head of Mrs. O’Shea’s mother, stone deaf and engrossed in the hospitable act of preparing tea. Not until her daughter arrived and screamed into her ear that she should try to behave politely did she become wide-eyed at the large number of visitors; she then broke out into a series of convulsive pantomimed greetings, which were accompanied by the obligatory wild cries of welcome. Someone else would have taken this for a battle cry, but Antonio, who during his stay in London had allowed himself to be tempted by Celtophilic excursions into the realm of Irish antiquities and language, recognized the expression of spontaneous warm-heartedness, and he responded with his meager vocabulary in the same language. The old woman did not understand him, however, until his comments had been interpreted, but Mrs. O’Shea, who at first could not believe her ears, looked at him now with such an expression of love and deep respect that it was almost touching.

“And so you’re from the old country,” she said, clearly delighted. “Sure an sartin, a genuine Irish jointleman. How’ve you been, these many long days, and how are things in Ulster County in ould Ireland? — Poor Patrick; if
only you could’ve experienced this and died a couple of months later! —
Paddy, my hoosband,” she continued by way of explanation, “died eight
months ago and he had the most beautiful funeral New York’s ever seen. He
didn’t deserve it, the spalpeen, because he hit me often enough, God rest his
soul!”

Beyond those already mentioned, three additional residents of the prem­
ises were present, and one was absent. There were two small girls who
evidently were up to the task of their life’s work, which was to provide food
for the family by begging. For on the tea table were crumbs from the tables
of all nations and social classes, which Antonio could have used to pursue his
favorite study of ethnic differences. The other member of a good Irish family
who was there had to be a baby, of course. An Irish girl without a baby in her
arms, at least once she had turned three, would be a deviant phenomenon, as
evidenced by the smaller of the two girls, who had acquired her first experi­
ment—one nearly as big as she was—in future motherly duties. She lugged it
on her weak frame from one corner to another, disregarding all pedagogical
principles; the baby repaid its small foster mother in an attack of Celtic pas­
sion and wild war-cries by tousling her hair, scratching her face, and hitting
her nose from below—preparing her for marriage while at the same time
providing the scientist with insight into the genesis of the Irish facial struc­
ture.

The one roommate still absent, who came soon for his tea, however, was
a paperboy; on a good day he made the enormous sum of three shillings, a
result of outstanding skill in his trade and early entrepreneurial spirit. In
Germany this small shrunken creature could have passed for ten years old;
here he was at least eighteen. He often spent half the night at the Extra, he
was always the first and most squashed in the crowd at the newspaper office,
and he threw himself in front of pedestrians, entangling himself in their legs
until they had parted with two cents. He spread horror or joy with his high­
pitched voice within an unbelievably large range of hearing by alternating the
destruction of armies, the burning of cities, the explosion of steamships, the
merciless killing of famous people, and other “ghastly calamities” and “hor­
rible accidents” with “immense successes” and “enormous enthusiasm,”
holding himself accountable and responsible for everything, despite the New
York Herald.

He soon appeared with a cigar in his mouth and a bottle of schnapps in
his hand, which was passed around to the entire family; even the baby, who
grabbed the bottle with convulsive energy and did not want to let it go, received its rightful portion. Mrs. O’Shea, with pardonable motherly pride, could not help but point out the contrast between the existing proof of filial piety and pure sense of family evident in her son, and the meanness of the elder Paddy, her deceased husband, who would have given everything, right down to the bed, to obtain the quantity of whiskey he required. Then she described her earlier prosperity in the old country, where she had owned land and a house and cows and oxen, and she concluded with a heartfelt curse on her “blessed late husband,” who had done her out of all these splendors.

“‘Yes,’” continued Paddy, his emotions stirred by this fantastical depiction. “I was accustomed to riding on a pony, wearing a hunting cap and a green sash embroidered in gold over my shoulder, every day of the week, something they do here only once a year, on St. Patrick’s Day; as a change of pace—”

“Pat, you spalpeen,” interrupted his mother with furrowed brows, swinging the hot teapot threateningly in her hand. “How can you tell such lies in front of the jointleman? But he’s just like his father,” she added apologetically. “They’re alike, like two peas in a pod.”

“‘It’s the gospel truth, what I said,’” mumbled the boy, but in such a way that his mother did not understand, for he knew only too well that she did not stand for any nonsense when she was swinging the teapot.

Antonio used the break in the conversation to voice his protest against giving whiskey rations to children and babies; but Paddy O’Shea, the younger of the two peas in a pod, expressed the views of the entire family in no uncertain terms by asking sarcastically,

“You’re not by any chance a priest, are you?”

Antonio stammered an apology, to clear himself of this suspicion.

“In that case,” continued the ragamuffin with an expression of friendly superiority, “you’re still jolly green in national economics, you old fool! In what kind of old-fogy place were you educated, that you don’t yet know that chicken pie and ice-cream are narcotics for the poorer class of the population? The alcohol deadens the nerves, and then you don’t need to eat. Don’t you see? And that’s the enlightened philosophy of the matter, you old fool! I guess you come from a country where there ain’t any newspaper boys who stay ahead of the times. Always ahead of the time! That’s the word here, dear chap, in this enlightened country!”

And with that he hit the “dear chap” encouragingly on the back.
The dear chap abandoned himself in silence to the observation that in emigrating to America he had brought himself to a place where young men such as the one here would be his competition. Even more humiliating was the realization that he, with his education—a thousand to one—could not compete with such a philosophy, such enlightenment, and such self-confidence, not even just enough to succeed in this place.

Just how the numerous people inhabiting this one room managed to find their nighttime accommodations, however, struck him as problematic. Our visitor suspected that the customers' dirty laundry had to fill in for the bedding that had been lost through the foolishness of the deceased Paddy, if one person did not cover another on the dilapidated bed, with the grandmother as the foundation and the thrashing baby as the capital. That his charge and her child could not stay here too was unfortunately much less clear to Mrs. O'Shea's hospitable enthusiasm, which, as was almost always the case, stood in inverse proportion to her knives and forks, than to Antonio's neutral perspective; indeed, even he did not feel completely safe from an invitation to spend the night. Wringing a reasonable arrangement from the generous hostess would, in any case, require the greatest delicacy and much diplomacy.

The stranger had already completely revived during the carriage ride. She was not a nervous type but belonged instead to that strong sex—by nature fit as a fiddle and yet taught, through teachings and examples that had been passed down, to exercise self-control—that formed the marrow of the Anglo-Saxon race and gave it its historical greatness. Our observer thus found it interesting that the woman was from New England. Cold, hunger, and sudden emotional shock had knocked her down; but once reawakened, it did not occur to her to behave as the center of attention. She explained her situation, regardless of what she may have been feeling, without appealing to the sympathy of her listeners, leaving the lyrical role of choragus to her hostess and her son, with the elderly woman, children, and baby as the chorus. Her tale was simple. Like so many New England women, she had worked as a young girl in a factory in Lowell so as to return home after a few years with her savings. The Frenchman worked as a clerk in Lowell at that time, under the name of Grenier. The French, for whatever reason, cause Anglo-Saxon women to lose their heads, despite—or perhaps much more because of—the most irreconcilable inner conflict between characters and philosophies of life. Grenier thus caused Annie to lose her head and finally
married her, *puisqu’il ne pouvait l’avoir autrement*. Annie’s family, prosperous farmers from New Hampshire, had protested in vain, due in part to the aversion of New Englanders to foreigners in general, in part to unfavorable reports about the man’s character. Annie’s step thus estranged her from her family. A few days after the wedding the kind, gallant, and sensitive Frenchman showed his true person, or rather his true animal.

The Frenchman had plucked the precious flower. His interest was thus extinguished. It remained only for him to go through her savings, which, for such a practiced hand as his, took no time at all. Then he suddenly disappeared, as was to be expected.

Annie continued working in the factory until she gave birth. Then she took her child and the remnants of her recent savings and went to New York, where one of her acquaintances from Lowell claimed to have met her Theseus on the street. This acquaintance also mentioned that he had been in the company of a young lady. To bring back her disloyal husband, warn a new victim, or perhaps seek revenge on a rival? — She herself was hardly sure of her motive. Enough; she went. For three winter months she had searched for him in New York, but on the wrong track. She searched for her husband as if he were still a clerk, and followed his trail in the lower parts of the city, especially among the commission firms and brokers connected to Lowell. The apprentice Grenier had meanwhile advanced to Count Roussillon, and as such took his promenades, at least during the day, north of Canal Street. Night after night she returned to her shabby accommodations, tired and disheartened by her wanderings, while her savings dwindled still further. Unfortunately she knew only factory work. She wanted to help herself by sewing, but not only did her uncertain hope of finding her husband have a nerve-racking effect on her hand, she was also not skilled enough and too slow for the unfamiliar work. Eventually she was thrown out onto the street for being behind in her rent. It was the first day on which she, with outstretched hand, appealed to the charity of the passers-by, the first day on which she was no longer searching for her husband. And then she found him.

Antonio was perhaps even more enamored by the natural refinement and the respectful decency in the unhappy woman’s entire being than by her beauty and so would not have hesitated to offer her lodgings in a hotel if only propriety had not made that entirely impossible. Given the circumstances, he had no alternative at first but to leave her in the care of the only patroness in the vicinity. It turned out that another room stood empty in the Irish lodgings,
the front room next to Mrs. O'Shea's. It was immediately rented from the owner, the proprietor of the bar below, and paid for in advance. Antonio promised to provide furniture that very evening and left several bills with his Irish friend for the needs of his protégé. He gave young Paddy a dollar to renew his chivalrous attitude toward his neighbor. All of this was arranged in the empty room, in order to anticipate all possible doubts that this same neighbor might harbor. Antonio also mentioned to his confidant, of his own volition, that he had absolutely no intentions other than to persuade her to return to Lowell or home as soon as she had somewhat recovered. Since the Irish always believe what they hear—the endearing weakness of a lively imagination—there was no doubt that the assurance of his altruism was believed completely.

One hour after his departure a wagon appeared in front of the house; it brought a carpet addressed to Mrs. O'Shea. Mrs. O'Shea was enchanted by the beautiful ingrain, although she herself would have chosen bolder colors. Jack O'Dogherty, who courted her at funerals, an Irish type of the nasty sort, was standing at the door of the bar when the carpet arrived, and nothing was more natural than for Mrs. O'Shea to engage him to lay the carpet. Furniture and beds followed, everything of the simplest material, but selected with Antonio's taste. Nothing had been forgotten, not even the curtains, or the open stove set up facing the fireplace, or a crate of hard coal along with one of soft coal. It would have done the giver good to see the snug, almost elegant room with the drawn, dark curtains and the flickering fire. Eventually a bathtub followed, and a suitcase with undergarments, cotton dresses, a warm coat, and children's things.

The poor girl had very serious doubts about taking possession of all these splendors. But Mrs. O'Shea repeated to her Antonio's trustworthy assurances concerning his intentions and views, and these made it easier to assent; there was otherwise nothing else she could do now except spend the night at the police station among riff-raff such as a woman accustomed to decency could imagine only with horror. First she let herself be seduced by the sight of the bath—a desire kindled that she had long felt for herself and her child. Once they had bathed, it was impossible to resist the clean undergarments. The cotton dresses then followed out of necessity; sitting by the fire and taking possession of the cradle for her child followed of their own accord. The devil could not have planned it better than Antonio, in all his innocence, had. The patterns he had selected were marvels of taste, and in such a case nothing
complements a woman with a good figure more, because of its demureness, than a cotton dress. Annie had a full figure that bordered on voluptuousness.

Incidentally, it was no surprise that Jack O’Dogherty was curious as to how such grandeur came to be in Mrs. O’Shea’s abode; and that Mrs. O’Shea had told Jack O’Dogherty the facts in her own legend-building manner; and that Jack O’Dogherty glanced skeptically from the furniture to the beautiful woman and from the beautiful woman to the furniture; and that his glances went from being skeptical to sinister as his eyes fell on the bills in Mrs. O’Shea’s hand; and that he quarreled with such a wealthy woman, as Mrs. O’Shea now was, over the price of his labor; and that they had a falling out over this falling out and that it came to blows between Bridget O’Shea and Jack O’Dogherty, whereby all of the O’Sheas participated as active partners, and all of the building’s tenants from all the floors, even the neighbors from the entire surrounding neighborhood, participated as silent partners. The immediate result of this—apart from Bridget’s black eye and Jack’s stab wound in the calf, which the baby had inflicted upon him—was that the police requested both principal players to be at the police station early the next morning, where they would perform the last act of their play for the judge and, furthermore, that the entire neighborhood was feverishly excited about the arrival of the beautiful young woman, the fairy-like furnishings of her room, and the romantic relationship between her and the Irish lord—a character that had been attributed to the mysterious stranger.

It was late before Antonio, in a pensive mood, sat down to tea at Brevoort House. After the heat of the action and the charm of acquiring furnishings and clothing for his beautiful charge, he now had misgivings about the rashness of his actions. After throwing the first five cents at the beggar woman, every step had admittedly happened of its own accord, with a nearly unavoidable logic. Still, his conscience troubled him somewhat. It would have been better not only for his means but also for the moral standing of the young woman if he had limited his charity to the bare necessities. But what generous soul can resist the intoxication of the opportunity to do a good deed? What mattered was only that he extricate himself in an appropriate manner from the difficult situation.
Chapter 4

A soirée on Fifth Avenue.

On Thursday evening the scene in front of Dawson’s house, or town mansion, as it would have been called in Europe, was magnificent. It was a brick home with inlaid brown sandstone, a combination whose solid elegance harmonized perfectly with the massive proportions of the windows and doors and the wide winged staircase. In the clear, moonlit night the eye commanded the farthest view of the beautiful, broad street of palaces, both sides punctuated, well into the foggy distance, with blazing gas stars. The carriages twinkled in the double light, into which they—as if in high spirits because of the festivities—cast the light of their own double stars from shiny silver lanterns. Swaying luxuriously on their spring suspensions, they glided along the level street, rattling lightly, towards Dawson’s home. The carriages unloaded their merry, gossamer load of fairy-like beings, who darted out in groups of two or three, floated up the stairs, and in no time disappeared into the sea of light that quickly opened to them—and then the carriages themselves disappeared, just as they had come, to make room quickly for others. The imagination was prepared for an enchanted party, and entering through the door, which mysteriously appeared to open by itself, and arriving in the vestibule did not disappoint this expectation. The glitter from hundreds of lights was mirrored in the green marble of a double row of columns with gold-plated capitals, in the colorfully checked and richly gilded ceiling, and in the brown Tennessee marble of the lustrously polished wall panels. A black man—as in the Arabian fairy tales—led the male guest into an open front room on the left, next to the entrance, where half a dozen men placed their coats and hats in a safe corner or under chairs already occupied, or smoothed their pomaded hair in front of a large mirror, warmed their feet at a large open fire, or struggled to put on gloves. Then they put the last touch to their toilet on their way upstairs, in the hall, where passing conversations were joined or preliminary greetings were exchanged. Others looked around expectantly for the partners who had fallen behind, or they climbed the wide stairs behind a group of ladies hurrying to the coat check on the second floor.
The higher the men climbed the stairs, the busier the droning sounded—like a swarm of bees—from the distant rooms already filled with guests; standing in groups or appraising the women, they exchanged their opinions of the festivities and other related circumstances. The ladies exhibited a charming confusion of billowing silk, delicate gauze, blooming garlands and feathered fans, sparkling jewels and transparent lace, white necks and radiant eyes, so fabulously distant, ethereal and heavenly that one felt transported to another world.

Mrs. Dawson, who had brought this palace to her marriage and who came from a millionaire’s family, had the brittle elegance of a marquise from the Faubourg St.-Germain, a mixture of politeness, exclusivity, frivolity, superiority, ennui, and \textit{joie de vivre}—the sort of elegance that high society is accustomed to living by, one marked by nature with a fine and resigned character that Anton would have sought anywhere but among the parvenus of the New York business world on Fifth Avenue. But Americans live fast. The parvenu generation often assumes aristocratic manners surprisingly quickly, perfecting them in the second generation; the affected, foolish behavior of a fallen noblesse appears not infrequently in the third.

Wilhelmi did the honors.

“Who’s the beanpole over there with the impudent street-urchin face?”

“Worth five times a hundred thousand talers. Started by capturing his neighbor’s cats and selling their furs. Became a major furrier to show the big German furrier apprentices here that the Yankees know more than one way to skin a cat. If he keeps it up, he may very well surpass old man Astor at some point.”

“Who’s the quiet, pale man lost in thought, with the flashing, suspicious eyes? There’s something of the Catholic clergy about him.”

“Oh, he’s famous. He made his million among the Indians. Among other things, he once sold them sewing needles at a dollar a piece, because the needle maker had died and there would’ve been no needles for a while.”

“That story’s a good fabrication.”

“I assure you, it’s the gospel truth, to speak like a Yankee. But do you see the one over there with the dignified stance, the high forehead, the white whiskers, the set mouth, and the fixed stare?”

“If he’s not an English gentleman, then he’s most definitely a Bostonian.”

“You’ve got that right. He’s got New England blood.”
"That can’t be denied. Probably a Winthrop or a Quincy, or—"
"You see history everywhere. His father, with all respect, was a sewer worker in Boston."
Antonio bit his lip. "That’s only a matter of chance! I’m talking about what he is; certainly a man of commanding intellect, with a large, all-encompassing view—"
"You should be talking about a view down under," noted Wilhelmi sarcastically.
Antonio listened, piqued.
"He went down below; he continued his father’s business."
"You’ve lost your mind! A—a man who runs that kind of business, in this company, among nothing but millionaires?"
"Mind you, he gave it up two years ago in order to make himself an eligible bachelor."
"The business must be profitable." Antonio thought he had said something very ironic.
"And that it is, dear Wohlfahrt. He made a million in that business and that business alone, and at least he showed himself to be a true businessman. To achieve greatness, a businessman must be able to limit himself."
"But how’s that possible?"
"It’s actually quite simple. New York is an enormous city. For years he had a contract with the city and overworked his employees, whom he reduced to nothing. That’s how to become a millionaire. *En gros* or *en détail*, that makes all the difference."
"Who’s the heavenly woman shaking hands with the ill-mannered chap in such a familiar manner?"
"Heavenly! This time I can’t help but share your rapture. Everyone finds her heavenly. She’s the wittiest, dearest, best, and loveliest person I’ve ever known, and I’d fall in love with her if I had the courage to extend my hand to such a sublime prize."
"Why not?"
"Why not? Because the old man with the unmentionable business has already spoken for her."
"And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs must despair!" cited Antonio.
"That’s how they gamble in Venice!" Wilhelmi comforted him with his favorite phrase.
Both friends followed the pair with their eyes as the couple moved through the hall and along the walls, from corner to corner.

"What in the world are they looking for?" asked Antonio.

"Perhaps the plumbing," said Wilhelmi cynically.

"Isn't she charming?" asked Mrs. Dawson in her indifferent yet so sensitive manner. Her sweeping eye had noticed the interest that her two most foreign guests had taken in the appearance of Miss Bradbury, and she hurried to introduce her.

"I have the honor of knowing Miss Bradbury," said Wilhelmi, with a bit of hesitation, Antonio thought.

"Then I'll introduce your friend. Come, Mr.—Mr. Wollfred. Am I pronouncing your name correctly?"

"That doesn't matter. I like hearing it best the way you pronounce it, ma'am."

"I wouldn't have thought that the Germans would be so gallant. — Miss Bradbury, I must introduce you to Mr. Wollfred. Mr. Wollfred has just come from England and is thus intimately acquainted with the great minds that we can only worship from afar: Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Tennyson, and all of society. But look out for him. He's a dangerous person. — A highly distinguished Prussian!" she whispered audibly into the young woman's ear.

Miss Bradbury looked critically at the man to whom she had been introduced, but with a smile, and appeared to love danger presented to her in the form of such a "highly distinguished Prussian," and with such beautiful eyes to boot. These he had inherited from his mother, as our dear reader will recall. He had to tell the beautiful woman all about the private lives of English celebrities.

Behind him stood Wilhelmi and Mr. Sewerage. He could follow their conversation with half an ear.

"Splendid hospitality!" commented Sewerage, as if an expert.

"Very! A complete success!" confirmed Wilhelmi, who appeared to be completely at home with such pleasantries.

"That poor Dawson! I fear this will be the last party he throws in this house."

"What do you mean by that?" cried Wilhelmi, completely surprised.

"Ah, so you don't yet know—you should be one of the first to know—as an importer—"
“I do know that Mr. Dawson is having difficulties, but that they want to sell the house out from under him, that—”

“What I’m going to tell you is just between the two of us. The house was offered to me this very morning. That is, my agent, whom I’d instructed to find a house for me on Fifth Avenue, spoke to me of one, which must be this one, given the accurate description.”

“Does that explain the inspection tour?” thought Wilhelmi. “But I thought it belonged to his wife?” he asked aloud.

“You know,” said Sewerage, “Dawson’s a religious man. He wants to do ‘the right thing’ for his creditors. But I feel he’s not justified in doing so at his wife’s expense. These religious people are occasionally damned fools.”

“I also agree that this has taken conscientiousness too far.”

“He has no right, I tell you, to sell her house. It can’t be justified.”

“Then you didn’t accept the offer?”

“Oh, that’s a different matter. It’s not my problem if he wants to make a fool of himself. If he can meet my conditions, then I’ll grab it. It’s a very desirable object.”

Meanwhile, Mr. Dawson—detained by important business, it appeared—had entered the hall late and gone from group to group shaking hands in his cordial manner, always holding the proffered hand between his own two hands for a while, with an expression of fatherly concern. It seemed to Antionio that he often glanced searchingly at Wilhelmi, narrowing his eyes in sympathy. He finally came over to where they were standing, once Sewerage had found other distractions. After the usual ceremonies of greeting, the host pulled Wilhelmi confidentially aside with both warm, moist hands. As Antionio later learned, Dawson asked if Wilhelmi perhaps knew someone who would like to buy his carriage. Everything under the seal of secrecy.

For a lady with a reputation of being witty, Miss Bradbury was extraordinarily pleasant and practical in her views. The only fault she had was admiring everything European as intellectually stimulating and disdaining everything American as barbaric. She had been introduced to Louis Napoleon in Paris and to the queen at St. James. Like Goethe’s trip to Italy, those were the highpoints of her still tolerably youthful existence.

“What a gallant husband Mr. Dawson is,” she said. “You’ve surely noticed his wife’s diamonds?”

“They’re magnificent,” said Antonio.

“Just arrived from Paris,” she responded.
“That can’t be possible!” he cried with a degree of surprise that she did not understand.

Antonio allowed his companion to guide him through the rooms to marvel at the different works of art; she spoke to him of their merits and market value with a certain degree of enthusiasm for beauty and, at the same time, with a precision that suggested she had appraised these very works for an auction. Did she have practical intentions for these treasures?

Among the objects admired, the nude statues were outstanding. Americans are quick to learn and go along with everything that smacks of culture. Despite the reputation their forebears had earned for prudishness in moral as well as religious trivialities, the descendants of Puritans in England and America were more open to culture than the Germans or French were, especially when they could be given a religious pretext for such art, or perhaps even better, the guise of authority, success, or fashion. In the absence of such a cover, however, a sober mien usually sufficed to legitimize the object as belonging to the immortal prose of life. Antonio could thus only admire the inventiveness that had fabricated a plausible explanation to serve as a fig leaf for each new bit of exposed flesh. Standing over there was an Iphigenia, who was just about to be sacrificed in Aulis. Anyone who would embrace such blatant superstition and not be frightened of committing such an atrocity just for the sake of a little wind would naturally not hesitate to undress the poor victim, even taking the shirt from her back. A Reverend Dr. Ellis was engrossed in relating this Christian, moral explanation to a circle of younger and older ladies. Across from Iphigenia, at the other end of the hall, stood a Greek female slave. Hardly older than a schoolgirl, her role as a slave was legitimized by a chain which could not have weighed heavily upon her, dangling from both wrists. Even without the chain, she could not have let her arms and hands hang more naturally and freely. That she was not only a slave, but also a Greek slave, could be deduced from a poem that was at that moment being read to a group of artists and employees of a magazine by an enthusiastic gray-haired patron of the arts, also a reverend and a famous lecturer on art; the poem expressed warm sympathy for just such a beautiful and young white girl whose misfortune it was to be sold as a slave. Just as nudity had been justified in the previous case with a religious motive, it was defended here with one of comfort, regardless of the general right enjoyed by Greek women—a right derived from the unavoidable fusion of ideas between Greece and naked women—to go without a hoop skirt.
Another case proved more troublesome. In a side room apparently furnished and illuminated for this particular purpose, with walls covered in dark green, a *White Captive* presented itself among the most youthfully lush and fully developed Anglo-Saxon figures. This was a case of a daughter of the educated classes who—if one could believe the explanatory note provided—was presenting herself in this unusual costume so that the wild Indians, into whose hands she had fallen, could more easily bind her arms to a post. Despite this good reason, strong opposition arose to the "appropriateness" of this dress. Viewers felt that the antique figures had a colder, more distant element that did not bear directly on the modesty of the modern world, whereas the exposure of modern female charms seemed to intrude in particular into the sanctum of their own domesticity.

The full view of these almost animate figures was so blinding that Antonio unconsciously turned his head. But his companion, who could have served as a model for a similar picture, coolly took a cardboard tube from an armchair and, in critical silence, inspected the subject in all of its detail through the lens. A circle of men and women stood around the statue and did the same. Antonio, embarrassed by the silence in this situation, made a few cautious comments to his companion in the oppositional sense mentioned above. A young artist removed his glove, and with the radical conceit of a German philosophy student who had just completed his university studies, denounced the puritanical fanaticism against nature's costume, countering it with a speech honoring the beauty of the human body as the masterpiece of God Almighty.

The clerical pretence of human nicety, which Antonio had already consumed in excess at home, apparently had its own flourishing school here, too. *Tout comme chez nous!* But in a slightly different form.

"God created the body for man," called the young enlightened man triumphantly. "The tailor made clothes for him. Choose, you pious people, between the two!"

Antonio asked, "If you could have the happiness of freeing this white slave from the hands of her tormentors, what would you do first?"

"I'd give her my gray shawl," the painter, who incidentally was a good friend, responded with a hearty laugh.

"Thus you admit that this situation is rather far-fetched and insults our modern consciousness."

"Our modern consciousness has been badly bred."
"Then our entire modern education would be to blame, which I can’t concede. A world that has eaten from the tree of knowledge can be scolded back into the paradise of the naïve only with violence. It’ll always be a struggle."

"Do you thus mean to smash the entire world of ancient art into pieces with your barbarian bludgeon?"

"With the ancients, ignoring the sense of shame was naïve; with us it’s cynical, because we’re conscious of what we’re doing."

With this our fellow countryman, in good German manner, had fallen into lecturing, and the people encircling him formed an audience. The more unable they were to follow his increasingly abstract progression of ideas, the more willing they were to admire its depth. The reputation of the “highly distinguished Prussian” as the “greatest expert and thinker in America, perhaps in the entire world,” was sealed in that moment. The Reverend Dr. Ellis shook his hand and declared that he had never heard such a comprehensive and at the same time truly Christian discussion of world history. The venerable lecturer with the long hair assured him that he had never heard such excellent English, except from Kossuth. “He,” he said, “struck me as an inspired creature. You must present a public lecture on this topic.” This idea was immediately taken up by the other reverend, the painter, and Miss Bradbury, and everyone shook his hand. People entered and exited the room, as if in the reception room of the White House. The soirée was a success. A new social lion had been discovered.

When there was a lull at last and Antonio was still engrossed in admiring the truly beautiful piece of art, a fine-sounding yet still youthful girl’s voice dismissed his entire carefully constructed critique with the words,

“That’s about the most naked woman I’ve ever encountered.”

The deathly silence that had just fallen gave this private communication a public for which it had not been intended. The effect was striking. Everyone burst out laughing.

“That puts your entire critique to shame!” cried the painter, who laughed hardest.

“That hits the nail on the head!” laughed Miss Bradbury.

Antonio looked around. It was the same very young woman he had seen on Broadway two days earlier in the company of the Comte de Roussillon. She glanced around the circle with the same calm, rather arrogant eyes he already recognized as hers, as if she were wondering what there was to laugh
about. Then the slightest trace of a blush receded on her somewhat tanned cheek, followed immediately by an equally fleeting expression of the highest disfavor on her almost childlike lips. Then she stood there like a born princess and stared into space, as if the entire situation did not concern her.

The companion to whom she had made that very effective comment was none other than Monsieur de Roussillon himself. Antonio had not noticed him at first.

"Oh, Miss Dawson!" Miss Bradbury called to the young girl, "why weren’t you here? You missed a lot by not meeting my friend here half an hour earlier. Miss Dawson—Mr. Wohlfahrt from Prussia; Mr. Comte de Roussillon from France—Mr. Wohlfahrt from Prussia. — A highly distinguished Prussian," she underscored in Miss Dawson’s ear.

Antonio and Miss Dawson looked each other up and down for a moment with hostility.

"Why half an hour earlier?" asked the woman who had been addressed. "Doesn’t he stay fresh that long?" she added with a purely feigned mysterious air.

Miss Bradbury smiled at the malice. "Mr. Wohlfahrt," she explained, "just presented a highly interesting, highly instructive, and extremely profound comparison of the basic principles of ancient and modern art, and—you’ll be flattered—he’s in complete agreement with the judgment you just offered on the White Captive."

Miss Dawson once again blushed slightly, but the cold tone of her voice belied that when she responded,

"More than flattered! Because the last thing I am is educated. Indeed, I’ve never been able to comprehend the difference between a Prussian, a German, and a Dutchman. Wouldn’t you like to explain that to me, Mr. —?"

With these last words the young woman adopted an expression so typical of a schoolgirl’s eagerness to learn that he fell into the trap and gave her the desired explanation with the condescension of a teacher.

"How complexly deep everything German is!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! It gives me a headache. I didn’t understand a single word. — Did you?" The question was directed at the count.

"Not a word!" the count said, but quite sincerely. "The Germans are the nation of thinkers *par excellence*; but they not possess the *clarté transparente* of explication, which is *propre* to the *Français* more than all people."
These words, although spoken in awful English, were otherwise delivered completely without malice and with the usual arrogant self-importance that the French tend to use in spreading the stock phrases of culture. Only Antonio was irritated by the apparent perfidy of Miss Dawson’s eager questions.


“Think not? I not say, not that.”

“And Miss Dawson says that thinking gives her a headache,” Antonio continued, refusing to be interrupted—“that fits perfectly.”

The young woman, surprised at this rudeness, remained speechless.

“And yet there’s still the difference,” continued the Frenchman with equal cold-bloodedness, but this time in French, “that we have the habits of a society that you don’t find among beggars on the street.”

“One mustn’t judge too much by appearances,” said Antonio, inwardly seething at the impudent innuendo about their first meeting but outwardly composed. “Under the dress of a beggar woman often beats the heart of a countess.”

This could have been a pathetic platitude, but the count, whose conscience had sharpened his reason, suddenly understood that the Prussian had learned more from the beggar woman than a person would from simply giving alms on the street. He glanced at Antonio with mistrust, fear, and hate, looking like a treacherous Westmoreland sheepdog finding itself caught in the act of intending to bite someone in the calf. Miss Dawson noticed this look and glanced disconcertedly from one man to the other.

The first meeting between a man and a woman, if both parties feel they are of equal birth, is always more or less a secret battle for dominance. Whoever shows the first weakness usually loses the game forever. The great secret of the irresistibility of the French to the beautiful sex is their imper­turbable arrogance. But if Mary Dawson, who had just been released from boarding school, appeared to have met her match in the arrogant count, then this time the count had apparently found his in the “highly distinguished Prussian.”

Mary found herself involved in the defeat and rebelled. The manners of the lady were in a flash forgotten by the woman in her.

“I hate the Prussians!” she vented energetically.

“I like an honest hater!” cited Antonio disdainfully in response.
A movement among the guests now announced the eagerly awaited moment in which the dining room opened. Mrs. Dawson had positioned herself to be close to the "distinguished Prussian." It had been decided that the lion's crown of the evening, which the French count had worn throughout the winter season, should be placed upon his head. Mr. Dawson had already assigned him the lady of the house, so that he could take her arm and lead the dinner procession with her, when the count, who was accustomed to executing this honorary post as one to which he alone could lay claim, beat Antonio to it. The hostess accepted this awkwardness with a smile. Even if the count had done a cartwheel in the dining hall, his position as the permanent authority in matters of good manners and style remained unshaken. He was, after all, a Frenchman.

Antonio offered Miss Dawson his arm, but she acted as if she did not see it.

Miss Bradbury was abducted by her Sewerage—and so Antonio let himself be carried along with the crowd toward the desired goal, when Justus grabbed his arm.

"You’re causing a sensation! Everyone’s talking about you!"
"Oh yes! I’ve already reconciled myself to my fate."
"You’re not going to be blasé about this!"
"Let’s drop it; I got to know this phenomenon in England. I’m interested in something else. Justus, what is this Count Roussillon’s relationship to Miss Dawson?"

"You’re asking too much of me. Please don’t shake my arm like that; it’s not my fault, after all. But here comes young Dawson, the girl’s brother. He can certainly give us some information. Mr. Dawson, allow me to introduce you to my friend Wohlfahrt."

Mr. Aug. Dawson Jr., with the characteristic nonchalance of the New York swell, had picked up the habit of uttering his words, like his ideas (if one could even speak of such), in vague inelegance and, at the same time, only half-finished, a quality that nevertheless harmonized rather well with the rest of his appearance.

"How do, Wollfad?" he responded to Antonio’s polite greeting. "What do you think of New York society? Some damned nice girls, aren’t there? Know my sister Mary already? Worth seeing, isn’t she?"

Suddenly everyone descended upon the refreshments with the fanaticism of a ship’s starving crew. The gentlemen scrambled with three or four Ne-
groes in white kid gloves for plates and silverware, in order to serve their
ladies ice-cream, pastries, oysters in various forms, chicken salad, pâtés, cold
poultry, tongue, confections, and an incredible variety of fruit, and to swal­
low the same themselves in unbelievable haste. For a while nothing but the
rattle of plates and the clattering of spoons was heard in the dense crowd of
people standing about; tired and exhausted from the heat, they ate while lean­
ing against the walls and left only a narrow passage for the pressing and
shoving crowd of foraging men. Gradually, however, the entertainment—
which, prior to the meal, was to a certain degree carried out only from a
sense of duty—became very lively. The guests began to feel somewhat reju­
venated, chatted, laughed, called to others from a distance, and drank a glass
of wine with a pretty neighbor. The history of the evening had progressed
toward this climax, which unfortunately was as brief as it was wonderful.

Augustus Dawson invited his two German guests, as was customary, to
drink a glass of wine with him, but he pulled Antonio aside, who was about
to pour himself a glass from the closest decanter, and pushed him into a side
room. Here bottles and glasses stood, dimly illuminated.

“That’s for the commoner, this here’s for the experts!” he explained as
he poured his guests wine. “Caviar for the general! Hm, ahem! Shake­
speare!”

Both showed with an approving nod of the head that they appreciated the
allusion. He poured them a glass from an old bottle.

“Taste that! Old port. Naturally self-imported from Aeolis; no longer on
the market. Damned good stuff!”

Indeed, it was not the dark shoe polish that the heroism of the current
generation swallowed as a Spartan matter of honor, but rather a clear, much
lighter liquid whose first drops sent a fiery warmth dancing through all of
their veins.

“What kind of fellow is Count Roussillon, Dawson?” asked Wilhelmi in
all innocence.

“Very old family, old as the hills. Doesn’t approve of the current French
government but it has offered conditions for his return. Louis Napoleon’s
happy to have old aristocracy join him.”

“Does he have money?”

“Piles of money. I want to introduce you. After the party I’m going to
Broadway—bit of gambling.”
“Oh, really? Unfortunately I’m not prepared for that. Do you have money with you, Wohlfahrt?”

“No, but I’d like to go along for a look. What do you play there?”

“Faro, rouge et noir, roulette, everything. Doesn’t matter about the money. The count’ll lend it. I owe him bales of money!”

“To the count? He plays the banker?”

“From time to time, out of the goodness of his heart, when Beauford’s broke.”

“Beauford? Who’s Beauford?”

“Beauford? Very good guy. Gives credit, when father gets testy and mother can’t throw any money at me. Old lady’s a trump! One must grant her that, a real trump! But she doesn’t always have cash in the bank. And Mary—Mary’s in a deplorable condition!”

“In a deplorable condition?” asked Antonio rather animatedly.

“Why, yes! She gives all her cash to the count.”

“What? She doesn’t give the count money!”

“Not exactly; but she invests all of her courant in fashion and horses, in order to sweep the promenade and go riding. — Extended herself just yesterday for Indian shawls!”

“So Miss Dawson admires the count?”


The three men agreed to go to the casino after the party. Meanwhile Antonio and Wilhelmi broke away from the crowd to retreat to the room of the White Captive, which now stood alone.

“You must be wondering about my interest in this count,” Antonio began, somewhat embarrassed.

“Not at all,” smiled Justus.

“You misunderstand me,” he replied to the smile. “To explain I must tell you about an adventure I had on Broadway yesterday.”

“A very desperate adventure!” exclaimed Wilhelmi, after he had heard the story.

“And now he’s settled into this family, apparently to rob the son, and the young girl—”

“Poor child!”

“Child? She’s anything but a child.”
“But I beg you, she’s about sixteen or seventeen years old, ‘out’ for the first time this season.”

“Apparently there are no children at all in America. She could disconcert a British duchess.”

“Then she must be very stupid to let herself be bewitched by a fellow like that.”

“Stupid? Don’t you understand, the count’s fashionable, everything French is fashionable here, there’s a great deal of competition among the ladies who are scrambling for him. She’s a victim of her American education and her schoolgirl ambition!”

“Just calm down, I acknowledge everything you say. She’s an innocent schoolgirl who reads French novels—”

“With all of your business sense, Justus, you’re clueless when it comes to the slightest psychological viewpoint. She’s an innocent schoolgirl in one sense, but that in no way identifies the key issue of the situation, she’s—”

“She’s therefore a guilty schoolgirl—”

“These jokes are all just fine, but don’t you agree that we mustn’t judge American people—”

“Young girls,” corrected Wilhelmi.

“American young girls, if you like, by our European standards? This young child has it in her—”

“So now she’s once again just a child.”

“A child in terms of years, and perhaps more a child in her heart than people like us can comprehend, for whom such a precocious adherence to intellectual and social forms is new. That’s the dangerous situation in the face of a skilled villain...”

“—a mean vagabond—”

“Take it easy! You’re wrong again—the count’s a formidable villain. He’s only ridiculous when he speaks English; in his own language one must have complete respect for his consistently despicable character.”

“I’ve known from time immemorial that you have the ability to see through people at first sight. And what do you think of Dawson?

“If Dawson isn’t deceiving you this time, then it’s pure coincidence.”

“Hush!”

“But at the moment that interests me less.”

“Me, I admit, much more than the romance between the Frenchman and the young woman.”
“Is it possible for you simply to observe such disgracefulness in silence?”

“Dear friend, I really don’t understand what this has to do with us. And granted that one wants to uncover a malicious act, how do you want to begin? Do you want to play the informer for the parents, or write anonymous letters of warning to the girl?”

“It’s certainly an unpleasant task. Let’s go first to the casino to observe the count there. The rest will sort itself out.”

The party was already breaking up. After the feeding, the purpose of the evening had been fulfilled, and people only exchanged a few words pro forma. Augustus left with his two guests. The count was left behind in conversation with Mrs. and Miss Dawson.

“Does the count know where we’re going?” asked Wilhelmi.

“Indeed. The count will come later.”
Chapter 5

Our hero gets into trouble in a casino, but luckily escapes with his life.

The building in front of which the three young gentlemen stopped was recognizable at first sight as a rendezvous for forbidden pleasures because of the strange, invitingly mysterious lighting of the entrance. The secret was apparently a transparent one, but in a democratic community the police are tolerant. One did need to be well introduced, however, and for special circumstances there were special escape and defense measures. There was something rather sinister about the crowd for those unaccustomed to it. At the buffet, where every kind of strong drink could be obtained at no cost, stood a group of men whose splendid musculature would have sent a professor of anatomy into raptures. Naturally, they could draw a revolver no less quickly than they could raise their muscular arms and iron fists. In the midst of these “sporting gentlemen” stood a relatively less colossal but extraordinarily well-proportioned dandy with an honest face; he obviously played the same role that Antonio had played half an hour earlier on Fifth Avenue, namely that of the celebrity. He was a famous boxer, the head of the “Skinned Rats,” who had been feuding with the “Dreadful Browns” for ages, like the Capulets and Montagues in olden times. The reason for the feud, like the origin of the parties’ names, had disappeared in the twilight of history and entered the realm of myth; but the feud nevertheless fulfilled its purpose by motivating a weekly street or bar fight and two or three killings a year. These bruisers, by the way, were very well dressed, all clean shaven except for a mustache, and—quite likeable in a few specimens—had the manners of European chevaliers. Others had common Irish features, here and there a typical scoundrel’s face among them. The “champ” held out his hand nonchalantly to young Dawson with a condescending “How do, Gustus?” and allowed himself to be introduced to Dawson’s two companions. No one paid any further attention to them. The gentlemen were in the midst of an important political discussion about whether the Skinned Rats should continue to provide support for a particular famous politician or throw him overboard.
What astounded our friends was the absolute self-assurance of this gang, whose members knew that the politics of the city, the state, and thus the United States depended on the weight of their muscles in Hall, the large meeting place of the party, and that they were making history here over a glass of brandy. Meanwhile bets were placed for and against Flora Temple, the famous prize-winning horse at that time. Some also played dice or écarté at small tables. The actual gambling hall was adjacent to this room, however, where a party of young “Bloods” was gathered around a green table of moderate length; rich heirs dressed in the latest fashion, led here by the ambition of being taught the art of spending their money like English lords by a number of “fantasy people.” The three companions sat down at this table. Beauford was the banker. He was a young man with pale coloring, noble facial features, dark flashing eyes, and a very dignified manner, a gentleman from head to toe, except that he displayed a virtual jewelry store on his chest and his fingers. The two recent arrivals passed a furtive inspection as new victims. They had decided to wager a small stake so as not to arouse suspicion; they were prepared to win first and then lose, according to the usual playing maneuvers. They wanted to stop when they had lost everything, including their stake. No sooner said than done. They won and continued in moderation to extend the game until the count arrived; he kept them waiting for over an hour and upon arrival took a seat directly across from them. Young Dawson, however, like most of the regular patrons, did not win systematically but rather in sudden spurts. After the first hour two members of the group were already completely hors du combat; destroyed, they left the battlefield. Oddly enough, Augustus began winning the moment the count entered the game, nearly every hand; he explained with a sigh of relief that his “lucky streak” had now finally started.

Wilhelmi, on the other hand, soon began to lose. After that had happened to him twice, he coolly pocketed the six hundred dollars he had won. Antonio, however, began to place increasingly daring bets with Augustus. The gambling fever began to seize hold of him. He sat with flaming cheeks and glowing eyes, no longer knowing what was going on around him. As could be expected, luck turned at the right moment for the banker. The excitement grew with the growing losses. After two additional hands he had gambled away his entire winnings, which at one point had amounted to nearly two thousand dollars. Then, as a stingy postscript, he took a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket; he then asked Wilhelmi for a loan but was flatly refused. He
wanted to turn to Dawson, but just then Dawson was experiencing paroxysms of losing. Indignant toward Wilhelmi, Antonio stood up. The count did the same at that moment, came around the table, and spoke quietly to Dawson.

"With the greatest pleasure, of course," said the latter absently; his mind was completely focused on his card, on which he staked a "promise to pay" of God only knows what importance.

The count subsequently offered Antonio his wallet with the highest degree of courtesy, as Mr. Dawson had vouched for him.

Our friend had been seized by gambling fever, as already mentioned, and like every fever it left his thoughts unguarded and to their own devices. The one thought Antonio did have, however, was that the count was in league with the banker. He thus rejected the proffered loan with a contemptuous gesture.

"That's really pushing the effrontery a bit far," he exclaimed in French, "to play the generous man with that kind of money."

"With what kind of money, sir?" screamed the Frenchman, pale with rage. "Explain yourself. I demand an explanation."

The game suddenly stopped. Everyone looked toward the spot from which the angry noise came. A few stood up.

"You're crazy," Wilhelmi whispered to Antonio in German, "to pick a fight here! We're among villains!"

"An explanation?" asked Antonio, who had regained his usual icy self-control. "I know you, Mr. Grenier, like I know the contents of my own pocket. Is that explanation enough for you?"

"Then you should also become acquainted with what I've got in my pocket," cried the Frenchman, who seemed to be prepared for being addressed as Mr. Grenier and fired a pocket revolver at Antonio.

The latter, who had always been an excellent fighter, had kept an eye fixed upon his opponent from the first moment of the verbal exchange, something he had learned years ago in fencing practice. That enabled him to strike the pistol out of the Frenchman's hand just as he fired it. The bullet hit the chandelier and shattered several glass globes that rained down in tinkling shards.

Now pandemonium broke out. Everyone jumped to their feet, knives and revolvers were drawn, in no time flat both Germans were surrounded. Wilhelmi tried to calm everyone down. Antonio stood with crossed arms, pale,
but with a sneer on his face, and looked at the seething tumult just as cliffs in a raging sea would look if they could give life to their feeling of imperturbability.

"Wollfard, you're wrong, take it back! Damned nonsense!" yelled Augustus.

"Take it back!" joined in the entire choir at the same time.

"What should I take back?" asked Antonio, without changing his stance.

"I said that his name's Gr..."

At this point another pistol was fired, this time through his earlobe, and simultaneously a raging cry of revenge emerged from all sides.

"That's not fair! It's not gentlemanly! Take it back! Throw him out! Shoot him down!"

In this circle it was bad form to remind someone of one of his earlier names or circumstances he had put behind him.

"For heaven's sake! Be sensible, Wohlfahrt!" exclaimed Wilhelmi.

"I want to expose the scoundrel. This is a favorable opportunity."

Shots flew in all directions.

Amidst this noise, two massive arms and a steady voice cleared the way.

"Behave, gentlemen!" said the prizefighter. Everyone obeyed. Peace was restored instantly.

Beauford stood at his side.

"Dear sir," he said to Antonio with stern dignity, "have the goodness to remove yourself."

"That's the best thing you could do," said the prizefighter threateningly.

There was nothing else to do. The situation was shameful. To excuse himself in front of these people seemed even more shameful. An explanation about the count's true name would only have renewed the fight, since the majority of the people present probably were using false names.

Antonio thus had to withdraw in disgrace; naturally, Wilhelmi left with him. Dawson, who at first was uncertain, was held back by Beauford, who shrugged his shoulders at the two Germans as if they were really pitiful subjects.
Chapter 6

A murderous attack in the night, as occasionally happens in New York.

It was nearly two in the morning when the friends, having been thrown out of the casino, stepped back onto the street with a sense of relief. To all of Wilhelmi’s reproaches, Antonio answered, “I can’t expose him as a cheating gambler, I can’t pursue him into his own home, I can’t chase after him because he’s a braggart. What choice did I have but to seize the first opportunity to make a scene with him, in the one place where I can disregard etiquette and still follow the dictates of my own conscience?”

“That’s certainly showing me a lot of consideration. We almost lost our lives. And what did this get you in the end? Honestly, look at this hole in my sleeve! That’s what I call escaping by the skin of our teeth.”

“I’ll tell you what I achieved tonight. Early tomorrow morning I’ll go to Dawson and apologize for doing him so little credit with his bunch of rogues. That’s when I can get my two cents in.”

“You’re covered with blood.”

“It’s from my ear, I must’ve been shot there.” They woke a pharmacist, pounding at his door, and Antonio had his ear washed and bandaged.

They decided to go their separate ways at the corner of Broadway and Clinton Place.

“I’ve felt several times that someone’s following us,” said Wilhelmi, looking around.

“I have too. But I don’t see anything.”

“Wouldn’t it be best if I accompanied you down to your hotel?”

“Nonsense! Unless you want to sleep at my place—then your company would be pleasant.”

“Thank you, but I don’t like to sleep away from home; the next day starts chaotically.”

“Then good night!”

They separated. After about the first quarter of the long block between Broadway and University Place, Antonio heard quick and uncertain steps
behind him; he was not sure why, but they struck him as suspicious. He turned around quickly. This time he clearly saw someone jump behind a tree—still about twenty steps behind him. He therefore left the narrow sidewalk and walked to the middle of the street, quickening his pace. His pursuer—there could no longer be any doubt that this is what he was—also left the sidewalk and walked even faster. At the corner of Green Street they were in close proximity to each other. Although he did not have a weapon of any kind, Antonio could not bring himself to run. He turned around quickly. The person came directly toward him with a knife gleaming in the moonlight.

"Express! Fifth edition! Steamer from Europe! Rumors of war! Terrible murder in Bond Street! Huge fire! Express!" screamed a newspaper boy who jumped out from Green Street and shot between the two men, spinning with his wares from one to the other, like a top.

The pursuer shrank back at the first sound of the shrill voice and remained at arm’s length from his intended victim, as if rooted to the spot.

"Why! Is it you, Jack O’Dogherty?" cried little Paddy O’Shea with a note of sincere amazement. "Sure, and I hope the two of you ain’t out here hunting for girls at two in the morning straight toward Green Street. This here’s a gentlemen’s street, Paddy Jack; take my advice and go do your hunting on the other side of Broadway."

"My game lies in this direction," said the Irishman with malicious impudence, "and you, Paddy, watch out, you god-damned scoundrel, or I’ll bump you off today."

"Oho, Jack!" exclaimed the little devil mockingly, dancing around O’Dogherty as if he wanted to punch him. "Oho, Jack, come on! Come on, fight, if you’ve got the heart! I bet my Express against the hole you got in your calf when the baby fenced with you, you old fool. — Hello, what’s that? You missed! Ha-ha! Hee-hee! That’s mine now."

In his rage, the Irishman had hurled his bowie knife at the boy, whom he could not catch despite all his efforts, but it missed; the little devil had grabbed it in a flash and then run off, with the Irishman chasing him. — Antonio heard them running, then a policeman’s billy club hitting the stone sidewalk, and then the nocturnal stillness returned.

The more Antonio thought about the incident, the clearer it became to him that his little friend Paddy had known about the attempt to murder him and expressly hawked his Express in this unusual place at this ridiculous
time in order to thwart the crime. But who could have ordered it? The count had to be the only person in New York or in the world who would want the guardian of the Lowell secret to be removed from the scene. But how did the count get to O'Dogherty?

He walked up and down for about an hour, hoping that the boy would return and give him an explanation. Finally, exhausted and melancholy, he arrived at his hotel, but he could not fall asleep for a long time. The images of this eventful night passed repeatedly through his mind; among all these images, however, it was not the final scenes of excitement and danger that he could not get out of his mind, but rather the few words he had exchanged with the count and Miss Dawson. He remembered every syllable, every letter of this brief conversation; he could see every movement, every glance exchanged. He could not have been less satisfied with his part in this performance. At one point it seemed to him that he had treated Miss Dawson too abusively, and then he imagined a more tender and sensitive response to her taunts. During this imaginative activity he finally fell asleep as the morning was already shimmering through the window.
Chapter 7

Count Roussillon makes arrangements for his December 2.

Und das Band das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband.
—Goethe, “Mit einem gemalten Bande”

Life’s true earthly pleasures are enjoyed in their most perfect form at breakfast on a wintry day, when a person’s spirits, rejuvenated by sleep, sparkle in the morning dew, and when the fire in the fireplace flickers and crackles, warmly reflected in the dark furniture and gold picture frames on the walls and in the silver tea service, in the lids on bowls, and in polished glasses and bottles on the table set in white, while the teapot hums and sings, buckwheat cakes and beefsteaks steam, and in the corner the large old-fashioned wall clock, whose old-fashioned coquettishness has led it astray amidst the paraphernalia of modern breakfast luxury, strikes its cozy tick-tock. On the table lie the New York Herald and the Commercial Advertiser. Mr. Dawson quickly skims the trade news, while Pompey, the Negro, in a snow-white domestic uniform and, standing among all the shining tableware he skillfully handles, quite appealing to look at, gives him a cup of coffee. Mary Dawson has the Courrier des Etats-Unis lying next to her, as an educational tool for the French language. Mrs. Dawson, sleepy and yet still charming in her luxurious lace bonnet, presides across from her husband and makes the tea.

“What do you think of the Prussian, Mary?” asked Mrs. Dawson. “He was the star of the evening.”

“For a Dutchman he was quite bearable.”

“A Dutchman? But he’s a Prussian.”

“It all comes down to the same thing. They all live on lager beer and sauerkraut.”

“He’s a gentleman in every respect,” threw in Mr. Dawson, without looking up from his reading, “and amazingly educated for such a young person.”

“Yes, heaven only knows! He almost killed me with his erudition.”
"The ladies fought for his attention," continued Mrs. Dawson.
"Especially Miss Bradbury. The two suit each other. Julia’s very literary," ridiculed her daughter.
"You're just angry that Julia brought the Prussian into the arena to do battle with your count."
"Do battle with the count?" Miss Dawson wrinkled her nose. "Him versus the count? Satyr versus Hyperion!"
"You're a bit behind the times, Miss Dawson," said her father, setting his journal aside. "Miss Bradbury’s horse won the first race. The count’s going out of fashion."
"The best part is," said Mrs. Dawson, "that Sewerage is jealous of the Prussian."
"Nonsense!" declared her husband.
"Not impossible," said Mary. "Julia has...always...had her own taste."
"I'm not responsible for the consequences," Mrs. Dawson stated to her husband. "Miss Bradbury was always a strange child, and now, without a father or mother—"
"She found her ideal in the Prussian, that’s certain," Miss Dawson added cynically.
"Certainly." Mr. Dawson returned to the stereotypical speech with which he had welcomed the arrival of every European into his circle. "Certainly our Fatherland can only congratulate itself on the acquisition of such an intelligent foreigner; but that Miss Bradbury should throw herself away on a beggar—"
"You should've heard how she spoke of him. It wouldn't surprise me if she marries him."
"She won't marry him," mocked Mr. Dawson, "any more than Mary will marry the count."
This time Mary became earnestly embarrassed and began to read the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.
"That's something entirely different," Mrs. Dawson threw in.
"Why? One would be just as crazy as the other. In any case, I'd prefer the Prussian as a son-in-law. But the idea, one of these beggars—"
"I knew right away what he was," exclaimed Mary suddenly, extremely excited, with shining eyes and feverish cheeks, passing the *Courrier* to her father. "There it is: 'Hearing at Police Court.'"
It was a report about the fight between Jack O’Dogherty and the O’Shea family; the case had been heard at police court on the previous Wednesday. The report mentioned the foreign lodger as the instigator. A comment added by the reporter insinuated that this foreigner was supported by a Prussian, an adventurer, who was gaining access to the best families with forged letters of recommendation and flattering behavior. Young women in high society were warned.

“It can’t be possible!” cried Mrs. Dawson, completely shocked. “We can’t be too careful about whom we invite into our home.”

“It must be a different Prussian,” said Mr. Dawson calmly. “This one was recommended to me by a very good source, and he’s an old friend of Mr. Wilhelmi.”

“It can’t be anyone else!” cried Mary Dawson, whose eyes filled with tears out of pure excitement and defiance.

“I’ll make inquiries.” With these words Mr. Dawson stood up from the table; at that moment Augustus strolled into the room. He lowered his eyes in front of his father, who scrutinized him while leaving, but he had resumed his superior, dandy attitude by the time he sat down. He did look pale and hollow-eyed, however.

Both ladies pounced on him with the news about the Prussian. He skimmed the paragraph in the Courrier.

“Wouldn’t surprise me,” said the son. “Spent last evening with him. Behaved like a rowdy. Insulted the count. Count’s a complete gentleman.”

The first impression that Augustus had of the scene, however, was actually not quite so favorable for the count. But after the friends had left, he had lost another six thousand dollars to the bank, and the count had stood surety for him. The money had to be obtained this morning. Hence he completely forgot about asking the Prussian the meaning of the name Grenier, as he had initially intended to do.

After breakfast Augustus went up to his sister in the parlor and tried to borrow money from her. This had happened so often lately that Mary had lost the patience as well as the means to do so. This time, however, she did not let go until he admitted to her that it was a gambling debt. She had seen him leave with the Prussian and Wilhelmi and had a burning interest in this matter. Augustus could come up with no better excuse than to claim that the Prussian, whose reputation suddenly could not be damaged any further, had been the actual tempter and had led all of them to a place (the innocent count
told to go there by Augustus, to be precise), the true character of which their inexperienced souls did not suspect. But the count had conducted himself so nobly, vouching for Augustus. Miss Dawson, who had never been so dismayed, forgot to ask how the count came to enjoy such excellent credit in a casino with such high-stakes gambling.

What conflict of emotions had brought about such a violent shock in the tender heart of a young girl who was barely more than a child? The fashionable admiration of all things French, the social ambition, and the careless teasing of parents and acquaintances had led her into a relationship with the count, upon which the magical fever of youth shone its deceptive shimmer. In the face of the infinite meaninglessness and idiotic affectation of New York’s high-society youth, the count could prevail with the charm of being foreign and half understood and with the impressiveness of a brazen dictatorial spirit. Enterprising as he was, he threw himself at her feet with a torrent of romantic clichés like those found in romances; they would have sounded grotesque in translation, but in French and in the foreign language they blurred into something vaguely poetic. He feared something in her manner, however, which kept him from repeating these dramatic scenes. Female Americans enter the world more mature than other creatures, and they are more self-assured at a younger age. She forbade him from repeating these utterances. “If I find that you are true,” she maintained, “then I’m yours, and I’ll tell you so.”

The self-deceptive intention of the heart was, admittedly, to find him true under all circumstances. Nevertheless, she grew more doubtful about the count each day, now having suddenly encountered a man whose entire being bore the stamp of an innate cultivation and a rare degree of education. His mere presence wiped the dust of illusion from the count’s image, to which he was being compared. The first impulse of Mary’s frightened conscience, however, was to fight to the death for her illusion and to hate as the cold devil the man whose mere glance attacked this illusion like poisoned mildew. Her heart suddenly clung to the object of a childish, already paled fantasy, precisely because she felt, in her secret, innermost heart, that it was irretrievably lost. It was a dangerous moment, for Mary Dawson had a proud heart.

Her brother’s disclosures added the intensity of shame to this feeling. The thought of her brother indebted to the man with whom she had such a delicately unresolved relationship made her blush. The money had to be ob-
tained. But from where? It had to be procured that morning. Her head ached. All of this pain then threw itself upon her wounded heart, and a confluence of emotions, none of which involved a positive image of the count, produced in that moment the effects of the most honorable and powerful passion.

“All that,” said Mary, counting her disposable jewels, “doesn’t add up to fifteen hundred dollars.” She wrung her hands in desperation.


The Negro always grinned when he announced the count.

Upon entering the room, Grenier glanced furtively at Miss Dawson and her brother, both of whom were standing with lowered eyes. Since the encounter with his wife on Broadway, he had been living on the qui vive, even more so since meeting Antonio in his own circles and hearing his insinuations. This was to be a great coup at the eleventh hour. While he could not yet tell anything from the siblings’ reception, he found their lowered eyes suspicious.

“Eh bien! What’s going on?” he cried audaciously. “Is this infamous one, this Prussian—”

“I know everything!” said Miss Dawson weakly.

The count grew as pale as someone unconscious. But a glance at the young girl reassured him somewhat. She looked more guilty than accusatory.

“What do you know?” he asked with a much-rehearsed presence of mind.

“Confessed right away, Count. Damned hard up this time. Got an idea, support double-entry bookkeeping and generally go to the lemons.”

“Count, you guaranteed six thousand dollars for my brother, and—”

“Let’s not speak of that,” said the count, infinitely relieved. “I’ve just received a transfer from Paris and can cover the sum for you.”

“You’re a good guy, Count!” said Augustus approvingly.

Miss Dawson, who in her entire life had never known financial difficulty, who during the last half hour had passed through all of the infernal torments of an imminent honorable bankruptcy, went to the count, took both of his hands in hers and addressed him, for the first time since they had met, by his fictitious first name:

“Gaston,” she exclaimed, glowing with thanks and exalting in the joy of finding him so exalted. “Gaston, friend, savior, the hour has come: I’m yours, dear Gaston!”
“Mademoiselle,” replied Gaston, drawing her hands, with tender reverence and much grace, to his lips. “Only an entire life of love, loyalty, and devotion will enable me to express what my heart feels at this moment.” Then, suddenly dropping her hands and taking two steps back, as if overcome by a painful thought,

“What a sad fate! Quel triste sort!”

“Triste? What do you mean, triste?” asked Augustus, who understood that much French and had reason to believe that at that moment the count was the luckiest man in all Christendom.

Mary looked at him questioningly.

“The news I’ve just received demands my immediate departure for France.”

Upon hearing this announcement, the young lady closed her eyes like the victim awaiting the death blow. She held out her hands pleadingly to him. She had just entrusted him with her fate and was in a mood of unconditional surrender—very touching in strong and independent characters, because it is so self-denying.

“Then we must part!” she murmured.

The count, prepared for this thought, went to her quickly and wrapped his arm around her waist. “The time has come,” he cried. “You’ve decided freely; now you’re mine. We’ll never part.”

Mary felt imprisoned by her word, bound. The count did not budge an inch on the rights their pact gave him. He gave her a long, penetrating look. Then he said, with a melancholy look, “You’ve deemed me to be true, Mary, now let me find you true.”

“What are you demanding of me? What should I do?”

“I demand that you seal our union irrevocably, before I leave.”

Mary took a step back and shook her head wildly in defiance. The Frenchman, paying no attention to her agitation, continued to pursue his advantage with flowing eloquence.

Mary had been strictly raised in the religious, moral, and social statues of her circle which, despite its frivolity, adhered no less persistently to these rules. To her young heart they still represented truth; but the romanticism of her French reading was hardly less true to her, once she had begun to put it into practice. As presented by the count, the matter really appeared to be divested of every sinful aspect and, indeed, in its steadfast secrecy, of nearly every social impropriety. An impromptu public wedding would have been
much more of a social impropriety, and she absolutely could not expect her parents to consent, especially given the opinion her father had just expressed at breakfast. Furthermore, it was a matter of conscience for the count, he insisted, to be married in a Catholic ceremony. Mrs. Dawson never would have approved of such heresy without the approval of her Presbyterian confessor, Dr. Ellis. What endless difficulties that would present! In comparison, in France it was customary for mixed marriages to have both Catholic and Protestant rites. Both faiths were thus satisfied. The young lady’s rebellious conscience bowed on this point as well, for two reasons always crucial to every American. First, because it was a custom sanctioned by good society in France, and second, because it was a compromise. The main point, however, was that she had given her word and was now too proud to withdraw it. The count had just given her brother a debt of honor. How could both of them, brother and sister, stand before him if he now released her from her debt? “You’ve deemed me to be true, Mary, now let me find you true!” This was the refrain with which the relentless creditor dismissed one reservation after the other. She was unarmed against this exhortation, at this particular moment, even though she had several times felt like becoming outraged. It was finally agreed that the initial, secret marriage ceremony, a Catholic ritual, would take place that afternoon with a Catholic priest whom the count called his pastor; the second, public ceremony after his return from Europe, in the Presbyterian church on Fifth Avenue with all the pomp of a wedding in *High Life.* And so it was arranged in the end. The count was to pick up Miss Dawson, as usual, at three-thirty for their afternoon promenade, and Augustus was to accompany them.

This arrangement made Augustus feel extremely comfortable and extremely important. Comfortable because he was relieved of the horrible mad rush to procure the money and hence could again try his luck (which apparently was about to enter the right “streak”) with renewed vigor that night; — important because such an adventure was actually part of a fashionable existence. He silently decided to execute a similar stroke of genius for himself before too long, whereby the only difficulty was that, as a young heir, most doors stood open for him; it would have been the land of milk and honey if he had only made a move to marry. He struggled in vain to imagine an embroilment, an intrigue, like the one at hand between the count and his sister. He finally concluded that he had to run off with either a courtesan or a mar-
ried woman, and he put on his hat to go to Broadway to look for an appropriate object for his intended passion.

The count also took his hat, in order to prepare the Catholic priest and, as he claimed, to make the necessary arrangements for his departure the next day.

He had just taken his fiancée’s hand to say good-bye when the doorbell rang.

Miss Dawson felt his hand pull back as if electrified, and she gazed at him disconcertedly. One could not tell anything by looking at him, although he had pricked up his ears like skittish game. The closer he was to attaining his goal, the more fearfully he believed that every sound he heard was the cracking of the thin sheet of ice—which had already almost completely melted—beneath the depths of his true existence.

The Negro brought a calling card to Augustus on a silver tray.

Augustus read it and handed it, embarrassed, to his friend.

The count turned very pale. Miss Dawson, who out of curiosity grabbed for the card, saw it, but attributed to hate what was actually terrible fear.

“Unpleasant appearance!” said Augustus.

“You’re not going to receive this person!” cried the Frenchman. Then he spoke to the Negro in English, as if commanding a regiment to attack, “Say monsieur not at home!”

Pompey grinned at the Frenchman like one monkey mocking another, and then turned to his master and waited for his order.

“Engaged. No time!”

The count took a deep breath.

In a second the Negro returned:

“Mister requests the honor of calling upon Miss Dawson, ma’am.”

“Not home! Not home!” cried the Frenchman fiercely.

Pompey grinned as he had earlier; indeed, he took advantage of a moment, when the others had turned their eyes from him, to ape the count’s vehement nodding. It was just a fleeting moment, but the count understood it quite well and inside he was boiling with rage. At any other time he would have struck the Negro.

“Also engaged,” said Miss Dawson with an impertinent indifference imitatively at the disposal of genteel ladies.

“Engaged? I see!” grinned Pompey, glancing strangely from the young lady to the Frenchman, so that all three were affected. Had the Negro, with
this play on words, simply given in to his incorrigible tendency to tease, or had he eavesdropped?

He returned a third time.

"Missus Dawson also engaged, ma’am?" he asked ironically.

"Can’t one get rid of that person?" cried Miss Dawson, enraged. "Say: Mrs. Dawson can’t have the honor of receiving Mr. Wohlfahrt, do you understand?"

"Would it not be a more appropriate procedure, ma’am, if I ask Missus herself with regard to her view of the circumstances, ma’am?" Pompey asked with an air of importance.

Miss Dawson had now lost her patience.

"I’ll have you sent away, you rascal!" she shouted, and before the count could think to keep her in the room, she was standing in the hall across from Antonio.

"Your persistence is worthy of a better object," she said coldly. "But this morning we’re not in a position to receive you."

"Then, you despicable, cocky, hateful child!" cried Antonio, beside himself over the disgraceful treatment and barely knowing what he said or where he stood. "Then you should cover your face—so haughty now—with both hands in shame the next time you see me!"

Miss Dawson drew up her lips in cold contempt, but her inner turmoil revealed itself on her cheeks, from which all color had drained. The Negro, who—like all subordinates and weak people who had ever come into contact with Antonio—had, since yesterday, felt a kind of respectful affection for him, but he was nevertheless scoundrel enough to send a servile giggle, calculated to win the approval of his mistress, after the man who had been turned away from the door. She was quiet and absent-minded when she came back into the room, haunted by the Prussian’s ominous warning as well as by a guilty conscience, so that everything else brought forth by the two boastful young men as revenge against the “German fool” fell on deaf ears.

Meanwhile Antonio walked down Fifth Avenue as if drunk. He was crimson one moment and deathly pale the next, he gesticulated wildly, and he talked to himself so loudly that people on the street gazed after him, largely because he poured out a flood of diatribes about American young women, American education, American impudence, and generally everything American, and he did so in English, so that many passers-by could catch some of what he said.
Chapter 8

Our hero is asked to present public lectures and has a look at New York’s business world, where Mr. Dawson suggests a compromise based on a reasonable view of the matter.

Our friend kept walking straight ahead, blindly, until he suddenly found himself at Washington Square. There the outside world reemerged once again, and he was able to find his way back to Brevoort House, where he took a shower. Reverend Dr. Ellis was announced while he was still getting dressed. Shortly thereafter a Mr. Haffner also arrived; he ran a rather insignificant ironmonger’s shop and was interested in having Antonio, with his ten thousand dollars and his father’s reputation in Germany, as a partner. Nothing restores an impaired balance of the spirit more than conversation with people outside one’s circle of excitement or friends.

When Antonio received his visitors, every trace of the shock he had just sustained had vanished. He entered the room with his usual untroubled manner and even knew how, with his light touch, to get the arrogant clergyman and the cynical German—who during their brief tête-à-tête instinctively growled at each other with their glances—to agree with each other. That morning Mr. Ellis had already made the rounds to visit a number of respected men, all of whom would purchase tickets for Antonio’s lectures. Among the names our friend saw, not without feeling uncomfortable, was that of Dawson with four tickets: the entire family, therefore.

The subscription list was written in the form of an invitation to the distinguished gentleman, “whose reputation as a scholar and an expert on art, confirmed by the greatest literary names in England and on the continent, who is also known too well in America not to generate among the undersigned the lively wish to provide the people of this city with the advantage of a series of public lectures on art history, presented by a man who, in every respect, is so well suited intellectually for such an undertaking.”

In a barely perceptible contradiction to this purported interest of the public and the subscribers for a subject “whose importance cannot be overestimated,” Reverend Dr. Ellis responded to Antonio’s suggestion of twelve
lectures by pointing out that no one in New York would commit to attending twelve lectures. Everyone would recoil from the idea, preferring to pay three dollars for six lectures rather than two for twelve. Antonio was pleased and indicated that he was willing to accept the plan. Deep down was the idea of revenging himself with a literary triumph for the despicable way Miss Dawson had just treated him. The boast about his European reputation as a scholar did offend him, however; nothing could be done now to change this one point. It is the nature of democracy that people will only be attracted by loud colors. When someone needs the public, the public will, first and foremost, loudly shout a reputation at this person. The actual value can do nothing but to the best of its ability prove itself worthy of its heroic costume, redeem its banknotes on the expiration date, and maintain its credit.

The clergyman asked Mr. Haffner to get the German businessmen involved; the latter assured him, however, that the subscription would be viewed as begging and that Mr. Wohlfahrt would lose face with his compatriots.

“That’s strange indeed,” said the American, not without a touch of contempt. “There’s no more honorable position here, and we view it as an honor to set such enterprises in motion.”

“That’s American humbug,” said the German roughly. “We prefer to amuse ourselves and take things as they come.”

The American stared at the man and said nothing; then he turned his head to Antonio and took notice of the other only when unavoidable, so as to avoid being impolite.

Antonio tried to explain this behavior in order to excuse his fellow countrymen.

“In our country,” he said, “all educational institutions, indeed, all nonprofit organizations, are in the hands of the government. Thus our need for a comprehensive system is met, in the broadest sense; that’s why our compatriots here, following our native customs, don’t feel called upon to lend a hand themselves, and when they’re asked to pledge money, they thus always ask: is it a flood or begging? In your country, in contrast, where the state does only what’s most necessary, the main burden of public education and public welfare rests on the shoulders of private individuals and on the encouragement of the clergy, whose job it is to keep the ideals alive in the business world.”
"That reconciles me somewhat with your compatriots here," said the doctor of theology. "It usually seems to me that they’re living only for themselves, unaware that they could have obligations to the community."

"That same prejudice argues that we ‘Dutchmen’ here and in the whole world must be stupid. The Germans have a foundation of intellectual and moral energy that will soon develop to its fullest strength and assert itself in both political and social life."

The young painter and the other clergyman from the previous evening were announced. Both of these men had confessed to all sorts of heresies. They were heretics by nature and absolute disciples of the absolute progress of absolutely all things. The painter, Mr. Marston, was a rising star on the horizon of American art, and all the journals were filled with this creator of an original American, as opposed to European, art. He painted according to the theory that, in order to capture the natural flesh tone, one must first paint the skeleton and then, over that, the nerves, veins, and muscles in their natural colors, and finally the skin on top. Nature proceeds in this manner. Our contemporary painting is a painting of convenience. He had executed various paintings according to this valuable recipe, which apparently was inspired by the patriotic ambition of outdoing Ruskin in his pre-Raphaelite phase and showing that England could not even prevail against America, and that the Yankees marched at the forefront in all matters. Since the horrible consequences of this original American process were not immediately apparent, American patriotism could delight in this moment, the dawning of a new era of art, brought on by the awakening of the American spirit. An original American oratorio had simultaneously accomplished the same feat in music. The journals proclaimed the happy news to the nations: the exclusiveness of the French, Italian, and German styles and their national petty jealousies had now been overcome by an American composer, and a true cosmopolitan style had been introduced to music that embodied all the advantages of those limited national spirits and could be understood by all.

But as incomprehensibly boyish as the young Marston was as an artist and theoretician, he was just as kind in his dealings with people. The same could be said of Reverend Lovejoy. He was a Universalist, that is, he believed that universal mankind went to heaven after death, and he basically thought the same as his young friend about art and the beauty of humanity. The process is generally as follows: German philosophy and science work their way through a given deep secret of the mind or of nature. This single
conclusion is then popularized by philosophical dilettantes as a message of redemption, but in France it is used for social and political systems. Ten years later news of it reaches England, where—summarized in a few general, comprehensible, and practical propositions—it leads to a ten-year battle against the old orthodoxy in all of its forms: religious, moral, political, social, aesthetic, and artistic. And lastly, the final version—reduced to an intellectual phrase or to imitations of intellectual phrases—also comes to America, where it is also used only as intellectual phrasemongering.

Preacher, reader, and collaborator, Reverend John Lovejoy was one such intellectual phrasemongerer when before an audience, despite his white hair and his sixty-five years a fresh-eyed, ruddy-cheeked gentleman who really did not have much of the reverend about him, for just as Americans have the disadvantage of never being children, they also have the advantage of never becoming old men and women. The faces of the children look as if they were old when purchased, and the faces of the elderly as if they had just been renovated.

But whatever religious and other antipathies may have existed between the orthodox man and the two humanitarians, they were equally sincere, equally devoted, and equally free of fanatic exclusivity in their assiduity on behalf of the foreigner and of making his talents useful to their fatherland and human progress. They discussed the plan amongst themselves and offered each other advice, as if their parishes belonged to them jointly for this purpose.

Unfortunately Antonio could not be introduced that morning at the twenty-six or thirty commercial agencies and businesses—to famous and not famous, rich and poor, men and women—to which both parties wished to take him. He was burning with impatience to speak with his charge in Mulberry Street, whom he had not been able to see again since that first day; he had to go with Haffner to his storehouse; he had to ask Wilhelmi for advice on finally establishing his business. He found that in this country, at least in this city, one had three times as much business on the agenda every morning at ten than could be completed during business hours by three or four in the afternoon. And today it was already half-past one.

He thus first drove down with Haffner, who could not wait and for that reason had made a special trip up to see him. For this reason it was already three o’clock when he arrived at Wilhelmi’s. Three o’clock and he still had
not seen Annie, and Wilhelmi was not at his business; he was supposed to return in a quarter of an hour but did not get back until nearly four.

Antonio did not tell him how his morning had gone. The recollection was too outrageous. It had even made him forget the nocturnal scene. And that was not mentioned at all.

“What a physiognomist you are!” Wilhelmi called to him. “Nice news!”

“How’s that?”

“Do you recall what you told me last night about old Dawson?”

“No, what?”

“You said: ‘If he’s not deceiving you now, then it’s a coincidence.’”

“I hope I was wrong,” said Antonio; Dawson’s friendly subscription, in contrast to Miss Dawson’s hostility, had put him in a good mood.

“Wrong? I wish you had made a mistake!”

“So what’s going on?”

“Dawson’s not bankrupt.”

“No!”

“Today’s the fourth of April. But I’ve been all over; Dawson’s notes are not on the market. No importer has them. They are not discounted at any bank. In short, they aren’t present anywhere.”

“Well?”

“Well, he bought them all up himself.”

“I don’t completely understand.”

“Bah! It’s so simple! Eight months ago I delivered $90,000 worth of imported goods to him. He gave me his notes for that amount, which are due tomorrow. Fourteen days before the due date a rumor began to spread that Dawson was unable to pay. Dawson himself confirmed this to me—you were there. So I’m happy to sell the notes to a broker who offered me half the amount. But this broker was merely Dawson’s secret agent. It wasn’t the broker, but the debtor himself who bought his debt from me for half its value. And that’s how he did it with everyone else. Half the amount is paid, and now he’s free.”

“That’s what I call speculation. How much did he profit from this?”

“According to my calculations, about $250,000. He owed about half a million in notes.”

“And you can’t get him in court?”

“God forbid! We sold his notes on the market, like every other commodity, and he bought his notes on the market, like every other commodity; that
we were dumb enough not to hold them but to sell them at half-price isn’t his fault. We gave them away. The result is that together we willingly sold him half a million dollars worth of imported goods for $250,000. Meanwhile he’s not only sold the goods for half a million, he’s made an enormous profit on them!”

“That’s fantastic! That’s how one makes a fortune in fourteen days.”

“That’s how they gamble in Venice!”

“Sewerage will be upset after so looking forward to the house.”

“Sewerage? O trickery of hell! Sewerage was in cahoots with him!”

“I must say! And Dawson’s offer of his horse and carriage to you yesterday?”

“Just a pretense!”

“That’s what I call crafty! And you believe that he really had no financial difficulties?”

“Not in the least! Pure, sheer speculation and the pleasure of showing us dumb Dutchmen what a Yankee is to boot.”

At that moment Mr. Dawson entered the office with his usual unctuous friendliness, as if nothing had happened. Wilhelmi looked at him with hostility without returning his greeting or accepting the hand proffered. Dawson did not even attempt such a greeting with Antonio.

He asked to speak in confidence with Mr. Wilhelmi, who led him to his private office, with hesitation and ill-will. After a few minutes they returned; Justus had the Courrier in his hand. He gave the pertinent paragraphs to Antonio to read.

The latter turned red through and through; then, suddenly composed, he asked for an American newspaper from the previous day.

“I know what you want,” said Justus. “Mr. Dawson already told me that he first read the same police report in yesterday’s Herald, but without the added text about the Prussian adventurer.”

“That proves who the source is. It’s the count, who smuggled the addition into the French journal. Now it’s beginning to dawn on me.”

“Go ahead and tell Mr. Dawson who the count is.”

Antonio told of his encounter with Annie and Grenier on Broadway.

“Ah!” said Mr. Dawson. “Now I understand why he’d like to slander you right out of society.” He took the opportunity to take Antonio’s warm hand between his own. “I never really trusted that man,” he continued. “But I
don’t get involved in the whims of my women. They always have to have a favorite.”

“But you’ll get involved now?” cried Antonio.

“It’s a difficult matter,” remarked the American.

“How’s that?” asked Justus meaningfully. “I wouldn’t hesitate for a moment to show a cheat the door.”

“A fuss must be avoided. I blame myself the most. I think I’ll get rid of the count gradually,” he added after some consideration.

“Just don’t do it too gradually,” added Antonio vehemently; he felt a vague sense of danger for Miss Dawson. “The man’s much more dangerous than you think.”

“That may well be,” conceded the American indifferently.

“Last night someone attempted to kill me.”

“Attempted to kill you?” they both asked with surprise.

“I haven’t had time to speak with you about it, Wilhelmi.” He then related his adventure. They could only deduce that Grenier had learned about his wife staying in Mulberry Street from the police report about the fight between Jack O’Dogherty and the O’Shea family and that he then contacted O’Dogherty about murdering Antonio. The Frenchman arrived at the casino a full hour after they had. He had undoubtedly used the time to position the Irish assassin at his post.

“If only the unhappy woman hasn’t already been done away with, too!” cried Antonio, seized by uneasiness. “My only comfort is little Paddy, but he’s not always there.”

These revelations brought to light the fact that Augustus had enticed the two friends to the casino. The friends took this opportunity to share with Mr. Dawson their conviction that his son was Grenier’s victim and that this man was an accomplice of the casino. Mr. Dawson shook his head thoughtfully without looking as if the matter upset him much.

“That confused boy,” he said, “will ruin himself someday.”

Both visitors were just about to leave, Antonio burning with impatience to get, finally—it was four-thirty—to Mulberry Street, when Mr. Dawson turned around at the door and announced quite naturally to Wilhelmi that he would come to his warehouse early the next morning to look at his stock and make new purchases. Given the old rule that a bankrupt person, once bankruptcy is past, then becomes the best customer, a good deal was in the offing;
but Wilhelmi was an upright person and terribly bitter about the contrived deception to which he had so recently fallen victim.

“In affairs that concern the character of my friend,” he shouted, so loudly that all the clerks started at their desks, “I’ve allowed you to speak. But don’t come here again expecting to conduct business. I’d just as soon do business with a shoplifter than with you, you despicable swindler.”

“But, Mr. Wilhelmi!” said Mr. Dawson, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, looking as if he had been slapped—the only sign betraying his embarrassment.

“You build American churches with the money you steal from the pockets of German importers,” continued Wilhelmi, for he had got going. “And afterwards, as thanks, your clerics admonish us as German sensualists, egoists, and atheists!”

“But Mr. Wilhelmi!” Mr. Dawson, once again completely cold-blooded, continued his interrupted speech. “How hot-headed all of you foreigners are. It appears that you’re utterly incapable of grasping a reasonable view of a matter.”

“Reasonable view!” screamed Wilhelmi, enraged. “Reasonable view! To steal $45,000 right out of my pocket and then recommend a reasonable view of the matter!”

“So that you see I’m fair,” continued the American steadfastly, “I’ll offer you a compromise.”

Such an offer, given that the swindler was free of all legal obligations and not a cent could be demanded of him legally, was something so extraordinary that Wilhelmi’s mouth remained open in amazement.

“I want to offer you, for the $45,000 you lost due to circumstances beyond my control—”

“Beyond his control!” appealed Wilhelmi to Antonio.

“That you lost to me due to unfortunate circumstances,” said the millionaire, correcting his beloved but at the moment inappropriate phrase. “I want to offer you, as compensation, good advice that will save you from bankruptcy and suggest a speculative transaction—”

“Save me from bankruptcy!” cried the stunned importer loudly. “Have you gone mad with outrageousness?”

“If you’d just let me finish, then perhaps you’ll have a reasonable view of this matter—”

“Reasonable view!” raged Wilhelmi. Antonio had to laugh.
"You'll be in a position to comprehend a reasonable view," continued the broker calmly. "Thus my advice to you is this: don't give anyone credit; accept cash only for sales."

The importer looked to see if the man was making fun of him.

"I wish you'd given me that advice eight months ago, when I sold goods to you in exchange for your notes," mocked Wilhelmi, and despite all of the trouble he could not help but laugh as well at the incredible impertinence of his advisor.

"The reason for my giving you this advice," he continued, without letting himself be disconcerted, "is that any notes you get for your wares today will be worthless in six months."

"How's that?" asked the importer suddenly alert. "The entire world won't be imitating you, will it?"

"The entire world will be bankrupt in six months," said the broker with an expression of sincere sympathy. The two Germans looked at him and then at each other. But at that moment Dawson had a penetrating and positive look in his eyes that commanded their attention.

"You're joking. Business has never been so good; operations have never expanded to such a degree, so that today even the losses that I suffered on your account barely matter as much as a year ago..."

"Precisely that, precisely that: that's the reasonable view you should have of this matter."

"Stop annoying me with your reasonable view. Why are you talking about a general bankruptcy, when American government securities and railway obligations are as good as gold, when all of Europe invests its capital here? In German capital alone I can count at least one-hundred million in American stocks, and that's just the beginning."

"Stick to what you yourself just said and consider where that must lead. Credit has left behind any firm footing. Whoever has ten dollars can do business for a hundred. Speculation has created nothing but imaginary values. I participated in the railway mania in England. At the time I was living in London, and I haven't forgotten the lesson I learned. That's exactly how things are here at this moment, just like in England before the big crash. Most of our railways aren't covering their operation costs, our banks..."

"It's strange that Cobden, who was also in England back then, is such an important stockholder in Illinois Central."
"They're just beginning to falter, sir. Before six months have passed—mark my words—the stocks will no longer be worth the paper they're printed on. Before six months have passed we'll have a crisis, sir, the likes of which we've never seen. One business after the other will fall, like a house of cards. I've been waiting for this signal, for the first decline in railway stocks, after which I immediately established my rules."

"You certainly have established your rules," said Wilhelmi, but less sarcastic than contemplative.

"Take a reasonable view of the matter. You're single; I've obligations to my family."

The two Germans had to laugh yet again. Mr. Dawson noticed but continued calmly, "I've seen the coming of the Flood, and I'm withdrawing to the highest mountain I can reach; the duty of self-preservation demands it."

"What you've actually done is build an ark and stockpile supplies."

"As you wish; I advise you only to do the same. Limit your operations. Above all, limit your credit. Sell for cash or the shortest-term credit possible. Don't trust anyone, especially your customers in the West. Convert to silver everything you have in the way of government securities, railway obligations, bank stocks or any other type of securities. Don't import a single cent more. Sell all bills of exchange from your debtors for whatever they might bring. For all I care, let people denounce you as bankrupt—"

"Take it easy. Let's not get carried away."

"Then, when the crisis breaks out, you'll have cash, sir, at a time when cash will be everything, and the entire city will lie at your feet and devote itself to you with body and soul for a drop of refreshment from your full treasury. Sir!" the brilliant businessman exclaimed with a certain enthusiasm in his eyes. "If you follow my advice and by the end of the year have not won five times the amount you lost to me, then I'll pay you double the amount (this was spoken in an entirely businesslike manner); I'll pay the entire sum of my notes again, as if you still had them in your safe."

"If you're right, Mr. Dawson and I follow your advice, then it really would be saving me from bankruptcy."

"I've given you my advice. Whether or not you want to follow it is up to you. In any case, I guarantee you $90,000 if you do follow it. That's my compromise."
“And in the end, this means not only that I’d have to forgive you, but on top of everything I’d also have to thank you for your fun and consider you, so to speak, my benefactor.”

“Now you’re beginning to grasp the reasonable view of the matter,” said old Dawson with unexpected humor.

“Tell me one thing, Mr. Dawson. Do you treat your other debtors this way?”

“Of course, sir; it’s a matter of conscience for me. I must provide for my family. That’s the most important responsibility. And, as I understand the economy, it won’t be possible to conduct business in the next six months, so…”

“You’re anticipating your profit for this period. Now I understand.”

“That’s the reasonable view of the matter. Ha, ha! No one but a stupid ass should get a raw deal, however. Such a person deserves nothing better.”

“You’re paying us with good advice.”

“Worth five times my securities.”

“And your profit is fifty percent.”

“And I enable you to win hundreds of percents. That’s the reasonable view of the matter.”

“In any case, it’s a view that’s worthy of consideration.”

“I think so, too. Adieu!”

They shook each other’s hands in friendship. Antonio again remained behind.

“Is Dawson really serious?” he asked.

“I think so, and even more, I’ve a strong urge to agree with him. He’s really not such a bad guy.”

“He’s a bad guy, but an admirable businessman.”

“No, I can assure you that he has religion, moral scruples.”

“He knows that it pays to have scruples with his business friends.”

“That may very well be the case.”

“But these Yankees certainly are unique. Which is what I wanted to ask you: what do you advise after this advice of Dawson’s? Should I do business with Haffner?”

“I don’t even know yet what I should advise myself to do.”

“Adieu then, until tomorrow morning.”

Finally—it was already after five—Antonio could now start toward Mulberry Street to see what had happened with the poor woman.
Chapter 9

Our hero does not find his charge, but his friends avenge the attempt on his life.

*Jetzt aber hat mich so ein winziger, nichtswürdiger Schwächling ums Auge gebracht.*
—Homer, *The Odyssey*, IX

Jack O’Dogherty stood in the doorway of the tavern with a short pipe in his unshaven mouth, darting an ugly glance from beneath his brows, which began thickly above the dark-gray eyes and extended over the nose in two pointed tufts, like the horns of a beetle. The numerous inhabitants were out on the street, laughing, bickering, and puffing away, countless children and women of every age, while the filth steamed from the buildings and two hurdy-gurdies competed harmoniously to heighten the convivial mood. Standing in the doorway among the other tenants of the building were the young female O’Sheas, struggling with the baby which, unaccustomed to the long, white dress in which it was wrapped, was protesting by kicking and screaming angrily.

When Antonio looked more closely he noticed the extremely large dress and train worn by the eldest of the two girls, with its sleeves hanging down to the sidewalk, while the second girl wore a jacket just as badly proportioned. The pattern on both pieces of clothing so closely resembled the ones he had purchased on Tuesday for his New Englander that he became worried. He quickly climbed the stairs and knocked at Mrs. Grenier’s door, but received no answer. Then he knocked at Mrs. O’Shea’s door, behind which immediately sounded the sonorous and energetic call of the hot-blooded Irishwoman. While she showered him with a flood of welcome, periodically interrupted by an inimitable cry of sorrow, he had the opportunity to look closely at his new rug on the floor and the new bed he had bought for Annie in a neglectful state in the corner, and a colorful pile of clothing and household appliances, all intended for Annie’s use, spread upon it.
Apparently the right of salvage had been exercised. Antonio paled at the thought of what could have become of the owner.

"Where is she?" he cried. "Where'd she go?"

Her "hoosband" had picked her up yesterday. Where he took her, nobody knew. The things—it would have been a shame to let them rot in the room, and so the family had indulged itself. But as for the money, Mrs. O'Shea distinguished between this and that type of property, and she wanted to account for it down to the last penny. Antonio added the plunder to the rest and even promised to put fifty dollars in a savings account for Paddy, who had saved his life. Paddy joined them just then, as he had on the first evening. Antonio's hope that the young jack-of-all-trades had learned something concerning the whereabouts of the woman who had vanished, however, was unfortunately dashed. She had let herself be persuaded by her husband, and deeply moved she had said good-bye to the good Irishwoman, leaving greetings for Antonio, if he should ever ask about her again. He reproached himself severely. If he had returned in time, she would not have left without his advice.

"But how did you find out about the attempt to assassinate me, Paddy?" he asked him.

"Well, when we enlightened Americans see something, dear sir, we always ask the reason why? and about the purpose, what for? A person's got to be smart; that's the word here. So, you want to know how I found out about it?"

"Yes; the matter interests me somewhat."

"Okay. When I come for tea, the bird has already left the nest—poor thing! Mother says: Paddy, she says, Jack O'Dogherty (curse him!) was around the scoundrel, the Frenchman, the whole time, she says; gave him information about us, she says, and the nice gentleman—that's you, you old fool—that's the name the old lady uses for you. So I says: I don't like this business, I says. The nice gentleman'll blow me sky-high when he comes and finds my girl vanished and the whole thing gone to the dogs. But what could I do, dear fellow? Business goes before pleasure, and so I have to go back to the Express office. 'Twas about ten minutes after eleven when I look up at the City Hall clock and think: tonight you can go home. So I set off for home and when I get to Mulberry Street and see the sweet light from McMulligan's gin bar in the distance, like the lovely moon shimmering above the rooftops, I says to myself: "Do you want to drink a dram or you going to bed? You've
earned one, no doubt about it! Then I see two guys come out of McMulligan’s shop, cross quickly to the other side, and go around the corner. By jingo, I says, if that ain’t Frenchy and Jack O’Dogherty; because why would Jack be with a gentleman in broadcloth, I says, if it ain’t that scoundrel, Frenchy? Always wide awake, that’s the word, I say, and go after them. They’re going to bump off my girl or who knows what, confidentially, without inviting the city marshall, I says.

“So I keep following them from a distance, up Broadway, until they’re standing in front of a house. Then I slip into a cellar stairwell three houses down and just peek out. Frenchy goes in and Jack lies in wait in the cellar doorway right next to me. It was a damned sight too close, I tell you, and twice I thought for sure he’d seen me. But, if you can wait, I think, then I can wait, too. But still, I can tell you, time never seemed to pass so slowly. I thought the sun would’ve had time to rise three times. Finally you two come out with another man, and then Jack follows you like the bad, sneaky dog he is, and then I know what’s in store for you, and I see clearly how he holds a knife under his jacket; and when I see you turning onto Clinton Place, I says, that’s where he’ll do it, I says, and so I run through Waverly Place and pass you on the corner of Green Street. Always wide awake, I says, that’s the word for an enlightened Irish-American, and so...”

“And so you saved my life. You’re smarter and more enlightened than any Yankee who’s ever lived, and the most enlightened newspaper boy in this enlightened generation,” Antonio parodied, half joking, half praising, and the compliment was truly not lost; the boy’s eyes shone with self-satisfaction.

“And now,” Antonio continued. “I’m going to put fifty dollars in a savings bank for you so that you won’t drink it in gin, and you can pick up the savings book from me tomorrow,” he said, giving the boy his card, and the boy with small, sparkling eyes that burned forth directly beneath his brow, like those of all the Irish (like fire-wheels, so to speak, given how ceaselessly they were spinning), did a cartwheel; less out of joy over the unexpected gift, however, than over the prospect of what could be done with it.

“And now,” continued Antonio, “you must, at all costs, find your girl for me.”

Antonio, the diplomat, adopted the expression Paddy had just used to play up his importance in Antonio’s eyes, — “and without losing any time,
do you understand? I must save the poor creature, if she can still be saved. I fear foul play.”

Naturally, Paddy was willing to snoop about, but there was something absent-minded in his promise. Antonio tried to spark his interest with the promise of another reward. But he did not understand Paddy’s Yankee spirit. The boy was not addicted to money, but rather to employment. The dollar, the philosophers’ stone, the truth of Yankee life, like time itself, was worth more than anything to him, according to Lessing, “not as something worth possessing, but as something worth striving for,” not as goal, but as task. Like the elder Dawson, he would have sold his soul to the devil to win a sum that he could toss out onto the street the next day. While Antonio was still speaking, little Paddy had already said farewell to his current trade hawking newspapers and instead found a permanent spot in the city, where a newspaper and fruit stand would be bound to succeed. These plans occupied so much of his attention that he doubted whether a reward, even one for the same amount, could compensate him for the disruption of his projected business establishment.

“Watch out for Jack O’Dogherty,” said Paddy, as Antonio was about to leave. “As I was coming upstairs just now he swore to me that he wants to crack open your coconut, and he’ll do it.”

“It won’t be so bad, on the open street and in front of so many witnesses.”

“Oh, man, you don’t know the Irish. When our blood is up, then we don’t care a spec about blowing the judge away from his bench in the middle of a court session.”

“And Jack O’Dogherty said that?” cried out Mrs. O’Shea, and a horrible storm gathered above her eyes, while she stood with her hands on her hips. “And did Jack O’Dogherty, the dirtiest, stinkiest bastard in the world, did he have the impudence to speak so disrespectfully of his superior and of such a sweet and distinguished gentleman, who could be an Irish lord any day and teach him some manners? O, Jack, my jewel!” she cried with the mean look in her eyes that in this irascible race precedes the outbreak of the storm. “O, Jack, my jewel, now I’m going to let daylight shine through your revolting skull, by almighty God and all the blessed saints, that’s what I want to do!”

And then she let out a hellish scream, and urged by her own words to furious rage, unstoppable and swinging the poker in her hand, she thundered through the door and down the stairs. Following closely at her heels, once
again all New York Irish street boy, all business fantasies forgotten, was Paddy O’Shea, her little imp of a son, with long and very loud shrieks, twirling the bread knife around his head, throwing it in the air, catching it, dancing an Irish jig down the stairs, spinning and doing a cartwheel on the landing out of the pure effervescent, ecstatic joy of fighting and scandal. The oldest girl went down the stairs right behind him in an unbelievable rush, stumbling twice, with the coal shovel in her hand, a short but dangerous weapon when properly handled because of its heavy, sharp iron edge. She demonstrated her warlike enthusiasm with long, heartrending notes in the highest female treble. The smaller sister climbed down the stairs more slowly but with an even more stubborn enthusiasm for battle. She had snatched up a large ironing board with one arm, while the other sister, as always, shook under the weight of the monstrous baby. She nevertheless arrived relatively quickly at the theater of war, especially considering that she had to stop twice along the way in order to scream. She could not do that while walking with her heavy burden, and there simply had to be screaming.

This time the baby had only a tin soup spoon, but he apparently had gotten into the spirit of the action, as evidenced by the unusually energetic show of rage in his voice, arms, and legs. The grandmother, with her toast fork, slowly brought up the rear. The heat of ninety summers at a blazing stove had not entirely dried up the marrow in those old Celtic heroic bones or affected her brain so as to make her deaf to the call of honor. Thus ensued one of the not infrequent but most glorious attacks on a superior enemy to be found in the annals of the history of Mulberry Street, superior not in terms of numbers but in war experience and in all means of modern warfare. Jack actually was standing at the door below, with a single-barreled pistol in his hand, one of those that can be bought for a few shillings but is nonetheless able to lay the greatest spirit, in the midst of the most exalted flight of plans, in the dust with broken wings. He had publicly dared to say three times—once on the street, once to Paddy, and the last time in the bar, where he borrowed the pistol from a drinker—that he wanted to put a hole in the damned Dutchman’s coconut, he wanted to let daylight shine inside of him, and he wanted to shoot him down like a dog. Since these three figures of speech were just different poetic versions of the same idea and since Jack, in agreement with the hostile declaration he had made three times, had taken up his position at the entrance, with the pistol in his hand, it was hard to see how our hero and fellow countryman could come out of the house any differently
from the fox out of the tower in the famous puzzle, in which a hunter stood waiting, with a cocked rifle and two dogs, in front of the only hole to be found in the tower built specifically for this purpose—if the O'Shea clan, as a tool in the hand of Providence, had not given Jack O'Dogherty a blow on the head with a poker, which did not quite crack open his coconut but laid him out on the ground unconscious. — He picked himself up again quickly, however, and staggered forward, possibly to defend himself, when Paddy O'Shea spotted a chance to carry out an experiment: to see if he could put a hole into the stomach of a tough-skinned fellow countryman with a bread knife and thus, according to one of Jack’s favorite sayings, really see the daylight shine into it. The reader has not forgotten that Paddy felt it was his purpose in life to defend enlightenment. This stab in the abdomen had the favorable effect of contracting the stomach muscles and thereby bringing Jack O'Dogherty’s head—which since the first blow with the poker had exhibited a tendency to fall backwards—forward once again, in accordance with Paddy’s principles of progress. At the same time, the lively stimulus provided by the pointed instrument brought him back to full consciousness.

Before he could rejoice in this fact, however, little Maggie, who had just arrived from above, sprang from the second step and hit him in the neck with the sharp edge of her coal shovel. This transformed the equilibrium that had just been restored into a radical, rushing headlong movement, so that Jack fell headfirst into the gutter and proceeded to roll around in it.

Sensing the advantage of this helpless position, little Ellen, who had also just arrived, threw the baby into his face, an enemy, as she knew first-hand, who was not to be sneezed at and who also began to hack away immediately, with the sharp edge of a tin spoon-handle, at the face of the outstretched gladiator. With this new abuse, Jack lost his male resolve, which until then had taught him to accept the unavoidable in silence; abandoning himself to uncontrollable pain and unconcerned about the laughter of the thick, pressing crowd, he burst out in an unstoppable roar at the very moment in which little Ellen shoved the end of the ironing board, whose narrow end had lost its flannel cover, between his legs. The roars of the tortured man could be heard far away.

With the deliberate steps of old age but with the fire of youthful belligerence in her eyes, the wrinkled grandmother now went after the fallen hero and in a rare combination of that deliberateness and fire poked him in the eyes with her four-pronged toast fork. Ulysses’s surgical operation on the
single eye of the inhospitable son of Poseidon succeeded no more perfectly than the wrinkled grandmother’s first well-aimed thrust into the right eye of the murderous Jack O’Dogherty, nor did Polyphêmos bawl more furiously than Jack O’Dogherty now bawled, as his eye ran onto the street. He sprang to his feet.

A new blow from Bridget O’Shea’s poker stretched him out on the ground again. All of this was the work of one minute. When she saw the enemy lying in the gutter howling and helpless, she grabbed the helplessly screaming baby lying next to him, violently reprimanded little Ellen for neglecting her babysitting duties, and surrounded by a throng of heroic children retreated triumphantly back into their quarters.

Meanwhile, the dreadful howling of the slaughtered monster had finally brought the police to the site who, now that the danger and battle were over, saw no reason not to interfere. They caught the old grandmother who, with the tough tendency of old age to cling to favorite pleasures, was trying to reach the other eye with her fork. Thus the grandmother, caught in flagranti delictu, was taken to prison, despite the passionate protests from the summoned family, which—following her as an escort and themselves surrounded by an excited swarm of children, women, and loafers—filled the air with their complaints about the injustice of the authorities, the oppression of the poor Irish, and the tyranny of men against helpless old women. The public clearly agreed with these views and screamed over and over again: “Shame! Shame!” This case served the next meeting of the Women’s Rights Association, where members held forth eloquently on the fruitful topic of the brutal abuse of the weaker sex by physical superiority.

At the hearing the “grandmither,” who in Ireland had often been a witness in murder and manslaughter cases, could not get into her head that a man without a red coat and long wig could function as a judge. She tended to view this lack of propriety as a social indelicacy directed at her personally, and so she responded to the judge’s first comment to her in accordance with her feelings by laying the thumb of her right hand, which was spread upwards, on the tip of her nose, while the other four fingers moved in the air as if playing the piano. When, finally, the combined efforts of Paddy and Bridget succeeded in convincing her that there was no intentional insult directed at her and that she owed the man on the bench just as much respect as a mylord judge, the judge asked her in a well-intentioned manner in order to make her apology easier, “You meant no insult to the court, right?”
“Yes, Mylord,” answered the deaf old woman, “according to the best of my knowledge and belief.”

This was the phrase she had used to lie her way successfully through all of the hearings in Ireland and, regardless of the questions that might be asked of her, she stuck to this _probatum est_: “Yes, Mylord, according to the best of my knowledge and belief.”

Jack O’Dogherty was brought to the hospital, which he did not leave until three months later, blind in one eye.
Chapter 10

Mary Dawson receives news in the evening that, if received that morning, could have prevented great disaster.

Since Augustus Dawson now sensed a Don Juan or other similar hero inside of him, he went for a walk on Broadway in order to unleash him. For the twentieth time in his life he learned that the really interesting adventures are not to be found on the street. Only this time, unlike the previous nineteen times, he did not give up but went to obtain the advice of an astrologer. After briefly considering the rich selection provided by the Herald and other organs of the occult sciences, he gave his patronage to the famous Madame Pustell. In earlier times this lady had advertised herself in the aforementioned journal as the “greatest wonder of the world,” offering “advice for all occasions of human existence, including trials, trips, separations, love, courtships, marriages, health, wealth, long life, etc. etc. for fifty cents.” She was particularly qualified back then because she was “the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter” and possessed the “true Roman and Arabic talisman,” which brought its buyer luck in love, luck in business deals, luck in finding a job—in short, luck in all endeavors. As part of the bargain she even gave lottery players and other gamblers the lucky number. In this manner Madame Pustell, by practicing her self-chosen duties in a quiet but extended circle through the years, had harvested the blessings of her effectiveness to the fullest extent. Wealthy and esteemed, she had become too distinguished, given her well-deserved reputation, to present her name to her clientele in the newspapers. She no longer had to call them, they came on their own. In the young dandy’s circle of acquaintances the lady was sought as a helper in times of need, since her house served as a hospitable refuge for women who had secretly given birth. She had several houses, all offering such hospitality, for different, more or less related purposes. Her connections with the highest society had repeatedly protected her from legal prosecution, as this would have compromised too many people.

And now the young dandy directed his steps to this lady. She answered in her familiar, comforting manner that she had a rare beauty in stock, but he
would have to pay extra. "The price," he said in his dumb arrogance of wastefulness, "does not matter to me." They easily reached an agreement.

Meanwhile the time had flown. Augustus was supposed to be at the marriage ceremony but wanted to return to Madame Pustell shortly after five.

When the dinner bell rang at six o’clock in Dawson’s house, the young man was not present. This was not unusual, and since he was generally the fifth wheel in this group, he was not even missed. With regard to those family members present, Mr. Dawson was in an extraordinarily good mood today. He had feathered his own nest, was once again on friendly terms with those he had swindled, and saw the road to millions open and smooth before him—"on his own terms"; for his wife had safeguarded her own fortune, which, moreover, was considerably overestimated by the public. This woman, who was certainly the kindest of all socialites, had overcome the fatigue resulting from her duties as hostess the previous day with visits and shopping, and she had heard nothing but the nicest comments about her brilliant party. Mary had finally returned from her promenade half an hour before the meal as usual, but there was something gentle and celebratory in her manner, which was not at all usual. Her cheeks were splendidly flushed; she seemed taller and more mature. Her parents did not consciously reflect upon this change in the young girl, but her manner asserted itself silently and spread a feeling of warmth, a mood of elation the likes of which this circle had never experienced.

Her father held a glass of sherry before his eyes with relish, letting the dark liquid sparkle in the double light of the gas lamps and the fire.

"Where are we going this summer, Mrs. Dawson?" he asked. "It’s time to make plans."

"What do you think, Miss Dawson?" The woman questioned turned pleasantly to her daughter.

"To Paris," she answered, without a moment’s consideration. "Dear Papa, let’s go to Paris!"

"Then Paris it shall be," agreed the old man pleasantly.

"Do you think these trips abroad could lead to something?" asked the mother. She meant with respect to a husband for her daughter. Both understood the question.

"Any day now we could have a Russian prince or an English lord for Miss Dawson," said the old man, aware of his financial upswing.

"Or a French count—" Mrs. Dawson threw in, half teasing.
Mary listened feverishly for her father's answer.

"Apropos! About this French count," he commented indifferently. "It's time to put an end to the acquaintance."

Mary's blood froze on the way to her heart; she composed herself, however, and asked in an uncertain voice:

"Why, Pa?"

Mrs. Dawson posed the same question at the same time.

"He isn't a count at all," continued Mr. Dawson indifferently. "But since he's frequented our home as this character, you needn't shout it from the rooftops."

"What is he then?" asked Mrs. Dawson, completely surprised.

"Surely, father, that is wrong information," explained Mary, roused to defend her husband forcefully with a bit of scorn.

"He's a completely ordinary man with lots of imagination," replied Mr. Dawson to his wife's question.

"That's disgraceful slander," cried Miss Dawson ardently, "wherever you may have heard it."

"I beg you, for heaven's sake," Mrs. Dawson answered her husband with disbelief, "a gentleman, who speaks such perfect French!"

"His true name," continued Mr. Dawson, not letting himself become annoyed, "is Grenier—at least that was his last name. He was last a clerk with M. S. Clafflin and Sons in Lowell—I obtained the information myself from their agents, who know him—and he married a factory girl there, whom he disgracefully abandoned."

"What's wrong, Miss Dawson?" asked her mother. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing, Mother," answered the young girl curtly, with forced composure. She was as white as her napkin.

Her father searchingly glanced at his daughter, as did her mother. But they said nothing further. The count was recognized as Mary's royal booty; she had left school and entered society, "come out," as the artificial phrase goes, with the triumph of having won out over all the rivals competing for him. And now it turned out that she had secured a man living as a vagrant business clerk. No further explanation was necessary for their finding her agitation natural. The thought of what is called passion lay outside the emotional range of both parents.

But the beautiful mood in which they had begun the evening was now gone, and the remainder of the dinner dragged on with forced conversation,
in which Miss Dawson no longer participated. Once she tried forcing herself to do so, but it was such an unsuccessful attempt that she did not repeat it.

They had not yet gotten up from the table when the doorbell rang. Mary knew who it was but did nothing to give herself away. Pompey brought the count’s card on a tray.

"The count?" said Mrs. Dawson.

"I do want to have a look at him after all that," said Miss Dawson, and she stood up.

"Just don’t give him the opportunity to make a scene explaining himself, Miss Dawson," warned her father.

"Why don’t you just be unavailable, Mary," called her mother after her. She did not know how unfeasible this advice had been for three hours.

The young girl stood for a moment in the hall before the door of the reception room in order to bring her wildly beating heart under control. Then she opened the door.

Monsieur de Roussillon came toward his newly betrothed with the glowing look of a groom. He was to accompany her as planned to the opera. He had secretly made arrangements to use this occasion to place the crown of marriage upon the priestly ceremony.

One look at the girl entering the room and he, whose guilty conscience was always lying in wait, was convinced that all had been revealed.

Revealed—but not lost. As a professional gambler he could be caught once using a sleight of hand, but confessing—never!

"Mary," he said, coming tenderly toward her. "Dear wife, what does this cloud on your heavenly brow mean?"

Up to now the girl had always been delighted with this shadow play, for she knew it from her French reading and associated it with vague ideas of courtly splendor, heroic love, and shocking catastrophes. Precisely these phrases in precisely this language had enabled her to imagine herself in the heroine’s role. Now, for the first time faced with cold reality, she sensed the grotesqueness of such rehearsed outpourings of emotion.

"Your name is Grenier?" she asked brusquely.

"Ah!" he cried, prepared in advance for everything, with an expression of noble indignation. "So that’s it! That’s what you’re doing, you’re making me a criminal, because I, setting aside the pride of my ancestry, hid under a plebian name so as to eat the bread of exile as an honest man! Madame!" he continued with a hollow voice, arms hanging at his side, his gloomy eyes
boring through the earth. "Madame! There are conflicts in life; I owed my ancestors my name, myself a life free of reproach. Yes, Madame, I admit, I took on the name Grenier; I earned a living by working; I was a clerk. Does this make me unworthy of my name and position? Did work blacken Gaston de Roussillon's hand so deeply that he must fear soiling his wife with his touch? No, Mary,"—here his voice quivered—"no! I would slander your heart with the mere suspicion. I'll never do so! Je ne le ferai jamais!" he concluded apodictically.

There is so much phony pathos and self-admiration in the French mode of expression, even in the case of natural and honest people, that one cannot always proceed with certainty when one wants to suggest that a Frenchman is lying, simply because one sees him acting a part. Napoleon the Great executed all of his official duties as an actor without making them any less official. But Mary was inclined, now that a beam of light had penetrated the fog of childish illusions, to go to the other extreme, as is often the case with our likes and dislikes at that age, when the reaction against disappointed enthusiasm only too often strikes back to corrode the rest of a young girl's life. Moreover, Mary Dawson was also an American. The Americans reputedly have a mania for illusions. They really let themselves be led by the nose, open-eyed, by every charlatan, but note! With open eyes! Americans surrender to illusion for relaxation, to enthusiasm as a luxury. But even the slightest hint of serious interest stirs the instinct of self-preservation; cold reason, keen mistrust, and relentless logic in espying and pursuing one's own advantage quickly dispel every trace of indulged deception, and the recently celebrated idol lies ridiculed, broken into pieces, crushed into dust, at the foot of his altar.

Thus the young American pursued her hostile ideas with relentless energy without allowing herself in the least to be led astray by the well-studied tactics of the adventurer.

"And which of your various names does the woman use," she replied coldly, "whom you married in Lowell and abandoned?"

"That's infamous slander!" cried the adventurer. "I demand that my accuser confront me! I demand that the depraved creature who boasts of having a legitimate claim to the name and the hand of Count Roussillon confront me! I demand justice, Madame, and I'll find it, even if I have to look for it in court!"
The threat was acknowledged. But a feeling of indescribable rage over the despicable inference suffocated every thought of fear in the object of his threats.

“You shall have the confrontations you demand,” she said, still with a tone of cold, quiet mockery, but something shook behind this voice like the underground rumbling of a volcano. She wanted to leave.

“Listen to me, Madame!” The scorned husband stepped melodramatically before her once again. “It’s the last word that I’ll say to you. It does not cost you anything to toss the toy you just chose under your feet and to trample upon it. But I can’t live without you, Mary, I can’t do it! You’re mine! The bond that connects us is indissoluble. I know my duty; I know what I owe myself, what I owe you, what I owe your now awakened regret. My rights to you—”

“Away! Out of the way, you miserable monster! Let me pass!” screamed the girl, now beside herself, and she flung herself past him and out the door. “The wife of this person. In his legal power!” it screamed with horror within her. Pursued by all the furies, she fled through the hall and up the stairs. Upon entering her bedroom she fell facedown upon the floor.

Her husband—for that is what he had been for three hours, according to the law—watched her flee, gnashing his teeth. Then he managed to leave silently and unnoticed.

“The count’s been here for a long time,” noticed Mrs. Dawson, after the tablecloth had been removed and dessert served. “I’ll have the tea brought in here.”

“Do that and have Miss Dawson called to tea; otherwise there’ll be no end to it.”

“The question is whether or not he’ll take the hint,” the lady responded, to whom it now became clear that the count was actually the most shameless, ill-mannered person ever to have pushed himself into good society. But precisely herein lay his nobility up to now; he had treated everyone condescendingly and shown consideration for no one except himself.

The tea came, but Pompey returned from the parlor with the news that no one was there. The lady-in-waiting was sent upstairs. The young woman was indisposed and had gone to bed.

It was most definitely not betrayed love that had thrown Mary Dawson into bed.
It was not her heart that figured in her first romance, but her schoolgirl romanticism. The sap of life had not yet entered the stage of circulation known as the true spring, in which a cold frost can ruin the life of delicate, young plants. It was, however, just about to break through to this stage. The object could be torn from the heart without tearing a single fiber, but on this day the child had nonetheless gone through that phase of existence in which a woman's soul "trembles in all its depths of being," when even the image of the deity who had been received pales at the divinely exulting fear of the imminent sacrifice.

Indignation and repugnance, unrestrained pride, and above all the triumphant knowledge that she had escaped the worst helped the young creature through the first, dangerous paroxysm. She was signed over to this miserable man, but not subjected to him; she was entrusted to him, but not married—never!

Since Miss Dawson did not come down for breakfast the next morning, her mother went upstairs to see what was happening.

She found the young girl fast asleep. But what a sight! In the tightly drawn up lower lip lay bitter hate, in the knit brows gnawing worry, in the flared nostrils stubborn battle, in the hand pressed to her heart pent suffering. The wonderfully pure contours of the girl's features appeared to assert their indestructible magic for the first time with this powerful distortion. Cheek and chin, head and shoulders were childlike in their delicate roundness, but a deathly pale had spread over them. It was a sight for smiling and for crying, these traces of a terrible storm on a bed of violets, a raging battle that a courageous little lamb had fought against one opponent or another. A feeling of unending sympathy overcame the mother's heart, a new stirring of emotions for the very independent and, like all members of the family, inwardly isolated daughter. She kissed the pursed lips—and called for a doctor.

When Augustus—he came to breakfast an hour later as usual—learned that his sister was still asleep and needed the doctor, he went out without having seen her. He was occupied with matters of the highest importance.

The patient refused to let the doctor in, but he had to be called a second time that evening because she was delirious; "bilious disorder with a subsequent chill" was the medical verdict. The treatment could nonetheless not have been more appropriate, since it deadened the emotions and nervous activity as much as possible. In a week Miss Dawson was going out again. She did not want to be sick. Meanwhile, however, she had not seen her brother
once, and when she did finally see him again, they both avoided mentioning the count's name for their own particular reasons.
Chapter 11

The crisis. Mr. Dawson as a bear.

*The ways to enrich are many and most of them foul.*
—Old Lord Bacon

*And certainly there be not two more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool and not too much of the honest.*
—Old Lord Bacon

It was the third week of the month of August, not quite five months after the conversation between Mr. Dawson and Wilhelmi. The latter had not completely followed the advice of the American, nor had he completely ignored it. Dawson’s reasoning had made sense to him back then, but first, he had already progressed too far with his arrangements for the season, and second, business appeared to be truly flourishing; this probably allowed thoughts of an impending crisis to recede gradually into the background, thus blunting to a certain degree the concerns raised by Mr. Dawson. Mainly, however, it would have been uncharacteristic for him to take commercial inspiration from anyone but himself, although nothing hindered him from letting Dawson’s prophecy serve as a warning to be cautious, and the good results of this warning were now apparent. When cash became ever more scarce around the middle of August, he wrote to the firm Schröter & Co. in Frankfurt and asked for a temporary loan of $10,000. Even later, after the outbreak of panic, this was all that was necessary to keep all thought of danger from the New York office. The money needed only to arrive on a regular basis in the mail, and this would no doubt happen.

On the same day and in the same hour in which the letter for Frankfurt was taken to the post office, Mr. Dawson visited his usual lunch saloon near the stock market, less to eat breakfast than to meet the wealthy capitalists who tended to eat there. For Mr. Dawson, since withdrawing from business deals, did what people in this situation typically do: deal in stocks “privately” and “in an inconspicuous manner,” so to speak.
In this particular breakfast bar a young man had opened a newspaper and cigar stand a few months earlier. Since he was skillful and impertinent but also courteous and funny, he quickly became the favorite of all the guests. Perhaps he quizzed them or used other means of espionage, but in short, there soon was not a single important capitalist with whose circumstances he was not familiar from A to Z.

"Knowledge is power," said the father of economics. One found it necessary now and then to turn to the newspaper imp to be enlightened on the dependability or the operations of this or that man. But the little fellow, whose calculating eye and pummeled features contrasted with his underdeveloped limbs no less than his importance among the businessmen did with his paltry establishment atop a wooden plank, always behaved in such cases with discretion, and no one could accuse him of having become a spy. That only increased his importance and the demand for his tips.

His close friend was a broker named Simson Scraper, a man as tall as a tree whose long fox-like nose and lively small, blue eyes could not have issued from such a jovial-bellied and bearded character in any country other than America, where business acumen or entrepreneurial spirit transforms all types of men. Simson Scraper, in keeping with his physiology, was a jovial scoundrel, notoriously insolvent, moreover, which did not prevent him from residing in a large house on Fifth Avenue and driving triumphantly from there to his office every morning on the raised seat of a superb tilbury, with a tiger on the side. What held him up was in part political influence, since he was an untiring and very influential wirepuller in his party.

Mr. Dawson had been eyeing this man for a while now as an assistant for his operations. But the millionaire had reason not to reveal his name to him during the projected operations. He had repeatedly noticed the intimacy between the small newspaper dealer and the broker. The young boy had always impressed him, and given his own radical lack of prejudice in financial matters, he decided in short to use the boy as a middleman.

"I suppose," he addressed him while buying a newspaper, "you’ve got nothing against earning an honest penny, eh?"

"I suppose you’ve got nothing against it! That’s how it looks to me right now, old man," was the ironic answer.

"You’re on good terms with Mr. Scraper," the businessman attacked from another angle.
“Well, I guess as long as I don’t sell him anything but a newspaper for two cents, there won’t be any legal problems between us.”

The answer, because of the personal knowledge it revealed, pleased the speculator even more than the impertinence of the first.

“You’re my man,” he said approvingly with a smile. “And you could make a nice sum of money if you’d like to take over a business deal for me.”

“Out with it, old boy. I’m your man, if you’re my man, that’s all there is to it. So be bold, out with your suggestion,” responded the boy, with an impudent and unconcerned tone but an attentive manner.

“I know that you’re discrete,” the millionaire said in advance.

“Can you name anyone whose trust I ever betrayed?” cried the boy, as a point of honor.

“So, you understand the way the stock market operates?”

“How do you want to handle this, bull or bear?”

“Bear, of course.”

“That would’ve been my advice.”

“So, Scraper should play for me, since you of course can’t go to the brokerage office, but he can’t know the source of the funds.”

“I understand. And please, sir, how many funds do you have for this purpose?”

“About $100,000 to start.”

The little fellow now opened his eyes wide in a kind of reverent shock. A moment later they glittered with an indescribable fire. He, who had grown up on the street as a down-and-out beggar boy, was rewarded with the jackpot just as he was outgrowing his child-sized shoes. At least, that is how he imagined it as he quickly calculated the offer. He composed himself enough to continue the conversation with the clearest business sense, but with impassioned eyes and voice.

“And what should we toss onto the market?”

“Ohio Life and Trust, Pemberton Mills, or stock from any New Orleans bank. This way we’ll take the bulls by all of their horns at the same time.”

“Ohio Life and Trust will be difficult to bring down.”

“Oh, that’s taken care of. We’ve told the company that we want to sell over two-and-a-half million. They should have a hard time getting hold of the money.”

“So, by how much should we undersell?”
"Always from two to six percent below the current market value, depending on the circumstances; Scraper’ll know what to do. For example, Scraper offers to deliver Ohio Life and Trust in ten days at 98 percent; two days later he offers the same stock at 96 percent, two days later the same stock at 94 percent, etc."

"Ah, I understand!" cried the boy, quite enthusiastic. "Before the due date we’ll have brought it down to 90, we’ll buy it for 90 but receive 98 for it, as agreed in the contract. That’s a profit of $8,000 on the $100,000."

"That’s it. I’ve never seen such a young boy with such an admirably quick intelligence."

"But if the bulls buy up the stock and thereby maintain its price, then we’ve made a big mistake."

"They can’t, sir; there’s no money."

"But tell me, sir, do you really have $100,000 at your disposal, to cover your back in an emergency?"

"Don’t worry, my boy; we won’t need many funds. But for everything we do need, I’m covered ten times over. So, use discretion. So that Scraper has no idea, do you understand? And we don’t know each other here any differently than we always have. You’ll see me in my home. Do you know my name?"

"Of course; Mr. William Dawson."

"Then adieu; I’ll pay you handsomely."

And with that Mr. Dawson made ready to hurry away, but the boy called him back. Up close one could now definitely see in his behavior that position and financial power, which he with naïve impertinence had from a distance equated with each other, had not failed to have a profound effect on him. Up to then he had been under no obligation to Mr. Dawson. Now the latter held in his hand the sustenance for his ambition; to deflect his feeling of dependence, the boy behaved all the more impudently.

"Old man, come back here. You told me that I’m your man, but I haven’t told you that you’re mine."

The clever old customer immediately understood what was going on; he had also noticed the impression made by the display of the power of his resources. He therefore decided to be tough.

"Oh, as far as I’m concerned, you should be satisfied with me."
"Now, look here, sir," said the boy, about to fly off the handle. "If you think I'm a greenhorn in my own affairs, then you shouldn't trust me with yours."

"Do you mean you don't want to take on this one job?"

The Yankee expected a hesitating and indecisive answer, one stuck on the lure of uncertain prospects of profit and a high degree of patronage. But he was wrong.

"Most definitely!" said the boy emphatically. "I won't get involved with a deal or with any other man of the world, even the emperor of France, without decent pay, like the kind one finds offered in the newspaper."

"Well, what do you want?"

"It's up to you to make me an offer."

"Weren't you thinking of $100, perhaps?"

"Now, go home, sir; a negotiation's not possible on such a basis, as they like to say at the Congress of Paris." And with that he began packing up his things.

"Then name your terms."

"I want a percentage of the profit, that's my bottom line; and just so you know, I don't see why a boy of eighteen doesn't have the same right to earn a fortune in three months, if he's got what it takes, as an old fellow like you."

The millionaire, who had grown up in the democratic community and had common sense, understood this declaration; it decided the matter. After some consideration, Mr. Dawson came to a "rational view of the matter": that neither size nor age but rather indispensability would have to decide his agent's price, that he had really found him to be his man, and that the demand to answer to the man as a man presupposed a rational view of the matter.

After much negotiating they agreed to fifteen percent of the profit, from which, however, our secret agent was to pay the public broker Simson Scraper the usual commission fees.

Mr. Dawson had just returned to his office when his son Augustus paid him a visit—an unexpected appearance, since he was supposed to be on a summer trip. He had returned the previous evening, however, and had spent the night at the Dawson's family property, located on a lovely bay of the ocean, northeast of New York, in the direction of New Haven and only one-and-a-half miles from the closest railway station, because his mother and sister were spending the summer there. The old man, too tied up with his
business, rarely came out. After the usual hellos the young man remained on
the sofa. He read the newspaper, laid it aside, went to the window, sat down
again on the sofa, and became oppressed with the alarming inability to state
his business.

The father understood the actual meaning of this oppressiveness very
well and from the first moment had understood the significance of the visit;
he did not find it advisable, however, to do anything to alleviate the situation
by making any kind of gesture.

Finally the dandy took his hat and moved with careless steps out the
door, saying that he had to leave now, upon which his father gave him a dry
“Good bye, sir!”

At the door, however, Augustus made a desperate decision and, turning
back, said: “What I wanted to say: could you help me out with a bit of
money? Important obligations to meet tomorrow.”

“Why, sir, for half a year you’ve been living to the tune of $50,000 a
year!”

In reply Augustus gave him to understand, inasmuch as anything could
be understood through his mumbling, that the necessary costs of living were
becoming greater every day.

“How much is it?” asked the father angrily.

“$10,000,” replied the son meekly.

“Mr. Miles, write Mr. Augustus Dawson a check for $10,000!” he called
out. “And now, sir,” he continued, facing the spendthrift, “consider it agreed
that this is the last time. If you want to ruin yourself, then I don’t want to be a
part of it.”

Infinitely relieved, the young man put the check into his pocket and pre­
pared to fly away from there, like a bird from a cage, when the old man once
more stopped him by shouting: “I see only one remedy for you.”

The dandy waited respectfully for a further specification.

“Look around for a woman, and do so today rather than tomorrow.”
Chapter 12

Mr. Beauford pays a visit to brother and sister, as ordered by the count. Donkey and lion.

_Wär ich ze Burgunden mit dem Lebene min,
Si müeste sie lange vri vorminer Minne sin._
—_Das Nibelungenlied_

The particular reason for the $10,000, apart from the condition of permanent financial difficulties with which the young man was afflicted in accordance with the manner of his species was as follows. He was still sitting on the wide piazza, casually observing through the smoke of his long Turkish morning pipe the distant sails upon the perfectly smooth ocean, when Pompey brought him a card. This was followed almost immediately by the visitor himself.

It was Beauford. For a moment Augustus was thunderstruck, for since that one evening he had not gambled in the establishment where Beauford customarily served as banker. Indeed, a silent agreement kept men of that kind away from the family circles of their victims. Upon seeing Beauford Augustus was thus bombarded by thousands of menacing thoughts. What happened was bad enough.

At first the gambler reminded him in his polite and highly respectful manner that it was now time to cover the six thousand dollars that, as a debt of honor, would have to be paid the very next morning.

"Thought," stuttered Augustus, "the—the, what’s his name again... the... count had taken care of that."

Certainly; but he was just coming from the count, who could no longer manage without the money.

"Where’s the count now?"

"That’s irrelevant. This is my power of authority. I have no doubt that you, as a man of honor, will not lose a second in erasing this small debt. But I’m also here about another matter, one that also concerns my friend the count."
Augustus cast a fearful sidelong glance at the speaker.

"The count finds his pride deeply offended and his character damaged by your living with his wife for four months."

"His pride and his character?" cried the young man, torn between rage, mockery, and shock. "Why, she's not his wife any longer; he's married another woman!"

"Can you prove that in court?"

Augustus was silent, as if he had been punched in the mouth.

"It doesn't seem reasonable to me," continued the other, very upset, "and I can't reconcile it with my idea of class, that you've blackened the character of a gentleman out of pure supposition and without proof that one could assert in court. The count, sir, has only one wife, and you, sir, have seduced this woman, turned her away from him, and she's presently being supported by you."

"By jingo, Beauford, you know as well as I do that the count paid Madame Pustell not to let her leave the house alive, if she couldn't be tamed. That damned old woman really earned her money, for it wasn't easy, I swear."

"Would you be willing to confirm the facts just stated as a court witness?"

Augustus remained silent, again as if punched in the mouth.

"Then, dear sir, there's no reasonable view of the matter except to say that you injured the count's husbandly rights, cruelly destroyed his domestic peace, and that you owe it to him to make amends."

"What does the count want from me?"

"I suggested that he be satisfied with a fair compensation."

"What is it?" cried the millionaire's son, who was accustomed to being less than exact when entering obligations.

"Fifty thousand dollars cash should meet all of his claims."

"Fifty thousand dollars cash?" cried the young man with horror. "And where should I get that kind of money?"

"Any court would promise him double that amount."

The negotiations ended with an agreement that the jackanapes, who had been fleeced for so long and so often, could, for $50,000, purchase freedom from being fleeced ever again. This sum was supposed to include gambling debts and everything else and be paid in five monthly installments of
$10,000 each, starting with the first installment that very same day. For the balance, Augustus handed over his notes, as demanded, on the spot.

Since this difficulty had been settled for better or worse, Augustus felt infinite relief when he saw the visitor reach for his hat. One can just imagine the horror he felt when Mr. Beauford, with the reverent politeness that suited him so well, asked for the privilege of speaking a moment with “Madame.”

“My mother?” asked Augustus with a ghostly manner. “What in the world do you want with my mother, Beauford?”

“By no means your mother, Dawson; I request the honor of seeing Madame (he pronounced the word in French, not in English), your sister.”

The young man appeared to lose consciousness completely over the politely and respectfully stated desire. He stared, speechless, at the man, without knowing what he should do.

“I’m here,” continued the gambler with the same imperturbable politeness, “I’m here for my friend, the count, Madame’s husband, to...”

“Beauford!” cried the brother, now truly enraged and able to suppress the loud outbreak of his anger only with effort, by glancing at the window to the Mary’s room. “What are you saying with your damned nonsense?”

“What’s wrong, Dawson?” continued Beauford undisturbed in his former tone. “Don’t you know that Madame, your sister, is the count’s wife?”

“Damn you, Beauford, and I have to pay $50,000 because I’m living with the count’s wife?”

“Would you be willing or able to prove this statement to Madame, your sister, sir?”

In his helplessness the unfortunate roué hit himself on the forehead, gnashed his teeth, and pulled out his hair.

“If you can’t do that, sir, then I must tell you that it’s not good form to cast suspicion on a gentleman, who’s the husband of a lady so close to you, for a crime so emphatically branded as such by the law and public opinion, a crime such as bigamy.”

Augustus could no longer remain standing and sank pale and exhausted back into the Chinese wicker chair that had served him as such an enjoyable morning seat.

“What do you demand, you infernal scoundrel?”

“You’re forgetting yourself, Gustus. Isn’t it reasonable among gentlemen that they come to a reasonable agreement in the case of misunderstandings,
and then each goes his own separate way? The matter’s settled then once and for all.”

The logic was extremely clear and the only thing in the present moment that still offered a link to the path of negotiation, even to the rather worn out but now truly enraged heart of the spoiled son of the parasitic American aristocracy. The thought that these nightmares of earlier aberrations would haunt them at home day and night, and pursue them wherever and everywhere they went, day and night, was so unbearable that the prospect of closure, whatever victims might result, seemed in contrast a welcome release. Augustus first promised to pay an additional $10,000, $20,000, even $50,000; but Beauford told him straight out that his credit was already exhausted with the first $50,000; that Madame, as he knew, had her own fortune; that visits such as the present one had their own awkwardness and that it was “not reasonable” to expose him to them often; and, in short, he had to see the young woman for himself, and in order to avoid all long-windedness and misunderstandings he had to clear up that matter with her without a middleman, personally and immediately.

At that very moment Mary Dawson had left the small library through a sliding window that reached to the floor and entered the piazza. For the last few months Mary had thrown herself with passionate enthusiasm into outdoor activities of all kinds. She rode, went on long walks, swam, even rowed, and was not a bad shot.

She was therefore interested in the two charming revolvers she found on the table in the library; Augustus had just brought them back from his trip and had brought them downstairs from his room to show them to his sister. They had ivory butts, decorated with silver arabesques, and lay excellently in the girl’s hand. Mary took one of them outside so that she could satisfy her curiosity about it, or even shoot it a couple of times.

The gambler now asked Augustus to introduce him, which the latter did with such a displeased, embarrassed revulsion that the young woman immediately and instinctively assumed a manner of polite impertinence.

“I come here this morning,” began the negotiator of the conversation, “expressly to request the honor of speaking a few words with you about a matter, Madame, which must be of immense interest to you.”

The look with which the girl answered his address of “Madame” now became so unbearable that he, despite the brazenness with which he was armed, began to feel uncertain, especially since her mouth did not reveal the
slightest encouraging sign that she would weaken. And indeed, this word had immediately put her on her guard.

"I'm here, Madame," the gambler, after a short, embarrassed pause, once again took up the thread, "for Count de Roussillon." — — Pause for effect.

"Who sent him?" the lady asked her brother, as one does when requesting information about some strange phenomenon.

Augustus stuttered an answer in very inarticulate tones.

"From your husband, Madame," said the gambler rather sharply now to gain attention by force.

"Augustus," Mary said, still in the same tone and with the same manner, "please get this impertinent boy to leave me alone."

"Best give up, Beauford," he added, mumbling.

"I would've thought," said Beauford with tough dignity, "that it would behoove you most, Madame, to avoid creating a scene because of this matter."

"Augustus!" repeated the girl, now impatiently stamping her foot. "Please get this impertinent boy to leave me alone."

"Don't start anything with her, Beauford; bet your life on it!" interjected the embarrassed Augustus anew.

"It's up to you," the envoy wished to continue, "whether..." But with this the thread of patience in the poor girl's tortured and insulted soul snapped. Blind with rage, she fired all six of the revolver's barrels in quick succession in the direction of her enemy, who, accustomed to such scenes, remained standing; although he was not hit and remained rather composed, his face did display signs of nervous agitation. Ready then to break off, he called, "You're making it necessary for us to make this public."

"I'll shoot you down wherever you cross my path, you and the other lads!" Mary called with the joyous pride of freedom in her eyes, and she rushed through the glass door for the other revolver.

"Not a second to lose, Beauford; she'll be back any moment with a second revolver!" And with that Augustus shoved the still hesitant man around the corner of the piazza and brought him quickly to his elegant buggy.

"These damned women can't be reasoned with!" mumbled the beaten diplomat, as he whipped his horse.

The sum of the meditations, which shortened rather than cheered his trip to the station a mile and a half away, was that one could perhaps squeeze an
additional payment out of Augustus because of his sister’s secret. As far as
the threat of public exposure was concerned, the count and his friends, more
than anyone, needed to maintain a low profile by behaving as cowardly as
possible in this regard.

When the young lady found the piazza empty upon her return, she tucked
the loaded revolver into her bodice for the future and went back to the li-
brary, where she buried herself in the pillow of a monstrous armchair and
cried.

Happy that he did not meet her on the piazza and hoping to avoid further
explanations, Augustus made ready to leave for town right away. When he
looked first for his pistols in the library, however, he noticed Mary’s small
hand on the cushioned armrest and the folds of her dress on the carpet as si-
lent traces of her presence. But when he saw only the unloaded revolver on
the tessellated table, he preferred not to ask her about the loaded pistol,
which in this moment silently entered her possession.

On this morning Mrs. Dawson had gone out quite early in order to annoy
her neighbors with a new outfit that had arrived from Paris the previous day.
She had literally thrown herself on her knees in idolatry of fashion in front of
Mademoiselle Tuillier, the French milliner, in order to have “the latest thing”
first and for one day all to herself; she had even paid a hundred dollars extra
for such a rare privilege.

Unreasonably cheap! And its extravagant affordability understandable
only given the depopulation of the beau monde in the city each summer. This
explains, however, why Mrs. Dawson had risen early and gone out early; on
the day of her triumph she did not want to leave a single precious moment
unused and unappreciated. Her success was so striking, however, and the
immediate neighbors—most of whom were away on summer trips—had
been exhausted so soon, that the lady, who basically was in need of a sympa-
thetic ear, called again at her own house, in part to invite her daughter to ride
along and enjoy her triumph with her, and in part to eat lunch before the
longer tour she now planned.

Mrs. Dawson rushed immediately into the library, where Mary tended to
take up residence whenever she could even bear to be indoors—which was
increasingly seldom—and first placed herself in front of the small oval mir-
ror with a carved wooden frame which, like everything else in the room,
boasted refined country simplicity. Her outfit caused her to forget to look at
herself, as attractive and almost youthful as her fine features appeared after
the long morning drive, and as lively as her beautiful eyes sparkled at the reports of the triumphs she had just experienced.

“But just look! You haven’t even deigned to glance at it! Isn’t it a charming gown? Mrs. Didden cried, cried, I tell you, when she saw me wearing it. She had also offered Mademoiselle Tuillier a hundred dollars, but I was the lucky one.”

With these words she turned in all her glory to her daughter, in a coquettish display of her gown, which she had just smoothed.

“But, dear child, what’s wrong? Are you sick? You look terrible!”

She went to the chair and looked her daughter in the face, who sat there silently with half-closed eyes.

“Come, Mary, tell me, what can I do for you? Should I call the maid and have you brought to bed?”

In response to this offer, the girl roused herself to answer, “No, nothing’s wrong with me.”

“Then come with me; the drive will do you good.”

Mary had been systematically fighting her emotional suffering with outdoor activity; she was now ready to do so again.

“I will,” she said, still heavy, but also with the recovery of her usual indifferent tone. With that she went upstairs to get dressed.

Now Mrs. Dawson herself possessed a wealth of love that had been left unheeded in a forgotten corner in the depths of her heart, due only to the tone of the society in which she lived and to her completely unemotional relationship with her husband. Up to now she had had no relationship, so to speak, with her daughter. Each had gone her own way. Now the mother’s heart was suddenly seized by boundless sympathy. It suddenly weighed heavily upon her soul that she had left her daughter, such a young, tender girl, without love for so long. When Mary came back into the room dressed with a manner that, if possible, was even stiffer and more indifferent than usual, her mother quite unexpectedly flung her arms around her and covered her with tears and kisses.

“Poor, poor child,” she sobbed passionately. “Forgive me, forgive me, forgive your bad ma! Poor child, dear Mary!”

At first Mary was surprised, with annoyance. But as the tones of the deepest love pushed their way into her heart with overpowering truth, she threw herself onto her mother’s breast with a quiet delight never before experienced and sobbed as if she wanted to cry her heart out.
The coachman waited a full hour before the door but the mistress did not appear. Bridget, who had something to do in the parlor, found mother and daughter with eyes swollen with tears and distressed faces. The carriage was cancelled and the unprecedented rumor began to spread among the servants that Mrs. Dawson and Miss Dawson had cried together.

The conjecture over the cause of this unheard-of natural phenomenon had no end, until Pompey—who, by the way, had his own thoughts about the shots he had heard that morning and in general had a calculating mind—let it be known: "I guess I know what it is!"

Everyone bombarded him with questions.

"Well, I guess," he said finally, giving in to their insistence with an important air, "they got upset about this or that, and that's what one, I guess, can call the more immediately paroxysmal cause, that's why they fell into a paroxysm of crying."

"Well, I'm happy that it's nothing more than that," said the cook, taking a deep breath, as if a load had been taken off her mind.

"Me too," said Bridget, and she traded conspiratorial glances with her fellow servant. Their consciences pricked them, for they had made a bit of profit on the delivery charges for the grocer, butcher, and other household services.

Pompey laughed up his sleeve. He had not heard everything, but he had heard something, and he wanted to keep his secret, at least until he made further discoveries for his own possible use.
Chapter 13

Our hero goes into business but soon discovers much to his disappointment that his prophetic, philosophical view of American circumstances has not deceived him.

The exacting reader will be inclined to forgive us for the neglect with which we have been treating our hero and friend Antonio once he learns that this man had begun his course of lectures on modern art history just two weeks after the great catastrophe in the Dawsons' house and that immediately upon completion of the series he traveled west as an associate of the firm Haffner & Co., Iron, Steel, and Brass Goods Business. Like his friend Wilhelmi, Antonio had at first been inclined to live exactly as the experienced and astute New York businessman had advised, postponing his entry into business until a less precarious time. For the moment, however, he found that his lectures, which had drawn only mediocre audiences, hardly covered the enormous costs. The honor he brought upon himself was considerable, however; his circle of acquaintances widened to include the elite of all those who valued literary or social education. The enthusiasm was sincere; the prospects for some kind of appropriate position at one of the institutions of higher education, either private or public in nature, of which America had a surplus, appeared to multiply. Nevertheless, Antonio knew from his long experience abroad that such prospects cannot be fully trusted and that even such sincere public enthusiasm and the game of playing the celebrity ultimately prove fruitless when it came to earning a living.

Given Antonio's fear of degenerating into a "distinguished Prussian" and "hopeful young man," Dawson's business advice gradually began to fade, and then the arrival of a former acquaintance from Germany decided the matter for him.

What Antonio and Haffner were missing, to put it bluntly, even when they combined their resources, was the capital necessary to start a business befitting the son of the business Schröter & Co., and precisely this capital was now offered by Fritz Brösingk, a German friend from Cologne.
Brösingk had completed a year of practical training at the same company as Antonio and Wilhelmi. At that time he was a fast-living young man who, while putting on airs, knew how to get rid of the little that he had, and he had found in the brilliantly positioned Antonio an inexhaustible well of the most generous support for his equally inexhaustible financial difficulties. Before the year was out, however, he had become engaged to a rich and kind cousin and now estimated his worth at about 100,000 talers, as a result of successfully speculating in securities from the recently founded mining company at the Gate of Westphalia. At that time Germany, especially the Rhineland, was rampant with a mania for speculating in American stocks and bonds, or even better, for having a “business overseas.” Brösingk came to America to look for an appropriate opportunity for this purpose. He and Antonio were perfect for each other, given their plans and needs. Brösingk joined the business with him and Haffner as a silent partner and also provided $10,000, while also promising large supplies of goods from the Lamberts, his in-laws, who had a factory in Solingen; in this way they hoped to find a desirable market for their goods right away. Everything worked out just as they wanted. Wilhelmi did express a few concerns, but as these fell on deaf ears in the irresistible joy of starting a new business, he suggested that it would be best to move the company’s main office to Chicago; he knew that the growing needs of the enormous farming region there, and the needs of the German population for particular articles from the fatherland, were definitely not being sufficiently met. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm; a fortune seemed inevitable, and while Brösingk returned to Europe *tanquam re bene gesta*, the other two partners traveled to Chicago to establish themselves as “Haffner, Wohlfahrt & Co.”

In the first months, however, it became evident that $30,000, even with the free-flowing subsidies of shipments from the Lamberts, bore no relation to their splendid conception of the business. Brösingk had to come through for them, because no one else could, and he did so most willingly, “because calculations for an overseas business could not be based on German conditions. But afterwards there would be overseas profits.”

In this manner tens of thousands of dollars were sent across the ocean, and finally, as the crisis broke out, an extraordinary bonus payment had to be made, for the partners did not want to leave so much of the invested capital “sunk.”
After barely more than a year and a half, Brösingk's subsidies had risen from the original $10,000 to $110,000, and the factory in Solingen had claims on the company for $40,000 to $45,000. Brösingk did finally declare that it would not be possible for him to provide further help. Then an additional $20,000 was suddenly necessary to keep the company from collapsing, and it was needed immediately. There was no time to get involved with writing back and forth. After Brösingk's last communication, turning to him seemed irresponsible. Antonio thus went to New York to see what could be done.

Wilhelmi could not help him. During the crisis his partner Schrôter had irresponsibly left him in the lurch, and as a result they had parted ways. Setting up his own business had since claimed all of his resources. Not a single dollar could be spared for helping someone else, even if it were his own father. Antonio felt utterly despondent. He was less concerned with his own small fortune, which he now would either lose overnight or, according to his calculations, triple if he saved the company; he was much more concerned about the weight of responsibility he felt for securing the significant sums that his friend Brösingk had invested in the company, in part to help Antonio realize his plans. Helpless, ghostly pale, he wandered aimlessly in the city that was now completely foreign to him; he stopped at the post office to ask if unexpected good tidings might have arrived for him; he visited a bank where he was somewhat known in the secret, mad hope that, in conversing with him, the banker would think to offer the necessary sum; he went through the list of brokers as if the names of so many money suppliers would have to reveal a combination, a negotiation, or a plan. He finally asked himself why he could not just dig up the cobblestones and put them into circulation as notes, just as good as a piece of paper. For a change he then calculated once again how much money could be raised from all the companies on Wall Street, if they all belonged to him. In a somewhat better mood due to these rather superfluous fantasies, he went into a breakfast bar without really sensing a need for refreshment.

He ordered half a dozen oysters in their shells and discovered, to his surprise, that he had dipped his fork, moistened by the juice of the shellfish, into the same pepper and salt dish as Mr. Dawson.

Dawson did not notice his presence; although the occasional encounter with the millionaire hardly entitled Antonio to his acquaintance, his disregard was a thorn in the side of the businessman, who was fighting for his life. He
took his peppered oysters to a small table for two, in order to get away from the unpleasant company. He had barely begun to swallow his bitterness with his oysters when he felt a slap on the shoulder.

He turned around. He recalled the twinkling eyes of the pale old-yet-young face across from him as if from a dream, but he had definitely never seen the young man, dressed with mercantile elegance in shoes and socks, a man whose manner reflected the dignity that comes from having a responsible position in business.

The small man sat down on the other chair across from him and said, “I can see that you no longer remember me, Mr. Uolfahrt. And yet it’s hardly been a year and a half since you gave me $50, which I used to set up the small newspaper stand over there in the corner.” He took out his cigar case. “Take this one, sir, you’ll like it.”

“Patrick O’Shea!” cried Antonio with joyous surprise. “Is it possible? How you’ve changed in eighteen months!”

“I believe so, yes. The entire world changed these past eighteen months, and I did, too. It’s a long story.”

“How are your mother and the children?”

“Well, nothing can be done with the old lady; she can’t adjust to new circumstances and would prefer to go back to Ireland. But we have time to talk about that later. Tell me where you’ve been all this time.”

Antonio told him that he had gone to Chicago and started an iron goods business. He only wanted to tell “little Paddy” from a friendly distance the most meager details about the “great establishment,” but the little guy surprised, amazed, even almost appalled him with his enormously detailed knowledge of business conditions in Chicago. He put two and two together and finally told his patron outright, “So you came here to raise money. Don’t be angry with me. I knew that the minute I saw you come into the saloon. I know my people at first glance.”

“None of your impertinences!” said Antonio angrily.

“Perhaps it is a bit impertinent, but you must credit me with some good, for old time’s sake,” said the boy so good-naturedly that he disarmed Antonio. “You must tell me how much you need. Who knows what good it might do.”

It is the nature of desperate circumstances that no hope appears too absurd not to face it, at the very least, with a certain superstitious gallantry. Antonio thus answered with a sigh: “Twenty thousand dollars.”
“Today, before the banks close?” asked Paddy fearfully, looking at his valuable gold timepiece. “There are only three minutes left!”

“Oh no; three days wouldn’t make a difference.”

“Then come to me tomorrow morning at eleven and you shall have the money.”

Antonio stared at the boy. Was he crazy, or did he want to play one of his street-urchin jokes on him? But Patrick O’Shea had been stamped by the imitable attitude of a businessman, as was evident not just in his features but in his entire bearing, even in how he put his watch back into his pocket and stood up, making it impossible to relinquish the conviction that he was serious and could do what he said.

“Quiet!” he shouted at Antonio, who, torn between the need to ask for an explanation and to thank him, was searching for words. “I told you that the world has changed. Don’t worry, I won’t have to do anything dreadful. Always ahead of the time!” (with a trace of his old humor). “That was my motto, do you remember? Smart is the word; that’s all. But I’d prefer that this stay between the two of us. Now I must tend to my business—so, tomorrow morning, at eleven.”

And with that the mysterious capitalist hurried to his cigar stand, to sell a five-cent cigar to a rather indignant customer who was making noise about the delay.

Antonio went back to his hotel shaking his head and deep in thought but, he had to admit, greatly relieved. That little Paddy O’Shea had wanted to become a rich man and leave behind the patron he knew from Mulberry Street—that silly notion had indeed gone through Antonio’s head back then. But he never would have dreamed that this street urchin, in such a brief time, would support his protector from back then.

The next day Antonio, a sadder and a wiser man, traveled with the afternoon train back to Chicago with $20,000 in his pocket, for which he had signed two notes payable on demand. A week later Wilhelmi traveled to Europe on business. An unexpected encounter the previous evening, while he walked along Broadway with Wilhelmi, lent his soul, which was already colored with melancholy, a deeper shade. Young Dawson hurried past him in the gaslight with a lady on his arm who had a lovely physique and was dressed in the richest and most elegant fashion of the season. Surprised, the friends turned to look at the pair. The woman turned her head toward Antonio at the same instant. As their eyes met, both stepped back as if struck by
lightning. It was Annie—if possible even more beautiful than when they first met. Antonio stood still as if under a spell.

“What’s wrong?” asked Wilhelmi, pulling on him to continue.

“It’s her! By God, it’s her! She’s now...poor girl!”

“But what is it? Who is she?”

“It’s Annie!”

“Annie? Who’s this Annie?”

“Don’t you remember?”

Still watching them, he reminded Justus of the facts connected to the name, until the pair, hurrying off, could no longer be distinguished among the pedestrians in the distant glow.

It was wretched that this glorious creature, morally fit, had been defeated in the end by God knows what shameful tricks and means. Antonio still felt a prick of conscience, because he had not done everything in his power to visit her one day earlier, but the reproach that it would have been better to leave her, neglected, on the street, could not change her fate.

“We’re really nothing,” he cried bitterly, “but a miserable toy in the hands of a childish fate. With the naïve cruelty of children playing, it always reaches into its box among the teeming, wriggling little beetles crawling among and over each other; it smears a drop of honey around the mouth of one, lets another buzz while hanging on a thread, and with laughing deliberateness tears a leg, one wing after the other, from a third, or sticks it with a glowing needle while it’s still alive. What did this poor woman do to be chosen for such a humiliating fate!”
Chapter 14

European-American business entanglements. Our hero’s business is sold out from under him.

We see that our hero was feeling gloomy. The current state of affairs in Chicago, moreover, was not apt to cheer him up in the long term. Thanks to an extraordinary stroke of luck, the present problem had been overcome, but this in no way meant that the company had emerged from financial difficulty. The West had only gradually begun to recover from the failures triggered by the Panic of 1857, so that warehouse supplies remained far too large for the exhausted market and outstanding debts were not being paid. Haffner had kept himself afloat with notes, which had been endorsed by a man named Weber, the owner of a small factory who was flattered by the association with the large company, and negotiated by the renowned German bank Hochmann & Grünecke. The matter thus dragged on. Immediately upon his return Antonio set off to see if additional efforts could expand sales in different parts of the West and help him collect some of their outstanding debts.

It was during his absence that Mr. Weber, who had so readily endorsed, was shocked one fine morning to find that a note had been returned to him. It was not yet clear to him whether he should tear his hair out, or that of the men whose notes he had endorsed, Mr. Haffner and Mr. Wohlfahrt, when the elder and shrewder banker entered, accompanied by Mr. Haffner, and suggested that Weber take over the company as compensation for the note he had endorsed, this being the only way to protect himself and all others—at least the Americans—involved. The American debts totaled $100,000. Haffner was to sell the business to Weber for that amount. In return, Weber would relinquish the notes that Hochmann had negotiated and with which Haffner would pay the American stockholders of the company, including the buyer and the banker. Before the notes would come due, the sale would be finalized and the notes would thus be covered by the proceeds. Whatever remained after further deductions for operating costs and a payment of $2000 to Weber, for his efforts, would go to the partners, who could decide for themselves how to distribute the money.
The basis of this brilliantly conceived financial operation was apparently faith in the actual value of the business, whose difficulties resulted only from the current sluggishness of the market. The suggested plan allowed time to sell the goods piled up in their warehouse; the American creditors had enough collateral in their own hands to be completely covered, without having to get involved with court-ordered payments; and finally, the partners themselves, whose solvency had already been contested, had only to decide whether they wanted to wrap up their business with court-appointed trustees or privatim. The latter option definitely promised a more favorable result. Admittedly, it was difficult for the European partner—who had always been willing to toss such enormous sums into the company’s insatiable maw—to find himself so suddenly cheated of the fruits of so much sacrifice. But that misfortune would stand even less chance of being mitigated in bankruptcy proceedings than it would in the suggested transfer to a third party. Only one party got shortchanged with this plan, namely the European creditors, the Lamberts, who had made such large deliveries of goods. Haffner’s plan of operation seemed to be driven by the wish to anticipate the dissolution of the partnership and secure the creditors’ claims before the European creditors intruded their claims and significantly decreased the share available for each American creditor.

Haffner was little interested in the fate of the Europeans, on whom he had never laid eyes. It could also be that his reservations, if indeed he had any, were assuaged by the assurance of particular advantages in the deal. But the gentlemen in Weber’s back room who were putting their heads together over this deal were in the deepest depths of their hearts convinced that Mr. Wohlfahrt would never agree to cheat any of the creditors in this way. During the meeting his name was thus almost always served with the following sauce: “As you know, he’s no businessman.” They did dispatch a telegram to him, pro forma, but in the benevolent expectation that, given the very uncertain telegraph service customary in the West back then, it would not reach him until it was too late for him to do anything. That was enough to satisfy their conscience, and afterwards they could ask, “with silent reproach on their faces”: “But why didn’t you respond to our telegram?” There was no time to lose, moreover. In less than an hour and a half they were in full agreement, and at noon the next day, on the twelfth of October, everything was legally signed and sealed. By the time Antonio came home, he had been left empty-handed. He protested in vain. Nothing could be done legally about
one partner's power of authority to buy and sell for the other. He asked the
gentlemen to wait with the sale at least until he had sent a letter to Cologne
and received an answer. He was convinced that the business, given the grad-
ual revival of the western market, was worth at least twice as much. While
this should be done just for the $100,000 owed to American creditors, it
would also be in Brösingk's and the Lamberts' best interest to guarantee
them the same amount and then take back the business. Weber and
Hochmann were willing to cancel the sale if the people in Cologne would in
turn guarantee the American debts.

At about the time Antonio's letter reached Cologne, Justus Wilhelmi,
who, as mentioned above, had been called to Europe on important business,
landed in Bremen. The very next morning, while he, still only half awake,
savored with gusto the familiar aroma that slowly wafted from the German
atmosphere—particularly the German atmosphere of an inn—toward a native
who had been abroad for a long time, he was surprised by a telegram from
Brösingk: "Please come to Cologne immediately on matters of extreme im-
portance." A letter arrived soon thereafter that explained the rest.

At the moment Wilhelmi had his hands full with his own business. But
he rushed to his friend as soon as he could.

Brösingk was still interested in the overseas business, but the Lamberts
were seasick. Wilhelmi, who was not familiar with the business, naturally
could not give any advice and at first responded to all questions and com-
plaints with his favorite maxim, "That's how they gamble in Venice."

Finally, however, they expressed their wish that he travel to Chicago
upon his return and investigate the matter. If he found it advisable that they
should assume the notes, then they would have complete confidence in his
judgment and do so. He finally agreed to promise, with great reluctance, that
he would sign the notes in the name of the interested parties if he judged
such an approach to be favorable. For this purpose, a power of attorney
signed in blanco by the American consul was forced upon him. With this
unwelcome gift in his pocket he returned to America and went to Chicago
immediately upon landing. After ten days of work, day and night, he was
convinced that Antonio's account of events was by and large correct. Anto-
nio held himself personally responsible and wanted to take over the business
again (as a matter of conscience).

"Friend, be reasonable," said Justus, "and keep away from business."
He took up the others, each one individually and on the same day. The gentlemen had to scale back their claims and be satisfied with a single guarantor rather than two. And now Wilhelmi saw clearly that the notes had to be removed from the market as completely as possible if the business was to revive fully after such a disruption. He had warmed to the task and now wanted to see it through. He thus advanced $50,000 in cash out of his own pocket. This ended the necessity of surety for the remaining amount. Wilhelmi, who had the power of attorney that his friends in Cologne had transferred to him for the purpose of committing them to $200,000, now signed it for only $30,000, knowing that, for his devoted efforts, for his generous assistance in an unknown business, and for the skill with which he had carried out the difficult financial operation, he had secured friends and gratitude for life.

Everything would have worked out if Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour had not "broken the circle." When Wilhelmi stepped from the train in New York on the last day of February, his clerk was waiting at the railway station.

"Come quickly. A Mr. Togares waited ten days for you; he could not wait any longer. If you rush to the steamer, perhaps you can still catch him."

Both were on the steamer five minutes before departure.

Mr. Togares, a tall man with a military bearing, walked the quarterdeck with imperious steps, accompanied by a pale, frail, very young-looking American, whose quiet, self-conscious manner contrasted strangely with the fiery agitation of his much older partner. Mr. Togares had cultivated the energy of a commander, which with every Spaniard is born, while serving in Africa under Bedeau. He still looked as if he were serving under Bedeau or commanding him: sunburned face, imperial, short hair, soldier's cap, coat buttoned to his chin, and one hand in the pocket of his wide pants.

"Here is Mr. Wilhelmi."

"Eh bien! A pleasure to see you after all, Monsieur. Waited ten days for you. Asked around, convinced that you're the man. You'll hear from me; you'll be satisfied. Adieu!"

At this moment the bridges were taken away. Wilhelmi jumped down and looked up at the Spaniard with astonishment; he, however, took no further notice of Wilhelmi but kept strutting back and forth as if in Africa. He did not know what to make of the matter.

"But who is this man?" he asked his clerk.
“I only know,” the clerk said, “that for ten days he’s been coming to the office to ask about you and that each time he left cursing abominably and stamping his feet when we told him that you had not yet returned. We couldn’t get anything else out of him.”

“Mr. Togares,” said the pale, young American, who suddenly surfaced at Wilhelmi’s elbow, “is the agent for Sucursal Habanera, and he desires you, Mr. Wilhelmi, to represent him here. You’ll find the arrangement advantageous.”

“And with whom do I have the honor—”

“My name is O’Shea.”

“O’Shea?” Wilhelmi gradually recalled the name.

“Yes indeed, O’Shea. You’ll recall my name from the Chicago suit. Since you served my interests so well in that matter, I found it only fair to serve yours. Mr. Togares turned to us for a suitable man. I’ll take my leave.”

Wilhelmi remembered that he had secured O’Shea’s claim of $20,000 in the Chicago business at Antonio’s most insistent request.

A month and a half later (on April 15), a draft for $30,000 actually did arrive from the Sucursal Habanera, made out to him, with letters of credit enclosed for the same amount, “in case you are not prepared.”

Just two days later another draft arrived for a similar amount, whereby the same process was observed, and so it continued in rapid succession. Wilhelmi became an important player in the money market thanks to this connection, and he had significant amounts of money at his disposal until the due date. He was well on his way to becoming a prince of commerce.
Chapter 15

Since our hero has lost everything, he becomes his own master, discovers new inner strength, and is happy.

Ich hab' mein' Sach' auf Nichts gestellt.
—Goethe

But what became of our friend Antonio in these circumstances? He had successfully insisted upon securing the payment to Mr. O'Shea. Mr. Haffner must have somehow taken care of himself, for soon afterwards he was able to open a small ironmonger's shop in a western city. But no one had provided for Antonio, since he had not known how to provide for himself. What could have been more reasonable than to return to the first profession he had taken up, that of lecturer, since a very propitious opportunity to do so presented itself at that time. — It was nearing the end of January, and the French emperor's ominous New Year's reception of the Austrian envoy kept the curious eyes and minds of the American public absorbed in the Italian question. Antonio thus announced, in a large eastern city, a lecture about the Italian issue. The house was jam-packed; he became impassioned and spoke for two-and-a-half hours, without either he or his listeners noticing how much time had passed. He had discovered a new power, a new daemon within him. One moment he felt like a strict master and tough teacher in front of his public, the next like an obedient servant or spoilt favorite, the next like an enthusiastic prophet, the next like a lively humorist, but always like a trusted friend. From the moment he stepped onto the rostrum a magnetic current flowed between him and his public, the true inexplicable secret of oratorical success. It was an intoxicating happiness to ride the wave of public sentiment, to rein it in and to spur it on, to rear up and to leap, to ride it angrily or let it dance softly, like a fiery horse under the master's graceful art.

From this moment on his success was assured, at least for the season or for as long as the war or war fever lasted. Invitations from literary societies, which even the smallest town in America possessed, poured in, enough to support a small library and for the winter, a lecture series. Every day Antonio
traveled several hundred miles by train so that he could speak every evening in a different place; since he earned on average fifty dollars for each lecture, however, he tolerated it.

It was the second-to-last engagement of the short season in one of the more significant cities along the Erie Railway, when Patrick O'Shea, whose presence in the audience had surprised him, came up on stage after the lecture. Patrick happened to be in town for business and did not want to miss the opportunity. Despite the flattering congratulations that he gave on the lecture, it seemed that he wanted to say, "Pathetic business!" He asked sympathetically how it had it come to this? etc.

"And so absolutely nothing was left for you?"

"Nothing, as you see, but now I have a better business than I did before, one that depends entirely on me and with which I have saved two thousand dollars in the short time since January, after paying all of my expenses, and I even have enough to live on this summer."

"You don't know the Yankees," said Paddy thoughtfully. "This can't last long. They have to have a new toy every six months."

Antonio, who would have liked to get up on his high horse in front of his friend, was hurt by the way this hardly flattering picture was brought to bear on him, even more so because he sensed the truth of the comment.

"I want to say something to you," said Paddy. "If you've no better use for your two thousand dollars and you trust me, perhaps I can make something of it for you."

Antonio hesitated. In his mind, Paddy's luck had shot up too quickly overnight to justify an enormous trust in its duration. But he had to invest his money somewhere. Perhaps Paddy needed the money just now, and he had once proven to be so assiduous. In short, Antonio transferred his little treasure to him and decided with a light heart, as never before in his life—the gnawing business worries behind him forever, with six hundred dollars in his pocket, his own master in the truest sense of the word—to use the approaching summer to study and travel on foot.
Chapter 16

Reckoning between father and son.

One morning, in the merry month of May, Mr. Burkhardt, a German banker, appeared in Wilhelmi’s bank and handed him five notes totaling $10,000. The name of the elder Dawson was written on the back of each note.

“You recognize Dawson’s signature, right?” said Burkhardt. “My clerk discounted these notes, but the signature looks suspicious.”

“Don’t mention your suspicions to anyone. The easiest thing is for me to go directly to Dawson and ask him.”

Wilhelmi thus visited Mr. Dawson at his bank. The son met him at the door. Wilhelmi thought he saw a flicker of surprise pass over him. The financier looked at the notes without batting an eye, however, and declared that everything was in order.

“It’s quite all right with me if you’d like to leave the notes here and in exchange take bills from our bank.” Mr. Dawson was now the director of the bank and in financial matters was perhaps the most respected name in the city. He had several million. “Miles, give the gentleman ten thousand dollars. How’s business out West, Mr. Wilhelmi? I hear that you’ve just returned from Chicago?”

“That was a few months ago.”

Mr. Dawson appeared to take extraordinary interest in the business out west. It seemed to Wilhelmi that he would have been just as interested in any other topic at that moment. In short, although Mr. Dawson had even his face completely under control, our friend was rather uneasy about the notes being cashed in so quickly, but since the money was there, it was not worth worrying himself further with conjectures. He delivered the bills right away to Burkhardt, who apparently had had his own concerns about the matter.

A great change had occurred in Mr. Dawson’s house since the discussion between mother and daughter. Up to then Mrs. Dawson was generally acknowledged as having occupied the topmost position in the fashion world of Fifth Avenue. Her house had been the gathering place for high society. But since that August, that is, for more than twenty months, only a few parties
had taken place there, and it was known that both mother and daughter had dedicated themselves with great zeal to religious worship. Life could hold neither joy nor purpose for the girl, who was secretly bound to a hopeless fate; it held just as little for the mother, who was just beginning to feel that she lived for the hope that her daughter could have hope.

She was filled with remorse, moreover, for never having cared for her daughter's tender soul beyond giving her lessons in frivolity and the heroism found in novels. And now, as her own life deepened during this terrible test, she saw for the first time how inappropriate the fashionable connection with the financier and Fifth Avenue had been. All of the love that had been pent-up, all of the anguished hope now broke free from the hidden depths of her heart with great force, to find comfort in boundless love and to pour this comfort into her daughter's desperate heart. Disclosure to the world would not have been any less horrible for Mrs. Dawson than for Mary herself. The feeling of shared danger on the dizzying path that she herself had chosen, the awareness of a higher resignation, firmly bound their hearts to each other, ennobled their bond, and gave it an intensity, an élan, that perhaps equaled the serene happiness of untested innocence.

It was not yet too late when Mrs. Dawson, after twenty years in the frenzy of the world, suddenly changed her ways and remembered that her daughter's heart was entrusted to her. The girl's own character had managed to carry it this far over the abyss of lurking dangers. The true danger to which she was still exposed, the deadly paralysis, gradually receded beneath the beating of her mother's heart.

Twenty months after the outpouring of emotion between mother and daughter, Mr. Dawson was also reminded that he had been entrusted with his son's character. The dangers to which the son of a rich man is exposed in the country of youthful independence and in a city like New York would have perhaps demanded even more careful guidance than the behavior of a young girl, who is protected by so many social norms. But that had never occurred to the financier. The young man's private life was a terra incognita to him, one he had never felt the slightest inclination to explore until the moment in which forged signatures necessitated that the father have a confidential conversation with this son.

It was the evening of the same day on which Justus Wilhelmi produced those notes that Mr. William Dawson sat near the fireplace in his library, waiting for Mr. Augustus Dawson to get home.
The door to the stairwell was ajar. It was eleven o’clock; everyone in the house was asleep. Mr. Dawson sat motionless; he only pressed his lips together more tightly now and then, his eyes taking on a frightening fieriness each time.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve. Mr. Dawson still sat in the same position. The coals had discharged their light flames and now only glowed in the dark red crevices, from which the light white ashes fell onto the polished steel plate of the hearth grating. Mr. Dawson did not stretch his hands toward the nearby copper bowl, in which pieces of coal were stacked high, to keep the fire going.

The clock struck one. The fire had extinguished itself. The reddish cinders lay dead upon the cold hearth. Mr. Dawson still sat there, not moving, not doing anything about the icy air that—pressing through the window into the room—gradually pierced his knees.

It was nearly two o’clock when steps shuffled up the stone steps in front of the house. A night key was put into the keyhole. It was so still that the quiet sound penetrated quite clearly up to the library. Humming a tune, the young man came up the stairs. As he turned on the top step toward the shimmer of light, he saw the dark figure of his father standing in the door of the room. He stood as if under a spell, as if he had seen a ghost, and felt how the pale terror froze the blood in his veins. He knew what this was about.

“Come in, sir,” hissed Dawson the elder with a very soft voice that nevertheless penetrated the son’s ears with horrible, imperious clarity. The old man held the door open for him and closed it carefully once he had let him pass.

“Sit down, sir.”
Both sat before the cold fireplace.
Mr. Dawson produced his wallet, removed the forged papers, and held them out to his son.

“Take a look at this, if that’s all right with you.”
The young man took them, looked at them; his eyes misted over; he let his trembling hand drop, and the papers fell to the floor.
Mr. Dawson calmly picked them up and laid them carefully back in his wallet, which he returned to his pocket with deliberation.

“What did you do with all of this money?”
No answer.
“I must know how the matter hangs together, or you can make arrange-
ments for yourself, as you like.”
“Gambled badly.”
“That’s the old story; but there’s also something else behind this.”
Silence.
“As I said, if you don’t want to talk—it’s none of my business.”
This most horrible of all threats—to find himself left to his own re-
sources with all of his hair-raising financial difficulties—did not miss its
target a second time.
“I have...a...mistress.”
“That’s no surprise. How much does she eat up a year?”
“Five thousand.”
“What? Not more than five thousand? She’s modest, I must admit. But
no doubt a postscript will come with extra expenses.”
“Oh, very little. Really costs me no more than $10,000 total.”
“That doesn’t explain everything. Where’s the money gone?”
Augustus finally let the tough examiner entice from him the secret of his
contract with the count.
Mr. Dawson revealed neither surprise nor anger. He simply asked in a
business-like manner: “And this $10,000 is the last payment?”
“Yes, sir.”
“And what then?”
“I’m free now.”
“Free? You’re a real fool. When the man sends his agent again early to-
morrow morning, to squeeze a second contract, as you call it, out of you, one
like the first, have you already considered how you plan to answer?”
Augustus looked very taken aback. An unpleasant thought was dawning
on him.
“There’s only one way. You must send the wife back to her husband.”
“But if he doesn’t want to have her?” Augustus objected, with hesitation.
“Offer him $10,000—I’ll pay it—for a receipt stating that you’ve re-
turned his wife to him, and that she came to you against your will.”
“But if he doesn’t want to provide such a receipt?”
“The woman must be gotten rid of. How? That’s your business.”
The young man stared at his father with wide-open eyes filled with hor-
ror, but Mr. Dawson’s face exhibited nothing but the decisiveness that was
typical in all of his business affairs. The permanent wrinkles of friendliness
still made his mouth and eyes less severe. But no one who had seen the
man’s fish-eyes in the light of those words would ever be fooled a second
time.

“Just how high do your debts run?” continued Mr. Dawson. “More than
$60,000, sir?”

No answer.

“More than $75,000? — than $100,000? — than $150,000?”

“Really don’t know off the top of my head.”

“Good, sir; I don’t speak here to moralize. But have you ever made a
plan to get out of this dilemma?”

The sinner sat there, lost.

“If things continue in this manner, you’ll be in the poorhouse in less than
four weeks.” Here the old man picked up the forged notes once again with
deliberation and let them play through his fingers.

Pause.

“Then listen to my last word. I’ll pay all of your debts…”

The young man sat up, his eyes flashing. “Very nice of you, sir.”

“I’ll pay all of your debts, regardless of how high they may be. But you
must get rid of the woman. How? That’s your business.”

The son once again cast a skittish, fearful sidelong glance at the man, as
if he wanted to see the horrible implication of these words refuted, but he
gathered nothing from his father’s expression.

“And then you shall get married.”

“Whom shall I marry, sir?”

“That’s up to you; it’s none of my business.”

With that Mr. Dawson wound his watch and lit the night candle in the
silver candlestick.

“Don’t forget to turn off the gas when you go to bed.”

Then he opened the door again, turned around once more, and said, “A
propos marriage. If you’re clever, you’ll marry a woman from New England
who has been raised respectably.”

Augustus listened. He soon heard the key in his father’s bedroom door.
The conversation was irretrievably over, the last word spoken. Returning to
the fireplace, the young man pulled his revolver from his pocket, turned it
around to assure himself that all six barrels were loaded, counted these me-
chanically, counted them over and over without knowing what he did. Finally
he held the barrel up to his forehead. As he raised his head, his eyes fell on
the portrait of his father above the fireplace. Before the cold eye of the painting—one of Lawrence’s masterpieces—he quickly hid the pistol under his coat, like a thief caught stealing, and slipped out the door to his room.

The gas burned all night.
PART TWO: THE COUNTRY
Chapter 1

A summer trip to the mountains.

Und gab es keine Landstraβ', so blieb' 
i fein zu Haus.
—Old folksong

Antonio to Justus.

North Conway, New Hampshire, 3 July 1859

For three days I have been traveling from Center Harbor to North Conway. I have made every effort to cover the thirty miles that separate one place from the other, but I have not yet succeeded. Listen to the course of this adventure.

I had already discovered an old acquaintance in the carriage between Boston and Lake Winnipesaukee, namely none other than Mrs. Dawson, in whose home on Fifth Avenue we once amused people (it has been more than two years already) with the “distinguished Prussian.” Tempi passati! How low we have sunk since then! Mrs. Dawson was accompanied by two women who later identified themselves as her daughter and a retired school teacher, who is now a writer. Naturally I did not think to press the acquaintance after such a long time and under such different circumstances, and so my solitude continued until we were on the steamboat that crossed the charming little lake in about half an hour. During this journey Mrs. Dawson paid me the unexpected honor of greeting me as an old friend, less, I fear, on her own accord than at the urging of her travel companion who, as a literary lady, sought me out as a renowned lecturer. Imagine a corpulent, round, short person in a bulging, large-checked winter dress (it was at least 80 degrees) that appeared to be for Sundays; a head as round as a ball, tilted far back, so that it looks up at your face with grey-blue, mischievous, and yet boundlessly good-natured eyes, like the full moon when illuminated by the sun; once-blonde white hair that always hangs, either in front or in back, in a rebellious ponytail; an old hat with a nearly black, worn-out ruche and crumpled flow-
ers, hanging low on her neck; glasses on a round nose; a light, white moustache on a full, wide, benevolent upper lip; and black fingerless gloves, worn through in spots, on the fleshy hands, and then you have Miss Parsons.

Miss Parsons immediately monopolized me for the rest of the trip. I was to explain German philosophy to her stante pede, whereby she was most concerned with confirming that German philosophy was wrongly considered to be atheistic. Or rather, she provided me with the evidence by going to bat for German philosophy and criticizing orthodox Americans; in so doing she demonstrated an extraordinary, albeit very confused, knowledge not only of this topic but also of all German literature and all other fields of all other literatures. Incidentally, you would do my heart an injustice if you saw only ridicule in this account. This lady's confused knowledge had a high value in my eyes because of the religious earnestness with which she expected knowledge from the Old World to be the salvation of the New.

In Center Harbor we climbed into the country carriage and of course everyone, with the exception of Mrs. Dawson, wanted to sit on the top. My heavy literary friend was hoisted up with the help of a shawl that we threaded under her arms; the coachman pushed from below, and the other travel companions, at least those still standing outside, averted their glances and looked off into the various directions of the compass.

All of the seats were taken, so the only place for me was among the baggage on the carriage roof, where I stretched out lengthwise on a sack that was fortunately soft, puffing the blue clouds of smoke from my cigar into the clear blue infinity above my face. Apart from occasional bumps, an enviable, blissful position!

I was just about to reposition my head after a hard bump when the carriage stopped in a village in front of the entrance to a country inn. The incoherent words "Lady...sick...alight" penetrated my heaven. It was Mrs. Dawson, who had a migraine and had to alight. Two of us were below in no time, while Miss Parsons yelled for someone to help her down. Since no one helped her—I led the sick lady into the inn—the embarrassed maiden did a salto mortale; her clothing got stuck on the handle of the brake shoe, leaving her suspended between heaven and earth, a precarious and laughable position from which I had to free her upon my return. Miss Dawson, who had not yet spoken a word to me, urged me to continue my trip; Miss Parsons, on the other hand, requested that I stay, since she still had important questions to ask me about Buddhism, Roman law, the state of Germans in antiquity, the
Germanic character of the Reformation, the future of the Poles and Italians, and the character of Louis Kossuth. So I stayed. My travel bag and two of the women's bags—they had thirteen in total—were fortunately discovered and taken down.

To pass the time, all three of us took an afternoon walk in the copse, during which Miss Dawson developed a mania for drawing wooden fences and similarly interesting objects in her sketchbook. Miss Parson, meanwhile, tried to climb over the fences in question but kept getting stuck. I sketched her in one of these situations in Miss Dawson's book, then Miss Dawson herself with her field kettle on her head—this summer the young women, while out in the country, are wearing a type of kettle bonnet made of brown straw; with its brim low over her eyes, it looked most delightfully enterprising. You should see Miss Dawson now! I barely recognized her. Nothing remains of the schoolgirl! A thoroughly American beauty, fine in all respects, from head to toe, but almost oppressively serious and solemn, if not gloomy.

The humor of the walk brought all three of us much closer than one would have expected, however; indeed, an ambitious campaign was planned for the next day. We wanted to rise at four o'clock, climb nearby Red Mountain, and once on the other side, return by foot to Center Harbor, which had been our starting point the previous day. There we would take our seats atop the country carriage, as we had yesterday, and pick up Mrs. Dawson while driving by. The latter, who felt much better by evening, insisted that her daughter participate in the outing. It was quite apparent that Mrs. Dawson made a point of finding amusement for her daughter. The latter then resigned herself to the duty of pleasure—for that appeared to be her point of view.

Everything was carried out according to plan, despite the uncertain sky and light rain, which only made the gray morning even more dismal. We strode into the wet, slippery, frosty semi-darkness. For the nature lover, there is a particular charm in each of nature's moods. It seemed that all three of us belonged to this class of unconditional nature lovers—the only type of companion with whom traveling is worthwhile.

One cannot describe a beautiful region, or paint it, or even see it with the eyes alone; one must inhale it. Get stuck with a broken-down locomotive in the middle of a mountain valley, get off the train and listen to the water murmuring and the birds singing, savor the scent emanating from the damp earth, from the moss-covered stones, from the airy leafy canopy, and you will be amazed at how many thousands of miles away you sat at your window,
while flying through the region. The streams, recently strengthened by the rains of the last fourteen days, roared beside the road, the blue mountains in the background, the small, white villages with their pointed church steeples glittering in dark stretches of forest, scattered across the broad meadows, here and there the silvery eye of a country lake, looking at life and soul, and all of this in the morning freshness, walking between two ladies:

"Die Ein' in schwarzen Locken,
Die Andere weiß von Haar...!"

Truly an enviable situation!

I had forgotten to tell you that we had hired a driver for the very reasonable price of one dollar; he was to wait for us, as agreed, at a farmhouse at the foot of the mountain.

At our meeting place—which he had reached before we did, coming from the other side with his buggy—he first opened the gate to a meadow that climbed the side of the mountain; we were immediately surrounded by a herd of oxen and sheep that followed us everywhere we went, bellowing and bleating, just as in the days of Paradise. The poor animals thought we had brought them salt. But we, thinking only of feeding ourselves, picked wild strawberries that blanketed the entire side of the mountain, and thus we climbed the mountain step by step, grazing like the dear animals accompanying us, to the entrance of a glorious copse that leaned against a steep precipice and granted a view only every so often of a foaming mountain stream below and dark blue mountains, fresh with rain, in the far distance.

The young farmer walked slowly in front of us the whole time, cutting long hiking staffs for us that were as high as our heads; breaking off, with awkward politeness, branches hanging over the ladies’ path; and shoving aside branches strewn on the path. When we came to a spring, he made them a country bowl out of birch bark for drinking, and filled it for one after the other. It was a charming scene to see how the pretty, dark-eyed girl in a country bonnet, with a long staff in her hand and her dress pinned up à la Louis XV for hiking, took the magnificent bowl from the hand of the tall, light-eyed New Englander and brought it to her lips. Next to her, serving as the background, sat the panting, overweight, overheated companion who fanned cool air toward herself with a monstrous branch.
Thus walking and stopping, alternately separate and together, helping each other and with desultory conversation, we finally reached the peak. The bird’s-eye view of the lakes and mountains was even more sublime with clouds and fog drifting over them, the colors of these groups changing completely beyond recognition from moment to moment. But in this regard American views remain subdued in comparison with those Scottish and English mountain districts, where fog and the play of sunlight often cause the mountains to seem illuminated from within by a fire of color.

During our descent we arrived at a solitary farmhouse, where the old man and lady of the mountain lived. The woman was deaf and mute, and the old man had gone deaf for lack of practice. He spoke fairly clearly, however, with the voice of a badly oiled wagon axle, which is why he wrote his answers on a slate. This weathered pair sat in front of a grotesque fireplace, in the style of Cyclopean walls of small boulders stacked so haphazardly that their corners either jutted out or receded. A clay pipe, a saw, and an axe hung on the wall; all kinds of dried herbs hung from the once brownish-red and now very blackened crossbeams.

While we spread out comfortably in front of the fire—after the dampness of the morning fog and the heat of the ascent, we had encountered very chilly air at these heights—our guide conversed in the manner described above with the old man, who turned out to be his uncle. The young man surprised his primordial relatives by announcing that he wanted to go to Portland to become an apprentice to a doctor.

"That’s all well and good, Frank," said the old man with more malice than one would have expected, "if one knows everything possible and studies, and can cut off people’s arms and legs, but a person’s got to have a farm."

The young man seemed somewhat embarrassed.

“I haven’t seen brother Joe’s people for a long time," the man continued. “Your sister Annie must be as big now as the young lady over there. So that’s really your sister? Hey, boy! Lord bless her! She’s grown into a damn pretty girl. A real lady!”

This time the budding young doctor grew redder and redder, and from that moment on he lost much of his former naturalness. He wrote the explanation on the slate.

Hearing the name Annie, as common as it is in this area, brought to mind my poor protégé, who—I was in the mood to search for connections—was
also from New Hampshire and who had a brother, admittedly like many brothers around here, who was also named Frank. During our hike over the mountain I had thought once or twice that I had seen Frank’s face someplace before. Now I could no longer dissuade myself from thinking that he bore a remarkable resemblance to Annie. What made my conjecture all the more certain, however, was the burning embarrassment that overcame him with the mention of Annie’s name; it grew visibly when I stared at him. The old man’s mistake about the young lady had certainly contributed to his state, but the embarrassment seemed to have another cause.

I had just removed my hat and wiped the sweat from my forehead with a handkerchief, thereby causing the hair on the right side to fall behind my ear. Was it fate or will that Frank, at that very moment, looked up from his slate over at me and stared at my shrunken earlobe with disturbing persistence? There was something between the two of us, but I did not really understand what drew his attention to me, as well-founded as my interest was in him. The women’s presence kept both of us from communicating, and in true Yankee manner, the more his curiosity burned, the less he wanted to leave.

Finally, when the women readied themselves to leave, he said good-bye.

“We’ll stop by again this afternoon, you know!” I said, accompanying him to the door.

“Where to?” he asked.

“The ladies are staying in North Conway; if I can find lodgings, then perhaps I’ll stay there a few days as well.”

“Perhaps I can be of assistance. If it’s all right with you, I’ll send a card with you for my folks, who are farmers there and taking boarders this summer.”

“You’ll be doing me a great favor.”

“Your name?” asked the young farmer, with the most indifferent worldly manner, taking out a card and a pencil. I gave him my name. He wrote a recommendation to his parents on the card (without asking me to spell my name, but also without batting an eye) and gave it to me. The name was spelled correctly.

It was a business card: “Frank Cartwright, Horses and Wagons for rent etc.”

“Your name’s Cartwright?” I asked. “That’s strange.”

“It’s no stranger,” he answered, “than your name being Antonio Wollford. But that is strange.”
“How so?” I asked.

“Excuse the question; don’t you know an old Irish woman who lives in New York on Mulberry Street and whose name is Mrs. O’Shea, who has a son who runs a newspaper stand in the City and is named Paddy O’Shea?”

“I do indeed know them,” I responded. “But I don’t understand how you know my Irish friends so well!”

“I guess you know by now who I am.”

“You’re Annie’s brother. No doubt about it; her name was Cartwright.”

“Quiet, man!” the young man interrupted me earnestly. “Don’t speak of her again. But, just so you know how I know you: I was in New York, soon after you’d left, to find her. I traced your steps to Mulberry Street, and there they told me about you, and by God, you’re a warm-hearted fellow if ever there was one, and I don’t care who the other one is. Good-bye to you!”

And with that he walked off with large strides.

We, for our part, climbed down the other side of the mountain toward the town we had passed through yesterday; this time we found no seats on top of the coach, however, and had to be satisfied with sitting inside, where dust, heat, transpiration, and the presence of a drunken man would have made the drive, already unbearable enough for us, impossible for Mrs. Dawson, given the condition of her health. We thus agreed to hire our own vehicle at the station. When we arrived there, Frank was already standing at the door with the baggage. Our travel companion, who had been left behind, soon came out herself—completely restored.

“We’re very uncomfortable in the coach, Frank. Could you obtain a private carriage for us?”

“Well, I’ve got the buggy you saw this morning.”

“We’ll never all fit in that.”

The innkeeper joined them. No other carriage could be obtained on such short notice, and we had to make a decision before the coach left. We gave the buggy to the mother and daughter, and Miss Parson and I had to drive on in the carriage.

Frank’s eyes made a visible leap at the idea of driving Miss Dawson, between two women, nearly sitting on their laps, which is customary in this country.

“Well, Frank, how much do you reckon it will cost to drive both ladies to North Conway?”
I regretted the question almost as quickly as I spoke it, for it was indeli­cate. "He naturally won’t want to take anything from us,” I thought; but I did not know my Yankee well.

“Well, sir,” he responded quickly, “what do you want to give me?”

After a bit of hesitation I said: “Would three dollars perhaps…”

“Then just say up front, for nothing. For three dollars it’s not worth the trouble of hitching up the buggy.”

“That’s the usual price in every city in the Union,” I answered, now pre­pared to negotiate, “for a carriage drawn by two horses for an entire afternoon, and you demand more for a mere buggy with one horse.”

“But you must also realize,” interjected the Yankee, “that I’m giving you my time” (the scamp was only too happy to be permitted to do so), “and, fur­thermore, it’s nothing more than fair, I guess, that a man has an eye for his own advantage, if the market allows it.”

“So, how much do you want?” I asked, laughing to myself.

“It’s a long way to North Conway.”

“You must decide now; the coach is departing.”

That was apparently the dumbest thing I could have said, for that was our concern, not his. He took his pocket knife right away and began to carve notches in the horse post, not saying a word.

“Well, say how much you want!” I cried impatiently.

“Don’t you think,” he said quite innocently, “that you could still squeeze the lady into the coach? There’s always room for one more inside a coach like that” (with sustained nasal tones, knowing full well the unspeakable re­pugnance that “inside a coach like that” would evoke in the ladies).

“Well, what do you want?” My entire vocabulary had now shrunk to this one desperate question.

“Now that I think of it, the mare’s really not keen on pulling so much weight to North Conway; as you yourself know, she’s already been out early this morning, considerably….Let me tell you something, Captain (to the dyed-in-the-wool Yankee pursuing his commercial goal, I had shrunk to the abstract figure of the party standing across from him, one designated as “Captain” in applied American mathematics), “I don’t see any point in doing this job, but since it’s for you, I’ll do it for seven dollars.”

“Let’s split the difference!” I said impatiently and yet laughing, half an­gry and half caught up in the spirit of the negotiation.

“Done!” he said, “That’s fair enough.”
Everything that gives in halfway is fair in the American sense, even if it were the most boldfaced highway robbery.

“All on board!” called the coachman.

I still wanted to give instructions regarding the baggage.

“You get in,” said Frank. “I’ll take care of this here.” And with that he planted the heavy luggage with no sign of effort securely between the luggage on top of the carriage and threw my traveling hat inside.

“I’ll get there before you!” he called after us.

There is nothing better for warming the human spirit than stepping from a dark, rainy night into a well-lighted hotel, where passengers, coachmen, porters, servants, regular guests, businessmen, and whoever else cross paths, meet, form groups, dissolve, hum up and down, laugh, speak, search, call, curse—especially when one is certain to find friends in the crowd. The Dawsons were already there with their driver, having hurried along other paths. This time my country friend was wearing a blue Sunday coat and—would you believe it?—he had added a pair of white glacé gloves for driving. It seemed rather clear to me that when a young, attractive man from the country, who wants to study medicine, puts on his Sunday coat and purchases a pair of glacé gloves for driving two ladies at night and in the rain, then this young man’s peaceful life has been disturbed in some way.

We were truly ravenous after our strenuous activity, except for Miss Dawson, who lives on air. We also had the excitement of changing scenery and the memory of our little adventure, which was an infinite source of mirth. The farmer took care of the young lady only. I sat between the mother and Miss Parsons and fell in love with both at the same time, although the latter prattled like a...never mind. She was so full of bliss and hearty laughter, drunk with mountain air, until, in the heat of eating, she recalled her ideas concerning culture and wanted to make me the president of an American university without delay. She wanted to write the very next day to influential friends and promised Mrs. Dawson to add her name to the effort.

Mrs. Dawson had greatly improved since we had seen her two years ago, although I certainly did not dislike her back then. Fashionable ladies and gentlemen improve with age, just as the empty forms of politeness fill with maturity and with the seriousness of experience and often long, secret suffering. She must have been seriously tested since then—probably because of her son, for she did me the honor of saying, “I wish you hadn’t removed yourself
from our circle back then; it would’ve been so good for my son if he’d had
the advantage of your company. Is your mother still alive?”

It is difficult for me to speak of my mother without becoming emotional.
But you know—or if you do not, then take note—that a lady asking you
about your mother or sister is to some extent the same as accepting you into
the family. All women have a distinguished exclusivity and keep their dis­tance from all those who are not completely of equal birth.

The next morning—it was Sunday—we again climbed into the carriage
to cover the last five miles. Our friend Frank came before we departed and
pulled me aside.

“Look,” he said, “I hope you don’t think I’m pushy, but I wanted to ask
if you’d mind answering a question.”

He must have had something very exciting on his mind to disregard
Yankee habit and speak with me so directly. I was quite shocked.

“What is it? I’ll do it, if I can.”

“Well then. Aren’t you sweet on the powerfully fine young lady, with
whom you’ve traveled all the way from New York?”

“Because it’s you, Frank, I want to answer you as you asked me, direct
and without beating around the bush. First, I didn’t spend the entire trip from
New York with Miss Dawson, but rather happened to meet her on the Win­nipesaukee Steamer, and second, I’m not sweet on her, as you prefer to call
it, so I’ll not stand in the way of your intentions, if you’ve got any.”

“Oh, don’t ridicule me!” said the poor man, pained. Then, as if ashamed
of his foolishness, he shook my hand in taking his leave of us and said, “Say
hello to the folks at home for me.”

“Farewell, Frank, and if I manage to secure lodging with your people, I’ll
stay a couple of days and you can come over to visit me.”

He gazed after us for a long time. This time I was lucky enough to sit on
the coach roof between the two unmarried women. The last pale gray storm
clouds from the past eight rainy days were just about to retreat from the blue
sky. Only on Mount Washington did a white, bluish flock still drift, forming
a long stripe across the sky. On the right our view was blocked by the wind­ing of the road between the nearby hills and high trees, but to the left an
expansive, glorious meadow opened up, resplendent in emerald green. A
small river meandered across it like a silver thread, shimmering through the
low-hanging elms that accompanied it the entire length of the broad valley or
that stood in solitary splendor, presiding with noble grace over their own
shadows on the meadow. As a frame for this peaceful picture, directly across from our open side, a high rock face arose in the distance from the flat plain. It was stretched out lengthwise with bizarre shapes, with the clearest of outlines, crowned by a forest on its peak, and with a broad, dense forest at its foot. Behind it lay the highest mountain chain, receding from our view in wide, distant half-circles. To fly with four fast horses in such a region on such a morning between wisdom and virtue on one side, and beauty and youth on the other, oh friend! The great goal of happiness, for which we all struggle, run, and hunt while journeying through life on foot, on horseback, and by steamer—it is to be found not only on the street; it is to be found nowhere but on the street. We need not search for it; only a little bit of philosophy is needed to make us aware of it, this elation of pure satisfaction,

"— of arriving
At the great end of traveling, which is — driving."

North Conway presented itself as a wide, sandy country road with a house or hotel here and there and a single country church, until we crossed the bridge and the number of homes increased. Wherever one looked, the mountains drew the eye toward heaven; those close by, on the right, were covered with foliage up to their peaks, while those in the distance, straight ahead and to the left, had naked, blue domes, there, where the village still looked down on the expansive meadow, which was closed off by the rock wall across from it. In individual spots the artist (and it became difficult not to think of that glorious landscape as a product of intentional artistic creation) had drawn a solitary spruce tree or the crowns of a copse of larch against the hazy, blue background of mountains or sky. The critic would have been justified in criticizing the deliberateness of this effect if the same picture were on canvas.

One passenger after the other disembarked along the way. When I asked where the ladies would be staying, I learned they would be at Joshua Cartwright's house. Some acquaintances had happened to recommend the house to them. Mrs. Dawson volunteered to inquire about a room for me at the same house, if one were still free and I was even interested in remaining in the village for a couple of days. Miss Parsons insisted on it, and since I had no particular plan and the company was everything one could wish for, I did ask Joshua when the carriage drove up to his house.
“Yes, indeed, you’re welcome,” responded a young, blue-eyed country girl of astounding beauty and freshness to my question, “if you want to make do with us.”

So I then took the opportunity offered by this Sunday afternoon to write a “powerfully” long letter, as my friend Frank Cartwright would say, from the inn where I’m staying. Our farmhouse stands far from the street in idyllic solitude. The house does not have those obligatory wooden sheds surrounding it, thank God—in this country they go by the pompous name of “piazza.” There is instead, as in Old England, a small rose garden right outside the door and a wide, open grassy area in front of the garden fence.

On this lawn, to the left of the house, stands an enormous willow tree, below which our entire group found a place in the shade and which, after our noon meal, also served as a place to relax. I hope we will often gather there. Around the grassy area, with its adjacent meadows and fields, separated from the lawn by an American fence, a tall grove of splendid elms stands in a wide half-circle, mixed with white birches in the distance, between which a mountain stream murmurs and sparkles. In the middle, the wide path from our house had cut a high, arched path through the trees, in the most sublime Gothic wooded style; a high, arched gate through which one could see far down the sleepy street. The large rock face rose above the entire timberland, and behind it again the bluish domes of the mountains. Directly behind the house, in contrast, there was a gentle incline, mountain pastures sprinkled with low undergrowth, which gradually thickened into bushes and then passed into forest.

The Dawsons have occupied the main room, in front on the second floor, and I have the room next to them, which opens onto a vegetable garden and where I would have to listen to every word spoken next door if I wanted to stop the sound of the quill on the paper. I have already warned them not to negotiate any secrets, without having notified me first so that I can make the necessary noise. I think they are praying just now, for they strictly observe the Sabbath. Mrs. Dawson (and the young girl as well, I think, deep in her heart) cannot relinquish the worry that their stay here will go badly, for the very convincing reason—that they traveled here on Sunday morning.

I do not know how Miss Parsons is amusing herself. She is a free spirit when it comes to the Sabbath.

The farming family consists of a strapping old giant father, whose head has been bowed only slightly by the silver burden of sixty-five winters; then
the mother, who looks relatively older and ailing, but who once must have been a great beauty and whose noble features, despite the worry lines, show remarkable composure.

The daughter, whom I have only been able to see fleetingly at our arrival and as a servant during the meal, has already been introduced to you. She has the freshest, dearest, most cheerful, most lively blue-eyed, good Saxon face ever to emerge from an abundance of long, golden curls as the ideal of innocence and angelic goodness.

Is it the magical scenes of nature and the purer air, in whose delightful breath the people here enter my soul more purely and more magically—how shall I describe it?—more soulfully? Or is it the nobler people who infuse my entire surroundings with the shadow of their spirit on my path? Enough; ever since this morning and last evening I have been inclined to love everything, to honor and worship everything that crosses my path—Rover, the dog (a paragon of ugliness!)—and Esther, the “help,” as one calls the servant girls around here, included.

That you are also included in this estimable privilege must already be clear to you in the length of this letter, probably the longest that I have ever written.

Thus in love, admiration, and adoration,

Your
Antonio
Chapter 2

A country outing. Two adventures in one day.

Antonio polished off a large quantity of wild strawberries for breakfast to the enormous satisfaction of his material person. Susan, the blue-eyed girl, served him. Miss Parsons had already left at six on business.

When she came late to breakfast, she revealed that she had awakened all of her friends in the boarding houses—and who between St. John River and Cape May was not her friend?—to organize an outing to Diana's Bath. The Dawsons, who did not like mixed company, wanted to excuse themselves, but they finally gave in to the urging of the other two. Antonio also invited Susan, in order to remove her from the presence of an annoying suitor, who owned a thriving store in the nearby town of Fairmount and had selected the pretty farmer's daughter as his intended. She thankfully accepted his invitation. Miss Dawson wanted to drive herself and Miss Parsons. The party thus left in two buggies, and Antonio had Mrs. Dawson and Susan in his care. The strong girl always climbed out of the wagon quickly whenever a gate needed to be opened or the halter unfastened and refastened, so that the horse could drink when going through a ford.

"What a good, hardworking girl she is," said Mrs. Dawson. Both treated the girl who was so eager to attend to their needs in accordance with this friendly impression. The relationship changed slightly, however, when they stopped to ask a farmer to open a gate, for the road went through his private property.

"Why, Susan," said the farmer. "Charley’ll be happy that you’re back. Without you he can’t get through his Latin."

"What the devil!" thought Antonio. "Did I hear right? Do the farmers' daughters in this country give Latin lessons?"

That is how it was, however, and after a bit of investigating Antonio was convinced, somewhat abashedly, that the farm girl’s Latin grammar was at least as solid as his. When he admitted this to her straight out, she commented modestly: "Even if it were true, I’d still be a poor schoolmistress and you a great scholar."
“Where’d you hear that?”
“Miss Parsons told me.”
“But wherever did she get that! So, you’re a teacher?”
“Yes, sir, in a public school in Boston. My parents aren’t wealthy, and so
I must be mindful of earning my own living.”
“If she weren’t independent in this respect,” Antonio thought to himself, “then she’d probably give her hand to that revolting suitor from Fairmount
and be glad that she was able to get him.”

Over the course of the day they arrived at their destination without inci­
dent and in the best of moods.

Diana’s Bath is a long rock stairway, where the water falling from step to
step had over time hollowed out basins in which one could imagine—without
straining one’s imagination too much—the goddess bathing.

Everyone made themselves comfortable, protected from the sun, in the
shadow of a rocky ledge, on whose open side the frothing water shot down,
carrying with it a refreshing draft. Soon the other guests came climbing up,
one party after the other, mostly young women with relatively few men
among them. It was a charming view, the dainty American women in their
bright, airy summer dresses hopping from stone to stone over the water, light
and laughing, seldom assisted by the men. Every man and woman was intro­
duced to every woman and man, using first names, according to the silly
American custom, and soon Antonio, as the best German scholar of the cen­
tury, if not of all centuries, was put into circulation. Incidentally, he had
killed an uncertain number of criminals in a robbers’ den in a distant region
of the world, thereby losing a piece of his earlobe. One was not exactly pre­
sumptuous in questioning him, but he sensed enough to find their inevitable
lionizing of him uncomfortable, especially since everyone kept looking at his
ear.

After various wanderings in the undergrowth, the much longed for meal­
time finally arrived. Bottles of wine and buttered rolls, poultry with fruit
emerged in abundance from baskets and travel bags. Susan had also provided
a white tablecloth and napkins for her party; like all the other groups, they
were sitting where they had first settled, apart from the others, for space was
very limited. People also kept their distance from the Dawsons. Miss Par­
sons, who knew everyone and was known by everyone, had meanwhile
managed to become separated from her group. All morning people had ob-
served an extraordinary busyness in her, and Antonio had seen her surface here and there in a distant group with a piece of paper in her hand.

She did not appear until late, long after people had gone their separate ways, beaming but very tired, with a roll of paper.

"I've got something for you," she said, turning with a triumphant smile to Antonio. "Something you've probably never dreamed of."

"Well, what is it?"

"What is it? It's a petition addressed to the president of the state university of Iowa, asking him to make you chancellor of the university." With this she unfolded the paper, self-assured and noble, like everyone who steps before the eyes of the world and its descendants with a good and powerful deed, expecting admiration, gratitude, and enthusiasm.

Antonio stood thunderstruck. Sweat broke out on his forehead; he bit his lips. He had indeed never let himself dream of such a thing. The Dawsons stood up and looked much the same. Susan rubbed the sleep out of her eyes. Antonio's evident discomfiture drove his benefactress somewhat crazy.

"The petition," she assured him encouragingly, "is signed by all of the young women present."

"By all of the young women present!" cried Antonio, embarrassed, wringing his hands, while the others broke out in loud laughter, with the exception of Miss Dawson, who never laughed. Then the comic nature of the situation dawned on him, and he laughed heartily along with the others.

Miss Parsons took it well for her part. But she really held it against Antonio that he had the arrogance—typical of a male foreigner—to reject the patronage of women. She could show him half a dozen women among those present whose erudition would be a match for the best professors in the United States. And as far as influence was concerned, they were all from good families and could get their fathers to do whatever they wanted. He simply should not be so arrogant. The basic distinguishing factor (and with this she once again touched upon the all-embracing issue that ran like a leitmotif through all that she did), the main difference between the sexes is that women are particularly practical. As a consolation prize, she was willing to grant men some other characteristic trait, albeit one that was harder to fathom. With this petition she would prove what a woman could accomplish.

At any rate, it weighed upon Antonio, despite the continued joking, to find himself suspected by the entire group of being a vagabond soliciting signatures for a petition. Mrs. Dawson, who felt poorly, had secretly arranged
for Susan to drive her home, which no one discovered until the horse had been harnessed to the buggy. Once again Miss Dawson had to give in and stay. The girl obeyed her mother at the blink of an eye, a strange characteristic given her arrogant manner. It appeared as if the two of them had secretly agreed that the young lady had to learn to endure the company, which she clearly did not enjoy, let alone seek.

Antonio thus left with the two other ladies a couple of hours later. Drawn by the beauty of the landscape, they took a long detour along the bank of the river through the meadow valley described in Antonio’s letter. In order to arrive at last at the ford, which led back to the village across the river, they had to take a fenced path through the fields. When Antonio climbed out to open the gate, Miss Dawson urged the horse forward; it had veered too far to the left and was dragging the buggy against the fence posts. Miss Parsons wanted to intervene; in all her excitement she tugged much harder on the left rein. The buggy was now thrown entirely against the posts. The horse became skittish and, with one yank, made off with the two front wheels; the seat, robbed of its support, fell to the ground, flinging the two women head-first from the buggy. One glance, however, convinced Antonio that they had not suffered any injury, although Miss Parsons, always the unlucky one, had balanced for a moment on her head.

He immediately ran after the horse, which he luckily managed to catch by its long reins. A man working a field in the distance soon came as well. It just so happened, by a strange coincidence, that he was a blacksmith. The center shaft, upon which the entire buggy rested, was slightly cracked but apparently not dangerously so. But the iron shaft pin was bent so badly that it could not be straightened without help from the blacksmith. This damage was soon repaired, and they continued merrily along the path through the fields until they reached the ford. The women did not hesitate to voice their objections to driving through the water with the unsafe buggy, but what could they do? They had to go through with it. The man steering the buggy first looked very carefully for the tracks on the other side of the river, and then he drove the horse very cautiously into the water. Everything went well until they reached the middle of the river. It was shallow, but it became deeper toward the other side, so that the ladies had to draw their feet up onto the seat in order to avoid a cold foot bath; the bank could at last be reached only with a hearty jerk out of the hole. Heave! The ladies nervously grabbed for the driver’s arms—crack! snap! The shaft broke, the seat once again fell
forward, the horse stood above them with the two front wheels on dry land, and Antonio, with the two women clinging to him as if they were drowning, was lying below in the water. He refused to let go of the reins, thus forcing the horse, through the convulsive movements of his arms, back into the water; on top of it all, the horse’s wildly flailing back legs sprayed a flood of foaming water over the victims. Every time Antonio wanted to use his right arm to help himself up, the heavy weight of Miss Parsons pulled him back into the water; if he tried to raise his left arm, Miss Dawson—who was being tossed back and forth in an energetic struggle between lifting herself up and falling down again—dragged him back into the depths with an irregular jerk. Through all of this Miss Parsons held her petition in her left hand, above the water, like Camões his *Lusiads*. In an unguarded moment of fidgeting, however, her hand opened and the river claimed the petition as booty. That was a stroke of luck, for to catch the precious document she had to let go of the arm Antonio needed to rescue them. Antonio, heavily weighted down, finally caught his breath and was able to stand up, set his other travel companion upright as well, and bring her on dry land. When the two rescued travelers, sitting on the riverbank, looked around, they spotted Miss Parsons about twenty yards further downstream, transported in part by the current, in part from her eagerness to capture the petition. The scene was so humorous that Miss Dawson, for the first time since Antonio had met her, broke out in an infectious laugh. Antonio laughed so hard that he could not move from the spot and had to let Miss Parsons swim. With her hat full of water—hanging, as always, low on her neck—and her hair completely disheveled, Miss Parsons pushed the waves energetically aside with her corpulent arms, right and left and then grabbed suddenly at the precious booty in front of her, once again pushing it a corresponding distance further ahead of her. She then paddled again with care and cunning until the moment seemed right for a desperate new push forward, and the petition, once again, shot out ahead of her. When the paper, having been propelled over a pile of stones, escaped into the open current and fled unhindered toward freedom, she gave up the chase. Antonio and Miss Dawson nearly split their sides laughing. It took them a long time to calm down enough for Antonio to go back into the water and fish her out—no small task. Now they did not know what to do. Once again our hero had to go back into the water to fetch the blacksmith, who after three long quarter hours returned with tools, a rope, and dry clothing from his wife and daughter. While the women went behind the bushes to ex-
change their fashionable dress for the farmer’s clothes, the men reassembled the wagon well enough for them to climb back on and attempt the trip home. There was no end to the laughter. Miss Parsons must have suffered terribly, first as Ophelia swimming among the willows, searching for her own happiness, then as a mermaid, but especially as the “girl with dripping hair” in Goethe’s “The Fisherman”; both women knew the original poem, so they could lend Antonio a hand when he attempted to translate the phrase “girl with dripping hair.”

They soon reached the open country road and arrived quickly, without further driving incidents, at the home of Susan’s parents; Mrs. Dawson had already arrived.

When Antonio was in his room he overheard Miss Dawson tell her mother about the adventure. The girl’s voice—that metallic voice—choked with laughter at every third word. Did Mrs. Dawson become frightened and want to scold? Two things are certain: she never got around to doing that, because she was laughing too, and she once cried out above the laughter with the sound of the greatest happiness in her voice: “How you laugh, Mary! How you laugh!” Apparently this was something new to her.

All of this was so audible that he could hear it while washing and dressing. He was still standing in puris naturalibus, about to pour a pitcher of water over his shoulders, when someone knocked on the outer door.

“Who’s there?”
“It’s me, Miss Parsons.”
“What is it?”
“I must speak with you about a new petition for the trustees of Iowa State University.”
“For heaven’s sake, Miss Parsons, have you already changed your clothes?”
“No. I was about to, but then I got an idea that I must discuss with you immediately.”
“That’s impossible, ma’am. At dinner! See to it that you get out of your clothes. Otherwise you’ll catch your death from them.”

After a few incomprehensible counterstatements, Miss Parsons’s grumbling voice faded in the distance.
Chapter 3

Susan receives a proposal and does a small heroic deed.

_Thue niemals etwas selbst, was Du eine_  
_Frau für Dich thun lassen kannst._  
—A proposition based on the author's experience.

Meanwhile, the mood at the Cartwrights' was not nearly as cheerful as it had been during the outing to Diana's Bath.

When Susan came home early that afternoon she found her father very despondent. She had noticed his mood since her return from Boston, but she had not dared to ask him about it. She was accustomed to periodic fits of this kind in recent years, after all, and naturally connected them with the fate of her sister, Annie. This time, however, the symptoms were more serious and long-lasting. The old man came home at the unusual hour, harnessed the horses and drove off, without taking his Susan along or telling her where he was going; he came back even gloomier than when he had left, and then he talked to himself. Susan turned to her mother. For a long time she did not want to talk about it, but on this afternoon Susan was able to draw—little by little—the following explanation from her:

"There's John Harwood, you know," she said. "I've never really liked that man; he's a speculator. But somehow he managed to worm his way into my old boy's confidences. I know that Father has little by little given him five thousand dollars. That's just about all he's got. As for the crisis, John came here one morning—it was the Monday after you'd gone to Boston to start your job—and he said: "Joshua, I'm finished if you don't give me another $1000." The old boy didn't want to get involved, but he finally sent Frank to look at the books. Frank came back and said: "To be sure, Father, that's how it is. If we come up with another $1000 for John, then I think there's a good chance of getting him through this and saving the $5000." Father eventually gave in with a heavy heart and took out a mortgage on the old homestead in order to raise the money. Frank said they could work it off. Fred Tompkins, who's got the two country coach lines, had been badgering
him for a long time to manage one of them for him, and Fred led him to believe that he’d make him a partner within a year. He said he could never cope without Frank. Frank then gladly accepted the offer, though he would’ve preferred to stay on the farm, and Frank did his best. But Fred Tompkins didn’t keep his word. They quarreled and Frank started a little something with his own money, but there’s no business here. I took boarders this summer, but none of that helps, and if I understand correctly, they have foreclosed on the mortgage.”

“For when?”
“Tomorrow, I think.”
“Who holds it?”
“Old Josiah.”
“Oh, he’s tough. There’s no hope. This is about the old homestead, right?”
“Yes, that’s what rankles the old boy, that at his age he’s supposed to leave the old homestead.” The mother’s voice trembled as she said this.
“So Frank didn’t save anything?”
“To be sure, he did save. He brought it to his father; I think it was $80. And then, I fear, he traded his horse and buggy for no other reason than to help his father and now he’s got a notion to become a doctor in Jimmy Carter’s office in Portland.”

Susan sat pensively for a moment; then she went to her small room, just large enough for her to stand with her wide hoop skirt between the bed, chest of drawers, table, and chair. She took a small key out of her purse, unlocked the uppermost drawer in her dresser, which was filled with books and writing materials, and took two small books out, one with a yellow leather cover and green trim, the other long and narrow with a cardboard cover and white trim. She put both of them in her pocket, put on her Shaker hat, and without seeing or speaking with anyone made her way to the barn, which also served as a shed and a stable.

Coming towards her on the same path from the house to the barn was Frederick Snobbs, the prosperous businessman from Fairmount, whom she, lost in thought, did not see.

Frederick Snobbs, her intended, had used his intended’s presence at the country outing to show off his top-hat and coat, both in the latest Bostonian style, for the village to admire. He had paraded the coat from the grocery store to the photographic peddler’s cart, where he had an ambrotype made of
himself for twenty-five cents; from the peddler's cart to the ice-cream shop, where he spent six cents on his stomach; from the ice-cream shop to the post office, where he exchanged sympathetic comments about the corruption of the Republican Party with the malicious old crippled man who sorted letters; from the post office back to the ice-cream shop, etc. Frederick Snobbs was a good example of an educated city boy of this type. He wore his well-oiled black curls combed back, and over these he wore his stovepipe hat of the same color, polished so that it shone, tipped a bit to the left, which made him look very jaunty. The coat, made of a dark fabric, gave him broad shoulders, an exceedingly long waist, and with its unlined tails that hung down to his calves, a narrow, smooth, unarticulated body. His gait exhibited the same insolent self-confidence as his dress and betrayed the nobleman of the century: the lord of the yardstick.

Frederick Snobbs had heard something in the village that made him wonder whether he should deny the surrounding area the pleasure of his presence sooner rather than later. He had thought that old Josh was worth at least $10,000, and just now on his walk he had been told that old Josh “didn’t have a cent in the world.”

When he saw the girl come out the door, therefore, he was seized by a feeling that bordered on contempt. He was very inclined to present it to her as premeditated fraud, that she had not enlightened him—when he had more or less had a notion to honor her with his fragrant hand—about the true prospects concerning the speculation. An expression of raw arrogance thus surfaced in his manner and in the tone of his voice when he addressed her: “I think I won’t stay here any longer, Miss Cartwright.”

“I’m sorry,” said Susan distractedly but with her usual friendliness, “that Frank isn’t here; then you’d have someone with whom you could chat.”

And with that she went, businesslike, on her way. This indifference toward such a devastating announcement—from his point of view, it could not be explained any differently—piqued Frederick Snobbs. He was not accustomed to having young girls of marriageable age tormenting him with “Let me see you appear calmly, let me see you go calmly” or even to pass him by unnoticed, as in Goethe’s “Violet.” Susan, furthermore, had never shown him so little consideration. But her natural kindness, in which all creatures around her basked, had, through the lens of his high social position as the most prosperous fabric dealer in his small town, taken on a completely different tone in his thick skull. Annoyed, he followed her to the barn door,
where he stopped and called without knowing what he was driving at: “I’ve something to say to you, ma’am.”

“Then do so as quickly as possible,” responded the girl, pushing back the wooden bolt. “I’m very busy.”

Busy! Could one be busy, when Frederick Snobbs had an announcement to make? It did make him feel a degree worse, however, when he saw that it was not an affectation, and it encouraged him to that same degree to assert himself.

“Well, but I’ve something important to say to you.”

“What can it be?” asked Susan rather abruptly; she remained standing at the open barn door.

Since the most prosperous store owner in his small world was standing on lower ground than Susan, the full light from the purity of her features and the childlike earnestness of her eyes fell at that moment upon his face. She had just pushed open the barn door and since, in turning around, she had gone from moving to standing still, her figure and stance, lively and free, had something majestic about it in all its naturalness. At this sight the prosperous shopkeeper was struck so suddenly by a sense of his own wretchedness that he forgot, for a moment, what he had heard in the village. Servile as always in the face of superiority, he stammered, breaking out in a cold sweat, the words: “Do you want to be my wife, ma’am?”

“Your wife?” answered the girl, greatly surprised. Then, turning towards the manger, where the saddle hung, “I wouldn’t dream of it, sir.”

And with that she took down the heavy saddle with her strong arms, brought out the horse while caressing it with words and hands, and began to bridle it, apparently completely unaware that Frederick Snobbs, the most prosperous shopkeeper in his small world and the one gentleman in New Hampshire raised and dressed in the best Bostonian manner, stood behind her, evading her movements so that she would not step on his small feet, which could have damaged the calfskin he kept so immaculate.

He finally tried to reestablish a connection by offering to help with saddling the horse. Although he was great in a buggy, he was poor in a saddle, and he was clueless when it came to women’s saddles. He thus put the saddle on incorrectly.

“That’s not the right side, sir,” said Susan, as if nothing had happened, and she turned the saddle around with one tug. When she then bent over to
fasten the girth and she was no longer looking at him, he once again summoned the courage to approach the topic from a different angle.

"Now, Susan, I want to say something to you; do you also know that old Josh is having financial difficulties?"

Frederick Snobbs could not have expressed himself in a more unfortunate manner.

"Who told you that?" said Susan, still busy saddling the horse, but with more irritation in her voice than Snobbs or anyone else would have thought possible.

"That doesn’t matter. But just so you see what kind of a man I am, I want to let you know right now that I’m not opposed, under certain circumstances and conditions, to contributing my share to get the old man back on his feet."

"Don’t trouble yourself, sir," she cried, angry at the insinuation, and she led the horse, saddled and bridled, out of the barn.

"I believe the amount is one thousand dollars," he called stubbornly, following her.

"If you know that, sir," she cried quite angrily, "then I wish you’d keep it to yourself."

And with that she got up on the step, placed at the garden fence for this purpose, and swung herself onto the horse. Snobbs tried to stop her.

"I’ll lend him an additional $500—for ten percent—the money’s now..."

"Let me go, if you please, sir!" And with that she used her riding crop on the horse.

"I’ll lend him $1000!" he shouted after her, quite beside himself. But she had already brought her horse to a hard trot and soon disappeared from his sight through the high, arched opening in the semicircle of elms. Snobbs could not explain this behavior. He felt that his dignity as a man and as the most prosperous shopkeeper in his small world had been offended. His sense of these inalienable characteristics regained the upper hand shortly, however, which luckily calmed him down. He tipped his stovepipe hat a bit further to the left than usual, smoothed his hair back behind his ears, and looked around gravely, as if demanding that all of nature look at him and acknowledge that he had just been shamefully rejected.

He then went into the house, to afflict the parents with the sins of the children and to surprise them with the shocking news that he must leave immediately. But they seemed to accept the event with a humility that bordered
on simplemindedness. Then Frederick Snobbs hitched the horse to his buggy with his own two hands and drove away in a state of inner turmoil, swearing that the fools would all be sorry when they heard of his brilliant marriage to Jane Andrews, who was from the neighboring town of Bolton and who had gone to school with Susan.

Susan had to ride about nine miles. Old Josiah Batcheldor, whom she wanted to visit, lived in the vicinity of Jefferson. He had managed to discover a small spot in this romantic region that would have reminded Antonio of Major von Rothsattel’s estate in Posen, given its desolate and deserted appearance. The old wooden house stood in the glaring sun without the slightest edging of garden, trees, or fence, solitary upon a stony, sunburned hill. Never having been painted, the naked, grey, weather-worn boards were exposed.

Susan tied her horse to the iron ring next to the door of this inviting domicile and knocked with the end of her whip, as there was no bell. Old Josiah Batcheldor, who came shuffling to the door, was a stooped but strong-boned old man with a sunken upper jaw and eyes that rolled sullenly, giving the impression that he would not mind sending the world around him to a prison or reformatory, simply because every individual among the riff-raff did not have $100,000, as he did.

“What’s wrong?” he asked curtly, planting himself in all of his obstinace in front of the door.

“I’d like to have a word with you,” Susan stammered, taken aback.

“Come in,” he growled, and led her into the dining room and back parlor, where Josiah’s idea of elegance and comfort was represented by a table painted reddish-brown and several chairs of the same color. A few well-worn books of religious or encyclopedic nature standing on the mantle; a dusty, stained inkpot; a narrow ticking kitchen clock; and two fans made of palm leaves met his intellectual and aesthetic needs.

“What’s the matter now? What’s going on?” he asked, without sitting down again and without urging his pretty guest to sit.

“Perhaps you’ve forgotten who I am?” asked the poor child, uncertain.

“I...”

“I know you well enough. You’re Josh Cartwright’s girl. The second one,” he added, as if it gave him pleasure to reproach her with the memory of the first.
Now there was a pause. Susan’s embarrassment increased significantly when, in the middle of this pause, old Josiah’s elderly sister came in, and without saying a word and without taking notice of the visitor, sat at the window like an icicle. Susan sensed her presence the way one sensed the presence of the icebergs on the Atlantic coast, even without seeing them. Old Sarah had reliable instincts. When someone who wanted something from her brother came to visit, she was there, and she planted herself calmly at the window as an insurmountable moral obstacle to thawing. She protected her brother’s “property” like a dragon. Since he was a bachelor, she had grown accustomed to considering it her own.

Susan, so to say, became increasingly speechless.

“Well, what is it?” the old man finally interrupted the awkward silence.

“You know that Father has...” she began to stutter. He did not help her and looked obstinately at the clock, with one ear somewhat bent towards her. Finally she took heart. She took the leather-bound book with the green trim from her pocket and said resolutely: “You foreclosed on my father’s mortgage. I’m bringing you $523. Would you extend the mortgage with this money?”

“Who’s the fool that loaned him that?”

“It’s mine,” explained Susan.

“Yours?” asked the old man, bending his ear a bit lower.

“Yes, sir!”

“And where did you get the money, pray tell?”

He said that while looking at her with his sternest, most punitive glance.

Now, it was a strange thing to look Susan in the face, especially when she was particularly serious about a matter. Her innocent eyes then looked as if someone in the world had done her an injustice and as if her small head were about to nod accusingly. Yet her cheeks were so fresh, her mouth so charming, her brow so free of worry, her hair so girlish, that there was seldom anyone who passed her on the street, old or young, man or woman, who did not spontaneously feel as if a sunbeam had passed over his or her own features.

“I saved it, sir,” answered Susan decisively.

“I’d like to know how you managed that.” The old man tried to keep growling, but it was a benevolent growl; he could not help it. His icicle of a sister, who did not recognize his tone, gave him a nervous sidelong glance.

“Well, sir; I don’t need much, and my salary is good.”
“Salary? What kind of salary?”
“Well, I thought you knew that I’m a teacher in Boston.”
“What’s your salary there?”
“$500, sir.”
“$500? That’s a nice sum of money. I thought the pay was paltry.”
“I’m a principal, sir, of a district school.”
“Why, a principal?” joked the bad old wolf. “So you’re a very educated person, huh?”

Now old Sarah looked at her brother like a real witch. She had never heard the old sourpuss speak this way and she was both uneasy and angry at the same time.

“Now, Josiah,” said the little principal, who was enough of a woman to detect her advantage immediately in his tone of voice. “My learning, whatever that may be, will not help me much with you, I reckon; but here’s my bankbook. And as you can see that I’ve saved more than $500 in two years, I thought it would be easy to calculate that I’ll have saved an additional $500 in two years, and…”

“I never lend money,” he interrupted her sharply, “for personal security.” — After a short pause: “Give me your book. Let me see it!”

He looked at it carefully. Then he went to the fireplace, took down the dusty inkpot, and placed it on the table; then he asked his sister, whose hard, furious features hinted of mutiny, for a piece of paper. At first she hesitated, but never in her life had she dared interfere in her brother’s business dealings. She thus obeyed and left the room. It took a rather long time. Not until a biting “Apparently I have to go myself” had been shouted into the parlor did she finally appear with a fragment of loose, blue, lined paper, which she laid on the table in front of the inkpot with suppressed agitation.

“If you want to write me a check for $523 drawn on your bank,” the old miser said in a curt and rough manner, “then I’ll promise you that I won’t bother old Joshua.”

He shoved the paper towards her.
“I brought my checkbook with me, sir,” she said, and pulled it out.
“Why! You’re quite the perfect businesswoman.”

She wrote the check and gave it to him.
“And now you’d probably like a receipt?”
“If that’s all right with you, sir.”
He wrote out the receipt. As they exchanged papers, he gave the girl a curiously sly glance. She felt giddy from joy and impatience to get home. After she had cast a fleeting, uncertain glance at the signature, she quickly put the books and the receipt into her pocket.

"So you promise me, Josiah, that you won't bother my father?"

"I can assure you, young lady."

She went directly to him, shook his hand with a tear in her eye, and said:

"They say that you're a hard man, Josiah, but that's not what I think. I'll pray for you," she added earnestly, as if she knew that she was in heaven's good graces.

"Do that, child. Do that, child!" said the man as he sat down. It seemed as if he could not remain standing, given that his knees were shaking, if only imperceptibly.

"I will, sir, definitely! I'll do it," she assured him, inwardly convinced of the importance of the promise, with which she wanted to prove her gratitude to him.

He stood up, accompanied her to the door, and gallantly helped her mount her horse.

"You're an old fool!" said his sister venomously, when he reentered the room.

He did not say a word, but rather went up to his room. There he rummaged through yellowed documents and ledgers from a dilapidated desk and was soon lost in calculations that appeared to be interrupted by long, dreamy contemplations. It grew dark. The old bachelor, who usually went to bed early, was still sitting at his desk. Finally he stood, with a deep sigh, and mumbled through his teeth, "If only I had a daughter!"

From that day on a greater gentleness seemed to come over old Josiah, and from time to time a dubious legend surfaced in that region, according to which he had eased the strictness of the law a bit with one or another of his defaulting debtors.
Chapter 4

Rain and sunshine.

Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen,
Und haben einander so lieb.
—Kotzebue

As the last day before the forfeiture drew to a close, minute by minute, the hearts of old Joshua and his old wife grew heavier and heavier.

Joshua’s father had managed the same farm and had died there, just as his father had done. From an early age Joshua had grown up and then turned gray with the thought that the old home was to be viewed as one with his own life. His wife had come to the farm as a young bride; their domestic domain, their honor among the relatives, indeed their living and shelter were connected in their minds to the property. Neither he nor she knew what would happen afterwards. A clear consideration of the matter had not been possible, since the situation, as inevitable as it was, seemed so very unbelievable. So they seized the closest comfort, the prayer book, and the wife read the “Prayer at Time of Trouble” to her husband. Then the merry group returned home. The old man had to put the horse in the barn and his wife had to provide a late dinner, since Susan was not there. He came back from the stall and sat brooding in the dining room while she set the table.

“Where’s Susan?” he asked, suddenly looking around. It had just occurred to him that the others had returned without her.

“Esther said that she went out riding.”

“It’s not like her to stay out so late.”

“I don’t like it, either.”

The woman silently reproached her daughter, who was the apple of her father’s eye, for leaving him alone in this difficult hour just to go visiting.

“It’s best just to go to bed,” she said to the old man, who was brooding once again. “You’re not used to being up so late.” But Joshua, for the first time in his life, was afraid of his bed. Just beyond it stood the next morning,
which appeared to him no differently than it would to a condemned man fac­
ing his last morning.

“I’d rather stay up a little while longer,” said the old man. “It’s so pleas­ant here.” He let his eyes roam over the old, worn wallpaper, where there hung a primitive lithograph of Daniel Webster and a few pictures of moose that Susan had done. It seemed so impossible to think of their existence as separate from these objects; indeed, the gray flowers on the carpet appeared to have become intertwined with his life. At the window stood a small table, where Susan had a few of her books of learning, as he called them, and a glass with flowers. Her hat and parasol were lying next to them. While look­ing at this silent testimony to a happy, naïve life, one that should have had its nest under his roof, the life of a girl whom he could not bring himself to see as ready to leave the nest, the memory of his first daughter touched his heart, as did the dangers Susan would face if he were to go out west and leave her behind without a home.

“Mother, I can’t; I can’t give up the old home.”

“You don’t have to give it up, dear Pa!” cried Susan, who had just come through the door, completely drenched. “Here! Look here! I’ve got it in my pocket; old Josiah extended the mortgage.”

Father Josh turned as pale as death; the mother, who was just about to set the tea tray on the table, shook so that the cups clinked and water spilled on everything.

“What did you say, child? Old Josiah, you said?”

“Josiah Batcheldor, I tell you, dear Pa. Old Josiah extended it. I’ve got the receipt. Where is it? I put it in my pocket!”

She dug around in her pocket with her small, wet hand, and first pulled out her wet handkerchief and placed it on the table; then it was the bank­book’s turn, which seemed to stick and not want to come out.

“What receipt?” asked both parents simultaneously.

“Why,” said Susan, reddening, all the while tugging at the bankbook and then on the checkbook, to bring the receipt to light. “I just happened to have $523 in the bank, and old Josiah accepted my check for that amount, and he gave me a receipt and promised not to bother you for a while.”

“Child!” stammered the old man. Everything else remained stuck in his throat, where something must have been wrong. But bright tears rolled down the mother’s emaciated cheeks, and looking at her daughter, she folded her hands and said fervently, “God bless you, Susan, dear child!”
“I tell you,” continued Susan, blushing through and through, when she finally brought forth the crumpled receipt from the depths of her pocket, “old Josiah is the best, most generous man who ever breathed. Here, Pa! Here’s the receipt for the $523; put it in safekeeping. There’s time to figure out what to do about the rest.”

The old man took the receipt and put on his glasses with his usual deliberateness, although his hand was shaking. Susan brought the lamp from the table and held it in front of the paper; her mother, who had also put on her glasses, stood on the other side and tried to decipher its contents.

At that same moment yet another witness, whose arrival had not been noticed due to everyone’s eagerness to read the paper, came through the door on the dark side of the room.

Old Josh read slowly, since he was not a very skillful reader, but he read very clearly, although his voice quivered:

“Punchside near Jefferson, 4 July 1859. Received from Joshua Cartwright: ...$1000.”

“A thousand dollars!” cried all three, looking at each other.

Susan took the receipt from her father’s hand and finished reading it with great excitement:

...for the complete repayment of each and every debt against him up to today’s date.

Josiah Batcheldor.

At first Susan suspected an error made by either the lender or the debtor, but when she read the explicit addition, that each and every debt had been repaid, it was her turn to experience an obstruction in her throat and a twitching at the corners of her mouth. With her damp handkerchief at her eyes, the poor, blissfully happy little thing began to weep in a heartrending way, as if her sweetheart had died.


“The dearest, best old man,” thought Antonio, who had remained standing in the doorway, “whoever he may be, has indeed made a true Yankee deal, buying for himself, for a lousy thousand dollars, the prayer of the love-liest angel in heaven and on earth!
Our friend was just as ashamed to eavesdrop as to steal away like a thief. So, whether he wanted to or not, he went right into the room as the old man laid his trembling hands in blessing on the girl’s head; her mother held her hands. “O Lord!” he prayed. “You took one from me, but this one—” Then he began to sob loudly.

“Excuse me, young man,” he added with some effort, when he noticed Antonio. “I’ve turned soft, but you won’t laugh, I know only too well how you treated—my poor Annie!”

“Good Heavens!” thought Antonio. “Does the ghost of this minor deed follow me everywhere, just as Goethe was haunted by his Werther?”

“Oh yes, we know,” cried Susan, breaking out in a smile, her eyelids red from crying. “You’re the best, noblest—”

“No, listen to me, Miss Susan,” interrupted the object of her praise. “You just said the same of another man, when you didn’t know that I was listening. I’m beginning to suspect that you’re making a business out of turning the heads of us men. I already know of three, after just this morning; there’s the best, noblest old man; I’m the best, noblest man; and then there’s the best, flashiest young gentleman from Fairmount hanging around…”

“Oh, the best, the flashiest,” she said laughing, “left me forever this afternoon; I just left the best, dearest old man, and so only the best, most noble is left for me to…”

“To what?” he cried, seizing her playfully by the throat.

“To make a fool of!” she screamed with all her might, trying to free herself.

“To kiss you, you bad child!”

“Mama!” she screamed. But it did not help, of course; her parents laughed heartily, and the freshly kissed beauty ran with embarrassment for the bell, ringing it with unprecedented energy to call everyone to supper.

“Has a fire broken out somewhere?” asked Antonio maliciously. “It’s ringing violently!”

At that moment the two women entered, Mary Dawson as serious and proper as always, but with a lighter and freer brow.

“Aha!” Susan whispered into Antonio’s ear. “Now he plays the honorable one; I know very well where the fire’s broken out, sir!”

Boisterous just a moment ago, Antonio was pained by the mischievous comment, and he bit his lip in even greater embarrassment when Mary
looked at the two of them with her large eyes, as if she wanted to determine what they had to whisper about in such a confidential manner.

Miss Parsons, however, came in laughing loudly and deeply, in conversation with Mrs. Dawson, who was also laughing. This time the two elderly people had to join them at the table. They heard the clopping of a horse. It was Frank, who brought another $120 from the sale of his horse and buggy. He was a bit surprised that his efforts were so far inferior to his little sister's. But he had given everything he had; she rewarded him with sisterly caresses, and he honored her like a saint. He was obliged to take back the money, which could only ease the new beginning, regardless of what he decided to do. As our reader can imagine, the dinner was a merry one. Susan let the story of her ride be drawn from her, bit by bit, as well as the story of what had happened prior to that, whereby there was no shortage of jokes at the expense of the prosperous shopkeeper, of course. Antonio was bursting with the account of his river and return adventure, which Miss Dawson embellished with humorous corrections, so that old and young laughed so hard they cried. The main target of the teasing from both of her travel companions, however, was Miss Parsons, whose replies were exceedingly good-humored; when she laughed at her own words in her deep bass voice, it was enough to get everyone at the table laughing.

When they separated late to go to bed, there was no one in the entire group who did not think that he or she had never spent a happier evening.
Chapter 5

Sleepwalking, sunrise, hatred of bears.

Ich hatt’ einen Kameraden,
Einen bessern find’st du nit.
—Uhland

Antonio planned to sleep a long time, and he was so tired that he was asleep by the time his head hit the pillow. He awoke, however, while the moon was still in the sky; when he looked at his clock, it was just one o’clock, which meant he had slept for only two hours. Whether it was due to the excitement or the mountain air, he could not settle down again; after various futile attempts to fall back asleep, he turned on the light and began to write. Soon he heard a conversation in the room next to his, and then someone knocked on his door. Miss Dawson, who also could not sleep and had heard him scribbling, wanted to know if this might not be a splendid night for climbing Rattlesnake Mountain and watching the sunrise.

“A wonderful idea! I’ll be ready in fifteen minutes.”

It seemed a bit strange to him that Mrs. Dawson felt strong enough and in the mood for such a journey. He congratulated her through the door. But it turned out that she was allowing her daughter to go without her and entrusting her safety to him alone. Antonio was delighted by the naturalness of a truly refined education that does not take even the slightest notice of the bestial in man, whether by day or by night.

The moon was just descending when the two night hikers walked from the open moor over the stones of the stream that trickled down and into the woods. For a while they used the falling water to guide their path. Then the trail led across a marshy spot, uncertain, with half-rotted tree trunks strewn about, and under a thicket, where one could no longer see one’s hand in front of one’s face. The path was wide at this point and they could walk hand-in-hand, like the “children alone in the woods.” This happened without a word being said. Although sleep had fled from their beds, a certain dreamy casualness now rested upon their eyes and spirits that had its own charm. They
themselves could not believe that they had awakened, and the conditions were actually quite conducive to the illusion that they were half dreaming. After a while the dark path led into a more open forest, where objects once again emerged from the nighttime horrors, although their outlines remained blurry, but every trace of the path was now lost. Antonio led the way; the young girl followed, graciously acknowledging his help with gratitude. Thus they continued slowly onwards, with enormous effort, until dawn gradually began to break. As it grew lighter, he noticed a revolver with a beautifully decorated ivory butt in her belt.

“Well, you’re prepared for every situation,” he said laughing, with a glance at the tidy little weapon. “If something happens I’ll count on you, for I’ve nothing but my shepherd’s staff.”

“It was a whim of mine to take along this accoutrement,” she responded. “One never knows. You could get into a fight with me, for example.”

“Oh, with myself,” she said gloomily, without taking up the joke.

A pause followed. The words that hinted at suicide were gruesome in the mouth of such a young, finely educated and, as he had learned yesterday during the sea battle, tremendously alive creature.

“How did you come by the pistol?” he inquired.

“I took it from my brother,” she said, “because I wanted to practice shooting. He had brought two identical guns from Boston, and I liked the work. Look at this.”

She showed him the pretty arabesques that decorated the smooth, white butt and delivered an explanation of the mechanical perfection and range of the deadly instrument with all the gusto of an expert. All of the percussion caps sat on the pistons; one needed only to pull the trigger.

During this conversation they climbed up the long, open rocky ledges. It had now grown completely light, but the climb was very strenuous. Antonio often had to extend his entire body over the edge, tightly grabbing a tree trunk or some of the shoots sprouting out of the ground with a hand or foot, in order to pull her up with his free hand. In other spots, where the ledge they had climbed suddenly broke off, he jumped down first, and Mary had to give him both of her hands in order to jump after him. With these gymnastics they soon learned how to work in tandem with each other, with the skill and unhindered gracefulness of youth, like two voices accustomed to each other; it was the same pleasure, but it was intensified by the great diversity and distance of the jumps as well as by the powerful necessity of the assistance. She
freely called for his help and often directed him imperiously. Once she called from above, after he had taken her hands for the jump,

"Step back a bit, sir, otherwise I'll jump right into your arms!"

"I've got nothing against that," he called jokingly.

"But I do," she said curtly.

Another time, however, she could not help but let a smile spread across her face when she saw how the pure pleasure of giving her his hand for an agile jump lit up his eyes. They were now at the peak.

The solemn stillness that precedes sunrise still reigned; all the way down the mountain, treetop after treetop lay like crowded leaves. Just opposite stood another mountain with thick foliage, apparently higher than the one on which they stood, and through the shadowy ravine between both domes arose a third, somewhat more distant wall, in front of which rose a light morning mist. On this side everything was private, silent seclusion. But if they turned toward the open side of the ravine, their gaze roamed over a wide plain, with white villages filling distant gaps in the trees and with a thick, cloudy stripe of fog along the winding river, as far as they could see in either direction. The group of peaks surrounding Mount Washington still lay in morning slumber, one mountain in the solemn, giant shadow of the other. A monotonous roaring in the distant depths, which sounded like the rustling of the forest but stemmed from the falling water, greeted the ear as do all sounds of nature: with the infinitely sad and yet so infinitely comforting speech about how, for thousands of years, the same forces had always worked to the same rhythm on the same day's task. Only now and then did the penetrating shrill of a squirrel interrupt the murmur of nature talking to itself, which afterwards reverted, all the more monotonous and foreboding, to its solitude of listening, as if the living sound had first measured the depth of the eloquent silence.

A quiet glimmer gradually outlined the edges of the mountains; then the nearest spruce trees were overcome with a red sheen. A frosty breeze drew near and shook silently in the leaves. The young girl, shivering quietly, pulled her thin mantilla up around her shoulders. Antonio threw his coat to her and was thankful that she wrapped herself in it without turning around. Neither dared to desecrate the sublime ritual of nature and of his or her own heart. Like children watching the proceedings at the altar, they stood still, bound by reverence, until the fiery red sun flashed in their eyes over the wooded mountain peaks to their right and the full, shining day brought them back to the expansive, worldly earth.
Each deep in thought and searching for his or her own path, they began to walk back. Antonio once lost sight of Miss Dawson for two minutes. He had last seen her at some distance, through a crevice in the rocky steps hanging between them, climbing down, at the same moment he jumped down on his side. He then searched for her at the foot of the irregularly serrated bed of rock, fighting his way to her through a wild confusion of dense undergrowth, fallen tree trunks, boulders indiscriminately tossed about, covered with wet, slippery moss and wood brittle from decay. Without too much effort he spotted her “field bonnet”—so much freer than the hats ladies wore in the city—shimmering through the trees; with the long braided hair beneath it, it showed just how gloriously her proud head sat upon her neck. Thus she stood, with her back to him, in front of jutting rock, strangely darkened by underbrush and creepers, tree trunks and large boulders, which were covered, as if by a velvet carpet, with the freshest moss and green plants. She stood motionless, bent slightly forward, as if eagerly observing a strange object. Seized by a strange premonition, he approached his companion as quietly as possible. She appeared to hear him, waved him back with her hand without turning her head and drew her pistol. Antonio had, at her signal, remained ten steps behind her atop a tree trunk, from which he could now look down upon the object of her interest.

An enormous black bear was just stretching itself, having been awakened by the noise. Before Antonio could think of stopping her, the young woman had fired the pistol at the animal, and before he could push his way to her through the underbrush, she had fled, with the enraged beast running after her. The thick undergrowth surrounding her hampered any chance of escape; the only opening was to her right, where the naked rock, initially flat, then dropped rather precipitously and smoothly for twenty to twenty-five feet. She ran for her life. Without hesitation she went down the slope. Antonio was now on the bear’s heels, catching the animal just as it wanted to slide down after Miss Dawson. Antonio had no weapon of any kind. He had even thrown away his long hiking staff so that he could more easily pursue the bear. Without time to think, driven only by the male instinct to throw himself between the wild animal and its tender prey, he sprung onto the monster’s back, wildly wrapping his hands in the long hairs on its throat, digging in, entwining himself, just as the bear slipped from the edge of the cliff.

Master Bruin, for his part, was so intent on following his enemy that he initially took no notice of the light package; only after he had landed at the
bottom of the precipice did he become aware of his burden, and he tried to unload Antonio with various evolutions that proved to be less than favorable for the rider’s limbs. — As soon as she had regained a foothold, Miss Dawson had glanced back at her pursuer and seen the daring jump made by her companion. Now she stood, feet firmly planted and with a cocked trigger, awaiting the strange pair rumbling down the hill. — She aims. “The ear,” Antonio yells to her, nearly breathless. Bruin turns his head once more to the other side, to signal an upcoming second shaking. But at that moment the pistol fires, two times in rapid succession; a red stream from its ear soaks the hair on the bear’s neck, so that Antonio feels the warm dampness on his hand. Then he lets go. The bear staggers, taken aback, looking as if it wants to flee, and suddenly heads for the undergrowth. Antonio, for whom worrying about the safety of his companion has taken precedence over his eagerness for the hunt, tears the pistol from the girl’s hand, and as quick as the wind, follows the fleeing enemy on the path it has forged. On an open spot, about nine feet in diameter, the hounded animal stops once again and extends its paws toward the attacking pursuer. The latter stands, aims, fires. The blood runs over the honest eyes of old Bruin; he groans like a human. Another shot in the same direction, and yet another. The animal turns around like a spinning top. Antonio strikes the bear’s muzzle with the butt of the now empty revolver, causing the ivory on the butt to break off. The monster once again makes a blind, doddering gesture in the air with its thick, short limbs. Then it falls heavily onto its paws, then onto its side. It produces a death rattle and dies.

“Capital shot!” cried Antonio to his hunting companion, who was just coming to the campground with sparkling eyes and deeply reddened cheeks. “Your shot put an end to him, Mary.”

Satisfied, she glanced at the enemy she had shot. Then the reaction of her overexcited nervous system hit her and she sat down on the grass. Her head sank back slowly; Antonio, jumping toward her just in time, supported her head with one hand and put the pistol in his pocket with the other. Her rich, brown hair came undone and fell over his hands. He lifted her up, laid her gently down to rest on the closest pillow available, the outstretched bear, and covered her carefully with his coat.

“How comfortable!” she smiled in thanks, and closed her eyes. He never would have believed that so much sunny grace and kindness could shine upon any living creature from these otherwise so severely serious features.
He had a raging thirst and went to look for water. He soon found some. Below a corner of rock from the springs so common on the mountain, a basin had formed in which a small, crystalline beam trickled down, murmuring softly. He made a bowl from tree bark, as he had once seen Frank do, in order first to bring his dear companion the precious refreshment. When he returned, however, she had fallen fast asleep. He drank and hurried back to the basin, where he refreshed his limbs, one after the other, with a cold stream of water. He then came back strengthened, covered himself in Mary’s mantilla, which had been left lying in the grass where she had first sat down, and stretched out on the ground at her feet with a bear’s thigh as a pillow. He was soon as sound asleep as she was.

Miss Dawson was the first to wake up about three hours later. It was ten o’clock when she looked at her watch. She woke her companion with difficulty. When he tried to stand up he felt absolutely exhausted and sore all over. There was a sharp pain in his left shoulder and his right leg. His knees were stiff.

“Did you hurt yourself?” she asked sympathetically.

“Nothing significant; I think I’m somewhat roughed up and bruised, and I may have a sprain, but otherwise I’m as hungry as a bear.”

“It would indeed be time for breakfast, if only I weren’t so thirsty!”

“Oh, then I can help you; I’ve got something to drink, and as for breakfast, with our game, we’d have enough here for a couple of weeks, breakfast, lunch, and dinner, if only the thick-skinned fellow can be dealt with.”

He showed her the way to the spring and gave her the bowl he had made to take along, since he was too stiff and worn out to try the expedition. Meanwhile, during her absence, he bravely cut into his pillow with his long, sturdy pocket knife. When she returned with a drink for him, he had succeeded in cutting an angle into the skin; he pulled on one end, cutting with his knife, until he had skinned an area about two hands wide. This was more than enough for cutting out the pieces necessary at this point, no small job, and the sweat dripped down his forehead while he worked. But nothing else could have been more effective in giving him back the reasonable use of his limbs. Mary had meanwhile collected dried leaves and twigs, and a couple of matches from Antonio’s vest pocket set the pile on fire in no time, so that the bright, raging flames were comfortably warming as they roared toward heaven. The fatty bear steaks were placed onto a wooden skewer found in nature and were soon crackling and squirting on the fire, juicy, light, capti-
vating the senses. Still bubbling hot, they were placed on improvised plates made of tree bark, and with the help of the pocket knife, which wandered back and forth between the two friends, the steaks were devoured, salted with gunpowder and spiced with a divine appetite, along with the last of the stream water. A true hunter’s meal!

“But how in the name of Jupiter did you get it into your head, Mary, to shoot the bear?” asked Antonio, who only now found time to reflect upon it as he was lighting a cigar.

“Well, sir, he would have eaten me otherwise.”

“Nonsense! They’re harmless animals if one doesn’t attack them. Just think what would’ve happened if I’d returned to your mother with your bloody balmoral, like Joseph’s brother with the coat of many colors?”

“Pshaw! You wouldn’t have gotten back without me!” The words were barely out of her mouth before she turned red all over, the second unexpected revelation from this apparently stubbornly reserved creature of a charming girlish nature this morning.

“Don’t delude yourself! — But do you know what would be nice?”

“Well?”

“If the two of us could climb the Himalayas together.”

“And roll down Mount Dhaulagiri with a tiger, you mean?”

Thus ensued a conversation of jokes and repartee, until the rising sun seriously admonished both to return home.

Antonio, however, could not walk very quickly, and Mary had to stay at his side, always helping and supporting him; in return, he gladly took no offense when she called him “my old boy,” as Mrs. Cartwright was wont to say. Luckily they left the rocks behind them and happened upon a relatively level footpath, which took them back to the farmhouse after a two-hour hike, at one o’clock, just in time for lunch.
Chapter 6

Rinaldo in the Garden of Armida.

Freut Euch des Lebens,
weil noch das Lämpchen glüht;
pflücket die Rose,

eh sie verblüht.

—Martin Usteri

They had a story to tell. This time, however, they could not calm down Mrs. Dawson as easily as they had after the previous day’s adventure. She blamed Antonio for leading her daughter from one danger to the next; yesterday she had nearly drowned, today she had nearly been torn to pieces by wild animals. But this was only to vent her initial motherly fears, which relived the entire horror after the fact. Afterwards she had second thoughts about her injustice and repaid the man she had insulted with true motherly tenderness, but this did not stop her from occasionally returning to her first impression, as women are wont to do. The other housemates reacted to the story very differently. Miss Parsons regretted that she had not been there—not that she took any pleasure in bloody battles, but because she was convinced that even after Miss Dawson’s unforgivable, unprovoked act of violence it would not have been too late to pursue a path of kindness with respect to the animal. For Miss Parsons—it really is not necessary to make a point of telling the reader this—subscribed to all of those sentimental theories that seek to ban both struggle and discipline not only from human society but from all of nature. Love was her absolute panacea. Just as certain natural scientists do for reasons of materialist enlightenment, this good woman, for reasons of spiritualist radicalism, considered the aversion to slimy toads, many-legged spiders, and slippery, crawly vermin a sin against the divine wisdom and goodness, which, as she explained, had created all of these perfect creatures according to the same harmonious plan, for His own joy and the joy of everyone else.
Susan was amazed at the heroic courage of the two distinctly different partners in battle. Frank and old Josh Cartwright let their humorous doubts about the details of the hunting story be known, and the old farmer’s wife and her “help” smiled slyly at these skeptical comments. Meanwhile, the two men left right away with the wooden wagon, taking the path that they, given their knowledge of the vicinity, could follow to within half an English mile of the spot in question. They heard a wrathful growling in the distance and soon thereafter saw a bear wandering back and forth, extremely enraged; laughing, they figured it was the one that had supposedly been killed. Both fired their guns at the animal simultaneously and then stormed it with their axes. The battle was brief. It was the husband who, it appeared, being accustomed to an irregular lifestyle, had not come home at the proper hour from his nocturnal activities and now, too late, regretted the untimely death of his better half. The animal killed by the young people was a female. It was not until now, after they had survived their own battle, that father and son could look for traces of their predecessors’ struggle. The monstrous animal really was lying there, with a bloody head and shredded haunches. The deadly shot had entered the brain through the ear, and there was no doubt that the young lady deserved the honor and prize of the hunt. Another bullet had gotten stuck in the breast fat, the remaining four had hit various parts of the head, more or less fatally. The fire from their meal still glowed. Miss Dawson’s handkerchief hung from a blackberry bush; Frank immediately and reverently confiscated it. The two pieces of ivory from the butt of the pistol were also found, under the front paws of the female bear; they were transformed in the same unlawful manner into his secret property. Following the markers of broken undergrowth back and forth, they came to the foot of the rocky ledge; the bear fur upon it still left a trace of their slide. Finally, two incredibly cute little bear cubs were discovered at the camp; sympathetic old Josh took the poor fatherless and motherless orphans home with him to give them a better upbringing. Like a true Yankee, however, he later sold them to Glen House, where they took walks on a long, thick chain attached to a post and grew into strapping youths.

The two dead parents were dragged with great effort to the wooden wagon; the men both agreed to give the hide of the female bear to Miss Dawson, who protested in vain that it should go to her friend. For a week there was nothing to eat in Old Josh’s house except bear meat, until a general bear-like grumbling ensued and Antonio declared that, had he known, he would
have preferred to let himself and Mary—for since that morning he had grown accustomed to calling her that—be eaten entirely by the bear, rather than find himself condemned to eat the entire bear.

Frank left his father's house again the next day, in order to go, as he had decided, to California. He actually did depart a week later, after he had returned once more to say goodbye. He was in rather low spirits, despite his openness and his attempts to appear merry.

Antonio could not undertake any excursions for a week. His entire body, as he put it, was bandages and poultices.

He spent the greater part of that week in bed. The situation had its sweetness, for the door to the neighboring room now stood open most of the time, and now and then it was even left open at night for his care. Mary presided in his room as if it were her own, although she obeyed every word of the domain's occupant like a lamb without carrying her head a bit higher because of it. Was it the mountain air, was it the heightened awareness of freedom after the proven deed? Or was it some other kind of uplifting experience? The gloomy heaviness that had veiled her eyes and brow in those first days had disappeared. She was serious, measured, with eyes and a voice unfathomably deep, as always—that was, after all, most typical of her—but her step was now springy, her very being elevated, her mood almost communicative. She could almost be described as devoted.

Susan brought the patient flowers and showed him all of the tenderness that a kind disposition gives; Mary's prouder spirit lacked the adaptability to exhibit this trait. The appearance of Miss Parsons scared the patient in his current condition. Not that her reports had been dull, as a rule. She knew the family history of nearly every even somewhat famous individual, man or woman, in all of America, nearly every public issue, nearly every public institute. She had abundant ideas ready to be executed, in many but certainly not in all cases chimerial and she always engrossed them in a series of interesting discussions, in which women's emancipation and Sanskrit, the discovery of the North Pole and magnetism, Italian liberation and homeopathy, Egyptian chronology, and Fanny Kemble became breathlessly muddled. This was tiring whenever it lasted deep into the night, as was usually the case.

Antonio won yet another friend while lying in his sickbed, the only preacher in the village, a simple man and orthodox Methodist who, during a visit to the home of the souls entrusted to him, was highly entertained by the
story of the adventure with the bear and who, thanks to the typical American lack of inhibition, could be introduced immediately to the objects of his curiosity. From the start, Antonio communicated with the preacher in a particular conversational mode that he found always attracted simple and plain people to him, a talent that perhaps supplemented his own highly sophisticated education.

After that visit the pastor came nearly every day for a brief half hour. He followed Antonio, as if bewitched, on his rambles through the garden of German philosophy and science, despite the repugnance instilled in him by their inherent—and, in the good preacher’s mind, unacceptable—heresies. The clergyman’s conversation enriched our friend in turn with the golden maxim of a mind strong and sharp in its observations—the same attraction of polar opposites that draws philosophical Germans to English literature.

In this manner Antonio spent one week in his sickbed, a second convalescing on crutches near his room and house, all blissful days. Once the young man’s health was completely restored, however, something in his veins began to rebel against the paralyzing sweetness of this existence, which had been wrapped in cotton by tender hands. He felt like Rinaldo in Armida’s garden and decided to break out of the delightful bonds. The very example of both girls, who were to blame for his happiness, made him ashamed of enjoying it. For a week Susan had been studying German under his tutelage with unflagging diligence and an astonishing memory and ability to comprehend. She remained the sunshine of the house, fulfilling all wishes, busy half the day with domestic tasks, for she could not be persuaded to relinquish her role as servant. Miss Dawson studied botany with the same degree of enthusiasm with which Susan studied languages, and she replaced the lack of household chores with the outdoor activity required by her studies. She was disciplined in her duties and loyal to her mother who, gradually strengthened by her simple way of life and the pure country air, began to accompany her on longer walks; Miss Dawson was restless and untiring from early morning to late evening, praying fervently on Sunday, when religion excluded all else, on weekdays going far up into the mountains, as if she wanted to make their proud peaks bow beneath her feet.

She cultivated a friendship with her hunting companion. Every comment he could offer from the treasury of conscientious studies, serious reflection, and rich observations from life had a complete echo in her mind: an intellectual maturity in such a young person that would have astounded him if there
had been room to occupy himself with anything beyond the intoxicating enjoyment of such pleasant understanding. Above all, he was touched by her absolute acceptance of all of his wishes and ideas. This acceptance was not an eagerness to serve, but rather something regal. Imperious toward the entire world, she appeared to revel in the happiness of associating on equal footing with someone of equal birth, whereby the pleasure was certainly not lessened by the fact that the others could only suffer by comparison.
Chapter 7

The lost daughter.

*Es freut sich die Gotheit der reuigen Sünder;
Unsterbliche heben verlorene Kinder
Mit feurigen Armen zum Himmel empor.*
—Goethe, “Der Gott und die Bajadere”

An excursion was planned prior to Antonio’s now set date of departure; they would travel in wagons and on horseback to Mount Washington, where they all would then go their separate ways: Antonio to Gorham to catch the train, the women back to their lodging. Young Dawson, who had written a week earlier from Niagara Falls, was expected at any moment, and one hoped or feared (Antonio the latter) that he would arrive in time to participate in the party. Someone else arrived instead.

It was the afternoon before the intended farewell party, and the group had gathered after the meal under the large willow tree as usual, sitting, standing, and lying about. Miss Parsons, conversing enthusiastically with Mrs. Dawson, was trying to win her for her newest project to help fallen women. To that end she had produced two documents, a petition to the legislature of the state of Massachusetts, which she considered the most receptive place for introducing such a reform measure, and a petition for establishing an asylum right there in North Conway under the favorable influence of the mountain air and the outdoors, an asylum which, as she demonstrated, could be built provisionally for the modest sum of $250,000. Only women were to participate in this pious deed, with the exception of the corresponding secretary, a position for which she was eyeing, with conviction and trust, none other than Antonio, whose long stays in Berlin, London, and other European capitals must have provided him with a wealth of experience—regardless of his prospect of becoming a university president. Antonio excused himself in vain; he claimed that his experience in this area was paltry. He had never caused a woman to fall, except during their recent drive through the water.
Miss Parsons, however, had initially caused that, and he had done his part in pulling her up again.

In contrast, Miss Parsons hoped that the friend whose humor she appreciated would not refuse to participate in an undertaking that, she did not hesitate to say, would become the key to each and every serious reform in the country and in society, and necessarily mark the beginning of the imminent new era in civilization, one that the great American model republic was destined to lead.

In the heat of the argument she had climbed onto the bench beneath the willow tree—and with a roll of paper in each hand and in an unsurpassed imitation of the great orators of antiquity, she prepared to present a speech in grand style so as to win over the assembly for the incomparable, most important undertaking of the century.

Miss Parsons was prevented from carrying out her rhetorical intentions, however, by the arrival of an unknown woman who was walking slowly and hesitantly, it seemed, up the path that led through the elms. When she then took the path leading directly to the house, Susan, with her unfailing, inviting friendliness stepped in front of her to ask how she might be of service.

While responding, however, the woman turned with great haste away from the group and towards the garden in front of the house. She wanted to ask about lodging, she said. Susan said that it would not be easy, but she nevertheless led her visitor into the parlor to see if anything could be done.

As the stranger walked through the space between the willow tree and the front door of the house, the dog Rover, who was chained up next to the barn, began to jump and whimper so uncontrollably that he caught the attention of old Esther, who was just passing the doghouse with a dozen eggs that she had taken from the chickens.

“What’s wrong, Rover?” asked the old woman. “You’re just beside yourself.”

Rover banged his head against her frail knee, causing her to sway. Then he continued to spring forward as if he were drunk, to whimper and howl, which made Esther look at the strange lady who had just come from the front garden into the house with Susan.

The old servant suddenly had a look of horror upon her face.

“You’re a fool, old Esther,” she mumbled to herself. “That can’t possibly be. But the lady there has a style so much like hers that I would’ve sworn to it.”
Her limbs trembling, the old woman went into the kitchen, where her mistress helped her put down the eggs.

“What’s wrong, Esther?” asked Mrs. Cartwright. “Your hand’s shaking.”

“A weakness in my legs. I guess I’m getting old.”

And with that both women went into the dining room to put the clean dishes and glasses from lunch back into the cupboard mounted on the wall.

“Why don’t you sit down, Esther,” said Mrs. Cartwright, placing a chair in front her.

“Well, I guess I’ll sit for a spell.”

She then took an old family Bible from the fireplace mantle and sat down next to the fireplace, close to the parlor door. Thoughtful, she put her glasses on and opened the Bible to the empty page between the New and the Old Testament where the names of family members were written. Moving her lips in a half-whisper, she spelled the name:

“Annie Cartwright, born on July 19, 1836.”

“Why, tomorrow she’ll be twenty-three,” the old woman said aloud, forgetting herself.

Her mistress turned towards her. She had just placed a pile of plates in the cupboard and was standing in the corner next to the parlor door.

In the pause that followed she heard clearly in the next room the tone of a voice that made her blood freeze in her veins.

She could not say a word, and the two elderly women, who gave each other indescribably knowing glances that both understood, eavesdropped breathlessly.

Meanwhile, Susan had brought their visitor into the parlor and asked her to be seated. The lady, who was dressed very elegantly and held a veil in front of her face, needed only a small room. She would be satisfied with anything. Antonio’s room would be free the next day, but it was already being held for a gentleman who was expected (the young Dawson).

“We’ve only a very small room,” explained Susan, “in the back, which I could give to you…”

“Is it the room over the back door?” asked the lady with enthusiasm.

Susan’s eyes opened wide at the strange lady’s knowledge of the place. The latter noticed this and immediately added with some confusion:

“I’ve been here before.”

The young girl then looked at the visitor.
"Oh, that was a long time ago. You were still a child. You're Susan, right?"

Susan didn’t remember such an acquaintance from a time in which boarders and fine ladies had not yet found their way into this quiet valley. But there was something in the tone of her voice, in her movements, in the features of the unknown woman’s face, which she thought she had seen before.

"I don’t remember," said the young girl. "And yet it seems as if I know you."

"I was here when your sister Annie was still at home," continued the lady. "Where’s Annie now?"

Susan looked at the empty wall with embarrassment.

"She’s not here."

"Annie loved you so," continued the stranger, apparently moved.

"Poor Annie!" sighed Susan.

"Has it been a long time since you’ve seen your sister?"

"Yes, a very long time."

"Where did she end up?"

"We don’t know," replied the poor child, embarrassed.

"What? Your sister’s been gone since then and you don’t know, you haven’t heard, where...?"

"Oh, we’ve heard! But..." Here Susan looked at the stranger, who was wringing her hands and had a pained expression in her eyes that seemed to burn through the veil.

"Ah! I understand. Poor Annie, indeed!"

"Oh, ma’am, I pray for her every evening and every morning. I loved her so much!"

"And now you no longer love her, perhaps you curse her..."

A stream of tears gushed forth from Susan’s dear eyes.

"She’s my sister, ma’am. Oh, if only I could embrace her one more time!"

"Susan, dear Susan!" cried the unhappy woman, falling to her feet and pleadingly hugging the knees of the angel. "Mercy, mercy on your depraved sister!"

"Annie, dear Annie! Is it you? Is it really you?" sobbed the girl, sinking down on her knees next to her and covering her with comforting kisses.
"Annie, my daughter!" cried Mrs. Cartwright, her voice choked up, as she stumbled through the door.

"Mother!" In no time mother and daughter were in each other's arms.

Old Esther came wobbling behind. She could not wait, so she embraced Annie with the frail old arms, which had so often pushed her darling on the swing. She was close to fighting over Annie with the mother.

"Oh, Esther, do you still love me?"

"Lord, now I'll gladly go to my grave," Esther quoted a prayer from the Bible, "since I was able to see the dear child one more time with my own eyes!"

"Oh God, oh God! They still love me!" sobbed the wretched creature, who at this moment was nevertheless blissfully comforted.
Chapter 8

The hero takes Annie to a sanctuary for the time being.
Confessions of a sacrificial lamb.

*Ihr führt ins Leben ihn hinein,*
*Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden;*
*Dan überlaßt Ihr ihn der Pein,*
*Denn jede Schuld rächet sich auf Erden.*
—Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*

*Sie ist die Erste nicht.*
—Mephistopheles

The question was whether it would be advisable to present the lost daughter to old Josh without preparing him. Despite the grandfatherly gentleness of his character, the puritanical severity of his old-fashioned upbringing greatly limited his judgment and behavior in certain matters and made it difficult for him to cope with surprise, unlike the soft hearts of the mother and sister or the devotion of an old servant. If he first let his actions be guided by a theological maxim, *ornée du feu de l’enfer*, which could easily happen in the first rash moments, then there was no getting hold of him afterwards, even if it meant the end of the world. Strict consistency had become a matter of faith and conscience for him. Before the old man returned from the field, they deliberated back and forth over what should be done. Annie, to her indescribable surprise, had immediately recognized Antonio among those sitting under the willow tree. The story of her first encounter with him was no secret in the family, either; everyone, including old Esther, worshipped him like a saint. It was finally decided, with some reluctance on Annie’s part, to ask him for advice. During this conversation the two ladies also happened to be mentioned, along with the fact that young Dawson was expected that day or the next. The poor woman paled visibly at the mention of these names and then even she strongly urged that Antonio be called directly to the family council.
Since he had already drawn his quiet conclusions about the unknown lady, despite her long veil, it hardly surprised him to find his old acquaintance, the beggar woman from Broadway, in the parlor. He relieved her of all embarrassment with the simple, open manner with which he greeted her and shook her hand, as if nothing unusual had ever happened between them. He could well understand her fear of a reunion with Augustus in this place, given the memory of that evening encounter on Broadway. He thus strained his imagination to the utmost to find an appropriate way out of this complicated situation. He finally thought of the secluded farmhouse on Rock Hill. If he remembered correctly, the two old people there were Annie’s aunt and uncle. The old man’s comments had revealed a complete unfamiliarity with the fate of his oldest niece. Visitors seldom came to that remote part of the world, at most a lost tourist. Moreover, the very recent visit with Frank and his group served particularly well to remind them of their familial relations, and he agreed to make this clear to the two old hermits. The suggestion met with everyone’s approval, with the exception of Annie’s; she appeared to obey more than approve. Antonio offered to drive her over there, whereby he promised, after getting her happily situated, to return the next day. He hoped to win over old Cartwright, who had tremendous respect for him, with the help of his friend, the pastor. The same steps could then gradually be taken with the neighbors, for which the help of the pastor and his wife would prove crucial. Everyone was happy and thankful, therefore, confident that a young life, eroded by the miasma of social ostracism, had been saved and healed, reclaimed for new joy and healthy development.

The buggy was hitched. But the plan nearly fell through, thanks to the sudden stubbornness of the mother, who declared that she would rather risk everything than let the daughter she had just found out of her sight again. The feeling was contagious. Esther shook her deeply furrowed face back and forth ominously and sang more than spoke—there was something witch-like, or, if one prefers, something prophetic in the bearing and voice of the old woman, “I’ll never see you again, child! Child! Child! Never, child! Never!”

Then Susan also began to wail. “Sister, sweet sister, don’t go! I’ll ask Father!”

Antonio had an enormous amount of trouble persuading them to be reasonable. Annie’s pressing fear, which at first had simply bowed to Antonio’s suggestion, became the decisive factor. She definitely wanted to leave. She
knew only too well why, as did Antonio. Young Dawson could arrive at any moment.

They had to set off. Since it looked as if it could storm, Antonio put on his waterproof cape, the same one he had worn on that mountain drive with Miss Dawson. When he sat down he felt something hard in the pocket. He reached into the pocket and found Miss Dawson’s revolver, without the butt. The group had left the willow tree long ago. Only Miss Parsons took the opportunity to come to the buggy with both of her rolls of paper; whispering, she encouraged Antonio to interest the stranger—her figure and toilet suggested a worldly position—for the projected asylum for fallen women. She wanted to force the two rolls upon him with all her might; it was appropriate that he, as corresponding secretary, be entrusted with their safekeeping.

Our hero could not keep from looking up at Miss Dawson’s window. It was open, and Mary stood at it. He greeted her with his own genteel charm, but she stared off into the distance, as if the horse and wagon, along with the man and woman, directly in front of her window left the retina of her eye completely untouched. The dog howled piteously and was still howling as they drove through the gate of trees. The sound rang in his ears for miles.

They had to stop twice in the village, once at the carriage office, where Annie had left her travel bag, and then at the post office, where he found three letters, two of which were quite voluminous, with the address in Wilhelm’s handwriting. He had neither the time nor the desire to open them. Mary’s expression and appearance haunted him, and he thus drove for nearly an hour without saying a word to his beautiful companion. Only the concern that the poor woman might take his persistent silence as a lack of virtue enabled him at last to bring his absentmindedness under control and start a conversation.

As much as he wanted to avoid the unhappy woman’s explanations, she felt just as strongly the need to justify herself to him, and the more pressing she felt this need to be, the more she shuddered, yet again, at the touch of that horrible brand on the flesh of her poor life. Oh, and such disclosures! What dreadful cruelty of fate for a heart meant for happiness and for bringing happiness to others! She had followed her husband from Mulberry Street to his supposed apartment, where he henceforward wanted to live with her. He had barely brought her into the house when he had to leave, and he never came back. Her child had been taken away from her with hypocritical caresses as soon as she entered the house. Soon Augustus Dawson appeared and caught
her attention at first with calming news from her husband. Then Madame
Pustell appeared and made propositions on behalf of the handsome young
man: apartment, carriage, $10,000 dowry. There was something decent,
good-hearted, even motherly, about the infamous older lady. She always
called her victim “dear child” and preached reason, but she responded to An­
nie’s heartbreaking pleas for mercy by stating that Annie herself had to
understand that one could never let her leave alive without first being certain
of her total subjugation. Annie promised never to betray them. “My dear
child,” responded the respectable woman, “those are promises over which I’ll
later have no control, and if you want to be ‘reasonable,’ then you can’t de­
mand that I risk such danger simply because you claim to be discrete. It’s
better for you to consider yourself lucky. I could show you young women
from the best families who would seize what you have with both hands.” The
return of her child was also made dependent on her “considering herself
lucky.”

The poor prisoner, who from childhood on had heard and piously en­
graved into her heart that God did not abandon innocence, threw herself on
her knees, praying and wringing her hands. Deathly afraid for the purity of
her soul, she prayed all night long and half of the next day to be delivered.
She could not believe, right down to the last minute, that her rescuer would
not come. But violence came instead. The following day was spent making
either plans of revenge or of desperation, and raging, brooding, and praying.
Again, the answer was violence. This broke her, and what followed was not
dulled resignation but the most unconditional devotion to her kidnappers.
Human nature is such that, regardless of how outraged it is over a single act
of violence or the uncertain exercise of power, the systematic, unrelenting,
and unavoidable pressure, mixed with caresses, instills in it the love that,
most closely resembling fear, is most capable of bringing about the most un­
conditional relinquishment of one’s self. Female nature in particular wants to
sense predominance in order to devote itself unconditionally, moral pre­
dominance, if possible; yet any kind of predominance is better than none.
Here, as everywhere, nature lives from its own contradiction in often horrible
conflict with the demands of morality and spirit.

Since then Annie had clung to Augustus as if he were her salvation. He
was generous, gallant, full of tenderness, and two years passed like a honey­
moon. Then suddenly, about two months previously, his behavior changed.
He began to lecture her on morality and wanted to return her back to the path
of virtue, that is, to her husband. The poor woman, roused from her dream, did not trust her own senses when she heard his brazen preaching. Wild and nearly crazy with fear, she touchingly pleaded with him not to throw her out now after he had taken from her every form of support and hope in the world. With frightening foreboding she accepted his invitation to a summer trip to Niagara Falls. At the first breakfast on the morning after their arrival at the Niagara Hotel, she saw a person sitting at the other end of the table and immediately recognized him, despite his glasses and various changes in the cut of his hair and beard, as Grenier. He was in the company of a decent-looking family and apparently very eager in his attention to a young woman in the group. Augustus said he knew the family, one of the richest in St. Louis, very well, although he would not admit that the suitor was Grenier. He went over to visit, taking no notice of the young man with the glasses. The latter, however, appeared extremely embarrassed and glanced furtively from Augustus to Annie and from Annie to Augustus. As everyone was getting up from breakfast, young Dawson finally introduced his mistress as his cousin, Mrs. Rodman, whose husband was also present and to whom he would not deny the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his friends from St. Louis. The man in glasses, who was present during the introduction but kept himself in the background as much as possible, evidently thought very little of the proposed introduction of Mrs. Rodman’s husband. He was then introduced as Mr. Maurice, a lawyer from Chicago. He bowed silently.

Later in the day Annie saw, through the half-closed blinds in her room, Augustus and Grenier standing at the fence that closed off from the street a small corner of land at one end of the hotel. They were in the midst of a conversation that, given their cautious gestures, was confidential. She knew that Augustus had been paying tribute for her, and she was overcome by the fear that he would have to continue paying. But during the meeting that her eyes had just witnessed, her lover seemed to be the threatening one, her husband the one being threatened, despite his defiance. There were grounds for assuming that his wife’s presence greatly interfered with his intentions, whatever they might be, with the young lady from St. Louis.

The two men were apparently having an intense, if not loud, argument; the movements, especially Grenier’s, as restrained as they were, and the self-confidence in young Dawson’s expression, who otherwise could be so easily duped and intimidated, made this clear. They finally must have reached an agreement. But the way in which they whispered to each other, how one laid
his hand on the other’s arm, how one was shy and brazen at the same time, the other shy and guilty, sealing the final agreement with a look into the eyes of his partner, went right through her, along with the knowledge of a crime meant just for her, and she ran downstairs to the parlor in deadly fear, just so she would not have to be alone. Here she found four German men who were waiting for their chaise, so they could go for a drive. They thought that the first chaise to drive up was for them but, as she learned, it had been ordered for “Mr. Dawson from New York.” Given the scene she had just witnessed, along with her shock, Annie had completely forgotten that she had planned to drive to the waterfall at this time with Augustus. He was looking for her. She followed reluctantly to overcome her own fears and in any event to keep him from noticing anything. They drove along the Canadian bank in order to climb down behind the waterfall. In a house, across from the stairwell that led below, the pilgrim dons a disguise of waxed canvas as protection against the mist of water; it resembles something between a judge’s costume and that of a fisherman from Helgoland. When the pair stepped out in their outfits, two other disguised people walked ahead of them; Annie thought they were guides. At the entrance Annie suddenly stopped and said: “Really, Augustus, you won’t hurt me?”

“What a little sissy you are, Annie. The racket’s making you timid.”

The poor child only too gladly accepted the reassurance for the sake of her beating heart, and they descended. Once they were below, one of the guides went first, the other last, with Augustus behind Annie. He kept pushing her forward and advised her to hold the hand of the man in front of her, who extended his hand without turning toward her. When they had reached the outermost point, where only one person could stand on the very narrow, slippery boulder between the rock face and the water, the guide who was holding her hand tightly slipped suddenly, and ostensibly fighting to regain his balance, forcefully shot her forward into the spray. Augustus screamed and moved his hands and feet wildly as if in desperation. The man in the back jumped forward to help the man who had fallen, who, incidentally, was lying safely between the nearest boulders, which descended only gradually. He declared that it was impossible to save the lady and he did not want to take another step forward. She hung between the steeper boulders, half numbed and suffocated from the rushing, whirling water. At this moment another group had reached the point of danger undetected, due to the raging thunder of the falls and the confusion of the scene. There were four men and
their guide. Without thinking or talking, the five men had acted with great
presence of mind, each grabbing another around the waist—the one in front
by his ankles—to form a chain, with the strongest among them planted like a
tree on the narrow path, while the most nimble shot forward to the point. In
no time at all he raised the girl from the torrent with a strong arm. This was
the signal for those behind him to pull backwards on the narrow path. The
execution succeeded perfectly, as the plan deserved. It was the Germans.
When they were back up in the fresh air with their pretty burden, she was
already showing signs of regaining consciousness. Warm blankets and the
usual restorative means helped the rescued girl so much that in only an hour
she could be driven to the Clifton Hotel. There two British women, who had
heard about the incident, looked after her.

Tenderly worried, Augustus moved that same evening from the Ameri­
can side, but in his alleged relationship as cousin, which he had to maintain
in order to remain true to his first role, he was fortunately expelled from the
room of his lover and her two friendly protectresses and had to limit the
proof of his sympathy to inquiries at the door. This situation allowed her to
bring off her escape on the second day after her life had been saved.

"Your escape?" asked Antonio. "So you really believe—"

"I'm sure of it," said the unhappy woman, shuddering. "I saw the face of
the cruel leader when I was falling; it was Grenier. I clearly felt how he
pushed me away from him. I looked at Augustus. It was only a moment; then
I was enveloped by deadly fear and darkness; but the devilish look of the one
and the fear of the other pursue me night after night in my dreams."

"Did you tell anyone about your suspicions?"

"No. I only revealed to my nurses my relationship with Augustus and my
decision to return to my parents. This decision transformed their initial dis­
gust over the discovery of my character into helpful sympathy. They thanked
God, as did I, that, in his grace, he had rescued me from eternal death by in­
stilling in me the fear of death and opening my heart to remorse and return."

"Poor victim!" thought Antonio. "That's good," he said aloud. "With
your disappearance the criminals lack the main motive for such a deed. Ap­
parently you're in their way. If you disappear from that scoundrel's sight for
a while, then you'll fortunately soon be forgotten."

"Amen!" said the unhappy creature with a deep sigh.

They had to stop in the familiar village where Antonio had stopped about
three weeks earlier with his ladies. From there a road led up to the old farm-
house. Antonio thus alighted at the inn, while Annie held the reins, and had the innkeeper, who came to the door, give him an exact description of the road. — Two saddle horses were tied to the spring chain on the posts.

“Pretty horses!” commented Antonio as he left the innkeeper.

“Very stylish!” confirmed the man, with a knowing glance. At the same time he tipped his head toward the parlor window on the second floor, under which they had just stood and spoken.

Following the nod, Antonio saw four eyes observing them through the half-opened slats of the Venetian blinds; he did not know why, but they struck him as the eyes of assassins.

The two travelers followed the directions they had received and found the path without difficulty, reaching the secluded mountain farm at dusk.

The elderly couple recognized Antonio immediately. Given the rarity of unknown visitors, he had made an indelible impression on them. But they thought Annie was one of the two ladies who had been there with him, both of whom they had fixed in their old, obstinate memory once and for all as nieces. It could not hurt to allow their error to stand uncorrected, for it certainly did not strike them as unnatural that their niece suddenly desired to strengthen the relationship with her relatives that had been initiated three weeks earlier.

“I guess you’ve got a notion for the scenery,” croaked the old man. “Today it’s fashionable for young ladies to have such notions. Any old hole will do for the summer, as long as it has scenery. So you’re welcome. Make yourself at home as best you can.”

The elderly woman, with a sign from her old husband, led Annie up to her room. Antonio went along and carried the valise. He wanted at least to have a look inside to see if something more could be done for the comfort of the deserted woman, for fate seemed to have chosen him as her knight.

The old lady illuminated a narrow, short stairway with her wooden spill; Annie then followed, and finally Antonio, who had stayed behind briefly to take the valise from its corner. Annie was on the topmost step as he stepped on the lowest one. Suddenly she turned around and came down toward him like a torrent. She tried to push past him in her wild flight, but it was impossible between the narrow wooden walls. He heard her heart beating wildly, as if it were lying on his own breast. She was trembling all over, as if she had seen a ghost.

“For God’s sake, what’s wrong?” he asked. “What is it?”
“I’m afraid, I’m afraid!” she screamed, pressing herself against him.

“Nonsense, child! Please behave, Annie!” he said.

In this situation, he could hardly do anything but put his arms around her waist and calm her down, as if she were a child, and stroke her cheeks, which felt ice-cold. At that moment the old lady, who had noticed that no one was following her, came back to the stairs and illuminated the scene with her pinewood spill. Annie jumped up, probably sensing that the situation could have compromised her in the eyes of her old aunt, and she went up the stairs again faster and more decisively than one could have hoped.

Long, eerie shadows from the beams and rafters beneath the roof, from the deep corners and stored junk, swayed in the gloomily flickering light and lay lurking around the barely lit passage between the roof truss. With desperate energy, Annie rushed ahead of even the torchbearer and quickly pushed open the raw wooden door to the attic room, whose black iron handle did not catch. Even Antonio felt a chill, despite the suffocating air that had accumulated beneath the entire roof as a result of the day’s sultriness, as the whitewashed walls, which in the uncertain light appeared to get lost in their own dreariness and emptiness, stared back at him. He put the impression to use as best he could and said encouragingly with forced cheerfulness:

“If it were the time of year to build a fire in this wide, open room, it would be a true paradise for a hermit!”

“Alas!” sighed the banned woman with tears in her eyes, “it’s not that.”

What was, even she did not know. It was neither the simplicity of the room nor the sudden, direct exile from the flower bed of tenderness into the cold hermit’s cell. It was an inexplicable, horrible aversion to the place.

“Be courageous, girl. I’ll provide some comforts in the next few days, above all light.”

“Thank you,” she smiled painfully. “That’s the second time now. — But it doesn’t do any good,” she said to herself, a low voice.

And with that they went back downstairs. Antonio said good-bye.

He was already in the wagon when she once again grabbed his hand.

“Couldn’t you stay here for the night?” she asked, holding her breath.

He answered curtly: “That’s impossible.”

There was a sharp tone in his answer, not against her but against his own weakness. He would have to be made of stone if his senses had not glowed when the scene on the stairs brought him into such confined contact with her abundant female charms.
“For God’s sake!” she cried in complete terror. “Don’t leave me. Don’t leave me alone here tonight!”

“You’ll get a good night’s sleep,” he responded with forced coldness, “and tomorrow morning you’ll see things differently.”

“I won’t see tomorrow morning!” she said hesitantly, with resigned desperation.

“Don’t be childish. Adieu! Farewell!”

And with that Antonio urged his horse forward and rolled on into the dark, thunderous, and oppressive night.
Chapter 9

Murder.

_Erbarme Dich und laß mich leben._
—Gretchen

For a long time Annie listened to the sound of the wheels dying away in the dark night. When the last sound faded, she felt as if she had been condemned.

When she entered the room below once again, the elderly couple was already getting ready for bed. It seemed to her that they were giving her unfriendly glances.

She remained alone downstairs for a while because she was afraid of the dark passage in the attic. It became increasingly humid and quiet, so that every sound could be heard. It lay upon nature like a suffocating burden. But, listen! Was that not the clopping of horse hooves?

She listened for a long time, how long, she did not know; but it seemed to be a good hour, and still she could not get the sound out of her mind. Regardless of how far the range of her hearing extended, the riders, if there had been any, would have passed long ago and the sound would have faded, and yet she kept hearing the clopping over and over. She was terrified.

All sorts of stories went through her mind, about victims who, with their ghostly, sharpened senses, had seen the shadow of their still-distant ruin erupting before them; about dreams, premonitions, and stories in her mother’s family that—ever since her forefather had stepped on land at Plymouth Rock, and in every generation since—had fulfilled their horrible role as prophesy whenever a tragic accident had occurred. Cold sweat appeared on her forehead; she was seized by the wildly sudden urge to flee from the house. But the thought of the commotion that such an apparently unmotivated step would certainly cause held her back. Remaining in this gloomy room, where the dying fire caused frightening shadows from every corner to dance around her, was just as impossible. The bed was her only refuge. She lit the pinewood spill and rushed up the stairs, through the attic, to her room. But when she tore open the door, the draft blew out her light. Once again she
sensed the powerful urge to flee from the house. She was already standing, with her hat and shawl, in the room. But when she reached the door, cold sweat once again broke out on her brow at the thought of going back through the detested passage. She pushed the table and both chairs in front of the door, hung her quickly discarded clothing over them, and crawled into bed, digging herself deep in under the blanket. By this time it had begun to storm. Thunder and lightning raged in the mountains, rain pounded the windows furiously. But this tumult outdoors fell comfortingly upon her nerves, agitated by vague forebodings of fear. Amidst the wild noises of nature she fell into a brief slumber.

The splashing racket of rain against the window mixed in her dream with the roaring falls of Niagara. She was hanging once again, as she had in that hour of terror, beneath the foaming spray on the sloping cliff. But close by, through the thick, white steam, glowed two pairs of murderous eyes. To flee from them she slipped forward from boulder to boulder, where everywhere eels wriggled out of crevices in the stone and snapped at her face until, driven under the rolling, crushing waterfall, she sank into the bottomless depths. She still clearly heard the sound of horse hooves high, high above her on the Canadian bank, and regardless of how torrentially she shot downwards, the four glowing murderous eyes remained fixated upon her.

She awoke, bathed in sweat, with a feeling of unspeakable fear, as if an evil power were just waiting in the darkness for her first move in order to destroy her.

Thus she lay, not daring to move. O horrors! She heard it clearly: whispering beneath her window. The foul weather had died down. Soft attempts at the front door, then, briefly, like a flash of lightning in the night, but clearly, clearly, like the shattering of a pane of glass.

She was out of bed in no time, out the door. The entire barricade came crashing down with one push, although God knows where she found the strength. She sat cowering, without knowing how she had gotten there, in the outermost corner of the attic behind an old iron oven and other discarded appliances; water from the rain, which had found its way into the attic through a hole, fell drop by drop with systematic stubbornness on her bare back and then trickled downwards.

There she sat for a long time—oh, so long! while below the danger grew with tapping and searching, with secret sneaking and peeping from room to room. Then she heard whispering at the door to the stairs. A weak beam of
light rose up to the roof shingles. The light flickered up the stairs, closer, closer, closer. She heard her heart pounding so loudly that she covered it with both hands, afraid that it would betray her. A man’s head! He looked around searchingly, listening. Shuddering, she pulled her head back behind her iron cover: it was Grenier!

Yet another came up the stairs; she no longer dared look at him, but she knew who it had to be. There was some cautious pushing at her barricade. She did not lose her courage. A ray of her old faith glimmered in her heart—God would have to hold out his hand to save her at the last possible moment. He had not done it back then, but this time he would! This time he would!

The searchers had searched the room; now they came out again. Alas! From the mussed bed, the clothing strewn about, the demolished barricade, they had to know that they need not look far. Dear God! They really did know! They noisily looked through the old household junk in the attic. They did so slowly and deliberately; step by step they searched with horrible precision. Step by step they drew closer to her, without whispering a word. Only the light, only the tapping of their stealthy steps came closer and closer. Now the light was already throwing its flickering beams on the lace hem of her nightdress. Now one of them hit his foot on the base of the oven. Now the light shone directly into her corner, into her face, and two heads stretched forward, and two pairs of eyes held those of the victim, who, paralyzed with fear, stared at them with an uncanny steadfastness. As if dealing with a wild animal, the man in front, without taking his eyes off her, took the pistol that his companion held out part way for him with the lust of a hunter.

“Don’t do it, Gussy!” screamed Annie piteously, when she saw the movement. “Dear Gussy!”

At that moment the blood from her shattered eye was already spraying the murderer’s clothes, and Augustus could see how it streamed down her face and between her exposed breasts—the blissful pillow of his love. The sight filled him with horror. He dropped the burning spill that had illuminated their deed; but the despicable slave to murder, his companion, cursed and sent shot after shot into the dark, until the revolver had spent its last bullet. Then, still not completely certain, he grabbed the bloody head by its heavy silken braids and in the darkness mercilessly used his club to strike the top of the skull and the face, a sight in which humans and angels had rejoiced just moments ago.
Finished, the perpetrator stumbled ahead, groping for the stairs; the assistant followed. In the room below they lit another pinewood spill. The murderer loaded two barrels of the pistol, from which the butt had fallen off, and handed the murder weapon to his companion, who reluctantly took it when his master gave him a meaningful sign. The latter took the ax down from its nail. They then once again sneaked through the entire house in search of Annie's travel companion. They even looked for him under the bed of the deaf elderly couple, who lay in a peaceful sleep of good health; they looked high and low for him. They at least expected to find his buggy in the barn. All to no avail. No trace of him. They reached the comforting conclusion that he had brought his friend from Mulberry Street here once again as a refuge and had then immediately turned back. The Frenchman smiled despically at the thought of the selfless role of protector, to which the "dumb German" had so tirelessly dedicated himself, and at the probable reward Antonio would reap as a result.

Not a word had been spoken since the victim's final plea. She was now quiet upstairs in her corner; it was quiet there, except for the sound of the slow dripping that still fell from the roof onto the cold bosom and, once there, slowly dug its quiet grooves in the stream of blood. Below, the peaceful breathing of the sleeping elderly couple kept tranquil time with the cozy swing of the pendulum on the kitchen clock. Otherwise silence reigned. The murderers had left the house—silence behind them, silence ahead of them in the night recovering from the storm, silence between them as they hurried side by side with powerful steps.

After approximately one mile of gradual descent they came to a small wooded area where they had tied their horses. They mounted. In a fast trot they continued in silence, always pushing restlessly ahead. Annie no longer heard the hooves in her attic. Finally at daybreak, Grenier turned off of the road, followed by his companion. They rode further into the woods.

"Am I bloody?" he asked, pulling in the reins at a clearing that was, however, surrounded by bushes.

"All over," responded young Dawson, shuddering as he looked at his companion.

"Then please wait a moment," said the Frenchman, springing from his horse.

The young dandy instinctively pulled back his horse. He appeared uncertain as to whether or not it would now be his turn.
Without noticing the movement, Grenier unbuckled his portmanteau and took out a piece of soap and a bottle of water, and after he had undressed down to his underpants, he carefully washed his face and hands. Then he laid the bloodied pieces of clothing onto a pyre, and while they burned, he put on fresh clothes from the contents of his portmanteau. Young Dawson watched the entire process from beginning to end, without saying a word, amazed at the murderer’s caution and perfect virtuosity in every detail of his art. He must have practiced. Finally it occurred to him to look at his own hands. He found it necessary to borrow soap and water from his teacher and model in order to wash off a light trace of blood. The teacher then checked him carefully from head to toe, but in the end declared, with satisfaction: “There’s nothing on you!”

They were now ready to travel again.

“Eh bien! And now the most important thing?” asked the matador in conclusion.

Recollecting his thoughts and with eager willingness, the young American handed him a note made out to Mr. Maurice for $10,000, valid for thirty days.

“Now we’re finally even!” he said, relieved.

“Tout est en règle! Everything’s in order,” confirmed the Frenchman, nevertheless casting a furtive glance at the other, as if looking for a spot where he could once again sink a hook into his freed tributary. Then he jumped onto his horse, wished his companion much pleasure during his summer trip, and with a “je vous salue, monsieur!” he disappeared quickly into the undergrowth.

“Bon voyage!” Augustus called after the Frenchman, with his inimitable Anglo-Saxon accent. Even now the man from Fifth Avenue could not let an opportunity pass to legitimize himself as a man of the world with a morsel of miserable French.

It cost him a bit of time and consideration to decide on the direction he wanted to take; then he also rode away, leaving behind him, as the only sign of the misdeed of this night, a small pile of embers dying out at a secluded spot in the woods.

Thus dissolved the bond with which the foreign adventurer had held his American ninny for three years: with the sacrifice of an innocent life that they had tossed between themselves like a plaything until the game had become burdensome and the ball uncomfortable. Augustus, whose father had
demanded that he free himself once and for all from the unworthy and costly submissive relationship in which his affair with Annie had placed him with her ostensibly legal husband, had learned that his oppressor had hopes of a new wealthy marriage with a young acquaintance from St. Louis, that the matter had already progressed fairly far, and that the hopeful suitor was to meet the family of his future fiancée in mid-July at Niagara Falls. With the courage of a soldier who fears the club of his corporal more than the enemy’s bullets, young Dawson jumped into the fire, since his unforgiving father stood right behind him with his threat. Grenier or, as he was now called, Mr. Maurice, the lawyer from Chicago, should take his wife back. Maurice refused. “Then I’ll embarrass you in front of your bride,” said Augustus. “Good!” answered Grenier. “Then I’ll saddle you with a lawsuit. You recall the means by which you attained my wife.” The threat was horrible, and Augustus saw the sword of this charge hanging over his head for the rest of his life, and this after his father had ordered him to marry. He then assumed a self-confident manner and said, “Let’s see what happens. I want to get rid of the woman at any price.”

“I suggest a reasonable arrangement that in the future will relieve us both of any responsibility for the individual in question,” was Grenier’s answer to this attempt at independence. “You’ll give me another $10,000 and—je me charge du reste—I’ll take care of the rest.” The rest revealed itself readily in what the reader has already learned in the previous chapter; nevertheless, it was in both their interests to act in concert. Augustus was not allowed to leave Grenier’s side; above all he was not to marry until he had dissolved the dreadful obligation; the perpetrator, on the other hand, wanted just as badly to have his accessory share the guilt.

The deed had been successfully executed. Both now rode away, relaxed and free, one north, the other south, each to pursue his own business and fate.
Chapter 10

Antonio opens his letters.

*Ach! die Gattin ist's, die theure,*
*Ach! Es ist die treue Mutter!*
—"Das Lied von der Glocke"

On the way back our hero got lost in the dark and in the storm, and it was nearly one o’clock in the morning by the time he once again reached the village where, accompanied by the women three weeks earlier, he had found lodging. It seemed most advisable to knock again this time and let himself and his horse rest until the next morning. He would certainly not get anything to eat, as hungry as he was, for this was not possible in small American hotels except at certain times, not even for money or kind words.

When he took off his dripping coat in his room he came across the letters; he had nearly forgotten them, for his deeply confused thoughts had wandered from one farmhouse to another. He was soon engrossed in what he was reading, which was quite suitable, in contrast, for helping him forget the farmhouses. The first letter, from July 1, the date of his first arrival in this very inn, contained a brief request from Wilhelmi to attend a business meeting in Niagara Falls on July 14. They had met to discuss the same matter many times at that location, which lay halfway between New York and Chicago, and Antonio’s reports had often been indispensable, given his earlier participation in the business. He also still entertained a slight glimmer of hope for a favorable outcome, a partial reimbursement of his original capital.

The second letter, dated July 16, was from Niagara Falls. It contained a business report that looked quite positive, when one considered that the outbreak of the Italian war had had a very disruptive influence on the European participants, whose bills of exchange for the $80,000 would be due at various times. It turned out, however, that the entire deal was being held together by Wilhelmi, who had not only repeatedly granted a grace period for his large share but also had to assist Brösingk and his colleagues with their share and, on top of it all, with their European liabilities. Only he could furnish proof,
given his knowledge of Brösingk's affairs, that there was no reason to worry about the outcome. Moreover, he (Wilhelmi) found it necessary to travel to Europe once again. In five or six days he would stop at Niagara Falls on his return trip, with the intention of spending a few days there with Antonio, whom he felt sure he would find there at last. In a postscript the letter also contained the story of an interesting adventure, how their group, consisting of both New Yorkers and Chicagoans, had saved a woman from the edge of the hissing kettle of water. The description of the ascent, of how they took turns, in pairs, carrying the woman, proved that his friend Wilhelmi could no more walk unpunished among palms than Antonio on the stairs a couple of hours earlier. In short, the true source of inspiration for Wilhelmi's romantic idea of enjoying Niagara's wonders with his friend was revealed in the added remark that this time they would be lodging in Clifton House, where the views were much more beautiful and the food, he had been promised, much better. Coincidentally, Antonio knew, from a single experience, that the latter claim was based on his friend's devout self-deception and faith in miracles. He thus looked forward to many such jokes, since he was, as chance would have it, in possession of the entire secret and all of its related circumstances and could mystify the lover in a thousand different ways.

He lost all desire to jest when he opened the third letter; in Wilhelmi's envelope he found one from his father—edged in black.

His mother had died suddenly of a heart attack.

It took some time for Antonio to recover from this painful shock enough to finish reading the letter. He loved his mother with an admiration that had perhaps more than anything else steeled his heart up to now against the magic of young women's charms; the degree to which he had admired in her the ideal of femininity was the same degree to which all others remained inferior to this image, transfigured though it was by their early separation. All of his actions had been closely tied to the hope of being worthy of her and thus making her happy. Driven above all by this thought, he had finished a scholarly paper a few weeks earlier in order to compete in an ethnological contest sponsored by the German Academy. Now she was dead. He had done everything in vain. Cold comfort, knowing that she had died with a blessing on her lips for her distant son! The reproach of this distance remained a thorn in his flesh, and for the first time he sensed the true nature of exile. The same reproach was evident in his father's words. Antonio fell to his knees next to
his bed, buried his face in the blanket, and cried hot, bitter tears for the first time in many years.

Incidentally, his father left it up to him whether he returned home. For the young man accustomed to freedom, home called up an image of prison, something he immediately refused to consider. Under all circumstances the material functions of society served his spirit, which rummaged through heaven and earth, merely as the means to a life of culture.

He paced back and forth in his room the entire night, sobbing and talking to himself. At dawn he asked the innkeeper to return his buggy to North Conway and he rented another to drive to the train station. He still hoped to meet Wilhelmi in Niagara Falls, then travel to Chicago on business, then make a farewell visit to Cincinnati on his way back to New York, where he wanted to speak with young O'Shea about his financial affairs, and then spend some time making a journey to Germany, to his father.
Chapter 11

General departure. Young Dawson searches for a bride after his recent crime and finds an angel.

Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde.
—Thekla, Wallenstein

Traure nicht, traure nicht
Um dein junges Leben;
Wenn sich Dieser niederlegt,
Wird sich Der erheben.
—Old folksong

Augustus Dawson arrived at Cartwright's farm toward noon. Susan greeted him as a long-awaited guest and member of the Dawson family with more than her usual kindness. The others had already left early that morning for Mount Washington. It had stopped raining; the day was glorious, the mountains were turning blue in the virgin freshness, and they had left the message at home that "the gentlemen," Antonio and Dawson, "should please join them."

After the horrible excitement of the bloody night and the long ride, which had continued with only short breaks since yesterday afternoon, Augustus was physically so weary that the recently committed atrocity lay like an awful dream in the dusky distance behind him. He welcomed Susan's invitation to rest all the more because he could thereby postpone the feared meeting with his mother and sister. It was thus decided that he would rest that afternoon and night. The young girl waited on him at the table, as was her habit, and recounted the chronicle of adventures and experiences of the last weeks with priceless freshness. She also did the honors on their land, not realizing until then how every little spot had become more significant to the family's history—hard as this was to believe—during the few weeks in which the visitors had been there. Connected to every step was a small memory, a merry or pleasant anecdote, in which the figures of Miss Dawson,
Antonio—no one called him now by anything other than his first name—and Miss Parsons were interwoven. The more preoccupied and melancholy the guest appeared, the more eagerly she tried to entertain him, since he did not want to follow her advice to lie down and rest. He was afraid of being alone, and regardless of how often she was called away for household duties, even if just for a moment, she had to promise him she would return as quickly as possible, which flattered her small vanity more than a little. No diversion, even one this interesting, could have torn him from his gloomy brooding, but the kind, youthfully fresh figure of his companion began to interest him. His sensuousness, the most carefully tended and developed aspect of his character, needed only to have its interest piqued for all other forces and emotions, even the horror of the memory and the quivering of his guilty conscience, to be pushed into the background.

At first glance Susan did not bear any noticeable resemblance to her older sister. She was brunette, the other blond; she was quietly blooming, the other full of lively energy; Annie was tall and voluptuous, Susan rather small with a childlike freshness. And yet both were twigs from the same branch. There were moments when the tone of Susan’s voice, a look in her eyes, a characteristic gesture when she talked, called the murdered lover so vividly to mind that it frightened him.

He still had no idea that it was his victim’s sister who was awaking this memory, for Annie had never spoken of her family or even steered the conversation towards that topic. She fearfully held the sanctity of that memory separate from the profane relations to which she had succumbed. Moreover, it barely mattered to her lover, and thus he did not even know her father’s name.

He had always been so attracted by Annie’s irresistible charms, however, that he could never bear to be separated from her for long. Now, when the prospect of her embrace had been removed forever from the foundation of his life, he was suspended in a bottomless room and looking for a new center of gravity. He would not search for long. This young country girl exerted the old magnetic influence on him, only with renewed force; he found the pole he had just lost. The nervous excitement, redirected from pangs of conscience and physical overexertion, blazed up as the bright heat of love. Susan, given the natural majesty of innocence, did not dare to step openly out of her shell and into her essentially sensuous character. This did not lessen the strength of the flame; indeed, it increased its intensity.
The guest went to bed early after exchanging a friendly word with Susan’s parents. He was given the choice of spending the night in Antonio’s room or that of the two women. He chose the latter in order, as much as possible, to avoid the German, who might return in the night. The question of how Annie had come to be in the company of her former protector once again and how she would have described the scene under the waterfall to him troubled him deeply. It was most likely that Wilhelmi, whom Augustus had recognized among the rescuers, had given the frightened creature over to the care of her only proven friend in the world, someone who had looked after her selflessly. In any event, Antonio knew too much for the comfort of the young American’s guilty conscience.

He fell asleep with these disquieting thoughts on his mind. “Ay, there’s the rub; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!”

He was once again searching the attic with his murder accomplice, but whenever they reached the woman, white as a ghost and wearing a long, white nightdress, she began, in the flickering light, to become eerily grotesque. Her bedroom door opened in the background, and old Dawson stood in the doorway with the light, but in the next moment he changed into Antonio, and in the next moment into Annie, whereas the first Annie in front of him became Susan. He wanted to kiss her, but when he drew close to her face, blood ran out of one of her eyes and she screamed: “Don’t do it, Gussy, Gussy dear!” His mother and sister stood watching, always nodding eerily at the blood that ran down between her shriveled breasts. Susan and her parents lamented and groaned. With this lamenting and groaning he woke up, and—was he really awake or was he still dreaming?—he believed he really heard it. It was twelve o’clock, exactly the hour in which it had happened. He was now completely awake, but the lamenting continued. He crept down the stairs in his nightshirt and listened. With the loud wailing of the old servant, Susan’s sobbing, the whimpering prayer of the old mother, and the broken self-reproaches of the old father, the horrible cry “Annie, Annie!” was heard over and over again. Suddenly the scales fell from his eyes; now he thought he remembered that Annie’s name had been Cartwright; now he knew why Susan had reminded him so vividly of his lover and how she had found Antonio again. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead at the thought that his relationship to her was known here—and the murder attempt at Niagara Falls! But that could not be possible! They would not have received him with such friendliness. He fled up the stairs and back into his room.
As soon as the German returned, the battle with him would have to start. A sudden thought! He tried the door to Antonio’s room. It was unlocked. He opened it inquiringly. No breathing from a sleeping person, no moving from a waking person—it was still empty. He went back for the blood-splattered pistol in his coat pocket. He had noticed the missing butt when he loaded the gun for a second time in the house of murder, but he had been so confused at that point that he could not make the fact completely clear to himself, much less grasp the horrible thought of climbing up to the attic once again to look for it behind the corpse. Now it seemed to him that leaving the piece of ivory behind was Providence. He crept to Antonio’s bed, quickly shoved his hand between the mattress and the paillasse, and then placed the murder weapon in the open slit in the latter under the straw.

Then he smoothed the barely disturbed sheets, returned to his room, and closed the door cautiously behind him. Antonio could not possibly stay out long. He was the only one who had accompanied Annie; sooner or later the revolver, which fit the butt that had been left behind at the bloody site, had to be found in his bed.

When young Dawson was given the horrible news the next morning, he exhibited a sympathy that made the elder parents think highly of the distinguished gentleman, and Susan of Miss Dawson’s brother. After quietly considering the circumstances, assuming that the country carriage from yesterday evening had brought the accurate facts, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that “the German gentleman appeared to be involved in the matter in some unfortunate manner.”

He regretted that he had to leave so quickly, whereby he gave Susan, in an outpouring of sympathy, a compassionate kiss on her cherry lips. It was not yet seven o’clock when he mounted his horse to follow the traveling party up to Glen House. He did not breathe more freely until he had passed the opening through the elms, and then the bridge, and finally the open village road to the north, without encountering Antonio. He arrived in Glen House toward noon. With field glasses he could see the ladies who, after spending the night on the mountain in order to watch the sunrise, were just descending. Mrs. Dawson and Miss Parsons on nags, Mary on foot. The terrible news that he had to tell them upon their return, in addition to his “concern, that the German gentleman was somehow unfortunately involved in the matter,” was enough to rob the party of all its interest in pleasure trips and in country life in general for the rest of the summer. Miss Dawson raged
uncharacteristically against her brother for the way he spoke of Antonio; Miss Parsons absolutely dismissed the thought; Mrs. Dawson was so deeply affected by the news that she cried. At the moment Augustus thus felt it most advisable not to pursue the thought.

They decided to return immediately to New York. When they called again at their farmhouse on the way back and Susan stepped out the door to meet them, the first thing Mrs. Dawson did, after Augustus had helped her out of the wagon, was fall into the arms of the poor child, sobbing loudly. The young dandy could not believe his eyes at the behavior of his otherwise very aristocratic mother. An entirely new idea shot through his mind.

"Where's Antonio?" asked Miss Dawson briefly.

"Where's Antonio?" Miss Parsons asked eagerly at the same time.

Susan became very pale and answered, "He hasn't returned yet!"

They learned that he not only had not returned, but that he seemed to have disappeared. He had sent the wagon back.

No one dared say a word about this. A terrible heaviness lay upon all of their hearts. Even the old parents did not mention Antonio's name. In an hour everything was packed. Augustus was burning with the desire to go into Antonio's room to get hold of a particular object that he himself had deposited there, but there was no way to do so. The women were in their rooms; once he pressed on the door handle, as if in an idle mood, but the door was locked and there was no key. Mary, who unconsciously and despite all the packing had focused all of her senses on that door, turned her eyes towards it when she heard the handle. She caught the eye of her brother, who stared at her diffidently. Astonished, she looked at him again, and then he reddened. Soon he made off, embarrassed. After a while Mary again heard the handle to the outer door of Antonio's room being opened. As cautiously quiet as the sound was, nothing from that side could escape her attention. Three weeks lay buried there, the only ones, it would seem, out of all the other years of her life that had remained in her heart. She went to the hallway door to look around. Her brother was sneaking down the hallway "like a guilty thing."

As they were leaving, Mrs. Dawson made Susan promise to visit her in New York. One could easily see that they were serious, for they could hardly bear to part from one another. A new tip for the man in love. He recalled that his father had not only ordered him to marry, but he had also advised him to find a simply educated girl. Susan fit the bill perfectly. But he could not convince himself that his fashionable mother, despite all of her tender feelings
for the girl, would forgive him for preferring a farmer’s daughter. Because of his chaotic life and the anxieties of his current situation, he had completely failed to notice the big change in his mother, especially as he was not a particularly sharp observer. But when he first attempted to win her soul for the interesting idea, she passionately embraced the idea. In her motherly egoism she saw only the good that would come to her son from the influence of such a pure, honest, simple, and yet intellectually superior creature like Susan, without thinking for even a moment how disastrous this experiment could be for the girl. While still on the train, mother and son agreed that he should ask for Susan’s hand, and without delay, as soon as Mrs. Dawson could consult with her husband on the matter. She feared that the impression could be a fleeting one and that Augustus could again fall in with bad company. She hoped, although not without fear and trembling, to use this consideration to full advantage with his father. Augustus found it unnecessary to tell her that the idea had actually originated with his father, who was already supportive of the right person.

The guileless woman was thus happily surprised to find her spouse unconditionally willing to accept the plan. He believed that a fashionable woman would just plunge the young man from one type of corrupting past-time into the next. Given Mrs. Dawson’s description, he could not praise his son’s choice enough; the only thing that spoiled the matter was the touching gratitude of his wife, who began to look at her husband with very different eyes and to condemn herself for the injustice she had done him, as she had earlier with her daughter. The good soul thought that the situation was the same, and she accepted all of the guilt. But her tenderness embarrassed the cold man of reason, whose calculating clarity penetrated and controlled even the temptations of ambition and greed—the strongest ones in his case—with the same certainty as every other passion. He soon convinced himself, furthermore, through his conversations with Augustus that his son did not have to fear that ghostly apparitions from his past would interfere with this step. Mr. Dawson then asked his son encouragingly, if he perhaps needed a few thousand dollars. The latter requested a round sum, $10,000 of which would be used to pay a certain note.

When the young man saw that both of his parents quite naturally accepted the idea of a connection with a farmer’s daughter, it seemed to him that the new relationship he wished to enter into with the family of the murdered Annie was actually advisable, given the circumstances. He preferred to
work it out in his empty, conceited head by thinking that he could more or less rectify the crime against the oldest sister by marrying the youngest, as if by the gift of his own hands and his enormous (that is, expected) fortune. The awareness of such magnanimous atonement occasionally put him in a cheerful mood, whenever he was not preoccupied by the lurking fear of possible discovery.

And what did Susan say?

Did it ever occur to you, dear ladies, that a French emperor, an American millionaire, or some other soldier of fortune would offer you his hand? And how would you respond to such an offer, which does not easily come more than once in a lifetime, if one may ask?

Susan said yes.

If at that time she had given her kind little heart to some poor country lad, or city school teacher, or German artist, or any other poor soul, then she never would have let her chosen one be displaced by all the millionaires or princes in the world, even if the Prince of Wales had come at the head of the entire British fleet with however many allied powers to bombard her brave little Sebastopol. But given the situation, the poor inexperienced thing had, due to a lack of education, no system for analyzing the theory of love, which every educated pupil in the sixth grade of every school for young ladies could have discussed with her. The only reservation she had about the happiness offered to her was accepting such a large and magnanimous sacrifice. And when, pressured from all sides, she finally had to accept, she vowed, while bathed in tears of gratitude, emotion, and happiness, to love her betrothed, whom she considered to be the greatest and most noble hero of the century, as much as a poor, small farmer’s daughter such as herself could ever possibly love a man.

The “orders” from New York called for a wedding on November 21. These orders, naturally, were not subject to further discussion in the farmhouse.

As soon as the matter became known, the Cartwright family suddenly became part of the great village aristocracy. The visits never stopped, and preparations for the upcoming “wedding in high life,” like the circle of friends and relatives that expanded daily, consumed all the powers of the farmhouse, day and night, for months.
Chapter 12

The hero prepares to travel overseas, but the police stop him.

Antonio did not find his friend in Niagara Falls or in Chicago. He made quick stops in various western cities, where he had to wrap up previous affairs or make arrangements for future meetings. In early August he was back in New York. Wilhelmi invited him to spend the last afternoon in his apartment on the other side of the river. On a country road bordered by low, white picket fences and small wooden houses with a view of the distant meadows, woods, and scattered cottages, the friends suddenly came upon a garden wall made of stone that ran along the street. The iron gate permitted a view of a winding road between boskets whose edges were lined with tall, blooming rosebushes. After a few steps the road led to a wide, central path; interrupted half-way by a circular flowerbed and lying between blossoming bushes and abundant creepers growing upwards on light wire trestles, the path granted a view of the dark outline of the country home. It was a solid, two-storied building made of bluish granite blocks. The simple architecture and the dark color of the stone were freshened not with ornamentation but with heavy festoons of Virginia creeper hanging down from the high piazza across the entire width of the main building. The double afternoon shadow beneath the leaf-covered ceiling of the colonnade on the east side of the house was heightened by the glimpse provided into a broad entrance and the dark hall behind it, from which mirrors and massive golden picture frames could be seen, like the reflection of still water beneath dark forest shadows. Mr. Blan-dar, the head of the household, jovial and full of life, two young ladies (his daughters), and after a while the lady of the house, too, came down from the upper rooms, then another gentleman and yet another lady, and again and again, and little boys and girls, one after the other, to welcome Wilhelmi’s friend as one of theirs, then they disappeared again and returned. The house seemed to hold an entire Boccaccio-like society in its large, high-ceilinged rooms, although there was nothing else remotely Boccaccio-like about the place. Everything was much more reminiscent of their native Germany. A white wine punch and cigars were lying on the table in the room for refresh-
ment when desired. One spoke of this and that, without pretense and without awkwardness, just like at home in their beloved fatherland. Surfacing suddenly in German air after having submerged himself so deeply in American life, Antonio was overcome by strange feelings about his native country; feelings he had thought buried long ago resurfaced in all their intensity, longing, and homesickness, along with a nagging impatience not to tarry another day but board and travel overseas tomorrow.

Toward dusk his friend led him to the other, brighter side of the house. Here, in contrast to the narrow, shadowy garden stillness of the eastern side, was a surprising view of a broad, green plain, traversed by a silver ribbon of river in the far distance and in the background crowded by bluish peaks. A forested valley that began at the edge of the house’s garden with a wide, straight view down the middle heightened the sense of distance and completed the idyllic scene, for on one of the forest meadows a group of horses grazed, enjoying the abundance of their wild existence.

And all this during a wonderfully colorful sunset, which was made more glorious by clouds that were just gathering unnoticed across a third of the sky.

After the friends had feasted their eyes aesthetically on the view and the kaleidoscope of colors, they left the group on the balcony in order to speak in confidence in the isolation of the shadowy, secluded garden path.

“As sensitive as I initially was to the intrusive truth from the little devil,” Antonio continued their conversation, “it’s now absolutely clear to me that it’s the truth. Nothing at all comes of these lectures, even if they weren’t so uncertain in pecuniary terms. The public wants a new surprise every day. The only one who can conscientiously offer this is someone who lives from surprises the way the public does. People like us waste themselves on such ventures.”

“So lecturing didn’t work out; neither did business.”

“God knows, Wilhelmi, not for me.”

“You’re also not cut out for politics.”

“Good, but what’s next? I don’t have to be a lecturer; I can’t be a businessman; I shouldn’t be a politician; I’ve been a gentleman of leisure. It seems to me that I’m not good for anything in the world. I fear that modern German literature, which seeks the people in its work, would find me an unworthy subject.”
“All the worse for modern German literature. Haven’t you ever thought about what talent and inclination have determined you to be?”

“A philosophical dawdler or a dawdling philosopher. In antiquity I surely would’ve played a role as a peripatetic; being a flaneur is my inner calling. In the Orient I most certainly would have roamed about with a flock of barefoot admirers behind me and had a falling out with the authorities, but I would’ve controlled the spirit of future centuries.”

“You need only translate your self-ridicule into serious language,” Wilhelmi claimed enthusiastically, “and you won’t have any reason to mock yourself or complain. It’s the spirit that’s the driving force in history; it doesn’t take effect suddenly, but rather by building cell after cell. We business people are the cells, you scholars, philosophers, poets, and prophets are the spirit. The present belongs to us, the future to you. If you remain true to yourself, then you’ll *not* be satisfied with the present, you’ll *not* praise to the skies the powers that govern the present. Life, the ideal—even though it’s not outside of the world, it’s always hovering over the present, eternally beyond and—”

Initially Antonio was very inclined to toss in a joke, but the solemn seriousness with which the businessman was recounting the passion of the spirit in the world made him very emotional, and he said, lowering his head: “Suffering, therefore. A stranger, a wanderer on earth and suffering.” The tone of his voice was pained, for these were not general reflections in which he indulged. In the depths of his heart, which remained unfathomed even to him, the hope of unspeakable happiness had begun to dawn on him. Now everything in those depths was suddenly extinguished, and the night was profound.

The friends climbed down from the pavilion in silence and walked slowly side by side. “I’ve made my decision,” cried Antonio, rousing himself energetically. “Tomorrow I’ll conclude my business with O’Shea and then I’ll undertake an ethnological expedition to the interior of Asia to find the main focus of my life.”

“Bravo!” cried Wilhelmi. “And that, or something similar, is what I wanted to suggest to you.”

“Thank God, then I’ve found my profession. I’ve finally put this narrow, miserable world of petty-mindedness behind me. I’m finally free!”

“I must ask you,” joked Wilhelmi, “not to scold from your soapbox.”

“Dear Wilhelmi, you’re an exception, but this world of business, and in particular the German businessmen—”
"Well, we also help quite respectfully with building the cells. The relationship always remains a mutual one, my proud sir. We create cultural material by tricking, accumulating, spending, consuming; we realize the ideas of the world that you design."

"Especially your young trade barons with their noble passions!"

"Friend, these young barons have founded savings banks, insurance agencies, hospitals, schools, art institutes; they’ve—"

"They’ve helped build up and overthrow political parties; they’ve laid their mines from country to country and from sea to sea, from New York to San Francisco to Shanghai, from—"

"That’s far too slow for me; I’ve already arrived back in London and New York via Kiakhta and Moscow and am now back in New York—"

"They’ve burst out of the old chains of ethnic barbarianism and the bonds of nature’s secret, as the army commander of the triumphant spirit—"

"Please, that’s going too far—as an underling I’ll accept it."

"Let’s compromise and say, as general quartermaster; for in the end we have to provide for everyone’s needs."

"The provisions come afterwards."

"Take this with you on the trip and don’t argue." With these words the friend handed him a written note, which Antonio read with difficulty in the growing darkness.

"A check for me!" he cried, extremely pleased. "And for $10,000? Did little O’Shea make a gain with my pound in such a short time?"

"No," responded Wilhelmi. "This time simply from a few New York German trade barons, who share the noble passion of participating in the honor of your scientific journey."

"It can’t be true!" cried Antonio, electrified. "May heaven forgive me for my blasphemy against the barons; royal hearts such as those of New York businessmen can be found no where else in the world!"

"Now you’re going to the extreme again! The truth of the matter is that while the dirtiest, most material, in a word, bourgeois, most despicably filthy souls in America are to be found among German businessmen, so, too, are the most ambitious, free-thinking, and most generous. If we’re talking about meanness, then the Yankee’s more of a heel and the German more of a rogue; if we’re talking about the other side, then the Yankee’s more of a "gentleman" and the German more of a "nobleman"; the Yankee’s a more decent person, the German a nobler one."
“Yes, that’s it!” responded Antonio with impatience. (They had, in the meantime, reached the garden gate, which he opened.)

“That’s good! Come to an agreement with O’Shea for me; I’ll send you the power of attorney and the papers; please give my best to my dear hosts. I must go to my inn; tomorrow the steamer departs. I’ll not stay a moment longer.”

With these words he walked to the street.

“Stop! One moment!” barked a tall, powerfully built man who stepped in front of him. Another man, just as tall and powerfully built, appeared at his side in the same moment.

“You’re Antonio Wohlfahrt?” asked the first man in German.

“That’s my name; what’s the meaning of this?”

“We’ve orders for your arrest.”

Wilhelmi wanted to step into their midst and provide any kind of surety necessary. Mr. Blandar, whom the German of the two hat-wearing officers knew very well, immediately wanted to do the same. The two friends could hardly believe their ears when they were given to understand that surety would not be acceptable, for he was suspected of murder. The detectives explained that they had followed the captured man’s trail long enough, from Boston to Niagara Falls, from there to Chicago, and then from city to city, and finally to this hidden place; they were happy that they had come just at the right time before his intended departure for Europe on the steamer the next morning. The German had managed to overhear Antonio’s comment about his trip.

After the initial annoyance he laughed without restraint at the crazy misunderstanding and asked his friend to reserve a place for him on the next steamer in the meantime, as naturally he would have to clear up everything the next morning. But when he arrived at the police station with Wilhelmi accompanying him, he was told that he must take the early train the next day to travel immediately to New Hampshire, where he would appear in court, for that was the state in which the crime had been committed. He had to obey.
Chapter 13

The criminal trial. Examination of the witnesses.

It was early October when the case came to trial. A large police guard protected the accused from the angry crowds on the way to the courtroom. General opinion considered “the foreign adventurer” guilty of the cowardly murder of an American country girl, whom he had first seduced and afterwards lured into a secluded spot in order to dispose of her. The beauty and saintly goodness of the victim, which many knew from her parental home; the aristocratic lecher’s shameful pursuit, expressly spewed from the corrupt atmosphere of European court life to contaminate the pure air of American democratic demureness; the diabolical deliberateness of the plan; the beastly horror of its execution—for a month and a half all of this had provided the desired nourishment for the journalists’ incessantly voracious imagination. In the end a horror story was pieced together, in the face of which even the horrible reality of the crime receded into the fog and shadows.

The gambler Beauford was the first witness for the prosecution. He had known the deceased two-and-a-half years ago in New York. Then she was the wife of his friend Grenier, alias Count Gaston de Roussillon. Knows the accused. From the time of his landing in New York until his move out west, this man was a regular patron at a casino, No. 901 Broadway, which no longer exists. Saw him there regularly every evening. The deceased lived happily with her husband, until the accused was introduced as a friend of the family. A disagreement ensued. The count grew melancholy and disappeared. The deceased stayed behind and was entertained by the accused. Later met both, the accused and his mistress, in Chicago again. She implored him (Beauford) to take her back to her husband, since the accused treated her terribly and repeatedly threatened to kill her. The witness felt a great deal of sympathy but could not help, since the count had not been in touch. The count was very sensitive about honor and had a big heart. He (Beauford) could not fend off the impression that the count, due to grief over the disloyalty of his wife and the shame it brought upon him, had brought his life to a premature end.
Next the two elderly people from the mountain were put on the witness stand. Their testimonies matched in all points; only the woman, for whom the husband served as a translator, wanted to make a special addition. The lawyer for the accused protested against the testimony of people who were not in command of their own five senses, but his protest was not accepted. They had seen the accused on July 1 in the company of the deceased, and a second time on the evening before the murder. The wife had surprised them during their embrace, since they had stayed behind her on the stairs. Nevertheless, the deceased showed every indication of deathly fear; she asked for mercy when he left. The accused threatened her terribly. The description of the horrific scene the next morning then followed.

Then the innkeeper from the station house. Knew the accused. Had once seen him in the company of the deceased, lodging with two additional older women (was positive that it had been the deceased), had stopped at his place a second time on July 18 with the deceased to ask for directions to the farmhouse. The witness heard about the murder the next day, when the carriage arrived at three in the afternoon. Feared it could be the lady from the previous day, drove there directly. Identified this same lady by the curly hair covering her forehead, a diamond ring on her finger that he had noticed, and her clothing.

The accused had returned at one o'clock that night. The witness could not fall back to sleep after letting him in. Saw the guest burning a candle all night in the room across from his. The accused did not go to bed, but rather paced in the room until dawn, while sighing loudly and talking to himself. The witness could not help but have suspicions, and the more he thought about the strange expedition to the secluded farmhouse and the behavior of the foreigner, who had returned alone, the more he could not help but suspect that something was not right. Finally, as early as possible the next morning, the accused rented his own two-horse carriage and drove straight through to Concord, instead of just driving to the steamboat station, where he would have had to wait longer. The owners of the two horses, about whom the accused has spoken, had not been in the parlor at all but rather had spent the entire duration of their half-hour stay partly in the bar, partly in the dining room having tea.

The most dreadful evidence against the accused, however, was the pistol that the police had found in the pocket of a coat when they were searching among his belongings. This six-barreled pistol was missing its butt except for
the iron skeleton that had remained. At the spot where the murder had oc­
curred, two pieces of an ivory butt, embellished with silver arabesques, had
been found that fit perfectly on the iron frame. The pieces were spattered
with blood; according to the surgeons’ testimony, the head injuries on the
corpse resulted from two different impressions that must have been caused
by just such an instrument, that is, with and without a butt. Visible were two
injuries from a dull object and three from a sharp one. One of those must
have been the cause of death, if the victim had not already been killed by a
bullet wound that went through the left eye and into the brain. Moreover,
there were two other bullet wounds, one in the throat, the other on the wrist,
but neither of these were deadly. The other five bullets found at the scene of
the crime exactly fit the caliber of the revolver.

The business man Wilhelmi; the small shopkeeper O’Shea; Mrs. O’Shea,
his mother; the Cartwrights and Miss Parsons, retired teacher and author,
appeared as witnesses for the defense.

Wilhelmi explained that the affair in the casino, in contrast to Beauford’s
account and in accordance with the truth, had been a one-time and chance
involvement; the name of young Dawson, however, was not mentioned. The
O’Sheas attested to the true relationship between the accused and Madame
Grenier, to the best of their knowledge. The evidence apparently made a
positive impression in favor of the imprisoned man, although the relation­
ship’s pure origin did not preclude its later degeneration. Young O’Shea also
testified to Grenier’s presumed participation in O’Dogherty’s assassination
plan. Miss Parsons, the loyal soul, had rushed over upon hearing the first
news of her friend’s trouble; she lived for one thought only, namely to por­
tray him before God and the world as innocent, as he must be. She sent off
letters in every direction and wrote essays in all newspapers, and she ran
from pillar to post to win over the public’s judgment according to her sense
of the matter. In part, her devoted blindness for her friends was too well
known, in part she had worked out in her mind the most adventurous expla­
nation of events without taking facts or possibilities into consideration: a
fabric woven of enthusiastic prejudice, whose weaknesses were so easy to
see through that her defense (for she had pleaded, not testified) served more
to produce the opposite effect, for she attacked a number of people, who dur­
ing the pursuit had done nothing other than their duty, as spiteful and
malicious.
The worst thing about all of this was that Antonio had strictly forbidden her even to mention Miss Dawson’s name in connection with his trial. Miss Parsons thus could only testify that, during the visit on July 1, she herself and the absent Frank had accompanied the accused, along with another woman, whose name was irrelevant but who was not the deceased. As important as this point seemed to the accused man’s lawyer, he had let Antonio convince him that it was not important enough to warrant bringing the name and the person of a young woman into the public eye in connection with a terrible crime. Wilhelmi, for the same reason, had agreed to omit the name of Augustus Dawson from his testimony.

Mrs. Cartwright knew that her daughter had been married to the Frenchman Grenier. That is why the daughter had had a falling out with her family. Then she told the story of Annie’s return to her father’s house, whereby she and Susan, who stood next to her to lend support, were so overwhelmed by grief that all present were seized by the deepest sympathy, and whereas the men held back their tears with effort, the women broke out in loud sobs. Unfortunately both had to admit that the prisoner had advised them to bring the returned daughter to the secluded farmhouse. Susan, heart overflowing, still wanted to mention everything she knew, from her own experience or from her brother Frank, about Antonio’s noble treatment of her sister, but she was told that such comments were irrelevant.

The elder Cartwright testified that he had dragged the bear home that the accused had killed. Whether or not the pistol had been broken while striking the bear he admittedly could not say, since he had not seen the gun before or after the bear had been killed. Antonio asserted the latter point, contradicting his own lawyer. His hunting companion had not seen the pistol again after the struggle with the bear.

The accused man’s unease during the testimony of the last witness was apparent, particularly compared to his otherwise generally rigid stance, and it underscored the preconceived opinion of his guilt. Because the witness had touched so closely upon the name and the person of Mary Dawson, he expected her to be named at any moment, but everyone remained true to their agreement and the danger passed.

During his interrogation Antonio had simply stated the facts as they had occurred. He even wanted to report Annie’s account of Niagara without mentioning Augustus Dawson’s role, but was not allowed to do so.
Preliminaries and witness testimony lasted two days. The courtroom was packed the entire time. The symptoms of the people’s rage against the prisoner, especially on the first day, became more than the discipline in the courtroom could handle. But the noble face and extremely distinguished manner of the young man did not fail to make an impression in the end. The educated people, in particular the ladies, could not help but silently admire him. In some cases, this feeling very quickly took on interesting significance, expressing itself in perfumed letters and tender gifts.

On the third day, when the final hearing was to take place, the crowd was suffocating. The prisoner had, at the start, immediately secured for himself a German friend from out West as his lawyer. We will give the reader the report of the speech for the defense from the *New Hampshire Democrat*. The document is characteristic of the lawyer’s manner and the way in which he intentionally spoke to the views of his American listeners.
Chapter 14

The defense lawyer’s speech.

The defense began with a sketch of Antonio’s life, the high position of his father in the business world, and his excellent education. He, the lawyer, was not a Prussian. Therefore, without having to worry about judging falsely, he could agree with the generally held view that the Prussian educational system was the best in the world. This system had raised a nation of thinkers, to borrow the phrase of a famous English writer and statesman of our time, but, even better (he was able to add), a nation of honorable men. Now all of the advantages of such a highly intellectual and social education had been eminently united in the person of his client. And this distinguished young man, who had grown up in the lap of luxury and had been chosen to receive the highest honors in his fatherland by virtue of his birthright, position, and connections had rejected all the temptations of happiness, for which most people put themselves at risk, in order to—save his conscience. The sweetness of his life at home, the advantages of birth and position, the pleasures of a society that counted a Humboldt amongst its members: all this had been rejected by his client for the sake of his conscience. Whereas thousands of others in his position would have allowed themselves to remain seated at the table of life, which was abundantly laden with the richest of meals, his client’s taste dictated that he turn away with disgust, for missing in these rich dishes was the only spice that can make the food enjoyable to the honorable man, the spice of a clear conscience! (An expression of approval surged through the inner circle where the gentlemen from the bar and the press were sitting.) Driven from the fatherland, continued the speaker, for the sake of his conscience, the irresistible drive of a simple and unspoiled character—despite the highest degree of education—had drawn him to this country, to the sanctuary of democratic freedom. (The crowd was now warmed up, and one section of the galleries applauded noisily; the other section, consisting of nativists who, from the beginning, had assumed a determinedly hostile position, hissed. The judge threatened to clear the galleries if the crowd did not desist.) There was only one opinion about his life since he had arrived on the soil of his youthful
longing. His social kindness, his strict sense of honor in business, his highly moral character, had won him friends everywhere he had turned in a life that was active and useful beyond all measure. Friends in the North and South, East and West! Friends, not in the typically misused sense of the word, but true friends, enthusiastic, glowing admirers. Then the lawyer reviewed the testimony of the gambler, a person who made a profession of deceit. It contrasted with the report of an innocent country girl, the very sister of the unfortunate deceased woman, whose statement had been cut off by a procedure he did not want to describe in detail, just as she had begun the most important part of her testimony. In any case, however, she had not been prevented from testifying that her brother—as anyone could have seen—like the rest of his dejected family, clung to the man with a love deeper than that of one’s family (here Susan could be heard sobbing), a man that unknown, intrusive people wanted to force upon them as the murderer of a dear sister, of a tenderly loved daughter. The defense lawyer then reported on the affair in the casino, using the version given by the witness Wilhelmi. The noble behavior of his client towards the rejected woman, the love, yes, the adoration of the ordinary Irish woman. Young O’Shea, already well respected in the City, despite his youth, was shown in the brightest light. His testimony accused the Frenchman of participating in an attempted murder. But Beauford and the Frenchman were old friends and cronies, so the gambler’s motive was suspicious in and of itself. Moreover, his testimony about the relationship between the accused and the deceased stood in the most flagrant contradiction to the testimonies of all the other witnesses, especially those of the O’Sheas. With habits such as those assumed by those accusations, traces of similar irregularities in the moral behavior of his client would have come to light here and there. Not even the slightest trace of such irregularity could be discovered, however, in a life that was known to be especially pure and above reproach and highly respected, and as such could serve as a shining example to many of those who deemed to judge him, indeed, to the best among them. If it was now proven that his client had not had a forbidden relationship with the murdered woman, then any motive he may have had for committing the crime ceased to exist and one would have to track down the murderer wherever such a relationship could be suspected or proven. He then challenged the prosecuting attorney to produce evidence of a criminal relationship between the accused and the deceased. If he could do so, then he (the lawyer) would give up his client’s case as lost. But if the prosecuting
attorney failed to provide such evidence, then all of the charges would collapse like a house built on sand. Of course, a deaf old man and a mute old woman had come to set their deaf and mute testimony against the audible testimony to a completely pure life and to serve, with their frail limbs, as the last weight-bearing pillar in the prosecution’s magnificent building. A deaf old man had supposedly overheard the guilty intentions of the accused in a conversation between him and the unfortunate victim. Nothing more need be said against such a testimony. This old, deaf man had gone out the door to see a conversation that he had not heard, if the otherwise generally accepted view that deaf people have a reputation for not being able to hear was also valid here. The old man had not heard the conversation, therefore, but he had seen it. And under what circumstances had he seen the unheard conversation? At an hour in which, among all living creatures, only donkeys, cats, and prosecuting attorneys were rumored to be able to tell a hawk from a handsaw. In a thunderous and oppressive night an old man with dulled senses, who could hardly see during the day and at night most certainly could not hear, had allegedly seen the content of a conversation—and the result of his recollection of these faces had been admitted here as testimony! It was the only direct testimony that offered the prosecution even the slightest grounds for their case. And based on this a man was to be hanged! — By the way, that the deceased had exhibited signs of fear, that upon seeing the place intended for her murder she had fled, full of foreboding, to the protective arms of her companion, that she had begged and implored his client, as he himself had explained, not to leave her alone that night in that lonely place—for that a more than adequate explanation existed, not only in the horror of the stormy night, the secluded spot, and the unfortunate woman’s circumstances, but above all in the fact, confirmed many times, that “future events are often foreshadowed.”

The topic of premonitions was treated thoroughly at this point, and several convincing examples that were “authentic beyond all doubt” were cited.

It was considered especially suspect, however, that his client had been the one to recommend that secluded refuge to the unfortunate victim. But his (the lawyer’s) feelings told him that there could be no more beautiful testimony for the moral innocence, no more convincing testimony for the factual innocence of the accused, than precisely this fact; the former because of the trust that had been shown in such a young man, furnished with all personal advantages, in such a delicate matter. All those involved turned to him in
unison and naturally for advice and support only because his character stood above all reproach. But he, what did he do? According to the public prosecutor's theory, he himself had only created the opportunity in order to lead his victim to slaughter. How smart! Whatever one might have thought of his client's character, everyone had to grant that he was the most intelligent "villain" who had ever stood before the court. This intelligent villain, therefore, who had been contemplating the plans for his crime for weeks, had arranged things so that he, of all things, could introduce himself, along with his victim, to the family, the family that had never met him and that had long since buried the memory of the unfortunate woman! But that was not enough for the clever criminal. After he had succeeded in drawing the family's attention to his existence and renewing the family's sympathy for the rediscovered daughter, he said: Now pay attention! I'll take her to a secluded spot, where there are no competent witnesses. So, if you hear tomorrow that she's been murdered and that I've suddenly disappeared rather than returned here, then don't blame me. There was only one thing that he (the lawyer) could say about this, namely, that he hoped the gentleman who was leading the prosecution for the community never found himself involved in any kind of secret plot, for with his concept of cleverness he was sure to be found out.

The prisoner's late return at night, his agitation and his sleepless lamentation while in his room, his haste in reaching the train, his subsequent trip all over the country, and his intended departure with the next steamer were now explained, of course, one after the other, based on the actual events.

Finally, however, the lawyer came to the point upon which the prosecutor had placed the most weight, upon which he, in truth, in addition to the two deaf-mute elderly people with bad memories, had based his case as if it were a weight-bearing pillar. This weight-bearing pillar, this powerful structure, upon which his entire building rested, as if on bedrock—and upon which the prosecution had even declared itself willing to rise or fall—what was it? A broken pistol! A frail pillar, indeed! With the two invalid, deaf-mute old people with poor memories on either side, a true masterpiece of judicial architecture! The bullet fit in the barrel exactly. Incredible! In today's world, where everything was manufactured in factories, one would never find more than one pistol barrel that had been made with the same caliber! But the butt! The butt fit with terrifying exactness precisely on the tail end of the revolver that had been found in the pocket of the accused, a gun missing its butt. "The butt!" cried the defense lawyer triumphantly again
and again about this discovery. Overwhelming proof! Nonetheless, as over­
whelming as the fact may have been—he granted this point—nonetheless,
there had been recent cases in which, just as many barrels of the same caliber
were made in large gun factories, so, too, had many pistols of the same pat­
tern been made, indeed, hundreds and thousands of pistol butts, in order to fit
them with the corresponding hundreds and thousands of end pieces. In order
to speak seriously, in order to allow the fact mentioned as proof, one appar­
ently had to assume that there was only one such pistol in the world. Now,
the factory owner who had manufactured the pistol mentioned that he
vaguely remembered having made one such pistol for a special order. The
prosecution, in its final judgment, had thus built its entire system on this
vague memory. Assuming the possibility that a vague memory could be a
deceptive memory, what remained for the prosecution?

The manner in which the butt from the revolver of the accused had really
become lost was briefly presented, without mentioning the young lady’s par­
ticipation in the adventure.

The lawyer closed his speech by stating that the trial, moreover, was not
just about acquitting an innocent man; another case was being heard at the
same time: the educated world was sitting there in the courtroom to judge the
institutions of democracy. The question that had to be decided was whether
or not Republican freedom was more or less favorable than a monarchy for
the development of intelligence among the people and for the highest realiza­
tion of justice in society. In short, it was about proof that, under the
protection of the righteous sense of a democratic people, the life and the
honor of citizens would be just as tenderly guarded and the people would
sleep just as securely, as under the strong scepter of despotism and the aegis
of judicial learning.

The speech, which lasted three hours, made an extremely favorable im­
pression. The admiration among the colleagues was even greater because one
had not expected much from the stranger, who was known as a great lawyer
in the West but was barely known in this region. Two lawyers from Boston
who were present were particularly enraptured, and they pushed through the
crowd to congratulate him. That was decisive for the rest of the crowd. Only
a few of the determined Know-Nothings held back. There could hardly be
any doubt that if the jury had been able to give its decision in that moment,
the prisoner would have gone free.
Chapter 15

The prosecutor’s speech.

Third Gentleman: “Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you’ll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.”
—Shakespeare, A Winter’s Tale

Un coq est bien fort sur son fumier.
—French proverb

But the prosecuting attorney was no mean enemy, despite how nastily calculated his case was, or rather precisely because his strategy was intended to be nasty. Moreover, he had been made very angry. After practicing a long time, he was one of those authorities of the bar whose reputation was growing to enormous proportions in a relatively remote state among pure mediocrity, a true juggernaut whose horrible insatiability was also nourished by his terrible reputation among the victims of his faithful followers. The trials were his sacrificial rites. In Germany such cannibals used to be produced by the high schools; old, gnarled school autocrats who had become crushing colossuses in philology by suppressing the soaring imaginations of their pupils. The prosecuting attorney was such a colossus, a powerful, much loved, brow-furrowing, vicious bulldog the color of gall. That such a young and, moreover, foreign-born lawyer appeared against him struck him as a doubly impudent insult to his honorable dignity and dreadfulness that even the most famous lawyers of American birth did not want to touch. The little foreign whippersnapper really did not know who he was. He would find out who he was dealing with.

The prosecuting attorney thus boiled with rage, but he was all too well aware of the advantage of treating his audience well to lose control of his temper or burst out in anger immediately. Rather, he opened the attack with a compliment for the young man, who—despite his foreign accent—had largely succeeded in making himself understood before an American court. Even if here and there an incomprehensible expression had occurred, there
were certainly only a few young people in German schools who would be able to recite such a school exercise, on the whole worthy of praise, with so relatively few mistakes. However, the defense attorney had furthermore tried to give the jury an impression of German schools and Prussian society that, according to what he had heard of these subjects, outstripped all forms of blatant conceit. The Prussian educational system was a seed school for despotism that produced nothing but servile civil servants, impractical dreamers, and infamous atheists. And whatever this quagmire of intellectual eccentricity threw out as scum, came here to America. The accused, like all distinguished young people in Prussia, had grown up with the practice of deriding religion and tempting innocence. In the corrupt society from which he came, this was called kindness. He (the prosecuting attorney) did not want to dispute that the accused possessed the trait of kindness. The defense attorney had really made that point clear, because he could not talk enough about it. "In contrast, however, he said nothing about one point, probably because, as a foreigner, he doesn't know what we here in America are accustomed to asking, first and foremost, when we want to know with whom we are dealing! Not a word about his kind client's religion! We hear that he moved in the best circles of society—but we are not told which church he attended. Gentlemen of the jury"—the prosecutor turned ceremoniously towards them—"can you believe it? Can anyone here in this Christian community, in this, our nineteenth century after the birth of our Savior, even imagine this? The accused has been in this country for two-and-a-half years, and during these two-and-a-half years he has not once strayed into a place of worship, except perhaps (to borrow his own phrase) out of curiosity! Out of curiosity! The holiest affairs of the human heart have never been more to him than an object of cold, philosophical analysis. In two-and-a-half years, during which he daily felt the need to build a reputation of irresistible kindness among pretty girls, in these entire two-and-a-half years and more, he never once...no, not once, had the need, what am I saying? did he even think of appearing before his Creator, except—out of curiosity. Gentlemen of the jury, a man who approaches his Creator with the anatomical dissecting knife of curiosity (you shudder at the thought), such a man will hardly shun from approaching a mere human creature with his knife."

"Yes, my honorable colleague is inexhaustible when praising his client's captivating qualities. Well! Only too captivating! Young daughters of America! Protect yourselves from these captivating qualities; flee from them like
the plague, these foreigners that the transatlantic wind blows over here with the miasma of German atheism! Take as an example the pitiful victim who lies bloodied before you! Are any of you pretty? She was. Are any of you good and kind? She was. Are any of you innocent? She was. Have any of you been educated in religious, true American principles, by religious, purely American parents? She was. And here comes one of those aristocrats spit out by the pestilential society of Europe, an impudent mocker of the Holy, a skilled seducer! ———”

The description of this shameful seduction of an innocent American girl moved everyone present to tears. When they heard how the foreign lecher threw out his victim like an orange sucked dry and crowned his villainy with a murder horrid and brutal beyond all measure, the entire courtroom broke out in an incessant “Shame, shame!” and the judge did—not have the room cleared. At this point it sufficed only to recount the argument about the pistol in order to demonstrate to the reader the final, complete reversal in the jury’s and the public’s judgment.

“Since my scholarly colleague definitely needs two pistols for the defense of his client,” the prosecuting attorney began this main part of his speech, “I don’t want to rob him of this advantage. The factory owner thus makes two such pistols, which are perfectly alike and whose butts are perfectly interchangeable. These two pistols are separated. One of them falls into the hands of the accused, the other falls into the hands of some other person at some other random end of America. The two owners know nothing of each other, but both pistols, which find themselves cruelly separated from each other, are drawn to each other by an irresistible attraction of their pistol souls. This attraction is so strong that it forces the owners to submit completely to its will. Wherever the pistols want to go, the owners must go, too, whether they want to or not. One of these sentimental pistols thus betakes itself to a secluded farmhouse to pursue its deadly business. In the same secluded farmhouse, of all the places in the world, the other pistol appears, in the same night of all other nights, at the same hour of all other hours in the calendar, apparently for no other purpose than to have a date with the first pistol in the most out-of-the-way and unlikely spot on earth, and this after the owner had carried the broken, useless tool, if one gives credence to his testimony, in his pocket for weeks, without once thinking about getting it repaired. The souls of two pistols, longing for one another and then finding each other after a long period of yearning. The idea is completely ‘German!’
My educated colleague would undoubtedly secure his fortune before a German court, on which only educated people like him sit. Unfortunately, American juries are accustomed to asking in a rude, material manner, whenever they see material effects, about the material causes, too. If someone gives them ‘smoke and mirrors’ instead of such material causes, then they know what’s in store for them. Some joker from the West, grown plump on sauerkraut and lager beer, determined to disagree with the common sense of the American yeoman and to show the enormous superiority of Prussian education over the stupid American devils, who’ve learned nothing in Sunday school or in primary school other than to think, act honestly, and fear God. That our stupid American farmers now have nothing beyond that, well, they need to be content with what they have. According to their way of reasoning, the fact that the bloody butt left behind at the murder site fits with the other bloodstained end of the revolver in the pocket of the accused can only be explained in one way, namely that the same man who had the other end in his pocket had left the butt where it had been found. This in and of itself would be the simple conclusion of impartial, non-German human understanding. There’s still something else that elevates this conclusion to absolute, unavoidable certainty, namely the impossibility of anyone other than the accused knowing where the murdered woman was staying that night. The expedition to the lonely farmhouse was a secret between the three women who stayed behind, the unfortunate murdered woman, and the accused. The first three had every reason not to communicate this information to anyone and, according to their testimony, they did not do so. The two others who knew went with this secret directly to the murder site, and according to the prisoner’s own testimony, also told no one."

"The farmhouse stands alone, away from all traffic; visitors are the rare exception. There is nothing there to steal. A robber would hardly go so far out of his way to steal a couple of dried herbs; and even if one could imagine such a strange specimen of a murderer, it would still be very difficult for this person to find his way there. The murder was thus not undertaken with the intent to rob. Various valuables were found on the murdered woman herself, as well as in her valise, for example, the diamond ring already mentioned, which is valued at three hundred dollars. Whoever committed the murder did so for no other reason than to get rid of the murdered woman. We know one man who, based on the certain testimony of a trusted friend of the shamefully slandered, already victimized husband, had reason enough to dispose of the
woman who had become inconvenient for him. He was also the only one who could have known that his designated victim would be in that place on that night. In this person’s pocket, the only person who could have possibly conceived, attempted, or committed the murder on that night, against that particular person, the bloody iron of a pistol was found, and rightly so, while the bloody butt and the deadly bullets were found where the murder occurred and in the wounds of the murdered woman.”

“Precisely this murderer, the only one possible, returns to a hotel at one in the morning with this murder weapon, where he, if nothing in particular had prevented him from doing so, should have returned at seven or eight o’clock. Wet from the rain and tired as he is, one would think that the first and foremost thing for him to do would be to go to bed and have a good sleep. By no means. He suddenly remembers that he’s carrying three-week old letters in his bag; the prisoner appears to have the peculiar trait of carrying things around with him for quite a while before he remembers them. He thus must open these antiquated letters, in the act of committing a crime, so to speak, in this particular night, when every other person in his shoes would have first and foremost gone to bed.”

“He also discovers—precisely what he needed—news of a death and an invitation to meet at Niagara Falls, which gave him not only the desired reason to remain awake and groan all night, but also to run away the next morning instead of returning to his victim’s parents, as promised. Then he roamed restlessly, like an eel, from town to town through the entire country and was finally apprehended, luckily, at the moment he declared his intention to escape with the next steamer to Europe, without any preparation, in fact, without having even reserved a seat. He does this on the morning after his arrival in New York. Why such haste, one might ask. The answer: in order to undertake a scientific journey to central Asia (general merriment). An American jury might ask for the reasons, and the German answer would once again be smoke and mirrors, this time Asian smoke and mirrors.” He might very well say, the speaker concluded, that in his legal practice—which, however, dated from a time in which German smoke and mirrors had not yet appeared for the enlightenment of American juries and German whippersnappers had not yet put their wit up against American simplicity—he had never encountered a case in which such a mass of circumstances and secondary circumstances had formed the most complete chain of circumstantial evidence that had ever forced an American jury’s common sense, sense of morality, and
that a simple, virtuous, and religious people would not let injuries to God and his commandments go unpunished.
Chapter 16

Es waren zwei Königskinder,
Die hatten einander so lieb.
Sie konnten beisammen nicht kommen,
Das Wasser war gar zu tief.
—Old folksong

The end was now foreseeable. Antonio had become accustomed to the idea of this outcome during his long imprisonment, and the thought no longer frightened him. In his purified state, attained through the contact with his inner self and with a passion that grew daily, he felt himself to be above all personal suffering. This was about a conflict for which the sacrifice of his life appeared to be the only way out.

He was convinced that Augustus and his gambling partner were the murderers. He had two very relevant reasons for thinking this: first, he knew from Mary’s own mouth that her brother possessed the counterpart to his pistol, and second, Annie’s story removed all doubt about the two men’s motive. There could be no question of this. Having cleared this up for himself, his decision was made: to do everything not only to divert suspicion from Augustus’s trail, but also to prevent Mary from being called as a witness, for if she were called, she would inevitably either have to deliver her own brother knowingly to the arms of justice, or betray the innocent man.

Did he love Mary? He had never asked himself this question; he had never understood it. Whatever was stirring him in the depths of his soul, raising him to new heights, was so new, so previously nonexistent, so unique, that no label could be attached to it. Wherever he looked he found an empty spot, for she was not there; missing were the horror of loneliness, the blissful sharing of danger, the joy of mutual devotion, with which her noble, mysterious image had been indelibly united within him. It seemed to him as if his spirit, in searching for the element that had been lost in his life, was driven on and on through space and time into eternity, the only place where it could again be found. Was it to be found there? Where else? If it was not eternal, if it did not live elevated above space and time, then it never could have ex-
isted, then it was an empty figment of his imagination, an empty delusion, a nasty deception, and "Nothing!” was the dreadful answer.

The weight of his body, the prison of matter, oppressed him; to cast it off was his desire, to lay it before her feet as a sacrifice, his greatest happiness. What more could he have given, even if at her side every day, to her high spirit, her all-compelling courage? Life provides painfully few opportunities to prove oneself indispensable to a loved one, for the noble creature in the end already has everything within him. What a wonderful gift of fate, therefore, to be allowed to divert from her the affront of knowing that her brother was a murderer, of facing the horrible choice of delivering to the hands of the hangman either her brother or the innocent man!

If the thought of Mary had become a source of religious edification for Antonio, then the results were no less powerful for her, although much less clear. For her, religion—for that is what this was about—was not the free result of an inner, unrestricted life process, but rather an external rule, established in advance, according to which the inner process had to proceed. But it was in her nature, as is generally the case in people with a strong character and strong principles, to strike down such conflicts at the outset, without granting them any attention.

So it was in the relationship with her mountain companion. A dividing wall of unapproachable principles rose between him and her in the form of another man’s wife. An unknown woman appeared in the farmhouse. Antonio was called in; a pang of jealousy shot through Mary's breast. She saw them climb into the wagon together, like old acquaintances. The storm in her heart that had been released by this sight made it pointless to examine and recognize the conflicting forces. Jealousy, scorn for the intimate acquaintance—for feminine and worldly tact had told her on the spot that something about the stranger was not right—scorn for herself, all causing a storm within her; the burning wish to hate and despise the man, the call of duty and conscience: he was not, may not, cannot be anything to you; the resolution: he is nothing to you, and yet the wounds burned on and on beneath the tightly worn resolution. That was the revenge of fate for a couple of happy days in her otherwise so joyless life.

But when the shameful story of seduction and murder came to light, everything was black; the last hope for this life and the one hereafter seemed to have sunk. It tore at her heart. She was happy to have reason to despise him at the same moment that she, inwardly enraged, threw down the gauntlet at
the crazy accusation. He was definitely two different people for her: the actual person, whom she knew and on whose pure rays a spot was unthinkable, and the abstract person, constructed from the demands of conscience, to whom she could allow her memory no access in the future. None of these were conscious confessions, but rather feelings groaning their way toward heaven in the chaotic darkness. The volcanic crisis finally subsided; whatever kind of fire may have burned below, it was now covered by the cold crust of her inflexible will; she no longer allowed herself to think of him and carried her head higher than ever. The reports in the newspaper were ignored, of course.

Miss Parsons, on the other hand, whose heart’s voice was swayed neither by duties nor by other considerations, felt a terrible bitterness toward each and every person involved in the prosecution of her friend, and she was always ready to risk everything to prove his innocence. She had offered, in all seriousness, to lead his defense before the court, instead of allowing the lawyer to do so, for she was convinced that, if she were only allowed to talk, then the situation would have to be as clear to everyone else as it was to her own soul. As hard as it had been to dissuade her from this adventurous plan, it was much more difficult to convince her that Miss Dawson must not be permitted to serve as a witness. She became very abusive toward “the tender Miss, who’s too good to dirty her little aristocratic hands on the mortal anguish of her magnanimous friend.” — So she twisted everything, past and present, to satisfy her biased devotion, and also, to a small degree, her stored-up anger toward “the Miss.” Now she was expected to promise (Antonio demanded it) not to tell “the Miss,” as he jokingly repeated, anything about the trial. She promised not to write and kept her promise—as long as she could. On Friday, before the trial had started, she suddenly blurted out, in an extraordinarily short letter to Miss Dawson, the following:

Dear Mary!

It appears that you do not know that your dear friend Antonio stands before the court accused of murder. I thus take the liberty to inform you of this. It is, admittedly, against his orders; I had to promise him faithfully not to write to you and also, during the questioning of the witnesses, not to mention your name or any of the circumstances that might lead to your participation in the trial. This delicacy is foolish
of him. I believe that he is in love with you, for otherwise I cannot explain why you alone should be relieved of the duty of doing everything possible to help bring to light, with your testimony, his spotless innocence, which must be as clear to you as it is to me. I cannot explain why on earth an exhortation from me is necessary to remind you of this duty and why you did not come here long ago. For God’s sake, Mary, do not hesitate for a moment! What you can do to help, I do not know, but you must be able to do something. I can only cry and pray to God day and night. May he never again submit me to such a test.

Your friend
Jane Parsons

Unfortunately, Miss Parsons wrote more than a dozen letters that same morning, as she always did once she started writing, along with notes and memoranda on countless pieces of paper. All of these letters and papers lay in chaos. When she gathered everything up in order to run to the post office shortly before it was to close, the letter to Miss Dawson slipped under the papers in her portfolio, not to be discovered until later, when everything was over.
Chapter 17

The verdict.

Und wenn Ihr mir auch gebet
Selbst noch so vieles Geld,
So muß Eur’ Sohn doch sterben
Im weiten, breiten Feld.
—Rhenish folksong

The jury had withdrawn. From Wilhelmi’s skittish glance, from Miss Parsons’s tears, from the lawyer’s solemn, melancholy expression, from Susan’s distant sobbing, the prisoner could read only too clearly his sentence. And now, when an end full of disgrace and shame approached as a horrible reality, his willingness to sacrifice himself did give way to other thoughts and feelings. A life without a single tangible result of ceaseless work, without a single recognition of great strengths and the noblest striving, cut off in its prime, thrown away by humanity, insulted and ridiculed, like garbage! Whoever, like Antonio, knew from careful observation of history and life the power of public opinion and the fait accompli, must also know that gnawing doubt would eventually dig its way into the hearts of even the closest and still faithful friends. Mary, if she even considered him worthy of a thought—what could that thought be? And, oh! His mother! It was a melancholy comfort to know that she was lying in her grave.

The jury returned, twelve monstrous examples of the original Anglo-Saxon race, as it had been preserved here and there in mountainous regions.

The judge and his two assistants had once again taken their seats.

Susan sat with folded hands, the otherwise childlike freshness of her face lacking all color, her body bent forward slightly, her blue eyes fixed on the foreman, as if pleading for mercy.

The three friends remained around the prisoner, as if they wanted to catch him in case he should fall. The Irish head of Mrs. O’Shea, the exact portrait of Kaulbach’s furies on the painting of Iphigenia, looked out from
behind them; the young O’Shea had had to return to his business affairs in New York immediately after testifying.

The buzz of the crowd between acts had given way to a silent stillness.

“What say you, foreman?” asked the judge in a business-like tone, with a thin, nasal voice that penetrated the room syllable by syllable. “Guilty or not guilty?”

Whether due to an inner emotion or because something had, by chance, become stuck in his throat, the foreman suddenly could not get the word out. But when he did speak, it sounded through the assembly with a full, deep, heavy tone—two syllables—but the first had already startled the blood from every cheek: “Guilty!”

A penetrating scream from the women’s gallery drew all glances upwards. Susan was carried away, cold and pale, like a body without a soul.

But sounds of another sort drew everyone’s eyes once again to the other side, where the witness stand was. A tall woman, in a red checked shawl, a richly woven damask dress, like one worn for washing, worn over a rather dirty, dark underskirt, a velvet hat on the unkempt head of fire, covered with lots of gold jewelry, stood on the bench and threateningly shook her sinewy fist, covered with rings, at the foreman: “Shame on your perjured souls, you despicable band of Know-Nothing scoundrels! I’ll box you down for a sixpence, every mother’s son among you, as sure as my name is Bridget O...”

“Take that woman outside!” ordered the judge.

“Your Honor, I hope,” screamed Bridget O’Shea, “Your Honor will not believe such a pack of fatted oxen, not in the least, over the nice gentleman here. Come on, if you’re a man, Your Honor, and let us have a new trial, and Paddy O’Shea, my son, will pay the costs, even if it’s, on my soul! a hundred thousand—”

Now Mrs. O’Shea was carried out with force, amidst the loud laughter of the crowd, whose nerves, like a tautly strung instrument, are never so receptive to the charm of comedy than after the strain of tragedy. Public criminal trials are the gladiator games of modern times.

Meanwhile, old Cartwright had pushed his way to the prisoner.

“Susan wants me to forgive you,” he said to him.

“I hope that she and you don’t consider me guilty, sir?”

“God forgive you,” said the old man, avoiding the question, and then adding hesitantly, “as—I do.”
All of this happened in a brief moment. Once order had been restored the judge read the verdict: — "and you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

With this insulting announcement the man who had been sentenced lost to some degree the rigid demeanor he had maintained throughout the trial; he paled, then reddened, and furrowed his brow in anger. But by the time the judge made his final remarks, in which he again had to hold up German atheism as a deterring example, he had completely regained his composure. Only Wilhelmi and the lawyer noticed the slight smile that passed over his features.

The condemned man was then handed over to the sheriff to be taken to the prison.

"Court is adjourned."

With these words, spoken in the driest business-like tone, the judge leisurely stood up and put his gold glasses into his pocket. The assistants did the same and climbed down from the platform with him. Now everyone rushed, jostling wildly, toward the exits, into the hallway, onto the street, in order to stare one more time at the "criminal" as he was transferred from the courthouse door into the transport wagon.

The constable exchanged a meaningful glance with the sheriff; the sheriff nodded, and with a quick grab he handcuffed Antonio's left hand, while the latter's right hand was still embracing Miss Parsons' hand. Antonio turned toward the constable with a threatening expression; then a bitter smile passed over his face. He held out his other hand himself. With insults from the crowd, he climbed into the closed wagon, which quickly drove to the prison.

Miss Parsons held back Wilhelmi and the lawyer. While still in the empty courtroom she placed a petition on the seat vacated by the court stenographer; this time neither the lawyer nor the businessman found anything to improve in its language, dictated as it was by warm friendship and the most heartfelt conviction of Antonio's innocence. It was an appeal to the sense of justice and the mercy of the state's governor. The weak points of indirect proof and the barbarity of handing someone over to death for such uncertain reasons were convincingly emphasized. The two friends made copies of the petition and then separated from the good, helpful creature who went on her way with tears in her eyes to collect influential support or signatures.
Wilhelmi sent a copy of the petition to New York, to unite the German population in an imposing demonstration, the lawyer sent his to the West for the same reason. Toward evening, after they had taken care of their most pressing correspondence, both friends met again in their rooms at the inn and racked their brains all night to see if anything else could be done on Antonio’s behalf. But in vain! Day after day was spent in fruitless discussion. The idea of involving the young lady from New York surfaced many times, for the friends thought it easy to see through Antonio’s reason for holding her far from the scene. Since they had no idea about the actual connection and Antonio’s heartfelt sacrifice, everything boiled down once again to this conclusion; they could not predict what might be won by the inconsiderate injury of a tender emotion.

Meanwhile, November 21 drew near, the day chosen long ago for Susan’s wedding. By chance, the hanging was to take place on the same day.

Regardless of how hard Antonio tried to strike the thought from his mind, the idea of the gathering enraged him. He hardly had the right to count on deeper feelings given the brief nature of their acquaintance; but they could at least have put the wedding off to another day—it was as if they were dancing at the foot of his gallows. Just as every suffering has its counterpart, however, the bitterness of his disappointment helped him get over his conscious lack of scruples with regard to Susan’s wedding, which he could have prevented only by sacrificing Mary’s peaceful life. He was really inclined to think of Augustus Dawson as that Scottish judge had spoken about that monster Hare, the Burkite: “Hare was a man of intellect, a gentleman, and, in a certain sense, a worthy man, but he was a murderer.”

“Augustus,” reflected the outcast, obsessed, “is still better than most ‘worthy’ people. He’s an egoist, like all the others; no lofty goal, no exciting thought elevates him higher than his own self. How many thus elevated are there among thousands? And when an egoist is faced with the question: ‘Him or me?’ he then solves it the same way, using one of a thousand different approaches or excuses. He lets the him explode, leave the world, just far enough to get rid of him. In individual cases, everything depends solely on the pressure of necessity. That’s how the world eats its daily bread; that’s how all the ‘worthy’ people become worthy. In short, Augustus is just as good as the next man, he just happens to be a murderer. Susan’ll come into wealth and grandeur, and if she is not one of thousands, then that’s the important thing, in the end.”
Meanwhile, his loyal friends desperately tried to obtain a pardon from the governor. His Excellency, like all New Englanders, a Know-Nothing by nature, stuck to the answer: he saw no reason to interfere with the regular course of the law.
Chapter 18

The sentence is carried out.

Horch, die Glocken schlagen dumpf zusammen,
Und der Zeiger hat vollbracht den Lauf.
—Schiller, “Die Kindermörderin”

It was the morning of November 21. The sun rose in full splendor over one of those glorious days in late autumn that are so typical of the most beautiful time of year on this side of the ocean.

When the prisoner rose from his bed after a peaceful night, Miss Parsons was already standing at the door to his cell. She barely wanted to allow him time to get dressed.

He greeted her with a smile: “So, today we go to

The undiscover’d country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.”

She could not comprehend this cheerfulness, especially as he was adamantly against dying as a Christian, that is, in the presence of a clergyman.

“Don’t cry, dear friend,” he said. “What’s life, what’s death? I’m certain that I’ll never solve the puzzle of the former, except perhaps in death.”

“But the disgrace!” sobbed Miss Parsons.

“Today I’ve already been...yes, today I’ve already been forgotten by most! And how many could claim to have had three friends stand by him during such a test, until the very end? My memory is surely secure.”

“There you are!” he cried to his friends, Wilhelmi and the lawyer, as they arrived. They silently shook his hand as a final morning greeting. Miss Parsons stood next to the heavy iron bars on the window.

“What is that noise?” asked Wilhelmi.

Miss Parsons suppressed a scream. She had looked into the courtyard. Everyone understood.
"It’s just like in Schiller’s *Maria Stuart!*" said Antonio with a smile. "But rather unpleasant as breakfast entertainment. (The prison guard was just bringing his last meal.) Those are the troubles in life; after death one no longer has any of that."

The breakfast left nothing to be desired; he had the best appetite, and it only bothered him that his friends were not in the mood to join him. After finishing breakfast he calmly lit his cigar.

"What time is it, Wilhelmi?"

Wilhelmi slowly took out his watch, but he had not yet answered when the deputy sheriff entered with a small bundle, which was meant, as he explained—not without some embarrassment—for the "young gentleman."

The lawyer complained about the medieval masquerade.

"On the contrary," commented Antonio quite objectively. "I find something rather tedious in the indifferent practices of our time. Wilhelmi, as an admirer of fine art, must know that. Our time is lost for art, because we have methodically distanced the symbolic from our lives. When the habit of the symbol is missing in a people’s life, then they’re also missing the need for art. I don’t believe in the fine arts of our time."

"The only thing I have to criticize about the costume," he continued, slowly unfolding with his own hands the robe worn by a condemned man, "is that it doesn’t fit with the ritual; it’s the dress of a clown...But the ritual is, admittedly, also horrible," he added, correcting himself, with a slight shudder.

The deputy sheriff listened open-mouthed to what the condemned man was saying. The conversation was conducted in English, because of Miss Parsons. She no longer knew if she should admire or bewail, if she should compare her friend with Socrates or with Jesus Christ.

"Let me stand at the window, Miss Parsons; I’ve more interest than you in observing the terrain."

With these words Antonio gently pushed his friend aside. She had posted herself there on purpose, to block his view of the awful preparations and the curious crowd, which had occupied every window, roof, tree, in short, every spot from which a view of the inner courtyard could be had. The spectators were already growing impatient, and a band of rowdies that had posted itself on a shingle roof began to whistle and scream for the show to start.

A gallows had been erected below.
When Antonio turned away from the window, he was pale and quiet. He asked his friends to leave him alone for a moment. When they reentered the cell with the deputy sheriff and his old friend, the clergyman from North Conway, he appeared very solemn.

The clergyman excused himself; he did not wish to push himself upon Antonio, but asked for permission to accompany him as a friend, ready to support him with the comfort of religion if, perhaps in the final moment, the desire and need for it would arise. "I can't let you die alone!" he said with a trembling voice.

Antonio took his hand without saying a word. This proof of friendship was even more touching because it must have been very hard for the good old man to let someone else's hands bless his dear Susan on that day.

"Is the prisoner ready?" the deputy sheriff asked the two men.

"Is there no possibility of a postponement?" asked Miss Parsons, wringing her hands.

The civil servant shook his head.

"I'm ready," answered the prisoner, putting the robe on without any help. When he stood there in the white nightshirt, a smile passed over his features. He let his arms be tied behind him, gentle as a lamb.

At that moment Mrs. O'Shea burst into the cell. Had, at this hour, her money or her irresistible energy cleared her path into the cell of the condemned man? She flung her arms around his neck, covered him with her shawl, caressing him like a little child, and bawled and screamed wildly:

"My child, my lamb! My lamb, my child! Ochone! Ochone! They want to take my sweet lamb from me. May the almighty God in heaven have no mercy on their damned souls in eternity, for how they're taking the child from the lap of his poor, sweet mother—God bless the sweet lady!"

Force was necessary to tear her from him. She threw herself down before him and kissed his feet and the gown. "O, you saint of the Lord! You blessed, saintly martyr!" she wailed. He was taken away. Bridget O'Shea remained sitting on the ground, enveloped by her shawl, bawling and moving her body back and forth, as if at an Irish wake.

At the clergyman's side, surrounded by constables, Antonio slowly climbed down the prison steps into the courtyard. Here the funeral procession passed through a row of members of the press and civil servants. Below, at the foot of the latter, he once again shook hands with his three friends. Miss
Parsons kneeled and prayed. The two men were as pale as death and could not say anything except: “Farewell, Antonio!”

“Till we meet again in a better world!” he quoted earnestly. As meaningless as the phrase was, there was comfort even in the most meaningless word of the poet so familiar to the people, in the word that, after the final, tired breath, illuminates the Last Judgment with the brightest hope of spring.

The password, always valid, which lets all people recognize themselves as comrades in the same spiritual war camp; the bond that lives on for all eternity, connecting past races with all future ones; the reality that lives forever, when our own special life stands already faded, ghostlike, behind us; the revelation of the eternity of the spirit: that is the word of the poet, most precious, as it is in Hebrew or Arabic, when it teaches entire nations, age after age, to find themselves sharing the same circle of thought with an enduring humanity.

With one foot already on the ladder, the condemned man turned around once more.

“Tell my father, Wilhelmi, that I’m innocent and die unafraid.”

With steady steps, dignified and with his head held high, he climbed up the ladder, followed by the clergyman and the sheriff and his assistants.

Pressed cheek to jowl, one on top of the other, the crowd sat as far as one could see, near and far, without moving or saying a word, in suspenseful expectation of the long-awaited drama of seeing a person die.

The condemned man calmly looked around him, turning from right to left; a wave of astonishment passed involuntarily through the crowd, like wind rustling in thick foliage. His eyes scanned the entire circle twice. He was secretly, if not desperately, looking for the hope of one, one memory, one glance, one face, one feature from the fount of eternal salvation. Hesitantly, his eyes fell back upon the clergyman, who looked at him pleadingly. Antonio shook his head gently but dismissively; then he said to the sheriff: “I’m ready.”

“You don’t want to speak to the people?”

He circled the crowd with his eyes one more time. He could not let go of the foolish, hesitant hope. Yes, it seemed to him that she was walking invisibly through the crowd, coming closer and closer to him. “Just one more moment of life!” it cried within him, “and she’ll be here.”

As if in a dream, however, he had already given the sheriff his preconceived answer: “No, sir, thank you.”
He was now placed upon the trap door, his legs were bound together, and the official performing this duty stood up from his kneeling position to do one last thing for him—put the noose around his neck. The sheriff stood next to him with the black silk cap, ready to pull it over the victim's face.

Breathless quiet prevailed throughout the crowd. And then, all of a sudden, a muffled cheer pushed forward from the distant background, swelling closer from moment to moment, until the thundering cry shook the air:

"Pardon! — Pardon! — Pardon!"

The enormous gate to the courtyard collapsed like the lid of a box before the storming crowd. Before the sheriff and the constable knew how the gown had been torn from the prisoner's body, the rescued man was carried triumphantly to freedom upon the shoulders of the crowd, which, in its wild jubilation, no longer cared about guilt or innocence.

Here, close to the crushed gate, an open circle had formed, kept free from the surging crowd by several robust New Hampshire natives. The freed man was carried to this open space. When he giddily put his foot on solid ground and turned his eyes from the gloomy prison walls he had faced while being borne away, to the inside of the circle, he found himself standing in front of Mary Dawson. Next to her, covered with sweat, the horse she had ridden lay dying.

Antonio thought he was seeing a ghost. He stood before the apparition, speechless and motionless. She took a step forward and handed him an open paper with an enormous seal. He took it without knowing what he was doing.

She seemed to want to speak, her lips were moving. She held her left hand over her heart, as if she wanted to push it back. Then, without saying a word, she turned around, nobly and imperiously. The rows spread apart with a slight wave of her right hand, which held the riding crop. In silent reverence the people cleared a path. A few weak, mumbled attempts to raise a cheer to her were heard, but no one dared do so while she was looking at them. Not until the wave of people closed behind her did the unstoppable, tumultuous applause erupt.

Antonio still stood entranced, staring at the spot where the apparition had been swallowed from his view by the crowd of people, when the sheriff, who had meanwhile arrived, took the governor's pardon from his hand and read it to the crowd, which in boundless jubilation let cheer after cheer rise to heaven.
On Sunday, November 20, at about ten o'clock in the morning, the New York wedding party arrived in the village. The two men, father and son, were lodging at the inn; the old room in the house of the bride's father, next to the room in which Antonio had stayed, had been refurnished with new splendor for the two women.

Old Josh, Mother Cartwright, Susan, old Esther—everyone stood at the door, scrubbed and polished, to greet the guests. The endless preparations of the last month, the excitement and happy expectation, had to some degree pushed the horrible memory of the murdered daughter into the background. The parents seemed rejuvenated, Susan was more glowing, dearer, more charming than ever. A wondrous feeling of childlike tenderness for Mrs. Dawson and sisterly love for Mary now intensified the joy she had always found in assiduous devotion to all.

Mary was given Antonio's earlier room, next to her mother. Flowers sent from Dawson's own greenhouse, white gauze over the dressing table, tasseled bed curtains of the same light weave, had made the place nearly unrecognizable—but not for her. Yet, in silent agreement with her mother, the past, the memory of which floated about them everywhere they went, remained untouched.

Miss Dawson found a letter on her dressing table; she did not immediately recognize the handwriting of the address. "Miss Parsons," she said to herself and laid the letter down in the same place. She did not like to read letters on the Sabbath. Moreover, a letter from Miss Parsons stamped in the state capital could only be about one thing and this was what she was trying more than anything to avoid. If there had been a fire in the fireplace, she would have tossed the letter into it.

Mother and daughter planned to spend the day as they were accustomed in prayer. But this time they were necessarily disturbed; wagons arrived throughout the afternoon. The two men also paid a short visit to the Cartwrights. Susan, in her virgin bashfulness, did not dare to look one or the
other in the face. The wedding was to take place at three o’clock the next afternoon in the village church. In the absence of the village pastor, whom Susan sorely missed, the Rev. Dr. Ellis, the chaplain for the Dawson family, had agreed to perform the ceremony. After the wedding the young couple was to travel to the South for their honeymoon, via Boston.

A large party of New York aristocracy had, along with their retinues, occupied all of the inns and available private homes. The sensation in these circles had been enormous, so that then and there curiosity and rivalry outweighed the demand of pious propriety and the Sabbath was completely ignored this one time. Every woman wanted to be the first to see the prodigy and take her under her wing. No one took no for an answer. Everyone was charmed by her beauty, her spirit, her modest grace. Indeed, it was impossible to resist Susan, even if it had not already been agreed that she would become fashionable. The story was “so romantic!” In addition to these visits, acquaintances from the entire neighborhood also came, chubby-cheeked lasses and robust lads, farmers and their friends. One can imagine that a strange social mix was the result, which both women, given their position, felt obliged to mediate.

Tired and weary from the exhausting day’s work, Mary went to her room at ten o’clock that evening. To wait for her mother, who would no doubt be coming up the stairs in a moment to pray, she threw herself, still dressed, onto the bed. As she sank onto the mattress she heard something that sounded like a piece of iron fall to the ground. She shone light under the bed and found—a revolver without a butt. One glance was enough for her to recognize it as her own, not seen since that bear hunt. It must have been inside the paillasse, since the straw hanging from it and the boards looked as if it had been pulled downward.

The object suddenly brought back the memory of Antonio so vividly to her soul that she, inevitably making connections, grabbed for Miss Parsons’ letter on the dressing table. She hesitated. She held the letter over the flame, in order to burn it. Her heart pounded wildly at the thought of its contents. Angry at this weakness, she snatched it, already blackened along the edge, from the candle. Her delicate fingers shook on the paper as she unfolded it. Two long, printed strips of paper fell from the opened letter onto the ground. They could only be reports about the trial. Now the long-suppressed burning interest that she took in Antonio’s fate burst out uncontrollably.
At that moment she heard her mother coming. She hid the sheets of paper. She knew how her mother clung, with painful love, to memories of Antonio.

She waited until her mother had fallen asleep, which happened very quickly this time, before once again taking up her reading. The pistol lay next to the lamp on the dressing table.

She read breathlessly, in a tremendous hurry; her eyes appeared to singe the words from the paper; her temples pounded. An indescribable fear drove her to skip over certain ominous testimonies by witnesses, to the lawyers' speeches. When she got to the spot where the defense attorney described precisely the broken pistol found on the accused, how he then described the corresponding pieces of the ivory butt, and she at last came to the conclusion: "in order to consider the fact that these pieces fit together as proof that the accused man is guilty, one apparently must assume that there is only one such pistol in the world"—she fixed her eyes, paralyzed with horror, on the weapon lying before her, as if seeing Macbeth's bloody dagger, and she whispered, shrinking back and holding on to the chair to keep from falling:

"Here's the other—"

At that moment the truth appeared before her soul with dreadful clarity.

"If Antonio wasn't the murderer, then it could only have been Augustus."

How did this pistol get here, when according to the newspaper reports her own had been found among Antonio's effects? This one, then, was not hers. She remembered with a shudder that Augustus had spent the night after the murder here in the Cartwrights' house.

With renewed feverish tension Mary continued reading: "According to the judgment of the expert witness, the butt **must** have been broken during the bear hunt, if the pistol was actually used by the accused on that occasion in the manner described." She remembered clearly that the same pistol had been used in that manner, although she had not seen the instrument again afterwards. She once again saw the entire scene vividly before her eyes. So the butt had thus already, **must** already have been broken during that battle; the pieces of the butt found at the murder site thus must have belonged to a different pistol, and this other one—there was no escaping this horrifying logic—this other pistol belonged to none other than—her brother Augustus. Had she not twice caught her brother trying to enter the room in the dark? What business did he have there? The answer: the pistol he had left there.
There was only one thing she did not understand at first: why had Antonio not called on her to provide information about the existence or non-existence of such a duplicate? She soon recalled, however, that she herself had given him this piece of information during that morning hike. He knew that a duplicate existed and that this second pistol belonged to Augustus. One glance at Miss Parsons’s letter confirmed what she had sensed in the deepest depths of her heart, at once rejoicing and shuddering, triumphing and bleeding.

“I had to promise him faithfully,” wrote Miss Parsons, “not to write to you and also, during the questioning of the witnesses, not to mention your name or any of the circumstances that might lead to your participation in the trial. This delicacy is foolish of him. I believe that he is in love with you,” etc.

“O God! O God!” groaned the girl, tortured by the most contradictory feelings. Her heart’s idol once again stood there, pure, beaming in heavenly glory. Heaven and earth were once again flooded with light from this light, which—oh!—for her was the source of all light. “O God! O God!” she groaned again, on her knees and wringing her hands—and everything was dense, eternal darkness. She was supposed to turn in her own brother. She prayed and prayed. She wrung her hands until they were sore, and her heart ached, but the same answer rang out from her heart: “I must! I must!”
Chapter 20

How Mary Dawson came to her horse. An old acquaintance resurfaces.

_Da hört er die Worte sie sagen:_
_Jetzt wird er ans Kreuz geschlagen._
—Schiller, “Die Bürgschaft”

The decision had been made. Its execution allowed no delay.

Mary Dawson put on her country hat, which she had left behind the previous summer and which she now happened to spy, threw on her coat, and put the pistol in her pocket. Thus ready to travel, she sat down and wrote a short note to her mother in the following words:

I’ve read the letter from Miss Parsons. I believe that I can save Mr. Wohlfahrt’s life with my testimony, if I’m not already too late. So I’m going. This must be our secret. As always, your loving daughter

Mary

It was nearly twelve o’clock. She took Susan’s horse from the stall and rode without a saddle and bridle (she would have had to search too long in the darkness), steering the good-natured animal with the halter to a country house two miles away. She rang the bell a long time. It seemed to take forever. Finally a servant came. She sent her card to the head of the household in his bedroom and indicated that he had to come down in his dressing gown; there was not a moment to lose. The awakened man was naturally very surprised, indeed, worried. Miss Dawson’s visit, even under such circumstances, was no small honor. He obeyed. Before he could open his mouth to welcome her, she called out to him: “Mr. Osborne, you must sell me your saddle horse!”

He looked at the beautiful visitor, puzzled and mistrustful, wondering if there was something wrong with her.
“I understand,” she said, “and your doubt of my soundness of mind is, under the circumstances, quite natural. But you know that the wedding’s tomorrow; all sorts of important things will occur and all sorts of important things will be forgotten. In short, this is about something infinitely important, and your horse is the only one fast enough to bring me to my destination in time. It could get hurt, however. For how much are you willing to sell it?”

“This really is too sudden for me. The horse—”

“I don’t have time to bargain. Would you take $500?”

“That offer doesn’t sound bad, Miss Dawson,” said Mr. Osborne, who was now fully awake and had more or less reconciled himself to the strange situation. “I’ll tell you the price tomorrow. Meanwhile the horse is at your disposal.”

“A thousand thanks, sir.”

“But you don’t intend to ride alone through the night and fog?”

“That’s for me to worry about, sir. Please have the horse saddled. Send my coat and my nag to the Cartwrights tomorrow and consider this matter a secret. Do you promise?”

“I promise.” He rang the bell. “John, wake up the stable boy; he should saddle Charley immediately.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the servant, looking at him with wide eyes.

“There’s not a moment to lose. Do you hear?”

“Very well, sir.”

Mary, in her impatience, was already going down the stairs, while requesting that Mr. Osborne go back to bed. He was far too gallant for such behavior, however, although in the cold night air he could not keep from shivering more and more in his thin clothing. Miss Dawson had left her coat upstairs in order to spare the horse as much weight as possible.

“But at least keep your coat on,” remonstrated the knight in a dressing gown, with chattering teeth. “You’ll catch a cold.”

She did not answer. Her thoughts were far away.

“There’s Charley already.”

“But you’ve fed him?” she suddenly thought to ask. “He’ll need it.”

Feeding him took another twenty minutes, during which time the gentleman struck every possible chord of entertainment, without drawing a single response from Miss Dawson.

Finally she mounted and rode away without a word or thanks.
Her mind was elsewhere. With every other young woman Mr. Osborne would have thought twice about lending a hand to an adventure; but since the bear hunt Miss Dawson was known as “odd” and privileged. If she had ridden a bear into his bedroom, he no doubt would have been frightened, but he certainly would not have been amazed at her part in the matter. Human nature is like that: greatness appears unrestrained and baroque, the baroque and the unrestrained appear great.

Mary had not ridden for a quarter of an hour when she realized that she should have implored her mother to postpone the wedding. It was too late now, however, and the seconds were ticking away. When she rode wildly up to the governor’s house at a quarter to seven, just coming out of the door—she could hardly believe her eyes—was Frank Cartwright, with a paper in his hand. The young farmer immediately recognized the rider, before she had even gotten to the house, and he called, waving the document in the air, “Pardon! Pardon! I have it!”

The prisoner was to be led to the scaffold at exactly fifteen minutes before seven, and the prison was still nearly two miles from the governor’s house. Mary flew by the young farmer, tore the paper from his hand, and dashed off again without any explanation.
Chapter 21

How Frank obtained the pardon.

Was hältst du meinen aufgehob 'nen Arm,
Und hemmst des Schwertes blutige Entscheidung?
—Schiller, Die Jungfrau von Orleans

Frank had contracted a fever in Aspinwall and had nearly died. When he arrived late in San Francisco he found two letters from Susan, one of which reported the horrible murder of his sister Annie, while the other told of Antonio’s arrest and also contained the relevant newspaper articles. He immediately set off on his return journey.

On the morning of the hanging, at half past six, he reached the governor’s house and went without further ado directly to His Excellency’s bedroom.

“Governor,” Frank called into the sleepy ears, “hold still for just one moment with your ridiculous hanging up there at the prison, if you please!”

The governor sprang out of bed and at first believed that an accomplice of the murderer had sneaked into his room; but a second glance at the honest face and the sturdy figure, in addition to his powerful, familiar native cadence convinced him that he was dealing with a New Hampshire man through and through.

“What the devil’s going on?” he asked, rubbing his eyes, still in his nightshirt.

“What’s going on?” responded Frank. “Look here. Do you see these two pieces of ivory? What have you got to say about this?”

With these words the intruder had taken two pieces of ivory, inlaid with silver, from a rather dirty but extraordinarily fine lace handkerchief and held them under the governor’s nose.

The governor looked at them, scratched behind his ears, provided his back and certain other parts of his body with similar friction, and then gave his interloper a questioning look.

“Well, and what’s the moral of all this?”
“Well, man!” cried Frank, astonished, meaningfully fitting the pieces together for a third time and holding them right before the governor’s eyes. “For a governor you strike me as rather slow.”

In Frank’s mind, which had had time between San Francisco and New Hampshire and which had done nothing but go over the matter in all of its details, everything was so clear that he could not comprehend the other man’s stubbornness.

Meanwhile, the governor, when he had been called upon to reach a decision about the pardon, had asked for the corpus delicti, and with a Yankee’s taste for mechanical “notions,” had given the pistol a very thorough and curious inspection. He thus now recognized, even at first glance, that this was a duplicate of the butt. He had Frank tell him the main points about the bear hunt, whereby the good boy, despite his great effort, did not manage to get past the point about secretly removing the handkerchief and the pieces of ivory without stuttering and blushing. When the governor, to whom a clear view of the matter was very important, would not let him move beyond this one suspicious point, Frank asked, turning redder and redder:

“Well, Governor, didn’t it ever happen in your day that you made a fool of yourself because of a pretty girl?”

It was an argumentum ad hominem, and the further actions of the young farmer at that point in and of themselves confirmed his claim that the pistol did not belong to Antonio but rather to the young lady. As to where the actual murder weapon had come from, this much was now clear: the German had already broken the pistol that had been found on him during the bear hunt and he had nothing in the world to do with the one used for the murder or the pieces found at the crime scene.

A completed pardon was lying amongst the governor’s papers in the next room. He had once before been close to signing it, but he had let himself be swayed by strong public opinion. Now he signed it on the spot. The conference had lasted exactly fifteen minutes. But Frank, who had run directly to the governor’s house immediately upon his arrival, had not had time to look for a horse.

“It was divine providence!” he said every time with a pious shudder, whenever he told the story afterwards. “Without me Miss Dawson would’ve arrived too late to change the old governor’s mind, and without Miss Dawson I would’ve arrived too late to bring the pardon to the place of execution.”
Miss Dawson later did not remember calling out the word “pardon” on the way to the prison. She held the pardon high in her hand. As soon as the first people in the crowd spotted the rider, several began to scream “Pardon!” The word spread through the crowd in no time, and the prisoner was free before the messenger had arrived on the spot.
Chapter 22

Susan’s wedding.

_Ha! Who comes here!_
_I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,_
_That shapes this monstrous apparition._
—Brutus in _Julius Caesar_, Act VI

Mrs. Dawson herself had taken charge of all the arrangements for Susan’s wedding, in order to introduce her with éclat into the new circle. A renowned French fashion milliner had been brought from New York to be close at hand to help if the need should arise.

On top of the fashion world not all that long ago, Mrs. Dawson felt as if she was in her element during these preparations. Yes, she felt younger, perhaps, than ever before in her life. A spirit of love and hope that she had never possessed during her fashionable heyday had come over her now. She made it her motherly task to draw the dear child, whom she viewed as her son’s savior, close to her and to win her complete trust, but at the same time to make a great lady of her. She was so happy with this occupation that she nearly forgot her worry over Mary’s strange disappearance, which was all the easier because she had long been accustomed to letting her daughter go her own way and represent herself in all matters.

Susan was just about to start her modest toilet with the help of a cousin when her protectress, already fully dressed, pulled her from her room and into her own. Here the milliner was working in the midst of a labyrinth of boxes of every shape and size, whose contents she had spread with evident satisfaction on chairs, table, and bed. Everything from head to toe had been provided. A dress of white _moiré antique_ covered an abundance of lace undergarments and in turn was nearly concealed by two large flounces, _print d’Angleterre_, on the skirt and by a rich trim of the same expensive material on the bodices and sleeves. Mrs. Dawson insisted on being the lady-in-waiting. The milliner assisted, while Mother Cartwright, old Esther, and the cousin stood close by, amazed and admiring the dress. The two older women
felt very strange next to such a sumptuously decorated beauty. But when Mrs. Dawson placed the wreath and veil upon her head and then presented the young bride with a heavy piece of jewelry from her father-in-law, when hundreds of diamonds sparkled from the opened case, when Mrs. Dawson took out a necklace and hung it around the neck of her rosy charge—then she appeared to them almost the image of a radiant angel. Even she exclaimed, when she encountered her own splendid picture in the mirror and involuntarily broke out in admiration of her own lovely sweetness, “Oh, how pretty I am!”

“You dear!” cried Mrs. Dawson, and kissed her three times in a row. But the little beauty ran straight into her mother’s arms, then to old Esther and to her cousin, who stepped back from her as if afraid their touch would spoil some of her splendor, in order to reassure them with kisses and embraces that she was still their dear little Susan.

A servant in formal dress now knocked at the door. The carriage had arrived. Such carriages! And such a coachman! Such horses! The village had never seen anything like it before. And then another one came for the parents. Everyone was ready. With her heart pounding the bride stepped into the carriage, gallantly led by the groom, who held the door open for her, after she had given old Josh, who was trembling almost as much as she, a kiss. On light springs the wagon floated forth. No one noticed Miss Dawson’s absence except for her mother. When they arrived at the church, the carriages, cari­oles, and buggies, in short, every kind of city and country conveyance, stood planted in two rows on each side of the street. The bells pealed and the gentlemen and ladies, who with their dress apparently wanted to eclipse parties on Fifth Avenue, thronged and mixed democratically on the steps and through the church door with strapping country girls, farmers in their Sunday best, and old mothers in faded silk or new cotton. The organ sounded as they entered. Many had to remain outside. But several young men from New York and young farmers from the village, ushers with white rosettes on their arms, maintained exemplary order and kept the aisle to the altar on the left side completely free, while on the right, the farmers’ side, a nearly suffocating crush was allowed.

The couple stood at the altar; bridesmaids and groomsmen left and right, the pastor in the middle.

The Reverend Dr. Ellis was, like most high-ranking clergymen in America, a powerful speaker. In a country where rich and poor are equally uned­
ucated, and where all classes come together on the basis of common sense and moral inclination, the same key unlocked the hearts of both the aristocrats and the common people. And that was precisely the preacher’s theme this time, the wonderful custom of equal hearts under the “holy institutions of this Christian and republican country.” The proof of the case at hand this time gave his powerful words an especially celebratory verve. The ceremony thus became, to a certain extent, a love affair between the two classes, between the children of refined luxury and those of country simplicity. The two groups felt warmly drawn to each other, like reunited brothers. The danger did exist that all the young dandies would choose country girls and that all the young farmers would select New York ladies from the pews across from them, that general matrimony was on that day’s agenda and the space in front of the altar would not be empty for a while. When the bride, radiant in the combined adornment of dewy, country freshness and fashionable splendor, was led trembling to the altar steps, the entire assembly was seized with emotion, reverence, and loving affection.

Susan held the hand of her fiancé as tightly as a child in danger holds his or her father’s hand. She cried out of sheer happiness and bridal jitters.

“Augustus Dawson,” the pastor now came to the holy final phrase, “will you take this woman as your wedded wife, to live with her in holy matrimony according to God’s decree? Will you love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, to give yourself to her alone, as long as you both shall live?”

“I will,” said Augustus Dawson with an unsteady voice.

“Susan Cartwright,” continued the clergyman, “will you take this man as your wedded husband, to live with him in holy matrimony according to God’s decree? Will you obey him and serve him, love him, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, give yourself to him alone, as long as you both shall live?”

“Never!” cried a voice from the end of the aisle, resounding clear, resolute, and distinct from every corner of the church.

The bride, who had just opened her trembling lips to say “I will!”; the groom, who had just felt a weight lifted from his heart with the rising breath of the longed-for words; the elderly father of the bride, who had just been listening attentively with his white Apostle’s head for the sign from the honorable man to “give away” the bride; Mr. Dawson, who believed that a heavy burden of worry and financial difficulties had just been lifted from his shoul-
ders; Mrs. Dawson, who hung on the view of the beautiful couple, crying in blissful happiness; the two old ladies, repeating the phrases in a reverent whisper —. Everyone turned at the same instant, white as a sheet, similar to when a fire alarm is suddenly sounded on a ship, toward the spot from which the voice seemed to emanate.

At the lower end of the aisle they saw a young man who had just pushed his way through the crowd; he had lightly reddened cheeks, dark, melancholy eyes, and brown hair. He mouth was determined, his eyes resolute, but pained. He held a hat and a riding crop in his left hand. His right hand was solemnly extended toward the altar. Amidst the speechless surprise of the assembly, he walked down the aisle until he stood directly in front of the groom. With arms at his side he remained standing before him and looked him coldly in the eye.

Augustus Dawson screamed in horror; his arms and hands flapped convulsively, like a jointed doll when its string is pulled. He jumped backwards and fell over the steps behind him against the altar. The bride screamed in horror; she fell as if lifeless into the clergyman’s arms. Mr. Dawson had stood up, but he fell back into his seat, blanching, when he recognized the features of the terrible ghost. Old Josh said a quick prayer. The clergyman was the first to lend words to the general horror. Looking up from the unconscious woman whom he held in his arms, he cried, enraged, believing he saw not a ghost but a miracle of Providence:

“The dead have risen! The day of judgment is upon us!”

That was the signal for the widespread outbreak of ghostly terror. The women squealed and fainted; the men screamed questions and answers in wild confusion, with horror and growing anger. “Who’s that?” — “The man who was hanged!” — “The murder!” — “The cocky one!” — “Where’s he from?” — “From the gallows!” — “Carry her out; she’s dying!” — “Didn’t he hang?” — “Then hang him!” — “He’s escaped!” — “Hang him, I say!” — “I’m for Judge Lynch!” — “But no! No violence!” — “Lynch him!”

All this was said in the same breath from all sides, by hundreds of people, chaotically asked, answered, called, threatened. Several had fallen back into their seats, others had jumped up onto the pews in order to see better; most pushed forward, and the cry: “Hang him!” drowned out everything else.

The bride, thought to be dead, was carried into the chapel. The groom, a moment after he had fallen, jumped up and perched in the next moment on the church pews to his right, as he could not escape through the crowd; he
then climbed up the high window ledge with the agility of a squirrel, and
without attempting the lengthy process of opening the window, used his el-
bow to force his way through the tinkling panes of glass and a moment later
disappeared.

Old Dawson, disturbed, watched him. On his face lay the emptiness, the
senselessness of horror.

When Mrs. Dawson saw her son flee from the presumed murderer, she
covered her face with both hands. What dreadful secret still lay behind this
dreadful appearance?

Meanwhile, the instigator of all this terrible agitation and confusion did
not take his eyes off the fleeing man until he had seen him disappear out the
window; he paid no attention in the least to the threatening crowd, which had
already surrounded him, and with cries of rage, was scrambling to get at him.
Several had moved in around him and demanded order so that they could
give the escaped criminal back to the regular courts; they were tossed about,
thrown down. A strong fist now reached through the crowd, grabbed the vic-
tim chosen for slaughter by the collar, and dragged him out between his
exhausted defenders. A wild, murderous, piercing scream announced the tri-
umph of vigilante justice. Now the condemned man was lost. At the same
time, however, the sinewy arm that had grabbed him was struck loose by an
even more sinewy arm, and punches that gave vent to anger fell left and right
in a circle around the prisoner; above the blood-thirsty yelling of his hang-
men a stentorian voice gradually asserted itself and finally drowned out
everyone else:

"Hullo, boys! Hands off, Tom! Hullo, boys! Heaven, what godforsaken
fools! Away with your tricky arm there, sir, or by Jesus, I’ll ruin your physi-
ognomy! Leave my little Dutchman alone! Tony, my boy, I’m here! Just
cheer up, it’ll be all right! Just listen to me, Henry, he’s a friend! That’s right,
Tony! By Jove, I wouldn’t have believed that there’s so much thrashing in all
of you. What a godforsaken bunch of fools! Tom, it’s a friend, for God’s
sake!"

A new astonishment now expressed itself in new exclamations.

"Frank?! It’s Frank!” — “It’s really him!” — “I thought he was in Cali-
fornia!” — “Frank’s here!”

And that ended the fight, not at all to Antonio’s taste at that moment. His
weakness, brought on by his long imprisonment, had vanished with the first
grab of his collar, and he had hardly caught his breath when he got up with
the wrath of a young lion and the confident aim of an old thug. He neverthe­
less soon conceded the futility of his desire to fight and followed further
developments with keen interest.

Mr. Dawson, meanwhile, had had time to collect himself. With typical
speculative circumspection, he now understood the situation and turned with
dignified politeness to Frank and Antonio—just the two he feared most—and
asked them to assist him in leading “this lady” through the crowd.

Mrs. Dawson sat motionless on the front pew. Her poor head was filled
with chaos. She understood only one thing amidst the raging confusion,
namely, that her hopes lay shattered forever at the foot of the altar and that
the worst was yet to come.

Antonio approached her. The way she sat there, in that moment so decid­
edly the image of Mary, in all of her features—only a bit older and all the
more careworn, only infinitely more pitiable, the proud flower of worldly
love completely and irretrievably broken. The young man bowed his head in
deep respect and silent grief. He wanted to take her hand.

As if hate had poured new strength into her veins, however, Mrs. Daw­
sen suddenly stood up as he drew near, gave her husband her arm, and turned
her back on Antonio, without so much as glancing at him.

“That’s what one gets,” cried a woman from New York, who with one
other woman pushed her way out directly in front of the Dawsons and who
was wearing at least ten thousand dollars worth of lace and diamonds, “when
one gets involved with a pack of farmers!”

“What a disgrace for Mrs. Dawson!” screamed the other, who did not
concede anything to her neighbor in terms of her wasteful toilet.

“The Dawsons have always had such strange love affairs,” responded the
other woman. “Just watch, you’ll see what wonder of the sea Miss Dawson
will yet marry.”

“Possibly the very murderer who escaped the gallows. That would be just
the match for the Dawsons’ taste.”

And so the conversation continued. Mrs. Dawson had to drain the bitter
cup of sorrow down to the last drop, for there was no escape until they
reached the church door and the crowd pushed forward with excruciating
slowness.

This was Mrs. Didden’s revenge for the dress she had seen snatched
away, and Mrs. Sewerage’s—née Bradbury—on Mary, for her (naturally ex­
aggerated by rumor) mountain adventure with Antonio. Although Mrs.
Sewerage could not have had the "distinguished Prussian," and perhaps would not have wanted him, she did feel that she had an earlier claim to him and she begrudged him to anyone else.

Susan had been left by the New York pastor to the care of her parents and friends; he, magnanimously egotistical, felt compelled to follow his own flock. She regained consciousness only to faint again. At the sound of Frank's voice her life and a glimmer of comfort returned.
Chapter 23


*Die können denn die Sach’ wol breiten,*  
*Und ihr Garn nach dem Wildpret spreiten,*  
*Und aus dem Sächle wird ein’ Sach’*  
*Und aus dem Pünztle wird ein Bach.*

—Brandt, *Das Narrenschiff*, LXXI

After rescuing Antonio from the claws of a shameful death, Frank had had just enough time to shake his friend’s hand in his hotel before rushing off to tear the murderer of his first sister from his second sister at all costs. Antonio stayed behind in the company of his friends; Miss Parsons had spoken briefly with Miss Mary Dawson, who was staying in the same hotel. The young lady refused to see the rescued man and returned to New York on the next train.

In the meantime Antonio had become worried about Frank’s prospects during his ride. The horse on which he had ridden off was quite good but not a runner. He would hardly be able to find a better replacement horse during his ride. Wouldn’t it have been more rational to wait an hour and a half for the next train, to gain the first thirty miles by train and steamboat and then set out on a horse from the harbor? Antonio decided to correct his friend’s error and thus won the race and saved the bride.

Hardly half an hour had passed when the delivery boy from the hotel brought two letters that had been delivered for Wilhelmi, so that this man, too, could have his share of strain and surprise on this eventful day.

Brösingk & Co. in Cologne had stopped making payments.

The news came so suddenly that Wilhelmi did not know if he should laugh or cry. In any event, he laughed as he handed the letter to his lawyer:

“I’m bankrupt.”

“How high are the liabilities that you took on for your company?”
“That can’t be calculated so easily in my head. Of the fifty thousand dol­
lars that I advanced, I’ve received payment for only the first note, and
beyond that I honored, negotiated, and endorsed note after note.”

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but you’ve more than earned your
punishment.”

“What can a man make of himself in this business world, if he doesn’t
now and then have the opportunity to show off his wealth?”

Arriving with the same mail delivery was a letter from Togares, the agent
for the Spanish company, announcing his arrival in New York.

That was a shimmer of hope. The locomotive is the symbol of American
life. What elsewhere stretches out over years is condensed here into a single
week. Americans travel through life by steam. Otherwise the region through
which they travel is pretty much the same as everywhere else.

The next day the lawyer and his client were on the train, at six o’clock
the following morning they were in New York.

“Ah, it’s you!” Togares cried out to the approaching Wilhelmi. “I must
say that you’re prompt.”

“This time I’ve special reasons for being so.”

He explained his situation to the agent.

“How much do you need?”

“Sixty thousand.”

“What security can you give me?”

“The entire warehouse, if it’s handed over to me, and also twenty thou­
sand dollars worth of land.”

In a single leap the Spaniard was out of his bed.

“Chicago, the great market of the West!” he fantasized. “Just the base we
need for our operations. We’ll establish an agency there. Great business—on
a massive scale! The Mississippi is ours! Canada—ours! North America—
ours! The entire hemisphere—ours! China on the left, Europe on the right!
Allons, marchons!”

One day was spent in legal meetings. On Thursday Wilhelmi, his lawyer,
the agent, and a young Spaniard, Medina, whom the agent wanted to leave in
the West as his authorized representative, left for Chicago.

After difficult negotiations Mr. Bork (whom the reader will remember as
Brösingk’s representative) decided to hand over the business to Wilhelmi,
who in turn agreed to accept all protested debts for the business, which To­
gares guaranteed with sixty thousand dollars.
In return, Wilhelmi now had to transfer the same unfortunate business, as part of the security for Togares’ advances, to Togares. This private sale, however, would only be the manner in which the lender secured his claims. As soon as the sale of the warehouse cleared seventy-five thousand dollars, all of the agent’s claims to it ceased.

Wilhelmi was now focused on finding an appropriate representative who could administer his business in Chicago. He remembered a young man in Milwaukee and left for the city immediately.

During Wilhelmi’s absence it occurred to the retired African that he was fencing in a duel without a second. Here he was in the hands of his German business friend and his lawyer. He himself had no man of law at his side and he could not judge to what extent the law provided for his security.

The thought was certainly quite justified. It was no less justified for the ancien militaire that he, in order to strengthen himself for the appropriate recognizance, entered the bar of Briggs House and demanded an absinth.

Even more determined after that strong drink, he immediately began to carry out his admittedly rather unclear project. He thus asked the bartender, certainly the best authority in such matters, if he might not be able to recommend a French lawyer.

At a small marble table sat a decently dressed individual who wore blue glasses and British sideburns.

“Monsieur needs a French lawyer,” this individual began, in good French. “I have the honor of presenting to monsieur the best French lawyer in the city of Chicago.”

“Is that so? Your name, monsieur?”

“Monsieur Maurice, avocat et conseiller. I’m the one all foreigners speak to about their business affairs, regardless of which country they may belong to. Monsieur will do me the pleasure of accompanying me to my office.”

The agent hesitatingly agreed. They had not yet been on the street for five minutes, however, before the avocat et conseiller had the bird on the lime. He had the same apodictic manner as his companion, but was more unabashed. This deeply impressed the agent. He had a word of scorn for everything American that he encountered on the street, along with boundless admiration for the greatness of the American art of speculation and the American opportunities for speculating. This in particular proved decisive. Togares poured his heart out to him.

“Hm!” said Monsieur Maurice. “That’s magnifique, but it’s not a deal.”
"How so?"

"When one goes to the trouble, monsieur, of traveling from Havana to Chicago, then one wants something in return."

That made sense.

"We're talking about a value of approximately $150,000. One doesn't sacrifice such capital to friendship."

"To friendship," cried the other dismissively. "I know this German gentleman only as a business acquaintance."

"Not your friend?" asked the mischievous advisor with well-played surprise. "But monsieur, in that case I'll allow myself, as your lawyer, to cash in on your case."

The dose was strong, but it had the intended effect. The African bristled for a moment at the words "cash in on," but he brought himself under control and was thus completely tamed.

"Do what you wish; I give you carte blanche."

"Monsieur, you'll be satisfied."

"And as far as your efforts go, you understand, I'm..."

"Monsieur, I've never known an African who did not have a large heart."

"Without vanity, Monsieur. An ancien officier who studied under Bedeau understands the affair differently from a Yankee who grew up behind a store counter."

"Ah, ces Yankees, ne m'en parlez pas," cried the lawyer with an expression of indescribable contempt.

"Twenty-five percent of the profit," exclaimed the agent in the heat of his goaded ambition. "Does that suffice, monsieur?"

Monsieur Maurice made a satisfied bow. He had immediately calculated that this could become a speculation worth twenty to thirty thousand dollars to him, even if he treated his client completely honestly, which was definitely not his intention.

"I'll prepare the contract immediately," he said. "Les bons comptes font les bons amis."

The African did not like this speech, as there was nothing African about it; rather, it smacked of profiteering. But he had already fallen, spineless, into the trap.

"I'm expecting the German gentleman's lawyer," the Spaniard said, "in half an hour in my hotel."
“Please go on ahead,” said Mr. Maurice. “I must visit a client. It’s a deal worth one million dollars. But I’ll not neglect our little deal because of that. You can count on me. In half an hour I’ll be at Briggs House.”

The client that Mr. Maurice first had to see, however, was an American lawyer for whom he had once worked as a clerk in order to learn the art, and the million he had mentioned was half an ounce of judicial wisdom that he had to obtain from this Mr. Comstock, for he did not have it himself.

He thus presented this case to him as an abstract judicial study. The man familiar with the law gave him the simple means: “If one has a business transfer, such as the one you speak of, registered in court, then the deal ceases to be a mere private agreement for the security of the creditor. This person then becomes the absolute owner.”

Wilhelmi’s lawyer as well as Togares’s lawyer met with the agent at the appointed hour in his hotel. The papers were ready. Wilhelmi had already signed them before his departure for Milwaukee.

Monsieur Maurice read the documents with an officious demeanor.

“Everything’s in order,” he declared. “Nothing’s missing but the registration papers.”

Wilhelmi’s lawyer, however, was not the man to be tempted into a legal trap by his learned colleague. When the latter noticed that he was not dealing with a novice, he gave in.

“You can sign,” he told his client.

Everyone claimed to be satisfied and the German lawyer left the two gentlemen alone.

“And what now?” asked Togares with a long face.

“What now, monsieur? Eh, mon dieu, un coup d’état!”
Another coup d’état. Counterplot.

*Why, man, they did make love to this employment.*
*They are not near my conscience. Their defeat*
*Doth by their own insinuation grow.*

—*Hamlet*, Act V

Early the next morning, around ten o’clock, three southern-looking men, one tall and two short, walked resolutely into the fated iron, steel, and brass goods establishment and posted themselves in a military fashion before the desk of the head accountant.

“Are you the head accountant of this business?” asked the large man in English, but with a definite French accent.

“And you wish, sir?” the man to whom he spoke replied, rather brusquely.

“Assemble all of the clerks in this company immediately.”

“And who, may I ask, are you?”

“Starting today I’m the owner here!” explained the man in a brusque military manner.

“It’s not up to you to ask questions, but to obey!” the short man with the brown glasses curtly added.

Without saying a word in response, the man at the desk pulled a bell. A porter appeared.

“Now, behave yourself,” said the bookkeeper, whose North German origins could be detected in his English, with great calmness, “or I’ll have you thrown out.”

“In the name of the law!” exclaimed the short lawyer. “I’ll take —”

The porter, who was also a North German, took one step closer to him. There was such a friendly gleam in the eyes of the light-haired Frisian; it was as if his fingers were itching for the fun of breaking the knees of the man of law. The latter must have comprehended this, for he stopped his speech mid-stream.
“Explain yourself reasonably,” said the bookkeeper, turning to the tallest of the three visitors.  

“Here’s the purchase agreement,” this one said in the same dictatorial tone as before. “Read.”  

The bookkeeper read.  

“Are you convinced?”  

“Yes. You are Mr. — —”  

“Togares. That’s me. You’ll assemble the entire staff, with no exceptions.”  

The German thought for a moment about what would promise more fun: to thrash the gentlemen owners in their new establishment as an initiation, or to watch how things developed. He soon opted for the latter, for in an emergency it did not exclude the first. The staff was thus summoned.  

“Messieurs!” Mr. Togares addressed the assembled staff. “Through the contract that you see here in my right hand, this establishment has been transferred to me without reservation. This man here,” pointing to the short Spaniard Medina, “will, as of today, run the business, now called Medina & Co., in my name. You’ll obey him as if he were me, with obedience absolue. You will, by the way, keep your current positions and draw the same salaries. The good workers will be satisfied. Those who are insubordinate will be punished with military severity. Mr. Bookkeeper, order a basket of champagne. I’ll pay. Let’s drink as good colleagues!”  

Up to that point the apprentices had looked at each other in confusion. The meaning of the ceremony was not entirely clear to them, since the speaker had had the strange notion of giving his speech in English, an idiom that stood in a decidedly hostile relationship to his own organism. But the final command, to drink champagne, went straight to their German hearts, especially to that of the head bookkeeper, who knew where good champagne could be found. At the same time, the collegial tone of the last words appeased him so much that he abandoned his thrashing plan and decided instead to seek revenge and drink the man under the table.  

To introduce the fun he emitted a thundering “Cheers!” for the new owner. “And another cheer! And a third!”  

During these thunderous cheers, in which the entire staff had joined with noisy humor, Wilhelmi, who had just returned from Milwaukee, entered the office with his future representative. One can imagine his surprise.
After the first explanations a highly lively discussion began between the parties, in which the Decembrists became abusive. They insisted on their fait accompli, whereas the bookkeeper urged Wilhelmi to have them thrown out, in order to counter one fait accompli with another. Wilhelmi, however, did not appreciate such jokes in his professional life and went to see his lawyer.

He found him, after some searching, with Mr. Comstock, one of his longtime business friends and a renowned Chicago lawyer.

"That’s strange!" said Comstock, after hearing Wilhelmi’s account. "This very Maurice was here yesterday, to get advice about this case; but he did not, I admit, mention any names."

After some consideration the American continued,

"Are you really so certain, Mr. Wilhelmi, that the entire concern is worth the amount of the outstanding debt?"

The man questioned expressed his conviction that the business was probably worth double that amount.

"I want to say something to you. I happen to have had an opportunity to gain insight into the matter, for Hochmann & Grüneke once consulted me about it, and if I’m to give you my honest opinion: the sooner you get yourself out of the swindle, the better."

"Is that really your view?"

"Before the Italian wars it would’ve been different. But now, given the current business prospects and the upcoming presidential election next year, I don’t have the slightest doubt that, even if you yourself come to Chicago and dedicate yourself solely to the task of bringing order to this chaos, little if any money could be made."

"You’re thus advising us just to leave the usurpers in possession of the business?"

"I advise you to cause some trouble, then eventually give in, and finally approve the registration of the sale for the return of your land."

All three laughed. They decided to blast the miners with their own explosives.

"I wanted to say," said the German lawyer after a general pause, "what a strange fellow he is, this French lawyer that the African picked up, that he first has to get advice for such a simple matter?"

"The man arrived here about two years ago and asked to be a copier. It was good timing, for I needed someone who could speak French for such work. Soon thereafter he came into a lot of money, but he explained that he
had acquired a taste for the business and wanted to study law. From the start, he also demonstrated a kind of genius for sniffing out the business tricks that are used so often by unscrupulous people in our trade, although he was certainly missing a solid base of knowledge. I've no doubt that the subject of sophism held an irresistible attraction for him as a game of chance and that he hoped it would make him rich and respected. The main thing, however, was that he was pester ing a rich girl, a niece of mine. His law profession was intended to give him character during his courtship. I managed to thwart the matter, however. Since then, I hear, he’s been in St. Louis, tracking down some other game.”

“Doesn’t it strike you,” countered his colleague, “as if the situation with his blue glasses is the same as with his supposed law practice?”

“Oh, it’s been ascertained that he sees better without than with glasses. I learned that much in the first three days.”

“Then adieu! Until noon tomorrow. Rest assured that we’ll find the Decembrists in your office.”

For a while Wilhelmi walked silently next to his friend.

“The similarity’s unmistakable,” he suddenly burst out.

“What similarity?”

“The similarity between this Monsieur Maurice and Count Roussillon.”

“That’s it!” cried the lawyer, holding his breath and stopping.

“The difference is that the former wore a beard without sideburns, and this one sideburns without a beard, the former had eagle eyes and this one needs blue glasses to see. If only Antonio were here!”

“We can get to the bottom of this even without him.”

After some discussion the two friends returned to Comstock and told him in confidence of their suspicions.

Comstock added even more reasons for suspicion. Maurice, who speculated heavily in land, had purchased property from one of the American’s clients and had paid for it recently with a note for ten thousand dollars, issued by Augustus Dawson and endorsed by William Dawson. That had been the end of July, directly after his return from a supposed vacation to Niagara Falls.

The necessary arrangements were made to expose the criminal, if that is what he would prove to be.
Chapter 25

Dies irae.

The next morning at twelve o’clock the parties had gathered in Comstock’s office. Wilhelmi struggled to retain the business establishment with a naturalness his friends never would have thought him capable of displaying. The two lawyers insisted with obstinacy, one on the sales contract, the other on the meaning of the agreement. Finally Comstock suggested a settlement in which Togares would keep the business but return the land that had been transferred to him. They were finally able to agree on this. They signed the papers while still standing. Wilhelmi felt reborn. The heavy debts and the gnawing worries with which the young businessman’s generous participation in a friend’s affairs had burdened him and which had threatened, with their lead weight, to pull him down, were now, thanks to good fortune, suddenly and forever taken from his shoulders. Of course, this also meant losing the credit and the support of the Spanish business, a hard blow, the results of which could not yet be calculated, but he nevertheless felt infinitely relieved by this outcome.

The Decembrists wanted to depart right after the papers had been signed, and they were already through the door.

“A word with you, Mr. Maurice!” Comstock called after the departing man.

“How may I help you?” this man asked obligingly, in extremely good spirits over the first big success of his new villainous career. Togares and Medina also came back, which was not part of the plan. But as they were already there, their presence would have to be tolerated.

“Do you recall the affair with the Wilson mortgage, for which you prepared the papers for me?”

“Indeed.”

“I’ve a letter here that refers to it, and I’d be very obliged if you’d read it. Since you’re very familiar with the case, your advice in the matter would be invaluable.” This hit the brand-new lawyer somewhat unexpectedly, despite his effusive self-confidence. However, when he thought of the triumph his
talent had just achieved, it was not impossible that even his former master now looked up to him.

The presence of his two clients only served to spur on his conceit. He puffed himself up.

"Where are the documents?" he asked, with an air of importance. "I'll look at them right now and give you my opinion."

Mr. Comstock straightened a chair for him at his own desk. Elated, he took possession of it. The scene apparently impressed his clients; all eyes appeared to rest admiringly on him; it was, so to speak, the conferral of his judicial knighthood.

The other men remained standing in front of the fireplace. Maurice turned his back to them.

"I haven't even had time to read a newspaper today," Wilhelmi tossed out, taking up the Chicago Tribune. "Are they on the trail of young Dawson?"

The Frenchman raised his head slightly.

"He supposedly escaped to Havana," answered Mr. Comstock.

"A horrible deficit!" cried Togares. "It's thought to be in the millions."

"What deficit?" asked Wilhelmi, surprised.

"Eh bien! Mr. Dawson's, the millionaire's."

Wilhelmi stood speechless.

"That's right," confirmed the American. "Here it is. He speculated with money from insurance companies, savings institutions, and with every kind of foreign currency, and the Italian war suddenly thwarted his plans."

"The elder Dawson? William Dawson?" cried Wilhelmi, still not believing his ears.

"I thought you'd read about it," said the German lawyer. "Otherwise I would've told you early this morning."

"That's horrible!" cried Wilhelmi upon hearing this new blow—for it would cost him dearly. It caused him to forget completely the plan agreed upon to unmask the Frenchman. "And then Antonio's girlfriend! The father's a swindler, the son a murderer! What a world!"

"So you really believe," asked the American, keeping his eye on the goal, "that young Dawson was the murderer?"

"Wohlfahrt didn't believe it," responded the German lawyer. "Young Dawson, he said, wouldn't have had the courage to do it. He suspected another man much more."
“I’d like just once to get my hands on that scoundrel!” shouted the African, who had read and heard about the terrible murder and became angry every time the topic came up.

“If we can keep this to ourselves, gentlemen,” said Wilhelmi, who now rejoined the entertainment, “then I’ll tell you our view of the matter. On July 3 both of us were with two other Germans in Niagara. All four of us climbed down behind the waterfall. There we found an unconscious woman under the spray, hanging between the rocks. Her two companions stood there doing nothing. We saved her. We had our suspicions at the time and now we’re certain. It was attempted murder. The lady was the one later murdered in the farmhouse. The two men traveling with her were Augustus Dawson and the same French adventurer who had married the unfortunate woman under the name of Grenier in Lowell and who later was up to his tricks on Fifth Avenue. He, and no one else, is the murderer!”

There was an audible sound of the French lawyer’s chair being pushed back slightly. Mr. Comstock, who did not take his eyes off of his man, could see his hands and feet trembling.

“Le lâche!” cried Togares. “I only wish I had him here! I’d kill him like a dog! Yes indeed, like a dog!”

“What did the person look like?” asked the American.

“His stature was similar to that man’s,” continued Wilhelmi. Everyone turned toward Maurice.

“Yes, indeed,” confirmed the lawyer, “precisely like the stature of Mr. Maurice.”

Mr. Maurice felt it necessary, at the mention of his name, to give some sign of life. His features were distorted, his hair was standing on end. He gave those speaking a glassy stare through his blue glasses, which had fallen far down his nose.

“He also had,” continued Wilhelmi with cold relentlessness, facing the Frenchman, “the same hair as you, dear sir—”

“Yes, he did,” confirmed the horrible echo, “exactly the same hair as you, sir.”

The lawyer took a lock of Maurice’s black hair between his fingers.

“He had—now that your glasses have slid down”—with these words Wilhelmi removed the glasses completely, without even the slightest resistance from the man — “he had the exact same eyes — —.”
“Indeed,” repeated the unfailing ritornello, “he also had the exact same eyes.”

“He did have a beard and no sideburns, though, but you’ve since shaved off the beard and let your sideburns grow, Count Roussillon!” concluded the speaker with a thundering voice.

The murderer jumped up at this name and fled toward the door. Togares blocked his path. The count pulled out a long knife and used it to stab the air around him. In this manner he managed to reach the window. But just as he was about to jump out, Wilhelmi grabbed his foot.

The office was on the ground floor. At that time the house, along with the rest of the city, was being raised six feet. The escapee, still being held by his foot, fell with force and hit his head against a screwdriver jutting out beneath the lever used to separate the building from its foundation. Then he tumbled into the cellar, still head first, where he received another blow from the foundation wall and finally got his head stuck in a pile of rubble and mud.

As if they had shot up from the earth, police and disorderly crowds rushed to the spot at the same time. The miserable wretch, half-suffocated and with a critically injured skull, was pulled from the mire and brought outside. He was taken to the hospital. At three o’clock he confessed. He was an apprentice from Bordeaux who had stolen from his master and deceived his daughter. This had been the immediate cause of his flight from France. Before that, however, he had robbed and murdered an old spinster living alone, to say nothing of other shameful acts. The information conveyed in an earlier chapter about his role in Annie’s horrible murder is taken largely from this, his final confession. At five minutes to eight he drew his last breath. “He died a Christian,” said the clergyman who stood by him in his last hour.
Chapter 26

Leere Zeiten der Jugend und leere Träume der Zukunft,
Ihr vergehet, es bleibt einzig der Augenblick mir;
— "Alexis and Dora"

It was a sharp, windy March afternoon when our friend Wilhelmi drove with
us, the reporter of the strange events described above, to the New Haven train
station to welcome Antonio and Susan, who were expected from New
Hampshire. Antonio had spent the entire summer with his friend Frank at the
Cartwrights’ farm, and the fresh nature of the two young men had more or
less succeeded in bringing new life into the wrecked family life and Susan’s
poor heart. In the future Frank was to remain on the farm. This prospect, too,
worked its imperceptible but definite healing powers on the parents’ lives.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blandar, with whose family Wilhelmi tended to spend
the summer months, as told in an earlier chapter of this narrative, had
repeatedly invited Susan to visit her at her country home near New York.
Everyone agreed that a longer separation from the scene of such horrid trials
could only have a beneficial effect on her. But Antonio in particular had high
hopes that the visit with the educated and sympathetic German circle, which
would certainly open a whole new world to her, would mark the start of a
new life for the young girl. With general encouragement she finally agreed to
accompany him there.

If we may have permission, finally, to introduce the reader, in addition to
the many interesting acquaintances, to our own insignificant personality, then
we, a wandering artist, hereby most humbly present ourselves to our dis­
tinguished patrons.

As soon as we arrived this time—it was our second visit to America—we
received an invitation from our old friend Wilhelmi to visit the hospitable
house where his friends were always as welcome as if they were friends of
the Blandars. Antonio is also an old, dear friend of ours from the Rhineland,
and so we happily accepted the invitation to rush to New York in order to
welcome him who had risen from the dead.
In the ladies' waiting room we found two elegant women dressed in black, whose features, however, were not recognizable in the afternoon dusk and under their thick veils. At this time of day several trains arrive one after the other, and the ladies must have been waiting for someone with great impatience, as we were, for whenever the shrill of a locomotive could be perceived in the uncertain distance, we noticed the deepest agitation and excitement in their movements. Finally—after four nail-biting disappointments—the gate opened for a fifth time and the first car of the New Haven train drove slowly into the station. We all rushed onto the platform. The two women in black stood to the left, close to us, their eyes anxiously searching the passengers alighting from the train. One car after the other came, emptied, and was pushed out again, without either our veiled neighbors or us finding the friends we expected.

Our hearts began to sink, and the passengers from the last car had nearly dispersed when, at the very end, a pale young man, climbing down the steps, turned his dark eyes inquisitively toward our side. At the same moment my closest neighbor had thrown back her veil; she shrieked and lay in Antonio's arms—it was he—with her face buried deeply on his chest. In silent understanding with our friend Wilhelmi we withdrew, full of reverence for the moving scene we had witnessed. When we turned back at the end of the long hall, however, urged by an irresistible force, they were still standing in the same speechless embrace, as if they were connected for all eternity in unspeakable sadness and unspeakable joy.

We also saw, when we left with our friend Wilhelmi, yet another embrace, one hardly less heartfelt and certainly no less grief-stricken, than the one between Antonio and Mary. Overflowing with tears, Mrs. Dawson drew to her heart, with a flood of kisses, her poor, dear little Susie, whose loud sobs could be heard throughout the entire train station. Tears also came to our eyes, and the handkerchiefs were in heavy use when we turned onto the street and lost sight of the group.

Whatever our feelings might have been at that point, we had hardly begun to let them run their own course when suddenly, in the middle of our melancholy pleasures, we were frightened by a loud yell. "Hey! Hey there!" someone shouted behind us, and the horses from a rented carriage, which had come rushing toward us at full speed, were already touching our necks with their muzzles. In no time we had jumped onto the steps in order to shoot an angry glance, from this secure position, at the cause of this crude disruption.
The horses had hardly been stopped before a pale young man opened the carriage door. But he was pushed back by the elbow of a heavy, chubby-cheeked, red-haired woman with a worn velvet hat, which was decorated with a not-so-fresh peacock’s feather.

“Let your mother go first, you spalpeen!” cried Mrs. O’Shea (we immediately recognized her from Antonio’s earlier description). “And behave more decently!”

And with that she had jumped from the carriage and was standing on the platform. Paddy O’Shea followed. Then came two small girls, with the physiognomy of wild cats; the youngest was dragging a boy of about three years; she was already running and pulling him down from the carriage step by one arm, while he bawled and tried to follow her over canes, stones, and steps. Finally an ancient, ragged woman also climbed forth from the interior of the carriage, bringing up the rear of the expedition with measured steps. We did not wait until they had unwound themselves, but rather came just in time to witness Mrs. O’Shea’s behavior. She threw herself without hesitation between Antonio and Mary. This was the signal for her retinue to break out all at once in heartfelt cries of joy and to scramble to get at their returning friend. The two girls had climbed upon him like cats and hung from his neck, one on each side, screaming at the top of their lungs, while the youngest, whose previous one-sided life experience must have deceived him as to the meaning of the demonstration, bit its object in the calf, pinched, hit, and pestered him in every other possible hostile manner. From the other side, the mother poured forth a real torrent of caresses, passionate expressions of gratitude, fervent blessings for her friend, angry curses against his enemies, intermingled with wild, inarticulate exclamations about the long-lost friend. Finally, the old grandmother also wanted her turn, but every time she appeared to have reached the goal towards which she was striving, she received an unexpected push, through some kind of sudden movement within the entangled group of people, that hurled her tumbling backward, but she did not for a moment let this stop her from stubbornly trying again. While all of this was going on, Paddy, whose old spirit had returned in the excitement of his family’s jubilation, danced an Irish jig in a circle around the group. Luckily for the object of these stormy caresses, the train conductors, who had wanted to close the gate a long time ago, finally stepped in officially. The results might have been serious, since the family seemed inclined to view this as a personal insult to the entire O’Shea race, if the female head of the
warlike tribe had not, in loving deference to Antonio, let herself be convinced to leave her fists unused this one time. Everyone followed her example. Only grandmother muttered and grumbled against the peaceful settlement, and as she departed, turned towards the man who was closing the gate and shook her fist at him.

On the way home we came to sit across from Susan in the wagon. It was a difficult position, we can assure the sensitive reader, and since then we have been through a difficult time. Beginning with that March afternoon, we had no peace and quiet; we doubted friendship, future, and humanity, for true to our caustic nature we believed that we had to remain convinced that the traitor Wilhelmi, to whom we were bound by so many ties, had intended to tear away from us the dear image that, since sitting across from her that day, had fastened itself with a thousand hooks within our heart; we most definitely would have bled to death as a result. Finally, however, we found the heart, when he returned from the city, to step before him at the familiar garden gate and ask, with despairing, threatening resoluteness, if he were “sweet on Susan.”

Readers, our hand is trembling and we really cannot write any further. But we also cannot hold ourselves back:

Little brook, let your gushing be!
Susan, Susan is mine, mine!

Wilhelmi had no time to fall in love, he said. Fall in love?! What kind of an expression is that! But this shows that he knows nothing about it.

Once a man gets started, he really no longer knows where he gets all the courage. In a word, we dashed through the garden, entrance, and hall to the other piazza, where Susan was watching the sunset. One tear trembled just then in her gazelle-like eyes. We dashed—but no mortal reader could grasp what happened next, and even if we were writing for angels (which we clearly do, dear reader)—we could not express it in words.
Final Chapter

With three postscripts. Travel, money, and wedding.

So spielt man in Venedig.

Antonio is now living in the country again, west of the Hudson, if we can even call it living. We do not see him living, for Mrs. Dawson has taken up residence in a country home two miles from us. She sold her house in the city. It seems to us that the life of those struck by grief gradually began to acquire, from the pleasant German circle to which they felt increasingly drawn, a newer, gentler interest in human activity.

Our friend, the female reader, in agreement with our other friend, the male reader, who has often shaken his head—it is not our confusion, but rather the restless confusion of American life that we have recounted—now expects, without doubt, to receive an invitation in the next days to a wedding or two. We fear, however, that this is not at all the case. If we should offer our personal view of the matter, Antonio and Mary are far from considering such a thought. Did the gravity of horrible memories imprint itself too deeply within their souls to enable them to grasp clearly such a lovely thought, or is the happiness of their sublime bond too pure and heartfelt to require any type of earthly consecration? We cannot imagine the two of them any differently than holding hands, atop a high mountain peak, witnessing in childlike reverence nature’s holy morning ritual. And if the spirit of art had honored us with its service, this would become our best painting.

Antonio’s expedition to the interior of Asia has reached the point of maturation, and Mary will join him. She will contribute an equal amount of her own money to the journey, is pursuing her interest in botany more eagerly than ever, and is perfecting her skills in drawing, photography, and shooting. Antonio has already written, from the Cartwright residence, to the relevant guides in Germany, and all have agreed to participate.

Unfortunately we promised, for Mrs. Dawson’s sake, who would be too lonely without Susan, who will be living with her, not to have a wedding until the travelers have returned from Asia. How awful!
Since we do not expect our sympathetic friend, the reader, to participate in this unpleasant interregnum, and since we have related what has happened in our circle to date, we will take our leave, our hearts touched, with sincere thanks for the reader's exemplary forbearance and patience, until we happily meet again.

P.S. Miss Parsons has just arrived, to give Mrs. Dawson a petition that calls for eliminating the death sentence. Only with the greatest of efforts were we able to convince her of just how inappropriate it would be, given the prevailing circumstances, for her to address Mrs. Dawson for this reason. Afterwards she wanted very much to participate in the Asian expedition, where she would certainly get stuck in the snow on top of some mountain. In the end she accepted Mrs. Dawson's invitation to share her apartment with her and with us. She will stay as long as she can bear to stay in one spot, given her roaming habits and interest in the world. But as long as she is here, her presence enlivens our circle immensely. Antonio has completely regained his cheerfulness. For her part, she feels happy to be among Germans, at the source of all philosophy, all science, and all comfort, as she now claims.

2\textsuperscript{nd} P.S. Antonio has just come from the city. He has a letter from Germany. He has won a competition to which he had applied in the stillness of his country visit to New Hampshire, and his father, with whom he is now completely reconciled, has allowed his son, out of joy over their relationship, to draw unlimited funds from him. Antonio, however, takes pride in struggling forth, although the prize of a couple hundred talers is most welcome.

3\textsuperscript{rd} P.S. A letter also arrived for Susan. Old Josiah Batcheldor died and left her his entire fortune, which, exceeding all expectations, amounts to nearly $200,000. She has only to give his old sister a yearly allowance of $500. "That's how they gamble in Venice."
Notes to Translation

Page numbers are indicated in brackets. Unless otherwise noted, all translations are my own.


Breslau: a major commercial and industrial center on the Oder River in southwest Poland and the capital of Lower Silesia. The city, which belonged to Prussia 1741–1945, developed as a major trade center in the nineteenth century.


Gray Cloister Preparatory School (Das Berlinische Gymnasium zum Grauen Kloster): founded in 1574 as a school for classical languages, it was originally housed in a former Franciscan monastery in the center of Berlin. The school, one of the oldest in Berlin, still exists (Das Evangelische Gymnasium zum Grauen Kloster).

[9] Rastatt: a fortress in Baden-Württemberg and the site of an insurrection on 12 May 1849. When revolutionaries demanded the release of political prisoners, proclaimed a republic, and formed a parliament, Prussia and the provisional central government in Frankfurt sent troops that defeated these forces at Waghäusel on 21 June 1849. The revolution ended just weeks later, on 23 July 1849, with the capitulation of those being held in Rastatt; hundreds of political prisoners were convicted in court-martials.

tired of Europe (europamüde): a reference to Die Europamüden (Those Tired of Europe, 1838), a novel by Ernst Willkomm (1810–86), and Der Amerika-Müde (The Man Tired of America, 1855), a novel by Ferdinand Kürnberger (1821–79). The earlier novel portrays life in the United States positively, whereas the later work presents a negative image of America. Anton arrives in the United States on the ninth anniversary of the outbreak of the revolution in Prussia; on 18 March 1848 over two hundred people in Berlin lost their lives in overthrowing, if only temporarily, absolutist rule in the strongest German military state. The date underscores the rebellious nature of Anton’s emigration and echoes Solger’s own flight to the United States in 1853.

poor devils of Europe: an allusion to Napoleon III (Louis Napoleon, 1808–73), who was exiled to the United States in 1836 after staging an unsuccessful military coup in Strasbourg. A few months later he returned to Europe to live in Switzerland, but
French protests prompted him to leave for England in 1838. He returned to France after the revolution in February 1848, was elected to the national assembly, and in December 1848 became president of the Second Republic (1848–52). He served as emperor 1852–70.

The Poles rose up against Russian rule in November 1830 and were defeated in February 1831. In *Debit and Credit*, Anton and Schröter travel to Poland during the revolution in order to recover goods that have not yet been paid for; Anton then remains in the town to collect money owed to the firm.

[10] Grünberg, or Grünberg in Schlesien (in Polish: Zielona Góra), is a Silesian city on the Oder River in southwestern Poland; this wine-producing region was part of Germany until the Potsdam Conference of 1945, when it was assigned to Poland. Schwedt, or Schwedt an der Oder, a city in Brandenburg, is a major tobacco-processing center.

Both forts: Fort Hamilton (1831) on the Brooklyn side and Fort Wadsworth (1807) on Staten Island.

[13] Barclay Street: running from Broadway to the East River in New York City’s financial district, the street is named after Henry Barclay (1712–1764), who in 1746 became rector of Trinity Church.

Translation of epigraph: “Live and let live.”


[17] “That’s how they gamble in Venice!” (So spielt man in Venedig!): a phrase called out during a card game when a player takes all the tricks in one deal and thus beats the opponent. Lutz Röhrich, *Das große Lexikon der sprichwörtlichen Redensarten*, 3 vols. (Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1991–92), 3:1669. I thank Jeffrey L. Sammons for this reference. The phrase alludes to the gambling tradition in Venice, which began in the twelfth century.

[19] Translation of epigraph: “There was a wooer blithe and gay, / A son of France was he.” These are the first lines in the ballad “The Faithless Boy” (1774) by Johann
NOTES TO TRANSLATION


[20] Isis: the ancient Egyptian goddess of fertility and the sister and wife of Osiris, the Egyptian god and judge of the dead.

“Sapristie! Ne peut-il se mettre autre part, ce drôle-là, que dans le chemin de tout le monde?”: Good God! Can’t that fool there keep from getting in everybody’s way?

“Tout le monde? Pardon, monsieur, je ne vois que demi-monde”: Everyone? Excuse me, sir, but I see only a demimonde. In this pun, “demi-monde” refers to someone who has lost respectability or is without status.


[22] Hermann der Cherusker, or Arminius (18 B.C.—19 A.D.): chief of the Germanic tribe of the Cherusci who defeated three Roman legions in the Teutoburg Forest in 9 A.D. Thusnelda, a god in Teutonic mythology, was considered to be the prime progenitor of man.

The Five Points district of New York City, in lower Manhattan, was named for the convergence of five streets: Mulberry, Anthony (now Worth), Cross (now Park), Orange (now Baxter), and Little Water (no longer exists). By the mid-nineteenth century this area (now Foley Square) was known as a squalid, crime-ridden neighborhood of tenements, gambling, prostitution, disease, and corrupt politicians. The majority of its residents were poor Irish and German immigrants and free blacks; it was also home to the most notorious Irish gangs. Michele Herman, “Five Points,” in Encyclopedia of New York City, edited by Kenneth T. Jackson (New Haven: Yale UP, 1995), 414–15.

Celtic race: beginning in the fifth century, the Celts were a group of western European peoples that included the pre-Roman inhabitants of Britain and Gaul and their descendents. Scholars are not certain if Vortigern is a historical figure; he is said to have imported the first Saxons to settle in eastern Britain in the fifth century and fight against the northern peoples. Dutigern, a British king, was defeated in 547 A.D. by Anglian forces under the command of Ida, the first recorded king of Bernicia (ca. 547–ca. 559). Gwallawg was one of four kings in what is now southern Scotland and northern England; he is described as a ruler of Elmet. Gwan Gleddyvruod could not be identified. The Lloegrwys were one of three social tribes of the Isle of Britain; Lloegr is the Welsh name for England. The Columbia Companion to British History, edited by Juliet Gardiner and Neil Wenborn (New York: Columbia UP, 1995), 141, 783; Peter Salway, A History of Roman Britain (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1997), 346; M.
NOTES TO TRANSLATION


[23] Lake Geneva: located along the border of southwestern Switzerland and eastern France.

[24] spalpeen: Irish English for a rascal or scamp.

*New York Herald*: a newspaper founded in 1835 by James Gordon Bennett (1795–1872), a Scottish immigrant; it was the most widely read daily paper in the United States in 1860. Prior to the Civil War it was pro-slavery and pro-Tammany Hall; due to popular sentiment after the war, the paper became pro-Union.

[25] “The alcohol deadens the nerves”: I thank Mark Freitag for his explanation of the German word *nitronogenisiert*.


Lowell: a town in northeastern Massachusetts, developed after 1822 as a planned industrial community based on textile manufacturing. Its cotton textile mills were among the most famous factories in the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century.

[27] *puisqu’il ne pouvait l’avoir autrement*: since he could not have her otherwise.

Theseus: a legendary hero of Attica and the king of ancient Athens, renowned for the slaying of the Minotaur and other feats.

[29] Brevoort House: a fine hotel built in 1840 by the architect James Renwick Jr. (1818–95). Razed in 1954, the hotel was named after Henry Brevoort, who first owned the land.

[32] Faubourg St.-Germain (*le noble faubourg*): the old aristocratic quarter of Paris; *le faubourg Saint-Germain* refers to the old French aristocracy.

John Jacob Astor (1763–1848): founder of the American Fur Company (1808), which quickly dominated the fur trade in the central plains and mountain regions of the United States.

[33] John Winthrop (1588–1649): a British colonist who served as the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. His son John (1606–76) served as colonial governor of Connecticut in 1657 and 1659–76. Josiah Quincy (1744–75), a member of a prominent Boston family, earned a bachelor’s and a master’s degree from Harvard University; he practiced law and became a staunch supporter of the patriots. His son Josiah (1772–1864) also graduated from Harvard and then served as a Federalist congressman (1805–12), the mayor of Boston (1823–28), and the president of Har-

En gros or en détail: wholesale or retail.

“And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs must depair!": a quote from Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage (Canto 1 [1812]), an autobiographical poem written by the Romantic poet Lord Byron (1788–1824). Solger slightly misquotes Byron: “And Mammon winds his way.”

[34] Contemporary British novelists and poets Charles Dickens (1812–70), William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63), Bulwer (see note for page 15), and Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92).

[35] Louis Napoleon: see note for page 9. Henry VIII (1491–1547) built Saint James’s Palace in Westminster, London; it served as the royal residence after Whitehall burned in 1697 until the reign of Queen Victoria (1837–1901), when it was used for ceremonial occasions.

Goethe’s trip to Italy: Solger compares Miss Bradbury’s travels to Goethe’s travels in Italy 1786–88. Goethe recorded his impressions of the Italian people, landscape, art, and architecture in parts I and II of Die italienische Reise (Italian Journey, 1816–17).

[36] Iphigenia: in Greek mythology a daughter of Agamemnon, who sacrifices her to gain fair winds for the Greek ships bound for Troy. Euripides (ca. 480–406 B.C.) presents this story in his tragedy Iphigeneia at Aulis (ca. 405 B.C.), as does Goethe in his drama Iphigenie auf Tauris (Iphigenia at Taurus, 1787). This statue could not be identified.

“even taking the shirt from her back.” The serialized edition includes an additional passage after this sentence: “No reproach could have been better suited for explaining the great truth: before the Incarnation, even the civilized Greeks embraced superstition and the most dreadful barbarities.” The Reverend Dr. Ellis encourages the young ladies in particular to convince their male relatives of the statue’s “impeccable religious and moral significance.” Iphigenia is described as “half lying, half hanging over the altar, the life draining from her eyes”; the passage concludes: “One can just imagine how moral young men would feel upon seeing her.” Reinhold Solger, Anton in Amerika: Novelle aus dem deutsch-amerikanischen Leben, parts 1–25, New-Yorker Criminal-Zeitung und Belletristisches Journal, 11 (4 April 1862): 34. Subsequent references to this edition will be cited using the date and page number.

a Greek female slave: a reference to The Greek Slave (1844), a nude statue by the American sculptor Hiram Powers (1805–73). A traveling exhibit brought the statue
NOTES TO TRANSLATION

301
to more than twelve American cities, and replicas were found in American homes and art collections. Joy S. Kasson writes that The Greek Slave became synonymous with “respectable, even staid, taste,” for American viewers appreciated the accompanying narrative Powers had invented about a Greek woman captured by invading Turks, taken from her home, and sold into slavery. Robert Hughes maintains that “her unwilling nakedness signified the purest form of the Ideal, the triumph of Christian virtue over sin.” Joy S. Kasson, Marble Queens and Captives: Women in Nineteenth-Century American Sculpture (New Haven: Yale UP, 1990), 46, 48–49; Robert Hughes, American Visions: The Epic History of Art in America (New York: Knopf, 1997), 218. Solger’s reverend is likely based on Orville Dewey, a Unitarian minister who, in a pamphlet published in 1848, wrote that the slave’s story was more important than her appearance and would thus transport viewers to a higher state of moral consciousness; Kasson, Marble Queens, 58.

a poem that was at that moment being read: Powers’s The Greek Slave inspired many poems that focused on a female separated from her family and home, physical violation, or the possibility of a violent reversal of roles. Kasson, Marble Queens, 61–70.

[37] The White Captive (1859): a nude statue by American sculptor Erastus Dow Palmer (1817–1904). Whereas Powers drew on viewers’ fascination with and fear of the Turks, Palmer turned to conventional images of native Americans; he described The White Captive as the young daughter of pioneers who had been taken from her home the previous night and put into Indian bondage. Kasson, Marble Queens, 76.

Tout comme chez nous!: Just like at home!

[38] “With the ancients, ignoring the sense of shame was naïve”: an allusion to Schiller’s Über naïve und sentimentalische Dichtung (Naïve and Sentimental Poetry, 1795), in which he compares ancient (naïve) and modern (sentimental) poets.

Lajos Kossuth (1802–94): a revolutionary during the Hungarian uprising against Austrian rule 1848–49. He became president after Hungary declared independence in April 1849 but fled to Turkey later that year when Russian troops intervened.

“That’s about the most naked woman I’ve ever encountered”: an allusion to The Emperor’s New Clothes (1837), a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen (1805–75), in which a young girl declares: “But the emperor has nothing at all on!” Only the child has the courage and candor to state the obvious, after adults have pretended that the emperor’s clothes are the finest he has ever worn. With Mary Dawson’s astute observation, Solger satirizes the hypocrisy of those who denied the sensual appeal of the nude statues. Maria Tatar, ed., The Annotated Classic Fairy Tales (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2002), 269–77; see also Kasson, Marble Queens, 61–62.
[39] par excellence, clarté transparente, propre, Français: “The Germans are a nation of thinkers without equal, but they do not possess the transparent clarity of explication which the French more than any other people possess.”

[40] “I like an honest hater!”: an allusion to Don Juan (Canto 13 [1819–24]), a poem by Lord Byron: “Rough Johnson, the great moralist, professed / Right honestly, ‘he liked an honest hater!’”

[41] “He was, after all, a Frenchman.” Two additional sentences follow in the original serialization: “A German gentleman will never be anything in American society other than a curiosity from the sea. In this, as in all other matters, he has no national authority on which to stand” (4 April 1862): 34.

[42] “Caviar for the general!”: in Hamlet 2.2.436–39, the Danish prince says to a player: “I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million. ’Twas caviare to the general.”


[47] a rendezvous for forbidden pleasures: in the nineteenth century, professional gamblers opened upscale “hells,” forerunners to modern casinos; about 100 existed along Broadway by the 1860s. Although concerns about public morality grew and the state legislature had banned gambling halls in the 1840s, these establishments were allowed to operate quite openly because of their wealth and connections to government. David R. Johnson, “Gambling,” in Encyclopedia of New York City, 448.

As neighborhoods in nineteenth-century New York City became divided along class lines, gangs met in saloons that became political and social institutions. Irish immigrants often transferred their allegiance from factions and secret societies in Ireland to the gangs, defending their neighborhood and customs from outside forces such as the temperance movement or rival gangs. Joshua Brown, “Gangs,” in Encyclopedia of New York City, 449–50.

[48] Hall: Tammany Hall, a political organization founded in 1788 in New York City as the Society of St. Tammany or Columbian Order. By the nineteenth century the society was beset by graft, scandals, and internal conflicts. The organization expanded its political base by opposing anti-Catholic and nativist movements

Flora Temple: see note for page 43.

écarté: a French card game.

hors du combat: disabled.

[52] “Sure, and I hope the two of you ain’t out here hunting for girls at two in the morning”: in the original German, “Sure, ich hoffe, Ihr seid hier nicht auf’m Lerchenstrich um zwei Uhr des Nachts,” Solger has conflated “auf dem Schnepfenstrich gehen” with “auf Lerchenfang gehen,” both of which mean to search for prostitutes.

[55] December 2: Napoleon I (Napoleon Bonaparte, 1769–1821) was proclaimed emperor of the French on 2 December 1804; on that same date one year later he defeated the Austrians and Russians in the Battle of Austerlitz.

Translation of epigraph: “Trust me, love, the tie which binds us / Is no fragile rosy twine.” These are the final two lines of Goethe’s poem “With an Embroidered Ribbon” (1771). Goethe, Poems, 38–39.


[56] Satyrs: ancient Greek woodland deities, part human and part horse or goat, noted for their riotous behavior. Hyperion was a Titan in Greek myth.

[59] on the qui vive: an idiomatic expression meaning “to be on the alert.”

“Eh bien!”: Well!

“go to the lemons”: the German idiom, mit Zitronen handeln, means to make a bad business deal. Augustus is suggesting that he will have to learn bookkeeping, a profession for which he has neither the aptitude nor the inclination. I thank Jeffrey L. Sammons for this interpretation.


[70] “O trickery of hell!” (Spiegelfechterei der Hölle!): a quote from act 5, scene 12 of Schiller’s drama *Die Verschwörung des Fiesko zu Genua* (Fiesco; or, The Genoese Conspiracy, 1782). The line is spoken by Fiesco, Count of Lavagna and the chief conspirator, after discovering that he has killed his wife.


Richard Cobden traveled to the United States in 1858 to examine the railroads; after his visit to South Pass, Illinois, the town renamed itself Cobden. See also note for page 15.

[77] Translation of epigraph: “But this, but you—small, pitiful and twiggy—you put me down with wine, you blinded me.” This quote from Book IX (New Coasts and Poseidon’s Son) of Homer’s Greek epic *The Odyssey* is spoken by the Cyclops Polyphêmos to Odysseus. Homer, *The Odyssey*, translated by Robert Fitzgerald (Garden City: Anchor Books, 1963), 160.

[78] “tonight you can go home.” In the serialized edition, Paddy then talks about the “damned Dutchmen” who, after drinking their lager beer, will sometimes buy a newspaper: “They’ve got their women with them, but they still don’t fight; women, babies, they all drink lager beer, and whenever they talk, it’s like they want to stick a knife in each other, but they don’t—it’s all just hot air” (25 April 1862): 81.

[79] fire-wheel (or pinwheel): a firework contained in a long case that is wound spirally around a disk, which is supported on a pin; when ignited, it revolves like a wheel.

[80] “not as something worth possessing, but as something worth striving for”: Solger loosely quotes “Über die Wahrheit” (On Truth, 1777), written by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–81), a dramatist, critic, philosopher, and theologian of the German Enlightenment: “The worth of a man is not the truth that he possesses, or believes he possesses, but the earnest effort he puts forth to attain the truth.”

[84] probatum est: it has been proven.
Madame Pustell: an allusion to the disreputable abortionist Ann Lohman, alias Madame Restell (1811–78), who lived in New York City. There is no evidence that Restell offered astrological advice and served houses of prostitution, but she did provide a type of commercial lying-in home for women who needed to give birth quietly. When she went into practice in 1839, she advertised in the New York Herald as well as the New York Sun. I thank Gail Bederman for this information and her assistance in identifying this figure. Gail Bederman, e-mail message to author, 17 September 2005. See also Clifford Browder, The Wickedest Woman in New York: Madame Restell, The Abortionist (Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1988).

"compromised too many people." In the serialized edition, a reference to Freytag's Debit and Credit follows: "In short, if Antonio's father Anton had been richly rewarded for his devotion to duty on the Polish border, then Madame Pustell had been even more richly rewarded for her assiduity up and down the Atlantic coast....She had started with nothing. Her entire life served to glorify that industrious spirit from which modern literature draws its highest inspiration" (2 May 1862): 97.

"Je ne le ferai jamais!": I will never do that!

tilbury: a light two-wheeled carriage without a top, named after its inventor, John Tilbury, a nineteenth-century coach-builder. A groomsman of small stature who rode or sat at the rear of an owner-driven carriage was called a "tiger," a name inspired by the groomsman's striped livery.

The failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company precipitated the Panic of 1857 (see the "Introduction," xxix–xxx). Pemberton Mills Manufacturing Company, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, was facing financial difficulties when, in 1860, the five-storey mill collapsed; this and the ensuing fire killed 80 people. New Orleans banks
suspended specie payment when the Ohio Life and Trust Company failed, causing a run on southern banks.

[97] Congress of Paris (1856): convened to negotiate peace at the end of the Crimean War, it was attended by Britain, Austria, Russia, Turkey, and Sardinia.

[99] Donkey and lion: an allusion to Aesop’s fable, “The Fox, the Donkey, and the Lion Skin,” in which a cowardly donkey, wearing a lion skin, scares other animals in the forest until a fox recognizes his braying and exposes his true identity.

Translation of epigraph: “If I were back alive in Burgundy, / She’d wait a long, long while for any love from me!” These lines are spoken by Gunther in Adventure VII (How Gunther Won Brunhild) in The Song of the Nibelungs, an epic poem written in Middle High German around 1200. The Song of the Nibelungs: A Verse Translation from the Middle High German Nibelungenlied, translated by Frank G. Ryder (Detroit: Wayne State UP, 1962), 113.

[108] Gate of Westphalia (Porta Westphalica): a geographical designation for the location in northwestern Germany where the Weser River emerges from the hilly region that extends from the town of Hannoversch-Münden in Lower Saxony and enters the northern lowland plains.

tanquam re bene gesta: as if the matter had been done well. The more typical spelling is tamquam.

[116] Louis Napoleon: see note for page 9. Camillo Benso, Conte di Cavour (1810–61), an Italian statesman, served as the premier of Piedmont 1852–59 and 1860–61. He secured international support for Italian unification by forming an alliance with France and participating in the Crimean War, and in 1861 he became the first premier of unified Italy. See also “Introduction,” xxx-xxx.

Marie-Alphonse Bedeau (1804–1863): a French general who served as governor of Algeria and then as minister for war in 1848; he was exiled in 1851 for opposing Louis Napoleon’s coup d’état. He later served in the Crimea, taking the fortress of Sebastopol, a seaport city on the Crimean Peninsula that was besieged for eleven months (1854–55) during the Crimean War by British, French, Turkish, and Sardinian forces.


[119] Translation of epigraph: “On nothing have I set my heart.” This is the first line in Goethe’s poem “Vanitas, Vanitatum Vanitas!” Goethe, Poems, 82–83.

Italian issue: Italian unification, or il Risorgimento. See note for page 116.
[126] Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830): the leading English portrait painter of his generation.

[129] Translation of epigraph: “And if there were no country road, / I’d just stay right at home.” These lines are from the German folksong “Ein Heller und ein Batzen” (A Heller and a Batz): “Und gäb’ s kein Landstraß nirgends, / da säß ich still zu Haus.” Deutsche Volkslieder, ed. Bernd Pachnicke (Leipzig: Edition Peters), 32–33. A heller was a coin in various German states worth half a pfennig, a batz a silver coin worth four kreuzers.

North Conway: today an unincorporated settlement on the Saco River in eastern New Hampshire, on the eastern edge of the White Mountain National Forest. The town of Central Harbor is also located in New Hampshire, about fifteen miles northwest of Laconia.

Lake Winnipesaukee: formerly Lake Winnepesaukee, located in central New Hampshire, just northeast of Laconia. Solger spells the name “Winnepiseogee.”

Tempi passati!: Days of old!

[130] stante pede: without delay.

“This lady’s confused knowledge…” In the serialization the following passage is added: “However, the most important aspect of this phenomenon is that, whenever Dawson and other Americans congratulated their country on the arrival of educated Europeans, we mocked their felicitations as insincere compliments, when in fact they were rooted in a deep faith—albeit only in certain classes of serious-minded people. But this is true of all religions. Naturally, I do not want to imply that Americans will someday conduct scientific studies of German manners; with respect to science, they will always be confused children. They use only those results of German intellectual achievement that further their personal and material interests, those that strengthen them morally and edify and further educate them. The rest does not interest them. They stubbornly close their eyes to everything that does not fit in their moral and practical scheme of things” (23 May 1862): 146.

salto mortale: somersault.

[131] In the mid-nineteenth century Poles and Italians were struggling to liberate themselves from foreign rule and establish unified nations. After the Congress of Vienna in 1815, Poland had again been divided among Prussia, Austria, and Russia; it was organized as an autonomous kingdom in personal union with Russia, but it lost this autonomy in an unsuccessful revolt in 1830–31. Napoleon, who established the Kingdom of Italy in 1805 and then incorporated into France the provinces of Piedmont, Genoa, Parma, Lucca, Tuscany, and the Papal States, temporarily broke
Habsburg rule in the Italian provinces; however, Italy would not unite until 1861. See also note for page 116; for Kossuth, see note for page 38.

Red Mountain: Solger is referring to Red Hill (elevation just over two thousand feet), in the town of Moultonborough, near Center Harbor; it offers a view of Lake Winnipesaukee and the White Mountains.

[132] "Die Ein' in schwarzen Locken, / Die Andere weiß von Haar!" (The one in black curls, / The other with white hair). The source of this quote could not be identified.

Louis XV (1710–1774): king of France 1715–1774. From 1660–1750 men typically wore wide and baggy breeches that were fastened at the knee and decorated with lace.

[139] "— of arriving / At the great end of traveling, which is — driving." Solger provides a German translation: "— zu gewahren / Des Fahrens großes Endziel, nämlich — Fahren." The source of this quote could not be identified.

[143] The Saint John River rises in northwestern Maine and flows northeast, forming part of the border between Maine and New Brunswick, Canada; it then flows southeast to the Bay of Fundy at St. John. Cape May, a city in southern New Jersey, is one of the oldest resorts on the Atlantic coast and was especially popular in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Diana’s Bath, in North Conway, is a site with waterfalls, watersprouts, and granite basins. In Greek mythology, Diana, known as the Lady of Wild Things and Huntsman-in-Chief to the gods, was Apollo’s twin sister and the daughter of Zeus and Leto.

[147] Luís Vaz de Camões (1524–1580): a Portuguese poet best known for his national epic poem Os Lusiades (The Lusiads, 1572), which tells the history of Portugal and the descendants of Lusus, the legendary founder of Lusitania, or Portugal; it also relates the adventures of the Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama. Camões, who was shipwrecked in 1570, is supposed to have held up the manuscript of his epic in one hand while swimming.


*puris naturalibus*: stark naked.
NOTES TO TRANSLATION

[149] Translation of epigraph: “Never do for yourself what you can let a woman do for you.”

[150] An ambrotype was an early kind of photograph produced by putting a glass negative against a dark background; the lights are produced by the silver, and the darks result from the background showing through.

[151] The Republican Party was founded in 1854 by Northern Whigs and members of the Free Soil, Democratic, and Know-Nothing parties. Formed in response to the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, the party opposed the spread of slavery in western territories. It won its first presidential election with Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

“Let me see you appear calmly, let me see you go calmly” (Ruhig mag ich euch erscheinen, / Ruhig gehen sehn): lines from Schiller’s ballad “Ritter Toggenburg” (The Knight of Toggenburg, 1797), in which a woman resists the incestuous advances of her brother, the Knight of Toggenburg, and then becomes a nun. In Goethe’s poem “Veilchen” (The Violet), a violet is trampled by a young shepherdess who does not even notice the flower.


Major von Rothsattel: a character in Freytag’s novel Debit and Credit. Posen, a province of Prussia 1793–1919, is now part of western Poland.

[159] Translation of epigraph: “We sit here blithesome together, / With friends we hold dear by our side.” These lines are from the first stanza of a poem by August von Kotzebue (1761–1819), “Wechsel der Dinge” (The Passage of Time).

Prayer at Time of Trouble: an allusion to Psalm 46, which begins: “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

[160] Daniel Webster (1782–1852): a renowned orator who was also active in the Federalist and later the Whig parties. He served as senator from Massachusetts (1827–1841, 1845–1850) and secretary of state (1841–1843, 1850–1852).


[165] Translation of epigraph: “In battle I had a comrade, / None better have I had.” These are the first two lines in a poem by Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862), “Der gute Kamerad” (The Good Comrade, 1809), which was inspired by the struggle of Tyrolian freedom fighters against Napoleon during the Wars of Liberation.

Antonio planned to sleep a long time: an allusion to act 5, scene 5 of Schiller’s drama Wallensteins Tod (The Death of Wallenstein, 1799): “I think to make a long

Rattlesnake Mountain: located in the western section of the White Mountains.

children alone in the woods: an allusion to the fairytale *Hänsel und Gretel* (Hansel and Gretel), published by Jakob Grimm (1795–1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786–1859) in *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children’s and Household Fairy Tales, 1812–14).


[171] balmoral: a short walking boot for women, worn in the nineteenth century. The “coat of many colors” belonged to Joseph, the son of Israel; his brothers dipped the coat into the blood of a kid and showed it to Jacob, claiming that Joseph had been devoured by a beast (Gen. 37:31–33).

Mount Dhaulagiri: a peak in the Himalayas.

[173] Rinaldo in the Garden of Armida: Rinaldo is a Christian knight in *Gerusalemme liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered, 1581), by the Italian Renaissance poet Torquato Tasso (1544–95). Armida, the niece of the king of Damascus, uses magic to lure Rinaldo away from his camp and into a garden, where he is overcome by indolence until rescued by fellow knights.

Translation of epigraph: “Lead a joyful life, / Because the small lamp still glows, / Pick the rose, / Ere it withers on the vine.” This is the first stanza in “Freut Euch des Lebens” (Lead a Joyful Life, 1793), a poem written by the Swiss poet Martin Usteri (1763–1827), with a melody by the Swiss composer Hans Georg Nägeli (1773–1836).


[175] Interest in discovering the North Pole emerged in the mid-nineteenth century, as the United States pursued imperial expansion and Britain explored the Arctic Archipelago. Magnetism is a science dealing with a group of magnetic phenomena associated with magnetic fields; Solger may be referring to animal magnetism (also called mesmerism), a concept introduced in 1779 by the Viennese physician Franz Anton Mesmer (1743–1815). Italian wars of independence: see note for page 116. Homeopathy, a system of alternative medicine, was developed by the German doctor Christian Samuel Hahnemann (1755–1843) in 1796. Solger’s mention of Egyptian chronology may refer to Karl Richard Lepsius (1810–84), a German antiquary and philologist who specialized in early Egyptian texts. Fanny Kemble (1809–93), a
British actress famous for her performances of Shakespeare, came to the United States twice to act and present talks.

[179] Translation of epigraph: “In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy; / Immortals delight thus their might to employ / Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.” These are the final lines in Goethe’s poem “The God and the Bayadere: An Indian Legend.” Goethe, Poems, 135–37.


[183] “Lord, now I’ll gladly go to my grave”: Esther loosely quotes Luke 2:29–30. When Simeon learns of the birth of Jesus, he implies that he can now die: “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” I thank Susan A. Calef for identifying this quote.

[185] Translation of the first epigraph: “You lead us into life, ordain / That wretches pile up guilt from birth, / And then you yield them up to pain; / For all guilt is atoned on earth.” This is the last stanza of a poem sung by the Harper in book 2, chapter 13 of Goethe’s Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre (Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship, 1795–96). Goethe, Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship, edited and translated by Eric A. Blackall with Victor Lange, vol. 9 of Goethe’s Collected Works (New York: Suhrkamp, 1989), 77. Translation of second epigraph: “She is not the first.” Mephistopheles, speaking to Faust, cynically means that Gretchen is not the first fallen woman; Goethe, Faust I & II, 113.

ornée du feu de l’enfer: embellished by the fires of hell.


[191] Clifton Hotel: a reference to Clifton House, a famous hotel at Niagara Falls, built in 1833 on a site that became known as Clifton Hill.

[195] Translation of epigraph: “Have mercy on me, let me live!” Gretchen speaks these lines to Faust when he visits her in prison. Goethe, Faust I & II, 115.

[199] “je vous salue, monsieur!”: your obedient servant, sir!

[201] Translation of epigraph: “It is that worshipped wife, / It is that faithful mother!” These lines are from Schiller’s “The Lay of the Bell,” Schiller, Poems, 230.

Italian war: a reference to the Crimean War; see notes for page 116.

[202] walk unpunished among palms: an allusion to Goethe’s novel Die Wahlverwandtschaften (Elective Affinities, 1809). Ottilie, in Part II, chapter 7, writes in her diary: “You cannot walk beneath palm trees with impunity, and attitudes are sure to

[205] Translation of first epigraph: “That is the lot of heroes upon earth!” This line is from the conclusion of Thekla’s monologue in act 4, scene 12 of Schiller’s *Wallenstein’s Tod*, 414. Translation of second epigraph: “Do not mourn, do not mourn / Your young life; / When one lies down, / Another rises”: a text in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1805 and 1808), an anthology of folksongs published by Clemens Brentano (1778–1842).

[207] “Ay, there’s the rub, / For in that sleep of death what dreams may come / When we have shuffled off this mortal coil / Must give us pause”: spoken by the Danish prince in *Hamlet* 3.1.6–7.

[209] “like a guilty thing”: a quote from *Hamlet* 1.1.129–30. After seeing the ghost of Hamlet’s father, Horatio says to Bernardo: “And then it started like a guilty thing / Upon a fearful summons.”

[211] “Susan said yes.” In a lengthy passage found in the serialized version, the narrator gives three reasons for Susan’s answer. First, women try to divert attention from their personal charms by wearing enormous amounts of fabric and lace. Second, he quotes Gertrude, the Queen of Denmark, who in *Hamlet* 5.1.240 says “Sweets to the sweet” as she scatters flowers on Ophelia’s grave; he also quotes Byron’s *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*: “Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare!” (This line immediately precedes an earlier quote from Byron’s poem, “And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs must despair”; see note for page 33). His third and most important reason for Susan’s answer, however, is that she does not know Augustus’s true character and past and is thus convinced that he is a truly good person (11 June 1862): 257.

Sebastopol: see note for page 116.

[214] “I fear that modern German literature...” This is an ironic reference to Julian Schmidt’s motto to *Debit and Credit*: “Der Roman soll das deutsche Volk da suchen, wo es in seiner Tüchtigkeit zu finden ist, nämlich bei seiner Arbeit” (The novel should seek the people where they are competent, namely, at work).

[216] Kiakhta (Kiachta): a town in Russia just north of Mongolia.


famous English writer and statesman: an allusion to William Ewart Gladstone (1809–98), who served as a liberal British prime minister four times. In the serialized edition, the following passage is added: “In no other civilized nation on earth was corruption among government officials such an exception, in no other educated society was the occurrence of crime so unheard of, as in the Prussian aristocratic class. He appealed to the experience of every educated American—had they ever known an educated Prussian who had not been a complete gentleman?” (25 July 1862): 289.


nativists: the ranks of anti-Catholic nativists grew in the 1830s and 1840s in response to increased immigration from Germany and Ireland; their secret societies eventually formed a national political organization known as the American, or Know-Nothing Party.

“tell a hawk from a handsaw”: an allusion to Hamlet 2.2.379–80. The prince says to Guildenstern: “I am but mad north-north-west, when the wind / is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.”

First epigraph: a comment made by one of three gentlemen discussing the truth about Perdita’s parentage in Shakespeare’s The Winter’s Tale 5.2.30–31. Perdita’s father, the King of Sicilia, had ordered that she be taken away right after her birth; after their separation and the death of Perdita’s mother, the family is miraculously reunited. Translation of the French proverb: “A cock is bold on his own dunghill.”

Hessian: a term for the German mercenaries who fought for the British during the American Revolution.

Translation of epigraph: “There once was a prince and a princess, / Who loved one another so dear. / Each other they could not possess, / Too deep was the water clear.” This is the first verse of the folksong “Es waren zwei Königskinder” (There Once was a Prince and a Princess), in which an evil fairy blows out candles that the princess has lit to help guide the prince while he swims across the water to her; without the light to guide him, the prince drowns.

“according to which the inner process had to proceed.” In the serialization, an additional passage follows: “The general reason is the same in every religion, however: namely, the horror felt by the conscious spirit when confronted by the unconscious void, and its imperious demand for an eternal, morally exalted backdrop for the game of life—which does not have a cheerful view of itself. Given that her [Mary’s] religious upbringing had been shaped by the theological immaturity of earlier ages, this universal demand had been conceived and imposed in such childish
and at the same time rigid detail that horrible inner conflicts could not be prevented in a serious character such as hers” (1 August 1862): 305–06.

[243] Translation of epigraph: “And even if you gave me / Twice as much money, / Your son would still have to die / In the wide, open field.” This is the fifth stanza of an eighteenth-century song from the Rhineland, “O Straßburg, du wunderschöne Stadt” (O Strasbourg, You Beautiful City); the parents of a young man speak these lines to a captain who wants to take their son to war.

Wilhelm von Kaulbach (1805–1874): a German artist known for his engravings of Goethe’s fiction, including Goethe’s drama Iphigenie auf Taurus.

[246] William Burke and William Hare: Irish immigrants working as laborers in Edinburgh in the late 1820s. They robbed graves and then murdered so that they would have corpses to sell to a doctor; Burke was hanged for his crimes in 1829.

[249] Translation of the epigraph: “Hark where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady, / The clock’s slow hand has reached the appointed time.” These are the first lines of Schiller’s poem “Die Kindsmörderin” (Infanticide). Schiller, Poems, 23–27.

“...country from whose bourn / No traveller returns”: a line spoken by Hamlet in his “To be, or not to be” soliloquy, Hamlet 3.1.81–82.

[250] Maria Stuart (Mary Stuart, 1800): a historical drama by Schiller about Mary, Queen of Scots (1542–87, queen 1542–67), a devout Catholic who fled to England in 1567 and was beheaded for being implicated in plots to kill Queen Elizabeth I. In act 5, Leicester hears the gallows being built in the hall beneath him.

[251] Ochone: Scottish or Irish English for “alas!” or “woe!”

[252] “Till we meet again in a better world!” A slight variation of this common phrase is found in Shakespeare’s As You Like It 1.3.274–75. Speaking to Orlando, Le Beau says: “Hereafter, in a better world than this, / I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.” Solger, who describes the phrase as “meaningless,” may be satirizing the platitudes typical of such situations.

[257] Macbeth’s bloody dagger: an allusion to Shakespeare’s The Tragedy of Macbeth 2.1.33–34. Macbeth, a general for Duncan, King of Scotland, asks: “Is this a dagger which I see before me, / the handle toward my hand?”

[259] Translation of epigraph: “These muttered words his ear dismay: / Now—now the cross has claimed its prey!” These lines are from Schiller’s ballad “The Hostage” (1798). Schiller, Poems, 163–67.

[263] Translation of epigraph: “Why, maiden, now hold back my upraised arm? / Why check the just decision of the sword?” This quote, from act 2, scene 10 of


[267] Epigraph: lines spoken by Brutus, one of the conspirators against Caesar, when the ghost of the murdered Caesar appears to him in Shakespeare’s *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* 4.2.328–29.

moiré antique: an antique fabric such as silk that looks watery or wavelike; *print d’Angleterre* would translate as English print, although Solger may have meant English lace, or “point d’Angleterre.”

[275] Translation of epigraph: “Delay, protraction is their aim, / 'Tis thus they trap and catch their game: / Small cases e’en like big ones look, / A trickle’s made into a brook.” This verse is from *Das Narrenschiff* (The Ship of Fools, 1494), a satire by Sebastian Brant (1458–1521) about a ship taking fools to a fool’s paradise. Sebastian Brant, *Das Narrenschiff*, translated by Edwin J. Zeydel (New York: Columbia UP, 1944), 237.

[276] “Allons, marchons!”: Forward, march! This phrase is from the French national anthem, the “Marseillaise,” written in 1792 by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (1760–1836).

[277] the retired African: when Togares, the Spanish agent for the Spanish company Sucursal Habanera (Cuba was under Spanish rule until 1898), is introduced in Chapter 14 of Part One, we are told that he had “cultivated the energy of a commander” while serving in Africa under Bedeau (see note for page 116); Solger, in calling Togares “the African,” may be referring to his military bearing and experience.

ancien militaire: former military man.

Briggs House: a large, five-storey hotel on Randolph Street in Chicago.

avocat et conseiller: lawyer and consultant.

[278] ancien officier: former military officer.

Bedeau: see notes for pages 116 and 277.

“Ah, ces Yankees, ne m’en parlez pas”: Oh, the Yankees, don’t talk to me about them.

“Les bons comptes font les bons amis”: Short reckonings make long friends.

[279] “Eh, mon dieu, un coup d’état!”: Oh, good heavens, a coup d’état!
[281] Epigraph: Hamlet speaks these lines to his friend Horatio just before he accepts Laertes’ challenge to a friendly duel, in Hamlet 5.2.58–59.

[283] Decembrists: participants in the conspiracy and insurrection against Nicholas I (1796–1855), czar of Russia, when he succeeded the throne in December 1825.

blast the miners with their own explosives: an allusion to lines in Hamlet 3.4.5–6 (designated as additional lines in the Oxford edition). The Danish prince says: “For, ’tis the sport to have the engineer / Hoisted with his own petar, and’t shall go hard / But I will delve one yard below their mines, / And blow them at the moon.”


[287] “Le lâche!”: The coward!

[289] Translation of epigraph: “Vacant times of youth! And vacant dreams of the future! / Ye all vanish, and naught, saving the moment, remains. / Yes, it remains, — my joy still remains! I hold thee, my Dora, / And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.” This verse is from Goethe’s elegy “Alexis and Dora” (1809). Goethe, Poems, 282–89.

[292] “Little brook, let your gushing be! / Susan, Susan is mine, mine!”: These lines are adapted from “Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!” (Little Brook, Let Your Gushing Be!) in the song cycle “Die schöne Müllerin” (The Fair Miller-Maid, 1821–24), by Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827). Müller’s text reads: “Die schöne Müllerin gehört mir! / Mir!” (The beloved millermaid is mine! / Mine!).

[293] The serialized version of Solger’s novel includes an additional passage about Wilhelmi (after “How awful!”): “A propos financial circumstances! How our friend Wilhelmi is to survive all of the blows he has suffered, given the growing the threat of a Republican victory in the presidential election, is hard to say.” We learn that Antonio and Paddy do not speak about the $2000 Antonio had asked Paddy to invest for him; Paddy lost his entire fortune with Dawson’s bankruptcy, but he never gave up his newspaper stand at the restaurant: “That’s how they gamble in Venice! And because that is how they gamble, he will soon be able to work his way back up the ladder of success using his extensive network of stock market connections and his business experience.”

[294] The serialized edition ends with a fourth postscript. Susan, who has heard about Wilhelmi’s dire financial straights, offers him the $200,000 she inherited from Josiah Batcheldor. Just as Wilhelmi is refusing her kind offer, Antonio receives a
letter and a check for $20,000 from Paddy: "Antonio immediately handed the check over to Wilhelmi, to do with as he pleased. And that is now the third time in the life of the young businessman, in this wild America, that he lost $100,000 in the morning and won it back by evening. Because that, as he likes to say, is how they gamble in Venice!" (5 September 1862): 389.
Anton in America: A Novel from German-American Life has been described as the best German-language book published in the United States. Written by Reinhold Solger, a gifted German revolutionary intellectual who emigrated to America, this witty novel sheds light on topics of perennial importance: a hero's development through encounters with different social worlds, immigrant identity formation in a new land, and the country and the city. Solger took German ideas and values and adapted them to an American context, thus producing a literary work that could comment upon German, American, and German-American life, making Anton in America an important source for understanding the rich linguistic and cultural history of the United States. This lively translation makes a great book available to English-speaking readers for the first time.

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