EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE BACHELOR OF GOTTINGEN.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A Free Translation from the French.

BY R. S. BARCLAY.

The last rays of the setting sun were reflected from the golden, arrowy spires of the principal church of Gottingen, when Doctor Fornarius, a professor in its ancient University, having taken leave of a group of his pupils, entered his mansion, and retired into his cabinet. A stove placed in the centre of the room diffused an agreeable warmth; for it was now the month of December. A thick falling snow was rapidly covering the ground—the streets were nearly deserted—the north wind blew furiously, causing to rattle the casements of the old gothic mansion inhabited by this venerable sage, which, situated at the extremity of the *fraburg*, was completely isolated. A high wall girdled, at the same time, the building, and a little garden entirely overshadowed by dark evergreens. The eyes of the curious were thus prevented from penetrating its interior. The casements were, moreover, always closed—and many wild and extravagant rumors were circulated regarding this mysterious abode, and its learned master. True also was it, that the gate seldom opened, but to admit a few chozen companions. This lonely existence—the extreme austerity of his manners—the profoundness of his learning—caused to extend very widely the reputation of Fornarius. He was said to be versed in the dark mysterious sciences, and initiated in all the secrets of the cabal.

We have said the Doctor retired into his cabinet. Scarcely had he installed himself within a capacious leather *fauteuil*, placed in front of the stove, holding open on his knees a favorite volume, when a light knock was given at the door.

"Enter," cried Fornarius, imperiously; "who disturbs me at this hour? Ah! is it you, Frank?" added he, in a more subdued tone, at the sight of a young man who advanced timidly. "Sit down, and warm your benumbed hands—you will tell me afterward what has led you here."

Speaking thus, the Doctor pointed to a low seat placed near his *fauteuil*.

The young visitor took off his hat and mantle, both whitened with snow, and was not able to conceal an embarrassment which agitated him, for he perceived the small piercing eyes of the Doctor fixed scrutinizingly upon his countenance. The gaze, however, relaxed into an expression of kindness, and Frank became more assured. The appearance of this youth was irresistibly prepossessing. Features of regularity, crowned by a lofty forehead, shaded by flowing blonde locks, were animated with a noble and candid expression. His eyes of brilliant blue were at one moment dreamy and languid, the next, lighted up as with a burning thought. Fornarius carressed him more than any other of his pupils, because of his wonderful aptitude and zeal for study.

"Master," suddenly exclaimed the youth, "your lesson of to-day has deeply interested me. I would know more—pardon, I pray you, my temerity.—Your learned researches in *cause* and *effect*, evince a superior and subtle discrimination which nothing escapes, which knows equally to explore the hidden principle of all things, and to distinguish the visible chain which unites them"—

"My son," interrupted Fornarius, "there is beneath these philosophical investigations a powerful attraction—an aim worthy of a noble ambition. Yes, I believe there texists under the superficial envelope of all created things, the essence of eternal truth a detached ray of the Divine Intelligence! But very few have been permitted to penetrate these solemn mysteries—the *cause* of all things: their perpetuity; their reproduction! God preserve me from the impiety of imagining myself one of these fortunate spirits."

"Oh! master," cried Frank, with enthusiasm; "you have said '*The truth is a noble aim!*' '*To seek, is lofty*' '*To know, is the end!*' And I burn to know; dear master, permit me to open my heart to you."

"Speak, my son," said Fornarius, deeply interested; "speak in all confidence."

"I will declare to you then," responded Frank, "that of all the advantages you have derived from profound study, and long investigation, the most precious in my eyes—the most to be desired—is the power to predict and explain the future—to lift aside that veil of darkness which hides from mortal view the unknown path of life which we tread so blindly—oh! my venerable master, deign to receive me as your pupil, here in this apartment, sacred to the sublime mysteries of science!"

"But, do you not know, my son," replied the Doctor, "that there is a terrible compensation for this bold desire? That knowledge is more frequently denied than granted."

"Whatever may be the penalties, I fear them not," said Frank, "but will submit myself to them in advance, if you will, by initiating me into the arcana of necromantic lore, reveal the hidden life which fate has reserved for me. Believe that my gratitude"——

At these words, Fornarius fixed sternly his small piercing eyes upon Frank's countenance, as if he would read in it his very soul. Frank blushed. A very faint smile—derisive somewhat, and somewhat incredulous—played around the lips of Fornarius as he replied—

"I could have wished to prevail with you to renounce this project: but since you are resolved, I yield. My science relates but to *events*—*facts*—and not to *sentiments* and *thoughts*. I forsee that you will arrive through my care, to a high destiny—but if when arrived there, you should forget your teacher—your friend—Fornarius——"

"Hold! oh, my good, my excellent master," cried Frank, "do you think I could ever forget the inestimable services which you will have rendered to me."

"Enough! you desire: I consent. But it is growing late; our operations and researches will intrude on the hours of midnight, and I cannot consent that you should be exposed to the danger of returning alone to your domicile at a late hour. Accept the hospitality I offer freely, with all my heart."

"Willingly, my dear master," replied Frank—"though I fear to incommode you; I will await the dawn in this chamber."

"Not so, if you please," responded Fornarius; "you are young, and need repose. As to me, who am accustomed to late hours, it will affect neither my health or habits. It is in my chamber that you will repose, while I await here the return of day."

Then, without giving his guest time to reply or remonstrate, Fornarius pulled the bell-rope; which brought immediately to the door, the old house-keeper.

"My good Martha," said he, "kindle a fire in my bed-chamber, and put white, clean linen on the bed. Frank will take my place there for this night; but go first into the armory—here is the key—and bring me one of those long-necked bottles, sealed with red, in the second tier. Go"—added the Doctor, peremptorily, for he saw she was about to express in words her astonishment of such extraordinary innovation.

When Martha had brought what he desired, Fornarius said—

"It is well—leave us now; but hold yourself ready to return when I summon you. This," continued he, presenting to Frank a glass, and bursting the bands which confined the cork, "will keep our spirits awake, and fortify us against fatigue. I drink to your success, my dear Neophyte, wishing that you may soon obtain the object of your ambition, and merge in the dignified title of '*Doctor*' the simple one of '*Bachelor*.'"

Thus pledged they each other, clinking their glasses. Frank to do honor as well to his master's wine, as to his hospitality, swallowed at a single draught the sparkling liquid which Fornarius poured, too much excited with pride and hope even to notice that his friend had but sipped *a portion* of the brimming cup.

* * * * * * *

Soon was heard a violent knock at the door of the cabinet, which startled Frank from his seat. An old man entered abruptly. It was a confidential servant of the uncle of Frank—the *uncle* who had been a father to him—for our hero was an orphan.

"*Monherr*," exclaimed he, "return home quickly; thy good old master is dying!"

"Is it possible!" replied Frank.

"Alas! the gout, with which he has suffered so cruelly the last few days, has attacked his chest, and the physician says he will live but a few hours—perhaps but a few moments. Hasten, *Monherr*, if you wish to see him again."

"So worthy a man, and so good a relative," murmured Fornarius, deeply moved. "I regret this sad interruption to our discourse, but go—you have not a moment to lose."

"Return," said the youth to the messenger; I will follow soon." Then recalling himself, he observed, "It is, I see, nothing but one of those pangs in which the health of my uncle is a little disordered by excess, we are accustomed to such alarms. The attack may be, this time, somewhat more violent; but I am sure there is no serious danger. Let us continue our discourse."

Surprised, Fornarius was about to speak, when another messenger arrived, breathless with haste.

"Ah! my God! what a misfortune!—my good master! my excellent master!"—

"What?" demanded Frank, earnestly.

"He is dead! Thy uncle is dead!" cried the messenger.

"Sayest thou so? Alas! art sure of it?" interrogated Frank.

"*Meinherr*, he expired in my arms, after calling upon you—his child—in vain."

"My dear, dear uncle!" sobbed Frank, burrying his face in has hands, "let me fly to him."

"Stop, my friend!" coldly remarked Fornarius, "sorrow bewilders you. After having neglected to sooth the last moments of a relative who doted on you, and who has insured you an inheritance, do you not fear that this tardy eagerness may be attributed to base personal motives?"

"What! do you desire that I should abandon my uncle's house to the rapacity of hired menials, or the pillage of strangers? No, no!—I must attend to the proper disposal of his remains—to the funeral honours; nothing could prevent me from fulfilling these last sacred duties."

"Depart, then," replied the Doctor; "and may Heaven protect so *worthy* a son!"

Some days after, Frank again entered the cabinet of Fornarius.

"My uncle," said he, "has instituted me his sole heir. I am rich, but my ambition does not desert me. I wish to avail myself of the wisdom of your experience. I desire, more than ever, the knowledge you promised to impart. I have conceived of great projects, which I will hereafter unfold. In the mean time, if you are truly attached to me, resign your professorship, abandon this house, live with me—my fortune is at your disposal. We will never separate, my dear master. What shall I not owe to you?"

"But, my son, it will be very difficult to overcome my long confirmed habits, and commence a new mode of life."

"Ah! good Fornarius, all shall be as though willest. Deny me not, I entreat of thee."

"Well," said the old man in reply, "I cannot refuse so good a friend. I will attend immediately to the sale of my house."

"Nay, I will purchase it," interrupted Frank. "From this moment regard me as your debtor in the sum of *twenty-five thousand florins*."

"Be it so. With the interest of this generous sum at my disposal, I shall be enabled to recompence the long and faithful services of my good housekeeper, by affording her an annuity to render comfortable her declining years."

In a short time Fornarius was domesticated with his pupil. They passed their time principally together, in search of knowledge. Frank aimed at distinction. Thanks to his teacher and friend, he soon obtained—after a public examination—the degree of Doctor! This title, which raised him to an equality of rank with Fornarius, caused a gradual abandonment of those outward marks of respect and deference, hitherto so scrupulously bestowed. This change was scarcely noticed by Fornarius, as he attached importance only to the reality of sentiments. He still exerted all his influence to gain for his pupil higher honour. A year passed, devoted by this ambitious youth to profound study. Fornarius boldly nominated him as the successor to a vacant chair in the Faculty of the University; and succeeded in placing the delighted Frank in this elevated position. The desire of preferment had stimulated the natural talents of Frank to an early development; their meridian splendour shone forth in glowing brightness, when compared with the aurora of his age. His name and fame spread abroad. He was reverenced by the wise and learned.

In the intoxication of success, Frank (we will still call him by this simple cognomen) thought but seldom of his old master, unless he wished to avail himself of his knowledge or influence. Fornarius was now, in his opinion, but a rival, or friend, whose advice was useful—no longer the *master*, the superior. Even the debt of paltry gold—*the twenty five thousand florins*—of which his honest friend had no other guarantee than the sacred one of honour, was forgotten by Frank.

One day however, after much inward struggling, Fornarius ventured, regarding this matter, to make an humble request.

"*Meinherr*," said he respectfully, "it is five years this day, since I have had the honour to aid you with my counsel, and I am happy to say it has not been altogether useless—but"—

"What! do you intend to insinuate that I have failed in my duty towards you?" interrogated Frank, haughtily.

"I do not say that precisely, *Meinherr*."

"Are you not treated by me as an equal? Is not my establishment at your disposal?"

"I appreciate, as I ought, the honor of such a condition."

"Of what, then, do you complain? Why recall the date and importance (which I acknowledge) of the services you have rendered me?"

"It is only because it is precisely five years since I left my little mansion."

"And what of that?"

"It is only," added Fornarius, with embarrassment, "*that poor Martha is waiting yet, for the first quarter's pension which I owe her out of the interest on the twenty five thousand florins, which was the price of my house!*"

"Do you, then think me capable of failing to fulfil a promise? Was it personal interest that induced you to follow me?—It is a wrong time, truly, to remind me of such a trifle, when I am entirely occupied with our future interests and our common fortune. Listen; there is now a chair vacant at Vienna. It is an important office, which will exalt very high a man who knows how to avail himself of its advantages.—You, my good Fornarius, are in excellent favour with the minister on whom rests its disposal. Apply to him, then; ask him to bestow it on me. My name and reputation are familiar to him no doubt; and, backed by your recommendation, I can scarcely fail of success. Then we will go to Austria's splendid capital. *There* I shall be enabled to requite your invaluable services with some degree of magnanimity."

"Say no more, *Meinherr*. I will render available all my power to procure what you desire."

* * * * *

Behold our hero, arrived at what he believed to be the summit of his hopes.—His eager desires were for the time satisfied. The chair which he solicited was bestowed upon; and, accompanied by Fornarius, he set out for Vienna. In that city there was ample room to display the talents of which he had become vain. All Germany resounded with the renown of his splendid eloquence, his great learning. His fortune increased with his renown.—Several sinecures—testimonials of the esteem of the government—were bestowed upon him. At length, the Dean of the University having resigned in consequence of advanced age, Frank was appointed his successor.

Fornarius, judging that the ambition of his old pupil ought to be satisfied, thought seriously of taking leave, for Frank's increasing indifference and haughtiness of manner, had for a long time caused in secret the most bitter sighs. It was but seldom, indeed, that the new dignitary designed to notice his benefactor; it was a difficult matter even to approach him; so Fornarius one day sought an interview.—Trembling with emotion, perhaps with regret, he exclaimed:

"Behold, *Monherr*, you are rich and crowned with honors. I am growing old, my attachment can be of no more service to you; it is time for us to part."

"I shall not permit you to leave me; not for the world would I consent to be deprived of your assistance, your counsel honest Fornarius."

(*Honest Fornarius!*' had it come to this?)

"But, *Monherr*," I cannot, at my age, remain in a precarious position."

"Ungrateful man, dare you to call the independant and honourable position you occupy in my house, precarious?"

"If only you would condescend to remember the *twenty-five thousand florins*," added Fornarius, in a supplicating tone.

"My God!" thunder Frank, "must I never find aught in you but a hungry creditor? Do you behold nought in me but an insolvent debtor? I shall take care, be assured, not to place in your hands a sum which would perhaps confirm you in the fatal resolution to separate from me."

"*Monherr*," reiterated Fornarius, "you will not refuse for poor old Martha?"

"Still that woman! It is strange that you can mingle such insignificant things with the most important interests. I am sorry to see, my Fornarius that you render me so little justice. But let us make peace. Still a little patience—still one more effort and I reach the climax—I ascend the last scale of the ladder!—Hear you that my venerable friend?"

Then lowering his voice, Frank drew near to Fornarius—

"The Prime Minister is worn out with age and fatigue."

"And do you dare," exclaimed Fornarius, in amazement, to cast your eyes on that dazzling destiny—to think for a moment"——

"Hear me!" interrupted Frank; "you do not know with what a lofty ambition I am stirred. Does the eagle falter in his gaze when soaring in the full blaze of the mid-day sun? No more do I! Reward is for him who braves defeat; victory crowns at last his efforts. Now I have an opportunity to test your devotion;—it is the last."

"My devotion! In what manner, *Meinherr*?"

"My friend it is thus. The minister has manifested great regard for me. He appreciates my talents. For you he has unbounded respect. You can influence him by degrees. You must hint that the weighty cares of his office are bringing him prematurely to the grave. Recommend repose—a quiet life. Some time when you perceive he has formed a resolution to resign, use judiciously the opportunity to speak of me favourably, and speak of my peculiar talents—and how useful such a person would be in assisting to guide the affairs of state. If I am so fortunate as to gain the eminence to which I aspire, oh, my friend, what will you not deserve at my hands?"

"If I can be the humble instrument to raise you, my son, to such a lofty rank, I shall require no compensation but your love and esteem. Then I can retire, happy that I have performed my whole duty."

After the above interview, Fornarius rendered more frequent visits to the minister, who loved the good doctor's simple and honest character, as much as he esteemed his intellectual talents. Often he consulted with him in regard to private business, as well as to public affairs. Fornarius improved these opportunities to Frank's advantage. To trace all the steps necessary to obtain the Emperor's consent to the resignation of his faithful, long-tried Minister of State, and the appointment as his successor of the comparatively youthful Frank, would be tiresome to the reader. It is only necessary to say that Frank owed a brilliant destiny to the exertions of his benefactor, Fornarius.

Dazzling indeed was the rank, the position he now occupied—this student of Gottingen— this '*Bachelor*' of the University. His mostentatious citizen's mansion was exchanged for a magnificent palace.—Crowds of Courtiers bent humbly, soliciting favours for themselves and friends.—Persons of all ranks thronged the spacious ante-chambers during the first days of his installation. Pride rankled in his heart, for he felt greater than Majesty itself,—for had he not, at will, the august ear, and was he not the speaking trumpet of his Emperor's pleasure?

We will now return to Fornarius. Left in the house which Frank had abandoned, the good man had, each day, attempted in vain to penetrate the crowd which attended his Excellency. On the evening of the tenth day, by dint of earnest entreaty, he persuaded an officer in attendance to usher him into the private cabinet occupied by the minister and his secretaries. When he was announced, his Excellency was observed to indicate by a slight motion of the hand, that he desired his secretaries to retire. The door closed, and Fornarius was alone with Frank, whose frowning brow he gazed upon with sorrow.

"Ah, my lord," said he approaching, "have pity on your old master—may I not say your friend?"

"What do you wish of me?" asked the minister, coldly.

"That you may grant me hospitality.—Since you left me alone in your house, it has been sold by your orders, and I find myself absolutely without an asylum and without resources."

"Your exigencies weary my generosity—my former kindness alone has encouraged this insult, of which you are guilty. You should, at least, learn the duties of the high functions with which I am invested, and the vast distance which it places between you and me."

"Heaven preserve me from failing in that respect which I owe to the rank and dignity of the station you occupy; but your Excellency will please remember that I am comparatively a stranger in this city."

"And who wishes to retain you here?" was the cruel reply.

Fornarius tried vainly to hide a tear, which descending the deep wrinkles of his cheek, lost itself in the grey tuft of his long beard.

"My lord," then cried he, falling on his knees, "I have left every thing to follow you. I have renounced my Professorship, and the occupations which were my only resource, and my only pleasure. I have laboured for you,—and, let this splendour bear witness, not without avail. I reproach you not, although I am not worth enough this day to enable me to return to Gottingen. I have no hope save in your kindness."

"Am I then your treasurer?"

"Nevertheless, my lord, condescend to remember the *twenty-five thousand florins*, for which you gave me your word!"

"Insolent! If I had the weakness to make that promise to a miserable *negociator*, do you flatter yourself that the Prime Minister of Austria will ratify an engagement extorted from the inexperience of youth? Begone, unfortunate—return to your house, and to your diabolical occupations."

"Have pity—oh! have pity—the night is dark; the snow covers the roads."

"Begone, I tell you—or I summon my attendants."

"It is useless," replied Fornarius, rising proudly, and fixing disdainfully his small piercing eyes upon the face of the minister, "and since your Excellency refuses me a shelter in your palace at Vienna, I will remain hereafter in my little house at Gottingen."

As Fornarius finished these words, he agitated the rope of a bell. Frank cast around him a confused glance, and recognized too soon that he was still in the very same seat, in the cabinet of Doctor Fornarius!

"And was my renown—my wealth—my lofty rank—a dream!—*All, all* a dream! —What infernal phantasmagoria was invoked? Curses on that wine!" thus frantically exclaimed the disappointed youth.

"Martha," quietly said the doctor to the old housekeeper, who had just entered, "re-conduct Herr Frank to the street door. I have not yet parted with my wits, that I should yield up my bed and chamber to a simple '*Bachelor of Gottingen*.'"

"So, so," murmured he with a sigh, when the door closed and left him alone, "there is no exception—one cannot find true-heartedness in this world of falsseeming. The higher the rank—the richer the man—the colder grows the heart.—Alas! alas!"

SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED ON A MESMERISED SUBJECT.—The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

Some of our principal physicians are likely to become converts at length to a belief in the truth of the much-abused science of Mesmerism. A most convincing evidence of the power and reality of the mesmeric agency was exhibited in this city on Thursday last, (the 16th inst.) in the presence of Doctors Mott, Francis, Doane, Delafield, Rogers and others—all of them men acknowledged to stand in the front rank of their profession. A young lady of respectability, residing in Chambers street, while in the somnambulic state induced by mesmerism, had a tumor removed from her neck near the carotid artery. The mesmeriser and surgical operator was Dr Bertronnier, a young man of fine abilities, who has recently arrived here from Paris. The subject submitted to the painful operation without the slightest manifestation of physical pain or shrinking—a serene smile playing upon her lips as the knife cut deep in the flesh. After the operation was ended, an apparent disposition to awaken from the magnetic trance was immediately dispelled by a few passes of the magnetic hand. The eminent physicians, who were present, nearly all of whom came "prepared to scoff," regarded one another in silent amazement at the successful close of the experiment.—As one of the most distinguished of them remarked to me, their looks seemed to say; "have we not disbelieved in these things too long?" The case was in all its details of a most convincing character. A full description of it, duly authenticated, will soon be published. It is likely to rival in interest that in which the celebrated Cloquet of Paris was the operator, who removed a cancer under similar circumstances, but where the operation was not so strongly attested as the present instance. A profound impression has undoubtly been made upon the minds of our medical and scientific men by this extraordinary incident, confirmatory as it is of the reality of an agency in nature, the existence of which they have hitherto denied, and the attempts to establish the truth of which they have denounced as the grossest quackery.

PETRIFACTION.—A writer in the New Hampshire Patriot, from Iowa Territory, relates some curious incidents of petrifaction in that soil. "There is something in the nature of the soil which petrifies many substances, such as shells, wood, bark, fish, feathers, insects and reptiles. I have seen them of all these various kinds—some very natural fish and insects, and I saw one complete wing with all the feathers. There was a very singular instance of petrifaction discovered yesterday in this town. The citizens have built a new cemetery, and have removed many of their friends from the old graveyard to it. Many of the coffins have been found to be unusually heavy, even of small children. Yesterday, in attempting to remove a Mrs. Evans, who had been dead about five years, they found it difficult to get the coffin out of the grave, and curiosity excited them to open it, and they found the body in a state of petrifaction. The nose and some parts of the face were decayed, but the neck and the wrinkles in the flesh were perfectly natural.—The flesh on one of the legs had the appearance of what is usually termed goose-flesh. Petrifaction was not entirely complete except on the exterior. I did not see the body, but I saw some pieces taken from it. They had the appearance of limestone. So much for the marvellous. But singular as it may be, it is true."—*Eastern Argus.*

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

We do not know when we have read a more horrible recital than the following from the *Courier* of last evening. It chills one's blood to think of such enormities being practiced in the midst of a refined and civilized city, in the 19th century.—We learn from the Courier that the Attorney-General is determined to prosecute the she-devil under the provisions of the Black Code, and if there is any justice extant, we opine she will hang something lower than did ancient Haman. If her brute paramour can be found, he too should suffer the severest penalties of the law and an outraged community. We know of no punishment sufficient for such a crime.

Yesterday the Mayor was informed by a letter signed Humanity, that a dreadful atrocity had been perpetrated at the corner of the Bayou Road, and Treme street—and that there he would find proofs.—The Mayor and Recorder accordingly repaired to the spot indicated—and discovered the horrible sight of a white woman and her three children in a deplorable condition, still alive, confined in a small cabinet, her eyes frightfully bruised and her face disfigured, one of the children cut to pieces with a whip and its eyes bruised and swollen—the other two burnt in several places with a red hot iron. Dr. Vionnet, who was sent for by the Mayor, stated that the body of the unfortunate woman was covered with large scars, bruises and marks of teeth.

The name of the woman is Mrs. Rapeneck, and those dreadful sufferings were inflicted upon her and her children by her husband's slave, a negro woman, prompted and encouraged, it is believed, by the husband himself. In truth according to her deposition, that brute in human form had himself given her many of the wounds which appeared upon her body. He had abandoned her, driven her from his bed, and taken the negro slave in her place.—Rapeneck has gone up the river, and during his absence, the wife and her children have been victims of the savage cruelty of the slave, following the example and not without the approbation of the husband and father.

The sum of $220 was found upon the slave, who was consigned, in irons, to the Parish Jail, there to await the visitation of justice.—*N. O. Republican.*

From the New Orleans Bee, Jan. 22.

"TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF THE SLAVE PAULINE.—The Criminal Court room yesterday was crowded to excess to witness the trial of Pauline, the slave of Peter Rappeneck, indicted for striking her mistress, so as to cause the shedding of blood.

The Court having appointed N. Z. Latour, Esq. as counsel for the accused, the members of the Special Tribunal, six in number, were called to the book and severally sworn by the Judge, under the

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