

fornia
nal
y

Ex Libris

C. K. OGDEN

L. 1.3 -

GLEANINGS FROM GERMANY.

SELECT SPECIMENS

OF GERMAN ROMANCE AND HISTORY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

GLEANINGS FROM GERMANY.

BY JAMES D. HUNTER.

JAMES A. HARRISON,

NEW YORK.

1854.

GLEANINGS FROM GERMANY:

OR,

SELECT SPECIMENS

OF

GERMAN ROMANCE AND HISTORY:

COMPRISING

The Productions of the most esteemed Authors
of that Country;

INCLUDING

CLAUREN, MADAME PICHLER, HEINSE, CASTELLI, ZSCHOKKE,
MÜCHLER, BÖRNE, DEINHARDSTEIN, KOHLRAUSCH,
CARL MARIA VON WEBER, &c.

FROM THE GERMAN,

BY JAMES D. HAAS.

LONDON:

JAMES S. HODSON,

112, FLEET STREET;

D. NUTT, 158, FLEET-STREET.

1839.

GLEANINGS FROM GERMANY:

SELECT SPECIMENS

GERMAN ROMANCE AND HISTORY:

THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WRITERS
OF THE PRESENT AGE
SELECTED BY
CAROLINE MATTHEW PICTER, HINDEY CASTELL, AND
MRS. PICTER, HOUSEHOLDERS, NORTHAMPTON.
GAIL MARIA VON WERNER.

BY JAMES D. HASS.

LONDON:

JAMES R. HODGON,

12, FLEET STREET.

Houson, Printer, 15, Cross Street, Hatton Garden, London.

VI

has been given of the present volume, by being used and compared with the original Works (most of which may be procured separately), may, even in the character of Exercises, prove not only an entertaining, but also an instructive and profitable method in the acquisition of the language.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of the Volume now presented to the kind patronage of the Public, ventures to hope that his endeavours to collect together, in a complete form, some of his principal contributions from the German, made during his leisure moments, will not be found altogether unworthy of notice and consideration.

To the reader, unacquainted with, and, perhaps, not interested in the language—now so generally studied—of the country whence the following pages have been culled, here and there a scattered scene contained in this Miscellany may, it is humbly hoped, still present some attraction, and ensure a favorable reception; whilst to the student of German literature, desirous of having within reach a selection of varied interest, embracing translations from the productions of some of the most esteemed writers of Germany—

2017834

the contents of the present volume, by being used and compared with the original Works (most of which may be procured separately), may, even in the character of Exercises, prove not only an entertaining, but also an instructive and useful companion in the acquirement of the language.

CONTENTS.

LIESLI, THE MAID OF SOLOTHURN; OR, THE CEMETERY OF SHWYTZ. A SWISS Tale. By CLAUREN.	1
THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE; OR, THE SIGNAL-ROCKET. An Historical Romance. By MAD. PICHLER.....	49
SALVATOR ROSA; OR, THE PORTRAIT OF DANAE. A Comedy. By DEINHARDSTEIN.....	291
A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN. A Humorous Sketch.—THE DISCORDANT HARMONIST. A Dream. By CARL MARIA VON WEBER	321
ARDINGHELLO; OR, AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN SICILY. A Fragment. By HEINSE	331
THE CASTLE OF CLEVES; OR, THE WITNESS-HAND. A Tale. By CASTELLI	345
THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL; OR, 'TIS TIME! A Scene in the Tyrolese War. By * * * * .	337
CHARACTER OF CHARLEMAGNE. By KOHLRAUSCH.—GOETHE, AS A PATRIOT. A Fragment. By BOERNE.	373
THE SWISS CONFEDERATION: William Tell. By ZSCHOKKE.	383
PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By MÜCHLER.	392

LIESLI,
THE MAID OF SOLOTHURN;
OR
THE CEMETERY OF SHWYTZ.

A SWISS TALE,
BY CLAUREN.

LIESLI,

THE MAID OF SOLOTHURN.

I HAD just arrived at Shwytz, from the Lake of Wahlstadt; my soul was still absorbed in the recollection of the majestic and sublime scenery I had just beheld. The chapel of William Tell—the river Matte, the hut where the free-man had dwelt, together with the wide and glassy surface of the charming lake, surrounded with rocks ten thousand feet in height—all the appearances of this vast and majestic creation, with the imperishable relics of past memorable times—all continued to present themselves to my imagination, adding more and more to the already exalted emotions excited by the grand spectacle.

Seating myself at the window of my inn, I beheld before me, rising and towering to the heavens above, Mount Mythen, with its double peak, and the wooden cross planted upon its highest summit. It appeared every moment, as if some dreadful catastrophe similar to that which destroyed the Valley of Goldau, would here be repeated; the ancient Mythen hung threatening over the little town, and large time-worn apertures were observable in the body of the rock. By the breaking asunder of this mass, in its airy elevation, it must be feared that certain destruction awaits the devoted city, situated, as it is, at the foot of the rock.

The longer I looked the more did it appear as if this ancient edifice of nature was tottering: the cross erected by

some daring hand, seemed to decline its head towards the town, as if wishing to exhort the inhabitants beneath, to prepare themselves by devotion against the approaching hour. At length, unable to look up at the frightful, rocky height, which too surely must precipitate itself sooner or later upon the unfortunate inhabitants beneath, I sought to banish from my mind the appalling thoughts on the possibility of such a dreadful event, and recommending my soul to God, I rambled out into the open air, in order to enjoy the beauties of the evening.

The curfew of the Convent of the Dominican Nuns announced by its monotonous sounds that the pious sisters were offering up their prayers to Him who can restrain the waters within their limits, uphold the rocks upon their bases, and prescribe the bounds of worlds of stars, on their airy flight in the heavens. With a feeling of silent admiration, and with that submission with which weak man depicts to himself the throne of his Almighty Creator, I contemplated the horizon adorned by the setting sun. In the foreground arose to my view, gloomy and silent, Mount Rigi; on its summit, that seemed to touch the heavens, I beheld the great cross by which it is surmounted, still faintly gilded by the rays of the setting sun concealed behind the mighty Alps, while, at the foot of the mountain, all was night and darkness. My heart felt oppressed by painful emotion, and abandoned thus to my own reflections, and excited by some secret feeling, I turned my steps towards Siti, where, to the eastward, the rock of Fallenflue, and westward Mount Shoebucherberg, together with the Frohnalp, veiled by the grey clouds, served me as guides; these were not, however, the objects which could satisfy the feelings by which I was so agitated. Their high and ancient summits seemed to indicate their close affinity with the higher celestial world above; and thus, feeling how I was enchained to the earth beneath, I shuddered at their frightfully awful elevation.

At the end of the grand avenue of trees near Siti, there

stands a summer-house. Eastward a beaten path leads towards a hermitage, situated deep within the bosom of the wood: here I wished to take up my abode for the night, should the hermit and myself prove mutually pleased with each other. In my juvenile years I had read much of such hermitages, and with all the romantic imagination of youth, pictured to myself, in the most picturesque and seducing colours, these happy calm retreats and their holy inhabitants. As yet I had never had an opportunity of beholding such a spot, and now, therefore, wished to gratify my curiosity. Accordingly, I was proceeding down a declivity of the mountain, through the thickets and young brambles which opposed my descent, when my progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a venerable man; it was the hermit himself, who had just come from having offered his evening prayers in the chapel, some hundred paces distant from his hermitage, to which solitary dwelling he was now returning. I greeted him with silent respect and veneration, to which he as silently replied.

“May I, venerable father, be allowed to enter your holy dwelling?”—I enquired modestly.

“What is your object in making that request?” he replied, in a tone not altogether repulsive, though neither was it friendly.

“Why, I have no particular motive to satisfy.”—I replied, with a good-natured smile, “I am a native of the north, travelling through your beautiful country; I have never as yet beheld either hermit or hermitage, though both have often been the subjects of my youthful fancy and meditation; I feel desirous, therefore, holy father, of now satisfying my curiosity, by passing a short and instructive hour in your society. You are more wise and pious than we children of the world; you live in solitude and seclusion; you pass your time in acts of devotion; your silent prayers are not disturbed by those guilty agitations of mind to which we unhappily are too often exposed, and God is nearer to you, because you are more pure and guiltless of those misdeeds with which we too often have

to reproach ourselves. Are you not here completely happy, holy father, in your retreat?"

"Happy!"—replied he, slowly, stopping of a sudden, and casting an expressive look of grave severity towards the pale-purpled sky, which still faintly gilded the cross on the peak of Mount Rigi. "My son," he continued, after a silent pause, "hast thou ever, in thy life, beheld *one* happy mortal?"

"Yes, holy father, I myself am happy. I have nothing to reproach myself with, I am young and healthy, and at home I have a beloved family and dear and valued friends; I have what I require, and even more than sufficient to satisfy my wants. Nothing pains or disquiets my mind, travelling delights me, and I am now in your beautiful country, where, at every step, nature unfolds new charms, and where God has manifested his great and ever-reigning glory, in so wonderful a manner."

"Happy!" replied the venerable man, doubtfully shaking his hoary head, "hast thou no share in the afflictions of *others*?"

To this question, which sounded so strangely in my ears, I could only reply by casting down my eyes in confusion.

"And I too," continued he, "have no reproaches to make myself. I likewise enjoy the blessing of health; I also have my family and friends, if not here, yet in the eternal home of peace above; I too have all that I require; I also, like thee, enjoy pleasure in the survey of God's beauteous creation, and yet—I am not happy. The pains, the wants of my more unhappy neighbours too often oppress and overcome my feelings; for to me come only such unhappy beings as seek to pour into my heart those troubles and afflictions with which they are so heavy laden, and under which they would otherwise sink. But thou, who livest within the wide range of this world, hast thou never yet beheld the flow of bitter tears descending down the cheek of sorrow? Hast thou never heard the troubled sigh, when issuing from the breast of affliction? Hast thou never yet experienced the painful sensation which

follows the *wish* to help misfortune's child, and yet the want of *power* to effect it?"

His discourse fell upon my conscience-stricken breast like a burning weight of fire, and my eyes were so chained to the earth, that I neither dared nor could look up. "Who can help all," I exclaimed, wishing to excuse myself; "were one a very Croesus, it would ruin and impoverish at last?"

"You do not comprehend my meaning," replied he, sternly, "and only prove how little till now you have participated in the sufferings of your fellow-creatures. It is not *gold* that always serves to alleviate affliction, for often is the beggar far happier than he who aids, and who yet himself endures anguish of mind; it is consolation, counsel, mildness, patience, which you owe to your neighbour, and until you can fulfil these duties with all your zeal and strength, you cannot call yourself happy. Delay not with your help till it be demanded; as soon as you know it is required step forward with a zealous alacrity, but reckon not upon reward, you do only your duty, and cannot require thanks. The feeling, the consciousness of having done our duty is the highest recompense we can wish to enjoy here below.—God be with you!"—With these words this singular being left me, and thus I had for once beheld a hermit.

The venerable man proceeded silently towards his cell, and I saw myself forced to return again to Shwytz, or to pass the night under the canopy of heaven.

Plunged in deep reverie, I in vain endeavoured to recall the subject of my late discourse with the hermit; I felt as if his words had awakened me from the most flattering dreams.

Silent and thoughtful I returned home. I had just learned to consider this life in a point of view which was to me perfectly new, but which, presenting at the same time a very uninviting and cheerless prospect, only conveyed to me a dark and melancholy feeling. I was then, he said, to seek out myself the misery which prevailed amongst my fellow-

creatures ; to offer them my help and succour, and that without even the prospect or hope of reward, or thanks in return ! I fain would have wished to persuade myself that the language of the hermit was only the result of an overheated zeal, arising from the ascetic life he led ; and that though his strict doctrine might well be put in practice by a penitent anchorite in his solitary cell, yet it could never be suitable for a being living in and for the world, having so many and various occupations and duties to perform. But all these evasive thoughts and arguments did not serve to tranquillize my mind ; on the contrary, I felt convinced of the truth of the venerable man's words, though it appeared to me difficult to *be* as he wished man *should be*.

On the side of the road on the way back to my inn, I passed the principal church of the town of Shwytz, situated on a declivity. The churchyard, where, according to the laudable custom of the place, all the graves are bestrewed with flowers, may be compared to a garden, and presents a very different aspect to the melancholy abodes of the dead, disfigured by crosses, tomb-stones, and wild weeds, as in our part of the country. It was the season of the Alpine pink (*dianthus plumarius*), of which millions were blooming here in variegated colours, while their delicious odours perfumed the dusky evening air. Here and there the flowers were overtopped by little stands of stone, forming basins to contain the holy water, with which they were sprinkled.

Seating myself upon a part of the wall which surrounded the church-yard, I contemplated the lonely scene around me, amidst the deepest silence. In the little town beneath were slumbering the living—and here I was surrounded by the dead, reposing beneath the flowers. Again the discourse of the hermit occurred to my mind, while the deep solitude which prevailed around, rendered me still more susceptible of reflection upon the true sense and meaning of his words. I confessed to myself, that hitherto I had only been seeking after

pleasure, that amid its scenes alone I had found enjoyment, and that my senses had been most attracted and enchained by the sounds of merriment and joy.

I admitted too, that I had ever preferred the society of such as added to my pleasure and amusement by their wit and gaiety, to those of a more serious and sedate temperament. But now, in order to become happy, I must seek out the afflicted, and to dry up the tears of the unhappy was to be my only pleasure, to console and assist the dejected—my only happiness. Those alone accustomed to the severe restrictions of a monastic life, could impose such laws and duties upon youth—upon a man anxious still to enjoy the world and its many pleasures. I rose from my seat on the wall, still undecided within myself whether or not to listen to the exhortations of the morose hermit, or to follow my own more congenial and inviting inclinations, intending to pass through the flowery graves around the church, and then to return home.

Behind the church I beheld a small chapel, which I found open, and but feebly illumined by a lamp. I stepped forward through the porch, but I must confess I was seized with a certain feeling of terror, which prevented me from advancing farther; there appeared to reign a silence so mysterious and gloomy in the house of prayer, and there proceeded from within such a cold, shuddering atmosphere, as if issuing from the grave, that my farther entrance was completely stopped. I was on the point of retiring, when I observed by the dim light of the lamp a female figure kneeling at the foot of the altar, piously engaged in prayer: she appeared interrupted by my entrance, and, accordingly, finishing her devotions, she slowly arose, bowed before the altar, and devoutly crossing herself, passed by me in silence. The darkness hindered my distinguishing her features, but by her gait and deportment I could easily perceive that she was young. I followed her at a distance till she stopped and remained standing at a grave bestrewed with flowers, where she dropped slowly upon her knees and prayed; she then arose and sprinkled the flowers

with the holy water out of the basin that was near her. I had in the meanwhile approached closer; and, deeply affected by this simple and pious act of devotion, enquired of her softly, who it was that lay buried under this sacred and hallowed mound of earth?

“My mother!” she replied, weeping; and, concealing her face with her folded hands, she slowly pursued her way across the church-yard towards the town.

I could not, dared not follow; I felt how far preferable it must be for her to be left alone, and allowed the uninterrupted indulgence of her sad and pious feelings. Had she wished to have spoken to me, she would have remained and prolonged the conversation, for my question sufficiently indicated the inclination I felt to learn further about her. Of what use then to me, I said, was the strict rule of the hermit? I would fain have comforted her, and the interest I might have shewn would most assuredly have assuaged her grief, but she had defeated my charitable purpose; yet, to pursue, detain, obtrude myself upon her, I could not. Still I felt how right and just the venerable man had spoken, for as long as man felt he had failed in his duty, he never could be happy. I was melancholy and discontented with myself, though I must confess that the feelings excited by this adventure were not of that undisturbed pure nature which they certainly ought to have been.

Although it was dark, that had not hindered my remarking, from the outlines of her figure, her dress, and motion, so much nobleness, so much elegance and grace, that I could fain have wished to have exchanged a few more words with her; though still the brief reply I had received from her was sufficient to convince me that nought but filial love, piety, and innocence, could dwell within that bosom.—My mother!—these two words still seemed to sound within the deepest recesses of my heart; by the melody and the sweet accent of that voice alone, amidst thousands, after the lapse of years, I should have known her again. It would have been easy for me to have followed her, to have learned where she lived, and

informed myself further respecting her situation; but the town of Shwytz is so small, that had I been perceived following her, by a single person, the next day it would have been published all over the town. I might, however, have learned both the name and history of the young girl from my hostess, had I related my little adventure to her; but being a very sly and cunning woman, she would no doubt have seen further than I wished her to see, and would have surmised and imagined things regarding our nocturnal meeting which certainly neither I, nor my fair and pious unknown, ever dreamt or thought of, when at the foot of her mother's grave. I, therefore, kept the secret securely locked in my own breast, and was sanguine in my hopes of again meeting her to-morrow evening on the same spot. I began now to interpret the vague, undefinable desire with which my heart was agitated when wandering towards Siti. I had longed and wished for something, and a mysterious feeling seemed to indicate to me that now I had found it. The Mythen, which I again began to contemplate from my window, did not now appear to my view so awfully dangerous; for should it begin to totter, I could seek out the dwelling of my pious unknown, and were the menacing rock to crush us with its ponderous weight, still I thought if die we must, that death would be no longer appalling when shared with her.

I had purposed quitting Shwytz the ensuing morning, and continuing my route to Zug; but a feeling far more powerful than curiosity prompted me to stay, and thus enchained, I found myself insensibly approaching the spot among the graves, where at evening I hoped again to meet the young maiden.

The day appeared to me eternally tedious. I surveyed all that presents itself to the curiosity of the traveller, and attentively observed all the young fair ones I met in the course of my walk, but could not find any amongst them who at all resembled her I sought.—Thus passed off the morning.

After dinner I ascended the Urny; I wandered among the

cottages and fruit gardens as in a dream, possessed by one only object, and dwelling on my fair unknown and the hour when I hoped again to see her. Passing through the vineyards at the foot of the Urny, which are said to produce excellent wine, these grapes, thought I to myself, have time enough to ripen yet, and I felt vexed at the lingering of the sun, which seemed determined to delay his setting behind Mount Rigi.

Long before the appointed time, I returned to Shwytz, but there being nothing to hope at the church-yard, I again bent my steps towards Siti, and thence onwards to the wood of the hermitage. I arrived at the chapel; my old acquaintance the hermit was not there, but, seated on the steps, I beheld—my interesting unknown. Yesterday, from the darkness of the evening I had been unable to distinguish her features, but that she was the same figure I had then beheld, I could have sworn by a thousand oaths; for not in the whole of Shwytz, nor even in the whole universe, could two beings possess that delicate grace, or that nobleness of form, which in her were so conspicuous.

Now it was I conjured the setting sun to relax his rapid course, and with deep uneasiness beheld him retiring behind the mountain; for with his purple hue vanished the same beautiful tinge from the cheeks of the blooming girl beside me, with which my presence had overspread them, doubtless from her recognising in the intruder the nocturnal wanderer among the graves of the reposing Shwytzers.

“What are you doing here?” I enquired, in a friendly tone, of the beautiful maiden; to which she modestly replied, “she was waiting for the hermit.” Yes, 'twas she indeed! the two words she had pronounced the evening before seemed at the enchanting sound of her voice again to thrill through my soul. I had seen the most celebrated picture galleries of Europe; I had admired the Madonnas of Raphael and Guido; but amongst the whole of these collections my eyes had never beheld a head so angelically beautiful as that which now

presented itself to my gaze. How poor, how weak, how incompetent are the efforts of the greatest painters to embody an image of so much perfection! Such skill appertains to the Creator alone. That regular oval form, the mild lustre which shone so sweetly in her soft sloe-black eyes, half hid by their long lashes; that pure innocence of soul which beamed from them; the smile of love upon her rosy cheeks, those ruby lips, that row of teeth vying with ivory itself; no—never could the hand of the painter produce or pourtray so many charms. I was motionless with surprise, and gazed upon the beauteous being with silent wonder and admiration. Such blooming firmness of tint was never attained by the vulgar Flemish school; that colouring was not Italian, which too often mars, with gaudy daubs, faces on which the Almighty by his creating breath had breathed the soft carnation hues of life and youth.

She appeared at most to be sixteen, and yet what fulness displayed in her bosom, what grace in her neck, how beautifully rounded her arm; indeed, the whole of the enchanting figure was so perfect, and so finely formed, from the silken flowing hair, to the small and pretty foot, that I inwardly determined, should many such beings bestow their visits upon the hermit, to turn anchorite myself.

The young and beautiful creature was seated at the foot of the steps leading to the chapel, employed in culling the flowers from some herbs in her lap, and placing them in a basket at her feet. I sat down next the basket, under the pretence of examining the flowers, and awaiting the arrival of the hermit.

Once I had seen in the collection of the Messrs. Boisserée, in Heidelberg, a German altar-piece, where the principal figure was a Madonna, whose beautiful countenance made an indelible impression upon me. The painting was upon a ground of gold, and in the celestial countenance of the holy virgin there was mingled so much of earthly beauty, as made it difficult to decide whether it belonged to this world or to heaven. It

seemed to me as if the sweetly animated countenance beside me had served as a model for the painter, so much did the Madonna resemble her; and, as if to complete the illusion, the golden ground of the painting seemed now represented by the horizon behind the Rigi, which, gilded by the setting sun, appeared like a burning altar of the Most High.

The sweet maiden must indeed have imagined I had lost all power of speech, for since my first question, and my assurance of having also to wait for the hermit, not a sound had escaped my lips, so lost had I been in contemplating the magic charms of this lovely creature. Even nature was dumb, and appeared also to have shared in the general expression of silent awe and admiration at the scene of celestial splendour and magnificence around us; the deepest silence reigned all over the forest; the air and leaves were motionless.

Who speaks much feels little; I was intoxicated with feelings of the most rapturous joy and delight.

At length I awoke from my trance, and enquired how long it was since her mother was laid under the flowers which she yesterday sprinkled with holy water.

"It was one year yesterday," she softly and seriously replied, as from her virgin bosom heaved a painful sigh. Her eyes, filled with tears, seemed to rest upon the ocean of fire in the west; as if to express, that, with her mother, the sun which had illumined her life had descended into the darkness and obscurity of night, like the sun of creation now vanishing from our view.

"Have you no father left?" I asked, deeply affected by this expressive and silent look of sorrow and melancholy.

She shook her lovely head, bent it still lower upon her work, and after a pause, answered,

"My father died when I was a child."

"And have you no relations, no friends?"

"Yes, in Shoenewerth, in the canton of Solothurn. You may perhaps be acquainted there with the charitable foundation of St. Clara-Werra: there I have an uncle. I wrote to

him lately, and to-day I have received his answer. It is for the purpose of confiding it to the hermit, and receiving his advice that I am here, but he is not yet come."

"What says your uncle?"

"He himself is unfortunate," she replied, forgetting her own unhappy state, "he has many children, and no bread to give them." Sighing again she held her hand before her eyes, as if beholding before her some yawning precipice that turned her giddy.

Thus, without intending it, she had made me acquainted with her condition.

"What will you do, then?" I enquired anxiously.

"I know not," she said, with emotion, whilst she struggled to restrain her falling tears; "the good hermit would have told me; but he is not here."

"He would have told you," I replied, "that you should pray to God, and put your trust in him."

"Ah! dear sir, that is what I daily do; and I trust that he will grant my prayer. Hitherto I have lived upon what was left me by mother, but that was little, for she was poor;—now that is gone, and I am left destitute. I have no one who can assist me; but my God will not leave me to perish miserably. I must leave this place, though I know not where to turn my steps in the wide world."

"And what are you able to do?" I enquired, as I looked at her delicate little hand, the lily whiteness of which could not be matched by any courtly dame.

"I know not myself what I can do," she replied, smiling abashed, and looking downwards half ashamed. "It is but very little; others, however, gain their living, who know not much more, and could I only once leave this place, no doubt I might find a chance of procuring some situation where I may faithfully employ my time. There is nothing but the ashes of my dearly-beloved mother to keep me here. Two young girls of Shwytz, who left this place some time since for

Vienna and Berlin, are now happy and well situated there; why may I not also meet with the same good fortune?"

I gazed upon the lovely girl with silent wonder; her infantine simplicity formed a singular contrast with the firmness of character she displayed in her determination of venturing into the wide world. During our conversation she had not once dared to turn her eyes towards me; she continued to gaze upon the crimson sky of evening beneath us, and appeared totally unconscious and unembarrassed at her situation, thus in confidential conversation with a stranger in the dusk of evening, and in the middle of a lonely forest; neither did she seem to entertain the slightest curiosity to know who I was.

She now rose, and shaking from her lap the stems which she had picked off the herbs, took the basket containing the flowers, for the purpose, as she said, of placing it at the door of the hermit's cell. She had culled and prepared these herbs, in order to employ the time while waiting for the poor recluse, who, it appears, formed them into wreaths, and gave them away in exchange for provisions in the town. She advanced towards the hut with an air as if she had studied under the Graces themselves.

I followed her with my eyes and felt myself consumed by a raging fire, which seemed every minute to increase. I endeavoured, with a force almost supernatural, to quench the ardour of my feelings, so as at least to prevent, as much as possible, the innocent girl from knowing how near she had been seated to a burning volcano. I abstained from following her, though at the risk of never beholding her again; for another, shorter path, leading from the hermitage to Shwytz, rendered it unnecessary for her to return by the more circuitous route leading to the chapel.

I remained seated there with an anxiety and agitation greater than if the losing or gaining of an empire was to be the result; she, however, shook out the flowers upon the

bench at the hermit's door, and returned again towards the chapel. Transported with joy I rose from my seat, and advanced a few steps to meet her. During the time of her absence I had taken from my purse three pieces of gold, which I now, secretly and unobserved, whilst walking by her side, dropped into her basket.

We wandered back towards Siti. Twice had I been upon the point of offering her my arm, but could not summon courage, fearing from her appearance, that she would decline my offer, and then I should have felt ashamed of myself. To such as have visited Switzerland, and have become acquainted with the customs and manners of its inhabitants in the various cantons, and have also heard the energetic though simple language of the mountaineers in those parts, my familiar style of addressing her will not appear surprising.*

When in the middle of the alley of trees, leading from Siti to Shwytz, she was on the point of quitting the high road, and directing her course straight towards the town, apparently for the purpose of avoiding entering the place at the same time with myself. She then bade me adieu, and presented me her pretty, swan-white hand; I drew it to my lips and impressed a burning kiss upon it.

“Do not do that, dear sir,”—she said in a tone of entreaty, “it suits not a poor maiden like me.”

“Shall I see you again to-morrow?”—I inquired, gazing on her black eyes, as if to read in the bottom of her soul, whether or not she shared with me in any slight degree that feeling by which I myself was so overwhelmed.

“With all my heart! if it will give you pleasure,” she replied, in a tone and manner so natural, and so angelically

* In order to explain this passage more clearly, it is necessary to add, for the information of such readers as may not be acquainted with the German language, that the Germans have three modes of addressing the second person singular, one of which is *du* or *thou*, the style here employed in addressing Liesli—which is only used to such as are relatives, to children, confidential friends, or to menials. The different character of the English and German languages in this respect has not allowed us to retain this distinction in the translation.—*Tr.*

mild, as could never have been expressed even by the most refined coquette; indeed all the arts of coquetry itself could never have equalled the effect of these pure and simple words.—“I shall think of you all night long,” I said, placing her beautiful hand upon my deeply agitated heart.

“And I too, shall think of you,” she replied smiling,—“you talk so sweetly, that I could listen to you for ever. It is already very late, and still I know not how the time has passed away; I know you not, and yet in the whole place there is not one I like to speak with as I do with you.”—

“Where and when, then, shall I see you again?” I asked.

“Alas,” she replied, “I know not. The people here,” continued she confidentially, “are so very curious. Surely, any one might have listened to our conversation, and yet should any person know that we have been here alone, what a stir it would create; although we have talked of nothing, save of death and of prayer, and the hope of a happier life on the other side of the grave!”—That I had, however, in the enthusiasm of my overwhelmed heart, told her, that she was the most charming girl I had ever beheld—that she appeared to me as an angel from heaven—that in her mild, though penetrating sloe-black eye there beamed an ocean of bliss—of all this the cunning girl mentioned not a single syllable.

“Well, then, where and when shall we see each other again?” I repeated earnestly.

“Leave that to fate, dear sir,” she replied, calming my agitated feelings, “if you wish and think half so well or so kindly of me, as I do of you, you will not, I am sure, desire that evil should be said or thought of me, and this I never could escape were I found alone with you.”—

“But, how then, leave it to fate?” I asked; and threw my arms around her, for the thought of soon being forced to leave this angelic creature, without a hope of seeing her again, seemed to contract my whole nerves together, even to my very arm, which, by an involuntary impulse, drew her ten-

derly to my breast. "The day after to-morrow," I said, "I must leave this place, and then I never—never more shall see you! Indeed, I ought to have set out this very morning, but the hope of finding you once more, has kept me back; it has led me all the day around your neighbourhood, it has guided me on the way to the hermitage, and there, busy in preparing the herbs on the step of the chapel, I again found you. Those roots must surely contain some hidden charm to cure a mind diseased. Ah! perhaps they may afford relief to me as well; for the thought of parting with you, and for ever! creates within my heart an agonizing pain. May I then hope, that you will spare me also some, which, prepared by your sweet hands, cannot but afford a soft and healing balm?"—Thus then, was made my declaration of love in the first hour of our meeting! With a city dame, this would have appeared a mere effusion of gallantry, an ordinary complimentary phrase of little import; but the lovely simple Swiss girl took my words in that true sense and honourable meaning with which they had been uttered.

"You have sought for me, you have remained here on my account!"—she exclaimed, while an enchanting smile of flattered self-satisfaction played upon her ruby lips.

I then ingeniously informed her, of the deep impression the scene on the evening before at the grave of her departed mother, had made upon my feelings; of the desire and interest that had been excited in me to know more about her, and expressed the happiness I felt at having attained this. I confessed to her the admiration and wonder which her virtue and her charms had created in me, and concluded by intreating her, in the most urgent manner, to let me once more, the following day, speak with her, if it were only to bid her a long and last adieu!

The idea of parting is ever attended with a charm which works upon the feelings and heart in a peculiarly forcible manner. How often does it happen, that in assemblies where a certain coldness and stiffness of character may have prevailed

the whole evening, at length, when the moment of separation arrives, these feelings yield to others of a more free and cordial nature. From the most charming and youthful part of the fair sex, I have ever more particularly loved to take leave, as they are then inclined to lend a more favourable ear to one's wishes, and to grant more readily the wished-for boon, which perhaps at other times might have been sought in vain. The pain of parting affects woman's heart still deeper than man's; she remains behind, a prey to all those acute feelings in which a faithful and tender bosom delights to indulge.

With a dark presaging feeling, and an inward conviction of its truth, I accordingly said, that, at the latest, I could only stay until to-morrow; for when she saw that only one day remained between us and our parting, she surely could not deny it me; and in this, as it proved, I had judged rightly.

"And do you really leave the day after to-morrow?" she asked in a tremulous voice, "Ah! yes, *once more* in this life I must see you. Well, then, to-morrow I will see you, but we must meet far—very far from this neighbourhood, and very early, when all are asleep. Would you like to mount the Engelstock, or mount Ruffi, or would you rather ascend the peak of Rigi? There I will point out to you, the chalky Alps and the Nagelflue mountains; aye, and you shall there behold objects which will cause you to remember our Canton all your life."

"Then we will ascend the Rigi," I exclaimed, joyfully, and the thought of admiring beside this maiden, with rapturous feelings of delight and wonder, God's magnificent creation, from the pinnacle of the gigantic Rigi, excited sensations of the most delicious nature.

"Good," said the roguish girl,—“and if you have courage, I will lead you up over the ladder to the small chapel, dedicated to our Queen of the Snow* ; there you will have to learn to climb and scramble; but for that, however, you will be amply rewarded afterwards. You will from thence be-

* Founded in 1689, by Zay of Art, and much visited by Pilgrims.

hold at once no less than fourteen lakes ; you will see into the very heart of Swabia, and amidst the whole will rise to your view mount Jura, the Horns of St. Gothard, and the ancient town of Zurich, fourteen cantons, innumerable cities, towns, and villages ; and, high above the clouds, the eternal snows and glaciers of the glorious and stately Jungfrau—all will present themselves to your admiring gaze." "But, the chief and most beautiful object which I shall behold to-morrow, you have still forgotten," said I to her, as I pressed her rosy fingers to my lips.

"The chief and most beautiful object?"—said she, thoughtfully, as she slowly stroked my face with her hand, without appearing conscious of it in her absence of mind.

"*Yourself*, charming girl ; you have not named *yourself* to me yet."

"What am I, when the world and the many wonders we shall behold from the Rigi are in question. If you would know my name"—continued she, smiling, "they call me Liesli ; of poor Swiss Liesli you will not read one word in all the books that have been written upon our beautiful Alpine country, but all will tell you of the mountains and the lakes—these are known by every one."

"Liesli, my dear, lovely Liesli !"

"Does then my name please you?"

"Please me ! ah yes ! How willingly would I this night renounce all hope of rest, could I but have thee near me, to gaze upon thy lovely countenance ; methinks I could for ever repeat thy name—Liesli, amiable, lovely Liesli ?"

"Good night, dear sir !" said Liesli, disengaging herself timidly from my arms, "the night is now wearing on apace, and we must set out very early to-morrow, else should the sun have got the start of us, we may have reason soon to complain both of fatigue and heat when climbing up the mountain."

She then hastily pointed out to my view the spot where we were to meet the following morning at four o'clock, and

then glided from my arms as swift as an arrow from a bow.

For a long time after I remained transfixed to the spot, whilst my eye followed her rapidly proceeding on her way, and I could distinguish her white, aerial form gliding through the dark avenues of the trees to a great distance, till, at last, I could perceive her no more.

I softly pronounced the beloved name of Liesli to the silent breezes of the night; and spreading out my arms towards her vanishing figure, embraced—the hermit! I was seized with terror and astonishment, and retreated back some paces; for the contrast between the coarse and heavy garb of the anchorite, and that of the light-flowing drapery of the lovely Liesli, was too great, too overpowering.

“Whence come you?” he enquired, in a tone indicating dissatisfaction.

“Ah! is it you venerable father,” I exclaimed, recollecting myself: “I hardly knew you, it is so dark and gloomy amidst these trees, that one can scarcely distinguish the nearest object. I have just come from your hermitage, where I wished to pay you a visit.”

“I have been absent all the day,” he answered; “was any one, besides you, inquiring for me?”

“Not a soul,” I replied, for there was certainly no need to inform him how in the interim I had been so happily engaged with Liesli. I know no time so favourable for uttering a falsehood, as the hour of night; it is for that reason the devil is designated the ‘prince of darkness.’ The lie slipped so smoothly over my tongue, that I was really completely pleased and satisfied with my address.

“I have brought with me something for you,” said the old man, slipping into my hand a small folded paper; “do not, however, open it till you have returned home, as it is of value, and here you might lose it. I shall, doubtless, see you tomorrow morning?”

“Most certainly, holy father,” I replied, in order that he

might await my coming at the hermitage, instead of wandering out, and thus in the end meet me and Liesli together. "My thanks for this which you have confided to me, and which is of such great worth, I will bring with me also to-morrow," I added ironically, for of what great value could that be which the poor hermit had put into my hand; he, for whom Liesli but a few hours before had gathered herbs, that he might exchange them for provisions.

"May your sleep be sweet and tranquil," added he, seriously, "and pray late and early, that you may not fall into the snares of temptation, and that the wicked one may have no power over you. The world is full of suspicion, and there are many who depend upon the happiness which to-morrow may bring them, and yet, being often caught in their own net, fancy all the while it has been laid for them by others.—Good night, stranger."

With these words he left me, and proceeded on his way to the hermitage. I, however, hastened after the beloved shadow of Liesli, but no further traces of her were to be perceived. No doubt she had long retired to rest, and was enjoying the sweet repose of innocence when I had reached the inn, where, excited by my impatient curiosity, I ordered a candle, and immediately began to examine the contents of the valuable present which I had received from the hands of the poor hermit.

What was my surprise, when I beheld my own three pieces of gold—I was completely petrified! Was, then, the hermit a conjuror? Was Liesli merely a being presented to my imagination by some deceiving malignant spirit? I shuddered as I thought that the old emaciated form of the anchorite, and that of the beautiful Liesli, blooming in all her charms—might be one and the same! How came he in possession of the money? Now it was I called to mind his words at parting; what could he mean by saying "those who hope to be happy on the morrow"—what should these words portend? What could the old man have to do with the blooming girl?

What had the hermit of Siti to do at the flowery graves at the foot of the Mythen? Or, had the young maiden acted the character of an anchorite? Did she conceal her youthful charms beneath the coarse garb of an hermit? But no, no, that was impossible; the recluse was above a head taller than Liesli, his eyes were sunk and hollow, his voice was tremulous, his skin withered—there was no mask—no illusion there!

I completely lost myself in the most silly surmises, of which the most probable appeared to be, that this truly angelic girl was a supernatural being who had appeared to me. Her whole appearance shewed marks of so much delicacy. She was so light in her movements, in her eye there beamed an expression more than mortal; her voice so melodious, sounded to my ears as if coming from an angel in heaven; her step had more of the air of a seraph than of an earthly being, and her smile resembled that given by the painters of the golden age of art to their angels and cherubs. The form—ah no! that was purely human, reality itself; her limbs so finely rounded—her skin so delicately soft and tender; and the blood which coloured the veins of her beautiful cheeks flowed warm and full of life from the heart.

I lay down to rest, but could not sleep. The Mythen, which, from my bed, I could plainly perceive towering to the black heavens above, seemed to totter and tremble; I could not close my eyes, for at each moment I imagined I beheld it descending to bury me in its ruins, without either flowers or wreath to decorate my grave. At length, towards morning, I fell asleep; overfatigued, I exceeded the appointed hour of the meeting.

Hastily rising, and dressing myself, I flew to the spot, where I arrived breathless—fifty-five minutes past the time! The Rigi was there, but Liesli—not! I waited at the place of meeting, reproaching myself severely, forming a host of suppositions and doubts. I calculated upon a thousand difficulties and hindrances, and that, too, during a full and anxious hour. The

ancient Rigi still remained stationary before my sight, but the beautiful and charming Liesli came not.

This, then, is the work of the hermit, I said to myself; he is the author of this painful disappointment, recalling his words to my recollection. Yesterday I fancied to myself the happiness I should experience this morning—but now I felt convinced that the hermit had laid the net in which I was caught, a net of the most unaccountable doubt and mystery. Well, indeed, might he pronounce his prophecy, for all this was, no doubt, of his contrivance: he it was, and he alone, who had prepared for me this harrowing disappointment, and thus so suddenly and so completely blasted all the pleasure I had anticipated in ascending the Rigi with Liesli. The small ladder which I was to have ascended with her, had appeared to my fancy as Jacob's ladder of angels; in imagination I had climbed with her to the very heavens, and having arrived at that eternal sojourn, had drawn the ladder up after us, and contemplated from the abode of angels the busy scene of tumult and agitation below, utterly regardless of all that was passing there.

But now, alas! I found myself standing awake before mount Rigi, on the summit of which mountain, where the rising sun saluted with his rays the great cross, I had hoped, thus elevated nearer to heaven, in the presence of God, and in the face of free Switzerland, her native soil, to enfold in purest love my dear and lovely Liesli. I would have besought her to be mine, to share with me in my joys and sorrows; and when recalled to dust by my Maker's decree, I would have asked her also to bestrew my grave with flowers, as she did her mother's, and for me too as fervently to invoke the mercy of the Supreme Being.

All this I had thought and determined within myself during the night, when, after much reflection, I was at length convinced that Liesli was no supernatural, but a human being; and now the moment which was to have crowned my happi-

ness, of which I would have summoned all nature to be a witness, was flown away—perhaps for ever!

I felt myself overwhelmed with the bitterness of my disappointed feelings. Where was I to seek Liesli? Where should I find her? Had she been here at all? Or had she perhaps concluded from my delay that I would not come? I put a thousand questions to myself, and was only the more chagrined and vexed, both with myself, with Liesli, and the anchorite.

At length, I resolved that the hermit, above all, should explain to me how he had yesterday obtained possession of the three gold pieces, though it could naturally be from no other person but Liesli herself. I then wished to interrogate him further respecting the young girl—to learn in what connection he stood towards her, and then, should I discover that he had any influence over her, I would candidly avow my views and intentions.

I hurried back to Shwytz, and from thence by Siti to the hermitage; the recluse, however, was not there. I awaited his return at the door of his cell the whole of the day without any nourishment, until late at night.

In vain! Completely exhausted and disappointed I returned home. The whole day long I had flattered myself with the certain hope, at the least rustling of the leaves, of beholding the light form of Liesli issue forth, but a thousand times was I deceived. Whoever has felt the torment of love, and has passed in his life but one hour in waiting for the object he adores, such a one alone can form an idea how tedious and how long this agonizing day appeared to me.

Late at night I repaired again to the church-yard. I entered the chapel where I had beheld Liesli for the first time, and then I visited the grave of her departed mother, but the object of my search was no where to be met with. The night was beautiful and serene; the evening dew refreshed the flowers with which the graves were bestrewed, and per-

fumed the air with the most delicious odours; the atmosphere was unagitated by a single zephyr; all around there reigned the deepest silence, whilst quick successive flashes darted across the firmament and illumined at intervals the heavens above. Oh! how did I wish at this moment, that the form of my sweet Liesli might appear to bless my sight! I painted her in my imagination reclining in my arms; the reflection of the distant lightning seemed to add new lustre to her eyes; enclasped by her soft and beautiful arm, I felt the beating of her heart against my agitated breast, whilst from her sweet lips, I inhaled life and love; but she came not!—Melancholy and depressed, I retraced my steps back to the inn.

The following day I recommenced the same fruitless and unavailing search. To-morrow, I thought, I will once more proceed to the desolate hermitage, and should it then be still deserted, nothing shall deter me from seeking her myself; the place is small, and surely I shall find some one from whom I may gain some intelligence respecting her; for, what I wished to say on the top of mount Rigi, I can as easily impart to her in her own dwelling, at its foot; there I will declare my thoughts and wishes. I again passed the whole of the day at the hermit's door, but he remained altogether invisible!

I now considered myself as free from all that restraint and obligation, which, though I knew not why, I imagined I owed to the hermit; he had until now appeared to me as possessing great power and influence over Liesli's action. She had come to receive his advice, she had given him my three pieces of gold, for the purpose of returning them to me; some connection, therefore, must exist between them. If I had succeeded in gaining the hermit over to my side, then was Liesli mine. Some such anticipation had entered my mind, and it was this hope, and this alone, which had made me wait three successive days. Whether the hermit had concealed himself from me, or whether he were really absent,

what was that now to me? I had renounced all further intercourse—I had done with him. One short moment more in the church-yard, and should I again be disappointed in finding Liesli there, I resolved to ascertain her residence of my landlady; my patience was now indeed completely exhausted. I was determined to put my purpose into immediate execution, and thus finally attain the object of my wishes. I hastened to the cemetery—but Liesli was not there! How changeable, how versatile a being is man! I felt inwardly happy at not finding her! Supported and encouraged by three successive failures of my fond hopes, I began to persuade myself that I had a right—that I was authorized, nay, obliged to seek her.

In her dwelling, unobserved by the whole world, such conference suited far better than on the summit of the Rigi, 5786 feet above the surface of the earth, at the brink of a deep, tremendous precipice, the aspect of which filled the soul with shuddering awe; or, than in this solitary abode of the dead, whose graves but ill attuned with the feelings of youthful lovers.

The hour I had proposed passing at the chapel, the last hour was expired! I arose from the low wall where I had been seated, and was on the point of retiring, when among the graves, even in the midst of the darkness of night, I could distinguish a black figure advancing towards me. My blood ran cold through my veins, for suddenly, concealed in his cowl, stood before me—the hermit!

“You were at my dwelling?” he inquired, in a tone of voice which sounded as if issuing from the tombs around us.

“Yes, venerable father,” I replied, gazing at the mysterious being before me with wonder and astonishment. How could he have learned that I was inquiring for him? Why did he come now, just at the moment when I was on the point of seeking Liesli? Whence could he come? It seemed as if some secret, subterraneous passage communicated

between the hermitage and the church-yard. "I have awaited your coming these three days," I continued, "but in vain."

"I know it," he replied, in a milder tone, "a herdsman perceived you, and informed me of it. You wish for further information respecting the maiden whom you met at the steps of the chapel. What is the orphan to you? But answer me not, for the truth does not always proceed from your lips. You seek the maiden, but you may spare yourself that needless trouble—you will not find her. Her mother, in her dying moments, charged me to watch over her happiness and welfare. On the very morning when you imagined you would climb mount Rigi, Liesli departed.—She is gone to her relations, whom I had previously informed of her mother's death, and from whom, after an interval of twelve months, I received money and instructions to send the orphan to them, provided with the necessary attendance. On the evening when you came to me, and met with Liesli, I had gone to the town for the purpose of making the proper arrangements for her departure. When you gave her the three gold pieces, she knew nothing of her intended journey; she only received intelligence of it from me on the following morning before day-break. Hearing, after leaving you in the alley of trees, the sound of money in her basket, she most naturally concluded that you alone could be the donor, and therefore delivered it to me, in order to return it to you. In the art of *giving*, you have as yet made but very little progress; your present has humiliated and shamed, more than it has pleased or gratified the maiden."

"What, Liesli gone?" I exclaimed "Ah! tell me venerable father, whither is she gone? If you are indeed her friend, then tell me, for it concerns her own happiness. My intentions are good and honourable, for I wish to offer her my heart and hand, with all my fortune."

"*You*," said the hermit, half ironically, "*you*, who have only known her a very few hours, *you* would offer her your

whole life? How do you know, whether this virtuous girl, who is so rich in all the gifts of person and intellect, holds you worthy of her love? Do you then think that with your despicable money all may be procured?"

"You do not seem to wish me well, venerable father."

"I can never wish them well, who seek to deceive me by falsehood! On that evening, when I met you amidst the trees, I asked you whether any other persons had been inquiring for me at the hermitage during my absence? 'Not a soul!' you replied, and yet, but five minutes before, my upright Liesli, who never stained her lips with an untruth, had told me that she herself had been with you the whole of the evening! I asked you if you would come to me the following morning? 'Yes, with pleasure,' you replied, although you had already agreed with the maiden, as she informed me, to ascend mount Rigi with her that same morning. What had I done, to merit such deception from you? Whoever lies will also steal; should I not act very foolishly were I to tell the thief, where I had placed the treasure confided to my care?"

Those two unfortunate lies! I could have torn my tongue from my head, so vexed and mortified was I.—My greatest wish at this moment was, to have been able to reply with feelings of conscious innocence and indignation to the hermit, who had thus deprived me of my earthly happiness—my adorable Liesli; but this was impossible, for I felt too well how justly and truly he had spoken.

"Well," said I, at length, completely disconcerted, "if you are indeed such a severe minister of truth, which I ever highly honour and revere, tell me, without reserve, how Liesli expressed herself about me; for to me, glowing as my heart does with such a pure love for her, it cannot be indifferent to learn, if I may hope and depend upon a reciprocal attachment."

"You," returned he, after some hesitation, "are the first acquaintance she has formed as yet. To this circumstance

alone you must attribute a confidence and friendship towards you, more perhaps than was proper for her to shew."

My vanity took advantage of this concession of the hermit, and I concluded that Liesli was not wholly indifferent to me.

"Once more," I inquired somewhat bolder, "can you not inform me of the maiden's present abode?"

"No!" he answered, in an abrupt and decisive tone.

"Consider it well, holy father; you will have to answer for this denial at some future period, both to the maiden, and also to your own conscience."

"You hold yourself at a very high price," he replied, "and, doubtless, you imagine that it will be impossible for Liesli to exist, without you or your dollars. Liesli may, perhaps, at this very moment be far richer than yourself.—You are still young," he added after a pause, in a milder tone, "you are no doubt infatuated by Liesli's beauty, and are perhaps thus led to a determination, which, at a later period, you will have cause to repent. Should you, at the expiration of a year, still think of her as at this moment, then come again, and we will communicate together further upon the subject."

I remained for some time ruminating whether it might not be possible to persuade the old man into a more reasonable stipulation, when he drew from between the folds of his gown, an Alpine rose, most carefully secured—this he presented to me, and said with a smile, "You have just now doubted the uprightness of my conscience; to prove your injustice I present you with this rose which Liesli sends you as a token of remembrance. She plucked it on the road side before we separated, and bedewed it with her tears. I was obliged to promise her that I would faithfully deliver it into your hands. Now, do you doubt my honour?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed joyfully, pressing the rose to my lips,—“and that you may not doubt *my* honour, I will not even wish to know where Liesli is, but after the twelve months are expired, I will come and demand her from your hands."

"That, time will shew," replied the hermit calmly, and bidding me farewell, requested me not to come again to him, as he would be absent for a considerable time.

"Father!" I exclaimed with emotion, "what if we *never* see each other again! Twelve months is a long time; you are old and stricken in years, God may call you to himself, and then what shall I do?"

"Apply to the proper civil authority in this town where my papers will be found after my death; they will furnish you with more particular information."—With these words he presented me his hand with a manner and air, as mild and kind as at first had been harsh and unfriendly. It appeared as if he had some presentiment that we should never meet again, which alas! proved subsequently but too well founded.

"God be with you," said he, mildly; and, blessing me, "may he let the light of his countenance shine upon you, and be favourable to your wishes of deserving the love of the virtuous Liesli.—Amen, Amen!" Upon this he left me, proceeding by the road across the graves till I saw him—no more! He was now gone—Liesli was gone—I knew not even who she was, and I had one whole year yet to wait!

Now that she had left, my enquiries could not affect her reputation, and I hastened back to my inn with the most anxious curiosity. I intended first of all to question my landlady, a very talkative woman, about the hermit, and then I imagined the conversation would naturally turn upon Liesli.

The Anchorite, I found, stood very high in her estimation, and was greatly respected; his advice was sought by all the afflicted; he devoted himself to the service of every one, of whatever station, with unwearied zeal and activity; his course of life was pure and unstained, his reputation known to all around, both far and near.

I listened attentively to every word, and with shame I confessed to myself how easily I had yielded to suspicions unfavourable to the character of the hermit, and how much I had wronged him in harbouring a doubt as to his real worth

and honesty of principle. To me the hermitage had seemed too favourably situated and too well adapted for pursuing, under the mask of sanctity, a very different plan in private. "Strangers or such persons," continued my landlady, "with whom he felt dissatisfied, he treated in a distant and harsh manner, but such as he knew, and was satisfied with, whatever their condition, he addressed in a more confidential and friendly tone." This reminded me how laconic his manner had been, at the commencement of our conversation, and how brief were his replies; and I felt satisfied and pleased to think, that he had afterwards shewn me more confidence and kindness.

"Is the young person whom I have sometimes seen in his company a relation of his?" I inquired, describing Liesli's appearance so exactly, that any person who had seen her but once in their life, could not have failed to recognize her again in the faithful picture I drew of her.

"Aye, aye," continued the landlady, with a knowing smile, "there you would no doubt like to take the hermit's place! Don't you think she is a beautiful girl? Here, in Shwytz, we have many pretty girls, it is true, but not one so lovely. You doubtless mean Liesli, with the large black eyes, and such a sweet, amiable countenance?"

"Yes," I replied, overjoyed at being able to converse with some one on the sweet topic of my Liesli, "who, who is she, pray?"

"Why, nobody can tell. On the first of October, so far as I can remember, during the unhappy period of the war in 1799, when Suwarow and Mortier, with Soult and Massena, laid waste the whole country with their armies, a most furious and bloody skirmish took place in the valley of Mutta. About a mile from hence is situated, as you no doubt know, the bridge of Ibach. The Russians had advanced as far as this bridge, where, however, they were surprised by General Lecourbe, who having landed at Brunnen, fell upon their rear, and put them all to rout. It was shortly after the termina-

tion of this combat that they brought hither a young and beautiful woman, whose husband, an officer of high rank, had been left dead on the field of battle. This, it appears, had so much affected her, as to drive her, in the first agony of the moment, to attempt her life. Whether he had been in the French, Russian, or Austrian service, was never ascertained, for the mere mention of her husband, to whom no doubt she had been most tenderly attached, had the most alarming effect upon her feelings. Many well-disposed people here, pitying her situation, endeavoured to sooth her by every possible attention. She obtained her livelihood by giving instruction in the French and Italian languages, as well as in music, though this was barely sufficient to keep her from want. It was reported that she came from Solothurn, though her friends had dropped all further intercourse with her, which neglect she had probably brought upon herself by marrying an officer without their consent. About six months afterwards she gave birth to that same Liesli, who it appears you have already seen. Her mother devoted all her time to her education, and to instilling into her mind virtuous and pious principles; indeed her child was so beloved by every one in the place, that had she even been related to any one of our families she could not have been dearer to us. Now, since her mother is dead, she has been under the protection of the hermit, who has provided for her, and may God bless the orphan, and grant her, all her life, that happiness she so richly merits." Involuntarily I squeezed the hand of the landlady, with a feeling of gratitude, for the pious prayer she had just uttered for the sweet girl, and felt overjoyed at hearing so much good proceed from an impartial mouth respecting her, though I was still ignorant of what I so particularly wished to be informed.

When alone in my apartment, I tormented myself in forming every possible conjecture on her present abode and fate. The hermit, then, had provided for her merely from duty and friendship, and from motives purely disinterested. I certainly considered myself capable of doing any thing for such an

angel, but I never could believe that another would do the same, and felt jealous at the thought that Liesli had confided her happiness to his hands and not to mine. My blood rushed to my cheeks; I resolved to set out immediately for the hermitage and should I not succeed by gentle means, the mouth of a loaded pistol presented to his breast should prove a sufficient inducement for him to confess where he had placed my treasure. Simple fool that I was, how had I allowed myself to be duped and misled by his artful sophistry! How must he laugh at my simplicity and inexperience! Who knows what were his views or intentions with respect to the maiden. Age does not always withstand folly: so long as no one had stood in his way he had left the young girl to herself, but now that the unsuspecting creature had, perhaps, in her simplicity betrayed to him her partiality for me, he tears her from my arms, confines her in some subterraneous corner of his hermitage, and retains her there a prisoner until I may have turned my back upon the frontiers of the Canton, which, having once reached, I may then travel as far as I like, seek as long as I please, and torment myself as much as I choose—to him that will be quite immaterial. He will only laugh at me in his sleeve, while Liesli remains his, with all those many thousand charms, which would only have bloomed for me, had not the dissembling monk obtruded himself between us.

With the dawn of day I stood before the door of the hermitage. I knocked, pushed, and stamped, calling out a thousand times the name of Liesli—but in vain, no answer was returned, not a sound was heard. At length a herdsman's boy, attracted by the noise I made, descended from the mountain above, and informed me that the hermit was gone upon a long journey, and, as he had told all his acquaintances in the neighbourhood, would not return for some months.

Liesli was thus then lost to me! There were no means, no hopes of regaining her! Switzerland had now no longer any charms for me; I had climbed enough amongst her mountains and glaciers; I was as weary of sailing along her beau-

tiful lakes, as of tasting her wines and cheese. To her beggars I had given alms, and her innkeepers had enriched themselves at my expense; her maidens—but not one word of the women of Switzerland! Each time when the discourse fell upon them, and I was questioned as to my opinion of them, and how I liked them—my heart was cut in twain. Away, away, therefore, from that country in which the greatest earthly happiness had smiled upon me, only to disappear, with increased and merciless scorn!—Yet, I had no sooner passed the gigantic, heaven-piercing Alps, than I felt myself attracted thither again by some irresistible desire, for well did my heart in secret tell me that Liesli must still be among her native mountains, else whence could this nameless feeling proceed?

The thought alone of once more returning to Switzerland after the expiration of the year, sustained my sinking spirits. I already enjoyed in imagination the pleasure I should experience on my visit to the hermit, and should he attempt to escape me by the least evasion, when summoned to fulfil his promise, he certainly should never escape my hands alive.

In the mean time, after my return home to my friends, I had to endure the torment of all their sneers and jeers. “Well, to be sure,” said they, scornfully, behind my back; “now that he has seen the world a little, there is nothing here which is good enough for the gentleman. Whenever we, who contentedly remain at home, bless our stars to think that we have such a happy land to live and enjoy ourselves in, and which, surely, God has not in his goodness rendered quite a desert, there sits master Hermann, turning up his nose in contempt, as if our high hills in front of the windmill-gate were, in his opinion, not worth looking at. Well, dear heaven, they are certainly not glaciers; but pray do potatoes grow upon his favourite ice-tipped hill, as they do here round the windmill? Why the man will at last become a glacier himself, he is so cold and frosty in his manner!”

I let the good people talk on, and whenever anxious to

procure myself a real reviving feeling of joy, I frequently and secretly used to retire, bending my steps towards the top of the highest of their potatoe hills, and, turning myself towards the distant land where dwelt my Liesli, and addressing myself to the zephyrs playing around me, I besought them to convey to her my affectionate greetings, and most ardent wishes.

Three months were still wanting to complete the appointed time—the *year*, at the end of which I was to renew my enquiries at the hermitage; when, just at this period, an obstacle presented itself, so as to render it doubtful whether or not I should attain the object of my most anxious desires. The unwelcome hindrance which waylaid me so unexpectedly, was nothing more or less than a skin of parchment, covered and decorated with chancery scrawls and calligraphic figures, bearing my nomination from government to a situation at once honourable and lucrative. My friends congratulated, whilst they at the same time envied me, though I would most willingly have parted with place, and every honour and title it might bring with it, for a trifle, nay, even gratis; for now, no longer must I think of a journey to Switzerland! What would the prince, what would my superiors in office say to my requesting leave of absence for three months, just after my appointment? I did not, however, altogether renounce the hope of obtaining it; love surmounts every obstacle. I resolved to inform the minister candidly, that I intended to marry, and request permission to go and fetch my bride home from her native country.

But what if I did not succeed in finding Liesli? And, should I return home without a wife, would not the minister most naturally conclude I had received a refusal? Might not this be extremely injurious to me in my new appointment? Ought I to explain to a man of such high importance, buried amidst his diplomatic duties, the tale of my love to the Swiss maiden, and my adventures with her and the hermit? Yet, in spite of this reasoning, I had just determined on putting my plan into execution, when I received, quite unexpectedly, the

most decisive orders to proceed immediately with dispatches from my court to that of St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg and Switzerland, separated by a distance of four hundred leagues from each other! Were I to go to Russia, then must my Liesli be for ever lost to me; the hermit would then regard all the professions which I had made as the mere childish effusions of a romantic brain, and, accordingly, conclude from my absence that I had really forgotten her. Besides, in this interval, more than twenty offers might be made to her, and her heart be continually besieged by suitors; and could I blame her for giving her hand to another? If I went to Switzerland I must previously demand my dismissal, and thus renounce all the brilliant prospects which presented themselves to me, for I could not possibly furnish any pretext whatever sufficiently strong, to excuse my declining to execute the mission confided to my charge. This appointment, too, was so distinguished and honourable, and attended with such certain prospect of rapid and sure advancement, that it would have been acting completely contrary to every principle of honour and advantage, had I endeavoured to avoid undertaking the journey.

Still, in order not to sacrifice the happiness of my life, namely, the possession of Liesli's hand, to the service of ambition, I devised, in the anxiety of my feelings, a desperate remedy. Laugh not, ye happier mortals, who are blessed with the dear presence of your sweet fair ones, at the plan I was forced to pursue.

I wrote to my good landlady in Shwytz, and made her my confidant. I informed her of all that had passed between Liesli, the hermit, and myself, entreating her to deliver to the former the letter I enclosed, or, should she not be acquainted with her abode, to consign it to the care of the hermit.

In the enclosed letter I offered to Liesli, in a brief but affectionate manner, my hand and heart, as a sincere pledge of eternal love. I sealed the letter, and committing it to the

post-office, congratulated myself upon my dexterity in thus managing my affairs, and, in some measure tranquillized in mind, I set out for St. Petersburg.

I determined within myself not to bestow one look upon any female whatever; no, not in the whole of that immense empire, with all its various provinces in Asia and America, should a lover be found so true and faithful as myself. I inwardly vowed that my heart should return with me unaffected, and yet—I gave it there away!

On the celebration of the nuptials of the Grand Duke Nicholas Pawlowitsch with the Princess Alexandrina Feodorowna, I attended the whole of the ceremony, commencing with the marriage to the ball in the saloon of St. George. Before the end of the ball the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, repaired to the palace of the newly married couple; they were followed by the young and amiable pair, the Empress mother, and the whole court in grand gala.

It was indeed one of the most brilliant sights I had ever seen in the whole of my life. The illuminated streets swarmed with the crowding population; the throng of gazers, many of whom, from a true hearty feeling, might perhaps have drunk a glass too much to the health of the young couple, was truly impenetrable. At the moment when the court was passing, the cries, the exclamations, and the hurrahs of the pressing crowd had reached their greatest height. The command of the police officers to keep order and make room, only added to, and finally completed, the confusion and distress.

All were squeezing, screaming, and pressing against each other. For myself, I had received into my arms, through the pressure of the crowd, a stout, coarse, market-woman, who was immediately followed by the weight of a fat, heavy Finlander upon my poor toes, a Droschki driver thrust his elbows into my ribs, a long-legged Polish count lay upon my back, and to end all, a little Samojad-looking chambermaid supported her elbows upon my loins. Thus pressed and attacked

on all sides, I was carried on by the crowd, in spite of all opposition, when suddenly another rush of the multitude threw into my arms a young and beautiful lady—that lady was Liesli! I uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise, which, however, no sooner escaped me, than a second rush separated us again! Maddened and desperate, I threw off the market-woman, turned over the Finlander, kicked down the Droschki driver, and upsetting the whole group, with the little chambermaid to boot, most strenuously endeavoured to free myself from their fangs, and to dash forward and regain hold of Liesli; but in vain! They clung to me like bees, and instead of herself, I succeeded only in gaining—her shawl! I called out Liesli! Liesli! but my voice was completely lost amongst the multitude, the charming apparition had vanished from my sight! My way was in fact so completely obstructed by the crowds of Kalmucks, Wogulians, Barabintzians, Tunguselians and Tschetschewzelians, that nothing further could be heard or seen—and I thanked heaven that I had been so happy as to catch even the shawl.

A Kalmuck, standing near me, and who had seen how I had effected this seizure, how much trouble and exertion the attaining of this prize from amidst the crowd had cost me, secretly gave a knowing wink and grinned at me, as if to testify his approbation, and to applaud the address I had shewn. At this moment, also, pressing his way through the immense legions of the various semi-barbarous tribes and nations under Russian domination, appeared a supple Frenchman, who gave me to understand, pretty intelligibly, his inclination to purchase the *rag*, if I would part with it at a moderate price; as I, however, pretended not to hear or understand his debasing offer, the crafty knave mumbled between his teeth as he left me, about the police being very near at hand, and that they would soon know how to deal with those polite people who spared the ladies the trouble of carrying home their shawls. This hint, however, I did not allow escape me without profiting by it, for, indeed, what had I further

to do here? Liesli would not certainly return again. I determined upon pursuing her, but where should I find her amidst this throng of half a million of people—and in the middle of the night too? I had happily succeeded in escaping from the claws of the Frenchman and the police—but no where could my eyes in any direction meet the form of Liesli. Fatigued and half dead with exhaustion, I returned home, with my prize under my arm.

My landlord's family, who had also been to witness the grand spectacle, had just returned: I showed them the shawl, and related how I had obtained it. The wife and daughters held up their hands in wonder and admiration at the splendour of the pattern and fineness of the texture. In their estimation it was worth at least a thousand ducats, and they congratulated me upon my good fortune. But at this I was only the more melancholy and alarmed, particularly as they went on praising the real Turkish texture, its softness, and the tasteful arrangement of colours which it displayed, for now I felt convinced that the noble and graceful creature that had been thrown into my arms by the crowd, had not been my Liesli; for, how could that poor girl, who, but a short twelvemonth before, had held her hands before her eyes to avoid the sight of the precipice, which, when contemplating her helpless situation, seemed to yawn before her, how, I say, could she have come to be the owner of such a splendid article? How, indeed, could she have come here at all?

I could hardly close my eyes the whole of the night. At one moment I wished to persuade myself that it was indeed Liesli whom I had seen; then again, I would fain have wished it might be a mistake; for, were it herself, no doubt she was either become the wife of some very rich man, or else she had acquired the dreadful art of selling her angelic charms—but no! I exclaimed to myself—I will not entertain such a thought for a moment—it is not possible!—That young girl—that innocent creature, who but twelve months ago, so

devoutly and artlessly prayed at her mother's grave, can never have sunk so low.

The following morning I made it my first business to drive to the newspaper-office, for the purpose of inserting an advertisement, and making publicly known my having found the shawl, and informing the owner, where and in whose hands it was to be met with upon application. Thus, there was no doubt the riddle would be soon solved, for I had determined not to surrender the shawl into any other hands but those of the lady from whose neck I had snatched it, and, indeed, I found the mystery already explained, and myself most bitterly disappointed.

The publisher had scarcely cast his eyes upon my advertisement, when, with much pleasure depicted upon his countenance, he informed me, that the very moment before my arrival, a servant in the household of Count Barczikoff had brought him an advertisement for insertion, in which he had promised the finder of the shawl two hundred rubles as a reward, to which was added, a particular description of it. The shawl proved to be the same, and, therefore, not my Swiss girl, but a Countess Barczikoff was the owner of my honourably acquired property! The residence of the count was also most particularly described, near the Kasan Church in the Newski-Line; and, accordingly, without delay, but with a desponding heart, I proceeded thither.

From the grandeur of the building outside, and its magnificence internally, I immediately perceived, that the lady of the house might well possess a shawl of a thousand ducats value. I announced myself as the finder of the prize which I brought with me, and trembled with sad apprehension at the thought of beholding the image of my Swiss maiden. With the most intense anxiety I looked towards the door through which the owner of my precious booty was to enter, and which, opening at length, did indeed introduce to my impatient gaze the well-known form of—Liesli! She knew me immediately; the crimson blush of surprize and astonish-

ment spread itself over her beauteous countenance, and a stifled cry of joy was the welcome of her heart to me. I forgot St. Petersburg and Russia altogether; I felt myself transported again to Switzerland. I thought no more of the Countess Barczikoff; I had no other than my Liesli, my sweet adorable Liesli before me.—We put a thousand questions to each other in one breath, to which we neither of us waited for a reply, and it was not until the expiration of half an hour that we could succeed in calming ourselves sufficiently to communicate to each other the events of the past year.

The father of Liesli, the only son of Count Barczikoff, had served in the army which went to Switzerland, where he fell in a severe conflict, at the bridge of Ibach. The count had never sanctioned the marriage of his son with Liesli's mother, who was a poor Swiss girl from Solothurn, and accordingly, on that account, would never acknowledge her as his daughter-in-law. The hermit, however, who had, previously to her mother's death, received from herself the full particulars of Liesli's family affairs, announced to the count her death, and succeeded so far in touching his heart, that, enfeebled as he was by age and declining health, he no longer viewed the prejudices of birth with the same jealous eye as heretofore, and, at length, decided on sending for Liesli, acknowledging her as his grandchild, and the heiress to his large and extensive possessions. Thus he endeavoured to repay with kindness to the child, the severity he had shewn to the mother. The hermit, as was his manner, had never mentioned a single word of all this to Liesli. On the very morning that she had agreed to ascend Mount Rigi with me, he had come early, at two o'clock, and awoke her from sleep, desiring her to follow him. She had candidly confessed to him the appointment she had made with me that morning, but he strictly opposed her meeting me.

Here my little countess skipped over the affair of the pieces of gold, which, in conjunction with the story I had told the

hermit the evening before, served doubtless to irritate him, and I, myself, could find no possible ground for touching upon that well-meant piece of folly. He was, accordingly, angry and displeased, and had declared most positively that no meeting of the kind should or could take place; she must follow him; he was appointed by her mother as her tutor and guardian, and, therefore, thus empowered he must insist upon her unhesitating obedience. She, accordingly, accompanied him to the first stage, from whence they drove to Zurich, where, at the Sword Inn, he committed her to the care of a young lady, who was in readiness to travel with her to Russia, in the capacity of governess. It was then that he imparted to his ward the particulars of her situation and fate, and, greeting her as Countess Barczikoff, informed her, that her grandfather was awaiting her arrival with the utmost impatience.

The hermit had already, through means of a banker at Zurich, provided for clothes, equipage, attendance, and every thing necessary for her, according to the desire and command of the old count; and, at the expiration of one hour, the hermit accompanied the astonished girl to the carriage, where, she could hardly recover from the stupor into which this sudden change in her situation had thrown her.

“And from this moment,” I exclaimed, “were the ladder, and Mount Rigi, and your poor, disconsolate friend entirely forgotten!”

“No, no!” replied the lovely girl, with the same true Swiss candour which she had always displayed, “on the very morning of my departure I besought the hermit from the carriage to give to you—did he not deliver it?”

“What, the Alpine rose?”—I exclaimed, with a grateful feeling of rapture, “Ah! yes, *that* I still retain—never has it been out of my possession; it ever has been, and ever shall remain sacred near my heart. But did he perform *all* that he was requested to do?” I inquired, in a tone of eager impatience, devouring with my eyes the beautiful mouth from which I so anxiously awaited a reply.

She appeared embarrassed, and for some time hesitated to reply; but as I still continued to press her, with a downcast look she said, "I observed the venerable man was not altogether prepossessed in your favour, and I, therefore, entreated him not to feel displeased with you, and insisted upon his informing you, where I was, should he meet with you, and also upon his writing to inform me, whether he had spoken with you."

Scarcely was she able to give utterance to the last few words; a burning crimson overspread her whole countenance, which appeared to me as the aurora of all my hopes and happiness. I was, as it were, standing upon the pinnacle of my most ardent wishes.

"And has the hermit written?" I asked, as I pressed her hand to my palpitating heart.

She silently nodded with her sweet Madonna head, in the affirmative.

"And did he write *all*? Every thing?"

The countess replied to this at length, by raising her eyes towards me with an indescribable expression of sweetness, in which the softest confusion was mingled. I threw myself at the feet of the angel with a feeling of the highest delight.

"The year, the term fixed by the hermit, has at length expired," I said. "During this period you, and you alone, my adorable Liesli, have lived in my heart—it is now for you to decide; let me then know my fate."

She was, however, only able to reply by tears of tenderness; she entreated me to rise, and she then continued, seriously and solemnly:—

"My dearly beloved friend, you are the first and only being for whom my heart has pleaded; you swore love and fidelity to me when I was poor, and upon you I will rely; in you I will confide. It was in the little chapel of Shwytz, and whilst engaged in prayer, that I first beheld you: at the grave of my dear, unhappy mother, I first spoke with you. From that time the silent mountain became dearer to me—then it was

that I first began to comprehend and feel the power of the Creator of the mighty universe—then it was I began to appreciate the wonderful productions of his hand, and viewed the scene of nature around me with feelings hitherto unknown and unfelt. Every thing I beheld appeared to me in a new and different light ; and now I acknowledge the goodness of the wonderful providence which has brought us here together at the very extremity of Europe, as if to prove that pure and faithful love will meet with an asylum every where. Oh ! my dear and blessed mother, should your invisible spirit still deign to hover near me, oh ! bless I beseech you our union."

Overpowered and fainting, she sank upon my deeply agitated breast, whilst the big tears, rolling down her beautiful cheeks, bespoke the agitation of her heart, and denied all further utterance. I was on the point of enfolding the sweet form of my betrothed bride within my arms, with the most rapturous delight, when the side-door opened, and in stepped—her grandfather ! Well might the old count feel alarmed and astonished at finding his granddaughter in the arms of a stranger ! I trembled with fear, as if the angel of paradise, with his flaming sword, stood before me.

My beautiful betrothed, however, having now recovered her strength, immediately introduced me to him as the friend of whom she had already spoken, and of whom the hermit had so often written, and, but lately, communicated further particulars. She then modestly, and with blushes added, that I was the friend with whom she now this very moment had renewed her former vows of faith ; and, sinking on her knees, with filial piety and love, she fervently entreated her grandfather's paternal blessing.

The count, however, whose aged blood of seventy years, flowed somewhat slower than ours, said, with a smile, that there was certainly no need of such very great haste, seeing the case was not so desperately pressing ; and, giving me a most hearty welcome, he turned towards Liesli, and raising her up, affectionately patted her cheek, soothing her with the

assurance that we should have no reason to be dissatisfied with him after he had known me a little better, and found me as worthy as he wished and hoped.

I was now obliged to relate the whole history of the shawl, of the finding of which it appears the servant who announced my arrival had already informed him, but which, however, both Liesli and myself had entirely forgotten, lost as we both had been in the subject of ourselves. Liesli had not observed me, nor had she heard my cries in the crowd; and had I not ventured as I did, upon the rash and sudden act which left her shawl in my grasp, most probably I should have left St. Petersburgh without having seen her—thus, on such slender threads, hangs so often our happiness or misery!

Henceforward I was a daily visitor at the residence of the count. It is an old and well known fact, that a grandfather can rarely refuse any thing to his granddaughter, and, indeed, not in all the fifty-one governments of Russia could such a yielding, doating, and excellent grandfather be found as was the old count. Liesli was the idol of his heart; whatever she wished was granted, nay, had she even demanded the lives of the many thousand peasants and vassals contained on his vast estates, he could not have refused her his consent.

After eight weeks had thus flown past, the old count one morning entered the room with a smiling countenance. He had just received letters by an extraordinary courier from the hermit, who had communicated in them the most satisfactory and complete information respecting myself, my circumstances, situation, and character. It concerned the happiness of his beloved ward, and the hermit had accordingly laid aside his cowl, and in the garb of a private gentleman had set out on a visit to my native country, to collect in person every information respecting my family and connections.

It was easy to be perceived, from the agreeable expression of the old count's features, that the hermit's enquiries had turned out to my advantage. At first he began to joke, and pretended to hint, that from the contents of the letters he had

just received, my presence appeared very necessary and much desired in Germany. As, however, at this intelligence, the tears began to appear in the eyes of his endearing grandchild, he approached her, and putting his arm round her waist, exclaimed, in his peculiar tone of kindness and affection, "Nay, my dear child, you must not weep, but rather smile and be happy. Behold" he continued, pointing exultingly to the letter, "now, I not only believe, but I am convinced that this young man is worthy of you. There," he said, in an affectionate and faltering tone, taking the hand of Liesli, and conducting her to me—"there, take the child of my only beloved and lamented son, who fell for his country, and who now reposes in Liesli's mother's native land, far, far distant from us. You are both good and virtuous, live as happy together as I once did with my Anna Iwanowa; may God bless you, and may he ever watch and protect you."

Overwhelmed with joy and surprise, we embraced the good old man, and since the last eight days the incomparable Liesli has been my wife.

The ensuing spring we intend visiting the venerable hermit, and the grave of my Liesli's mother in the churchyard at Shwytz. From thence we shall proceed to my native country, and the rest—time will unfold.

* * * * *

The foregoing pages I have extracted from the letters of my happy friend, the Baron Hermann von ————. How blest is he who gives his hand and heart to a poor girl, so rich as to bring the beloved husband a marriage dower of innocence and virtue! From such the blessing of Heaven will never be withheld.

The good hermit in the meanwhile has departed this life—for a better!

THE
SWEDES IN PRAGUE;
OR,
THE SIGNAL-ROCKET.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTY
YEARS' WAR,
BY MADAME C. PICHLER.

THE

SWEDS IN PRAGUE;

OR,

THE SIGNAL-ROCKET.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH

CENTURY.

BY MADAME C. PICHLER.

THE
SWEDES IN PRAGUE;

OR,

THE SIGNAL ROCKET.

CHAPTER I.

THE war which followed the Reformation in Germany had reached its thirtieth year. From Bohemia, where it commenced, its ravages had extended over the whole empire, even to the frontier states,—turning flourishing provinces into deserts, and rendering once opulent citizens, beggars and fugitives.

Time, however, and the changes whereto all earthly things are subject, at length materially altered the original character of the struggle. By degrees passions cooled down, and views and feelings became more moderate. The embittered strife of opinion, which, five-and-twenty years earlier, would have spurned every conciliatory idea as inadmissible, nay as sinful, now began to listen to overtures of peace, which seemed, indeed, after such long and determined exertion, necessary for both parties.

A congress had been sitting at Osnabrück for several years, carefully and jealously occupied in weighing the respective rights and demands of the belligerents,—regarding which its members experienced much difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion; for the holy zeal for faith and liberty had long since degenerated into a common lust after conquest, each side wishing to obtain as much, and to yield as little, as

possible. During all these negotiations, the Swedish army still lay in the very heart of Germany ; and, utterly forgetful of the proud character of deliverers and defenders of the new creed and of German liberty,—in which light the heroic Gustavus first announced himself to the world,—made plunder and exaction their sole object, and contrived to render the Swedish name at once dreaded and detested.

A considerable Swedish force, commanded by General Wrangel, occupied Bavaria, rioting and devastating in their usual way ; and a part of this force, under the orders of Count Königsmark, had penetrated through the Upper Palatinate into Bohemia, and fixed its quarters in the district of Eger, carrying on there the work of fire and pillage.

The country was compelled to bear this new burden, for the Imperial army was either too distant or too weak to remove it ; and these exactions were not one whit the less galling, that those who imposed them pretended to come as *liberators*. The Emperor, Ferdinand II. was dead, and with him had expired that national animosity which had instigated the Bohemians to conspire against his imperial rights, and brought down on them the heavy weight of his arm. Ferdinand III. was a prince of a milder and kinder character ; and as the new generation inherited not the aversion of their fathers to German rule,—their principal desire being the repose of their wasted and worn-out country,—every man burned with hatred toward the intruding and overbearing foreigners, in whose humiliation and expulsion they longed for an opportunity to co-operate. The more thoughtful among them could not but perceive that the period of their national independence was gone by to return no more. The rapid and gloomy succession of events had involved the kingdom almost in one universal ruin, and had imprinted a sombre, hopeless character on the minds of its population. A few bold spirits, it is true, endeavoured to repress the desponding tendency, and to keep alive the memory of those days when the Bohemian name, in the war of the Hussites, was the

terror of their enemies, and when Charles, their king, with mild hand showered on them the blessings of peace, and dignified his countrymen in the eyes of all Europe.

These were, however, but few; the mass indulged in a settled gloom, alike the result of their individual misfortunes and those of their country. Among this number was a youth of the House of Wallenstein, a name alone sufficient to fill the mind with recollections of all the renown as well as all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

The father of Albert was brother to the great Duke of Friedland. The youth grew up under the eye of his parents, and subsequently, of his noble kinsman, and resided principally at Prague, in the palace which the Duke had erected, with royal magnificence, during the period of his absence from his public functions.

Even at the present day, this structure bears the stamp of the proud and gloomy mind of its founder. A hundred houses were bought and razed to the ground, in order to find room for the gardens and palace. The style of the building is splendid, but heavy: Walls of great height surround the entire space enclosed, obstructing the view from the neighbouring houses, and imparting an isolated and lonely appearance. The garden-saloon is truly splendid; decorated with paintings in fresco, supported in front upon pillars, and open toward the grounds, from which it is separated by a low iron balcony, whereto the visitor is conducted by a flight of steps. The extensive state-saloon of the palace is carried through two stories, and embellished on the ceiling with costly paintings in fresco, which are still to be seen; and, at that time, the walls were covered with gilding. Sixty pages, each of noble family, in the rich blue and red livery of the Duke,—numerous officers and chamberlains, who, as in the imperial service, bore the gold key, together with countless menials, filled the royally-decorated chambers; and whoever sought an audience of his Highness was led through a long suite of these splendid apartments, and through this imposing retinue.

Such was the pomp amidst which Albert lived in Prague : and within this brilliant scene was he educated. The looks of his uncle were soon directed, with delight, toward the hopeful stripling, in whom he would fain contemplate the future heir of his glory, as well as of his name. Heaven had not blessed the Duke with a son ; and his society, during his absence from the field, consisted of his only daughter, Isabella, and her mother. He had much pleasure in observing the two children when at their games ; and occasionally allowed such pages as were distinguished by superior manners or family dignity, to join them. Joanna, also, his steward's daughter, who had been selected as the Princess Isabella's little playmate, frequently made one of the party on these occasions.

No warlike fire, it is true, ever shone from the blue eyes of Albert, which rather bore, like the rest of his features, the soft impress of deep sensibility and gentle melancholy : and the Duke, calling to mind his own youthful days, his retired, nay, gloomy temper, that felt but little pleasure in the amusements of his comrades, and his wonderful escape in a fall from a window (which made him seem the care of Providence, and had a powerful influence in elevating his disposition), entertained, on all these accounts, a watchful anxiety for the proper education and personal safety of his nephew, and exercised great circumspection in his choice of a tutor for the boy.

From the numerous candidates for this office, Father Plachy, a member of the order of Jesuits, was selected ; a man not only distinguished for profound attainments in theology and astronomy, but unquestionably of original genius, and, therefore, every way adapted to awaken the dormant energies of Albert. The Father's strictly moral life, pious habits, and candid manners gained him also universal esteem.

Such was the man to whom the Duke entrusted his nephew, whilst he himself kept a watchful eye over the whole of the youth's studies, and the general tenor of his conduct. During his hours of application, the great man was often present, and

took infinite delight in watching his progress in every branch of knowledge. He even occasionally took part in the lad's sports, and endeavoured, by the direction he gave them, to rouse within his breast that heroic feeling which, he doubted not, slumbered there, under the veil of childish placidity and good humour.

But, determined as Albert's courage shewed itself to be on every occasion—and however delicate, and even fastidious, his sense of honour, still it did not appear as if his uncle's career, and the rapid movements of a military life where the elements in which he would delight. He displayed, it is true, great pleasure and zeal in manly exercises, in every branch whereof he received due instruction; but the silent charms of the Muses had yet mightier attraction for him; and what wound the strongest spell around his fancy was exactly that which was most carefully concealed from him.

Father Plachy's astronomical observations were, according to the spirit of the age, inseparably connected with astrology; on which account it was, perhaps, that the choice of his patron had fallen on him. The observatory of Battista Leni was his favourite resort at such seasons when he knew his pupil was under his uncle's eye, or otherwise safely engaged. Albert soon perceived that there were secrets in this occupation, which he had an eager inclination to dive into; and once finding means to enter the observatory unnoticed, his youthful mind received an indelible impression from the forms of the planets, (represented as so many kings and heroes,) the mysterious instruments, and the unintelligible figures. Afterward, he was incessantly begging his uncle and tutor to be allowed to enter this world of wonders and profundity. They cajoled him with promises for awhile: but both loved the youth too well to keep him long in suspense; and accordingly he was satisfied, so far as his immature apprehension admitted. The Duke, indeed, was delighted at this trait in Albert's character, as it seemed to indicate a new feature of resemblance between his nephew and himself. Thus the

boy grew constantly dearer to him ; whilst Albert, on his part, felt the truest attachment to the hero, who, amidst all his important affairs and glory, found leisure for the display of so much parental solicitude toward him.

It was about this period that the head of the house of Walenstein received, for the second time, the command of the imperial forces, now necessary to be re-formed. The manner in which he used, or mis-used the power thus consigned to him becomes a question that, in common with other circumstances connected with the then existing state of Germany, belongs to history.

Albert had remained at home with his tutor, enjoying the occasional happiness of hearing from his uncle ; when, in the midst of his felicity, the terrible blow—the sudden news of the Duke's murder—fell on them, threatening, in its consequences, to blast, for ever, the fair hopes of our hero, (for such we must confess him,) who, although certainly, at that period, too young to perceive all the consequences of this event, was yet old enough to feel, long and deeply, the loss of his uncle. His parents survived the Duke but a few years ; and his cousin Isabella had left Prague some time previously, having formed an alliance with Count Kaunitz.

Thus, at an age when the affections of the youthful heart expand most vigorously, did Albert find himself, as it were, alone in the world. His tutor was now his nearest and dearest friend ; to him he became attached with all the ardour of a warm and undivided affection, and sought, in his society and in the cultivation of the sciences, abstraction from the many indefinite desires and anxious wishes wherewith he found himself agitated. He cultivated, with particular zeal, the combined study of astronomy and astrology ; and when Father Plachy, some time after, was made Professor at Tycho Brahe's observatory, Albert was accustomed to pass many nights there in his society, dwelling constantly within a short distance of the Father's residence, which was in the Jesuit's College, in the old town. It is true, he had come into the

possession of several of his uncle's estates, and, also, of the palace already mentioned; in which, however, he was beset by too many painful recollections of the past—of the Duke—of his parents—and the happy scenes of his childhood. As he did not choose, therefore, to dwell in the palace, he gave it in charge, together with the gardens, to his uncle's venerable steward, Bertram, merely calling occasionally, to see how affairs went on.

At that mournful period, when the country was plunged in universal distress, he did all in his power to relieve the sufferings of his unhappy dependants; and thus, dividing his time between the care of his people and the study of the sciences, he would not permit his friends—not even Father Plachy himself—to persuade him to embrace any particular profession, or fill any fixed station in life; nor would he listen to any proposals of entering the married state. Professing to read, in the mystic book of the stars, the prolongation of his country's woe, he held it selfish, under such circumstances, to cater for individual happiness.

But the heart puts forth claims which cannot be wholly waved; and from his dream of serious placidity, the ruffling tempest was prepared to awaken Albert.

CHAPTER II.

IN the vicinity of Prague, where the river Moldavia winds, with eddying sweep, from east to west, and then continues its course northward, stands, by the river side, the castle of Troy; doubtless indebted for its name, to some corruption of a Bohemian word. The surrounding gardens rise immediately from the shore; the castle itself lying in the centre, approached by a double flight of steps. Before it flows a clear stream, divided into two branches, and opposite is seen the beautiful dome of Königsburg, in Prague.

Here resided the Baron von Zelstow, the last of a noble race, which, through the first wife of the Duke of Friedland, was allied to the house of Wallenstein. The Baron and his lady formed a plain, venerable couple ; and Albert, to whom every one was dear that had been connected with his uncle, delighted occasionally to visit these old and respected relations, and always experienced an affectionate welcome.

The Baroness, feeling the advancing weight of years, and wishing to have some one to assist her in her domestic concerns, bethought herself of a distant relation of her husband—the daughter of an officer who had fallen in battle long before, and left his wife and child in needy circumstances. The widow, after the death of her spouse, had retired to a small house in the Old Town, where, with her daughter, she hoped to lead a quiet, industrious life ; and an aged clergyman, belonging to the Utraquistic party, (long since suppressed,) who had lived during the time of the schisms in the church, and had in his youth taken no inconsiderable share therein, occupied apartments in the same house with Madame Berka and the young lady.

Bowed down by age, as well as by the storms of the times, the worthy ecclesiastic was now obliged to court seclusion. After the White-hill victory had brought the contending spirits to repose, and no further disputes arose respecting difference of opinion, when the figure of the holy virgin shone in meridian splendour on the steeple of the Thein-Church, where formerly the cup—the symbol of the Utraquists—had shone ; the faithful adherent to his youthful opinions derived some consolation from dwelling in the vicinity of the spot where, centuries before, John Huss had lived. The house of the latter (as well as the Bethlehem Church, wherein that ardent genius was accustomed to preach) afforded a melancholy pleasure to the old man, who had no longer strength sufficient to support long journeys.

But although his bodily strength was decaying, his mind still retained its wonted activity ; and the beautiful and in-

telligent child of his neighbour, Madame Berka, appeared a fit subject wherewith to occupy his leisure hours, by the superintendance of her education. He therefore cultivated the acquaintance of the widow, gained the child's good-will, and in due time made the mother an offer of giving little Helen instruction in the chief branches of education. The widow, as may be supposed, gladly consented; the arrangement was desirable on the score of economy, and calculated besides to divert the restless temper of the child, during many hours which she herself might thus devote to household affairs.

In this manner, then, did little Helen acquire considerable knowledge, although not exactly of that kind calculated to be useful to her in the humble station of life for which she seemed destined. Besides a thorough acquaintance with reading and writing, (an advantage enjoyed at that period by but few of her sex,) she likewise obtained a fair portion of geography and natural history; and, at length, as her active mind took delight in such information, in the history of her native country—communicated, however, in that spirit of prejudice natural to a man who had identified himself with a particular party, and that the losing one.

As the girl grew up to womanhood she displayed, indeed, uncommon charms, both of mind and person. Well did she imbibe those notions of independence, of free inquiry, and opposition to all constraint, which had been instilled into her; and the venerable Utraquist had the consolation of knowing when he died, that his principles and views had taken deep root in the breast of his pupil.

Thus, for instance, did the fair scholar nourish the opinions of Protestantism. With the few of similar disposition who had embraced them since the times of persecution, Helen kept herself quiet and retired: in their assemblies she fancied her soul's safety was secure, and she found their mode of worship congenial and inspiring. The circumstance was

naturally and necessarily kept secret from her mother, who was devoted to the ancient creed, as well as to him whom she considered her rightful prince. This, however, Helen accomplished without any difficulty. At once resolute and wary, she was able to manage so that her mother, who was in truth completely swayed by her, suspected nothing. Still it was with a feeling of dislike she contemplated the narrow limits within which she was confined: the gloom that hung over her home oppressed her; whilst out of doors, the dark thoroughfares and dingy houses presented neither variety nor relief. She longed for a more active life—a more brilliant sphere; and absolutely felt as if outraged, on returning from among the palaces of the great and noble at the other end of the city, to enter the narrow precincts of her own abode.

The arrival of the invitation from her relatives to live with them at Troy castle was, therefore, hailed by the young lady almost as joyfully as a messenger from heaven would have been. The mother, too, was gratified to see her beautiful child, who possessed so much knowledge and talent, removed to a sphere in which her rare qualities would secure admiration, and wherein she would be certain soon to obtain a rich and noble suitor. This brilliant vision of Madame Berka served to console her on separating from her daughter, who promised to visit her frequently, as the castle was situated at so short a distance from Prague.

By the Baron von Zelstow and his lady their juvenile kinswoman was received with affection, and treated with great respect. They did not, however, at first find in her the precise individual they sought, for she displayed neither much personal attachment toward them, nor the requisite subordination and domestic activity. Helen, in truth, was of a proud spirit, nor had she enjoyed, with her mother, the opportunities necessary to qualify her for conducting so extensive an establishment as that of the Baroness von Zelstow. Still, being conscious of the necessity of conforming herself to her

duties, (however little she might relish them,) she soon manifested considerable aptitude and address : and perceiving how important it was to her interests to preserve the good-will of her relatives, she earnestly set about securing it. Thus, in course of time, their new inmate became of great service in various respects ; above all, her society tended to enliven the advancing years of the old people, by bringing into their narrow and quiet circle new subjects of contemplation, and causing the accession of many youthful visitors, attracted by Helen's beauty and accomplishments.

Among the young men whose visits at the castle became now much more frequent, the most prominent was Albert von Wallenstein. He was accompanied by his friend and almost inseparable companion, the Baron von Wulden, of a rich and noble house, but distinguished neither by so brilliant a name nor so fine a figure as Wallenstein. Albert and Leopold, (such was the young Baron's christian name,) although intimate friends, were different in character ; yet even their rivalry, as admirers of Helen, did not diminish their good understanding. Leopold's heart had been inflamed at first sight of the fascinating girl ; but his passion exploded in harmless effervescence. On Albert she produced a less violent, but more profound impression. The majestic figure of Helen, her shape, her cheek—whereon were blended the lily and the rose—her luxuriant dark tresses, which played, according to the fashion of the period, in rich ringlets about the face and neck, and fell upon her snowy shoulders ; and her piercing black eyes, apparently demanding obeisance as they glanced around : such a combination of charms could not fail to have arrested the most ordinary beholder ; and Albert was not formed to be such. With him, emotion, if it was produced at all, operated powerfully. On a nearer acquaintance, too, he perceived such marks of high mindedness in the lovely girl, combined with so much dignity of manner, that she gradually assumed, in his estimation, the character of a

goddess—whom he might, indeed, honour, but whose love he could scarcely hope to obtain.

The youth, on his first introduction, had particularly attracted Helen's notice : and, in truth, the nephew of the great Duke of Friedland—the lord of so many estates—the descendant of a house which, from the earliest periods, had connected itself with the annals of the country, was well qualified to fix the attention of any young lady, however fastidious. But let us not do injustice to the fair object of admiration—which we should, were we to insinuate that it was merely these accidental circumstances which gave Albert all his value in her eyes. The rare accomplishments of his mind, his noble sentiments, the delicacy and elegance of his manners, and—why should we hesitate to admit it—the grace of his person, united to form the chain whereby her fancy was bound. Added to these pretensions, too, his enthusiastic attachment to his uncle (whom Helen inwardly worshipped as a martyr for the good cause), induced her to regard his opinions as quite congenial to her own. With this conviction, therefore, she put no restraint on the expression of her favourable feelings ; and Wallenstein was regarded, both by her relations and his rivals, as the chosen object of her affections. Albert himself was alone incredulous on this point, not daring to nourish the fond hopes which were excited within him by Helen's flattering reception of his attentions. Leopold, however, offered him sincere congratulation ; beholding, with unaltered serenity of mind, and without a spark of ill-will, his friend in the way of attaining an object for which he himself had striven, and which, as it now appeared to recede from his grasp, seemed more lovely than ever.

Madame von Zelstow, like the generality of her sex, was delighted with the abstract idea of a *liaison*, and gratified by so unexceptionable a match as seemed prepared for her niece. She had always esteemed Wallenstein, and was charmed with his visits to Troy. She now received him with increased cor-

diality; whilst the old Baron was also happy to see the young folks around him, who, for his niece's sake, accompanied him to the chase, and enlivened his table. He secretly preferred, however, the liveliness of Wulden to the more serious manners of Wallenstein; and frequently hinted to his wife, when the intimacy between the young folks became a topic of conversation, that Wallenstein would not at all suit Helen, who was too high-spirited, and aimed at too great things, to study the happiness of a man of quiet habits, whose chief object in marriage would be to find his wife devoted to him and attached to domestic comfort. "Helen's ambition," continued the Baron, "soars far beyond this. Home—her husband—the round of household duties—these would, in her estimation, be of little importance, in comparison with the world, pomp, display, and power. And, on these accounts, young Wulden would be a much more suitable companion for the girl; as, being of a cheerful and happy disposition himself, he would not object to her sharing fully in the tempting fascinations of courtly life, while he would give himself very little trouble about her airs or contrary humours at home."

In this judgment, the old Baron was not wrong. The tempers of Albert and Helen were, in reality, too strongly contrasted to admit the growth of any unanimity of feeling. The arrogant and haughty tone of the latter found no corresponding echo in the bosom of Wallenstein; nor was the sombre, but elevated complexion of his mind at all consonant with hers. Her veneration for the memory of his uncle—almost the only sentiment they had in common—was founded on reasons widely distinct from Albert's; and thus, even upon that ground, they did not long meet harmoniously. In fact, Helen's hastily-formed passion gradually died away. Yet the purity of Albert's mind, and the dignity of his sentiments, could not cease to inspire her with respect, nor his amiable manners to ensure her cordial esteem.

On the part of Albert, this inequality of mind was pro-

ductive of indescribable pain: for, although he might not approve of all Helen's conduct, he still discerned, in her very errors, strength and loftiness of intellect. This state of things continued for some months, until an evident change was wrought in the young lady by a singular occurrence.

She had accustomed herself, as already mentioned, to attend the secret meetings of her fellow-believers; and, even while at Troy castle, had frequently, under pretence of visiting her mother, enjoyed this facility. She was thus present, on a religious festival, when a numerous congregation assembled to celebrate the day, and to partake of the holy communion. Whilst thus engaged, Helen observed, on raising her head, a man whose noble air rivetted her attention, and whom she did not recollect to have seen before at the assembly, with every member of which she was personally acquainted. His figure was tall and athletic, and distinguished by a military dignity of carriage; whilst his strongly-marked features bore an expression frequently shifting between vivacity and melancholy, which gave to them, in Helen's eyes, an additional interest. During the service he remained seated, silently plunged in thought, and enveloped in the folds of his dark cloak. The preacher's discourse seemed to affect him; and when the unjust judgment of Pilate and the blindness of the Jewish people were touched on, a scornful smile seemed to play about his lips (which were deeply shaded by thick mustachios), and his glowing eyes flashed lightning.

Helen's curiosity was highly excited by all this: her attention was drawn aside from her devotions, and her regard fixed almost involuntarily on the stranger. As the sermon drew toward a close, he lifted his eyes, which falling on Helen, his features became lit up with an expression of astonishment, so vivid as to make her blush, at the same time that it gratified her. Henceforward, whenever she raised her eye, it met the stranger's half-smiling, half-passionate gaze: the girl felt embarrassed—her vanity was flattered. The discourse at an end, the congregation approached the table where the cup

was placed—the dear symbol of their ecclesiastical liberty. All knelt down. The unknown, drawing nearer to Helen, was recognized by her as she looked round, and, at the same moment, his dark eyes shot forth such a burning glance as little suited either the time or place. Helen was now confounded, and started back: her feelings were aroused by the stranger's boldness, although there was still something in his features and carriage which found a direct passage to her breast.

The service was now concluded, and she left the house of prayer to proceed to her mother's. When she arrived at the square in the Old Town, she fancied she beheld the figure of the stranger reflected on the walls, silently pursuing her steps. Her heart beat anxiously at the thought, yet she dared not look around her, although she imagined that she heard his firm and manly step on the stones, together with the rattling of the heavy sword belted round his waist. She involuntarily quickened her pace, hastened across the square, and passed the crowd to her mother's house. As she glided through the dark passage leading to the door, she ventured to cast a glance behind her, when suddenly the tall commanding shape that had haunted her fancy stood bodily before the house, as if engaged in deep conversation with some companion, and most probably, the subject was none other than herself. She was so absent and confused on her entrance, that her mother perceived it; but Helen was at no loss for an excuse, and easily quieted Madame Berka's apprehensions.

All her thoughts were now bent on learning something about the stranger. This, however, was difficult of accomplishment; for neither in Prague, nor at the castle, could she venture to allude to the place or occasion of her meeting with him; and she was, consequently, forced to wait till accident or successful stratagem should procure the wished-for information.

At Easter, Helen again found an opportunity of visiting her mother and the meeting-house, at which latter she in-

dulged an expectation of again seeing the object of her anxiety; nor was she disappointed. His appearance alone spoke more than she could have hoped to learn by any inquiry. He wore a rich and splendid uniform, similar to that of the Austrian service. The sash of his large basket-hilted sword, the waving feathers of his hat, and his embroidered cloak and vest, all proclaimed his rank to be that of a staff-officer; with which supposition his age, apparently between thirty and forty, coincided. Helen observed that his right arm reposed uselessly within the folds of a sash; and, on that account, his sword hung, quite contrary to custom, at his right side, seeming to show that, even in a wounded state, he still knew how to draw and wield it with his left arm. All this, while it confirmed Helen's pre-conceived opinion of his courage, produced within her, at the same time, a tender feeling of interest respecting his misfortunes; and, while thus occupied, nay absorbed, she caught the soldier's gaze, whose face was straightway lit up with a beam of joy, his stern features relaxing into a happy smile; and from that moment Helen felt as if they were no longer unknown to each other.

Her half-formed anticipations were realized. After service, the officer followed her as before, although not with equal reserve. When they arrived at the square, and the church-going crowd had dispersed, he advanced and greeted her, gracefully and respectfully, in the following terms: "I have now twice had the pleasure of meeting you at our assembly, and therefore do not account myself a perfect stranger, and you will accordingly, excuse my greeting you, Lady von Berka, as my fellow-worshipper."

"You know my name, then," exclaimed Helen, with surprise.

"Who knows not the Lady von Berka, the ornament of Prague; as well by her mental as personal accomplishments?"

"And pray," rejoined Helen, blushing, and embarrassed at the stranger's answer, "with whom have I the honour——"

"My name is Colonel von Odowalsky," replied he, interrupting her.

"You have served in the Imperial army?"

"Formerly I did," he answered, in an ironical tone; "but they find I am no longer fit for service, as I can only hew my way with my left arm (since my right was smashed by a cannon-ball), which would be contrary to all military rule."

"You have been severely wounded, I perceive," said Helen, in a soft tone, "and have, no doubt, suffered much! At what action did you get your hurt?"

Colonel Odowalsky told her the scene of battle, and described it to her, while Helen listened with the deepest interest, and shewed, by her remarks, that she was completely versed in the history of her native country, as well as acquainted with recent events. Her companion heard her observations with astonishment, and the lovely creature, whose personal beauty had so dazzled him before, now enchanted him by the graces of her mind. During such animated discourse they arrived at Madame Berka's house, where Helen stopt, and was taking leave, when Odowalsky exclaimed, "Now, then, I must part from you—perhaps never to see you more!"

"We shall probably meet again at church," whispered Helen, in much agitation.

"But *when*? And even in that case, how limited must be our means of communication!"

"I am not dependent on myself," replied Helen, after a moment's pause; "my time and intercourse with society are not at my own disposal. I am a poor orphan, and must purchase the favour of my relations by obedience."

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Odowalsky, fervently, "this is a situation unworthy of you, lady. My heart cannot be consoled by such uncertain hope. I *must* see you again, and *soon*!" He bowed and retired.

Helen now slipped into the house, and her mother, advancing to meet her, inquired who it was with whom she had

been speaking; and accompanied her question by the remark that Helen had certainly an escort home.

“An officer met me,” answered the young beauty, “as I came from church. He knows us, and knew also my dear father. He calls himself Colonel Oden—— Otto—— or some such name, which I can’t now recollect. In short,” added she, somewhat hastily, “he was a fellow-soldier of my father’s.”

“But how came he to address you so unceremoniously? Sure, this was not very becoming!”

“He recognized my features, and persisted in guessing that I must be the daughter of Captain von Berka, from my resemblance, as he said, to my beautiful mother.”

The flattering tone in which Helen pronounced this made her mother forget the lecture she was about to deliver, whilst she tasked her memory to recollect the name of her husband’s comrade, who had recognized the beautiful daughter from remembering the features of the beautiful mother.

Helen returned to the castle. The image of Odowalsky, his conversation, his misfortune, his mode of thinking, were the continual subjects of her thoughts. She pictured him as possessing every excellence; and in the same proportion as the idea of him filled her breast, did Wallenstein, Wulden, and the long train of her other admirers (among whom had been for some time numbered the Baron von Predetten, an officer in the Colloredian regiment), sink into the shade.

This change in Helen’s sentiments became gradually apparent. She was now thoughtful, absent, fanciful. Albert bitterly felt the revolution, and feared that some misfortune had befallen her which her proud spirit could not bear to impart to her relations. With a kind feeling of sympathy, therefore, he sought to gain her confidence. She felt this noble conduct; but it only served to heighten the tempest within her, and to make his presence painful, since it increased the consciousness of her injustice to his merits. In his com-

pany she never ventured to give free scope to that disdainful air, in consequence of which her other suitors, one by one, left off visiting at the castle, whilst Predetten, with a temper wilful as her own, meditated avenging, by her humiliation, the cavalier rejection of his advances.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE, the Swedes had spread themselves all round the neighbourhood of Eger, taking possession of Falkenau and other places, whilst the daily arrival of discouraging news at Prague induced its agitated inhabitants to sigh more wistfully for the final conclusion of peace.

Wallenstein himself had also received the most melancholy accounts from several of his estates, and was on the point of proceeding across the bridge leading to the palace-gardens, in quest of his friend and tutor, Plachy, who was passing a few nights at the observatory, as the heavenly bodies were just about to exhibit important aspects. He had already done all in his power for his poor dependents, for whose benefit he had made great sacrifices. Now he was at a loss what to do; and this circumstance, together with the unhappy state of public affairs, and the melancholy produced by his misplaced affection, plunged his mind into deep gloom.

Thus wrapt in thought, he was passing the bridge, when suddenly a well-known voice arrested his attention; he looked up, and recognised his friends Wulden and Predetten.

"Well met," exclaimed the former; "where are you going, Wallenstein."

"To the palace-gardens," replied Albert.

"Let us proceed, then:—we were just looking for you."

"Looking for me! And what do you want, now you have found me?" asked Wallenstein, playfully.

"We have some intelligence to communicate," said Pre-

detten, assuming a tone of gravity, "which will, no doubt, surprise you."

"Indeed! What is it?" inquired Wallenstein, his attention awakened.

Predetten was about to reply, when he was interrupted by Wulden, who said that this was not the place for discoursing on such a subject, as they ran a risk of being overheard.

"Is then your news so secret?" rejoined Albert.

"At this moment it is so, although all Prague will soon resound with it," replied Predetten, his features relaxing into a smile.

"But does it concern me?"

"Ay! it concerns you, myself, and our friend here; nay, all who have so vainly attempted their fortune with *Helen of Troy*," answered the other, laughing aloud at his own jocularly.

The mention of that name produced on the countenance of Wallenstein a sudden expression of gloom. "I was not aware, Baron von Predetten," said he, "that I had ever made you a confidant of any such *attempts*."

"Certainly you did not purpose doing so," returned the Baron; "but you must not expect that people will consent voluntarily to blind themselves when in your society and that of the fair idol of adoration."

"If your communication, as it appears, have reference to this subject, it may be as well forborne," answered our hero, rather warmly.

"Oh, as you please!" exclaimed the other, offended in his turn; "I can reserve my intelligence; but, sir," added he, proudly, "I cannot brook your lofty air nor insulting tone!" He laid his hand on his sword as he spake, with an indication that could not be misconstrued.

"I accept your offer," cried Albert, whose blood was chafed, and who prepared to draw; but Wulden, stepping between them, entreated both to be calm. "Wallenstein," he said, "repress your irritation: be assured what you will hear will

tend considerably to cool it ; and as to you, Predetten, consider that the lady has not,—at least, as yet,—given us any reason to withhold from her name proper respect.”

“ Proper respect !” exclaimed the Baron, scornfully ; “ Oh ! oh ! respect for a female who plays the prude before her friends, but in their absence allows a Swedish officer to enter her chamber at night !”

“ Who dares to say so ?” cried Albert, again making a motion to draw : “ Baron von Predetten, I demand satisfaction in the name of my relations.”

“ Immediately !” was the reply. “ Let us proceed to the Malchese Square, which is silent and retired.”

“ Come, come !” cried Wulden ; “ are you mad—to be quarrelling here in the street, in the middle of the city !—and that, too, for the sake of a girl, whose conduct—be not offended with *me*, Albert—is, to say the least of it, somewhat ambiguous.”

Wallenstein bit his lip, and was silent, though his blood still ran riotously. “ Well,” he said, after a short pause, “ do *you* speak, then ; but let us step aside into the adjoining street.”

They did so ; and Albert was informed that Helen had now kept up an intimacy with a Swedish officer for some time ; that the latter usually crossed the Moldavia, in a fishing-boat, at night ; that Helen waited for him at the garden-gate ; and they then disappeared together.

“ And how came you to know this ?” asked Wallenstein, with some asperity : “ Has she made either of you her confidant ?”

“ Scarcely,” exclaimed Predetten, laughing ; “ but listen to my story. A fisherman on the banks of the Moldavia, below Buchenetsch, was, some weeks ago, accosted by a man wrapped in a huge cloak, who made a sign that he wished to cross the river, at the same time holding forth a doubloon. The fisherman was rather surprised, but ferried the applicant

over, and received the money. Since that time, the same person appears once or twice every week, makes the same signal, presents the same fare, and returns toward morning—when the fisherman is in waiting, and, on a signal which the unknown makes with a whistle, appears, to ferry him back. So much for the first part of my story; now for the second. It is not unknown to the people in the castle that the young lady very often steals out of an evening to take long walks in the garden, or *elrewhere*, and does not return till morning."

"But the stream has two branches," exclaimed Albert, abruptly; "their meetings would seem, therefore, to be on the island, which renders your story highly improbable."

"Do not be too hasty;" replied Predetten: "close to the smaller branch of the river lives another fisherman, and I know that he also has occasionally been employed (sometimes at night) to convey a person from Troy, and, at other times, to carry some one to the island. So much for part the third of my story; and mark it well."

"These are, after all, bare assertions: the story wants that connection of parts which can alone render it worthy of credence."

"True," observed Wulden; "still enough remains to render these night expeditions extremely strange and equivocal."

"But where are your *proofs*? The information proceeds from the mouths of ignorant domestics, who are always ready to circulate evil of their superiors."

"You may continue to doubt," replied Predetten, again waxing wroth, "as long as you please; as for myself, the lady shall no longer make a fool of me; and I am determined to make this story public." So saying he departed, with an indignant air, and left the two friends to themselves.

Albert remained silent for some time, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Well, what do you think of all this?" at length inquired Wulden.

"Think!" cried his companion, "Why that I must have much clearer and more certain evidence before I can entertain any suspicion to the prejudice of Helen."

"I fear you will be obliged to yield faith to the charge of her intercourse with an officer of the hostile party."

"But how (granting, for a moment, that there is such an intercourse) do you know that the person whom she sees is a Swede? These are mere assumptions, to which gossip and slander would fain impart the dignity of truth."

"What will you say if I tell you, that I am acquainted with the man by whose means she sometimes sends letters to the camp of Königsmark?"

"To that I can say nothing. Yet all this may be true, and Helen still innocent. There are circumstances which must be taken into consideration."

"Granted: but there are too many well connected proofs of the conduct imputed to her. Her changed behaviour, her dejection of mind, and absent manner for some time past; together with Predetten's intelligence and my own observations. None of these singly convict the lady; but, taken together, they mutually explain each other, and afford a very strong presumption."

Wallenstein made no reply; and they slowly proceeded on their way. On their arrival at the palace-gate, "You are going up to the observatory?" said Wulden.

"I seek Father Plachy, to whom I have the painful office of communicating unpleasant news. The Swedes are committing great havoc on my estates."

"Are you, indeed, my poor friend, doomed to suffer more, in addition to what has been already imposed on you by your exertions for your tenantry?"

"I have not been able to do much for them!" sighed Albert.

"There are but few landlords who would have acted so humanely as you," replied his friend. "Have you not already sacrificed one half the sum allowed you for your

annual expenses, by the trustees, in order to support your vassals?"

"Their condition is truly miserable, whilst *my* wants are but few."

"Your way of thinking and acting, Wallenstein, is exemplary; and, we are taught to believe, will not be without its reward. The grateful prayers of your dependants will arise on your behalf like incense." Albert silently shook his head. "What!" continued Wulden, "are you incredulous of this? Do you doubt the efficacy of such prayers?"

"By no means; to do so were impious. But the blessing of Heaven does not always show itself in bestowing earthly happiness. I have no hope for such."

"Fie, fie! what, more prophecies! Have you been again consulting the stars? Really, Albert, I am surprised so wise a head as yours can listen to such foolery."

"Wiser heads than either yours or mine, Wulden, have entertained what you so denominate."

"Yes, for example, Albert, those of your uncle and Father Plachy. Nevertheless, I still esteem predictions to be but idle dreams. How is it possible," pursued he, laughing, "that the stars, which are so distant, can exert any influence over us?"

During this colloquy, the two friends had ascended the hill on which the palace was built, and turned, when at its summit, to view the far-extended prospect of the city beneath. The conversation had involuntarily ceased, and both were absorbed in scrutiny of the picture which presented itself to their gaze.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM whatever point it is viewed, Prague—the ancient seat of royalty—affords an imposing picture of strong-built houses

and lofty towers, with the royal palace in the midst, far above which rises into the air the dome and steeple of St. Veit. The city is built upon several hills, and between them flows the Moldavia, on whose right bank appears the Wisserhad, where stood formerly the Burg or Castle of the first Dukes or Kings of Bohemia, demolished to its very foundation, during the war of the Hussites, by those wild hordes, out of hatred to the king; so that very few remains of it are now to be seen. Here, however, are still visible some portions of the steps by which the beautiful and wise Libussa once descended, on her way to her bathing-room; and here, also, may be enjoyed a most lovely prospect of the city and river.

Those portions of the city, respectively denominated the Old and New Towns, spread along the shore to a great extent. Innumerable palaces, churches, domes, and towers elevate themselves above the mass of houses; and, being mostly built in the Gothic style of architecture, really have an effect upon the stranger altogether striking and uncommon. On the left bank of the river are various eminences, or connected heights, which bear upon their summits many splendid mansions of the nobility, an abbey, and the church of St. Lawrence. The houses here descend in a line from the heights to the stream. A noble freestone bridge, decorated with various statues of saints, and extending across the river, unites the Small-Side (Kleinseite) with the Old Town; and is defended, at each end, by a strong tower, under whose arches the road is conducted. Each of these towers is decorated with fine carved work, in stone, of the city arms; and, at the period of which these pages speak, they were kept in a state of complete defence, so as either to keep the enemy at a distance or to increase the difficulties of his passage across the river.

Such, indeed, in its main outline is the aspect which Prague bears at the present day; but, at the period of our story, when the two noble youths were gazing at the castle-entrance on the scene around, there were several parts of the city which

looked very different from what they now do, and some of them bore traces of the violent scenes which had occurred at Prague during the late times of civil commotion. Nevertheless, the picture presented in the soft light of departing day, was so enchanting that our cavaliers, secretly feeling themselves rivetted to the spot, stood with folded arms watching the gradual blending and massing of the objects before them in proportion as the twilight deepened. At length, the buildings immediately adjacent were all that could be plainly discerned. Shadows had enveloped the trees and gardens of St. Lawrence, while the small church on its top and the towers of the Abbey of Strahow withdrew likewise from observation, notwithstanding the extreme western sky still glowed with radiant crimson. At this moment, the moon starting from beneath the dim clouds of the eastern horizon, and clearing the buildings of the New Town, completed the magic of the scene.

Wallenstein was absolutely wrapt in ecstasy. Recollections of the past rushed upon his soul; and the aspect of the stars, now sparkling one by one from out the deep blue sky, led him back at length to the subject which had been interrupted. "You ask," he said, "what influence the stars, which are at such a distance from us, can exert over our fate? Can you assign the origin and first cause of those many changes,—some of a depressing and others of an elevating character,—which have so often been witnessed in this beautiful city? There is no effect without a cause, and no cause but is followed by corresponding results; and who is able to prove that these results are not occasioned by the influence of the heavenly bodies, which, according to eternal and immutable laws, speed their courses above us? A vast and incomprehensible bond of union unites them altogether, a bond in which our solar system and this earth are undoubtedly comprised. By their position relatively to each other, the entire circle is regulated. An unknown system of action and re-action, and of influences inaccessible alike to our mental

powers and to our astronomical instruments, pervades the universe. All forms one grand whole, from which no one part, be it ever so small, can or dare disconnect itself. As a stone thrown by a boy into the Moldavia extends its influence over the agitated water, in circles that spread to both shores, so one effect, one impulse, reigns throughout all nature. What happens at the distance of millions of solar miles from us acts upon us; and our globe cannot suffer any change which is not felt by every other part of the universe at the same time"—

"Hold! hold! you make me giddy!" exclaimed Wulden. Wallenstein smiled and paused, while the other proceeded; "What you have said relating to a system of universal connexion, I have not perfectly understood; yet, in truth, it does seem that such a thing is not altogether improbable. Your *prophecies*, however, are not included in this system, which shews nothing more than that whatever is, is,—not that it may be known *previous* to the event."

"And can you not imagine that those who have submitted to the toil of learning the language of the stars (by whose brilliant characters the Almighty has displayed in the heavens above, the signs both of the future and the past) may arrive at the knowledge of still more? Do you not perceive that the aspect of these luminaries at the birth of a man, or at the moment of some great event, may act with decisive influence thereon? Look upward, particularly at those bodies nearest and most immediately connected with us—the planets:—are they not, according to their nature, hot and dry, cold and damp; some of fatal, and others of beneficent influence? And thus, do they not affect the earth, and all that passes on it? Their ascension and declination; their elevation above the horizon; their places in the celestial houses of the zodiac; the relative proportions of their powers; the absence of certain stars which are situated in the other hemisphere; all these matters, although perfectly inconceivable by the unlearned, possess influence acknowledged and ascertained after

the observation of centuries ; and through their labyrinths we are guided by specific rules and examples."

"Were this really true," replied Wulden, "you astrologers would be the wisest and happiest mortals on the face of the earth. You would then know every thing before-hand, as well good as evil ; against the latter you could provide, whilst the former would be doubly enjoyed."

"Not so," said Wallenstein ; "the stars merely indicate, they do not warn. What is to happen, happens ; and wo to the rash man who mistakes their decrees, or thinks to prevent or evade them !"

"To what purpose, then, are your observations, and your knowledge, if they cannot prevent the evil which hangs over you ?" asked Wulden ; "I would rather remain in my original ignorance."

"That is just according to the different tempers and wishes of individuals. It is this very *inquiry*, or secret search, which so irresistibly attracts myself and many others ; and although the stars may as yet have announced but little which I can consider favourable to me, still, the very *contemplation* of those brilliant orbs, which dart their rays into my soul, as well as of the wisdom of the Creator, who has strewed them in boundless space—appointing to each its particular unchangeable course, and endowing each with such wonderful powers—fills my inmost mind with awe and delight. My heart yearns after the unclouded regions where these lights shall shine near me in glorious splendour, and I may rightly learn their language and meaning ; where I shall be divested of all that is earthly, with its bounded powers and many sorrows : I long for the time when the birth-day of eternity (as Seneca terms the day of our death) shall introduce me to a state of existence so much fairer and happier !" During this speech Wallenstein's features beamed with life and animation ; and in the soft light of his eye, as it elevated itself toward the heavens, there shone reflected the lustre of the stars themselves, which now gradually became more radiant as night advanced.

"Oh, do not talk so calmly of the hour when I shall lose you," exclaimed Wulden, with sudden emotion; "I cannot bear the thought!"

Albert grasped his friend's hand energetically, "Believe me, Leopold," said he, "I am not insensible to your attachment, which illumines the gloomy path of my existence, and is my dearest possession upon earth. To be indebted to *love*, for happiness, is not my destiny."

"Now, have you really read *that* in the stars, or are you indebted for such a piece of information to Predetten?"

"His statement only jumps with an old suspicion of mine, although I am aware little reliance ought to be placed on his gossiping stories. Helen was not born for *me*: she is aiming at quite a different sort of person. I have," he added, after some little hesitation, "compared our horoscopes, and the stars indicate that we shall never be united."

"Yet your suit was apparently successful, and she has evidently interested you deeply."

"Doubtless;—should what is fair and noble cease to possess these excellences in our estimation, as soon as we apprehend it to be unattainable by us?"

"Well, you have a very peculiar philosophy, it must be admitted, my dear Wallenstein; I respect, but cannot adopt it; and now, good night: we are in the palace-gardens; you are going to consult the stars, and I will endeavour to see if I can collect here on earth some intelligence—about the Swedes."

Thus saying, Wulden retraced his course toward the town, while Wallenstein proceeded through the dark shades of the garden in the direction of the observatory, which had been built by the Emperor Rudolph, for Tycho Brahe, and which, situated on the heights above the city, commanded a view of the latter, as well as of the whole country around.

Albert's heart felt oppressed:—he had not confided to his friend all that lay heavily thereupon. It is true, he entertained for Leopold feelings of sincere affection; but the joy-

ous, unclouded temper of the latter was little suited to sympathize with his own vague and moody emotions. He, therefore, abandoned himself in solitude to the grief that had seized upon him.

He had long ago perceived that Helen entertained in the depth of her heart no feelings of love for him ; and her behaviour of late, connected with what (however unwillingly, as he found himself compelled to admit) he had now heard, placed almost beyond a doubt her being engaged in some tender affair of a clandestine—perhaps dangerous—nature, with another. The stars, also, spoke the same language, predicting to him nothing but pains and struggles in love.

Indulging these melancholy reflections, he proceeded toward the observatory, from the windows whereof the light of the study-lamp was already visible amid the gloom of night. Father Plachy advanced to meet him. "I have awaited your arrival with anxious impatience," he said ; "the present night, my son, will prove a remarkable one. The stars exhibit wonderful conjunctions ; but, before we commence our observations, I would wish to communicate something of importance to you."

Meantime, Wallenstein had disencumbered himself of his hat, mantle, and sword, and followed his tutor to the table, where stood the lamp, whose dim light faintly illuminated the long and gloomy apartment, and scarcely displayed the globes, celestial and terrestrial, maps, instruments, &c. which were lying in a corner of the room. In the centre, opposite the entrance, were some stairs leading to the observatory, which rose to a considerable height in the purer air, affording a very extensive prospect all round the city, and containing telescopes, quadrants, &c. &c.

By the light of the lamp, Father Plachy looked narrowly at his pupil, and remarked an expression of deep sorrow upon his more than usually pale countenance. "You seem agitated, Albert," observed he ; "what is amiss ?"

"Nothing of particular consequence ; my feelings, you

know, are constitutionally prompt. The Swedes have again been committing dreadful ravages on my estates."

Father Plachy shook his head, as if this explanation did not appear quite satisfactory to him ; while Albert, apparently desirous to change the topic, remarked, "You had something of importance to communicate to me?"

"Yes ; I have a letter which I received from a friend at the Abbey of Tepel. First, however, permit me to put one question. Are you by any chance acquainted with a person bearing the name of Odowalsky, or Streitberg?"

"How ? Does he bear both names ?"

"He appears altogether an unaccountable sort of character. By some he is thought a Swede, while others take him for a Bohemian. It is said, that he assumes both names, at various times, and sometimes wears the Swedish, and at others the Imperial uniform ; and that, as well in Prague, as in the neighbouring country, he transacts many secret commissions."

Wallenstein was silent for a moment ; the news brought by Predetten recurring to his mind. "Have you nothing further to communicate, as to this man's real occupation?" said he at length, "for I am unacquainted with him under either of his names."

"If he be, indeed, the Odowalsky whom I formerly knew, he is a Bohemian nobleman from the neighbourhood of Eger. Being of a daring, active spirit, he first enrolled himself under Tilly's, and then under your uncle's standard ; for, provided he attained the object of his ambition, the means were of inferior consideration. In a short time he had thus risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel ; and it is not impossible that his fancy may have been dazzled by the fame of a Mannsfeld, a Jean de Werth, or perhaps by that of a Wallenstein. But the purpose of Heaven was different. His right arm having been shattered by a ball, he was obliged, whilst in the vigour of manhood and in the midst of his brilliant career, to submit to dismissal from the service—and that under circumstances not the most flattering to his love of distinction and reward. He

withdrew, accordingly, to his small estate, where, it is said, he joined the party of the disaffected.

“On the last invasion of the Swedes, his estate was completely laid waste. Seeing himself reduced to beggary, he endeavoured again to enter the Imperial service. His bad conduct, no doubt, may have been the reason of the refusal he met with ;—but here is the letter relating to him, from the Father—Prior of Tepel: ‘It is well known that this Swedish officer, who calls himself Streitberg, and is in high favour with Count Königsmark, is, in fact, a Bohemian Nobleman of the name of Ernest von Odowalsky, formerly in the Imperial service. Some degree of mystery, nevertheless, may well be supposed still to hang over the affair, considering that these troublesome times have thrown every thing into confusion, changing the friend into the enemy—the enemy into the friend. Thus much, however, is certain ; that he is sometimes seen in the Swedish Camp, in the Swedish uniform, and passing by the name of Von Streitberg, while again, at other times, he is found in various disguises, in the environs of Eger and even of Prague, where his search for intelligence is generally successful, and where he seems to use great efforts to conciliate the good will of the common people. Should the Swede Von Streitberg be one and the same with the Bohemian Colonel Odowalsky, he should not be unknown to you, as I recollect you had formerly something to do with him ; and I have accordingly thought it advisable to direct to you some inquiries in the business. At all events, the affair is by no means without importance ; for the country, and the city of Prague itself, must be well known to this man, who would thence, although a very bad counsellor for us, be a most valuable one for the Swedes.’ ”

Thus ran the Prior’s letter.—Albert knew nothing of the person described, and the fancy which came across him was much too vague, and too nearly connected with the secrets of his own bosom, to allow him to allude to it.

The conversation being at an end, the preceptor and pupil

passed to their labours. Father Plachy took his seat at the writing desk, while Wallenstein, whose younger eyes were better able to make the necessary observations, familiarized as he was with all the knowledge of his tutor, proceeded to mount the steps; and having placed himself at the telescope, proclaimed, from time to time, the result of his observations, which Plachy noted down, comparing them at the same time with the pendulum of the computations.

“It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock,” said Father Plachy to himself:—“Mars must be at his greatest altitude, and approaching the sign of the Lion.” Then aloud: “Where is Mars?”

“Mars is now at his greatest height: he is getting into the heart of the Lion.”

“And where is Jupiter?”

“Mars looks on him with an evil eye: his most kindly rays are of no avail, for Saturn is now rising, cold and dark, and Venus has long since sunk beneath the horizon.”

“I knew it well,” said Father Plachy, as he mounted the steps and placed himself at the telescope. “This is a remarkable but unhappy constellation. — Jupiter powerless, Saturn and Mars exerting the most unbounded influence;—aye, aye!—into the heart of the Lion—the Bohemian Lion—the breeder of unhappiness is now entering!”

“How say you? Is the worst yet to come, with regard to this hapless land?”

“The movements of the Swedes in the circle of Elnbogen portend no good to us.”

“Alas! how gladly would I be where yonder beautiful lights are twinkling in the blue vaults of Heaven; and where the earth, with all its misery and lamentation, would seem to fade away into nothing!”

“And to what purpose serves this vain yearning! So long as the Almighty wills us to continue here, it is our duty patiently to endure, to be upright in all our dealings, and leave the rest in the hands of the Supreme.”

“ And should the stars tell us that we can bring nothing to conclusion ?—That all our striving is but in vain ? ”

“ Albert, had our forefathers reasoned thus weakly, where should we now be ? Yes, the stars point out struggles that await us, and so doing, summon us to watchfulness and preparation. How speak the ancient philosophers on this subject ? *Dignum Jovis spectaculum vir fortis cum mala fortuna composuit.* Let us watch, and act where it is in our power ; and in every disaster that befalls our country, be still at hand, if possible, to extricate her.”

“ Never,” cried Albert, with animation, “ never shall you find me backward to the call of honourable activity. My name is Wallenstein, and I feel all the obligations such a lofty appellation imposes on me.”

“ Nobly said, my son,” exclaimed Plachy. “ It was an *Albert von Wallenstein* who, during the war of the Hussites, in the reign of King Weuzel, stepped forth as the champion and protector of his country ; you were named after him, and you will not tarnish the honour and fame of such an ancestor.”

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a little longer stay at the Observatory, Father Plachy, wishing his pupil a good night's rest, retired ; and Albert, as soon as he saw himself alone, hastened to execute a design he had for some time entertained, and which had received new vigour since Father Plachy had mentioned the affair of the unknown Swedish officer and his secret occupations in Prague.

With a good telescope, on such a clear moonlight night as the present, the whole of the environs of Prague were within range from the Observatory, and every object around was distinctly visible, even on the water, and to the castle of Troy

itself. Should a clandestine meeting, such as those which haunted his fancy, take place to-night, he would be easily able to witness it. He might conjure, as if by magic, the faithless fair before his presence, with her nocturnal paramour!

He quickly commenced operations, by fixing the telescope in a proper position; and then, taking his station at the glass, beheld the walls of the castle of Troy—the steps—and the garden—as if close to him. He was considerably moved at being thus able, although so distant, to witness all that passed plainly, yet unsuspectedly.

The stream, silvered by the slanting moonbeams, flowed silently along. All was still; not a sound arose, save from the tremulous motion of the ripples. At that moment, he thought he saw something appear among the thickets on the shore. In a few moments after, a boat glided from the dark covert; it was rowed across the river by a boatman, and on the central seat sat a figure completely muffled up. What would not Albert have given at that moment for a clearer view of the figure! But the uncertain light of the moon rendered this impossible.

At length, the boat reached the opposite shore. The figure rose, and displayed the form of a tall robust man, holding a naked sword, which glittered in the moonbeams. He advanced toward the garden, the small gate whereof opened in the instant, and out stepped another dark shape, of lesser dimensions. That this was a female there could be no doubt. On meeting, they sank into each other's arms; and Albert sprang impetuously from the telescope.

Thus, then, was confirmed what had been told him by Predetten! Helen really did carry on a clandestine intercourse; and it was one of an amorous and impassioned nature! His whole soul was in uproar; he paced the room, to and fro, with hasty strides; he would look no more, and yet the hated scene was still before his eyes, with the shapes of the man and of the female; which latter he would fain per-

suade himself was *not* that of Helen. These conflicting doubts almost deprived him of the power of breathing. One moment, he covered his face with his hands ; the next, he placed his eye at the glass. He now thought he could perceive, in the dimness of the fast-sinking moon, the objects of his scrutiny alternately retiring and emerging among the copses. Soon after, the moon wholly vanished, and nothing more was to be seen.

The night was, by this time, far advanced, and day approaching ; but to Albert's eyes came no sleep. He suffered all the racking pangs of jealousy, combined with the torments of indecision. Was it, in truth, Helen, or was it not ? And who was the gallant ? Why did their attachment shun the eye of day and of her relations ? Was it conceivable that Helen could love the enemy of her country ? Yet—had she not betrayed her preference for the Swedes and for her fellow-believers ? Was it not apparent that she bore the present state of things with impatience ? All these questions passed through Wallenstein's mind, and increased his agitation. But what if, after all, it should not be Helen ? It was not possible for him to recognize the female figure so plainly as to be certain of his unhappiness. Oh, that it were not her ! that she were innocent, and still true to her duty ! On such a feeble stay as this did he now rest all his love and his hope.

During this mental struggle, the brief summer night reached its close. Already dawn was visible on the opposite side of the Moldavia, and the delicate morning light streaked the horizon. Darkness gradually retired, like a shrinking ghost ; the stars were blotted from the heavens ; and day recommenced. Suddenly, a thought passed through Albert's mind. It might now be possible to recognise the unknown female, should she still remain upon the shore. He stepped, hesitatingly, to the telescope. For some time he could not remark any thing : the shore was lonely, and the opposite castle—every portion of which was now distinctly visible—lay, at this early hour, in seeming desolation before him. He had

not waited long, however, ere something stirred the bushes of the forest, and a boat pushed off, in which sat the unknown. Our hero commanded a full view of this stranger, who, although seated, seemed tall and robust. He saw, likewise, the dark mantle, and the sword, which lay unsheathed upon his knee. The features were concealed by the large hat pressed low down upon the head, and by the black cloak which covered him to the chin.

Another figure almost immediately glided along the road toward the garden-gate. It was Helen! It was Helen, beyond a doubt! Her form and dress, which he knew so well, were before him, looking so near, indeed, that he almost fancied he might grasp her! A veil, which covered her head and shoulders, as well as the circumstance of her back being turned to him, prevented his seeing her features: but, as she hurried along, she chanced to look round for one moment, with an anxious air, as if to see if any one were observing her. "Helen!" exclaimed the youth, momentarily deceived by her apparent proximity. "Helen!" repeated he, in a reproachful tone; and, even while he spake, she vanished through the garden!

Wallenstein sank into a chair. The sad certainty pressed upon him; and, for some time, he was incapable of any clear idea whatsoever. Plans for the future, dictated by anger, together with an undefinable feeling of degradation, wildly chased each other through his bosom, until, at length, exhausted nature claimed her rights. His burning eyes sought rest, and he threw himself upon his couch. Disturbed and unrefreshing sleep succeeded to the violent agitation of his mind, while fancy pictured anew, in hateful connexion, the grievous reality of his waking moments.

From this ungrateful slumber he started up, and, fastening his mantle and sword about him, sallied forth to taste the fresh morning air in the garden, which lay unregarded before him in all its beauty of shady walks, blooming trees, carol of birds, and murmur of fountains.

For some time did he wander about among the dewy paths, and, at last, unconsciously entered the square of the palace : hastening, mechanically, across into the second court, passing the cathedral, and leaving the palace behind him, he had now reached George Square, and, proceeding in his descent, found himself at a spot where a low wall surrounds the base of the steep height which rises above the Moldavia. Here he leaned over the parapet, while his eye, roving across the river toward the city, gazed on all, yet remarked nothing : the image of the loving pair on the banks of the Moldavia was still before him !

Suddenly he heard a soft voice utter his name. Turning half unconsciously round, to see who it could be that interrupted him at this hour, and in this solitary place, he beheld a young girl neatly, although simply attired, standing, with a timid air, a few paces behind him.

“ Who are you ? What do you want with me ? ” he somewhat abruptly asked.

The female, retreating a little, declined her head as she replied, “ I am Joanna, the daughter of your steward. Your lordship does not, perhaps, recollect me.”

Albert, propitiated by the soft tones of her voice, looked more calmly on the young girl. She was pretty, and even something more than that ; and her delicate figure appeared to great advantage by reason of the close-fitting costume wherein she was attired. A countenance rather pale, full of the native expression of innocence and kindness, of sweetness and delicacy, beamed out between the ample white frill and the neat cap which scarcely displayed her beautiful chesnut-brown hair. Long eye-lids and dark eye-lashes shaded a pair of clear, hazel eyes, now modestly bent downward, but which had been previously directed toward the Count with an expression of anxiety. Under her arm she carried a prayer-book, richly mounted with silver, and to the wrist of her right hand was suspended a rosary of precious wood.

“And what would you with me?” inquired Wallenstein, in a friendly tone. At this question the colour mounted into the girl’s cheeks, she sank her head deep upon her bosom and answered not. “Pray, speak?” said Albert. “Can I be of service to you in any way?”

“Oh, no! no!” she stammered; “it is not on my own account”—

“Has any thing happened, then, to your father!” asked Albert, growing rather impatient.

Joanna blushed still more deeply; when, summoning effort, she replied, “I fear Lord Albert will think me both foolish and bold; but, in proceeding to matins, as I crossed the palace square, you darted past me,—and, pardon me, my Lord, for saying it, you looked so wan and agitated, with your hair in confusion, your cloak carelessly thrown over you, and your eyes mournful, as if from weeping or watching, that I was terrified. I fancied something disastrous had happened to my father’s dearly-loved master, and I scarcely know how or why—but I followed you!”

“You are a good and a kind girl,” said Wallenstein; “one important, and, it is true, *painful* subject, at present absorbs all my thoughts and interest: but fear nothing; proceed to your matins, Joanna; and, when kneeling before the altar, invoke a blessing upon me. I have need of the prayers of the innocent.”

Tears swelled into Joanna’s eyes, but she endeavoured to check them, for she felt the impropriety of appearing too much agitated. As she made her farewell obeisance, Albert’s regard dwelt, with peculiar pleasure, on the charming figure before him. “I thank you, my Lord,” she said, “for not being displeased with me, and for treating my childish conduct so kindly. If *my* prayers might avail, you will be happy indeed!”

“Farewell,” cried Wallenstein, kindly; “remember me to your father. You will both soon see me.”

Joanna turned to ascend the hill; and spite of his absorp-

tion, her young lord followed her with his eyes. He could not help feeling astonished at her graceful step and noble carriage, and still more that he should not have recognised in her the pretty child who was once the companion of his boyish gambols, and whom he still sometimes saw at her father's.

Aroused by Joanna's remarks, he now cast his eyes on his dress, and could not but admit that its want of arrangement, together with the paleness of his countenance (which, after a night like the past, he could well imagine), were sufficient to account for the devoted girl's anxiety respecting the mental or bodily health of her lord. Her appearance, together with her touching and unaffected solicitude, had served agreeably to divert his thoughts; his spirits were insensibly roused; he looked round with a less clouded aspect; arranged his hair, his mantle and cap, as well as he could, and ascended the hill. As he re entered George Square, the bells of the cathedral were ringing for matins. His heart felt opened to devout aspiration, while his Creator spoke to him through the echoing chimes, and invited him to offer up his griefs in prayer, and thus be enabled to bear them with more composure. He obeyed this inward impulse, and soon found himself beneath the venerable pile, the bold form of whose architecture, and its airy and spacious choirs, were well calculated to elevate the soul from earth and earthly sorrows. On leaving the church he fancied he saw the figure of Joanna, and, almost without reflection, stood still, that he might allow her to approach. It would seem, however, that he was deceived: he caught no further glimpse of the steward's fair daughter, and at length slowly descended the palace-hill.

Joanna, nevertheless, *had* seen and been seen by him; but she was ashamed to meet him again, for reflection told her that her manner of acting had been unusual, and might be misunderstood. She, therefore, eluded his eye until she saw him leave the church in the direction of the outer court of the palace, and then, by another route, she returned home.

On her way, all the circumstance of the past scene were vividly recalled. She dwelt delightedly on Albert's complacent kindness, and on his begging her to pray for him. Alas! she had indeed prayed for him, not only *that* day, but on every successive morning and evening for a long period! Without knowing it, our hero had, in fact, obtained sovereign sway over the heart of his youthful playmate, and Albert von Wallenstein was, to Joanna, ever since she became capable of thought, the *beau ideal* of all manly beauty and perfection. Meantime, however, she was too prudent to harbour foolish hopes, and far too dutiful to pain her father with the spectacle of his daughter gradually languishing from the effects of hopeless love. Thus strictly governed, her attachment slumbered within her virgin bosom, and Albert's utter inattention, on his visits at her father's (for he scarcely ever noticed her), facilitated such prudent control. Her secret homage, in fact, had no further sensible influence than merely to render her cold to other suitors, and firmly determined to live and die in maiden serenity, since there existed but one Albert von Wallenstein, and he could never be her's. This day alone had she been surprised into forgetfulness of her silent purpose. "Alas!" exclaimed she, half aloud, "how pitiable that a man, so noble, rich, and handsome, should still be unhappy. But I can guess the cause: he loves the proud lady of Troy. Yet, is it possible that any one beloved by Albert von Wallenstein could give him ground of uneasiness?" These and similar reflections occupied Joanna in half-sweet, half-pensive succession, until she at length reached the Friedland-palace.

As she stepped in at the gateway, she perceived the tall figure of an unknown man, who, enveloped in a mantle, and with his back turned toward her, was standing in the middle of the court, looking cautiously round him; he then went to several doors, which he tried to open, and on his non-success, advanced rapidly toward the gate. All this, together with the stranger's endeavours to conceal his features with his hat and cloak, excited Joanna's suspicions; she determined to address

him, and, in a tone of voice, as firm as it was modest, asked, "Whom do you seek, Sir?"

The person she addressed stood silent for a moment, drawing his mantle closer; then, having scanned the appearance of the lovely girl, who at first had taken him by surprise, he courteously replied, "What I sought I have not found; what I did not seek—one of the Graces—now stands before me." Joanna interrupted him, and in a grave manner replied, "Sir, excuse me if I say your jest is unseasonable: I am daughter to the steward of the palace, and it is in the performance of my duty I make the inquiry of you." As she spoke she strove, with something of the natural curiosity of her sex, to gain a sight of the stranger's features, but could discover nothing save a pair of flashing eyes, arched by thick bushy eye-brows.

"What has led me here," replied the stranger, "is just what leads you to ask, my pretty maiden—curiosity: the wish to view and examine a house, which, if only on account of the builder, must be interesting to every Bohemian."

"If that be your object you must follow me, and apply to my father."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the stranger; "there is no hurry. Pray remain a moment here with me," added he, as he saw that Joanna was moving toward the small postern leading to the garden.

She replied not, but went on.

"Little obstinate!" cried the man, "will you not stay?" and with these words he seized her by the arm.

Joanna tore herself from him, and, measuring the unknown from head to foot, exclaimed, with indignant voice, "Venture not again to touch me, coward! or I will bring chastisement upon you."

The man laughed: "Chastisement!" echoed he, in a jeering tone; and stepping forward he stretched out his arm to lay hold of her, upon which Joanna retreated, calling aloud, "Father—Ulrich!" and at that moment her father and an old domestic rushed into the court.

The intruder now turned, and with hasty strides, left the place.

“Pursue him!” cried Joanna; “he is here for no good purpose.” The two old men did so, but had no chance against the stranger’s comparative youth and celerity. When they came to the gate, they just caught a glimpse of him as he vanished down a side street.

“Who was this man?” inquired the father, on his return. Joanna related what had passed, adding, that she thought she had seen the imperial uniform under his mantle.

“That is likely enough; these German officers are very bold. But it strikes me I have already seen this person; and, if I mistake not, it was among the workmen who are repairing the fortifications, to whom he gave a world of trouble. There he was, pacing backward and forward, and asking all sorts of questions; such as how long they had yet to work? what was to be done? and what, for the present, to be left undone? Then he stepped aside, and I thought I saw him commit something to writing. In short, I take him to be neither more nor less than a spy.”

“It is certainly strange,” said Joanna; “here, too, I met with him; occupied in examining the palace on every side, and trying every door.”

“What sort of features had he?” asked her father: “to-day I scarcely saw him.”

“As he retreated, his mantle flew open,” replied the girl, “and enabled me to view him quite plainly; he seemed a robust, strong man, of middle age, with large features and fiery eyes.”

“Your description,” rejoined her father, “corresponds exactly. I do not think he is a Bohemian, for I heard him speak the purest German with one of the workmen.”

“His features appear Bohemian.”

“No, no, depend on it he is a German,” reiterated the old man, with a good deal of asperity; “it is always they who bring misfortune and misery upon us. But now, go to your

chamber, Joanna, I must look round a little in the house and gardens. The Count sent yesterday to inform me that he should come to-day, and that I must be prepared." So saying, he ascended the great steps.

Joanna was at once overjoyed and embarrassed at this confirmation of Albert's parting announcement. She retired and dressed herself carefully, yet not so much so as to excite her father's observation, and then awaited the arrival of the Count. Mid-day, however, came, and dinner-time passed by, without his appearing. The hot hours of the afternoon succeeded, during which Joanna kept within her chamber. From the window that looked out into the garden, she could see, while seated at her work, every one that entered; still, *he* came not. The sun was now setting, and the shades of evening descended. The uneasiness of disappointed expectation, as well as the cooler season, called Joanna away from her work, which, otherwise, would have occupied her all day. She stepped out on the open space in front of the hall, and contemplated the scene of her juvenile sports and amusements. The fresco-paintings, representing the war of Troy, which Albert had often explained to the two girls, in his account of the fate of Hector—(whom she always mentally compared with Wallenstein,)—called forth warm tears from her eyes. How different was every thing now! Her youthful play-fellow had become a man, and heir to the greatest part of the Friedland possessions; and thus his sphere of life was far, far above that of his former friend. "Ah! why could it not ever have remained as then!" sighed she. Turning away from the hall, and sitting down, as evening gradually threw her dusky shades over the flower-bed opposite the fountain, she slumbered—and was awaked, as from a dream, by the sportive playing of the waters; for her father had caused the garden to be freshly adorned, and the fountains to be set flowing, in honour of the Count's anticipated visit.

CHAPTER VI.

TWILIGHT had almost deepened into night, ere the glad barking of one or two favourite dogs in the court-yard, announced the arrival of the long-expected Wallenstein. Father Plachy had entered the mansion previously, and wondered at his pupil's unaccountable delay. On their meeting it appeared that each had been seeking the other.

"It is well I find you here," said Wallenstein, smiling. "Bertram, pray order some refreshment."

Bertram delivered the keys to his daughter, who vanished to execute the Count's wishes and her father's instructions.

"Still bad news!" continued Albert to his friend; "the Swedes are advancing in great force on Eger; they have levied very large contributions; and if these are not promptly supplied, the peasantry undergo the most shameful ill usage."

"These Swedes," observed Bertram, who used the privileges of an old and confidential domestic, "are worse than the very Tartars, if credit may be given to the tales of horror I have heard. The fields are turned into deserts; the villages present nothing but heaps of ashes; and the people consider themselves fortunate, if they have wherewith to support existence!"

"It seems, indeed, high time for Heaven to avenge such crimes," said Plachy; "and yet the conclusion of peace is delayed just as if we lay on a bed of roses! Whilst they tenaciously weigh and dispute every inch of land, thousands are perishing from misery and despair, and one city falls after another! O! these Swedes! would that they had all but one neck, as Nero once wished the Romans had, and I stood over it with a keenly-edged sword!" He here elevated his right arm, whilst his eyes darted fire, and his tall commanding figure seemed to dilate with heroic majesty.

"Reverend Sir," exclaimed Bertram, somewhat astonished,

“that is a glorious wish; but would not one be rather inclined to suppose you a soldier than a minister of the altar, to hear you thus speak, and to see you assume so martial an attitude.”

“The times, worthy Bertram,” answered the father, “have overturned all ancient distinctions. Thirty years ago, they wished to make an entrance for a foreign faith into our poor country, and to force upon us a foreign king, whose glory the destroying angel annihilated in a single battle. Surely, then, a member of a religious order may well venture, at a moment of the greatest peril, to grasp the sword, *pro aris et focis*.”

“Ay, that was indeed a battle!” exclaimed Wallenstein, kindling; “what a day of rout — of annihilation — was that!”

Joanna now arrived, followed by servants, bearing wine and cold provisions. The table having been decked in the hall, she was about to retire, but her father desired her to remain, and dismissed the servants, in order that the conversation might be continued without interruption.

Joanna now assisted the holy father to take off his cloak, and was proceeding to undertake the same office for Albert, but he prevented her, remarking, with a smile, “We have met before to-day, Joanna.”

“Oh, ay! Joanna told us before your arrival,” interrupted Plachy, “that she had seen you at the cathedral.”

“At the cathedral!” repeated Albert, while his inquiring eye met Joanna’s.

Unseen by the others she made a sign, the import of which was rightly construed by Wallenstein, who observed that, upon recollection, he had indeed seen Joanna in the church, but that she went away after mass so quickly as to prevent him from informing her that it would be late before he came home. His eye, all this time, was fixed on the soft features of the girl, who blushed deeper and deeper.

Father Plachy, meanwhile, had seated himself at the table. Bertram stood in waiting, and served out the wine and pro-

visions ; whilst Joanna retired to a further corner of the hall, whither the eyes of Albert at times pursued her.

“ And is it known to what point these new efforts of the Swedes are directed ? ” inquired Plachy.

“ According to the letters received by Leopold’s father, to-day, it is imagined that their operations will be directed against Elnbogen.”

“ That I do not believe ; what advantage would they derive from the possession of Elnbogen ? They occupy the Upper Palatinate, and their troops lie in Saxony. Elnbogen must naturally follow the fortunes of the larger portion of territory.”

“ You view it in the same light with myself ; it is evident they must have something of greater importance in view. Königsmark has received reinforcements from General Wrangel ; he is withdrawing from the Palatinate, and is already with his cavalry in Pilsen, where the infantry have directions to join him. The commandant of Eger, Col. Cobby, is now busied with preparations for breaking up, and it is he who has levied such heavy contributions. It is impossible that all these movements can be confined, in their object, to the capture of such a place as Elnbogen.”

“ And what, then, is your opinion, my lord, if I may venture to ask it ? ” said Bertram, anxiously.

“ Do you remember, reverend father,” said Wallenstein, turning to his friend, “ what we observed and discoursed about last night ? I fear, Bertram, it is *Prague* which”——

“ Prague ! ” cried Bertram, terrified, and letting fall the glass which he was just in the act of filling.

“ Prague ? ” repeated Father Plachy, with a look of thoughtfulness : “ Do not your gloomy apprehensions, Albert, lead you too far ? ”

Wallenstein strengthened his opinion by bringing forward several reasons.

Plachy’s thoughtfulness increased. “ It is possible,” he said, at length, “ It is very possible, you may be right.”

Bertram stared aghast, and stammered out, "Then you really believe, reverend father, that the Swedes will take possession of Prague?"

"I do not say that they will take possession of it," answered Plachy; "that requires more than their *will*; but I begin to think that such is their intention. We, however, have arms to defend it against them, and those we will use with proper activity."

"And maintain the military glory of our ancestors," exclaimed Wallenstein, proudly. "Never would I think of seizing the sword lightly, as so many young men of our time"—

"Who seek only for liberty, that they may lead a life of licentiousness," interposed the father.

"But when our country calls on us, to defend her, or die for her," continued Wallenstein, "then ought every Bohemian to know and act up to his duty."

"How happy," exclaimed Plachy, "would the late lamented duke have felt had he heard you thus speak, Albert! You seemed always too quiet and contemplative to him. I, nevertheless, have often said, Let the youth have his way! When opportunity offers, it will soon appear that his heart is in the right place; and that he is a true scion of his illustrious stock."

Our hero smiled gratefully on his former tutor, and said, "I shall be surprised if the governor neglects to take proper precautions. He must know what is passing in the circle of Eger"

"As a matter of course; but you know the old Martinitz. His proud mind from the first discredited danger, because he never feared it.

"He has, indeed, proved his temerity on more than one occasion, particularly at the time of the meeting of that boisterous assembly, which had nearly cost him his life."

"You mean when the rebels threw him, together with Slawata, out of window? That was, indeed, a hot day,"

observed Plachy; "I remember it well! Even at this moment, it seems to me as if it happened but yesterday."

"Were you not, reverend father, at that time in Prague?" inquired Bertram.

"Yes. I was then studying theology at the Clementinum; but, before this, all sorts of disputes and commotions had taken place, as well among the states of the empire, as between these and the court.—Whoever had the slightest knowledge of public affairs, foresaw well, that a rupture must inevitably ensue, and so it turned out. We students, also, took our share in the matter—each according to his peculiar views. The day came when it was said that the imperial viceroy had to deliver to the states an intimation from their Lord, the Emperor Matthias. The discontented believed, or pretended they believed, that it contained nothing more nor less than the revocation of his majesty's favour; and so they repaired, with evil intentions, armed, and with armed followers, to the castle. The people also collected. A murmur, like that of the ocean, ran through the crowd; but, in the hall, the voices of the nobility were heard waxing louder and louder, as their tempers grew more and more heated. At last a window was flung up, and down came Count Martinitz and Slawata from the second story! You can see the spot outside, and the window, very well:—further down the Castle-garden, where it descends the hill."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the steward: "and you witnessed that fall?"

"Indeed, I did," replied Father Plachy: "the sight was dreadful; and yet they got no great harm!"

"That was an evident miracle," said Bertram, devoutly: "God wished to prove to the rebels that he could preserve his faithful followers in spite of them."

"How did it happen," inquired Wallenstein, "that their enemies did not pursue them, after learning that they had escaped unhurt from such a fall? This has always appeared a riddle to me."

“ Did you not know that they were indebted to a female for their preservation ?

“ A female !” exclaimed our hero ?

“ Yes :—to the noble and heroic-minded Polixena von Lobkowitz. In the terror and confusion excited by the fall, the servants of the victims hastened toward them, and brought their lords into the Lobkowitz Palace, which stands yonder, adjoining the castle. The countess, without delay, most humanely took them in, attending them herself ; and when afterward the enraged Thurn, with his armed force, appeared before her house and threateningly demanded the surrender of the fugitives, she answered him so calmly and yet so firmly, that he retired, and the lady enjoyed the happiness of having, through her heroism, not only restored to health, but also protected the rescued men.”

During this recital, Joanna had approached nearer the table, and listened attentively with beaming eyes. Wallenstein observed it, and smiling, said to her :—“ You are pleased with this tale, are you not, Joanna ? I think you also would be inclined, in such a case, to act as Polixena von Lobkowitz.”

Joanna looked confused, blushed, and remained silent ; while Father Plachy, turning to her, said : “ Do not be ashamed of a right feeling, my child. In former times, although but rarely, there were heroes among the weaker sex. What but heroines were the female martyrs, who regarded neither danger nor death in their adherence to the faith ?”

“ I know not,” replied Joanna, modestly, “ whether Heaven would grant me ability, in the hour of trial ; but to act thus would be my ardent wish and desire, were I so circumstanced.”

“ Well said,” cried Father Plachy : “ such a *desire* even is of value before God ; and in stormy times like ours, perhaps the opportunity may arrive of putting it into execution.”

“ It is easily to be conceived,” remarked Wallenstein, “ that after such an event in the life of any man, the effect of

it would gradually act on his whole being, and give to the mind an entirely different direction, as in the case of my late uncle, when he was determined to embrace the Catholic religion."

"Ever since," said the father, "Martinitz has made it a rule to celebrate his preservation each year. On the present one, which will find him, as Governor of Prague, the first personage in the kingdom, no doubt the festival will be still more brilliant than ever."

"By the bye, you remind me that I have been invited to this festivity, which will recur a few days hence, as indeed have almost the whole of the Bohemian nobility!"

"And you will go, I hope?"

"Perhaps! you know I am no friend to scenes of noisy merriment!"

"On this occasion, however, you should not miss being present, as your absence might vex and displease Martinitz. He attaches much importance to this feast, and is, you know, of an irritable temperament."

"It is natural for a man to become irritable amidst continual disputes and provocations," replied Wallenstein: "His hatred of every thing that savours of Protestantism or of novelty is inconceivable."

"In times like those we now live in, when all the ties that bind society together are broken loose, and none can say to what extremes he may go, (since the current bears him along with it,) all conspires to force a man into a party; so that at last, even if you would, you cannot pursue the path of moderation. I have heard of a niece of the Count, who, allowing herself to be seduced by a Saxon officer from the convent wherein she was placed, embraced Lutheranism, merely out of complaisance to her husband. Martinitz never afterward either heard or wished to hear of her."

"Is that perfectly true!" inquired Bertram, attentively regarding Father Plachy.

"It is said to be so, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy.

The lady is said to have been the daughter of a younger brother, and much beloved by the Count, who wished to screen her from the broils and disputes of religious controversy, by placing her within the wall of a convent. The affair is understood to have mortified him exceedingly, and heightened, if possible, his aversion to the heretics."

"That was to have been expected," remarked Wallenstein, "and agrees well with the character of the man. We must revere Martinitz, although we may not love him; for, from the very first, he has been consistently stern and unbending."

"The period in which he has lived required such a character," replied Plachy, "and while it formed him he has helped in his turn to model it. From this consideration, I imagine he will not attach much importance to the present movements of the Swedes, nor suffer any interruption to the celebration of the annual festival. He who has been so near to danger, nay, even in the very midst of it, yet has escaped therefrom, becomes almost necessarily a stranger to apprehension."

"Notwithstanding," said Albert, "I think that some precaution at this time ought to be observed; so, Bertram, be you on the watch; lay in additional provisions, and see that none of the rabble steal into the house."

"Do not fear any vigilance, my Lord."

The hour grew late, and suggested to the two friends the expediency of separating for the night. As Albert passed through the hall, attended by the steward and his daughter, his attention was caught by the fresco paintings, already spoken of, and turning to Joanna, "Do you remember," said he, "when you and I, and my cousin Isabella, a happy trio—happy in the possession of childhood and cordial feeling—gambled about this spot, and enacted the characters portrayed in those frescoes? When I was Hector and you were Andromache, and little Isabel would condescend to no part beneath the dignity of Queen Hecuba?"

“Yes, my Lord!” said Joanna, her eye brightening while her cheek glowed: “and how we sat together upon the tables, placed in a line, to represent the walls of Troy; and our eyes followed *you*, as you combated with the other boys in the garden.” As if aware that she was saying too much, the girl suddenly paused.

“Well! these times are gone by,” exclaimed Wallenstein, “and it is vain to regret them. Indeed their recollection at present only softens us, and I think we all rather need the accession of courage and fortitude. Good night!” and as he spake, he involuntarily pressed the hand of his old playmate; who, with the common reverential feeling toward the feudal lord—modified, perhaps, by some other more deeply-felt emotion—raised the Count’s hand to her lips and heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS evening, which had fitted by so quietly with the little party at Wallenstein’s garden, had not passed in equal peacefulness with Helen. It is true, she had no suspicion of having been seen from the observatory during her nocturnal interview, and seen too by the very eyes which, for many reasons, she would have most desired to shun: yet, this night had been productive to her of such care and anxiety as to keep her mind in a state of continual excitement.

After their meeting in the Church, it could not escape the notice of Odowalsky, that the impression he had made on the lady was not much less powerful than had at first been produced on himself by the contemplation of her charms. He, however, was too far advanced beyond the years of enthusiasm, and had experienced too much of the world, to lose himself in those ecstasies and languishments which would have rendered a younger man the most blest or the most wretched of mortals. Helen’s beauty had fixed his notice; her manners had attracted, and her conversation, so animated and intellectual,

enchanted him. He saw enough to feel convinced that the possession of her heart would be disputed by more than one suitor; but to gain the affection of so charming a creature—the probable heiress of the Baron von Zelstow;—to become intimate with the owner of a castle in the vicinity of the capital; and to govern the feelings and opinions of a high-souled woman, who would, he persuaded himself, readily embrace his plans:—all this appeared to the adventurous Odowalsky so truly desirable, that he embraced the opportunity with intense delight. Bold and enterprising in the formation of his projects, and equally dextrous in carrying them into execution, he soon succeeded, by dint of money and flattery (both of which he well knew how to apply, according to rank and circumstances), in inducing one of the attendants at the Castle to deliver, first of all, a letter to Lady Helen.

The letter was received:—Helen paused awhile, ere she broke the seal and read the contents. All her fancies and suppositions since she had seen the stranger were confirmed by the appearance of this same letter; which, to use Odowalsky's own words, was meant to make her acquainted with the melancholy fortunes of one, who at first sight of her had felt convinced that the bitter cup of his destiny was yet undrained, notwithstanding it had already so long poisoned his existence. It appeared, he said, that it was then for the first time his lot to feel the pangs of a hopeless passion, from which Heaven had hitherto preserved his tempest-beaten youth amid the din of camps and arms. Next followed a narrative of the events of his life, in the light in which they appeared to his wounded vanity, and intended to serve to Helen as a proof of his candour and his wish to unfold his character completely to her. Now and then came instances of self-accusation for past follies and errors; but always in such a manner as to lead a stranger, *and particularly a female*, to extenuate them. The letter concluded with a pressing request for an interview of one quarter of an hour, that he might see and speak with her previous to bidding a final farewell,—for he perceived, he added,

the folly of his passion—and that he, the impoverished, discharged soldier, to whom fate had left nothing but his heart and his sword, could not venture to contend with the wealthy youths, the barons of the kingdom, who, favoured by fortune, might well dare to sue for Helen's hand: although his own ancient name, it is true, and his deeds during the war, might, in the eyes of the considerate, entitle him to hold rank even with these. He then went on to say that he was obliged to leave Prague in three days, such was the imperious command of circumstances. Might he previously hope the fulfilment of his prayer, which he implored Helen to regard as the entreaty of a despairing man?

Such was the tenour of Odowalsky's letter, and it did not fail in its design. His language, betraying, alternately, warmth and ardour, and grief and composure, was new to Helen. Occasionally it seemed, indeed, as if the stranger's advances were too bold; but she reflected that he was to be regarded rather as an experienced and unhappy soldier than an enamoured youth. "Wallenstein (she argued to herself) would not have acted so; but he is a favourite of fortune, and can have no idea of the grief which devours this man, and which certainly is but a poor teacher of the winning arts. Then, how affecting is that air of profound melancholy which is breathed over all his letter! How unhappy must such a man feel, when, in the midst of a brilliant circle, he is overtaken by fate, and hurled back again to obscurity!—to whom, of all that he had acquired at so much risk, nothing remains—not even the free use of his limbs or his small patrimony; and who cannot reach the throne of his prince, to represent to him the misery which has been the reward of one of his best servants!"

Quickly as the spark catches the tinder did this bitter thought seize the heart of Helen, which had long suppressed feelings of wounded pride, at recollection of the former splendour of her house, while the state of privation in which she herself had been reared enabled her to sympathise with another in similar circumstances. She thus entered completely into

Odowalsky's feelings, and excused their bitterness. His boldness no longer offended her, and how could she possibly refuse his request?

This meeting, however, as it was the first, must also be the last. She had nothing to fear, and little to venture; for on Margaret, who had brought the letter, she could depend, and it would not be difficult to select a spot where she might speak with Odowalsky unobserved, although the time must necessarily be after the fall of evening. She replied, therefore, in a few words, naming the place and hour at which they might meet in the garden, provided her relations should not leave their apartments: the evening air, indeed, was yet too keen for them, although the garden wore the blooming livery of spring.

The appointed day arrived. Helen still felt some anxiety as she thought of the possibility of Wallenstein or some other of the young friends of the family arriving, and detaining her within. With a beating heart she beheld the hour approach when Odowalsky would be awaiting her at the small garden-gate, leading to the banks of the Moldavia. Most fortunately, and to her great joy, the family received no visit that evening; and when her uncle sat down with the minister of the parish to his usual game of chess, and her aunt, with her spindle, had taken her station near them, out slipped Helen into the garden, and hastened toward the point of rendezvous.

No sooner had she reached it than she heard a gentle knock, and, on opening the wicket with a trembling hand, Odowalsky stood before her. Helen strove to recover her composure, as they walked on; and when a little plantation of trees hid them from all chance of prying eyes, he fell at her feet to thank her for the inexpressible favour she had granted. The excitement of the occasion—the beauty of the lady—the step that she had taken for his sake—and lastly, his own warm temperament,—had all conspired to raise Odowalsky's previous *liaison* to a state of the most passionate ardour, which was manifested in his whole conduct; and this mani-

festation, together with the soldier-like frankness of his address, proved to Helen equally attractive and novel. A soft feeling stole over the spirit of the hitherto haughty maiden, and she felt that caprice or hauteur, even were she disposed to exercise them, would be here misplaced.

So much mildness, united with mental power,—such bewitching charms, conjoined with lofty purpose, completed Odowalsky's fascination. Their minds, similarly constituted in so many points, also possessed in common the principle of pride, following the instigations whereof, they spurned at all domination, and indulged in vague hopes of a brilliant futurity.

The time during which Helen might expect to remain unobserved in the garden was now expired, and how swift had been its flight! The curfew sounded its warning voice, night was advancing, and the lovers were obliged to part, at the very moment when each began to feel confident that two congenial hearts had met.

“And when shall we meet again?” impetuously exclaimed Odowalsky, “I cannot,” and he grasped her hand as he spoke, “I cannot part from you so soon!”

“It must be!” answered Helen; “twilight is far advanced, and I shall soon be called to partake of our usual repast, and sought for over all the castle. Farewell! farewell! for a long, long time!”

“Not so,” cried Odowalsky, eagerly and passionately, “say rather that I shall again see you *soon*. To live without you is impossible.”

“But must you not depart from this neighbourhood?” inquired Helen mournfully.

“So I thought a short time since; but I now find that I shall remain at Prague, at least in the vicinity. Indeed I *cannot* depart; I love you passionately; and if you share my feeling but in the thousandth degree, you will not refuse my request.” The fair girl stood indecisive, and made no answer.

“You reply not, Helen!” he exclaimed, hastily. “You

are apprehensive—and well you may be so. It can never repay you to venture any thing for a poor forlorn being, who cannot even offer you his right hand in the dance, while the noble and brilliant youth of Prague would willingly lay their riches at your feet ; and when even the proud Wallenstein sighs for you !”

The name thus introduced had a most unpleasant effect upon Helen, who continued standing, still silent, and lost in thought.

“ Then it is passed,” cried Odowalsky, “ you *have* answered !” and he hurried away.

Helen’s heart was torn by conflicting emotions, but love achieved the victory. She called after the retiring suitor—“ Stay ! Odowalsky, stay ! You shall be convinced that merit, generosity, and misfortune have attractions in my eyes far beyond all the endowments of birth or fortune. Learn to know my heart thoroughly. I am not an ordinary woman ; and with that frankness of which you have set the example, I tell you that I love you sincerely. Fate,” and she sighed as she continued, “ has bound us both in her chain.”

The rapturous excitement with which her lover received this confession prevented Helen from completing it. He threw his arm around her,—nor did the whole earth appear to Helen, as she reposed within that beloved enclosure, capable of affording any happiness so nearly approaching perfection.

It will doubtless be inferred by the reader that these interviews were renewed. As the days lengthened, their wonted hour of meeting became unfit for the solitary deliberations of the lovers ; another plan was necessary to be devised, and after long debates, the silence of night was deemed most eligible. The arrangement being made, every desirable precaution was taken ; and intoxicated with a passion whose strength she could not have believed possible, a brief space of time before, Helen consented to carry on, systematically, a clandestine intercourse, the very danger attending which contributed to heighten its attraction.

The lovers, in course of time, learnt to know each other better, and their minds and dispositions became more and more correspondent. Odowalsky then began to unfold to Helen the bold plans that he had formed for bettering his fortune, and for overturning the present condition of things around him. Flattered by such a confidence, so seldom reposed in her sex, the ties that bound her to this interesting stranger received additional strength, and she returned his frankness with equal devotion. All she knew—all she could learn, under various pretences, from her uncle and other distinguished characters who visited the castle, respecting the state of the fortifications, and the possible defence of the capital, was communicated to Odowalsky. She executed several other missions, also, for him, with punctuality and skill; and if the charms of her person, and the certainty of being loved by this extraordinary girl, had not sufficed, he would have been constrained to value her, were it only for her *usefulness* in forwarding his plans.

But this state of mutual happiness possessed not the seeds of perpetuity. Odowalsky was often obliged to be absent for long periods,—his negotiations with the Swedes, who lay at Eger, frequently calling him thither. In these journeys he used the greatest precaution, disguising himself, and assuming different names;—to the Swedes, for instance, he represented himself as Colonel Streitberg; and again, in other places, he bore other designations. The letters and intelligence communicated by Helen, and various agents of minor consideration, were conveyed to him by means of confidential persons residing in Prague or its neighbourhood.

He had continued, for several weeks, this active and mysterious life, when at length the suspicions and consequent researches of Predetten detected a clue to the ravelled web, while Wulden also made a similar discovery. We have already related the communication of these discoveries to Wallenstein, and how the latter had himself become a witness of the

meeting of the lovers. Previous to that evening it had, indeed, become apparent to Helen that she was watched ; and either consciousness, or some accidental dissatisfaction expressed by her relations, led her to fear that, in one way or other, the secret had been penetrated. She awaited, therefore, the return of her friend from one of his excursions with more impatience than usual ; and at that very hour when, so little suspecting it, she stood exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of Wallenstein, she communicated her fears to her lover, and suggested the expediency of a fresh arrangement for the future, since they were no longer safe from spies ; and a discovery at this time, and under existing circumstances, might prove fatal to his important plans.

Odowalsky replied that she was in all probability right, he himself having observed, for some days past, that his motions were watched. "I encounter every where," continued he, "distrust and suspicion. It would certainly be most unfortunate if the knowledge of what I am engaged in should get abroad, in which case all my secret plans would be thwarted. I have been assured, by a confidential friend, that a communication was yesterday made to the Governor, which is very probably connected with the operations of these spies. It behoves me, therefore, to be extremely cautious in all my movements. As for you, my Helen, there is little fear, politically speaking. No one can identify the happy being who, after his long and painful wandering, at last finds repose and bliss in your arms ! Against such a discovery I have provided. But it has been observed that you have a secret connexion, and you have, no doubt, been watched by some spy. There are triflers enough about you to whom the hope of your favour—which they know not how to acquire—is so dear as to give rise to their utmost exertions to remove from you all such as might stand in their own way. Who knows whether this *espionage* may not originate among them ? perhaps with Wallenstein himself ?"

"That I doubt;" replied Helen; "Wallenstein, I know, has renounced the hopes you speak of, and is altogether too noble to become a spy."

"It may be so:—you must be best able to judge in this matter," replied Odowalsky; "for you are acquainted with these people, while I scarcely know their names. But let the miscreants, whoever they be, tremble," exclaimed he, passionately: "they may, indeed, listen, and spy, and spread out their nets in the dark, where concealment screens their cowardice;—but this is all they, and such as they, can accomplish."

"Be calm, my Ernest," said Helen; "bethink you, we are perhaps watched even now!"

"You are right, Helen: this unhappy warmth carries me too far: it has often been almost my ruin, and even yet I am not old enough to be master of its wild impulses. Helen!" he continued, clasping her to his heart, "have patience with me, beloved one, and be my protecting angel! And now," proceeded he, in a calmer tone, "know that almost all is settled! Königsmark only awaits the arrival of two more regiments of foot, which are to join at Pilsen, and then"—

"Oh heavens!" interrupted Helen, "is the contest already so near?"

"What! my bold girl!" said Odowalsky, smiling, "do *you* tremble? You, who have all along known our plans and sanctioned them! You have, indeed, and I say it with pride, shared therein, and will likewise share in the glory and success of the undertaking."

"Could I only be certain that *you* would come safely out of the danger!"

"Shame on you, Helen! you, the soldier's bride—at least," exclaimed he, in a triumphant tone, "soon to be so!—you, the wife of an honoured deliverer of his native land!—you—to be thus dismayed!"

"Nay; be not angry with me, Ernest; I am perfectly capable of estimating your prowess, and you shall never find me

discouraged; but nature will, occasionally, quail; and the idea of a night of battle, of horror, and of bloodshed, may well fill a woman's breast with terror."

"Yes, if, stopping there, you extend not your regard to what appears beyond."

"But," inquired Helen, timidly, "must so much misery be the necessary precursor of the good that is to follow?"

"It must: gentle measures would here be unavailing. The axe must be laid firmly to the root of the tree to ensure its fall, and Bohemia must tremble at the sound thereof. Then shall the long-oppressed raise themselves, and celebrate their triumph on the ruin of their oppressors! Then other names will be heard than those which are now so vociferously shouted, and *possession*, also, will pass into other hands."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Helen, half aloud, for she shuddered at the idea of what must happen before all this could be realized.

"I have, already, in fancy," pursued the conspirator, "divided the spoil. I, for my share, will take the Wallenstein-Palace; the Swedes cannot refuse me *that*," added he, musingly, "when my services are considered."

"And why the Wallenstein-Palace?" inquired Helen, not without emotion.

"I feel attracted by the fame of the title,—a fame which, from the first, has been the star to guide me on my path! As for this puny creature, this Albert, I hate him, although I know him not; for to go no further—he has dared to fix his love on you,"

"Oh! banish that from your thoughts," replied Helen; "my conduct to him for a long time has been any thing but encouraging; yet, since he still troubles you thus, I will engage to occasion his utter absence from the castle."

"That is precisely what you must *not* do," rejoined Odowalsky. "Let him continue to flutter," said he, sneeringly, "around the flame,—to singe his wings, and sigh and languish, till suddenly the blow is struck, which shall crush

him and all his confederates in the dust. Heavens! can *he* be the nephew of such an uncle? *There—there* is his second crime. The pigmy does not even venture to dwell in the house which his giant kinsman built! What might not a *man* with Wallenstein's possessions—Wallenstein's name—and Wallenstein's *mind* achieve at this moment! and what does *he*?"

"Albert's principles are strict," interposed Helen; "but, mark me!—I do not think him so deficient in courage as over-prudent."

"Ay! *prudent*," repeated Odowalsky; "the plea usually set up by cowards. They are scrupulous, merely because they are wanting in power and resolution. Should success attend the undertaking, by another, of what they themselves shrink from, it then assumes all the characteristics of right and justice; for it is always the *result* which ennobles or stigmatizes."

"Odowalsky! you inculcate dangerous doctrines."

"Never mind! *you* understand me, and the world may judge as it pleases. But now to business. We must part for a time."

"Part?" exclaimed Helen.

"I see no other means of putting our spies on the wrong scent; besides, my affairs call me to Eger and Pilsen. I have still, however, something to do in this neighbourhood, which being arranged, I go then to Königsmark to complete what we have resolved on."

"And shall I not previously see you again?"

"I can scarcely promise it; our safety and the success of our plans demand the strictest precaution. And now, let me hint that, in order to deceive our spies, it would be well if you were believed to have formed an attachment in another quarter; look, therefore, to this, and seek once more the society of Wallenstein."

"Of Wallenstein!" exclaimed Helen, with emotion.

"Yes; nothing need be apprehended from him! I think I could, without perturbation, behold him by your side."

“But would this be acting honestly toward *him* ?

A smile of scorn played upon Odowalsky's features. “What pleasant recollections,” exclaimed he, “has Colonel Odowalsky connected with these great and powerful ones, that he should be scrupulous in his treatment of them? I do not mean that you are to plight him your troth, but suffer him still to *hope*.”

The first rays of morning, beaming from the east, flashed on Helen's sight. “It is now day,” cried she, hastily, “I must depart; and when,” she added, with a sigh, “and under what circumstances, shall we meet again?”

“Away with doubt and fear! I feel *certain* of success. Only be you circumspect, and manage things adroitly with Wallenstein!”

“Ernest!” she exclaimed, “you know that since our first acquaintance your will has been mine; yet,”—and she hesitated—“is it really necessary that I should practice deceit?”

Odowalsky knit his brows. “Why,” said he, “should you want either the power or the will to allure the stripling? Do you fear for your own fidelity?” he added, suddenly.

“Nay, if you speak so, all my objections are at an end. Odowalsky, even in this I will do as you desire?”

“Thanks to my dearest *wife*, for such you will shortly be—beloved and honoured by all Bohemia!” Once more he passionately embraced her, and they stepped into the boat. Helen was proceeding homeward, when a sudden rustling among the branches on the shore startled her. She looked anxiously around, and this was the moment when Wallenstein descried her through the telescope, and became convinced of his unhappiness.

The noise merely proceeded from a startled bird, which had flown up from its nest. Helen, therefore, pursued her road through the garden, but with a heavy heart; for if, on the one hand, the prospect of that danger which threatened her lover, in common with every other warrior, made her tremble, so, on the other, her present duty was almost intolerable; for she

had engaged to deceive a man whom in her heart she highly esteemed, and designedly to increase that wrong which she had already (though unwillingly) occasioned him.

Wallenstein's visit at Troy was accordingly expected with restless anxiety by the fair conspirator; but five—six—nay, more than ten days elapsed, and still he came not! He had never remained so long away before, and she knew from his friends that he was not confined by illness. Her wayward fancy was piqued, and she pondered over every imaginable motive that could occasion his indifference. During this interval, too, she received no tidings from Odowalsky; and the increasing uneasiness and abstraction of her manner at length called the attention of her friends, who vainly endeavoured to ascertain the cause.

There was one thing necessary to be done, in order to enable Helen to meet the coming storm with any degree of resolution; and that was, to remove her mother from Prague. For this purpose, she succeeded in creating in the minds of her uncle and aunt a desire for the society of some person of their own age and condition; at the same time representing to her mother a residence in the country, during the hot summer months, in such glowing colours, that her plan eventually succeeded, and Madame von Berka, to the satisfaction of all parties, became an inmate of the castle of Troy.

Albert passed three days of seclusion in a very gloomy state. Jealousy, backed by offended pride, aroused the bitterness of his heart against Helen. The recollection of her beauty, and his desire for its possession, struggled with these emotions. His fancy exhausted itself in attempting to account, in a less suspicious way, for the events of that night; but his reason was dissatisfied with the result, although he had witnessed, it is true, no recurrence of the scene.

In this conflict, his pride gained the mastery; but though he abstained from visiting Troy, he felt exceedingly unhappy, and the only soothing thought whereon his mind could repose, was of the tranquil evening he had spent in his own garden.

One morning he received a visit from his friend Wulden, who, after a short preamble, introduced the object of his call, which was to state, that every one at Troy was greatly astonished at not having seen Albert for so long a time. "The old baroness has inquired after your health with the affectionate solicitude of a mother, while Helen is sensibly hurt at your absence, and has expressed herself on the subject with evident mortification."

"Leopold!" said Albert, "you know what you related to me yourself; and what I heard from Predetten; how, then, can you possibly think or speak of my visiting Troy?"

"Do you seriously intend to go there no more?"

"Helen has some secret connexion," said Wallenstein, evading the question; "of whatever nature it may be, it does not become her, to whom I had devoted my heart, and who might one day have borne my name."

"You consider this, *now*, as quite evident, do you?"

"The matter certainly has, since we last spoke of it, appeared to me in such a light as to determine me, at all events, to absent myself."

"This appears singular: but as you please! I will not persuade you to continue an affair which I never thought suitable for you."

"And why not?" inquired Wallenstein.

"Because Helen is too fond of power and coquetry, and is much too variable in her temper, to render any man happy; and least of all, a *sensitive* man like you."

"You think, probably, that *you* would suit her better," said Albert, with a forced smile.

"Why not?" replied Wulden. "I should remain perfectly unmoved by all the humours and whims that might crowd her pretty head! But, to change the subject,—we shall see you, I hope, to-morrow at the banquet of Count Martinitz?"

"I have been invited, but"——

"All the principal nobility in Prague and its neighbourhood will be there, as the Count celebrates the anniversary of his

preservation, together with his appointment as Governor. Report says that it will be a most brilliant festival."

"The Baroness von Zelstow and Helen will be present, I presume?"

"Very probably."

"Then I must stand excused."

"Nonsense!" said Leopold. "Do not show this proud beauty so much homage, or set so high a price on her infidelity as to withdraw yourself, on her account, from a pleasant engagement." Albert, however, was inflexible; and, at length, his friend desisted from further entreaty.

The disquiet of our hero's mind was increased by this conversation. Helen had remarked his absence, had seemed offended thereat, and had expressed a wish to see him. How was all this to be reconciled with any other connexion of a tender nature? And supposing he might have wronged her—supposing that, in the dim moonlight, or in the dawn of morning, he might have mistaken another for her—or, as he could scarcely bring himself to disbelieve the evidence of his senses—even admitting her to hold meetings, were they *necessarily* guilty ones?

In this manner Wallenstein tormented himself the whole day. In restless mood, he wandered about the streets of the city, now calling on an acquaintance, and now taking refuge in the seclusion of his study. But he still remained firm in his resolve not to go to Troy, much as his heart beat when the hour arrived at which he had usually accustomed himself to ride thither.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE close of the long summer's day came at last; and, as the sun sank behind the western hills, Albert hurried toward the bridge, to disburthen himself of such a load of uneasy thoughts,

where the beauty of the evening, the serene aspect of the heavens, along with the golden clouds sped in airy flight ; the sparkling stream, covered with vessels slowly gliding along ; the activity on each shore, all combined to present an agreeable and diversified scene. Wallenstein stood and enjoyed the exhilarating prospect, delighted with his native land, until her former state rushed upon his mind—what she might have been—and what she now was ! Gloomy ideas again floated, like the clouds across the firmament, over his mind, which had scarcely tasted of the reviving calm, when suddenly, as he looked to the right, he perceived, across the Moldavia, *that* spot where, a week before, he had stood, in a far more mournful state of mind than he was in even to-day, and where first the soft voice and sylph-like figure of Joanna had beneficially impressed him. With delight did he retrace that circumstance, together with the evening spent at the Friedland-Palace, which had quietly terminated so tempestuous a day. It now occurred to him that the scenes of his cheerful boyhood, and the innocent society of Joanna, might again tranquillize him ; and, with this idea, he proceeded hastily across the bridge and through the streets toward his solitary palace.

He found the gate locked, and the court and garden deserted, as they had usually been since his uncle's death ; but, having obtained entrance, he perceived Joanna seated in the hall at a small table, whereon lay some needle-work. She was not, however, working at that moment, but supporting her head upon her hand, with her back toward the entrance, and, consequently, toward Albert. She was apparently gazing, lost in thought, on something which she held before her. Wallenstein drew nearer, but Joanna heard him not : her eyes were directed, with a mournful expression, toward the object alluded to, which was apparently a relic-case, or a portrait ; and Albert even thought he could distinguish that she had been weeping.

At this moment she raised her head, and became aware of the presence of Wallenstein ; on seeing whom she sprang up,

blushing deeply, and hastily concealing that which she held. Albert greeted her kindly, but could not help remarking that he had surprised her in deep thought. She endeavoured to excuse herself by pleading the heat of the day, which, she said, rendered it quite impossible to keep constantly at work, and but too effectually invited either to repose or reverie. At this moment Bertram advanced; and Joanna, retiring a few paces, employed herself in giving the birds in the aviary their evening meal.

After awhile, the trio pursued their walk over the grounds, and, at every turn, some fresh object presented itself which had formerly communicated enjoyment—sympathetic enjoyment—to Albert and Joanna. Thus, when they arrived at the lake, the boat, as it had been so many years before, was found tied to a post upon the bank; and the darkening sky was studded with stars, whose reflecting images smiled peacefully on them once again, from out the blue waters. Wallenstein requested Joanna to step into the little bark, and said he would row her, as in former times, along the lake. Bertram offered his assistance, but it was declined. “We will be children once more, Joanna,” exclaimed Wallenstein, “and fancy ourselves still at that period when every sport could please.”

Joanna stood a moment hesitating on the shore, whilst undefined feelings arose within her breast. On her father’s loosening the boat, however, she took the extended hand of Wallenstein, who helped her in, and regarded her with some surprise as he felt the trembling of hers. “What!” he asked, “are you afraid to trust yourself upon the water?”

“Oh, no,” interposed Bertram; adding, with a laugh, “she often rows herself.”

“Well, then, perhaps she feels no confidence in *my* ability,” observed Albert, smiling in his turn.

“Indeed I do!” cried Joanna, hastily seating herself straightway in the boat; “I am *not* afraid; on the contrary,

I enjoy the pleasure of the excursion, and feel very grateful to you for it."

They now glided along the calm surface of the water, while Bertram remained standing upon the shore, gazing on them with a peculiar expression of countenance. A pleasant conversation ensued between the young people: the beauty of the evening, the reflection of the heavens in the clear waters—the agreeable contiguity of the well-kept gardens, which, viewed from the end of the lake, seemed to blend, in pleasing deception, with the distant trees of the Lawrence-Hill—these, together with the memory of former hours, and the enjoyment of the present, all combined to silence and subdue the disquiet which had seized on Albert during the preceding part of the day. After so many years had passed, it gave him singular pleasure to row the playmate of his youth over the same lake, and to behold her graceful form in blooming womanhood floating along in the dancing vessel to the efforts of his vigorous arm.

Their little excursion finished, Bertram proceeded to secure the boat, and in doing so scratched his hand. Joanna perceiving blood to flow, was alarmed, and suddenly drawing forth her handkerchief, the gold case she had so hastily concealed rolled out upon the ground. Wallenstein, with a mingled feeling of gallantry and curiosity, immediately stooped to pick it up, before Joanna was aware of the circumstance. In its fall the case had sprung open—revealing the portrait of a man with auburn hair and noble features.

On turning and seeing the case open in the Count's hand, Joanna uttered a faint cry. Albert presented her with the portrait, saying in a stiff and somewhat gloomy tone: "May I ask who this is intended to represent?" The girl blushed and hesitated, at the same time hastily taking the case from Wallenstein's hand: "It is a gift of my mother's;" she at last replied, in a voice scarcely audible. "Oh, enough, enough," interrupted Albert; "I have no right to dive into your se-

crets." Much agitated, Joanna replied, "Most certainly, my Lord, it ought to be no secret to you: if"—and here she stopped.

"Farewell, Joanna! Good night, Bertram!" and so saying, Wallenstein took his hat and departed. Joanna stood a moment, as if debating within herself: she then determined that the Count should not remain impressed with any suspicion, and therefore followed him through the court-yard.

"My Lord," she said, "hear me but one word." Wallenstein turned round, and looked on her with surprise. "Would it be agreeable to you, my Lord," she pursued, "to take the trouble to come here again to-morrow afternoon, and favour me with an hour's audience? You shall then learn"—

"What are you about, Joanna?" whispered her father, coming up:—"Consider your promise to me!"

"I know, father; but I could not *then* foresee such an occurrence as the present. I place the utmost confidence in Count Wallenstein's honour."

"No," answered Albert, "I wish not to have your secret. I, also, have confidence in *you*; you, Joanna, *can* have nothing to keep secret for which you need blush."

"And therefore, my Lord, it is that I repeat my request for your audience to-morrow. You shall know all: and *you* will be able to distinguish between weakness and guilt."

Wallenstein was silent. Joanna's last words had excited within him a host of surmises. It should seem, beyond a doubt, that she entertained an unfortunate passion for the original of the picture, and this conviction pained our hero, without his exactly knowing why. He promised to come, however; but added, with a smile, "I am not solicitous to hear your confessions. Joanna. Think, therefore, for your own peace, that you have promised nothing—farewell!" A conversation now ensued between the father and daughter, as to the propriety of the intended disclosure, which ended by Bertram telling Joanna that she was a wilful child, and hoping no harm would come of it. His ill humour, however, if he

displayed any, was soon dispelled by the smiles and endearments of the affectionate girl.

Wallenstein continued to muse upon the circumstance that had just occurred. Had this maid likewise, already, confided her sympathies to another? Was she, like Helen, involved in some mysterious intrigue? But what imported it to him if she were? Alas, so little was Wallenstein's self-knowledge, that he forbore to trace this anxiety to its only legitimate source. In such a mood he strolled on, until, at a solitary spot near the Convent of the Capuchins, his abstraction was dissipated by a confused sound of voices and clashing arms. Astonished, he paused, listening attentively, and then hurried toward the spot from whence the noise proceeded. He found a man wrapped in a mantle, his back against the wall, defending himself with a drawn sword against three antagonists; and it should seem that he gave them all enough to do, although using only his left arm.

"What is the matter here?" cried Wallenstein, as with unsheathed sword he suddenly advanced upon the assailants, who appeared to belong to the garrison. "Are you not ashamed to avail yourselves of such odds?"

"He is a villain!" shouted one; "a Spy!" exclaimed another; "a German dog!" bellowed the third, at the same time redoubling his blows.

"Whoever you are, noble stranger," cried the attacked man, with the purest Bohemian accent, "stand by me! I am assaulted by assassins."

Wallenstein did not consider long; but impetuously charging the soldiers, their intended victim was soon freed from such an unequal contest. "I thank you, Sir," he now said, "I am an officer and a nobleman. These rascals attacked me on my way home, doubtless meaning to rob me."

"Villain! it is not your money, but your life we want," exclaimed one of the three, attempting, but vainly, to rally his comrades. "We had vowed your destruction long ago, ever since we first saw you sneaking about the fortress."

"He is the servant of the Swedes," said another of these heroes.

"He is a Swede himself," rejoined the first speaker, again endeavouring to get at the object of his hate. At this moment, the moon arose above the wall beside them, and illumined the whole scene.

"Ha! Count Wallenstein!" exclaimed one of the assailants.

"Even so," replied Albert; "and I am sorry to find soldiers of the Imperial army engaged in so shameful a proceeding." The men reluctantly sheathed their weapons, and retired.

Albert had now an opportunity to examine the person of the stranger. He was a man of tall, robust figure, and apparently of middle age. His hat had fallen off in the conflict, and the moon shone brightly on his strongly marked countenance. His thick mustachios and animated eyes, with the profusion of raven hair that fell down either side of the laced collar of his doublet, presented a striking, though not a very pleasant *tout ensemble*. A disagreeable but vague feeling agitated Albert, as the stranger stooped to pick up his hat and returned his sword into its scabbard.

The silence was broken by the rescued man: "I am most happy, my Lord, that this fortunate accident has not only made me eternally your debtor, but has also acquainted me with the name of my noble-minded deliverer. Believe me, you have not obliged an ungrateful man."

"May I ask," said Wallenstein, in reply, "with whom I have the honour to converse?"

"My name is Berka von Duba?"

"Berka von Duba?" repeated Albert, slowly and with emotion.

"Is it known to you?" inquired the other, a peculiar smile playing about his lips.

"It is the name of one of our oldest families," replied Albert. "You are an officer, it appears."

"I *once* was so: but you see," and he drew back his

mantle, as he spoke, "what has happened to my right arm. Such is the result of my service, and my reward has been —— a discharge."

"Ay! that is a melancholy fate which you share in common with many others."

"True; such are the thanks awarded by the mighty everywhere. Were it permitted me to illustrate small things by a reference to great, I should quote the instance of your glorious uncle. Like him, I have served my country to the best of my power, and like him, too, have I been *rewarded*. The great Friedland was treated with shameful ingratitude—the guilt imputed to him, never proved."

"Sir!" interrupted Albert, "be pleased to spare any further comment on my uncle. The subject you allude to I have resolutely forbidden myself to touch upon."

"It is well if you *can* forbear; but fortune has smiled upon you, while on *me* her frown has been unceasing. My small possessions, the scanty remains of my paternal estate, (the greatest part of which I staked during the war in Austria), have been plundered and fired by the Swedes; and here I stand, at once abandoned by my native country, and a sufferer from the oppression of the enemy."

"Have you not tried to awaken the notice of the Emperor? Ferdinand is kind and just, and I doubt not ——."

"I have introduced myself to Field Marshal Colloredo. He encouraged me with hopes that, upon the settlement of peace, (which he trusts is near at hand) all demands would be fully satisfied. A notable consolation, truly! soon pronounced, and costing nothing to the giver. But, farewell, my Lord! I see, we have reached the Palace-Square. Your path probably is toward Königsburg or your palace in the city; mine lies in another direction. Accept again the thanks of an old soldier—not so much for his life, which you have saved, but for the joy I feel in finding the nephew of a great hero, the inheritor of his generous and noble mind." They exchanged courtesies and parted.

How had this stranger styled himself? Was he indeed a relation of Helen? If so, how was it he had never been heard of before? Did not every circumstance, all which the soldiers had said, all he had himself communicated—lead Wallenstein to a contrary conclusion? to the presumption that he was that very Odowalsky spoken of in the letter from the holy father of the monastery of Tepel? Upon further reflection, how many painful recollections were awakened by the stranger's appearance! Did not his figure, his whole bearing, recall to mind the fatal image of the unknown in the boat, on the Moldavia shore, and—in Helen's arms!

Whilst in Prague, some few excepted, they were unapprehensive of danger from the Swedes, nourishing the hope of peace, and enjoying the rare moments of tranquillity, the Swedes themselves were in Pilsen, where Königsmark now gradually drew together his whole force. All the regiments were soon united, and they were only waiting the arrival of Colonel Coppy, the commander at Eger, who was to join with a detachment of cavalry.

Odowalsky was likewise expected. He had been constantly busy of late in going to and fro between Prague and Eger. His former acquaintanceship with the country; his connexions, in Prague, and its environs, with men of various ranks; his dexterity in assuming different disguises; all conspired to procure him the opportunity of collecting various information, and of putting himself in possession, as well through his own observation as from sources to be depended on, of the most complete knowledge of the situation of things. Thus did he turn to account his connexion with Helen; whilst she was happy to serve her beloved friend, and to aid in the grand plan which, as far as he considered necessary, he had revealed to her.

The day and hour were now determined on. Helen knew it; indeed, her intelligence had contributed much toward this determination, for she it was who had, long before the festival, given intimation of its taking place to Odowalsky, and had likewise communicated to him all the arrangements; as that,

after the banquet, there was to be dancing, and, on the approach of night, a display of fire-works in the palace-garden. The greatest part of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of Prague had been invited ; and it was to be supposed that both the higher and lower classes would banish apprehension, and that the military regulations around the palace would be less strictly attended to. This night, therefore, was selected by Odowalsky, for the execution of his plan ; and, two days previously, he proceeded to Pilsen, in order to make the final arrangements with Count Königsmark, with whom he had not, as yet, personally communicated.

Königsmark's head-quarters were fixed at the council-house in Pilsen. The arrival of Odowalsky was immediately announced to him, and a nephew of Königsmark conducted him to the General.

It was in the same house in which, many years before, the Duke of Friedland had, a short time previous to his tragical end, summoned his generals about him : and as Odowalsky stepped into the ancient hall, with its lofty arched windows, decorated with captured banners, figures of ancient Bohemian princes, &c. the scene exhibited on the former occasion recurred to his mind, and agitated him greatly. He was now, in effect, preparing to do that of which Friedland had been accused, and for which he had so dreadfully suffered.

He soon overcame this involuntary feeling, however, and approached the General, who was standing at the other end of the hall, surrounded by several officers, at a table covered with maps and plans, amongst which Odowalsky recognised several representing Prague and its environs. The General advanced from behind the table : he was a man between forty and fifty, of a tall and powerful figure, with broad chest and shoulders. Around his high forehead his anburn hair fell in profuse but disordered locks ; a broad-sword hung in a blue scarf at his side. A large aquiline nose, and lips covered with thick mustachios, gave to his countenance an expression of haughtiness, nay, almost of scorn.

“You are the imperial officer,” he began, as he returned Odowalsky’s salutation with a slight inclination of the head, “who engages to deliver Prague into our hands?”

Odowalsky bowed assent.

“Have you well weighed and examined every thing connected with this enterprise?”

“I would not else venture to appear before your Excellency.”

“It is a hazardous game. We are not strong enough to attempt a regular siege of the city; and, therefore, what is to take place must be in the shape of a *coup-de-main*.”

“That is precisely what I intend. The situation of things is well known to me; and I have not calculated on success, in ignorance of the chances both for and against it.”

“You promise largely, Colonel Odowalsky.”

“My honour rests upon the issue—perhaps my life. These pledges”——

“However great, do not exceed the risk I run in trusting my troops, myself, and the fame of this undertaking, to the word of a man who—excuse me, Colonel—has not been uniform in his *fidelity*.”

Odowalsky, with difficulty, bridled his impetuous feelings, whilst he replied, “Your Excellency, perhaps, may think it troublesome to occupy yourself with the motives of one comparatively obscure; otherwise, it might easily be shewn that the unheard-of ingratitude wherewith I have been treated suffices to dissolve every tie of country; whilst to you I am bound by the most sacred obligations. I am a Protestant.”

Königsmark replied nothing to this; but there played about the corner of his mouth an expression of incredulity. “In what manner,” he inquired, at length, “do you propose to carry your plan into execution?”

“For some time past, the walls of the fortification have been undergoing repair. The work, as there are several breaches, proceeds but slowly; and, at these points, it would be easy to introduce a body of men.”

“Yes, if they leave the breaches unguarded,” interrupted Königsmark ; “but that is scarcely to be expected.”

“The garrison of Prague,” answered the Colonel, “is small, and barely sufficient to supply all the posts of so large a city. I have, besides, acquaintances amongst the officers—friends and fellow-believers. It will not be difficult—in fact, it is already agreed, that the watch-posts behind the palace and onward toward the Loretto Square should be placed in the hands of men upon whose attachment to our cause I may safely depend. A troop presenting themselves in this quarter, and giving the proper word, would find no resistance.”

“That may do,” said Königsmark, thoughtfully : “go on, sir.”

“The day after to-morrow, the Governor, Count Martinitz, gives a grand festival, to which the whole of the nobility in Prague are invited. After dinner will follow a ball, and, at night, a display of fireworks. These entertainments at an end, the good wine will doubtless dispose every one to sound slumber—and our time will arrive.”

Königsmark remained silent some moments, and then replied, “Your scheme is not bad. We will consider it, and acquaint you with our determination. For the present, farewell, Colonel von Odowalsky!” He motioned with his hand, and Odowalsky retired, accompanied by Königsmark’s nephew, who, perceiving that his uncle’s manner had offended the stranger, sought, by friendly converse, to efface the unpleasant impression. They were talking together respecting the present situation of Prague and the feelings of the people, when suddenly the sound of trumpets and the loud prancing of steeds announced the arrival of cavalry. They hurried to the window, and found it was Colonel Coppy, who had arrived, with his regiment, from Eger. Young Königsmark went directly to announce this intelligence to his uncle ; and, meanwhile, the Colonel had dismounted, and was working his way up stairs under the weight of his huge military cloak.

Odowalsky advanced to meet him, and was greeted with a hearty and vigorous shake of the hand.

“Already here, Colonel?” said he: “but how is this? You seem out of humour. Has not the General closed with your proposition?”

“The General has received me in a very strange way—as a petitioner suing for a favour, instead of a man who is on the point, with great sacrifices and personal danger, of rendering to the crown of Sweden, and the new creed, a service of the greatest importance.”

“Never mind that, man!” cried Cobby; “We all know the General. He is proud, terribly proud. His ancient house, and the important part which his ancestors have acted in Brandenburg and Sweden render him haughty. He does not regard us lesser nobles as at all his equals. We must excuse these pretences in him, for he possesses the qualities of a soldier and general in the highest degree.”

“I acknowledge his merit; I bow to his rank; and will allow, too, that his ancestors may accidentally have had more opportunity of distinguishing themselves than mine. But, as to every thing else, we are equals. It was not that feeling, however; it was not pride of ancestry which prompted him to behave to me in a manner I might almost term inimical. It looked rather like personal antipathy.”

“Do not believe it! The Count well knows how to estimate your services, and I can assure you, considers your proposal as extremely welcome and highly important, expressing himself in strong terms of your courage and activity.”

At this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and young Königsmark came to summon Colonel Cobby to an audience, at the same time bringing Odowalsky an invitation to dinner.

Before the commencement of that meal, the General held a short council of war, upon the subject of the intended expedition.

At table, an air of hilarity was universally diffused, and the

conversation grew animated; yet it was felt that the presence of the General operated as a restraint, and it was only when, on the excuse of business, he retired, that the officers took free scope. The intended march to Prague, which, according to the decision of the council of war, was fixed for the next day, was the principal topic. Inspired by wine and reckless gallantry, each expressed himself in his own way on the subject. Some looked upon it as extremely hazardous, while others regarded it as mere child's-play. Some of the elder officers thought it shewed rather too great precipitancy to break up on the morrow for Rakonitz, as was the order—conceiving that more minute information should have been previously obtained.

“What!” exclaimed Colonel Cobby, “stop and risk the receiving news of peace before we have done with Prague?”

“There is little fear of that,” interrupted a young major; “the diplomatists, sojourning together at Osnabrück, are too slow in their movements. Depend on it, ere they have weighed out by the ounce each advantage and disadvantage of the contending parties, we shall have time enough to take possession of all Bohemia.”

“The matter,” said Odowalsky, “must not be imagined quite so easy. The taking of Prague may, indeed, be facilitated by the measures already concerted, and by the prudent management of circumstances; but, gentlemen, the Bohemians will not be so quickly vanquished as you seem to think. Our nation is valiant, as has been proved more than once, to the terror of the world.”

“I do not mean to dispute that, Colonel,” replied the Swede, “but we have not to do with the Bohemians as a nation”—

“Alas, that is but too true,” whispered Odowalsky to himself.

“But with the Emperor's army,” continued the other, “which, as every one knows, is weak in number, and at present unprovided with any commander of eminence. The

happy times of your country are past. Your Tilly and Wallenstein exist no longer, while with us an unfading race of heroes has arisen in succession since the death of the great Gustavus Adolphus."

Odowalsky, after a moment's silence, replied, "Bohemia does not want for similar spirits, but faction and envy have driven them from their proper spheres."

"Well, well, gentlemen, pray let us have no disputation," cried Coppy; "of what use is this war of words? Our argument should be the sword, and our eloquence, thunder from our artillery;—rhetoric which, I trust, will prove convincing the day after to-morrow, when we arrive at Prague. Come, here's success to our enterprise."

The officers all rose, and, amidst loud acclamations, the toast was drunk; Odowalsky joining, with the uneasy dissatisfied feeling of a man conscious that he is not in his proper place, nor sharing in a sentiment honourable to him. He sought to repress this consciousness by vociferation:—"The capture of Prague," said he, "will benefit the good cause in various ways. In losing that city, Ferdinand loses the whole kingdom: his ambassadors at the congress will be forced to lower their tone, and thus the protestant states, particularly the Swedes, will be enabled to enforce their just demands. To any one capable of taking a wide survey of things, it must be evident that the capture of Prague is not only important as a single military enterprise, but as having an influence on the general state of political relation all over Europe."

"That seems," observed the major, "giving your native land too commanding an attitude."

"Not at all!" interrupted Odowalsky. "In Bohemia the first spark of the thirty year's war was kindled; and in Bohemia, and nowhere else will it be extinguished. It has been the cradle both of the war and the reformation, and the birth-place of Huss."

"In the name of good-fellowship," again interposed Coppy, "what have we to do with either Huss or Luther? Let us

be silent respecting those whom we do not know, and rather think how we shall enjoy ourselves in Prague. That city is extremely beautiful, I have been informed."

"Have you never visited it?" asked Odowalsky.

"No, but I have heard much of its magnificence, and of the beauty of its palaces and churches."

Their copious libations had now worked deeply upon these worthies, and they proceeded, in the intoxication of the moment, to draw out a list of the finest mansions in the devoted city, and cast lots for their possession. Odowalsky, as he had previously intimated, though half in joke, to Helen, made choice of the Wallenstein-Palace.

But this wild scheme of appropriation quickly gave birth to sharp and angry cavillings. Some who had been backward in fixing their choice, were inclined to regard the whole matter as a frolic, while others professed themselves serious in abiding by their selection, and maintained that they would resent the interference even of the General himself. Thus at length they separated, half merry, half disputatious, and almost wholly intoxicated.

Odowalsky wished to return to Prague, where some matters were, he said, still to be arranged. With difficulty he obtained permission from Königsmark; and he could not but feel that the portion of confidence placed in him by that chief was very small. Having given his word of honour to return next morning, he hastened, in a sufficiently gloomy mood, to Prague, where he was desirous, if possible, to have an interview with Helen before the decisive moment. He wished to make final arrangements for the safety of herself and her relations, as well as to gather fresh courage from the contemplation of her charms, and the consciousness of her love to him.

The length of the way, however, from Pilsen to Prague, and the many affairs he had to attend to there, with other circumstances, prevented him from satisfying these desires. He was forced to content himself with informing Helen by letter of

what was necessary to be done, and to leave the rest to chance.

It was on the evening of this very uneasy and busy day, that, in the course of his wandering about the fortifications, (where he was anxious to seek out the most advantageous point for the entry of the Swedish troops on the following night), he was attacked, first by the reproaches and then by the swords of some soldiers of the garrison, and forced to draw for his liberty and life. Wallenstein's intervention, as we have seen, saved him; and, out of temper, and discouraged by all that had passed during the last two days, the apostate Bohemian set out an hour after that encounter on his way to Rakonitz.

Early next morning he arrived at Pilitz, where the Swedes were already encamped. They had marched all night, and Königsmark had taken every precaution that prudence and energy could suggest, to keep their arrival as secret as possible. The place was surrounded by cavalry, who allowed none, under any pretence, either to quit or enter the town. All the couriers were detained, as were even the people who had been found in the fields during the march. Thus was the near approach of so strong a force to the capital concealed, and that blow silently prepared which, in the succeeding night, was to crush unsuspecting Prague.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the morning of the fated day, whilst the swords of the Swedes were sharpening, and their fire-arms loading, the gardens and apartments of the royal palace in Prague were filled with preparations for the approaching festival, and almost all the citizens displaying holiday faces and holiday garments. At Troy, also, the family were about to take part in this general gala. Arms and accoutrements for man and horse were furbishing in the court-yard. A committee of taste was

in deep deliberation in the ladies' apartments, deciding on the various merits of silk and velvet—pearl and diamond; all, in fact, betokened gaiety.

Helen's breast alone was tormented by anxious forebodings; her active imagination figured a thousand scenes of bloodshed, terror, and distress, in which her friends and her lover were equally involved. The greater her outward endeavours to assist, (according to Odowalsky's wish,) in diffusing among those around a spirit of unconcern and of perfect devotion to the pleasures of the moment, so much the greater, also, her inward consciousness and struggle to maintain her presence of mind.

Her mother, it is true, was safe. But, almost in spite of herself, there was another person whose impending fate she could not look on with any portion of steadiness—Albert von Wallenstein. The idea of his being awakened from unsuspecting slumbers, unarmed, and surrounded by a ferocious enemy, bloody, disfigured—perhaps, mortally wounded—and thinking of her in his latest moments!—this idea was intolerable, and ceased not to haunt her fancy all that restless night and morning.

No! she could not think of seeing her generous-minded friend perish. She was bent on his rescue; she knew her unbounded influence over him, and resolved to take advantage of it, to save him, without, at the same time, violating those obligations of secrecy under which she lay. She doubted not, but he would be present at the banquet, when she would summon every attraction, both of mind and person, in order to draw from him the reason of his unaccountably long absence, and to prevail on him, under some plausible pretext, to escort her out of Prague in the evening, and pass the night in the castle of his relations, where he would be secure from the attack of the Swedes. She trusted that the execution of this little plot would not prove difficult. She knew that the festival was prolonged until midnight, and that her uncle, who was no friend of late hours, would return home early. This resolution, and the preparation for proceeding to the festival,

tended to restore her mind to some degree of tranquillity. She dressed herself to the utmost advantage ; and as it happened to be a Sunday, it was determined that the cavalcade should set out somewhat earlier than would be otherwise necessary, in order first to attend mass at the cathedral.

Wallenstein had awakened early that morning from unpleasant slumbers, in which the events of the preceding day were strangely mingled. The scene with Joanna—her manner, which he had thought at times was tinged with a tender feeling toward himself—the contradiction to this suggested by the affair of the portrait, and her tears while gazing upon it:—then the meeting with the stranger, and the notion that he had, perhaps, saved the life of his rival:—lastly, the intelligence communicated by Wulden, of Helen's desire to see him—all crowded confusedly into his mind ; still, the resolution to avoid her presence till one objectionable point was set at rest, continued predominant, and fixed him in the determination to be absent from the palace of the Governor. He dressed himself, therefore, in his usual manner ; and after despatching some affairs at home, proceeded on a visit of business across the bridge. A few hours after, when returning by the same road, he saw at a little distance a train of several persons on horseback, and the people on the bridge gazing intently thereon. As the cavalcade advanced, he perceived, by the liveries of the attendants, before he could discern the features of the parties, that it was the family of Baron von Zelstow. He stood aside, to suffer the equestrians to pass ; and although desirous of escaping notice, found himself irresistably impelled to seek the glance of Helen. She saw him at once, and checking her beautiful palfrey, saluted him by name, thus compelling him to advance beside her.

He had now a full view of the elegance of her attire. The high-laced collar, turned back from the edge of the bodice, gave to view her lovely neck and alabaster shoulders, and closed in front upon the robe of dark satin, which sparkled

above her white underdress ; whilst her dark hair, disposed in ringlets, played at liberty about her face and neck.

“Count Wallenstein !” said the lovely young woman, “do we at length see you once more ? And even now, it is *accident* that throws you in our way !”

Albert's face, at these words, was covered with crimson, and he stammered out something about business and pressing engagements.

“These excuses cannot be admitted,” interposed Helen, with a smile ; “surely, one hour might have been found to prove to your friends that you had not quite forgotten them.”

“Who could ever forget *you* ?” said Wallenstein, almost involuntarily.

“I presume you intend to be present at the festival, Count ?” inquired the Baroness—for Albert was now walking beside the horses.

“I fear it will not be in my power,” answered Albert.

“I am sorry to hear that,” observed the old Baron, gravely : “Count Martinitz will probably take offence at your absence.”

“Oh !” exclaimed Helen, half smilingly, half authoritatively, “he will come—he *must*,” and she put her hand playfully on his shoulder.

The touch thrilled like electricity through the whole frame of our hero, who could have sunk on his knees before the fascinating young beauty, despite his deeply-rooted misgivings. Scarce conscious of what he did, he bowed assent to the soliciting looks of his friends, who now again urged on their steeds, and waved their hands in token of brief farewell. His eye followed them as long as possible, and then turned slowly away, in utter abstraction.

What should he think—what do ? *Could* he now preserve his intention of stopping away from the festival, after his implied promise to attend it ? And, then, the kindness as well as the resistless fascination of Helen ! He still seemed to

hear the music of her voice, as it uttered those flattering expressions, insensibility to which would have required a more than stoical frigidity. What if, after all, he held the chief place in her affections? What if she might have it in her power to explain away all enigmatical appearances?

Just at this moment he was met by Wulden, attended by a servant in rich livery, and dressed in a splendid suit of yellow trunk-hose, with corresponding doublet: his blue mantle, which hung over his right arm, was decorated with pale gold embroidery, whilst his long and highly-polished sword was held under his left. He had been seeking Albert, in order to obtain his company, and now joyfully hailed him.

“What!” exclaimed Wallenstein, “are you, too, come to inveigle me to a place which I have but slight inclination to visit? Well, I suppose it would be to little purpose to hold out; so pray come into my house, wait while I make my toilette, and I will try to be as gay as the rest of you.”

Albert dressed himself, with great care, in white doublet and hose; the ample sleeves of the former were slashed in front, and richly embroidered with green and silver, as was likewise his mantle and his Damascus sword, with a silver basket-hilt, hung from a green sash by his side. His boots were short, with silver tassels; and his bright auburn locks, which fell profusely over his shoulders, shaded well the contour of his noble countenance.

“What a fool I must be,” exclaimed Wulden, laughing, as he eyed his friend’s noble figure, “to take you with me! You completely eclipse me in every respect. Why, you are a very Adonis! Is this elaborate display meant for the eyes of the fair Helen of Troy?”

As they were about crossing the Italian square, in order to ascend the Hradschin, there stepped forth a very pretty, neatly-dressed girl, of the middling class, from one of the gardens in front of the houses. She remained standing at a respectful distance, and blushed as she curtsied to both the gentlemen. Wallenstein recognized in her Joanna, and it did

not escape Leopold that his cheek was suffused with a deeper crimson. Both saluted the lovely girl in the most friendly manner. Wallenstein would fain have stopped a moment to remind her of her promise for this evening; but he did not wish to cause her the slightest embarrassment, particularly before the observing eye of his friend; he therefore contented himself with casting a significant look at her as they passed on, unconscious whether or not she comprehended it.

"Who was that lovely maiden?" inquired Leopold of his friend.

"The daughter of the steward and inspector of my house and gardens," replied Albert briefly.

"You seem to understand each other extremely well."

"It is natural we should do so, since we were brought up together as playmates."

"But why need you blush about it?"

"Blush! You are dreaming," cried Wallenstein, and his cheek coloured again.

"Well, well," said Leopold, laughing, as he looked into his friend's face, "never mind, I can hold my tongue; the proud beauty shall not learn any thing from me."

In this interchange of banter and deprecation the friends proceeded to the palace, where, received by a train of richly-attired servants, they were led through various chambers, and at length the heavy folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and displayed the whole assembly already collected.

Count Martinitz, a venerable and majestic looking man, who bore his seventy years (which had been to him a period full of trouble) with unabated vigour, advanced a few steps to meet them, and gave a kind and hearty welcome; whilst many of the youthful part of the company gathered about the new comers.

Wallenstein's eye soon sought the object of his thoughts, whom he discovered in the centre of a crowd of ladies, among whom her beautiful form and elegant dress were readily distinguished. Helen also quickly perceived him, and a friendly

salutation was returned to his respectful bow, shewing that his presence was a source of gratification. As he was considering how he should approach her, and measuring with his eye the wide space between them, the folding-doors again opened, and the House-Marshal, with his silver staff, accompanied by numerous attendants, appeared in the anti-room, to announce that the banquet was ready.

All were now in motion. The governor presented his arm to the lady of highest rank, and they were followed by the rest of the company, in due gradation. As they paced through the long line of apartments and galleries, Wallenstein succeeded in approaching Helen, and in whispering a few words to her. She said, in reply, "you have done well thus to meet our wishes, by appearing here. Believe me, you will not repent it."

She said this in a tone somewhat more pointed than usual. Wallenstein looked at her, and perceived in her countenance an expression of uncommon kindness, together with marks of secret anxiety, which now that the glow arising from the journey was diminished, rendered her features rather paler than ordinary. This observation fell upon Albert's heart, and excited his sympathy. What was it that weighed on Helen's mind? What had occurred to her during the week that he had been absent from Troy? Oh! that he might remove this load from her breast! that he might give up his life, to bask in the sun-shine of those eyes! He determined that, as far as circumstances might allow, he would abide in her company during the remainder of the day; and her manner toward him appeared so kind, nay, so tender, that he flattered himself she would not pass the time disagreeably in his.

The throne-room had, on account of its large dimensions, been selected for the banquet on the present occasion. The imposing size of this apartment, and its elegant, bold-vaulted roof (the pointed arches of which rose to a considerable height), could not fail to strike the spectator:—from those parts where the cluster of gothic pillars met above, hung heavy

chandeliers with rich gilt branches. Upon both sides of the long saloon, huge sideboards were placed, whereon stood innumerable bottles containing wines of the most costly and varied sorts, which sparkled invitingly when poured into the goblets of beautiful Bohemian glass. At the upper end of the saloon, the cloth was laid upon a table of horse-shoe shape, over which, at that part where the seat of the governor was, the Bohemian Lion was blazoned in a red field. In the centre of the table was a fountain, which, spouting forth a clear stream of rose-water, most agreeably perfumed the saloon. Over the entrance-doors, opposite this table, a gallery was contrived, in which a band of musicians were stationed, in order to entertain the guests during their meal with music (which, as natives of Bohemia, a land so rich in melody, they well understood), and also to give *éclat* to the healths about to be given during the banquet.

The loud flourish sounded for the first time, as the guests, the governor at their head, entered the saloon, led by the marshal, with his silver staff; who had no easy task in arranging them according to rank and dignity. At length, however, he succeeded in his endeavours; the crowd, which had swarmed around the table, settled into order as soon as the principal guests had taken possession of their seats, and the younger part of the company suited themselves as best they might.

Silence being established, the door opened again; and a long train of richly clothed domestics advanced, two by two, bearing the immense silver dishes which contained the viands. At the head of all, marched the carver, in a state-dress completely covered with gold, the mantle, the buskins (opening at the knees), and the doublet, being embroidered with gold-lace, as were also the short tasselled boots.

With great adroitness did the servants pilot the important dishes each to its proper destination, according to a sign from the carver, who stood by, armed, like a general, with his baton of command.

Count Martinitz played the host with equal dignity and

politeness. Healths were given; the guests hospitably pressed to replenish; and the large goblets repeatedly filled and emptied. The first health given was that of the Emperor Ferdinand the third, in proposing which, Martinitz rose from his seat, and lifting the cup on high, pronounced the name with reverence. All the guests rose at the moment, and the music chimed in, with a flourish of trumpets and drums. "All true Bohemians!" was the second toast given; and Count Martinitz glanced his eyes satisfactorily down both sides of the long table, his looks encountering only well-known and trusty persons, whose fidelity toward their prince and their faith rose above suspicion. "Heaven has granted me," commenced he, after the applauses of the assembly had somewhat abated, "for the first time in this elevated situation, which, through the favour of my sovereign I hold, to celebrate once more that festival which you have honoured me by attending for so many years."

Loud exclamations interrupted the venerable speaker, whose health, together with the memory of his wonderful preservation, was enthusiastically drunk. Visibly affected, the Count could scarcely, for awhile, gather voice to proceed, which at length, however, he did as follows: "How many seasons have revolved since that preservation! And what numerous changes have taken place!"

"Yes, indeed," returned the elder Wulden, who was seated near Martinitz; "and how few besides ourselves are now alive, who witnessed that scene!"

"I look around me," said the Count, "and behold mostly the children of those who, with me, stood the first brunt of that storm. My companion in misfortune, Slavata, is long since dead; and of those who were then my colleagues as imperial functionaries, scarcely two are now living. Your father, Sternberg," he added, turning toward one of the young men, "was at that time what I am now, Governor-General. We often disputed with each other; it being, in his opinion, better to accommodate all parties by gentleness and modera-

tion. I proved to him, however, that such a system would be as unavailing as the endeavours of boys to stem the force of a torrent by the barrier of a few small stones."

"I know," said old Wulden, smiling, "you were always for force and violence; and so you were made to fly out of the window—while Sternberg escaped."

"Well, and what harm has it done me?" returned the stout old warrior: "I am proud of it; and if the Kolowrates may be proud of their Beness, who, in the murderous attack at Pisa, saved the life of the Emperor our sovereign King Charles, so shall my descendants, at a future period, look back with satisfaction upon my memory. I also have staked my life for my rightful sovereign and the faith of my fathers."

"Heaven grant us, at last, repose, after so many tempestuous years!" said the old Baron von Reizan.

"It is reported, and I have letters from Vienna to the same effect," said the Governor, "that peace is now very near."

"Nevertheless, there are numerous and equivocal movements," observed old Wulden, "in the Eger district. The Swedes are drawing all their troops together; and Wrangel has even, it is said, detached a couple of regiments from the Upper Palatinate thither."

"I have heard the same thing," said Reizan; "but what does one not hear?"

"Report is very busy, no doubt," said the Governor. "Fear and hope often change and magnify an unimportant circumstance beyond its due proportion. The Swedes are unquestionably concentrating themselves; they have levied contributions, and Wrangel is moving in the Upper Palatinate. The Palatine, and presumptive heir to the throne of the learned Swedish queen, is also advancing, with a numerous body of troops, through Saxony, and, as it is said, intends taking up his quarters near Leipsic. But it is considered, by intelligent people, (and their opinion I cannot help joining,) that these movements mean nothing further than a mere concentration of the Swedish forces."

“Granted: but what can they intend by *that!*” inquired another guest.

“I really do not know,” said Martinitz, shrugging his shoulders; “certainly nothing good for Germany and the Imperial party. Still, we have every ground to hope that the conclusion of peace will put an end to fresh projects of offence, if any such are forming; and, therefore, gentlemen, let us not, by untimely anxiety, interrupt our present happiness, but drink with me—Success to the imperial arms, and destruction to the Swedes and all their friends!”

Helen had been listening, during this speech, with the greatest attention, which she strove to conceal. At the last words of the governor, however, (not very *pacificatory*, it must be allowed,) to which, as before, the whole company did honour with loud huzzas, she put down, instead of raising the glass to her lips—and that so hastily as to attract the attention of Wallenstein, who viewed her demeanour with agitation, and could hardly repress a host of gloomy thoughts. “You do not honour the toast, Helen!” he remarked, as he replaced his empty glass.

“I cannot endure,” replied she, recovering her self-possession, “to see intolerance grow so hot as to mingle even in the social circle, and embitter the hours of hilarity.”

“And so you think it *intolerant*,” said he, mournfully, “for a true Bohemian to hate the Swedes—those terrible enemies, who have now, for eighteen years, been devastating Germany and the countries bordering it?”

“For my part,” answered the fair objecter, “the old Count may do with the Swedes what he pleases. But does he not also mean, by the conclusion of his speech, to denounce the poor remains of the feeble Utraquists and Protestants, who are continually held in suspicion of an understanding with their fellow-believers, and are grudged even the very air they breathe?”

“I scarcely believe,” replied Albert, “that Count Martinitz now entertains such hostile feelings: but, even were it so,

can you well blame a man who has, from his youth upward, struggled and fought against this party, and suffered so much from it ?”

The pursuance of their conversation was stopped by the banquet being at an end. The noisy music ceased ; the wine had spread cheerfulness among the guests ; and, in the happiest humour, the younger portion of them left the banqueting for the ball room.

CHAPTER X.

MEANWHILE, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance Baron Predetten, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Wallenstein, however, with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin-Church. Helen’s attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence. Albert wished to break off the discourse ; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of Predetten, who then related that Wallenstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who was hard pressed.

“ Indeed !” cried Leopold : then, turning to Wallenstein, “ you told me nothing of this.”

“ It was not worth speaking about,” replied our hero.

“ Nay, but it was,” continued Predetten : “ the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition.”

“ You have saved a human being’s life !” exclaimed Helen ; “ that was noble, generous !”

“ It was both,” said Predetten ; “ whether it was wise or not, will appear hereafter.”

“What mean you by that observation, Baron?” asked Albert: “and how comes it you are so well informed of all which happened to me last night?”

“I learnt it from the most efficient sources,” replied the other: “from the soldiers out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you.”

“True,” said Wallenstein; “one of them called out my name.”

“They would not, for the whole world, have turned their swords against the nephew of their former general, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as, according to their mutual evidence, you did.”

“Well, then, who was the Unknown?” asked Leopold.

“Ay, that is the point,” said Predetten; “respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Wallenstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellow’s footsteps some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets.”

“Then why was he not long since seized?” asked Wulden.

“There was not sufficient *proof* against him,” answered the Baron. “He wears the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky.”

At these words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed colour, and her agitation was so observable, that Predetten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she ascribed it to a giddiness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, at the same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Wallenstein’s eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky, fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, eyeing Helen attentively.

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Predetten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our generals, to be a zealous Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he rails at confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his *real* object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron, "some villainy, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "Is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly *unknown*, at once to pronounce them *villainous*?"

"Madam!" said the officer, bowing, "pardon me when I say, you now speak on subjects scarcely to be submitted to a lady's judgment. In order, particularly during such boisterous times as these, to charge a person with the infamy of espionage, it is not necessary to be his father-confessor."

Helen maintained for a moment an indignant silence, and then replied: "As appearances go, Baron Predetten, you may be right: I have no knowledge of the individual alluded to; but I know that much depends upon the point of view from which we contemplate persons, or their actions. Much will be commended in the Swedish camp that is execrated here, and *vice versa*."

"But why, if I may be so bold as to ask," returned the Baron, evading Helen's remark, "are you the advocate of a man, *suspicious* at least, and whom *you do not know*?"

"Because," answered Helen, proudly, "it is unjust to sit in judgment on the absent; and because I *feel* that a person's real character is often either misconceived or misinterpreted."

"Oh! your interposition proceeds, then, purely from Chris-

tian charity! Well, this Odowalsky is a truly fortunate youth; and you are really a most generous couple," and he bowed laughingly to Wallenstein and Helen: "one takes his part with sword, and the other with tongue."

Albert had been buried in abstraction: he now, however, roused himself, and cried, "Baron von Predetten, have the kindness to be sparing of these jests:—they are unbecoming and offensive; I see nothing in this affair to excite laughter."

"But after all this random talk," interrupted Leopold, "I scarcely yet know what the affair really was. Come, Predetten, you shall give me the particulars;" and seizing the Baron's arm, he led him to the saloon, glad to put an end to conversation which appeared taking a very unpleasant turn.

Wallenstein and Helen were now left standing together alone; the former bent his eyes gloomily on the ground, for Helen's true principles had now shewn themselves, nor could he longer for a moment doubt that her secret friend and the person he had rescued were one and the same.

"Accept my thanks, dear Wallenstein," cried the lady; and, at that moment, her eye met the changed expression of his, and sank before it.

"For what?" asked Albert, abruptly.

"I thank you," replied she, with a constrained tone, "in the name of every friend of humanity, for your embracing the cause of an overborne stranger."

"Your interest, Helen, persuades me that he is no stranger to *you*!"

"My interest springs from the recital of the story; surely that may suffice, without seeking far and wide for other causes:" and the fair girl added, with perhaps too full an impression of her power, "Come, Wallenstein! What, moody in a lady's society! and after so long an absence, too!" and, as she spoke, she extended to him her ivory fingers.

But the spell, however potent it might have been, was

broken. Albert was profoundly mortified: his sensitive nature had undergone a heavy shock;—and, with the tear of chagrin and sorrow glistening in his eye, he bowed, and strode hastily away.

Helen stood in mute astonishment, not unmingled with alarm. She watched the graceful figure of her first admirer as he hurried through the crowd to the other end of the saloon; when, on a sudden, the sound of horns and other music struck up loudly, and the ball commenced. She started from her abstraction, and, at the same moment, Leopold, accosting her with all the chivalrous reverence of the period, requested the honour of her hand in the dance. Her thoughts were confused—she would fain have had a few moments of quiet, in order to recover herself; but recollected that she dared not refuse Wulden, if she wished subsequently to dance with Wallenstein, who, she did not doubt, would return and ask her, and who now assumed, in her regard, altogether a different character from that he formerly held—a change which at once stimulated her interest and respect:—giving Leopold, therefore, her hand, she followed him, almost unconsciously, to the immediate scene of festivity.

“Where are your thoughts, lady?” asked her partner, with a smile, after having witnessed several marks of absence and confusion: “Do you miss any one?”

“O, no!” exclaimed she, quickly and out of humour; “it is so sultry here; and, in fact, to dance at all on a summer’s afternoon is a mad idea! What I miss is coolness and air.”

“Do you wish me to understand that you would prefer dancing no longer?”

“If you will permit me the choice, I certainly should.”

“Then let me offer you my arm, that you may breathe the fresh air of the adjacent room.”

“Thank you, sir!” said Helen, glad to have got away so easily, particularly as Wallenstein was no longer in the saloon.

They stepped into the adjoining apartment, which was lofty and supported by pillars, and the high narrow windows of

which gave little admittance to the warm air. Here, in the silence and comparative gloom, Albert had taken refuge, and had thrown himself along a couch. His arm resting upon a projection of the wall, and his head leaning upon his hand, he did not observe the passers-by, nor did he perceive even when Helen and Leopold came up. The former, however, saw him directly, and her eye beamed with delight.

“Look, there is our friend, Count Wallenstein,” said she to Wulden; “but what can be the matter with him? He is not ill, I hope!”

“I hope not,” said her companion, stepping toward Albert, and laying his hand upon his shoulder. The latter immediately started up, and gazed at both without speaking. Helen inquired if he was unwell, seating herself as she did so upon the couch, and playfully inviting the young men to take their places beside her. She foresaw, in fact, no other such favourable opportunity for putting in execution her plan of securing Albert’s company back to Troy.

The discourse soon became lively, at least between Helen and Leopold. Wallenstein alone relapsed every now and then into gloom and abstraction. The lady was cautious not to touch upon the preceding day’s adventure, for the ferment it had created within Albert’s breast was but too evident. Gradually she introduced the subject of her wishes: she expressed her belief that the ball and fireworks would last until midnight—that her uncle would not stay so long, but would ride back again to Troy earlier, with a part of the escort; and that (she must confess it to her shame) she could not keep off a certain emotion of fear at returning to the castle with the small residue of the domestics, who consisted chiefly of old and superannuated servants, and who, besides, would be rendered still more powerless by the effects of the wine they had taken. “The roads are so unsafe, even round Prague,” she concluded at length, “and I know also that my aunt is very apprehensive.”

The hint, however conspicuous, was not taken in the

quarter intended for its reception. Wallenstein remained silent; but Leopold quickly replied, "May I offer you and your aunt my escort to Troy? Surely you will not scorn to accept me as your knight upon this little journey?"

This proposition, although neither anticipated nor sought, could not well be rejected, and indeed interfered not with the lady's scheme. Upon receiving it, she turned, with inimitable address, to Count Albert, and said, in playful tone, "You silent, Wallenstein! Your friend is so kind as to bear us company; will not you do the same?"

Our hero's irritated feelings saw nothing in this plain appeal but the vanity of the proud beauty, who, while her heart glowed in secret for another, wished to yoke to her triumphant car as many slaves as possible. At the same time he first recollected his appointment with Joanna, and how cruelly he should deceive her, if he allowed himself to be moved by Helen's flatteries. He replied, therefore, that he had a pressing affair to attend to this evening, which, since his friend had volunteered his attendance on the ladies, he should not feel warranted in neglecting.

"A pressing affair?" repeated Helen; "and to-day—on such a day! Oh, Count Wallenstein?" cried she, somewhat reproachfully, "this is scarcely credible."

"Could not your pressing affair be adjusted by means of a messenger?" asked Wulden.

"I have promised to go myself," said Wallenstein, gravely, "and I hold my promises sacred."

"This really looks suspicious," cried Leopold, laughing: "what can it mean?"

"Give yourself no trouble about it;" interrupted Wallenstein; "the affair is a very simple one, and cannot, in the eyes of the world, be of any importance." He thought, at that moment, on Joanna. Her sweet features, her gentle demeanour, floated before his mind, and he felt composed by the remembrance,—until all at once the mysterious portrait presented itself, and he relapsed into his former dejection.

“ Let us return to the saloon,” exclaimed Helen, springing up, and adding, with ludicrous inconsistency, “ it is so *cold* here ?” Leopold offered his arm, whilst Wallenstein mechanically followed.

“ What’s the matter with your friend ?” inquired Helen, as they re-entered the saloon.

“ I really cannot comprehend him,” replied Leopold ; “ he is completely metamorphosed within the last hour.”

As the gay dancers flew past, Leopold pointed to them with significant looks ; and Helen, comprehending his meaning, gave him her hand, casting, at the same time, a proud glance toward Albert.

Wallenstein allowed all this to pass without notice. Bitter pain at his deception and blindness filled his soul. Helen’s falsehood toward him,—her unprincipled trifling with his heart, whilst her own was devoted to another, roused his feelings into the most violent commotion. Nor even in his thoughts of Joanna did he, as heretofore, find repose. He had an indefinite dread of evil to come, as well as past ; and feared that the evening would bring some terrible disclosure. Buried in these gloomy meditations, he stood in the middle of the saloon, hardly conscious that a crowd of revellers were around him, and that the ball was now at its height. Dance followed dance—all were, or appeared to be, happy, and the individual whose bosom was so torn seemed lost amid the joyous throng.

Gradually, however, evening advanced, and tapers were lighted in the various branches on the walls. Thus approached night—*that* night which was to bring with it so much terror and sorrow ;—and yet Helen had found no means of persuading her friend to retire from the devoted city ! Her situation was the more afflicting, since she dared not explain to Wallenstein her real motives for desiring his company ; and these circumstances had combined to unfold to her another secret, namely, that the indifference of Wallenstein was by no

means matter of indifference to her—so waywardly are the elements of our strange nature mixed and mingled together !

Her anxiety increased with every moment ; and the appearance of the lights raised it into mortal terror. She resolved at length, after some consideration, that, let Wallenstein think of her as he might, she would address him once more, and *solicit* his escort, A favourable accident having led him near when the dance she had taken part in had ceased, she called him to her, invited him to a seat by her side, and again tried all her eloquence to lure from him the wished-for promise. The importance which she seemed to attach to his consent—the anxious eagerness displayed in her features, which Wallenstein could scarcely attribute to fear at the dangers of the road—the soft entreating tone of her voice—her eye, which shone with a restrained tear, altogether began, not indeed to affect Albert's heart, but to interest his curiosity and sympathy. It is true, he did not conceal his surprise at this seeming timidity, but was wavering in his resolution when the old Baron came up, and gallantly addressing Helen, announced his intention of accommodating his hour to theirs, and awaiting the conclusion of the entertainments. No excuse now remained for pressing Wallenstein's escort, and Helen was forced to lock within her own breast her terror and solicitude. Immediately afterward, the whole of the company got in motion—the gathering darkness now allowing the display of the fireworks ; and amidst the confusion which resulted, Wallenstein withdrew from his party, and left the assembly altogether.

On leaving the saloon, Helen was informed of this fact by Wulden, who said that their friend's altered demeanour had filled him with surprise, adding some gallant expressions to the lady, of which she took no heed ; her mind was now, indeed, quite absorbed by the idea of what was at hand. In the blaze and crackling of the fireworks, she heard and saw nothing but the report of the Swedish cannon, and often—very often—did

these feelings threaten almost to overwhelm her! Nothing, in fact, but her love for Odowsky, and the heroic pride which she had so frequently admired, and felt herself called on to display, could preserve the terrible secret upon which, as she supposed, her lover's and her country's happiness depended.

Meanwhile, glad to escape into the open air, Albert, attended by two servants with torches, passed across the palace-square, hastily descended the hill, and entered the city, now quite dark and silent. The noise from the gardens sounded fainter and fainter, as he descended into the deserted streets; and in like manner did the partial excitement which the scene had afforded fade away, and leave him utterly miserable. It seemed to him as if every one had found a congenial spirit, except himself, and that there was no one whose bosom beat responsive to the feelings of his own! This forlorn sensation is, perhaps, the most wretched that can be endured.

Amidst such thoughts he arrived at his mansion. The outer gate was already locked; the servant knocked, and it was opened. Wallenstein advanced with hasty steps toward the garden; this also was locked. He reflected that it was rather late, and that Joanna had perhaps given up all hopes of seeing him. With the greater haste did he proceed to her father's apartments. He opened the first—all was dark and silent; he stepped into the second—and here he found Bertram, alone, seated in his arm-chair, reading by the light of a lamp. He sprang up quickly, as the door opened, and seeing his lord before him, drew the velvet cap from off his grey hairs.

"Where is your daughter?" was the question with which our hero replied to the old man's greetings.

"Not at home, my Lord," answered he, bowing: "she has"—

"Not at home!" exclaimed Wallenstein, in a tone of surprise: "She requested me to come—she promised"—

"I know all," replied the old man, bowing still lower: "but an indispensable duty"—

"A duty! and toward whom? Where is she?"

“At St. Margaret’s, with her mother’s sister, who has been, on the sudden, taken dangerously ill, my Lord, and has sent for her.”

“Who is this mother’s sister?”

“The widow of the governor of the monastery of St Margaret,—a good woman, who, after the decease of my wife, discharged the duties of a parent toward my child.”

“And she was suddenly taken ill *to-day*?” said Wallenstein, in a doubting tone: “this is singular!”

“The news came about noon; Joanna was dreadfully terrified, first on account of her aunt, and then from fear of your Lordship’s displeasure. Indeed, had I not presumed that you were at the banquet, I should have sought you, to prevent your coming.”

“And does not Joanna return to-night!” inquired Wallenstein, somewhat softened.

“I expect her every moment, and fear, from her stay, that matters go badly at St. Margaret’s.”

“She will not come home alone, surely, in the middle of the night?”

“I believe her cousin will accompany her home.”

“Her *cousin*! who is *he*?” asked Wallenstein, jumping at a conclusion.

“The son of my sister-in-law.”

“Indeed! a *young* man, probably?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“I shall wait a little,” said the Count, at last: “unlock the garden-gates for me.—Perhaps Joanna may still come; and the night is most beautiful.”

Bertram obeyed, conjecturing within himself all manner of things about his Lord; while Wallenstein stepped into the garden, which was dark and balmy, and, sending back the old man, gave himself up, surrounded by silence, solitude, and night, to his thoughts and recollections.

In the Castle and its royal gardens all the lights were gradually vanishing; the guests had retired; and quiet darkness

sank refreshingly, after the noise of the day, on the heads of the wearied partakers in the festival.

CHAPTER XI.

IN this silent hour, whilst the inhabitants of Prague gave themselves up to careless slumber, a storm was preparing, which was soon to burst. Under the cover of night, the Swedish troops were approaching from Rakonitz, and were now at a small distance only from the town. They had marched the whole day with the greatest caution; preventing every possible communication whereby the Bohemian capital might have been apprised of their advance.

Toward night the words were given, "God be with us!" and each soldier received orders to stick a green sprig of birch-wood in his cap, in order to be recognized in the darkness. The troops then broke up, and the march was so calculated as to make them reach Prague in the depth of night.

Odowalsky had the vanguard under his orders; Colonel Copy followed with one thousand horse, and Königsmark brought up the rear with the main body, consisting of cavalry and infantry, which latter he had mounted in the baggage waggons, and upon the horses of the baggage and artillery. Odowalsky well knew that it was mistrust which had induced Königsmark so to arrange; and this feeling was productive of any thing but complacency; but he was forced to submit, and therefore, rode slowly along toward the capital of his native country, which he was on the point of delivering over to strangers, and of spreading bloodshed, plunder, and misery amidst his fellow-citizens. At times there arose within his breast a strong feeling of horror at this idea; and the unfavourable opinion which even the Swedes seemed to entertain of him (whilst they reaped all the advantages of his treachery) increased that heavy consciousness. Manning himself, however, for the enterprise, he shook off the unwelcome feeling as a pre-

judice derived from inexperienced youth ; and, thinking on all that he had endured, tried to overcome his better judgment. Amidst the visions of a brilliant destiny which the future seemed to open to him, and the enjoyments of long-wished for wealth, arose the lovely figure of Helen, whom her relations could not refuse him, when—rendered illustrious by success, he appeared as a victorious general before them, and demanded the hand of their niece. Thus did he push his regards, across massacre, treachery, and terror, toward the object of his desire, striving to silence the voice of conscience, which, however, became more and more audible the nearer he approached the walls of Prague, whose towers he could now recognize by the pale star-light.

They had reached the Abbey of St. Margaret, when suddenly the bells of the tower sounded, and were at the same moment echoed by an answering peal from those in the city. The Swedish troops halted in utter astonishment : and the adjutant-general, springing forward, demanded, almost breathless, of Odowalsky, what was the meaning of this ringing ?—whilst Königsmark, continually suspicious of the man who had broken faith with his own prince, imagined that he discovered herein some fresh instance of treachery, preconcerted with the Bohemian authorities.

“ What does that ringing mean ? ” said Odowalsky, ironically, while the shades of night concealed from young Königsmark the smile of mockery which played on his features ; “ truly, nought but the chorus of the monks ! They are ringing for service in the various monasteries. The pious souls announce to the world their attention to pray for themselves and others, whilst we, meantime, surprise the city. It is the most innocent ringing that can be imagined ; pray, say as much to the Count, your uncle.”

The adjutant was silent, but still hesitated. In the meantime Colonel Coppy rode up, to whom the halting and discourse in the vanguard had appeared singular. He inquired what was the matter, and Odowalsky told him all, not, how-

ever, without adding several ironical remarks. Cobby had formerly passed some time in Catholic countries; he therefore knew the custom, and confirmed Odowalsky's statement.

Young Königsmark, with provoking pertinacity, shook his head at this explanation, and rode back to his uncle, whilst the troops were once more put in motion; but he soon returned, and stationed himself beside Colonel Cobby, with whom he carried on an earnest conversation in an under tone. Odowalsky observed this, and was at no loss to interpret its meaning: Cobby was doubtless receiving orders to be on his guard, and not to lose sight of the suspicious guide. Several times did the heart of the latter feel incensed against the Swedes, who, although necessary to the attainment of his object, he in reality detested. Several times did the thought rise within him of meriting their suspicions;—of springing forward, and raising the alarm at the city gates. This thought, however much it proceeded from mixed motives, was at least patriotic, and seemed to be the last effort of his better angel, but pride overcame, and he remained true to his purpose. Consequently, the troops arrived unobserved, under cover of the darkness, close to the walls of the fortification. This, according to the agreed plan, was the point of separation. Königsmark intended to halt with his corps; whilst Odowalsky and Cobby—with pioneers bearing the instruments necessary to break open the gates,—marching across to the left toward the Hradschin, were to seek out that unguarded point of the fortification already provided with a bribed picquet,—to press in and open the Strahöwer-Gate to the Swedes waiting outside.

Every thing was carried on in the greatest order and deepest silence. At a certain distance, outside the gate, Königsmark drew up with the cavalry. Odowalsky, however, and Cobby dismounted their party, and approached the Hradschin on foot. Here every thing was found as Odowalsky had prepared it; the words—"God be with us," were given: the sentry made round to the right toward the city-gate; the

Swedes proceeded without interruption through the unguarded opening in the wall, and arrived at the Hradschin-Square, from whence they speedily proceeded to the Strahöwer-Gate. But here Odowalsky had not been able to succeed: it was occupied by trusty soldiers. As the Swedes approached, the sentry challenged in vain, and found they were enemies; they gave fire, but fell immediately after—the sacrifice to their fidelity—beneath the blows of Odowalsky and his party. Previously, however, two or three men had been dispatched by the officer on guard, to the citadel; for the purpose of giving the alarm and informing the commandant in all possible haste of the attack of the enemy. He then, with the small number of troops, protracted an heroic resistance as long as he could, convinced that every moment gained was so much lost to the enemy; nor was it till after himself and his small troop had fallen, that the Swedes (whom this delay had enraged) succeeded in forcing open the gate, which at length gave way to the strokes of the pioneers, and falling, displayed an uninterrupted prospect to the Swedish cavalry, who were waiting without, and who immediately sprang forward, and galloped straight toward the Hradschin-Square, where they drew up in order.

With feelings of great triumph, Königsmark saw himself so far advanced, and he now no longer doubted but that he should, in a short time, be master of all Prague. He acknowledged that Odowalsky had guided him faithfully; and as proof of his confidence, ordered him to hasten with a select body through the city to the bridge, in order to ensure a passage into the Old-Town.

But the engagement at the Strahöwer-Gate, and the firing of several shots, had already alarmed a part of the neighbouring inhabitants. Confused and terrified, the people sprang from their beds: they beheld hostile troops amid the streets of the Hradschin, and fell as soon as they appeared,—for, even before they could plan any scheme of resistance, they were pierced

by Swedish bullets—the enemy's troops having received orders to fire at every one they might see in the streets or at the windows.

The alarm soon spread to the royal palace. Sentinels cried out, shots were fired, and the inhabitants awoke in terror out of the confusion of their first sleep, after a day passed in intoxicating pleasure. Count Martinitz was one of the first who, shaking off the trammels of slumber, seized his arms before he well knew the cause of the tumult. At this moment his servant rushed into his bed-room, exclaiming: "Save yourself, my Lord! The Swedes are in the palace!" The Count was roused at this; for he imagined that fear or intoxication had made the man exaggerate an accidental tumult into the presence of the enemy, who, according to his own opinion were many miles distant. He was, therefore, still angrily disputing with the servant, who, maintaining his assertion, was endeavouring to persuade the Count to flight, when one of his daughters, pale as death, rushing into the room, repeated the news, and immediately afterward an officer of the guard entered with the information—"that the Swedes, in some inconceivable way, had surprised the city, and their cavalry, even now, were stationed in the Hradschin-Square."

"Well, let us drive them out!" exclaimed the old man, seizing his sword; and ordering his servants to reach down his pistols quickly, he desired the officer to occupy all the entrances in the best possible manner.

"That is already attended to, your Excellency," replied the officer; "but I fear it will not prove of much use; our number is but small, and the enemy is strong."

"Send down into the town, then, for a reinforcement!" At this moment a terrible noise was heard close at hand; doors were burst open, shots fired, and cries of terror and despair resounded through the apartments. "They are *here!*" exclaimed the Count's secretary, who with some others of the household rushed in from a back door; "save yourself, my Lord!"

“Not I, in truth!” exclaimed Martinitz; “the heretics shall never say that the Upper-Burgraf of Bohemia fled before them. The emperor has entrusted to me the station and the palace. I *dare* not stir from my post. Stand by me, friends!” exclaimed he, placing himself so advantageously, as he spoke, that the first Swedes who pressed forward through the forcibly-opened door met with a warm reception from himself and his armed companions. But the struggle did not last long; through every passage the Swedes poured in, finding here and there amongst the menials of the palace but too faithful guides! Resistance, therefore, was mere idleness, particularly as a Swede, enraged at the Count’s furious attack, aimed a heavy stroke at his head, which stretched the old man senseless on the ground.

Upon this, all surrendered, stipulating only for themselves and for the safety of the persons of their lord and his family, all which was granted by the Swedish leader. The Count was placed upon his couch: his lamenting daughter, together with several attendants, provided him with every necessary aid, and, drowned in their own distresses, they troubled themselves less about the wild horde, who now, at the command of their leader, (leaving the chamber of the wounded Count, whom they declared to be their prisoner of war,) ransacked the rest of the apartments in the palace, slew all who opposed them, and seized whatever they took a fancy to.

From the palace and the Hradschin-Square the noise and terror now spread farther into the city. As yet, however, the greatness of the danger and its real nature was not known, until the voice of the messenger who had hastened from the Strahöwer-Gate into the town, with the cry of terror—“The Swedes are in the city!”—awoke likewise the inhabitants of the other districts. The women screamed, and the men sprang to their weapons, hurrying disorderly into the streets. Small bodies soon collected here and there, but were deficient in a knowledge of the true state of things, as well as in pre-

sence of mind. The facts, however, became gradually known, in every direction : the drums were beat, and a corps of regular troops (summoned by the messenger formerly alluded to) marched up the steep leading to the Hradschin. At last the tumult penetrated into that solitary part of the town wherein was situated the Wallenstein-Palace.

Albert had not left it. Joanna not having yet arrived, he wandered up and down the moonlit walks of the garden, and having just reached the small lake, whereon he had yesterday enjoyed such a happy tour, was thinking of their water excursion,—of the silent delight which beamed from Joanna's eyes, and the mind displayed in all her expressions. How amiable seemed her confidence, evinced even against her father's will, toward him !

At that moment he heard shots at a distance ; but supposing them to be indicative of some innocent amusement or continuation of the pleasures of the day, he took no further notice. The reports, however, were renewed, stronger and more frequent. At the same time it appeared to him as if he heard, in the adjacent streets, cries and tumult. He hurried, therefore, quickly through the garden into the house, where he was met by Bertram, full of terror.

“What noise is that ?” cried Wallenstein.

“Alas, my Lord, I know not ; I fear it is some tumult”—

“Open the gate—I will see.”

“Oh, for heaven's sake, my Lord, do not ! You might perchance, encounter the rioters. No doubt it is some drunken people coming from the festival.”

“No, no,” returned Wallenstein, “this is no drunken fray. Do you not hear the tread of cavalry descending from the Hradschin ?”

“It is the patrol—they have, doubtless, been summoned !”

“It is the heavy tread of horses. Good heavens !” continued he, after a moment's thought, “can it be the *Swedes* ? Hark ! they are sounding the alarm bells !”

Just then, indeed, the alarm was really heard from the bells of St. Thomas, which were answered by the other towers.

"It is the Swedes!" pursued Wallenstein; "my fears are true. Open the gate, Bertram, I must get out. Do you hear the drums? Our troops are in motion—open the gate!"—but the poor, attached old man hesitated.

Meantime the household had collected together in the court in a state of terror. With various exclamations they surrounded their young lord; whilst without, the noise became louder, and the ringing of the bells more violent. Bertram saw and understood his master's peremptory look and motion; the gate was unbarred, and the nephew of the great Friedland, sword in hand, rushed forth.

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Bertram, in a voice of anguish, "in this night of terror where can she be!"

"Where we all are—in the hands of God!" exclaimed Wallenstein, turning round once more; "If I can be his instrument in saving her, be assured it will render me happy!" With these words he flew away, whilst his people remained standing in a kind of stupor at the gate.

As Wallenstein approached one of the squares, he plainly heard the sound of swords clashing, and the report of muskets. It was a sign that the enemy was at the same time in different parts of the city, whilst here, in the square, they were already engaged hand to hand. From out several houses was heard the cry of lamentation, where, perhaps, some Swedes had penetrated, or one of the inhabitants had been killed. Straggling dark forms fled along close to the walls, in order to escape unobserved from the enemy—loud alarms re-echoed from every side—and the darkness of the night increased the amount of uncertainty and terror.

By the light of torches, Wallenstein recognised a body of men with the Swedish uniform, and was now convinced there must have been some monstrous act of treachery perpetrated to deliver Prague into the hands of the enemy. He quickly

guessed at the intention of the Swedes to proceed to the bridge, and secure the passage to the Old-Town.

It was Odowalsky, with his corps, to whom a small body of Imperialists was just now opposed. The idea of warning the Old-Town flashed through Albert's mind. Like an arrow, he darted along the houses toward the Bridge-street; at the top of which, his progress was intercepted by a wounded person, who was groaning, and slowly dragging himself along. Compassion induced our hero to assist this unfortunate being; whilst, on the other hand, his object demanded the greatest haste.

The reflection of a passing light in the hands of a fugitive fell upon Wallenstein's figure, and the wounded man calling out his name, Albert recognised poor Predetten, who, at that moment, fell down, expiring.

"Heavens! is it you?" exclaimed Wallenstein, as he bent over his unfortunate friend. Predetten reached out his hand to him: "It is all over with me," he feebly enjuculated; "hasten to the Old-Town—I wished to give the alarm—but now—tell them to occupy the bridge strongly, and they may yet save the two other districts. Hasten, hasten, Wallenstein; God be with you!" and he sank back exhausted.

Albert could not leave the unhappy man to lie helpless here where the foot of the coming enemy might trample upon him. He lifted him up, therefore, and laid him under the nearest gate-way. He no longer exhibited signs of motion. Had he fainted; or was he dead? To ascertain this point, Wallenstein had no time. He seized the hat and dark mantle of the once-gay Predetten, wrapped himself up therein, and, leaving his own rich dress, (which might have betrayed him,) with the dying man, hastened on, profoundly agitated at all the horrors which he had witnessed, toward the gate of the Kleinseite, in order to execute his original plan—that which Predetten had vainly desired to accomplish. He was already in sight of the river, when the unequal fight in the square having terminated, he heard the enemy advancing, and redoubled

his speed. Beyond the middle of the bridge, he was rendering up his ardent prayer to all the saints whose images he was flying past, for the preservation of his native city, when the Swedes pressed also through the first bridge-tower, and gained upon him. Some not unfamiliar voice exclaimed, "Fire!" and Albert felt a ball enter his shoulder. The blood flowed copiously;—but he regarded not that, hastening on as fast as his wound would permit. The pain was scarcely felt, but the loss of blood began to weaken him; and, while anxiety urged him on, faintness checked his steps. Thus he reached, at length, the bridge-tower on the side of the Old-Town. The alarm-bells had already awakened the terrified garrison. One body had formed itself in the ring; another marched, in double quick time, up the Jesuit-Street, (which leads to the bridge,) and was near the Tower when Albert reached it. Pale and bleeding, he hurried toward the soldiers, and crying out, "The Swedes are in Prague! save the Old-Town!" he sank, fainting, at the feet of the officer who commanded the detachment.

The Swedish troops, in considerable force, were now seen advancing, and soon recognised as enemies, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, by their general appearance and the birch-boughs in their caps. They had already passed the central arch of the bridge, and presented a speedy confirmation of the shouts of the wounded man, who, meanwhile, had been conveyed, in a senseless state, to a more secure place. The gate leading to the bridge was shut in great haste, the guard mounted, and the Austrians ready to repel force by force. The assailants rushed toward the gate, but found it shut, and their attempt to force it was answered by a volley of musket-shot.

Thrice did they renew the attack, and as many times were they repulsed by the fire of the Imperial troops. At last, Odowsky perceived that, for the present, very little could be done without heavy artillery. He, therefore, sullenly retreated to the Kleinseite, not without annoyance from the bullets of

the Austrians, which harassed his men as long as they were within reach. He left, however, part of his regiment behind, to occupy the bridge-works.

He had no doubt but that the single fugitive whom he had recognised making full speed toward the Old-Town, had been the cause of his disappointment. He was, therefore, extremely desirous to know who that fugitive might be, in order to be revenged upon him in the event of his getting possession of the remainder of the town, of which he entertained no doubt.

Dejected, and out of humour, he proceeded with his soldiers along the bridge road, toward the Kleinscitner-Ring, meeting every where Swedish troops, both infantry and cavalry, moving through the streets,—a sign that the Kleinseite had surrendered without any farther struggle or resistance. But quite at the end of the street, and before they arrived at the ring, (which was occupied by Swedish cavalry,) two of the soldiers stumbled against a dead body that lay close to a house; and a richly embroidered cloak, together with a magnificent cap with white nodding plumes, shewed that the young man—for they could so far distinguish his features in the dark—must have been of rank and fortune. The soldiers greedily stripped off the splendid uniform, and then began to quarrel about their spoil, every one preferring the cloak to the cap: but, on minute examination, a rich button and loop, set with brilliants, was discovered upon the latter, which gave things another turn, amply satisfying the malcontent appropriators. This splendid beginning, indeed, afforded bright prospects of the wealth to be anticipated from the taking of a town that had been, for so many centuries past, and until very lately, the residence of emperors and kings, as well as of an opulent nobility. Yet the men were obliged to check their impatience and avarice for the present, as Königsmark's strict command prohibited any one from leaving the ranks. Each had orders to remain with his company; and night, coupled with their total ignorance of the

place, and the possibility of being surprised by the enemy, rendered this precaution highly necessary.

The Swedish troops, therefore, after having silenced the weak resistance opposed to them in the castle, and in various parts of the Kleinseite, remained under arms all night. Few of the inhabitants were to be seen in the streets; and those who did venture forth paid for their temerity with loss of life. Thus, the city which had, a short time before, been so gay, had now become still and solitary as the grave; and this horrible silence was only interrupted, at intervals, by lamentations uttered over the couch of the dead or mortally wounded—or by the sentinals challenging each other upon their posts. How much is the apparent duration of time affected by circumstance! This short summer's night seemed as if it would have no end!

When, at length, the first ray of morning, so anxiously longed for by many a heart, beamed over Prague, it only seemed to lend its light to the enemy, and to renew and complete the horrors of the night. For, as soon as Königsmark found himself, after strict inquiry, secure from every possible danger, and that all necessary measures had been taken against unexpected attack, he permitted his troops, who had hitherto kept together in considerable numbers, to disperse, sent them into quarters, and gave them leave to plunder.

Now began the fears and horrors of an hostile attack, in another and even more terrific manner. The Swedes broke into the houses. Harsh treatment, nay, all sorts of cruelty was committed; whoever offered resistance was put to the sword; many, especially of the most eminent and opulent citizens, were made close prisoners, in order either to use them as hostages or to extort enormous sums of money for their ransom. The churches were plundered and profaned; even the unoffending often wantonly knocked down or killed; and the greater part of those valuables which had either remained or been again collected together after the action near the Weisse-Berg (which had already cost Prague the greatest

share of its treasures), now became the prey of an insolent enemy; for, though the two other parts were spared, the Kleinseite, owing to its vast number of gorgeous edifices, including the royal palace and the arsenal of the Hradschin (which were in direct communication with it), was decidedly the most important and richest quarter of the whole city.

CHAPTER XII.

WE will now return to the inmates of the Castle of Troy, who reached home on this eventful night in perfect safety, though unaccompanied by any one save their usual attendants; for, however gallantly Leopold had offered himself to Helen, as long as there seemed a necessity for his services, he did not press them when that necessity appeared to vanish. He therefore took leave of the family at the threshold of the Castle, and amused himself, as he returned home over the bridge (at that time still quiet), with speculations on the singular behaviour of Albert and Helen.

The latter, on reaching her apartment, found her mother, who jointly occupied it, still awake; and, alarmed at Helen's pale looks and dejected spirits, she inquired the cause, but was too much in the habit of yielding to her daughter's caprices to persist in the inquiry. Helen undressed and threw herself on the bed, but without being able to close her eyes; and while her mother quietly slumbered beside her, pain and anguish kept her in a dreadful state of watchfulness, until the sudden report of the first firing from the town informed her that the great tragedy was now beginning. No longer able to remain in bed, she suddenly started up and hastened to the window, which, being situated in the extreme wing of the Castle, afforded a view of Prague, the Hradschin, and adjacent country—a noble prospect by day, and in time of peace; but now, while the flashes of the musketry were darting through

the gloom of night, and the awful silence was interrupted by the report of deadly conflict, it was a sight revolting and horrible. *There*, thought Helen, Odowalsky fought; and every shot that rent the air might deprive her of her heart's treasure. And what was the probable lot of Albert?—what the destiny of many an acquaintance and youthful friend, in these hours of horror and bloodshed? She anxiously flew from the frightful images that haunted her, and tried in vain to fix her fancy upon some point of alleviation.

Meanwhile, the repeated cannonading had awakened several persons in the Castle. By degrees the alarm became general, and at length a knocking was heard at Helen's door;—she was involuntarily startled by this unusual summons, and sank quite senseless into her chair. The knocking now became louder, and at last awoke her mother, who had hitherto strangely preserved her slumber. “What's the matter?” she exclaimed:—“who is there?” The voice of the Baron startled the old lady: “Good heavens! what has happened?” cried she,—and in the same moment some shots from the town struck her ear. She now hastily robed herself, and, unlocking the door, perceived the Baron with a light. “I beg pardon for disturbing you,” said he: “but the best view of the town is commanded from your windows. Don't you hear the firing? I thought you had been long awake, and wished to know if any thing could be seen as well as heard, from hence.”

Madame de Berka, slowly shaking off the stupor of sleep, assured the Baron that she had rested quietly until a few minutes since; and, on saying this, she went toward the window, followed by the Baron, and both were terrified, as if by a ghost, at the sight of the young lady sitting there, pale and motionless, her eyes immoveably directed to the window.

“Helen!” cried her mother, “what ails you?”

The sound of her name, together with the sight of her uncle and mother, in some measure restored Helen to her senses. With uplifted hands, but without being able, as yet,

to utter a tone, she pointed to Prague; and the old people thought they were to understand by this that the terror of the firing had alarmed her. On opening the window, it did not admit of a doubt but that something extremely serious must be going on in the city: and the Baron, after having looked awhile and made his observations, resolved to send an express thither by way of Lieben, as the shorter road by water would, owing to the darkness of the night, have been attended with too many difficulties.

He left the room. Madame de Berka remained a little longer at the window, and Helen with her, still terribly agitated. The firing began to subside by degrees, and at length, after having lasted about an hour, dropped entirely.

"Now 'tis all over," said Helen, with a deep sigh, "and what is done, is done!" At these words she rose with difficulty from her chair, and tottered toward her bed, shivering as from a fit of the ague. Her mother hastened to her assistance; the old lady was herself much agitated and perplexed, both by the state in which she saw her daughter, and by anxiety to learn the cause of the commotion; she rang for the maid, ordered some strengthening medicines, and wished to persuade Helen to take them; who, however, obstinately refused. "The morrow will decide all," said she, in an inward tone.

"Will decide what?" asked her mother.

"Between life and death," continued Helen, still speaking and looking as if utterly abstracted.

"Good God!" exclaimed the old lady, "between life and death? Do you feel so very ill, then? Tell me now, my own girl, what has happened? I fear your spirits are overstrained, what with the noise of the festivity, and these unlooked-for horrors!"

Helen answered not; her conflicting emotions, in fact, almost deprived her of utterance. In vain did her mother endeavour to administer consolation; the only reply she

could obtain was—"If you love me, leave me alone; I am unable to speak to you at present."

Madame de Berka shook her head, as she obeyed and laid herself down; but the gentle sleep returned not to her. With a mother's anxiety she watched each breath of her beloved child, and this immediate cause of her apprehension banished from her thoughts every thing that concerned the strange doings in Prague,

At last morning dawned on these wretched beings; but the express whom Baron von Zelstow had despatched to Prague was not yet returned. This delay seemed incomprehensible; but the worst was soon confirmed, when some peasants entered the Castle much alarmed, and reported that the Swedes had surprised the Kleinseite in the night, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, so that scarcely any one survived the slaughter, and that the streets were running with blood! Such exaggerations, however, being common, the Baron and his family knew that great allowances were to be made; still, it was plain that the story must be but too well founded in fact, and could no longer be doubted, as all the reports agreed in this point, that the Swedes had made themselves masters of the town.

What was to be hoped for, what to be feared, by the inhabitants of the environs? These were the thoughts that now suggested themselves to every one, and the former courage of the Baron, who had once fought under Tilly, revived. He examined the Castle, carefully inspected the preparations for defence, ordered all his people to make themselves familiar with their arms, and assigned to the women the task of supplying the Castle with provision.

With the first ray of morning Helen hastily rose, and went into the garden, in spite of all the remonstrances of her mother, who thought her dangerously ill. But she expected the report which Odowalsky had promised her, and which she could only receive in private. At length her faithful maid ap-

peared with a note in *his* hand-writing, which alone sufficed to lighten her heart of a very heavy load. It contained but a few lines, written in terms unintelligible save to themselves. Their purport was, that her friend had mainly succeeded in his enterprise, unhurt by either bullet or sword. The entrance into the town had been effected with trifling loss. He was now expecting an ample recompense—not so much from Königsmark as from Christiana herself, whom he looked on as his future sovereign. He hoped shortly to see Helen, and verbally communicate to her further details.

Trembling with mixed sensations of anxiety and delight, the young lady was scarcely able to read the note. When she had finished, she thanked God in fervent prayer for the fulfilment of her fondest wishes, and then endeavouring to calm her agitated spirits, (that she might not attract observation in the Castle,) retired to her chamber. If her mother was before astonished at the ghastly looks of her daughter, she was now no less so at the expression of cheerfulness and gaiety which beamed on her features. But it was still in vain to ask her any questions. Helen persisted in saying that she felt to-day exactly as she had done yesterday, and that, with the exception of the sudden fright, nothing had ailed her.

At length the Baron's messenger returned. He had not been able to proceed farther than to the Altstadt, and had remained no longer than was necessary to receive authentic intelligence. His account partly confirmed what was already known; the Kleinseite was in the hands of the enemy, though the other two quarters of the town had not yet capitulated. But the report brought by the messenger, of the horrors, pillaging and murders, which the Swedes had been guilty of, both on the night of the attack, and the following morning, was truly heart-rending to those who had so many friends and relations in the town. Neither sex nor age had been spared: the Governor of the Castle was imprisoned, as was likewise the greater part of the persons of rank and consideration. Field Marshal Count Colloredo, the Commander-in-Chief, had

however, made his escape, though not without imminent danger, over the Moldavia, in a small boat. The despairing inhabitants of the Kleinseite were seen on the roofs of their houses, and on the steeples, ringing their hands, and imploring assistance from the inhabitants of the two other quarters of the town—who, helpless and perplexed, had enough to do to defend themselves, as the enemy, having drawn the pieces of artillery out of the arsenal of Hradschin, had planted them on the ramparts opposite the Altstadt, and now began to bombard the districts which had hitherto escaped.

It was wise to anticipate the speedy arrival of the unwelcome visitors at Troy. None of them, however, made their appearance during the whole of this day. They were indeed busily employed between the distribution of the troops at headquarters, and the pillage of the town, which lasted three whole days. Odowalsky, meanwhile, together with every one of his soldiers, had orders not to remove to any distance from the Kleinseite, because Königsmark kept them strictly together, from fear of treachery, and distrust of his own good fortune. It was not till the third day, and after being thoroughly convinced that there was no reasonable ground for alarm, that he began to think of diminishing the garrison, and stationing some of his troops in the surrounding country, of which he was anxious to secure possession.

At the same time, some recompense was thought of for Odowalsky. He had waited for it with much impatience, and found it below his expectation, when Königsmark, in presence of all the officers of the regiment, delivered to him the commission of a colonel of dragoons, and likewise a patent of Swedish nobility, with the title of De Streitberg—a name which he had formerly assumed. In addition to this, a considerable part of the booty had, it is true, fallen to his share. But his wishes were more aspiring, and more consonant to the important services which he thought he had rendered the Swedish army. Indeed it appeared to him that he had not only just claims to the rank of a general, and to the property

of the palace of Wallenstein, but likewise to other estates and domains, in the event of Prague and the greater part of Bohemia coming into undisputed possession of the Swedes. He had found means to acquaint Königsmark with these pretensions, through the medium of Cobby, who was his friend and greatly esteemed by Königsmark, who, nevertheless, had taken no notice of it; and thus, his late promotion, however honourable and important, seemed of little value to the ambitious mind of Odowalsky.

On the second day after the taking of the town, preparations were made by the enemy to extend themselves. A bridge was thrown over the river, near Lieben, in order to afford means of attacking the places on the opposite shore by land, as likewise to secure communication with the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Troy were not ignorant of these movements, and considered the time when the Swedes would pay them a visit as very near. Gloomy expectation, discontent, and fear took possession of the minds of all. Helen was the only person who appeared calm, and she was even gay, for which circumstance, together with her conduct on the eventful night, her uncle could in no other way account, but by that peculiarity of character which is intimidated only by uncertainty, but boldly looks positive danger in the face. He was pleased hereat; since, in his arrangements, he derived great assistance from this sensible girl.

Meantime, night came on; and just as the family was assembled in the apartments of the Baroness, they suddenly heard the sound of Swedish trumpets in the village behind the castle; the enemy was there.

This sound re-echoed in every heart, and filled all but one with terror. Helen's bosom alone beat with joyful expectation. Could it be he? She could hardly doubt it; she estimated the extent of his services as entitling him to every recompense, much more to the trifling distinction of choosing his own head-quarters. At the same moment a servant entered and brought the news—that a Swedish colonel with a detach-

ment of cavalry was in the village, to take up his quarters there, and wished to wait on the Lord of the castle.

"A Colonel of the enemy? And wishes to wait on me?" said Zelstow surprised: "He surely must be a prodigy of good-breeding! Don't you know his name?"

"De Streitberg," replied the servant.

"De Streitberg?—Streitberg?—That's a German name," said the Baron—adding, as he turned to the domestic, "I will receive the Colonel. He does me much *honour*; I dare say it is one of those Germans," continued he, "who lend their arms and blood to the enemy, in order to make their countrymen miserable. Well, let us go to meet the fellow!" And, so saying, he rose from his seat and proceeded to the great saloon which led into the grounds of the Castle.

He had scarcely reached the balcony, when he perceived the Colonel,—a tall, stately man, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, with some others of his staff—coming toward the foot of the staircase. The Swedish leader stopt a moment, probably to see whether Baron von Zelstow would not come down to him; but when the latter, politely bowing, remained where he was, he ascended the steps, saluted his host, and announced to him, that he was come to quarter his troops in the village, but for his own person and suite begged permission to take up his residence in the Castle.

Now, this language from a Swedish officer, who stood there as a conqueror, was complaisant enough. Baron von Zelstow thought as much, and immediately gave the necessary orders, after which he was requested by the Colonel to introduce him to his family. This request, made on so short an acquaintance, much surprised the Baron; for he had intended to keep them as completely as possible from all intercourse with the rude soldiery. However, there was nothing to be done but to comply; and, accordingly, the Baron sent over to the ladies, that they might be prepared for the intended visit.

The two elder ladies were terribly frightened, whilst in

Helen's heart all was sun-shine. It *was* he! The very name of Streitberg sounded familiar to her ears. One crimson blush rapidly succeeded another on her blooming cheek, her eyes beamed with transport, and, but for the consternation of her mother and the Baroness, they must needs have noticed the evident marks of rapture on Helen's features. She soon recovered her self-possession, however,—reflecting that she had still a part to play, and must not allow her relations to suspect that she and Colonel Streitberg were old acquaintances.

“I'm resolved not to receive him in my own rooms,” said Madam von Zelstow; “cousin Berka, and you, Helen, have the kindness to follow me into the saloon!”

The exchange of glances between Odowalsky and Helen sufficed to convince both of their mutual love, of their happiness, and of secrecy. Madame von Zelstow received the Swedish colonel with dignified politeness; and Odowalsky, or rather Streitberg, as he was now called, had sufficient self-command to behave modestly enough for a victorious enemy.

The forms of introduction having been gone through, conversation proceeded in tolerable flow—Odowalsky evincing much good sense, together with that address which the soldier acquires whilst on service, by his intercourse with men in all conditions of life. “Since the enemy must be quartered upon us,” thought the Baron to himself, “a man of mature years, of high rank and good breeding is the best we could hope for;” and thus, after a quarter of an hour's talk, the parties retired pretty well satisfied with each other—the Colonel to his men, and the ladies to prepare for the reception of their numerous guests.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELEN was in ecstasy. Her beloved friend was alive, unhurt, living under the same roof with her; and had been raised—

as the Swedish Colonel had taken care, with much ingenuity, to mention in a conversation with his hostess, (who had put several general questions to him about his family,)—to a situation of rank and influence, which gave him a right to look about unconstrained, and to follow the dictates of his heart. Thus Helen fancied herself arrived at the summit of all her fondest wishes!

It is true, the remembrance of Wallenstein sometimes rose in her bosom, and she would have given much to know with certainty what had become of him. But having been informed of the favourable turn affairs in Prague had taken, she had no farther apprehensions as to his personal safety:—for the Altstadt had been hitherto spared by the enemy, and it was there that Wallenstein dwelt. In the first undisturbed interview with her lover, however, she intended to obtain conclusive information on this subject,—the only speck that partially clouded the bright horizon of her happiness. She would not, indeed, venture to originate the mention of Wallenstein's name before Odowalsky, lest it should excite in him a feeling of jealousy; but she felt sure, somehow or other, that he would himself advert to it.

During the remainder of this evening, the lovers could find no opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*. The domestic affairs of the house, and the public business, respectively afforded constant occupation both to Helen and the Colonel. Thus the time of supper and of retiring succeeded each other, but not without means having been found to agree upon an early meeting next morning in a secluded part of the gardens of the castle.

The interview took place. While most of the inmates were yet asleep, Helen, fresh and blooming as the morning, which was beginning to dawn upon the cheerful landscape, tripped down stairs, and Odowalsky soon followed by a different road through the shady walks of the garden; and even supposing they had been observed by any one, who could put an improper construction upon the *accidental* meeting of the young lady and the Colonel?

As soon as he saw her at a distance, and was convinced they were unnoticed, he sprang forward, pressed her to his breast, and was for some minutes deprived of utterance by joyful emotion. Helen rioted in the delightful thought of being thus faithfully and ardently beloved by a hero. She, too, was unable to speak; but tears expressed her feelings more eloquently than words could have done; and, gently putting aside her curling locks, Odowalsky kissed off the pearls that chased each other down his mistress's rosy cheeks. The storm of sensibility subsided by degrees, and transport yielded to more level emotions. Helen made several inquiries as to the events of the last days; and in answer, Odowalsky related to her what the reader already knows.

Helen soon saw that all he had hitherto attained failed to satisfy her friend; and feeling much hurt at this discovery, she concurred with him in deeming the Swedish court ungrateful, Königsmark meanly envious, and the rest of the Swedes insolent and hateful barbarians. As to her own hopes, Odowalsky seemed to think their fulfilment remote. He neither could nor would offer her his hand but in the character of a general. He considered neither his honours nor riches as yet sufficient to insure to his wife that splendour which, in his mind, was the due of her beauty and accomplishments. The distribution of houses in Prague, that had been planned at Pilsen—partly in jest, partly in earnest—had been rejected by Königsmark, who rationally alleged its impracticability, unless they were possessed of the two other parts of the town.

“But don't be uneasy!” added Odowalsky: “I shall still thwart these proud, cold-hearted Swedes. Only let these two quarters of the town be taken, (an event which cannot be delayed much longer, for I know they are greatly in want of troops and arms)—then, as soon as the Count Palatine arrives, I both can and will hold another language.”

“And do you really believe,” asked Helen, “that both quarters of the town will so easily surrender?”

“They must. How would it be possible for them to hold out? General Wurtemberg and the Prince are on their march thither. To these I shall make known who I am, and the services I have rendered. I have already paved the way to the Count Palatine’s favour; and through him Christiana shall be acquainted with the true state of things.”

“But what can Königsmark harbour in his mind against you?”

“That which all inferior minds entertain in reference to higher ones—envy and jealousy. He grudges me the glory of taking Prague; for I regard the achievement entirely as my own. He grudges me the possession of the Wallenstein-Palace, which, as well as the whole of the Kleinseite, is, in fact, mine by right of conquest. Without me, nothing either would or could have been done.”

“But why have you so strongly fixed on the Wallenstein-Palace?”

“I have communicated my reasons to you before, and much has since happened which would have determined my choice, had it not been already made. I do not wish that the monument of one of the greatest heroes Bohemia could ever boast, should become the property of some hungry northern adventurer. If matters proceed as I hope and trust they will, this palace must be mine, and that, too, in all its grandeur. If things turn out otherwise, Wallenstein shall, at least, receive it back without loss or damage.”

“You seem to speak in a kinder tone of him than formerly. I am glad of this.”

Odowalsky, either evading or not noticing this remark, continued: “At all events things will look more favourable in case the Count Palatine comes. As long as Königsmark has the chief command, all my proposals will be rejected, merely because they are mine.”

“Yet he accepted your plan for taking Prague by surprise.”

“The advantages of that were too obvious to be declined. He had sense enough to see so much. But now the work is

completed, I find myself thwarted by his agency at every step. You would scarce think how much pain and trouble it cost me to obtain my post here !”

“But surely,” cried Helen, rather alarmed, “he has no suspicion of an intercourse which remains a secret even to my own relations?”

“Oh no! its being my wish is sufficient to induce him either to refuse it or to throw obstacles in the way. I know but too well with what eager desire he would impute it to me as a crime, that the two other parts of the town were not delivered into his hand the night before last. He has, in fact, called me to account for it, in a manner which I can never forgive.”

“How so?”

“A fellow ran just before us across the bridge. I sent a few shots after him, and one of them must have hit him, for we found in his track the marks of fresh blood.”

“O, the unhappy wretch!” exclaimed Helen involuntarily.

“Say rather the scoundrel! He deprived me of the greatest part of my fame and advantage. Had the Altstadt not been warned, had they not barricadoed the bridge when we were not so much as two hundred paces distant from it, the whole of Prague would have been ours.”

“Yet do not call him *scoundrel*. The man has at least rendered an important service to his native place.”

“It may at first sight appear so, but in reality it is different. They must now endure the siege, and have yet to undergo all the fright and horror which would otherwise by this time have been over.”

Helen made no reply. The image of the unknown, who, for the sake of his country, valued not his blood,—who hurried on though severely wounded, and perhaps sacrificed his life by his undaunted resolution, constantly intruded itself on her mind, and she could not help admiring him. Odowalsky continued bitterly to complain of Königsmark and the Swedes in general, till the sound of the trumpets announced to him

that his soldiers were collecting. They now settled how and when they should meet again, and then separated; the Colonel proceeding to the village where his troops were assembled, and Helen to her domestic occupation in the castle.

But the rapture wherewith she was animated in the morning had now given place to all kinds of melancholy thoughts. She felt indeed the blessing of her friend being still alive, and under the same roof, but there were many disagreeable feelings mixed up with her satisfaction; nor did she feel pleased with Odowalsky that he had eluded all mention of his having been saved by Wallenstein, the consciousness of which service, however, appeared to influence his manner when alluding to him.

A few hours after her return, as she was walking through the saloon, she heard a loud conversation, that seemed likely to terminate in a quarrel, and which induced her to look out from the balcony. Here she saw some privates belonging to the squadron of the Colonel, standing below, and seemingly offering for sale to the servants several valuable jewels and articles of wearing apparel,—most probably booty from the unfortunate town. Among other things, Helen observed a very handsome mantle of green velvet, richly embroidered, which one of the soldiers was showing to the steward. The colour and pattern of the embroidery appeared not unknown to her, and as she was looking at it more attentively, one of the dragoons observed her, and in an instant was on the stairs, requesting her to look at an article of jewellery he possessed, “and which,” said the man, with that licence unfortunately too common under similar circumstances, “is worthy of being placed in such lovely hands.”

Helen looked very grave on receiving this compliment; but the Swede, by no means daunted, pulled from his bosom a button and loop of great value and exquisite workmanship, which he presented to her. It was a kind of bouquet, worked after the fashion of those times, and a Bohemian garnet of uncommon size, tastefully set with brilliants, formed the

centre of it. Helen examined the trinket with much circumspection. The more she looked at it, the more familiar did it appear; and suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to her, that it was the clasp she had two days before seen in Wallenstein's cap. She was horror-struck, and instantly recognized the mantle likewise; it was Wallenstein's, which he had worn when he appeared at the entertainment of the Upper-Burgraf. A dreadful conjecture rushed through her mind, for she now distinctly saw spots of blood on the green velvet of the mantle. She trembled so as to be obliged to support herself by the ballustrade, nor was it without the greatest effort that she asked the dragoon how they came by the mantle?

The latter, addressing himself to his comrade, who was standing below, said, "What passed respecting that man you found lying in the street? Come up, Biörn, and tell the lady all about it: you know I was not present."

The dragoon accordingly ascended the steps, and reported to Helen that they had found the mantle the night before last, wrapped round a corpse, upon the road leading to the Moldavia bridge.

"A corpse?" repeated Helen, trembling, and scarce able to support herself.

"Yes, lady; as far as we could perceive in the dark, it was that of a young man, rather slim and tall. Both cloak and cap lay near him. I took the mantle, and Olaf, my comrade, the cap."

"And are you Olaf?" inquired Helen, turning to the other soldier.

"No, Madam: Olaf let me have the cap and ornament in lieu of some linen which I took from a house on the Hradschin."

"And the young man was *dead*?" reiterated Helen, in faltering accents.

"Even already cold," answered the first speaker.

"It is well," said she, turning, as she spoke, toward the saloon.

"But, my lady," cried the soldier, stepping after her, "won't you buy my ornament?"

Helen paused. She took the clasp, and as she looked at it, the tears were ready to break forth. The image of Wallenstein stood before her as he had been—invested with youth and manly beauty. He was dead! and she—what part had she borne in a consummation so grievous? This idea, rapidly passing through her agitated bosom, was succeeded by that of rescuing these dear remains from profane hands.

The Swede named his price. "But I will not take the ornament unless you let me have the mantle also," said Helen. The other man hastened to fetch it; the bargain was soon concluded; and Helen, in possession of her relics—for such she considered them—hastened to her apartment, where, bursting into tears, she sank on a chair, and involuntarily recalled all the passages of her intercourse with the nephew of Friedland.

Odowalsky dreamt not of all this. His military duties, together with his private affairs, threatened to prevent him from enjoying Helen's company during the day; but in the evening he passed over to Troy, and the family could not well refuse his desire of spending an hour in their company before supper, especially as he expressed this wish very politely; and the conduct of "Colonel Streitberg" was such generally as no member of the household could possibly object to. Even the Baron himself would have willingly conversed with his travelled, well-informed guest (who was a thorough man of the world), had he not been a Swede,

In this manner some days past, tolerably quiet, considering the turbulent period. The Colonel maintained the strictest discipline among the soldiers, and the Baron took care they should be supplied with every thing requisite. The only cloud that now hung over Troy, and disturbed its tranquillity,

arose from the intelligence occasionally received from Prague—the news of some friend or acquaintance who had lost either life or fortune—the details of so many scenes of bloodshed—and, finally, the certainty of the Swedes being about to besiege the other parts of the city. It was not a little distressing to the feelings of the Baron to be obliged to lodge a body of these Swedes in his house—nay, to receive the officers at his own table, and thence to be under the painful necessity of keeping a strict watch over his expressions. There are, perhaps, many now living in Germany who know, by experience, the weight of such a necessity, with this distinction, however, that less refined times and manners, and, above all, difference of religion, which had then a more powerful influence on the actions of men, rendered the restraint more severe.

Nor had Streitberg thought it necessary, after the first few days of his stay, to observe any longer that studied reserve which he and Helen had hitherto assumed before her relatives. It weighed upon his heart, and he therefore threw it off, perfectly unconcerned as to what the world might think. He seemed to imagine, indeed, that he was the proper master of the castle, and that his concessions were solely to be placed to Helen's account. The young lady's aunt and mother, as well as the Baron, soon discovered that the Swedish colonel was by no means insensible to the charms of the beautiful Helen. It did not indeed strike any one that they had known and loved each other before; but even the discovery that was made was by no means agreeable to the family, and Helen herself wished that Odowalsky had made his approaches less obviously.

She ventured, in their solitary meetings, to touch, though tenderly, upon this point, entreating her lover to proceed with more caution. But here the proud renegade's anger broke forth, and he plainly told her that he saw no reason whatever why the *conqueror* should suffer himself to be under constraint in the presence of the *conquered*. He interrupted Helen's request, in fact, as one resulting merely from affectation or

indifference: and she, piqued at this, immediately gave it up. The power exercised over her by his stern, resolute mind, was indeed so great, that she was inclined to regard whatever course he dictated as right and praiseworthy.

Meanwhile, there was good store of uneasiness fermenting in the fair damsel's breast. The declared hostility of her friends to the Colonel's attachment—the undecided state of things in Prague, where the unreduced districts were making every preparation for a gallant defence—and, especially, the supposed fate of Albert—all conspired to unhinge and depress her. Wallenstein's image constantly hovered around her steps, and would not be bidden away! Every word—every look of his, on the last day they had spent together, recurred to her thoughts; she could not doubt that he had ardently loved her, and the very unaccountableness of his subsequent behaviour heightened the interest she took in his fate. Had he not, likewise, rescued her lover from imminent peril at his own risk?

Odowalsky's conduct, in reference to this latter circumstance, suffered considerably from contrast with Albert's. Helen could not approve of his continued silence, particularly as the softened tone in which he spoke of the youth manifested that he felt the force of the obligation. It also surprised her greatly that he never touched upon the fact of Wallenstein's death; indeed, in all the news they received from the Kleinseite, wherein the plunder or bodily hurt of some old companion was constantly included, no mention was ever made of Wallenstein.

Gladly, oh, how gladly would she have nursed the hope, which these circumstances seemed to warrant, that he yet lived—did not the apparent evidences of his death which she held in her possession forbid its indulgence!

CHAPTER XIV.

WE left our hero lying in a senseless condition in a street beyond the contested bridge, whence he was conveyed, by order of the commanding officer, to a place of safety. From his uniform, he had been at first taken for the ill-starred Predetten; nor was he recognised, till, on the soldiers lifting him from the ground, his hat fell off, and disclosed his exuberant curling locks, and fine Wallenstein features.

While Odowalsky was engaged in furiously storming the watch-tower with his Swedes, determined to make a breach, Albert was thus carried to his residence near the Clementinum, where Father Plachy, roused by the noise, met them at the gate, and he was struck with terror and consternation on perceiving his beloved pupil in such a state. The reverend Father instantly dismissed all thoughts of curiosity, his mind being solely occupied with the danger of his charge. He caused him to be taken to his room, and laid in bed with the utmost care; a surgeon was immediately summoned, and Plachy's anxiety during the examination of the wound was extreme. It was most interesting to see the marked features of the stern ecclesiastic relaxing into affectionate solicitude, and subsequently warming into admiration, as he learned, in all probability, Albert had been the saving genius of the Old-Town of Prague. To his inexpressible joy, the surgeon proclaimed the hurt to be not at all dangerous; the ball had not penetrated deep, and Wallenstein's exhaustion had proceeded chiefly from over-exertion and loss of blood.

The first question of Albert on recovering was, whether the bridge had been closed, and the Swedes checked?—and on this being answered in the affirmative, his eyes beamed with joy. He now wished to enter into particulars, and was about to relate what had taken place at the Kleinseite, but the surgeon interposed, and prescribed silence and quiet as being the only

things his patient had need of. Plachy then received his instructions, and the room was cleared of all superfluous visitors. The Father took his place by the bed-side of his pupil. Wallenstein looked at him with smiles. The thought that at least one half of his native place had been saved, and that he had been the instrument of rescuing it, tranquillized his heart; and, after awhile, he fell asleep.

For some time the reverend Father watched him; and when he felt convinced that there was no further ground for alarm, and that sleep must necessarily contribute to the speedy recovery of the patient, he ordered one of the servants to remain by the Count's bed-side, while he went out to inform himself of the precise state of things. Plachy knew several of the officers, and was allowed by them, to ascend the steps of the bridge-tower. The earliest beam of the following morning found him again at the bed side of his pupil; and, as soon as the latter opened his eyes, they met those of his friend, he might also say, of his *father*, so earnest and unremitting was Plachy's affection.

Albert, although he still felt weak, was evidently much improved: but his reflections did not tend to compose him.—What strange occurrences had taken place within the narrow space of a few hours!—from the time when he had met Helen upon the bridge!—And what had become of *her* amidst these scenes of consternation and horror? Was she safe in Troy? Did the waters of the Moldavia afford sufficient shelter against the incursions of the enemy? He could not but see that this was hardly to be hoped; and the anxiety he felt on the point was so intense as to spread a hectic over his pale cheeks, and manifest itself in a shock which agitated his whole frame. At the same moment, Joanna too, by a singular though not unnatural association of ideas, crossed his mind. She had been to Margarethen;—the Swedes had chosen that road to Prague; had, perhaps, found the girl in the street;—and, if so—what nameless consequences might have ensued!—Thus was he hurled about by tormenting

doubts and fears, and Plachy was apprehensive of his relapsing into severe illness, when a voice was heard exclaiming, "Is he still alive?" The door was opened, and Leopold entered. The alarm painted in his countenance, and the questions he had put to the servants, indicated what he had feared. He was in an instant beside the couch of Albert, whose hand he seized, although unable, from excess of joy, to speak. "Dear Leopold!" at length cried Wallenstein, "Did you, then, imagine I was dead?"

"You cannot possibly form an idea," replied Wulden, "of my consternation, when I was told, half an hour ago, that you were severely wounded, and not expected to live. I could not account for it in any way, the enemy not having succeeded in crossing the bridge,—nor did I hear your name mentioned when the ringing of the alarm-bells, and the cannonading, roused us first from our sleep.—Thank heaven, you are spared to us!"

Father Plachy now interposed, enjoining Leopold to maintain quiet and silence, and having received the young men's promises to this effect, availed himself of Leopold's visit to go and perform his customary duty of reading the earliest mass at his church.

No sooner, however, had the worthy ecclesiastic quitted the sick chamber, than both youths forgot their promise, and after some explanation of the way in which he got his wound had been given by our hero, he proceeded to urge on his warm-hearted friend the fulfilment of two requests.—The first was, to procure some information about Helen and the castle of Troy.

"There will be no great difficulty in that," said Leopold. "The communication is free at present, and I do not think the Swedes are yet on that side the water. Troy and its inhabitants must certainly be quite safe up to this time."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Albert, with sparkling eyes; "promise me, however, to ascertain not only what is,

but also what is *likely* to come. Were I not wounded, I would fly there myself."

"Depend on it," answered Wulden, "I will bring you a true and faithful account.—But you had something else upon your mind?"

Albert paused a few moments, and then said, "Leopold, you are my friend; you know me, and therefore will not misunderstand me." What is coming now?—thought the gay visitor, as his friend delivered this strange exordium. Wallenstein resumed: "The daughter of my house-steward on the Kleinseite—"

"Oh!" interrupted Wulden, "the pretty girl we yesterday met on the circus?"

"The same. She spent the whole of yesterday with a sick aunt in the Convent of St. Margaret, and was to return to Prague in the evening."

"Yesterday in the evening?" exclaimed Leopold, starting: "*yesterday!*—whilst the Swedes were marching on that road?"

"You now see the reasonableness of my anxiety. She had not returned at a late hour."

"How know you that?"

"Because," replied Wallenstein, whilst a faint blush passed across his cheek, "because I happened to be with her father in the park when the Swedes broke in."

"Ho! ho!" cried Wulden: but a glance at that pale and anxious countenance sufficed to repress his intended raillery, and he observed, as if to himself, "It may have fared ill with the poor girl, should she have fallen in with the enemy."

"Exactly: and you will perceive that I estimate your wish to oblige me highly, when I ask you to endeavour to find out what has become of her."

"Hem!" muttered Wulden. "This is no easy task, either in the supposition that she remains at Margarethen, or has

returned to Prague ; for the Swedes closely occupy all that neighbourhood. Yet, Albert, the effort shall be made. You shall have"—and his disposition to the jocular, spite of himself, burst forth—"as much information of both the rival beauties—of Helen of Troy, and the gardener's daughter, as can, under existing circumstances, be obtained."

The young men went on conversing upon passing events, until Plachy returned, his sparkling eyes and animated features announcing some important news. He had been to see the Primate Turck, who was in the greatest activity, preparing for the defence and provisioning of the town. The names of all persons able to bear arms were entered, and were to be mustered. The students of the Carolinum and Ferdinand Colleges were animated by one and the same feeling, and anxious to be supplied with muskets. But to procure these was no easy matter at the present crisis. The arsenal on the Hradschin had fallen into the hands of the Swedes. "Still," exclaimed Plachy, "brave hands, even without muskets, are better than a well-supplied arsenal without hands to wield them! We shall soon procure arms!"

"Yes!" cried Wulden: "nor shall willing hearts and lusty sinews be wanting."

"And I must lie crippled here!" exclaimed Wallenstein.

"Patience, my son!" said Plachy: "you will be well before the struggle is ended. We shall have very hard work yet; and will certainly give the Swedes a reception which they have not bargained for."

During this conversation, the surgeon arrived. Wulden and Plachy fixed their looks on him, as he examined the wound; but the placid cheerfulness of his aspect imparted confidence to theirs, and at length he said, "There is scarcely any need of dressing this wound afresh; youth has done more than art, and it is fast closing. I wish you joy, Count Wallenstein! you may leave your bed."

"And the house also?" hastily interrogated our hero.

“Not just yet,” answered the other. “In a few days.”

“In a few days!” echoed Albert: “I shall at least be well enough to-morrow.”

“You must allow me to be the best judge of that,” answered the surgeon, as he took his hat: “To-morrow I will see you again.” He departed, and was soon followed by Leopold, after that ardent youth had interchanged congratulations, and felicitated his friend on the prospect of their marching against the enemy together.

Wallenstein spent the remainder of the day in his room, impatient on account of the confinement, and with a beating heart; whilst Plachy occasionally went out to gather intelligence, and returned with it to the invalid.

An undaunted spirit animated all the inhabitants of Prague. The remembrance of their former fame in arms, the memory of so many heroes of their nation, together with hatred against the Swedes, combined in persuading them to consolidate every effort toward a bold resistance. Muskets and other fire-arms in the possession of merchants or private individuals were put in requisition. This enabled them to accommodate several hundred persons, but still left a huge crowd of candidates unprovided, so that every offensive weapon was collected, such as halberts, battle-axes, clubs, &c. Plachy, in whom a military spirit was now awakened, assembled the students of the theological and philosophical classes, and, going to the Provost, offered to take the command of this corps. The Provost joyfully accepted his proposal, thinking it justified by the occasion; and when the students in civil law and medicine, in the Carolinum, heard of the circumstance, all jealousy betwixt the two colleges was quickly at an end. Every youth felt only that he was a Bohemian, and that his country was in danger.

Early the next morning, they were all to meet in the Carolinum, and Plachy prepared to address them. Wallenstein was highly delighted on hearing this. He, as well as Wulden, eagerly wished to attack the hateful invaders. “We are no

longer students," said Albert; "yet I trust you will receive us into your ranks, Reverend Father! Let us make a first trial of our arms under your auspices!" Plachy cheerfully consented to this arrangement, and rejoiced in anticipation of the complete success of which so good a beginning, and such brave recruits, seemed to warrant the expectation.

It was in vain, on the following morning, for the surgeon to remonstrate against Albert's going forth. In fact, the patient was nigh convalescent, and would scarcely yield to a few measures of precaution. His wounded arm was fortunately the left one. In other respects, he (as well as his two friends) made a soldier-like appearance, and wore a sword which his uncle had often used in battle, and had made him a present of, not without a feeling of mingled exaltation and melancholy. Plachy had still several arrangements to make, which Leopold beheld with considerable impatience, for he would have given the world to have a moment's private conversation with Wallenstein, to whom he had some very important communications to make. At last Plachy went away, and, in a moment, Wulden was at the side of his friend, and whispered to him, "I have an answer to both your questions of yesterday."

"I guessed as much," replied Albert; "pray communicate them!"

"Know then, in the first place, that Joanna returned yesterday morning in safety to her father."

"God be praised! But who conducted her back?"

"That's more than I can tell you; suffice it, that she is at home and quite well. My second account is of more moment. Do you know that the town has been *betrayed* to the Swedes?"

"I *suspected* it," replied Albert; "for how could the sudden attack on the one part, and the total ignorance on the other, be else accounted for?"

"And do you know who the villain is, that has thus basely stabbed his country?—That very Odowalsky, whom you saved from the hands of the soldiery the day before yesterday?"

"Odowalsky!" reiterated Wallenstein, a host of dark and

painful thoughts rushing on his mind: "He!—was it? Then it *was* his voice that gave the word of command to fire, as I was hurrying over the bridge. I thought I recognised the sound."

"He has handsomely requited you."

"He did not know me. I should not wish to think so badly of him as that."

"And why not! What can be esteemed too villainous for the apostate to his country and his Sovereign?"

"You are right; and yet there is something within me that resists the belief of his being utterly despicable."

"Indeed!" said Leopold, significantly; and fixing an enquiring look on Wallenstein, he continued, "And what will you say, when I tell you still more? This fellow, whom the Swedes instantaneously rewarded for his treachery, by appointing him to the rank of Colonel, and giving him a patent of nobility—this *fellow*, I say, has contrived to induce Königs-mark to grant him the favour of being sent to Troy with his squadron, for the purpose, as he pretends, of occupying the surrounding country."

At these words Albert could no longer contain his rage. He sprang from his seat, and endeavoured to grasp his sword, when the paleness of death succeeded the sudden flush on his cheek, and gnashing his teeth in bitterness, he threw himself down again, exhausted, and without uttering a syllable.

After awhile, his feelings found vent in words; and he exclaimed, in a mournful tone, "Odowalsky in Troy, and Helen with him! Now all is indeed accomplished."

"I shall feel happy," said his friend, "if this change of things will restore peace to you, Albert! Depend on it, this Helen is a heartless girl, and Odowalsky just the man to treat her as she deserves."

"You are possibly right; still, an attachment rooted so deeply cannot be quickly subdued—at least, not in *my* bosom. I feel that it will be some time before I recover from this shock. But I *shall* recover from it, and, meanwhile," added

he, rising with a resolved air, "my heart and hand are devoted to the service of my country!"

As he spoke, Father Plachy re-entered the room, and desired both youths to follow him to the Carolinum. In the Jesuit-Street they found every body in motion, and occupied with the preparations suggested by the pressure of the moment. There was a great crowd about the town-hall, so that the three friends could only move on very slowly. As soon as those next the entrance saw Plachy's tall figure, and recognised Wallenstein, who, still looking pale, with his arm in a sling, followed, together with Wulden, they welcomed the saviour of the city with loud cheers, which ran like electric fluid through the crowd. Wallenstein, overcome by his feelings, was at once rejoiced and abashed. He hastily uncovered, and bowed in return for their kindness. A second cheer was now sent up by the students, for their gallant, although reverend commander, who, obtaining an elevated ground in the square, made a sign that he was desirous of addressing them. Order was accordingly restored, and Plachy began his speech, in which he called on the students "bravely to hasten to the assistance of their distressed native town, to repel the insolent enemy (who had to thank an unworthy son of Bohemia for his advantages) from the walls of those districts not yet subdued, to be mindful of the former national glory of the land; and to shew themselves, in early youth, the worthy descendants of their illustrious ancestors!"

The Father's harangue was received with tumultuous acclamations; and the business of the day continued, by the choice of subordinate officers, in which choice both Wallenstein and Wulden were unanimously included, each being appointed to the rank of captain. They were, with Plachy and others, to meet the officers of the regular troops in the afternoon in the Town-Hall, where General Count Colloredo would appear, in order to direct the proper distribution of the soldiers, and inspect the preparations for defence.

The commotion visible in every part of a town circumstanced

as Prague now was, had occasioned a great crowd to collect around that fine old building, whose ancient spire, elaborately carved windows, and immense clock, combined to render it so conspicuous.

At length, the entrance being once more free, Plachy led the young men into the hall, and up the small stair-case, into the anti-chamber. This anti-chamber led by a few steps to the great assembly-room, whose doors soon opened, and a messenger respectfully desired the gentlemen to advance. This room of state was spacious and splendidly ornamented ; and its imposing appearance, aided by the numerous and respectable company, struck both our youths with surprise. Behind the long table, at which Wulden recognised his father and several of the most distinguished inhabitants of Prague, sat in a velvet arm-chair, the Grand Prior of the Malthese order, Field Marshal Count Colloredo, a venerable old man, in a full general's uniform, with the Malthese cross on his breast-plate.

When all were assembled, the Marshal rose from his seat, and addressing the audience, endeavoured to explain the real state of things, and to impress on the minds of all, the necessity of the most vigorous mode of acting. He then proceeded in detail to the measures of defence ; and, lastly, appointed commanders to the respective corps, assigning to each its position. They then received their colours, and accompanied the Field-Marshal with loud acclamations, as he left the Town-Hall, when he mounted his horse, in order to ride with his aide-de-camp through the other parts of Prague, and personally to inspect the various preparations.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Swedes soon felt the effects of this bold spirit, and of the judicious mode of defence adopted by the besieged. In

vain did they direct the stolen artillery from the Hradschin against the two other parts of Prague. In vain did they bombard the city with red-hot balls; the inhabitants seemed to disregard these attacks. The first shell that fell in Plattner-Street was extinguished, and brought to the town-house, where it was consecrated by the priests with great solemnity, and afterward buried in the church-yard of St. Michael. Whether it was this religious rite that drew down the protection of heaven, or the vigilance, prudence, and activity of the inhabitants (especially those of the Jewish nation, to whose care was confided the apparatus for extinguishing the fires), or whether it was both causes combined, certain it is that none of the bombs did material damage, and thus, every frustrated attempt to destroy Prague by fire only served to heighten the confidence of its brave population.

The impatience with which Königsmark bore, not only this delay, but also the evident arrival of fresh succour to the garrison of Prague, to strengthen them in their resistance, naturally operated on those about him, particularly on Odowalsky, to whom he never was favourably inclined. Indeed, there were moments when his gloomy mind still misgave him that this unexpected resistance was a second treachery *against* the Swedes:—and the consequence of this feeling was, the closest scrutiny of all Odowalsky's movements.

That officer himself was by no means slow in penetrating these sentiments; and thus he and his new commander were mutually jealous of each other. When, after a day of fatigue or danger, which he had perhaps spent either on the intrenchments, or in some affair with the enemy (without the gratification of seeing his services acknowledged), he returned in the evening to Troy, he generally made all about him, even including Helen, suffer for the depression of spirits occasioned by Königsmark. He loved Helen with that ardour natural to his temperament; and the very idea of losing her, or her love, was almost sufficient to drive him mad. He, therefore,

watched her conduct with great minuteness, and nothing but the paramount wish (suggested to him by his vanity) of surrounding the object of his attachment with a splendour becoming her who called herself his wife, induced him to postpone the formal offer of his hand to the period when the conquest of all Prague should establish his wealth and glory upon a solid foundation, and the rank of General should place him high in the estimation of the world. Yet, in spite of all this love, and pride in its object, his rough manners and habitual reserve were not restrained in the presence of his mistress, whom he treated harshly whenever under the influence of ill humour. He had intercourse with people of the most opposite character; he received and dispatched letters; he had secret connections, and, no doubt, some secret aim also. Helen, meanwhile, remained ignorant of the meaning of all this. Her questions and ingenious allusions were unable to elicit from this determined spirit more than an ironical smile, or a coarse joke, which clearly convinced her that, although the object of his ardent passion, she possessed neither his confidence nor loftier esteem.

Thus the worm was in the gourd—the gnawing worm of discontent and disappointment. She began likewise to perceive in her lover an essential difference as to their relative manner of feeling and acting. Daily intercourse brought out the sense of this difference, which had been unobserved during those interviews they held when surrounded by danger and veiled in secrecy. Helen grew consequently out of humour, reserved, and thoughtful; and in these moods the image of Wallenstein, whom she believed lost, arose upon her mind invested with every amiable and graceful attribute.

It was a fine evening in the beginning of autumn. A storm was just over, and the sultry heat of day had subsided into a refreshing coolness. The elder ladies were seated at their embroidery in the great hall, but Helen had stolen away to her own room, where she sat on a window commanding a view of the Hradschin. She looked upon the landscape

below, and was immersed in deep meditation respecting the probable changes and chances of her wayward destiny, when her uncle entered the room. A cloud was on his brow; and to Helen's remark on the beauty of the evening, he replied, "Yes, all inanimate nature seems to revive; but when shall we poor oppressed beings feel as happy as the trees and grass do after the storm is gone by? We should each one join in praying for the expulsion of these accursed Swedes."

Helen cast her eyes in silence on the ground; and the old Baron, stedfastly regarding her, continued—"But to *you*, perhaps, their departure would be less welcome than their stay."

He paused again; and Helen, as if feeling it necessary to speak, said, "What mean you, sir?"

"Streitberg, or Odowalsky, or whatever his hateful name, pays you not unacceptable attentions."

"The mere, thoughtless gallantry of a soldier."

"I fear it is much more. That my niece, the daughter of my companion in arms, should bestow her regards upon a Swede, the enemy of her father's nation and religion were grievous: but that her affections should decline upon an apostate, a traitor, neither Swede nor any longer Bohemian, is indeed sufficient to wrap my heart in tenfold gloom—a gloom brightened only by my conviction that the invaders triumph will be as transient as it is partial."

"Do you indeed feel such conviction?" asked Helen, both interested in the question, and anxious to change in any way the previous course of conversation.

"Do I not know what my countrymen are able to perform? Have I not seen the state of forwardness in which the fortifications are? All the students have taken up arms; the citizens emulate each other in the defence of the ramparts; and even the clergy grasp the sword to expel the common enemy, the detested heretics."

Helen was again silent.

"And who, think you," resumed the Baron, "has, at the

imminent hazard of his life, saved the Old-Town of Prague?"

"I heard that a man succeeded in effecting his escape over the bridge in spite of the enemy's bullets; but I know not—"

"That man was Wallenstein! my cousin, the gallant Albert!"

"Albert!" repeated Helen, her whole frame in agitation, "I thought he was dead!"

"God be praised, he is alive! He was wounded indeed, but very slightly. He is now captain of a company of students, and, displaying the utmost gallantry and decision of character, commands the same bridge-tower which his resolution saved."

At this moment, the voice of Odowalsky was heard in the corridor, chiding his servants; and at the sound of the ungrateful accents, the Baron hastily rose and departed by another door.

Helen had scarce any time for reflection upon the strange and unexpected news her uncle had communicated. It had occasioned a revulsion in her whole frame, and the visit of Odowalsky was particularly ill-timed. Indeed, she decided on avoiding him by following the Baron, and was in the act of shutting the door behind her, when Odowalsky came in from the opposite one.

He entered in a great passion, and perceiving the last fold of her gown within the closing door, muttered to himself, "How! Hurry away, when she hears me coming! 'This is strange!'" As he spoke, he strode across the apartment, threw open the door by which the young lady was making her egress, and found her standing undecided whether to go on or return.

"What means this?" said he.

"I am unwell," replied she, in a low tone: "I beseech you, spare me."

"That is a curious reason for quitting your own apartments," observed Odowalsky, with an ironical smile; and the

expression of his countenance immediately changing, he pursued:—"Helen! Helen! Are my fondest hopes disappointed here too? Will the relentless hand of destiny never cease to persecute me?"

She raised her eyes, and beheld in his features a shade of the deepest sorrow.

"I understand you not," faltered she.

"Tell me! Whose is that green velvet mantle, and that button and loop, which you bought of the soldiers?"

"Odowalsky," cried she, "you are my friend, and betrothed to me;—but I recognise not your claim to put such questions as these."

"What!" exclaimed he: "Has the future husband no right to inquire into the cause which induces his bride to purchase a splendid plunder—the looking at which makes her alternately blush and turn pale, and fills her eyes with tears! I *insist*," continued he vehemently, "on knowing the name of the individual to whom these *relics* belong, or rather belonged, for they are become yours, and I fear their former owner has eluded me, and is already beyond the touch of mortal retribution."

He had led her back into the apartment, where she sank into a chair, and her boisterous lover now stood awhile silent before her. At length his mood changed again, and he exclaimed in a mournful tone: "Have you then, Helen, loved another besides your Ernest?"

This appeal Helen was unable to withstand. She started up, threw herself on his bosom, and her agitated feelings found vent in silent sobs.

Odowalsky pressed her to his heart. "O Helen! Helen!" cried he, "You know not that you are my all; that I have only faith in you; and that I could not survive even the idea of your being false!"

"I have no wish to conceal any thing from you," said she, in reply:—"it was not the *question* so much as the *tone* that wounded me. It is true, I did recognise the cloak and ai-

grette, and therefore chose not to leave them in the hands of the dragoons."

"And whose were they?" demanded he hastily, as if striving to keep under his perturbation.

"They belong to a relation and old acquaintance, to a man whom I sufficiently esteem, to treat with respect every thing that once was his. They are the mantle and aigrette of Wallenstein."

"Of Wallenstein!" reiterated Odowalsky, with a tone of returning bitterness.

"I knew them at a distance, when your dragoons exposed them for sale in the garden. It was the dress in which I had seen him but twenty-four hours before, at the Governor's banquet. Spots of blood were visible upon the garment; I was told it had been taken from a dead body, probably it was the blood of my cousin. Is it to be wondered at, or am I to blame, if such a sight made me shudder?"

"That was natural enough," muttered Odowalsky.

"And was it not equally so, that I should not wish to leave the property of a relation in the hands of soldiers, who made it the subject of their vulgar jokes? Now," concluded she, "you have the whole story, and see what your suspicions have made of it!"

Odowalsky paused a few moments. "Wallenstein!" said he, half inwardly, "He has loved you, *that* you have confessed. Helen! Helen!" continued he, with increasing energy, "If this indeed were *all*——if——" he checked himself. Helen, as with inward trepidation she stood beside him, felt her conscience upbraid her, as it always will, when any species of equivocation and double-dealing is practised. "Give me the cloak," cried he, at length.

"And for what purpose?"

"Because *you* must not keep it. I know no peace while it is in your hands."

"This demand offends me, Sir, since it proves how little confidence you repose in me."

"I love you passionately, exclusively! I have experienced quite enough of failure and disappointment in life. Here——" and he pointed to her as he spoke—"I could not endure them, and live. You must be *entirely* mine; mine, both mentally and bodily; and no relative, no living, or even departed being, must hold a share in your love. If you are so minded, if *you love me* exclusively, then deliver over to me what you possess of Wallenstein: it can, or *ought* to be of no value to you."

Helen answered not: her joy at knowing she was so ardently beloved struggled with her mortified vanity, and with her respect for the memory of Wallenstein.

"You do not answer!" said he, more vehemently; "but, indeed, you *have* answered. You love me not!"

"Odowalsky, how am I to believe that you think me worthy of your affection, when I experience from you an utter want of confidence? You have confederates of whom I know nothing. You are pursuing measures equally unknown to me, and have projects I am not allowed to share. If I am to participate in your fate, and joyfully will I do so, however matters turn out, I must know you and your plans. Put trust in me, and every thing I possess of Wallenstein shall, in a moment, be at your feet."

"So, you want to make a bargain with *me*, as well as with my soldiers? You mean to *sell* me your affection! Either your curiosity or your pride is stronger than your love. My confederates are, and must be, *men*! We are separated!" He went toward the antichamber, and, on opening the door, one of his dragoons approached. "My horse!" exclaimed he: "Give the word to mount!" The man withdrew.

"For God's sake!" cried the terrified girl, "one moment longer!" She seized his hand, and felt it tremble; she looked into his face, and perceived his lips quiver with emotion.

"What do you desire?" asked he: "I am recovered from my dream. *You* wish to govern; to become the confidant,

nay, the guider of my actions and views ; whilst *I* seek but an affectionate wife."

"And that I will be to you, Ernest!" exclaimed she, quite overcome ; "I will ask for nothing but your love, and will bring you all I have of Wallenstein's." She embraced, and held him fast in her arms. At length he raised his arm, gently pressed her toward him, and then stooping, his lips touched her forehead. In another moment, she went to fetch the mantle, the button and loop ; Wallenstein was *not* dead, and the melancholy charm of this possession no longer existed. She laid them down, on her return, by the side of Odowalsky, without uttering a word ; his plans and his connections were no longer talked of, and harmony once more reigned between the lovers.

CHAPTER XVI.

To the great joy of the Swedes, and all who were of their party, General Würtemberg at last arrived with a considerable reinforcement, to join Königsmark in the siege of Prague. A council of war was forthwith held, and Odowalsky succeeded in carrying a project, from which he, and most of the field officers, promised themselves the accomplishment of their wishes—the entire capture of the city.

The inhabitants of Prague were now obliged to divide their attention, and to increase their efforts, and the garrison had new duties to fulfil. To Wallenstein all this presented a new world. He had learnt his military duties from the officers of the line, and taught them, in turn, to his corps of students. His post on the bridge-tower kept him constantly employed, and he soon acquired that clear perception of things which enabled him to penetrate, at a single glance, the designs of the enemy, and to foresee the wants of his own party.

Plachy evinced the same intelligent ardor, heightened in its

results, by his superior general experience. He was the soul of the measures in progress. In fact, the perilous situation of his country, and hatred of its oppressors, had transformed for awhile the pious divine into a bold warrior—the calm speculator at the observatory, into a vigorous chieftain.

Meanwhile, to the increasing astonishment of the besieged, not a single shot was fired from the Kleinseite: nay, it was even perceived that the Swedes had carried off again some of the cannon they had originally mounted on the hills opposite the Old-Town. On the other hand, they doubled their strength and attacks upon the opposite side. Würtemberg seemed resolved upon taking the Neu-Thor (new-gate) by storm; and the inhabitants of Prague thought they perceived that both the artillery and troops which had before been particularly active on the Hradschin and Lorenzberg, were now employed in the batteries of the Ziskaberg.

General Conti caused several lines of intrenchment to be formed in succession, behind each other. He ordered arms to be manufactured, and the bells to be melted into cannon-shot; whilst Marshal Colleredo directed all the soldiers that could be spared, including the corps of students, to pass over to the New-Town. Thus Wallenstein and Wulden had now but little duty to perform, and began to long for a share in the more active scene going on upon the opposite side, where encounters daily occurred, and where the gallant inhabitants of Prague not only successfully repelled every attack of the enemy upon their gates, but even attempted several sallies, to drive the Swedes from their advantageous position on the Ziskaberg.

One morning an orderly entered, and announced to Captain Wallenstein the arrival of a peasant from Gitschin, who had fortunately found his way through the Swedish posts, and professed to bring the Count important intelligence from his estates.

“A peasant from Gitschin?” cried Albert: “And what can have happened there, of such importance, as to induce the man

to venture his liberty, if not his life, in search of me? Show him in!"

A short figure, in a coarse farmer's frock, entered, his face covered with black hair, that hung down from his head, and hindered any one from recognising his features.

"You are from Gitschin?" asked Wallenstein.

"Yes, please your Lordship," said a voice which seemed familiar to our hero.

"Well, and what news do you bring me from thence?"

The man looked round him embarrassed. Wallenstein turned to Leopold, who was standing by, and requested him to withdraw awhile.

No sooner had that officer left the room, than the peasant, after one more anxious look around, tore off the false black hair, threw aside the farmer's frock, and disclosed to his astonished master the person of Bertram.

"What, Bertram! How did you get here?" exclaimed Wallenstein?"

Bertram laid his finger on his mouth, approached the Count, and said: "I have an important communication to make to you."

"From whom?"

The old man paused, as if half unwilling to name the individual. At length he said, "From my daughter."

"From Joanna!" exclaimed Wallenstein, his eyes brightening: "Where is she!"

"She is at home, my honoured lord, and, thank Heaven, well.—But for my mission;" continued the old man, evidently so much occupied with the importance of that, as to overlook the Count's obvious perturbation. "Joanna sends you word, that you must be on your guard respecting the bridge tower.—All seems quiet there at present:—but this is an artifice—one which must surely have emanated from a demon in human form—and that demon is Odowalsky."

"Odowalsky—Joanna!" exclaimed Wallenstein, as the two names were thus mentioned to him in unison: "how

can they possibly have come into collision?—Tell me, old man, what does your daughter know of Odowalsky or his plans?”

“Sir,” answered Bertram, surprised at his master’s warmth, “whatever she knows is the combined result of accident and her own shrewdness. A certain Swedish Colonel, of the name of Coppy, is quartered at your palace, between whom and Odowalsky a close intimacy subsists.”

“But Joanna!”

“Why, you see, sir,” rejoined Bertram, in a hesitating tone, “the girl is handsome, and the Swedes amorous.”

“Hell and destruction?” ejaculated Albert.

“Pray restrain yourself, my lord,” said Bertram, very gravely, “and do not suffer your thoughts to betray you for a moment into suspicion of my virtuous, high-minded child! The fact is, that love of her country, and desire for the well-being of her esteemed lord, have induced her to aid their patriotic efforts as extensively as an humble maiden can. In this view she is ready at the constantly-repeated calls of the Swedish Colonels (which, by the bye, no one else dares answer), helps at the meals, and fills the glasses, patiently enduring their raillery until intoxication follows repeated draughts of your fine old hock.”

“The wretches!” muttered Wallenstein.

“Odowalsky, in particular, is most imperative, and makes himself quite at his ease. Indeed he has pryed all over the palace, and explored every walk about the grounds, with the curiosity of a man who is taking possession of an estate. Last night, Joanna was summoned to attendance as usual, and found the Colonels most earnest in their double occupation of drinking and talking. From their conversation she gleaned that a scheme is concerted to draw off the Swedish troops for awhile from the attack on the bridge-tower, and make a strong demonstration in other points; then, when by such a manœuvre, the attention of the garrison is altogether abstracted from this quarter, it is proposed to return to it with

overpowering force, and little doubt is entertained of the success of the *coup-de-main*; in which case Odowalsky, who is to command the assault, will force his way into the Old-Town, and, from thence, join Würtemberg."

"And when," inquired Wallenstein, "is this to take place?"

"That has not yet appeared; but Joanna doubts not being able to discover it by their preparations and her own sagacity. She delights old Colonel Cobby by her readiness and attention; and he, when in his cups, talks without much circumspection. She is apprehensive, however, that she may possibly not obtain this information sufficiently early to communicate it to you in the ordinary way; and, therefore, begs that you will have the goodness, for the next few days, to cause a look-out to be made every evening toward the Hradschin, where the declivity begins from the Castle down to the houses of the Kleinseite. On the night preceding the attack, if you see a rocket rise from the castle-hill, you will consider it as a signal."

"But the Swedes will notice this signal, as well as we."

"Scarcely, sir.—Few of our foreign *guests* (the old man spoke with a tone of bitterness) reside on this side the Castle. And even *should* they notice it—by whom, and for what purpose it was sent up would cost them more time and trouble to ascertain than could be afforded.

"And yet," rejoined our hero, "it makes me uneasy when I think that you, or Joanna, might run a considerable risk."

"Be not alarmed, my lord," said Bertram, confidently; "Joanna will find out the day, and I will, unseen, fire the rocket:—and should the matter, as is very unlikely, be investigated,—why,—it is the frolic of some children, who have been playing with powder purloined from the Swedes."

"I will await your information, then," said Wallenstein; "meanwhile, my kind, faithful Bertram, adieu!—Remember

me to Joanna:—I will not trust you to say what I feel respecting her noble conduct.—Adieu!—get some refreshment, and be wary on your return.”

“That was a long conversation,” said Wulden, on re-entering the apartment.—“You must have found your shaggy peasant extremely interesting.”

“It was no peasant from Gitschin,” replied Wallenstein, smiling; “It was my faithful Bertram, my house-steward at the Kleinseite.”

“Oh, the father of the beautiful Joanna!” exclaimed Wulden. “And pray, how is *she*?”

“A truce to joking, Leopold!—this message regards business.” And Albert related to his friend the particulars of Bertram’s communication.

“News so important deserves our best thanks!” said Leopold: “And what do you intend to do now?”

“I am going to communicate it to our Commander—at least, as far as is necessary for him to know.”

“Well said—as far as is necessary for him to know; for the grand prior has no occasion to be made acquainted with the share which a pretty girl has had in the discovery of the enemy’s plans.”

“By the bye,” said Wallenstein, “it should seem that Cobby is striving to ingratiate himself with Joanna. She would not be the first who has made a splendid match among the officers of the enemy!”

“Joanna and that old drunkard Cobby!” cried Wulden: “You must really be a little jealous, and not a little in love, too, Albert, to think of such a thing!”

“In love?” replied Wallenstein, while he endeavoured to suppress a rising sigh: “No, Leopold! I neither am, nor ever shall be, in love again;—though I confess,” continued he, “if Joanna were in another sphere of life, and this wounded heart of mine *could* love once more—she might perhaps induce me to forget a false, deceitful girl.”

"I am quite satisfied for the present," said Leopold, laughing; "and, no doubt, Joanna would be so likewise, did she overhear our conversation. Sad pity, she is but a gardener's daughter!"

Albert smiled, or affected to smile; and both gentlemen, taking up their hats and swords, sallied forth, to pay a visit to Field-Marshal Colleredo.

Bertram had, after re-assuming his disguise, succeeded in getting safely back to his house, where Joanna received him under the gateway, with breathless joy. His smiling countenance convinced her, at the first glance, that all was right, and they walked together toward Bertram's private apartments—for it was only there they were secure from the spies of Odowalsky.

There was no time to be lost. On the evening of the same day, Colonel Cobby, with Odowalsky and some other officers, returned in high spirits from the Hradschin, where they had dined with Königsmark, with whom a long conversation had taken place after dinner. Cobby immediately bidden Joanna to bring wine.

Her heart palpitated as she issued the necessary directions to her assistants about the house; and she feared that the presence of the other guests would prevent her chance of gaining any intelligence from Cobby. Whilst absorbed in these agitating reflections, and carrying some articles of plate into the great dining-room, she suddenly perceived Odowalsky standing before her. This man was particularly obnoxious to Joanna; and starting, she wished to turn back; but having seen, he ran up to her, and began teasing her with rude jokes. She answered him disdainfully, and tried to get away.

"That won't do, my pretty rustic," said the Colonel, who had obviously been drinking a good deal. "We must improve our acquaintance."

"I see no necessity for that, sir! and besides, you cannot but perceive that I am busy, and providing for the accommodation of yourself and your friends."

"Tut, tut!" replied he, "There is a time for all things;" and so saying, he offered to salute the indignant girl.

"Stand off, Colonel Streitberg! or I will shame you before your companions. Even were you master of this house,—which, thank God! you are not—such conduct would disgrace you!"

"And if I am not, who is?" demanded he, with a sneer.

"Count Wallenstein," replied Joanna, fearlessly.

"What! the youth who was killed and brought to life again! We shall see that, *to-morrow*."

"*To-morrow!*" reiterated Joanna.

"Ay, girl," answered Odowalsky, as if wishing to recal the word—"to-morrow, or next day, or"—The entrance of a young Swedish officer, who came to summon the Colonel to a discussion in the court-yard, enabled Joanna to make her escape.

"Father!" exclaimed she, half sinking into his arms: "*to-morrow! to-morrow!* we have no time to lose!"

Bertram inquired the meaning of this, and having learnt from his daughter what had passed, coincided in opinion that they were on the eve of the catastrophe, but, however strong their conviction of this, they were still desirous, before giving the appointed signal (whereto so much importance would be attached) to ascertain the fact beyond possibility of doubt.

Supper was served. The great saloon in the palace of Wallenstein, splendidly decorated, was illuminated with some hundred of tapers; and Bertram, who, under pretext of seeing that the guests were well attended, made himself very busy about the table and buffet, could plainly perceive that Odowalsky played the part of master of the house. Nay, he even carried his assurance so far, as frequently to call Bertram, and express his dissatisfaction at the arrangements of the table, even adding that such and such a thing must be changed in *future!* Bertram dissembled his rage, and replied not; the present was not a fit moment to

contradict the Colonel's assumption, although the old man thought he could observe marks of disapprobation in the looks of some of the officers at table.

Bertram's patience was not put to a very protracted test. Soon after the conclusion of the meal, Colonel Coppy rose and proposed a bumper to the gallant stormers of the bridge-tower, which was drunk with additional acclamations of—" *May success wait on to-morrow !*" All restraint was now at an end, and the attentive Bertram gathered, that Würtemberg was to commence the attack on the New-Town, and Odowalsky, with a sufficient force, simultaneously to storm the bridge-tower, which being only defended by students, could not long, it was thought, hold out.

Satisfied with what he had heard, the old man now thought that he had better convey himself, unnoticed, if possible, out of the saloon, in order to rejoin Joanna. But in putting this measure into execution, he was not equally fortunate as he had been in gaining intelligence. As he was in the act of creeping out by a side-door, Odowalsky perceived him.

"What are you doing there, scoundrel?" cried he.

"What I have been doing ever since the commencement of the evening, Colonel," answered Bertram stoutly; "taking care that you are properly waited on."

"And have you been here the whole time?" asked Odowalsky.

Bertram bowed in silence.

"Seize him." resumed the Colonel, speaking to some cadets at the bottom of the table, "and lock him up in the stable!"

"Why?" inquired Coppy, good-natured in his cups. "What offence has he committed?"

"If you don't comprehend what offence he has committed," replied Odowalsky, sarcastically, "wiser people can:" and he whispered in his brother-Colonel's ear, who, in consequence made a signal to the officers confirmatory of Odowalsky's direction, who led him away.

Seeing the impossibility of escape, and the idleness of re-

monstrance, an idea struck him, that his very sentinels might, unconsciously, become the instruments of his design. He therefore sat down, apparently quite composed, talked awhile with his keepers on indifferent subjects, and, at last, said, "If we are to spend the night together, don't let us be idle. Perhaps one of you gentlemen will be so kind as to step to my daughter, and tell her to send us a few mugs of the best beer in the cellar after which she had better retire to rest."

The Swede did not wait for a repetition of these directions. In a moment he was at the door; but Bertram, as if something else had suddenly occurred to him, called out, "Stop, friend! If she hears that I am a prisoner, the girl will probably be too much frightened to understand you thoroughly, and 'twould not do to miss the *right* stingo. I will therefore transmit my message in writing, and at the same time tell her, that I am quite well, and that there is no ground for apprehension. Cannot one of you give me a piece of paper and a pencil?"

These were procured, though not without difficulty: but the prospect of getting some additional drink heightened their efforts. Bertram wrote only a few words, in Bohemian, to the following effect:—"Light your candle; all is right! and give the bearer a few mugs of No. 4! I am quite well."

Joanna had been awaiting her father's return to his own apartments, with increasing apprehension. It was now getting very late, and every moment darker. She scarcely doubted in the least that the intended attack would take place next day: but the more she felt convinced of this, the more ardently did she long for her father's appearance, in order that he might proceed before midnight to fire the signal. She knew that Wallenstein would expect it shortly after sun-set, and her anxiety increased every instant. She had won her father's co-operation, not without some trouble, for Bertram, though very well principled, loved his ease: but now, in the most decisive moment, she found herself left uncertain, helpless, and ignorant how to act. All at once, she heard a loud

knocking at the door. A Swedish soldier entered, and asked for some beer, which she would find particularised in the note he had brought.

Joanna stood motionless and in silent alarm as she read it.

“ Well,” said the soldier impatiently, “ is it not right ? ”

“ I will give you the beer directly,” replied the girl :—“ but where is my father ? ”

“ In the room with us,” rejoined he : “ The Colonel indeed ordered him to be locked up in the stable till morning ; but we like good fellowship.”

“ To be locked up till morning ! ” exclaimed Joanna, much terrified : “ On what account ? ”

“ How should I know ? But I believe it is to prevent him from speaking to any body.”

“ But nothing ails him, I hope ? ” continued she, unable to control her anxiety.

“ Nothing at all ; he is as well as you or I.”

Joanna went into the cellar, and fetched up two mugs of the best beer, which she gave the soldier, requesting him to tell her father that she would follow his directions implicitly.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONCE more left alone, Joanna debated with herself what was to be done. Her father was confined, lest he should publish what it was desirable to conceal. He must, therefore, have heard *something* : his confinement was not to be protracted beyond the next morning : and hence it was clear that, after that period, no further hazard was inferred from his loquacity. His directions were—to *light the candle*, for that *all was right* ; in other words, the attack *was* to take place next day, and she herself was to kindle the rocket. She summoned resolution ; and providing herself, in order to be prepared for whatever might happen, with a sharp knife, which, together with the

rocket and a tinder-box, she carefully concealed, sallied forth, after fervently imploring the favour of Heaven on her enterprise, to that part of the Hradschin most conspicuous from the Bridge, and in view of which she felt confident Wallenstein would be posted.

Cautiously ascending the hill behind the houses of the Kleinseite, the heroic girl had reached that spot from whence she could distinctly see the bridge-tower of the Old-Town, and, consequently, be seen from the opposite side. She had proceeded thus far with a panting heart; every rustling leaf, every bird that moved in the bushes, terrified her, and made her look and listen in all directions.

Gradually she took heart; and, looking toward the bridge-tower, better distinguished as her eyes became more habituated to the darkness, she reflected that Wallenstein was most likely even now gazing anxiously for the promised signal. Once more carefully looking round, to ascertain that all was still, she fixed the rocket to a tree, and ignited it. The flame rushed like an arrow, with whizzing speed, perpendicularly into the air, and soon again disappeared. At the same moment, she thought she perceived a glimmer of light opposite, at the window of the bridge-tower, which, in like manner, immediately vanished. Her inference was correct, Wallenstein had seen and understood the signal.

Her object accomplished, with a palpitating bosom and hasty step, she hurried to regain her home. As she moved quickly on, she thought the rustling of other footsteps than her own were upon the grass. Trembling, the poor girl retired behind a bush. She was not mistaken; the steps drew nearer—slowly, but firmly; and, through the foliage, she dimly perceived the tall figure of a man approaching the spot where she stood. With the true spirit of a heroine, she laid hold of her hidden weapon, determined to repel insult or violence at any risk. But the unknown seemed to entertain no hostile intention, and, to all appearance, was not a Swede. As he drew closer, she descried a bandage round his head, and

his features were those of a man far advanced in years. All this encouraged her, and she came forward voluntarily from behind the bush, preferring thus to shew herself than to be discovered.

“Who goes there?” cried a deep, melodious voice, in the Bohemian dialect.

“A girl on her way home,” answered Joanna, with as much indifference of manner as she was mistress of.

“What were you about here? Is it you who have fired the rocket?”

“The rocket!” echoed Joanna, dissembling but indifferently; “I know nothing about it.”

“You must, at least, have heard the noise, and seen the flash.”

“And suppose as much:—does it follow that I fired it?”

“Who are you, girl? Your words seem well *studied*.”

“I know not what right you have to question them,” replied Joanna; but she spoke with great mildness, for every look at the venerable old man impressed her with more confidence and respect.

“I am Count Martinitz.”

“The Governor-General!” cried she, partly alarmed, and partly rejoiced. She now recognised his noble features, and that graceful deportment which had so often inspired her with reverence. “Then, with your excellency, I seek to have no reserve on this subject. It *was* I.”

“And for what purpose?”

“I am the daughter of the steward and gardener in the house of Count Wallenstein on the Kleinseite. The Count commands yonder post upon the bridge-tower, and my father having learned that the Swedes purpose an attack on that tower to-morrow morning, has informed his master thereof by this preconcerted signal. He had meant to make it himself; but the Swedes who are quartered in our house, suspecting that he knew of their plan, have locked him up, and so he sent me as his substitute.”

“And had you the courage to come hither alone in the dark? Suppose one of the Swedish sentries had seen you?”

“I knew this spot to be retired and uninhabited; and, in short, we had no alternative. There was none whom I could entrust with a commission of so much importance; and I considered it my duty not to shrink from any personal danger when no less than the preservation of our noble master and of the greater part of Prague was at stake.”

“You are a brave Bohemian girl,” answered Count Martinitz; “and I rejoice to find, there are such courageous hearts amongst us. But what would you have done, child, if, instead of me, you had met with a Swede, or any other ill-minded person?”

Joanna, though reluctantly, drew forth her knife. “Behold, your Excellency,” said she, “I was armed, and ready either to defend myself, or”——and her eyes fell on the ground——“to choose death in preference to a greater evil.”

Martinitz looked at her with astonishment. “So resolute?” said he, at length; “that’s nobly said! But, come, you must not be exposed to further hazard. I will conduct you a nearer way home, through the court-yard of the Castle, in which, and the adjacent grounds, (such are the chances of this turbulent time,) I have been a kind of state prisoner since the night of the fête.”

Joanna took the Count’s offered arm, not without a passing inclination to smile at her strange escort—an inclination, however, immediately subdued, when she looked upon that venerable countenance, grand in its sadness.

They now entered the castle through a side-door opening upon a long gallery, at the end of which a lamp burned: “Immediately beyond is the first court,” said Martinitz; “Cross it, descend the steps, and you will find your distance from home much shortened.”

They stood beneath the light; and, while the Count opened the door to give Joanna egress, she turned to thank him for

his condescension. The sight of her features appeared to strike the old man with some sudden and deep emotion.

"Who did you tell me you were?" asked he hastily.

"My name is Joanna, Sir; and I am the daughter of Bertram Schütz, house-steward of Count Wallenstein."

"And your *mother*?"

"She died long since;—I scarcely remember her."

"What was her maiden name?"

"Theresa Leben."

He took her hand, and, kindly wishing her good night, returned through the gallery.

Our heroine (for so we may think we may venture to call her) having gained her chamber in safety, strove to obtain the refreshment of a few hours' sleep, but in vain! The mingled events of the preceding day, together with anxious anticipations as to the following one, haunted and kept her restless: and when, at length, the kindly burthen of slumber fell upon her eye-lids, they were speedily unclosed again, in consequence of an unusual noise and bustle about the house.—It was scarce day-break, but Joanna instantly rose and went to her window to ascertain the cause.

The soldiers were cleaning their arms and horses. Soon after, Coppy and some other officers came down stairs, all armed; they mounted their horses, and with great clatter the whole party galloped off.

Scarcely were they out of the court-yard, before a knock was heard at the door of Joanna's anti-room, followed by her father's voice, calling out upon her. She admitted him with a cry of joy.

"Have you—" he began.

She answered his unfinished question—"Yes, father, all has been done, and I trust understood."

"Thank God!" cried the old man; "now, come what will, we have done our duty, and I am hopeful for the best."

They now both anxiously awaited the result of the assault,

and a distant cannonading soon announced that it had commenced.

The preparations in the event of an attack, kept Wallenstein and Wulden thoroughly employed;—and thus passed the hours until the sun sunk beneath the Hradschin, and the bustle of the town gradually subsided.

It grew darker and darker, and no signal appeared. The lights in the houses were reflected by the stream. Wallenstein became very thoughtful; the conversation, just before so animated, gradually ceased; and Wulden could perceive, that thoughts and recollections unallied to the present moment occupied his friend.

“Well,” exclaimed Wulden, “it does not seem that any thing will occur to-night: it is getting late.”

“I, at any rate, will continue on the watch,” replied Wallenstein: “to suffer them possibly to incur danger, to no purpose, would indeed be grievous.” Even as he spake, the fiery herald issued, as it were, from out of the dark earth, and aspired toward heaven—the abiding-place of light.

The young men stood for one moment motionless—the next, Albert seized a steel that lay by, and set fire to some powder placed before the window for that purpose. The brief flash was directly swallowed up in darkness—but not before it had been observed on the castle-hill.

“To-morrow, then, is the day,” cried Leopold, delightedly: “it is nearer than I had hoped.”

The friends once more repaired to Marshal Colleredo, and having obtained audience, made their report—the result whereof was, that all the necessary orders were issued, and every thing in an hour or so betokened preparation. Albert and Leopold, having attended to the duties prescribed to them, sought, in brief repose, additional strength to meet the impending conflict.

As soon as daylight appeared, the first thundering of the cannon, which grew more violent and more constant, interrupted the calm of the clear, bright morning.

“Now is the decisive moment!” shouted Wallenstein, and

every one hastened to his place. At the same time, the bells of the Old and New-Town sounded the alarm, and every man able to bear arms proceeded in full speed to one of the ramparts of his native place. Never before had the Swedes attacked with such impetuosity and obstinacy; but the most terrific assault was that on the side of the Old-Town. The struggle was long and obstinate; the combat, in different places, had lasted several hours. Many of the Swedish troops fell before the walls of the New-Town; and a still greater quantity had met their death at the bridge-tower, which they found it impossible to carry, where the students, under the command of Wallenstein and Wulden, kept up such an effective fire from the intrenchments and battlements, that Odowalsky, after having been slightly grazed by a bullet on the knee, at length gave signal for retreat.

Burning with rage and shame, and exasperated by the pain of his wound, he led his troops back through Bridge Street, when he submitted to the investigation of his hurt, and for that purpose proceeded to the palace of Wallenstein, which he not only looked upon as his occasional residence in town, but as his contingent property, and bit his lips from mortification when he was compelled to enter it to-day with fainter hopes than ever of ultimate possession.

In the midst of these sullen thoughts, he was interrupted by the arrival of Colonel Coppy, who likewise returned from his unsuccessful enterprise—the storming of the Spittel-Gate, where he had been posted with his regiment under the command of Count de la Garde. The two comrades talked over the different circumstances that had distinguished the conflict, and expatiated on the singularity of the failure of their expedition. Odowalsky expressed his firm conviction that treachery had set the Bohemians on their guard, and induced them to strengthen the previously-neglected post of the bridge-tower.

“Likely enough, i’faith,” answered the bluff old soldier. “And now you speak of treachery, it reminds me of a curious circumstance which I heard to-day.”

“What is that?” inquired Odowalsky, eagerly.

“An officer told me, that he saw, from the Riskaberg, where he had been visiting a friend, a rocket rise opposite the Old-Town.”

“And did he not report upon it, or take steps to discover its meaning?”

“He reported it; but as nothing more was heard of the matter, General Würtemberg, to whom the fact was made known, deemed it unnecessary to take any further notice of it, thinking probably that it was some school-boys amusing themselves.”

“The dolt!” muttered Odowalsky; and he continued; “If others neglect their duty, I will not mine. We will find who discharged this rocket, depend on it.” Then, after a brief pause, during which he appeared lost in thought, he abruptly added, “Wallenstein is commander of the bridge-tower, this house is his, and the people adore him. The treachery has originated *here!*”

He then rose, and prepared, leaning on one of his people,—for walking was troublesome to him on account of his wound—to mount the Hradschin, and make his report to Count Königsmark, a duty which he had scarce ever performed with so much reluctance.

The interview was long, and marked by those feelings of suspicion on the one side and aversion on the other, which every day grew stronger, and were softened on the General’s part by policy alone, and on the Colonel’s by military discipline. Odowalsky dwelt with considerable force on the circumstance that had been communicated to him respecting the rocket, and Königsmark appeared to consider it worthy of deep attention.

On leaving head-quarters, the Colonel found the irritation arising from his hurt too great to admit of his walking further; and a litter having been provided, he intimated his desire to be conveyed across the Moldavia to Troy.

Helen was already informed of the unsuccessful result of the affair; she had heard too, that Odowalsky had been

wounded, through so slightly as to have returned to the Hradschin on foot. She had hoped, that he would send a messenger, with a more exact account; but instead of a messenger, she descried, from the castle window, a boat with a litter, and manned by the attendants of Odowalsky. She hurried down the steps and through the garden, in order to reach the banks of the river as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit.

She had just reached the garden-gate, when her lover, supported, it is true, by two of his people, but otherwise looking in good health, met her. "Thank God!" cried she, "my fears exaggerated the reality." They exchanged greetings, and Odowalsky explained the nature of his hurt.

Arrived in the drawing-room, the Colonel seated himself, and affectionately pressed Helen to his bosom. "Here let me rest!" cried he: "With the exception of yourself, the whole human race is born to torment me, and by their stupidity or knavery to frustrate my best designs!"

Helen strove by tender assiduities to calm the manifest perturbation of her lover's mind, and by the provision of every requisite comfort to deaden his sense of bodily pain, which was occasionally acute.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE parts of Prague unoccupied by the enemy, exhibited, after the battle, a very different picture. Instead of discontent and mutual distrust, which reigned in the head-quarters of the Swedes and their adherents, every heart on the other side of the Moldavia felt gay and confident. The repeated storming had been bravely repulsed; the courage and resolution of the garrison, as well as of the inhabitants, had stood a severe trial; and the loss of the enemy had been so great, as to make a long interval of rest more than probable, perhaps, until the town was relieved, an event to be shortly expected, since,

in the first place, Colonel Golz was collecting troops in the Circle of Budweis ; and in the next, the conclusion of peace could not be at any very great distance.

Scarcely had Father Plachy unbuckled his sword, and taken off his casque, ere, as the pious priest, he stood at the bedside of the wounded (particularly of the corps of students), anxiously taking care of those whose cases admitted hope of recovery, and soothing the death-bed of such as were given over, by prayer and consolation. As soon as he had fulfilled these sacred duties, he hastened to Wallenstein, whom he found with his friend Wulden, talking over the labours of the day. Albert, at sight of the worthy ecclesiastic, ran toward him and pressed his hand.

“ God bless you, my boy !” said Plachy, much affected, “ and grant that you may emulate the fair fame of your noble uncle !”

The three friends sat down to take some necessary refreshment, and to “ fight their battles o’er again” in cheerful converse. There was one reflection, however, which seemed to check the exuberance of Wallenstein’s mirth ; it was connected with the danger that had possibly accrued to Joanna, in consequence of her agency with respect to the rocket.

Nor was this apprehension groundless. Odowalsky, loudly and publicly insisting on an inquiry, Königsmark was induced to appoint a committee for the investigation of the affair, of which committee Odowalsky was himself constituted a member. His most anxious desire was to be revenged on the betrayer of his individual scheme, as well as on Wallenstein, who became more hateful to him every day, and whom he hoped to mortify by the punishment of one of his most faithful dependents, for his natural sagacity had at once fixed on Bertram as the delinquent.

Königsmark, disgusted with all these proceedings, took advantage of the short interval of the armistice, to compliment upon his arrival in Leipsic, the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, to whom Queen Christiana had confided the com-

mand of her whole army. This Prince had brought with him a considerable reinforcement from Sweden, and was on the point of marching his troops into Bohemia, for the reduction of Prague. Königsmark, therefore, naming Count Magnus de la Garde president of this commission, set out for Saxony.

Nothing came to light for some time respecting the supposed signal. Bertram stoutly denied every thing, and no one suspected Joanna. Another method was now therefore taken, by endeavouring to ascertain what person from the Government-Castle might have been on that spot at the time coinciding with the account of the Swedish officer who had noticed the signal.

And here, to the great astonishment of every member of the court, the course of the examination brought before them a person whose rank, birth, and character differed widely from those hitherto scrutinized. This was Count Martinitz, Governor-General of Bohemia, the first person in the kingdom, and representative of the sovereign. He had been walking that evening—on this point all accounts agreed—quite alone, on that part of the Castle-hill. His hatred to the Swedes, and to the creed which they supported in Germany, was well known ; whilst his high station, and the universal attachment of the people, might well place it in his power to obtain secret information of every thing going on both in Prague and with the besieging army. Count de la Garde was much inclined to put an end to an inquiry which could now lead to none but painful results ; for what measures could be adopted, in case of conviction, against a man of the governor's powerful connections and of such an advanced age, that would not be extremely odious, and, possibly, in the event, disastrous to the Swedes themselves ? Odowalsky, however, rose in a fury, and maintained, in an energetic speech, that it was these severe measures only which could ensure the safety of the Swedish troops in the middle of a people addicted to sedition and rebellion. The votes of the officers began to be divided. One part adhered to their former opinion, and wished to sup-

press the inquiry; whilst the other, and by far the most numerous, were induced by Odowalsky's speech to insist upon instituting criminal proceedings against the Governor-General.

All that the President of the Commission could obtain was authority to interrogate Count Martinitz at his own apartments in the castle, rather than summon him before the military tribunal; and hoping to receive full exculpation from the venerable old man, he proceeded, though reluctantly, to fulfil his mission.

Count Martinitz received De la Garde with politeness and urbanity; but when the latter went on to explain the purport of his visit, the Count, like an old tactician, shrank into silence and dogged reserve. He knew nothing of the affair: he had neither seen the rocket nor the person who fired it; and in conclusion begged to be excused from answering such inquisitorial questions, which he regarded as offensive to his self-respect and dignity.

De la Garde reported the denial of the Governor, and urged the indelicacy of subjecting that nobleman to any further scrutiny; but, overpowered by a majority of votes, was at length obliged to yield to the arrangement of Count Martinitz being confined, as a close prisoner, to his own room, until he should feel disposed to be more explicit. The old Governor-General submitted to this fresh insult with dignified composure, and struggled manfully with his rising indignation when apprised that even the Countess, his wife, could not be suffered to hold intercourse with him unless in presence of a Swedish officer.

The proceedings of the investigating committee had previously been little regarded, and their purport scarcely understood. Now, however, they were adverted to, and watched, with interest and apprehension. Exaggerated rumours, as is usual, flew around; and a report quickly penetrated, among other quarters, into the Wallenstein-Palace, that the life of the honourable man was in imminent danger.

“My dear father!” cried Joanna, as soon as the friend who

brought his intelligence had left the room : " My dear father ! I neither can nor will be silent any longer. The life of Count Martinitz is threatened by these diabolical Swedes, because he is considered, it seems, the author of that signal, but, from which accusation he must be cleared."

" Joanna !" exclaimed Bertram, much alarmed, " What are you thinking of ? Do you wish us to become our own accusers !"

" You, father," replied she, calmly, " are not implicated in this matter. I am the delinquent ; and it is, therefore, but just ——"

" O God !" cried the old man, in anguish, " You will destroy yourself without saving him !"

" Why, surely, were I to come forward and admit that it was I ——"

" They will not believe you ; you will ruin yourself, and me to too, without being of any use to the Governor."

" Be at peace, father, at least as far as regards yourself. I have long considered the matter ; indeed, ever since I heard this inquiry was pending. It was I alone who originally extorted the secret from these Swedish monsters ; I alone gave the signal. You were a prisoner at the time, and they dare not touch a hair of your head ! and, as to me, it is by no means clear that they would proceed to extremities. Their object is to intimidate, not to be gratuitously cruel !"

Joanna found it difficult to prevent him from participating in her confession. Bertram tenderly loved his daughter ; and the idea even of dying with her, appeared less afflicting, than that of seeing her exposed to danger in which he had no share. Notwithstanding, the girl found sufficient address to quiet her father's anxious solicitude on this point also, persuading him, that the actions of a woman were far less likely to be visited with severity than those of a man.

Having thus wrung from the poor old man his slow consent, the Bohemian maiden, simply and modestly dressed, and attended only by a female servant, ascended with a sorrowful

but firm heart, the castle steps, timidly approached the Swedish sentries, and requested an audience of the Count de la Garde, as a citizen's daughter from the Kleinseite, who had some important communication to make to him respecting the signal given to the enemy on the eve of the storming of the bridge-tower.

She was soon admitted, and entered, covered with blushes; for there were a great number of officers with the Count, and the eyes of all were turned upon her. She paused a moment, and the striking beauty as well as innocence of her appearance, induced De la Garde to advance a few steps, and suggest her adjourning into another room, where, finding herself alone with the noble Swede, she summoned all her strength of mind, and said—"I have been informed, sir, that an inquiry has been set on foot against his excellency, the governor, who is accused of having fired that rocket which, in the Swedish headquarters, has been regarded as a signal given to their enemy."

"You are right," answered De la Garde, courteously;—"Have you any further details to communicate?"

"I have," replied she, "and if you, sir, will pledge your word that Count Martinitz shall be restored to liberty, and no longer exposed to trouble and vexation, when you know the guilty person, I will disclose that person."

"You?"

"Will you give me your promise?"

"Yes, provided the Count can be fully exculpated."

"He can, most fully and unreservedly.—It was *I* who fired the rocket."

"And do you tell me this yourself?"

"I cannot endure to see an innocent man, and one so universally respected, suffering for an action of my own, and of which, I candidly confess, I am proud."

De la Garde looked at Joanna with astonishment. "Who are you, young woman?" asked he.

She told him her name, and explained, in addition, the cir-

cumstances which had preceded and accompanied the discharge of the rocket, carefully suppressing, however, her encounter with Martinitz. Her father's expedition also to Wallenstein, in disguise, to apprise him generally of the Swedish scheme, she appropriated to herself;—and ended, after exciting at once the astonishment and incredulity of her auditor. He listened to her with deep attention, but doubted while he listened, and when she had concluded, told her as much. Joanna persisted, however, in her confession; and when De la Garde pointed out the evil consequences which might, and most probably would, be entailed on her thereby, she shuddered, but continued firm. At length, De la Garde, after looking at her for awhile with great interest, said: "After what has passed between us, I cannot allow you to be at large; at the same time I do not wish, for the present, to avail myself of your voluntary impeachment. A commodious room shall be assigned to you, where I beg you to reflect upon what I have said; and if you shall find, that your generosity, or whatever other motive may have induced you thus to screen Count Martinitz at your own expense, has carried you too far, remember, it is Count de la Garde who has heard your confession, and not the president of the committee."

Joanna made her obeisance, and, not without emotion, thanked the Count for his candour, and then willingly followed a servant, who was ordered by the Count to conduct her to an apartment named by himself. Here, in the solitude of a confined room, which, though tolerably clean and convenient, only received its light from a high grated window, the possible consequences of her step began gradually to unfold themselves. At times, indeed, unused to strong trials, she doubted that she had gone too far. She pictured to herself her father's sorrow, and the anxiety of Wallenstein, were he to hear of her situation; and yet, strange to say! this latter thought served in some degree to comfort her. It was for his sake she had run so great a risk; and she knew him

too well, not to feel assured, that he would approve of the course she had taken, and be convinced she ought not, under all circumstances, to have acted otherwise.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT the town hall, in Leipsic, a magnificent entertainment was prepared for the Count Palatine and all the officers of his staff; and it seemed as if similarity of religious worship, and the hopes which, in this respect, the Protestant party had formed from their alliance with the Swedes, had induced them to forget all the hardships they had suffered for several years from this very army.

Königsmark, on his arrival, availed himself of the first leisure moment, on the following day, to communicate to the Prince the real situation of things before Prague, and the reduced state of his army, owing to their repeated fruitless attacks, as well as to the sallies of the besieged; and, finally, he consulted with the Prince on the measures necessary to be adopted, in order to get possession of the whole town. Gustavus did not feel at first disposed to proceed to Bohemia with the entire force that Christiana had placed under his command, desirous rather to direct his march toward Bavaria, for the purpose of supporting General Wrangel; and only to send a detachment of his army to Bohemia. But the reasons urged by Königsmark, who represented to him the vital importance of the capture of Prague, at last prevailed, and the Count Palatine resolved to commence his military career in a brilliant manner, by the reduction of a place of so much consequence.

Odowalsky, who had positive orders from Königsmark not to leave Prague, but who nevertheless contrived, through the medium of certain friends, to make interest with Gustavus, had by this means, at the same time that he looked forward with malicious satisfaction to the punishment of Joanna, re-

ceived the promise of being promoted on the first vacancy to the rank of General. For the first time during a long period, he experienced unmingled satisfaction ; and his sanguine temperament, ever tending to exaggeration, led him to feel certain of the ultimate accomplishment of all his views. In this spirit he repaired to Troy, where, without first waiting on Helen, he requested an audience of the Baron, and in due form demanded the hand of his niece, adding that he was in hopes of wedding her in the character of a general.

The Baron had by degrees become more accustomed to Odowalsky, or Streitberg, as he was there addressed ; and perceiving the decided sentiments of the young lady, thinking, too, that the conclusion of peace would soon make them all friends, and possibly somewhat proud at the idea of an alliance with an influential Swedish officer, his original strong prepossessions had begun to give way. The Colonel's proposal, therefore, was received at all events with complacency ; and the Baron answered, that provided his niece and her mother were friendly to the union, his own consent should not be withheld.

Helen was accordingly summoned. She was surprised to find Odowalsky with her uncle, without her having previously seen him ; and this surprise was increased when the purpose of his visit was communicated, and Odowalsky, with dignified politeness, in the presence of the Baron, demanded the honour of her hand. While smiles and blushes increased her beauty, she gave consent ; and the tenderness wherewith her lover pressed her to his heart, his features quivering with emotion, gave him a higher claim to the esteem of the Baron, while Helen was fairly enchanted. The aunt and mother now joined the family council. The former was still prejudiced against the Colonel ; for, with a true woman's pertinacity, she did not forget the hopes she had entertained of her cousin Wallenstein being the object of Helen's choice. She could not, however, under the circumstances, refuse her sanction ; and, as for Madame Berka, herself a Protestant, the thought

of her daughter's union with a general-elect of the all-powerful Swedes, gave birth to many feelings calculated to gratify, indeed, to elate her.

Meanwhile, in spite of the blockade, our volatile friend, Leopold, contrived to possess himself of almost all the small talk of the Kleinseite and other places held by the enemy ; and, among these scraps of intelligence, he learnt the circumstance of Odowalsky's proposal for Helen, his acceptance, and the preparations that were making for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the arrival of the Count Palatine, by whom, it was expected, Odowalsky's commission as General would be received. Lest any undexterous tongue should charge itself with the communication of this news to Wallenstein, Wulden, immediately on hearing it, sought his friend, and was commencing the disclosure in a very circuitous way, when Albert cut him short by anticipating the intelligence, and proving that he could receive it almost with indifference. In fact, the events of the last few weeks had done much to dissolve the spell in which Helen's fascinations had originally bound our hero. He now clearly saw and felt that the woman who could hang upon this Odowalsky, and *that* Helen whom he had loved were two beings totally distinct. He, therefore, commented on Leopold's information with calm seriousness, lamented Helen's ill fate, and united with his friend in predicting the unhappiness which so ill-assorted a marriage seemed to render certain.

Helen was seated one day with her mother at the window which looked toward the city, and engaged in choosing from amongst sundry rich stuffs, laces, &c., some articles for her wedding-suit, when a boat glided across the Moldavia, and shortly after the sound of Odowalsky's firm step was heard ascending the stairs. Helen flew to meet him, and he entered smiling, and inquiring whether she had finished the selection of her dress :—" You must dispatch, ladies !" said he ; " the Palatine will very shortly be here."

" We had just formed ourselves into a committee of taste,"

said Madame de Berka, "and we will vote you a member. Now, what think you, Colonel, of this white dress with the silver clasps and this ruby collar?"

"Dear Madam," answered Odowalsky, with a smile, "I fear I am but bad authority on these subjects. But I have ground for confidence in knowing that my Helen will ever be beautiful, robe herself as she may. But perhaps," continued he, "you would have the kindness to inform my people that they need not wait. I was so anxious to greet my bride, that I overlooked giving them the necessary directions."

This rather broad hint was forthwith taken; and Madame Berka, good-humouredly shaking her head, left the room.

The lovers were now alone, and Odowalsky proceeded to unfold, much to Helen's astonishment, the history of the signal-rocket and of Joanna, and her interest was at once fixed by some hints thrown out touching a probable *liaison* between the girl and her master.

"But if such be the case," said Odowalsky, the gleam of triumphant malice passing over his features, "I think I know how to cross their loves. This is, however, no ordinary maiden. She has abundant resolution, and is handsome too," added he, as if willing still further to excite his hearer's attention.

"And what will become of her?" asked Helen, timidly, and half shuddering at the expression of her lover's countenance.

"That, we have not yet decided. The offence wherewith she stands charged, on her own admission, is a serious one, and may, if rigorous justice be enforced, touch her life. But then," continued he, apparently debating with himself, "in these cases, death redeems and ennobles, even if undergone ignominiously. Were it not better," and he turned to Helen as he spake, "were it not better to fix an indelible stain upon this rustic pet of Wallenstein's, and let her carry it about her through a long life? the *brand*, for instance, or the *pillory*? What think you?"

“ In this I have no voice ;” answered Helen, much shocked. “ If the girl you speak of must be sacrificed to the stern necessities of a state of warfare, let her at least be honorably doomed. Degrade not, in her person, the sex you profess to reverence, and whereto I belong.”

This serious appeal evidently moved the person to whom it was addressed. Better feelings seemed to check the dark and malignant vengeance over which his heart had been brooding, and the bitter sneer wherewith he had alluded to Wallenstein’s imagined prepossession, gave place to a frank smile, as he drew the blooming but indignant woman before him upon his knee, and kissed away the sorrowing expression from her countenance.

Meanwhile the activity of the garrison and citizens in completing new means of defence, and repairing the walls (which had been much damaged by the enemy’s artillery) still continued unremitting. Since the departure of Königsmark, the command of the Swedish army had been held by General Würtemberg. At a council, it was resolved that, all things considered, Christiana’s cause would be more fully advanced by the breaking-up of the army at present lying before Prague—more especially as the Count Palatine would be able to invest it far more effectively. Würtemberg, therefore, gave orders accordingly ; and the inhabitants of the besieged city beheld with astonishment, that same morning, the sinking of the Swedish lines of tents upon the Ziskaberg and every adjacent height, the withdrawing of the cannon, and the getting into motion of the Würtemberg corps. Overjoyed, they exchanged congratulations with each other respecting this unlooked for release, the occasion whereof seemed at first almost miraculous : communication with the country around was re-established, and provisions became once more tolerably plentiful.

CHAPTER XX.

WALLENSTEIN, in the mean time, had been a prey to many anxious thoughts. He had heard that the Swedes had dared to draw within their detested web his noble friend, Count Martinitz, the information of which fact was accompanied by a number of different rumours. All these contradictory reports, each of which contained a little substratum of truth, filled his heart with immediate fear for Count Martinitz and remote apprehensions concerning Joanna, over whom he saw the sword hanging as it were by a thread. Willingly, therefore, did he avail himself of the new state of things, and accompanied Wulden to a garden situated before the Korn-Gate, the fresh verdure whereof most gently wooed their senses after so much confinement.

Here he found several Swedish officers belonging to the corps left in possession of the Kleinseite ; for the place was at present regarded (by a sort of tacit compact) as neutral ground. He sat down at a table where a couple of Swedes had already seated themselves, and whom Leopold had engaged in conversation. The discourse for a time turned upon various unimportant matters. The Swedes spoke in reviling terms against a country wherein wine was with difficulty to be procured—paying, meantime, due devotion to the Bohemian beer ; whilst Wallenstein sought some occasion (without exciting suspicion) of bringing into debate the occurrences of the day and the celebrated examination.

Thus occupied, his whole attention was enchained by the dialogue of a couple of dragoons who had seated themselves next to some citizens of the Old-Town at a table behind him.

“ I tell you, she is a witch,” said one of these men.

“ Are you not ashamed of such silly superstition ? ” returned the other. “ Our Colonel, who is acquainted with every thing, says there are no witches.”

“Our Colonel,” rejoined the first, “is a free-thinker, that is well known: he goes to no church, and mocks the preachers as well as the monks: but with us in Sweden, every child can tell you, that the *Fins* carry on all sorts of witchery.”

“Ay, indeed!” interrupted one of the Old-Town citizens, “I have often heard so; and is it true?”

“To be sure,” replied the first dragoon, “and has been so ever since the heathen times.”

“But what has this to do, even if granted, with the maiden of the Kleinseite?” asked another citizen.

“She has, doubtless, had recourse to magical arts in frustrating our scheme for the capture of the bridge-tower,” answered the soldier.

“Magical arts! Nonsense!” exclaimed his comrade: “She carried on some understanding with her people on the other side. They say she has a paramour amongst the garrison here,” added he, turning to the citizens; “you ought to know that better than we.”

“The maiden,” exclaimed a Bohemian, who had not previously joined in the discourse, “bears an exemplary character. I think it very improbable that she ever had a *paramour*, particularly among soldiers.”

“She must have been in understanding with some one,” said the least superstitious of the Swedes.

“With the Devil!” exclaimed his more credulous companion; “and for that understanding, she will, to-morrow, be burnt as a witch.”

Hitherto Wallenstein had listened, though with great anxiety, still, with resolute calmness. But, at the last words of the dragoon, he sprang up, upon which Wulden rose also, and, taking Albert's arm, led him a little aside, entreating him to be composed, and offering to extract from the officers with whom he had previously held converse, the facts of the case.

Resuming discourse with these gentlemen, he said, smiling, “Our neighbours are discussing no less serious a subject than

the existence of witchcraft, and talk of the burning of a witch in the Kleinseite to-morrow. What means this?"

"Oh, the blockheads!" answered one of the officers, "they don't know what they talk about. There certainly is, however, a delinquent—and that a female one—to be executed to-morrow." Wallenstein grasped Leopold's arm, and turned deadly pale, but remained silent.

"And her *crime*," said Wallenstein, making a desperate effort to repress his maddening emotion, "merely faithfulness toward her Prince and country! Is not this sentence strange?"

"Not a whit," replied the other; "It is the custom and the chance of war, the penalty has been risked and will be enforced."

"Punish, but surely not with loss of life!—and a woman too!" exclaimed Albert, his words almost inaudible from excess of controlled feeling, which was, in fact, on the point of bursting its boundary.

Lest this untoward accident should happen, Leopold, bowing to the officers, withdrew his friend, and hurried him, apparently scarce conscious whither he was led, out of the garden.

No sooner did he perceive himself alone with Wulden, however, than Wallenstein abruptly paused, and, turning on his companion a countenance in which stern resolve strangely blended itself with bitter suffering, he said, "*Leopold, she must be rescued!*"

"*She shall!*" answered the other, returning the convulsive pressure of his hand; "only dear Wallenstein, unbend that rigid gaze, and recover your self-possession."

After the lapse of another minute, the strained eye-balls became relaxed, and their wild expression was drowned in a flood of tears. "I cannot," exclaimed the poor youth, throwing himself upon the bosom of his friend, "I cannot overcome the horror, the agony, of this news! Joanna to suffer death! and from devotion to her country, and to *me!*"

Wulden let the first violence of emotion subside, and then said, "My friend, my brother! You may rely upon me.

My whole strength, powers, my life itself,—all are yours. But come, Albert, rest upon this bank :—you are agitated as I never saw you before.”

“Let us not lose one moment,” cried Wallenstein : “we must first learn where her place of confinement is situated, and then invent the means to free her thence.”

“But not by the employment of force :—that will hardly succeed. Think on the favourable position of the Swedes !”

“Force or fraud,—I care not ! Somehow, her rescue must be accomplished. Upon my students I can depend. They will storm the castle, if I command it.”—

“Why, Wallenstein,” said Leopold, forcing a grim smile : “Where is your customary discretion ? Cunning, not temerity, must aid us in this business. I have already a scheme forming in my mind ; follow me to the town : all depends on our gaining *exact* information.”

Wallenstein almost involuntarily followed his friend, whose self-command and promptitude on this occasion displayed points in his character hitherto undeveloped. In the town, the news of the threatened execution now began to spread with surprising rapidity, and to exasperate the minds of all at the cruelty of the Swedes. A sensation, bordering even upon the worship of a martyr, seized every heart, and steeled it against the unsparing enemy.

Wulden related to his father the cruel circumstance, and the latter hastened directly to the several authorities of the city, by whom it was immediately determined to send a deputation to the head-quarters of the Swedes, and endeavour to procure, if not a remission, at least an alleviation of the punishment, proffering, at the same time, a liberal ransom for the life of the accused.

Wallenstein heard all this with some pleasure, inasmuch as it testified the universal respect wherein Joanna was held ; but that the Swedes would give up their victim voluntarily, he never for one instant believed. What then was to be done ?

The first and most necessary point was to inform himself of the situation of her prison, of its security, and the possibility of penetrating it. And he resolved, moreover, that he would attempt this enterprise alone. He was well aware of its difficulty and danger, and thought, on further consideration, that he had no right to bring into hazard the life of any of his generous friends.

He determined, therefore, to disguise himself in the costume of a trading Israelite; which sufficiently concealed the identity of his person. Thus, alone, and with a bundle on his back, under whose light weight he bent in order to conceal his walk and figure, he wandered through the gate, and, crossing the Moldavia, reached the Kleinseite without adventure.

He arrived without hindrance at the road called the Bruska, which his uncle had constructed through the rocks of Hradschin, in order to have a near and commanding ascent up to the Castle-Hill. The road winds up the heights, and, on the left hand, a side-path leads to the summit in another direction. This latter is the ancient "*Castle-staircase*," and Wallenstein observed that many persons proceeded by this route, and, with palpitating heart, Albert followed. Here, where the ancient royal castle, towering upon the long-extended back of the Hradschiu, overlooked to a great distance the country around, the height sinks abruptly downward, and forms, from the north side of the castle, a nearly unscalable chasm, which is termed the Hirsch-graben. A bridge leads across it into the castle; and two high towers, even yet in good repair, styled the black and white, rise from the moat, leaning against the high castle-walls, and serving in earlier times as a fortification, but latterly as dungeons for the imprisonment of criminals. It was here that Joanna, as soon as the examination took a more serious turn, had been confined, as was now, for the first time, understood by Wallenstein.

He reached the moat, and the information afforded by the by-standers soon made him acquainted with the window at

which the sweet girl occasionally, as they told him, showed herself.

Her appearance was even now expected behind the bars, but she did not appear. Wallenstein, however, minutely examined the tower, the window, and the whole of the various parts appertaining to that section of the castle, observing where the sentinels were stationed, and where the wall might be most easily scaled. He then stole into the castle with his wares, hoping to extract from the inmates and guards further intelligence, and bent on making as good a survey as possible of the interior of the tower and its structure.

Mid-day was gone by, and his friends had been making various speculations as to his long absence, when our hero, having thrown aside his disguise, re-entered his house. In these speculations Leopold did not join; for his secret feelings dictated to him where Albert had been, and on what errand. The two friends met on the threshold, and one glance at the perturbed countenance of Wallenstein rendered all clear. "And you would keep your expedition a secret from me!" cried Wulden; "You really think I will leave you to go through the danger alone!"

"Dear Leopold!" interposed the other.

"Is this fair?" continued the former, reproachfully; "Is it friendly?"

Wallenstein caught his companion's hand. "Pardon me," exclaimed he; "by Heaven, it was no reservedness! Why are you to venture and suffer for my sake?"

"And should I suffer less, knowing you to be absent, in danger? Did you not promise this morning, in the garden, that I should share it with you?"

"My generous friend! you shall know all." And, communicating every thing that he had heard and observed, Albert proceeded to debate with him on the most eligible plan for further measures.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the reader will have observed, Helen's position toward her betrothed was far from being the same as at a former period, when stolen interviews, under the veil of night and secrecy, only allowed her to cast, at times, a few looks into the heart of her friend. All this romance gradually wore away upon more frequent intercourse; and unpleasant scenes, such as that respecting Wallenstein's mantle, often took place. It is true, peace was as often restored; but the discord which had been struck, not from accidental occurrences, but from a leading difference of character, was never thoroughly set right.

Wallenstein's image occasionally floated upon her mind, and doomed her to the agony of remorse. His name was on every lip, his praises in every heart; nor could the preparations for the wedding, albeit they diverted for awhile her increasing melancholy, by any means dispel it. The story of Joanna caused these unwelcome feelings to expand with fresh vigour, and lent new zest to her growing distrust of Odowalsky. That Albert had once warmly loved her, was certain; it was probable that some remains of this passion still lingered within his bosom. A serious attachment, on his part, toward the gardener's daughter she could not credit, feeling certain that the nephew of the Duke of Friedland would never so far forget his lineage and station. Still, solicitude for her fate would, doubtless, actuate him powerfully, and stimulate his exertions; and whoever should be instrumental in effecting her deliverance, would acquire a right to his warmest gratitude, especially were hazard and difficulty to be experienced.

She at last formed a fixed plan on the subject. She was determined to rescue the daughter of Bertram, to conceal her in a safe spot, and to inform her lord of this by a sure way; and, when either peace, or the capture of the city, should com-

promise every affair of this nature, then would she, as a welcome gift, present to Wallenstein his rescued dependent.

She learnt that her prison was in the white-tower, and succeeded in making herself known to the jailor by means of a trusty attendant and messenger, to whom the jailor's wife was related. The watch was not very strict; and if, instead of Joanna, some resolute man had been imprisoned there, he might readily have effected his escape. Disguises and horses were secretly procured; and on the same day whereon Wallenstein had passed so many hours in making preparations for the enterprise of the following night, Helen was also occupied with arrangements for *her* plan for the accomplishment of the same object.

The sun of a cheerful summer's day had descended, and twilight spread its shades over the city. The hapless Joanna beheld the near approach of the termination of her short existence. Her execution was fixed for the next morning. She felt the completest consciousness of her innocence, but also the fullest conviction that nothing could save her, as the exertions of several persons of rank in the Kleinseite, nay, the interest of the Governor-General himself, had been to no purpose.

Two points, however, there were, which still continued to discompose her: first, the natural distress of her father, whose heart-rending sorrow, when, after long prohibition, he was at length permitted to visit the adjudged victim, unhinged her soul, and made her painfully doubt how far she had been justified in subjecting him thereto; and secondly, the remembrance of Wallenstein, which she sought in vain to repress. Of what nature would his emotion be, when he heard of her doom?—Would he make any effort to rescue or even to see her?—How frequently, during this last night of her earthly existence, when she would have collected her thoughts, and directed them to that Power before whose throne she was soon to stand, did she surprise herself in recollections of quite a different nature! She beheld before her *his* beloved form, she heard the cherished tones of *his* voice!

Thus passed the hours, even quicker than Joanna had hoped; and, as night approached, the jailor's wife brought her evening meal, which, since she had been sentenced to death, had been supplied in plenty and delicacy. At the same time she lighted the lamp, and the prisoner having partaken of some refreshment, the woman disappeared with her provision basket, having extinguished the lamp, and darkness and silence again reigned around Joanna.

The bell in the tower of St. Veit announced the mid-night hour, when the prisoner was roused by a slight rustling without, under the casement of her prison. It soon became palpable, and apparently ascended higher and higher.

She listened in breathless anxiety, until, at length, she fancied she saw a figure move outside the bars of the casement. Directly afterward, a soft voice pronounced her name.

"Gracious heaven! what does this mean?" muttered Joanna. "Can it be possible that a rescue is at hand? Should *my father*?"—— and she thought of some one else.

Just at that moment the voice repeated, somewhat louder: "Joanna! are you there?" It was *not* her father's voice—— it was —— but oh! the mingled hope and joy kept her mute, and answer she could not, it was the voice of her noble Lord!

On a third adjuration, however, she gathered energy to reply; and a brief suppressed explanation ensued. Wallenstein, then, was near her,—was come to liberate her. Wallenstein! the idol of her dreams! the man for whose sake chiefly she had staked her life, and was on the point of losing it upon the scaffold! He came to return the service, by rescuing that life at the hazard of his own.

The hollow sounds of blows levelled at the bars now alone broke the stillness. Joanna sank upon her knees, and stretching her arms toward heaven, prayed for a blessing upon *him*, prayed for *his* happiness, which was linked with her own, whatever shape her future fate might take. In this frame of mind she continued kneeling, and offering up prayers to God,

until again roused by the voice of her deliverer, who, as some loosened stones rolled withinside the apartment, besought her to take care and keep out of their way.

Joanna now became active and useful, and, as if instinctively, pushed the table against the wall, placed the two chairs, mounted, and with joyful amazement did Wallenstein soon behold her immediately opposite him behind the bars. She pointed out to Albert the despoiled parts of the wall, and the places in which the bars were fixed most loosely; but it seemed to her as if, since she stood up there, Wallenstein worked with less industry, as if his looks were more frequently directed towards her than his crow-bar, and as if his companion (of whom she now first became aware) was forced to accomplish the most.

At length, the bars gave way, the window was opened, and Wallenstein presented Joanna his hand, begging her encouragingly not to be afraid, for he would bring her safely down. Inwardly, but fervently, thanking the deity, she sprang forward, slipped through, and was received in Wallenstein's arms.

When arrived at the bottom, Wallenstein threw over the rescued maid a Swedish horseman's cloak. Leopold presented her a cap of corresponding character; and it was now she observed, that both men were attired in the cavalry uniform of the enemy.

All this was the work of a few moments. The youths guided Joanna, trembling with joy and anxiety, down to the shore, where there was a boat in waiting for them.

The strength and resolution which, during the business of her liberation, had upheld our heroine, abandoned her when nearly in safety. But as they glided over the face of the water, recollection returned, and with an intense consciousness of what Wallenstein had done for her, she slid from off the bench upon which he was supporting her in the boat, to his feet, striving (though almost incapable of speech) to

thank him for his exertion and hazard. In vain, for some time, did the latter endeavour to raise and re-assure her. —

Wulden, during this scene, had, with his customary acuteness and consideration, kept aloof, and engaged the boatman in conversation, to draw off his attention likewise; but as soon as Joanna had been persuaded to resume her seat, Albert called him forward, and the friends learnt from their fair companion how she had lived whilst in confinement; how she had gained information of the attack upon the bridge-tower; her meeting with Count Martinitz; her capture, examination, and other circumstances.

Thus engaged, the long course down the Moldavia seemed to occupy but little time, and Wallenstein started up astonished, as, far below the city, the boat put to shore, and the trees became visible under which Wulden had ordered his groom to wait with three saddled horses. They found every thing in readiness, and upon one horse a packet containing three mantles of that description usually worn by Bohemian bourgeois. Each of the youths immediately threw one of these over his Swedish uniform, which it completely concealed, and directed Joanna to follow their example.

This done, Wallenstein assisted Joanna to mount her horse, and, as they proceeded at a pretty quick pace, informed her of the plan he and Wulden had laid down for her safety. Being forced to return rapidly to Prague, they could not therefore accompany Joanna far, and had, on that account, resolved to conduct her to an unmarried aunt of Leopold's, in the vicinity of Kaurzim, who was prepared for their arrival.

“Yet, notwithstanding this,” cried Wulden, gaily, “I would lay any wager my worthy relative thinks that Joanna and I are playing the hero and heroine of a romance.”

“Well, a romance it certainly is,” answered Albert.

“True,” rejoined his friend, “but for the *hero* we must look elsewhere.”

“But,” said Joanna timidly, “as you cannot have had any reply to your communication, may not my visit be possibly unwelcome?—I fear—”

“Fear nothing,” interrupted the ardent Leopold: “I know my aunt well, who is, contrary to the usual custom of old maids, the best creature in the world, and particularly fond of having any hand in an *adventure*.”

“You will remain with the Lady Theresa von Wulden,” said Albert, “until the roads are free from the Swedes (who have now turned toward the parts of Tabor and Budweis), when I shall probably have you conducted to my relation, the Countess Harrach, at Vienna.”

“I acknowledge the advantage and kind precaution which you plan implies, my Lord!” replied Joanna. “Permit me only to ask one question:—what will be done with regard to my father?”

“Your question is reasonable,” answered Wallenstein: “for awhile the good old man must remain in doubt as to the details of your fate. But when he learns, to-morrow, that you have escaped, I hope that this certainty of your deliverance will put him at ease on the other score;—and subsequently——”

“My Lord!” interrupted Joanna, “my father is not in Prague—he will learn nothing to-morrow.”——

“Not in Prague?” cried Albert: “where is he then?”

“That I know not,” returned Joanna; “he sent to inform me by a confidential person a few days since, that he could not be a witness of my death, and was going to try an extreme chance”——

“Of what?” interrupted Wulden, hastily.

“That is as little known to me,” replied she, “as whither he is gone. But on account of this very uncertainty I feel impelled to entreat——”

“I understand you, Joanna,” said Wallenstein, kindly: “but for the present nobody—not even he—must know *where* you are. His joy might betray the secret. But this I pro-

mise you,—he shall, as soon as I can possibly find means of furnishing him with the intelligence, learn that you are in safety.”

Joanna bowed her head, and said no more.

Leopold now observed—“ This conversation induces us to ride too slowly. Remember, the Swedes may be at our heels, and it would be well, therefore, to spur on.” They did so, and flew—each wrapped in the veil of some peculiar train of thought—across the plain.

They were not far distant from the termination of their journey, when day began to dawn in the east, and gave to view the outlines of surrounding objects, while the morning-star beamed on them from the left. They now left the high road for a side-path.

“ The morning-star shows us the way,” said Wallenstein, raising his eye sadly toward it, as thought of the approaching separation fell heavy upon his heart. They now perceived at a distance the grey walls of the castle, which was situated on the summit of a little hill. They soon reached it, and being admitted, the riders sprang into the court. An aged female attendant now appeared with the information that her noble lady was sleeping; but that she had orders to receive Baron Wulden and his company.

Albert assisted Joanna to dismount, who, through the exertion of the ride and her own anxiety united, was almost worn out. “ Pray,” said Albert, turning to Leopold, “ procure some refreshment for our companion; she is nigh fainting.”

Wulden gave directions to the attendant (who had been measuring and examining the supposed lad with curious looks, and now heard astonished, that a female form was concealed by the ample riding-cloak), and entered himself the interior of the building, leaving Wallenstein and Joanna in the hall.

He soon returned, and brought a message of much courtesy from his aunt, who promised to use the greatest caution to ensure Joanna's safety. Another female domestic followed

him, stating that every thing was in readiness for the lady's accommodation, and the parting moment had arrived. Joanna, collecting all her strength, raised herself from the seat, made a respectful obeisance to her youthful Lord, who returned her farewell with repressed ardour, and only adding, in a broken voice, "Greet my father!" vanished into the castle with her guide.

The young men now mounted their steeds, and rode at a very swift pace into the open country. The towers of Prague had grown upon their view, before Wallenstein's abstraction (which his friend did not choose to interrupt) gave way. He now checked his horse, and stretching out his hand to Wulden, said: "How shall I thank you, my dear friend, for what you have done for me this night?"—

"By saying no more about it," replied the frank-hearted young man. "It is enough for me, that our expedition has succeeded; that the heroic girl is safe; and that your heart has recovered its serenity."

"Alas!" answered Wallenstein, with a mournful smile, "that is not so. Never again shall I be light of heart. This poor young woman has been preserved from a cruel, unmerited death, but not from a fatal passion.—She loves me, Leopold! I have unhappily excited in the bosom of one to whom reciprocity of affection would be madness, a flame which consumes her, and has communicated itself to me. I have sought long to hide from my heart the consciousness of this truth—but it is forced upon me!"

Wulden was touched to the quick. His nature, although volatile, was capable of the truest feeling and the nicest delicacy; and feeling for his friend's situation, he utterly forbore from all attempt at raillery.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON re-entering the city, the friends beheld with surprise, the populace, as well as the garrison, in lively activity upon the

walls—as also round the gates. Now, as the enemy was distant, and no immediate danger to be anticipated, these appearances looked very singular. The young men hastened, Wulden to his father, and Wallenstein to Plachy, in order to ease both of all anxiety. They learnt then, the occasion, and necessity of the increased activity alluded to. Bad news had arrived. General Würtemberg, it was reported, had overtaken and beaten Buchheim, and therefore General Conti considered it his duty to put himself and the garrison in the greatest activity.

Albert and Leopold betook themselves to their posts, and were soon in the thick of business. Every thing went on spiritedly; and, in a few days, the fortifications were in such forward progress, that the advance of the Swedish force under Würtemberg might be awaited with tolerable confidence.

Wallenstein, under these circumstances, found abundant occupation to divert his mind from thoughts of Joanna. He disclosed her retreat to no one, and thereby cut himself off from all chance of receiving intelligence respecting her welfare; and as to either he or Leopold leaving the garrison, even for a single day, it was not to be thought of.

Meanwhile Würtemberg, contrary to expectation, engaged himself with the siege of Tabor; and this event rendered the communication between Prague and the adjacent country more free. Hence, to his surprise, Wallenstein one morning received a visit in his tower from the old Baron von Zelstow, who embraced him with true paternal joy, and made him relate circumstantially all that had happened to him and the town. 'This account finished, Wallenstein enquired, in return, how it had gone with his friends at Troy?

“Alas! bad, nephew, bad!” answered the old man; “For awhile, we were almost harassed to death; but, thank God! we are, for the present, at least, freed from our persecutors.”

“How so? Have the Swedes retired also on that side?”

“Not exactly; but our party has withdrawn itself.”

“What! is the Colonel no longer at Troy? How comes that?”

“Many things have occurred;—and affairs stand not now as they did some weeks ago. You, of course, know of the matter respecting your steward’s daughter.”

“Yes, indeed!” replied Wallenstein, somewhat startled; “she was to have been executed:”—

“Ay! they did indeed meditate that most shameful act of injustice; and Colonel Streitberg was foremost in urging its completion. It was this which irritated my niece; they quarrelled several times about it; and Helen at length determined to free the unfortunate girl from the fate that awaited her.”

“Helen!” exclaimed Wallenstein; “*She* determine to act in direct and public opposition to her betrothed?”

“Not *public!* The whole was arranged privately. But, it seems, her effort was made too late.”

“Too late!” repeated Albert, affecting great surprise:—

“Even so: when the jailer, who had been bribed by Helen, unlocked the prison-door, and was going to lead out the girl, he did not find her, though he found, both at the window and the walls, marks of a forcible entrance.”

“But the tower is thence very high and steep:”—

“True:—it could not have been an easy enterprise. Whoever liberated her, ventured his neck:”—

“I heard, and gladly, that the girl had vanished, but nobody could tell me how.”

Wallenstein paused; and the Baron resumed: “This disappointment in her expedition grieved my niece sadly; for she told me (to whom she confided the whole affair) that she had undertaken it principally on your account.”

“On my account!” exclaimed Albert, now really astonished, and looking incredulous.

“Yes:—I can assure you,” added the Baron, smiling, “that there seems a considerable revolution in the young lady’s heart. The deliverer of the Old-Town and the heroic

defender of the bridge-tower, appears to the high-souled 'Helen of Troy' in a very glorious light."

To Wallenstein, the communication, so far from being agreeable, was decidedly the reverse. "He can *assure* me!" thought our hero;—"What!—is this then a *message*? And does she imagine me so frail as to be thus lightly caught again?"

The loquacious Baron, finding Albert maintained silence, and conceiving that still plainer speaking was advisable, went rambling on, when the latter interrupted him by abruptly asking,—"And are these greetings and this late attempt to rescue the Bohemian victim, known to the lady's *betrothed*?"

"Why, not to him, certainly. How can you ask such a question? Besides, he is no longer in Prague."

"Not in Prague! No doubt, then, busied in scenting out the track of the intended sacrifice to his passion of revenge?"

"No: he seems to have abandoned that project; but not so Königsmark, which is very strange. The same night that the maiden escaped, came a courier from Leipsic, ordering the execution to be suspended; and when it was told the Field-Marshal that at any rate it could not have taken place, as the criminal had vanished, he is said to have been quite frantic, and to have made search for her every where. Her father is with him in Leipsic."

"What! Bertram!" cried Wallenstein, excited to the utmost by this information; "Bertram with Königsmark? And Königsmark intent upon finding the maiden—although anxious, before her examination, to get out of the way!—What does all this mean? It seems inconceivable."

"It did so to Odowalsky. He was latterly in the worst of humours, as he showed to every body, not even excepting his betrothed. In fact, the prospect of this ill-assorted connexion looks altogether unhappy: and I was heartily glad when I saw the Colonel's preparations to be off."

"But has he left at his own instance, or by command?"

“I incline to think the former,” replied Von Zelstow : “I tell you, Albert, matters do not stand between this couple as they ought to do between betrothed parties, and I guess that you are in part the cause.”

They were now interrupted, and Wallenstein was obliged to proceed down the intrenchments on the Moldavia shore, accompanied by the Baron, who examined with interest, as an old soldier, the completed labours. He then parted from Wallenstein, with the promise of repeating his visits so long as the town remained free of access.

What some days before had been feared,—the return of the troops under Würtemberg before Prague,—took place but too soon, and was preceded by the melancholy news of the storming of the city of Tabor, within whose walls, still strong from their origin in the period of the Hussites, many noble families and inhabitants of the surrounding country had deposited their best treasures and effects, and which, on that very account, presented allurements to the rapacious enemy.

Shortly after this discouraging event was, as a certainty, known in Prague, the colours and ensigns of the Swedes were observed one morning, by the sentinels stationed upon the Klein—and Heinrichs—towers, waving at a distance behind the hills which surround the Bohemian capital. In a couple of hours afterward, the van-guard of the Swedes was perceived advancing, divided into parties, upon the adjacent heights; and thus every thing around Prague again wore that melancholy aspect of constraint and privation which it had so recently thrown off. Würtemberg found the walls and garrison in a proper defensible state, and acknowledged that the taking of the city would, owing to the works which his absence had allowed the citizens to effect, be extremely difficult. Still he hoped for the arrival of the Palatine, who was expected very shortly, and then it was resolved to attack Prague at once from every side with such violence as to make it impossible for the garrison, which was in almost total want of artillery, to hold out long.

This then was the moment for serious combat and defence! Before each gate of Prague another corps was stationed. The Palatine at the New-gate,—Königsmark to the left in the vineyards,—and Würtemberg before the Wissehrader and Ross-Gate.

The Praguese maintained themselves heroically; they even made several sallies, in which they did considerable hurt to the enemy, though their own danger increased with each day, for already the walls were in several parts in ashes, and the towers razed. Greatly incensed at the obstinacy of the besieged, who ventured to oppose themselves to his heroic course, and detain him so long before a city, the taking of which vanity and the flattery of others had painted to him as easy, the Palatine bore this unexpected opposition with great impatience. In order to cheer and divert him, his adjutants and courtiers proposed excursions to the adjacent castles of the nobility, whenever any day of repose occurred to the besieging forces; among the first of these was the Castle of Troy. Here the Swedes believed themselves more welcome than any where else; for here dwelt the betrothed of one of their most distinguished officers; and in that house, where he who had delivered over Prague into their hands, was already looked upon as a nephew,—as a member of the family,—his prince might not only reckon upon a dutiful and honorable, but also upon a joyful reception.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE autumnal day was cool and overcast, and Helen wandered full of thought along the walls of the garden, where now neither flowers nor fruit smilingly met her gaze, but every where around were traces of change—of decline. Her soul, like the images surrounding her, was gloomy and grave. She thought of that time when nature glowed in the warm sun-

shine of summer,—when hope, apparently well-grounded, opened to her the prospect of a brilliant future. What had become of all these proud expectations ?

Odowalsky's plan had only half succeeded ; each attempt to effectuate it, had hitherto foundered. His credit with the Swedes had sunk ; there was no longer any thinking of a suitable reward for his services, and still less of those prospects of influence, honour, and power, which had formerly animated him, and driven him to the dubious enterprise. These disappointments had still more incensed an already embittered mind : his mood was dark, his behaviour rough, and, what shocked her nearly as much, almost vulgar.

“ He has changed ! ”—thus she closed her solitary reflections :—“ Either the destruction of his hopes has produced a complete revolution within him, or he deceived me at the first, and *acted* a character foreign to his own. And am I, then, under such circumstances, bound to keep the faith which I vowed ? Yet,” continued she, as these sophisms passed through her mind, “ he loves me ; his passion is all that has remained firm in the great ruin. He loves me truly. Dare I forsake him ? But does *my* heart, and its wishes, claim no consideration ? That which Odowalsky *appeared*, Wallenstein *is* in reality, noble, courageous, distinguished, meritorious. He loved me ; and I, fool ! mistook him ! ”

At that moment, a sound as of horses hoofs approaching, reached her. “ Should it be Odowalsky ? ” thought she ; “ Is he already returning ? ” This idea scared away her reviving serenity ; and, in order to collect herself a little, and to avoid him, she quickly retired from the garden-gate, near which she had stood, back along the walks, and ascended the steps of the castle. She now perceived the troop, which had already gained the gate, and at that moment, she recognised the prince himself, who had just then swung from his prancing steed.

Gustavus was of the middle height, slim, and delicately formed ; fiery black eyes and an aquiline nose, gave to hi

features a noble and imposing expression, and with that confidence which the sense of their importance gives the great and powerful, he advanced along the garden. As soon as Helen had convinced herself who it was, and that he was coming to the castle, she hurried back through the saloon into her uncle's apartment, and roused him rather abruptly, with the information, from a quiet afternoon's nap.

Hurrying on a robe of state over his household costume, he hastened, attended by a couple of his servants, to receive the prince, who had, by this time, reached the foot of the steps, and in whose manner some little displeasure began to shew itself, at no person's having advanced to meet him, even the female figure, which he had well perceived on the steps, having vanished.

The Baron excused his late appearance as best he might, and the prince smiled graciously, assuring him of having heard so much of the beauty of the castle and its gardens, that he was desirous of convincing himself; particularly as he conceived it a point of duty, he somewhat uncourteously added, to make himself acquainted as much as possible with the fine country which he now, as victor, might regard as his own.

Baron von Zelstow merely replied with a bow to expressions which brought in their train so much food for bitter thought; and the prince, who now advanced to the saloon, examined and admired the beautiful structure, and its noble style. After having viewed from the windows the situation of the castle, he suddenly turned to its lord, and said, "You are not alone, I presume, Baron, in this extensive mansion? you have a family?"

"No children, so please your highness; but my wife and my relations will, ere long, have the honour of presenting themselves." He, herewith, dispatched a servant to fetch the Baroness. This, however, the prince would not allow. "*We will visit her,*" said he, graciously; "have the kindness to lead the way, Baron."

Thus proceeding through the adjoining apartments, he was met in one of them by the Baroness, Madame de Berka, and Helen. The prince greeted the ladies with much politeness, but astonishment and pleasure were both expressed in his manner as his eye fell upon Helen, and he remained a moment without uttering a word.

"This doubtless is the lady who, I hear, is betrothed?" said he, with a friendly smile; and as Baroness von Zelstow confirmed his supposition, he added; "Then, lovely lady, I may regard you as one of our party, and am proud to be able to do so."

Helen replied to this flattery politely, but with feelings quite different from those she would have entertained two months before.

"You will perhaps be angry with me," pursued Gustavus, in a jocular tone, "for having taking your Intended from your side, and ordered him away to capture a fortification."

"It was the Colonel's wish," replied Helen, "to distinguish himself in your highness's eyes; and the sooner he finds opportunity to do so, the more welcome it must be to him."

"It is true," replied the prince; "he offered himself, and I at least, should do wrong, were I not to praise him for that zeal which overbalances even his fondness for an object, whose loveliness were sufficient almost to excuse the neglect of actual duty."

In this courtly tone the conversation continued for some time. At length, Gustavus rose, and when, at last, he took leave, he did not wait for any invitation from the Baron to repeat his visit, but declared, as upon mounting, he reached out his hand, that he should come again shortly.

This excursion had thus answered the purpose of amusing his highness, in a degree which had not been foreseen. He returned in the best of humours, and touched upon the subject of his visit as often as the zeal with which he carried on the siege of the city would allow.

The prince's attention to the beautiful lady at the castle of

Troy had not escaped the observations of his suite; his frequent subsequent visits confirmed their speculations; and Helen was unconsciously soon held throughout head-quarters as the declared favourite of the young, lively Palatine. Helen was ambitious of pleasing: but she was proud; and as her reason told her she could never entertain a hope of being lawfully united to a prince, whose pretensions to the throne of Sweden, perhaps to the hand of the unmarried Christiana, removed such an idea altogether, she confined herself, with discretion and dignity, within the limits assigned her by fate, and met the prince in a manner which was meant to shew him that she was quite aware of all these circumstances.

Charles Gustavus felt the pride and justice of Helen's behaviour, but it increased his incipient passion, and after awhile, he changed his method: he was no longer the careless, mighty suitor, revelling in proud assurance of a happy result, but the attentive, courteous knight, with whom every thing depended upon winning and maintaining the favour of his lady.

The castle Tetschen on the Elbe had meanwhile yielded to the united exertions of Colonels Coppy and Odowalsky. The navigation of that river was now open, and all which the Swedes had plundered in Prague, Tabor, and other parts, could be dispatched uninterrupted down the stream out of the country. During this interval, the Palatine was paying his addresses to the lovely Helen.

Without knowing, or even suspecting this, Odowalsky pressed on the conclusion of their affairs in the neighbourhood of Tetschen, and their return to Prague. Out of humour, and sunk in a chaos of gloomy thoughts, he was sitting one morning upon a block of stone on the shore of the Elbe, and gazing at the bustling of his soldiers, who were occupied in getting sundry chests and bales on board the Elbe-ships. His fate, from the commencement of his career; his position toward his liege prince and his native country, toward the Swedes, toward Helen, all passed before his fancy in melancholy array.

While ruminating these unpleasant subjects, he heard his name called, and turning round, perceived Colonel Cobby.

“ You must give me credit for following up your wishes,” said the Colonel; “ I have made such arrangements as will enable us to start to-morrow for Prague.”

Odowalsky stated his satisfaction at receiving this intelligence, and led a conversation respecting the chances of the eventual capture of that city, expressing his discontent at not having yet received the promotion that had been promised him, much of which he attributed to the uniform hostility of Königsmark.

“ By the bye, talking of Königsmark,” interrupted Cobby, “ is it not strange that you had no sooner discontinued the pursuit of that culprit-girl who fired the rocket, than he took it up. The circumstances, as they have reached my ear, are curious enough.”

“ Indeed?—pray explain them.”

“ I know not if I can ; but I will, at all events, make you as wise as myself. It is said, then, that one morning at Leipsic, when the General had just returned from a visit to Gustavus, he was informed that a citizen of Prague had been awaiting him with the utmost anxiety for two hours. The Count desired that he should be admitted, when in stepped an aged, respectable-looking man. Königsmark inquired his name, which he gave as that of the father of the delinquent. The General, upon this, was about to dismiss him hastily, with an intimation that ‘ the affair did not concern him—he had given it over to the Count de la Garde.’ But the old man desisted not ; and at length implored a private audience of Königsmark, and cried with the greatest emotion, ‘ Oh, my Lord, I beseech you at least to look on *this!*’ at the same moment drawing from his breast a golden case which he presented to the Count, who, astonished, opened it, changed colour, and exclaiming, in an agitated tone, ‘ Come in here!’ stepped into the cabinet, and locked the door on himself and the old man. That very hour a courier was dispatched to

Prague, with orders to suspend the execution; and subsequently the very strictest search has been made for the girl by Königsmark's orders."

"And do you credit this trumpery story about a mysterious picture?" said Odowalsky. "But I care not with what motive he pursues the girl. I have ceased to feel any excitement about her, and will not suffer my dormant interest to be revived by the incoherent fantasies of a man whom I detest."

The comrades now separated, and before the next dawn all the troops were in motion, and on the second day of their march they arrived, greatly fatigued, at the Kleienseite of Prague.

On the evening of his arrival, Odowalsky, as the dusky shades fell around, entered an apartment of the royal palace, which the officers had converted into a better kind of suttler-tent, where they usually recreated themselves with games at cards or dice, and enjoyed the merry glass.

It was half-dark, no lights having as yet been brought, and the person of the stranger could not easily be recognized. Odowalsky threw himself upon a bench in a corner, and ordering wine, followed the bent of his thoughts. While thus occupied, his ear caught the fragments of a dialogue between a couple of officers, which quickly roused every vital principle within him, for they were conversing about the visits of the Prince to Troy. Odowalsky listened for awhile half-incredulous; at length he sprang up, and demanded in an angry tone, whether what they had been stating might be relied on? The officers answered affirmatively, repeated what had passed, and persisted in their assertion. The discourse grew warm, several other officers gradually joined the party, candles were brought and placed in the chandeliers, and in the person of the stranger was recognised Odowalsky, upon which all united in commiserating him, at the same time maliciously adding to the intelligence already given.

The Colonel was completely overwhelmed. The mere sus-

picion of what had been thus openly averred was indeed enough to distract him. He was about to proceed to Troy that very evening, but the gates of the Kleinseite were closed, and he was forced to watch through the night burthened with pain and jealousy.

On the following morning, duty called both him and Colonel Coppy into the presence of the Palatine. They were received by his Highness in a very friendly manner, but scarcely could Odowalsky's sense of duty and subordination control the tempest within him; and when Gustavus told him, with a gracious smile, of his having made the acquaintance of his lovely betrothed, wishing him joy of her possession, his eye flashed, and it was only with the greatest exertion he could forbear from breaking all measures by giving a loose to sarcasm.

Irritated at these indications, the Palatine only said a few more short words respecting the service, and dismissed both Colonels with a sign of the hand, turning his back upon them before they had even reached the door.

"What has come to Charles Gustavus so suddenly?" inquired Coppy, as soon as they had reached the stairs.—"And you too!" he continued: "in what a singular way you received the Prince's congratulations!"

"As a man of honour *ought* to receive even a Prince's *insult*, which subordination forbids him to revenge by his sword."—

"Insult! revenge!—I do not understand you."

"That is often your case," replied Odowalsky. "Be it enough, I felt obliged to act as I have done;—farewell;" and returning home, he immediately ordered his steed to be saddled in order to gallop off to Troy.

When mounted at last, he galloped down the hill toward the bridge near Lieban, and halting before the castle-gate, in an incredibly short space of time, flew through the garden and up the steps, and was standing in the saloon of Troy before Helen even suspected his arrival at Prague. Odowalsky's

entire appearance announced a hovering tempest. With dark looks he stood before her, his hat still remaining on his head, his arms crossed under his cloak and pressed firmly and closely to his breast, and his dark flaming eyes fixed upon her's.

Helen, dropping the arms which had been opened to receive him, retreated some paces, and said: "What ails you, Ernest? Is it thus you meet your betrothed, after so long a separation?"

"*My* betrothed!" exclaimed he, in a wild and mocking tone; "Say rather the betrothed of Satan! Faithless creature!"

At this burst of injurious passion Helen's blood began also to boil, but just then, there arose within her a consciousness of secret guilt. She thought on Wallenstein; and fearing that Odowalsky might have heard of her message to that nobleman through her uncle, attributed to such a circumstance the present stormy interview. She turned pale, and Odowalsky seeing this change of countenance, and, strengthened in his suspicion, advanced with fury toward her, seized her by the arm with such force as made her totter, and exclaimed in a voice choked by passion: "You dare not deny it! Your terror has betrayed you. Do not believe that I come here to call you back to your duty! No! The mistress of another, even though he be a Prince, and my future sovereign, is in my eyes"—

"Hold!" cried Helen, to whom these words unfolded the error, and, at the same time, the debasing suspicion of her lover; "Hold, madman!" cried she, the colour flying back into her cheeks—"and dare not to renew your slander!—I defy you to the proof, and I scorn alike your imputation and yourself!" So saying, she wrested her arm from his grasp, and turned, in order to leave the room. He, however, followed her, and with lips quivering with passion, said, "Stand, unhappy creature, and justify yourself, if you wish not this agony to kill me before your eyes!"—

The peculiarity of her position, both as regarded Odowalsky

and Wallenstein, distracted Helen's thoughts; and the anguished countenance of the former, checked the tide of her indignation. "Helen!" at length resumed the Colonel, in a subdued tone, "I conjure you, tell me! Do you *not* love this Palatine?"

"I never have loved, nor ever shall love him," replied she, gravely. "I endure what necessity compels me to endure. Durst my uncle—durst I—openly offend the Prince?"

A ray of hope and consolation shot across Odowalsky's mind; but still the deeply-rooted feeling of jealousy was not overcome: "I am very unhappy," said he; "oh, pity and pardon me! I have often told you, you were my all?—and, as disappointment and frustration of my schemes gather round me, I hug that *all* still closer to my breast. Swear to me, Helen, that you have imbibed no feeling of attachment for Gustavus."

"I swear it," said she, solemnly lifting her hand toward heaven, and then placing it in Odowalsky's; "The Prince is wholly indifferent to me, nor can he boast of having received the slightest encouragement."

"You have *sworn!*" cried Odowalsky, drawing his breath more freely; "Think of this moment when temptation approaches!" and, with softened aspect, he led her toward the apartments inhabited by the family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

His visit paid, the Colonel returned, with lighter heart, to Prague. He felt tolerably re-assured respecting the Palatine—but it was evident, that Helen's inmost heart and soul responded no longer to his emotions. The silver chain was loosed—and he could not escape the consciousness that much of this change had been brought about by himself.

On reaching head-quarters, he learnt from his comrades, that next morning a very powerful, and, as was hoped, decisive attack, was projected from two sides : namely, one from that of the New-Gate, the other from the Wissehrad.

This intelligence excited within him a gloomy feeling of joy ; it was possible they might at length make an entrance into the city. At any rate, an opportunity would be afforded him of giving vent to his embittered feelings by bloodshed, and he proceeded to make preparations with pleasure.

In Helen, the debasing suspicion which her lover had formed, and the coarse manner in which he had expressed it, had excited a very unfavourable impression, which all the conviction she felt of the strength of his attachment could not repair. It was scarce to be expected that, with this growing knowledge of her lover's disposition, she should sacrifice to him her whole existence ! Unhappiness, by his side, seemed quite certain ; and a determination of seeking some proper way by which to separate herself soon and entirely from him, was ultimately formed.

The low conjecture which Odowalsky had expressed, made her sensible, however, that the attentions of the Prince had created a sensation, and had probably become the topic of discourse in Prague. She was shocked at the possibility of this, and at the consequences which might follow ; and resolved to conduct herself henceforth toward the Prince with so much dignity and coldness, that he, and all the world, should be *convinced* of the strictness of her principles.

An opportunity presented itself on the very same day for the execution of this design. As already stated, a fresh attack upon the city had been fixed for the ensuing morning. On the eve of this great and probably decisive action, the Prince was anxious once more to bask in the smiles of the fair lady of Troy ; and he hoped that the personal danger and glory he was prepared to anticipate, would have some effect in softening the feelings of the high-minded girl. The direct contrary, however, took place. Never before had Gustavus found her

so cold, so formal, as to-day; never before had her manner toward him been so scrupulous.

He felt this soon, and felt it bitterly. Earlier than was his usual custom, he left the castle.

Gustavus was not slow in making his deductions. In the course of his conversation with Helen, she had mentioned the return of Odowalsky, whose violent and jealous character was pretty generally known. The Prince now recollected the short—nay, almost offensive manner, with which the Colonel received his friendly mention of Helen; from that moment he was no longer an object of favour or grace with the youthful Palatine.

A single word, or even the suppression of one, is, with relation to princely lips, quickly understood: and this moment of Gustavus's palpable displeasure was eagerly seized by Odowalsky's numerous enemies, to direct his notice toward filling (from the Colonels of the army) the vacant post of a deceased General.

The desired object was gained: the Prince gave ear to these whisperings from all sides around him, and signed the paper which appointed another to the vacant post.

Unacquainted with these occurrences, though sufficiently out of temper with what had passed, Odowalsky entered, late in the evening, the gaming saloon. He was invited to join in the play, but declined, and sat apparently looking on, though with mind totally abstracted, until he observed the entrance of Colonel Coppy.

"You bring news," said he, glancing hastily at the disturbed expression of that officer's countenance, "and unwelcome news."

"Why," returned Coppy, endeavouring to clear up his brow, and make the best of a bad matter. "I have just heard that the General's commission has been this morning filled up."

"Ay, indeed! and with whose name?" inquired the hearer, his cheek at the same time turning deadly pale.

Coppy paused a moment, from an actual feeling of apprehension. Odowalsky's eye was fixed, and his lips compressed so violently, that the blood started from them. "I thought it right," at length he muttered, "that you should know;"——Odowalsky motioned him—he could not speak—to be brief:—

"With that of Lilien."

"It is well!" muttered the disappointed leader. "Leave me for the present, Coppy: I cannot talk to you now; this is a time for *action*!" and so saying, he sprang from his seat.

"What would you do? Whither would you go?" demanded the other, seriously alarmed.

"To the Palatine!" exclaimed Odowalsky, wildly; "I will breast the boy!—I will ask him if he knows how *men* are to be treated?" and scarce knowing or caring what he did, he penetrated to the antichamber of the Prince's apartments. Here he was stopped by the guard, and informed that his Highness had already gone to rest, anxious to be up next morning with the dawn. "Ay, he reposes on his *laurels*!" muttered Odowalsky, with a bitter sneer; and, turning contemptuously away, hastened to his own quarters. "All hell," said he to himself, as he entered, "shall be let loose this night;" and calling his servant, he bade him summon immediately the jailer of the white-tower.

To account for this order, we must apprise our readers that since the Colonel's last departure from Troy, he had been casting about in his mind to discover reasons for the manifest change in Helen's behaviour. This he could no longer attribute to the influence of the Palatine with her; and his restless thoughts once more lighted (and with greater justice than ever before) on Wallenstein. The scene of the cloak and cap—the interest taken by Helen in Joanna, the Count's vassal, and other circumstances, struck him with renewed force. "Can *she* be implicated in Joanna's escape?" thought he; and at once recollected that she had been most inquisitive

as to the girl's place of confinement, and had even prevailed on himself to point it out to her. Odowalsky was prone to jump at conclusions, and he did so in the present instance.

The jailer arrived. Odowalsky rushed toward him, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "Confess, villain! What sum did the lady at the castle of Troy offer you for letting the girl escape who was to have been beheaded?"

"Me!" stammered the man; "I know nothing of her escape."

"Fellow!" cried Odowalsky, drawing his sword, "Either confess, or I will pin you to the wall like a toad!"

The man trembled: he could not guess how much Odowalsky might already know. He tried evasive answers, but Odowalsky, presenting the point of his sword to his breast, and inferring his guilt from his trepidation, cried, "I know all—you have nothing to *discover*:—only say, *how much* did you *receive*?"

"Sixty doubloons," answered the man, fairly terrified, and throwing himself at the Colonel's feet;—"The lady promised the most inviolable secrecy; yet, now——"

"Hah! hah! hah!" cried Odowalsky, with a demoniac laugh. "So, the lady Helen *did* set the girl at liberty;—that I knew. But where have you concealed her?"

"So please you, Colonel, we did not succeed in *finding* her. She was gone when I entered the room——"

"What! do you mean to trifle with me?" exclaimed Odowalsky, resuming his former threatening attitude;—"Where is she?—Speak, or my sword shall make you find words!"

"By all the saints, noble Sir, I know not! As the lady has, no doubt, told you all, she must surely have told you *this* with the rest. The window had, we found, been forced from the outside;—in the Hirsch-Graben we found also a ladder, and other tools, used to assist in the escape. But may Heaven punish me, if either I or the lady could even guess what became of the girl, or who it was that rescued her."

During this dialogue, Odowalsky had succeeded in subduing

and calming a little the tumult which had raged within him, and believed, at last, that some person had been before-hand with Helen in the affair. This, however, did not lessen *her* guilt.

“ Begone, fellow !” shouted he, in a voice of thunder, to the gaoler, who, shaking in every limb, hastened away.

Thus then did Odowalsky’s hopes and faith break down together, in this quarter likewise. Ambition and love had lured him on, with glittering rays, only to abandon him, in darkness, to himself. “ In this desolation of my fortunes,” thought he, “ one hope at least remains.—Prague—haughty, detested Prague—at length shall fall !”

His post was at the New-Gate.—There, the walls had suffered much already, and he would fain anticipate it as a certainty, that he should penetrate them, and, leading onward his victorious troops, give over to their lust for blood and rapine, the lives and property of the inhabitants, whose obstinate resistance had long since, in his opinion, merited this lot. Oh, that fate would bring him to Wallenstein, face to face ! that he might, with his own hand, inflict the death-wound, and delight his eyes with his rival’s last struggles.

He now began to busy himself in choosing his arms and accoutrements, and having done this, he sought a brief repose, wherefrom he was soon aroused by the blast of trumpets summoning the troops to the field.

He rose hastily, and advanced toward the window which looked out, across the Moldavia, to the opposite parts of the city. The streaks of light were still but dim ; the thick fog of October was spread over the river, and wrapped every adjacent object in a veil of gloom. “ Even the elements work against me !” murmured he : “ unless this mist disperse, it will render any enterprise extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible.”

His aide-de-camp now came to inform him that the Palatine had ordered the troops to get into motion, and that every thing was ready. His attendants having assisted in arming

him, and thrown over his whole dress his Swedish cloak, (rendered still more requisite, from the piercing coldness of the weather,) he sprang upon his steed at the head of his regiment, which followed him through the fog, without being well able to distinguish the road it had to take.

With very different sensations was the morning greeted by the inhabitants of Prague. The Emperor Ferdinand, bearing in mind the fidelity and danger of his beloved city of Prague, had, as speedily as could well be, collected a force to relieve the place. The exhaustion which a thirty years continued war had brought with it among the army, alone prevented an earlier reinforcement.

Like a message from heaven did this intelligence sound in the hearts of the overjoyed inhabitants of the besieged town, who had now, during three long tedious months, borne with unwearied fidelity and resolution every suffering, danger, and exertion in this great struggle.

Animated now with new vigour, each man, when the alarm bells, on the morning in question, announced the advance of the Swedes for a fresh assault, flew, like lightning, to his post.—Wulden was placed at the New-Gate; and Wallenstein at the Wissehrad.

CHAPTER XXV.

HIGH waved the colours, and loud rose the shouts of the patriot bands, as they arrived at the threatened gates, whence, on mounting the walls, they could descry the hostile ranks, their arms glittering in the sun-beams, and their march in double quick time.

Among the foremost of these, advancing against the New-Gate, commanded by Wulden, was to be distinguished a man of majestic stature, enveloped in a grey fur mantle, and showing the most desperate zeal. On foot, like all the rest, with

a partisan in his left hand, he pressed on his people to the attack, of the whole of which he appeared the very life and soul. Wherever he fought, victory hovered over his party, and Wulden felt that he alone possessed the strength of half a regiment. To deprive the Swedes of this leader, would be equivalent to defeating them altogether. But his force was too small to attack the Swedish division, so commanded. Fortunately, owing to Wallenstein's well-managed defence, the attack on the Wissehrad had been repulsed, and General Würtemberg had retreated ; General Conti therefore ordered our hero to proceed with his party to the New-Gate, which the latter hastened to do, happy in being called on to support his friend.

The Swedes had twice renewed their attack, and each time been repulsed. But the officer in the grey fur mantle led them forward a third time. It seemed as if he had set his mind upon penetrating into the town ; his exhortations, his threats, and his example, serving again and again to animate his disheartened soldiers, once more they pressed forward, and Wulden saw the coming danger ; anxiously and wistfully did he look out for reinforcements, which, owing to the considerable distance, could not as yet be expected to appear, and at that moment his eye caught the figure of the mighty Swede, as, with his high-swinging partisan and flaming looks, he called to his troops, and had advanced onward so rapidly as to be separated but by a small remnant of the wall from the interior of the town. Just then, Leopold suddenly seized a firelock out of the hand of one of the soldiers standing by him, fixed his man, pulled the trigger, and down dropt the officer with the whole weight of his powerful body under the ruins and dust. The Swedes, when they beheld their leader fall, sent forth a shout of terror and despair, and took to flight. In vain did other officers endeavour to rally and bring them back to the breach ; with that man it seemed as if all their courage had vanished.

The Bohemians, seeing the disorder of the enemy, pressed

on, pursued and overtook them, making great havoc amongst the fugitives; and thus, on this side also, was the enemy completely defeated with considerable loss, and the city saved!

Wulden lost no time in searching for the distinguished Swedish officer, desirous, should he yet live, of having every care and attention paid to his wounds, for he had proved himself a gallant foe. He was, after awhile, lifted from among the ruins, still alive. Leopold had him placed close by, upon the breast-work, and summoned the attendance of a surgeon.

The surgeon commenced his examination, and declared, that there was but little hope of the wounded man surviving, the vital parts being affected. Still, however, the wound was carefully dressed; and they were just consulting about the most proper place whereto to bear a person of such evident rank and consequence, when Wallenstein arrived, with his reinforcement, at the New-Gate.

To the surprise and mortification of our hero, he found the conflict at an end, and heard, that the fall of one man had decided the whole affair.

“Well, we will at least assist you to bury your dead!” said Albert, as he stepped toward the Swedish officer, who was lying in a state of complete insensibility. He examined him more closely. Blood, dust, and agony, had, it was true, discomposed and disfigured the features; but a fearful resemblance became more and more certain, and, in broken accents, Wallenstein exclaimed, “Leopold! it is Odowalsky!” The name struck at once to the heart of Wulden, and both youths were, for a moment, buried in deep reflection.

Wallenstein (his first shock of surprise over) decided on having the Colonel, who still continued to give a few signs of life, placed where he might be accommodated as his state demanded. He was provided with a comfortable and befitting apartment, and a more experienced surgeon was sent for,

whose statement confirmed, however, what had at first been pronounced, as to the probable effect of the wound.

His surgeon's skilful treatment, together with the strengthening potions which were administered, effected, after some interval, so much that Odowalsky recovered a little, and opened his eyes ;—when, seeing himself in a place quite unknown to him, and among strange faces, he inquired in a tone almost inaudible, “ Where am I ? ” He was informed, and an expression of the most violent rage distorted his features, and shook his whole frame, when he heard that he was a prisoner in Prague.

Wallenstein had withdrawn from observation ; for he felt that *he* was certainly not an object, the sight of which might serve to calm the agitation of the sufferer. He, therefore, took his station at the window, from whence he beheld the marks of indignation vented by the people, upon hearing that Odowalsky was inside the house. He went out, fearful the noise might disturb the wounded captive, and endeavoured to prevail on the malcontents to retire.

Reasoning, however, with a passionate and ignorant mob, is but lost labour, as Wallenstein soon perceived, from the increasing turbulence of the crowd before him ; and he was, accordingly, not ill-pleased to see his friend Leopold advancing with an armed piquet. Catching his eye, Wallenstein addressed the young Baron as his inferior officer, with a command to “ Disperse the mob ! ” directions which were speedily acted on, as soon as Wulden saw the really critical situation wherein his companion stood.

Having succeeded in doing this, Leopold expressed his astonishment that Wallenstein should feel inclined to run any risk for the sake of a public traitor and a personal foe.

“ It is simply,” answered our hero, smiling, “ because he was my enemy ; ” and the two friends proceeded up the steps to see how the invalid went on. On their way, however, they were met by the surgeon with an agitated countenance ;—

"The Swedish officer is dying, my Lord," he exclaimed, "we have endeavoured to recover him, and to bind up his wound again, but all in vain. The state of his breast, but still more his mental agony, must soon put an end to his existence; it cannot last another half hour."

"Does he still suffer much?" asked Albert, with evident anxiety.

"Scarcely at all," replied the medical man: "the sudden and great loss of blood has produced so much weakness, that, indeed, he is no longer in a state to feel pain. He is quite insensible."

"May heaven be merciful to him in his last moments!" exclaimed Wallenstein, approaching a window in order to conceal his emotion.

At this moment an attendant came to the door, and made a sign to the surgeon, who followed him, and returned after a short interval.

"And how goes it now, doctor?" asked Leopold.

"Why—well!" replied the doctor, gravely; "it is over with him. He expired quite calmly. He had made a sign to me to approach, and I was forced to lean over him, even to his very lips, to catch the sounds, when he whispered, 'My thanks to Wallenstein!' and with these words upon his tongue he gave forth the last weak gasp of life."

Wallenstein spoke not: deep and conflicting emotions seemed to be struggling within his breast, as he pointed to the door of the room where lay the corpse of Odowalsky. The surgeon understood the signal, and led the way, followed by the young men, one of whom had been the chief object of the dead man's hatred, while the other had deprived him of life.

And there lay the tall, once powerful soldier, pale and lifeless, but not disfigured, upon his bed. There were no more traces of that wild rage and fury which had so often accompanied his actions: over the once passionate features a mild calm was now spread, which very probably the unfortunate

man's countenance had never displayed before ; for his whole life appeared to have been a tissue of feverish excitement, either pleasurable or painful.

"He was the foe of many," said Wulden, contemplating the statue-like marble figure before him.

"But of himself the greatest!" replied Wallenstein, as, having loosened, by the sight of this spectacle, the suffocating feeling about his heart, he motioned to quit the apartment.

A few hours after the battle, the rolling of drums in the vineyards opposite the New-Gate announced, that the Swedes wished to summon a parley. They demanded a truce of four-and-twenty hours, in order to afford time on both sides for burying the dead, which was granted.

The two friends had another object which caused them some anxiety; namely, the body of their prisoner. It would have been their wish to have him interred in one of the church-yards of the city; but this they durst not attempt, on account of the ill-disposition of the people, and Wallenstein lighted on the thought of delivering over the remains secretly to the Swedes. Accordingly he spoke with Count Colloredo to this effect, who, having given his acquiescence to the proposal, the affair was immediately entrusted to the charge of an officer of the garrison, who accompanied the enemy's drummer back to their head-quarters, in order to make the necessary arrangements. The news of Odowalsky's fall was already known there. Many regretted him as a useful partizan; still more were glad to be rid of him; while some few really mourned his loss, and among these was his friend Coppy.

The beforementioned drummer returned to the camp, accompanied by the Bohemian officer, whom Königsmark himself announced to the Prince as bringing intelligence respecting the proposed truce—and he then introduced the wish expressed by the Bohemian leader. Charles Gustavus learnt, by this wish, of the death of Odowalsky, which affected him rather at first, for he was conscious of having committed, the

preceding day, some injustice toward the deceased ; but, after awhile, regarding the event in another point of view, a ray of hope and joy sprang up in his heart,—the lovely object of his adoration was now freed from her engrossing and petulant admirer. He ultimately commissioned Königsmark to attend, and provide for the honourable interment of the body.

Königsmark rejoiced at this commission. His heart was now more mildly attuned than ever ; one pleasure—a pleasure he had not anticipated, and, indeed, had long since given up, had been therein infused, and had opened it to every softer sensation. He readily gave orders for receiving, before the New-Gate, under cover of night, (in order to screen it from the maltreatment of the mob,) the body of him, whom, indeed, he honoured as a soldier, but, as a man, never could respect ; and then to have it interred on the appointed spot, where reposed the other Swedish officers who had been killed during the siege.

News of the most unpleasant nature now reached the camp of the besiegers. General Wrangel, it appeared, was unable to send the reinforcement demanded, he himself requiring even more troops than he already had at his disposal. The Palatine summoned a council of war, whereat two things were determined on ; first, to try whether the city might not be brought over to a peaceful surrender, before the reinforcements arrived ; and, secondly, to endeavour to keep any intelligence of the force marching to their aid, from the knowledge of the Praguese. In pursuance of the first of these resolutions, another flag of truce was dispatched to the city, accompanied by a General officer, who, in the name of the Prince Palatine—influenced, as he said, by a desire to spare the further effusion of human blood, offered favourable terms of capitulation. The Bohemian authorities felt strongly disposed to dismiss this proposal in a summary way ; but the policy of gaining time occurred to them ; and, in conformity therewith, they promised to give the Prince's offers due consideration. It was subsequently determined that, next morn-

ing, Colonel Count Götz, accompanied by Count Wallenstein, should be deputed to wait on the Prince, and suggest such modifications of his Highness's terms, as, it was well known, he would not agree to.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE day on which Odowalsky fell, one of his attendants had ridden to the castle of Troy, with the news of his death. The first member of the family that he met, happened, accidentally, to be the Baroness von Zelstow herself. However little the friendship that lady bore toward Odowalsky, still she was startled on receiving this intelligence ; besides, how was it to be imparted to Helen ?—Having imposed the strictest silence upon the messenger, she proceeded to the young lady's apartment, in order to communicate it herself, as cautiously and delicately as possible.

Helen's agitation was extremely great :—over-wrought nature sought temporary refuge in insensibility ; and even on her recovery from that state, it was long before a friendly gush of tears relieved the pressure about her heart. Having overcome the first terrible blow, the real state of circumstances presented itself to her view in a milder light. She had, as we have seen, begun to speculate on the wisdom of finding means to disunite their destinies—and that which she aimed at, a mysterious Providence had awfully accomplished. She learnt, too, after awhile, that the same hand which had inflicted Odowalsky's death-wound had likewise administered to the comfort of his expiring moments.

And this generous foe was Wallenstein ! He had, most probably, she imagined, from a lingering emotion of deep attachment toward herself, interfered in behalf of her betrothed ;

and a hundred thoughts and associations rushed upon her mind as she endeavoured to persuade herself of the truth of this delusion.

To divert the concentration of Helen's reflections, it was proposed by the Baron, that the ladies should pay a visit to a friend in the Kleinseite; and accordingly, Madame de Zelstow, Madame de Berka, and Helen, set forth one morning from Troy, and entered that part of the capital. An unusual bustle seemed to prevail in the streets, which they were told resulted from the expectation of a Bohemian embassy coming to treat respecting the capitulation of Prague.

They had scarcely seated themselves in an apartment of their friend's house, and exchanged the customary greetings, when the announcement of the cavalcade drew them to the windows. Helen closed her deep mourning veil around her as it approached.

At its head marched a number of trumpeters, followed by two officers escorted by a troop of horsemen. Shouts of "Ferdinand for ever!" greeted them, as, at a slow pace, they proceeded through the Kleinseite. On the right was Count Götz, a well-formed man, of middle age, and on the left was Wallenstein.

The imperial officers were introduced to the Palatine. He received them graciously, for he doubted not that they would seize his proposal with joy. Count Götz acted the character of spokesman, while Wallenstein had leisure to direct his looks toward the various officers who were near the person of the Prince. In the course of this survey, his eyes encountered a face, the sight of which suddenly awoke within him a faint, though disagreeable, recollection. He looked again; they were the same strongly-marked features; there was the same stern expression in the eyes, the same reddish auburn hair, with those of the portrait which he had seen in Joanna's hand, and about which he had not yet been able to receive any explanation; and he observed, that this man, whom he could

not view without inward emotion, also looked at him with a friendly smile, which did not seem to be natural to those stern features. He could now no longer restrain his curiosity, and inquired of a gentleman beside him, who that officer was, standing on the right of the Palatine ?

“It is Field-Marshal Count Königsmark,” replied the other ; and Wallenstein was still more astonished when he heard his name ; for any connection between the Marshal and Joanna appeared to him scarcely possible. While thinking of this, he overheard almost all that passed between Count Götz and the Prince, until the latter suddenly sprung from his seat, exclaiming : “ Say rather, Colonel, that you will not give up the city at all ! for such conditions as those you propose to me, cannot possibly be accepted by any General who has already brought the enemy to the last push. No ! since you reject my gracious offers, let the sword decide ultimately between us, and it will soon appear that you have chosen your own destruction.” With these words he turned away, and was on the point of leaving the room in anger, followed by his staff, when he suddenly stopped at the door, (reminded either by his own better recollection, or by one of his suite) :— “ However, gentlemen,” said he, with courteous manner, turning to the imperial officers, “ this untoward result of our negotiation will not, I hope, prevent your giving me the pleasure of seeing you at my table.” The Bohemians bowed respectfully, and Gustavus left the room. Several Swedish officers, however, remained, to perform the rites of hospitality toward the strangers.

Scarcely had Wallenstein laid aside his gloves and sword, and was on the point of giving himself over to the thoughts and suppositions which Königsmark’s appearance had excited, when one of his attendants brought him a card of invitation from the Baroness von Zelstow, which stated, that the Baroness was accidentally in the Kleinseite, visiting her friend, Madam von Krudener, and, having seen Count Wal-

lenstein pass, could not resist the desire of speaking once more with the old friend and kinsman of her house.

This invitation was not agreeable to our hero; to meet Helen was very much against his wish. Still, she was, he concluded, just now a mourner: he had quite ceased to feel any emotion respecting her: and his aunt had always shewn him much affection. It would, therefore, he conceived, be improper to withhold himself from this interview, and the interval which remained to be filled up until dinner-time contributed to fix his determination. He accordingly resumed his hat and gloves, and directed the attendant to shew him to the mansion at which his relation was stopping.

He was received by the elder ladies with open arms, and warmly congratulated on the active part he had taken in the defence of his native city, during the progress of the siege. The conversation had lasted some little time, and Albert began to hope that he should be spared the embarrassment of Helen's presence, when the Baroness suddenly said,—

“But there is another old acquaintance, Count Wallenstein, who is anxious to add her congratulations to ours;” and as she spoke, she walked, smiling, to a pair of folding-doors, which being thrown open, Helen was discovered in an inner apartment, reading. Madame von Zelstow and her two respectable friends, quitted the room after awhile, and left the young people together.

We will not attempt to detail the conversation that ensued between Helen and her former suitor: not that the beauty of Troy uttered a syllable the import whereof could be objected to, even by the most fastidious of spinster aunts; but she certainly did give Albert ample reason to perceive, that a renewal of his addresses would be any thing but disagreeable.

All this, however, was lost upon our hero: and he afterward told his friend Wulden, that he was himself quite surprised to find how complete was his indifference, and how decidedly it was manifested. A single glance at her niece's countenance made this fact palpable to the Baroness, on her

return to the saloon ; and we fear that, after Wallenstein's departure to figure at the prince's banquet, the discourse of the ladies of Troy was neither particularly lively nor satisfactory.

Previous to leaving the Palace, Wallenstein had dispatched a servant to his own mansion to request that Bertram, his steward, would come to him ; he was desirous of hearing how matters went on at the Friedland-Palace, and also of putting his faithful domestic at rest, respecting the safety of Joanna. He learnt, on the servant's return, that Bertram was not at the mansion, indeed, not in Prague ; but had gone, the preceding day, by order of Count Königsmark, and in a carriage provided for him by the Count, to Kaurzim.

This intelligence involved Albert in a hundred different speculations, which occupied him during the entire time of dinner. Could it be possible that these Swedes had discovered Joanna's place of refuge ? And could their thirst for blood be so great as to induce them to seek a renewal of the frustrated sacrifice ? Then, what part was the father to play in such a drama ? And could the peculiar smile which Count Königsmark had cast on him at the audience, be a vindictive one ?

Completely bewildered, and seriously harassed, by these thoughts, he resolved, to seek an interview with the venerable Count Martinitz, who was the most eligible person of whom to seek information, and perhaps the likeliest to give it. Accordingly, requesting an hour's leave of absence from Count Götz, he with much haste proceeded toward the apartments of the Upper-Burgraf.

In a lonely court of the castle, which he had to cross, a closed carriage had just drawn up before one of the small postern gates. Four dragoons, who appeared to have escorted it, had dismounted, and were leading their horses to the stable. Wallenstein's progress was completely arrested ; for a sudden thought struck him, that this was the coach which had brought Joanna. "She is here," said he : "per-

haps in danger; I *must* see her!" He hastened toward the gate, and found the carriage empty: upon this he stepped into a long corridor, lined on one side by numerous apartments, and on the other by windows looking out into the court. At a distance, and at the very end of the corridor, he beheld a man of short stature, enveloped in a black cloak, and with a fur cap on, who bore great resemblance in figure to his steward, Bertram, and who was just turning down on one side toward the stairs leading to Count Königsmark's chambers. To overtake this man was hardly possible, but still Wallenstein hurried forward. A door on the right hand was open, and he, upon a venture, entered the room into which it led. Here he beheld, seated near a table, a female, enveloped like the man, in a fur mantle. She appeared to be in meditation, her head resting upon her hand, her elbow on the chair; the position, the dress, even the bend of the lovely neck, confirmed his anxious supposition: it was Joanna! His blood rushed into his veins with greater violence; he advanced closer; the clanking of his sword upon the ground betrayed his presence, and the female started up, turned round, and, with an agitated expression, held firmly by the chair for support. "Joanna!" exclaimed Wallenstein, hastening toward her, and clasping her in his arms; all former resolutions forgotten.

Some moments had elapsed before either was capable of utterance. At length, Wallenstein recovered some self-possession, and gazed on Joanna with looks of fondness. How was she changed! Every thing confirmed his dreadful suspicions.

"Alas, my Joanna!" said he; "is it *thus* I must again see you! Was then your place of refuge not sufficiently concealed? Could not my love succeed in protecting you from your tormentors?"

At these words Joanna looked up at him, a sweet smile beaming upon her lovely countenance: "How mean you, my honored Lord? My father has brought me hither."

"Yes, I know so much; but at whose command, and with what escort?—I scarcely dare to ask—as a criminal?"

“Not so !” replied Joanna mildly ; “Count Königsmark means no harm to me.”

“But why those dragoons !”

“The roads, my Lord, are represented as extremely unsafe, and the Count recommended to my father the greatest caution and care.”

“But why, dear girl, are you so pale—so wasted ? Have they treated you unkindly ?”

“By no means, my Lord ; on the contrary, I was so happy as to gain the favor of the Lady von Wulden, who treated me like her own relative.”

“Well, time must explain this seeming enigma : meanwhile, let me bless the chance which has again permitted me to hold you in my arms !”

Joanna looked conscious, and blushed deeply, but made little effort to withdraw herself from Wallenstein’s ardent embraces. He, on his part, felt that his conventional defences were beaten down. Difference of rank—family pride—consideration for the opinion of the world, melted away before the noon-day warmth of all-conquering love !

“Joanna !” at length, he resumed, “You are mine ! No power on earth shall separate us ! I cannot live without you ! this I have felt since we last met, and—nay, interrupt me not, sweetest, you alone shall be my wife !”

“Count Wallenstein !” cried she, by this time awake to the impropriety of prolonging this interview, “I intreat you to pause, and consider !”

“I *have* considered !” replied he, gravely ; “considered every thing, fully, repeatedly. Do not imagine that an overhasty passion transports me thus ! Your worth, and our relative circumstances, stand clearly before my mind. The wounds of my country are many and deep. I have vowed, I am sworn, to endeavour to staunch them. But in this career, I must have the consolation afforded by some gentle heart, to resort to. I must have some mild and radiant eye to greet me when I return from the battle ; to gird on my sword, when I

start forth to it. And who so worthy as my gentle, wise Joanna; brought up, as it were, in the school of misfortune? She will assist me in drying the tears of my dependants, for she knows how bitter it is to shed them; whilst a high-born wife might only think of the brilliancy of her rank."

"Ah, hold, hold, my honored Lord! I *dare* not listen to you. Too sweet, too seducing, are the images you describe!"

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching an inner door, together with voices in conversation. "It is my father returning for me," said Joanna.

Wallenstein recollected that his time was well nigh expired, and that Götz would be awaiting him. Once more hastily embracing Joanna, he prepared, therefore, to depart; "Farewell!" whispered he, "my beloved! my *bride*! We will soon meet again!" and with these words he tore himself away.

As he hurried along, half forgetting his purposed visit to Martinitz, he was met by one of his attendants. "Hasten, my Lord!" exclaimed the man; "Count Götz is this moment mounting his horse to depart, and anxiously expects your return." Wallenstein started, as from a trance. He perceived that his intended interview with the Upper-Burgarf must be postponed; and although with a heavy heart concerning Joanna, he joined the Colonel, and quickly reached the New-Town, where, immediately seeking his friend Wulden, he related all he had this day experienced, and requested Leopold's counsel and aid with respect to his going next morning to the Hradschin, to see Count Martinitz.

An order had just been sent to Wallenstein to proceed with his company to the station of the Korn-Gate, and, consequently, he could not venture to leave the city. Wulden, therefore, offered to go in his place. "You know," said he, "I assisted you to rescue the maiden, and I am a little in love with her myself, though not quite so far gone as you, on which account I am the fittest to speak in your name; but I think the whole thing will be quite useless?"

"Useless! Why?"

“ Because, half an hour since, a deserter from the enemy entered the Old-Town, informing us that there is a great movement among the Swedes, who seem as if they were preparing for a retreat; whilst we have, likewise, received news which may be depended on, (in spite of the strictness wherewith the Swedes have striven to cut off all communication,) that General des Souches is already lying near the Sazawa, and will arrive before Prague to-morrow. Nevertheless, to relieve your impatience, I will, if possible, get to the Government Palace to speak with Count Martinitz.”

The ensuing morning was that of the first of November—All-Saints’ day. The country all round was again enveloped in a thick fog, which covered the city itself so completely, that the points of the towers could scarcely be distinguished. But a fresh wind arising from the east, the mist dispersed before it, the hills around Prague became visible, and, to the great surprise of the besieged, the sentinels on the different watch-towers announced that the whole Swedish camp appeared to have broken up; that the tents had vanished, the cannons been dragged away, and some odd remnants of batteries were alone to be seen.

This news soon spread through the whole city, and happy to taste a freedom of which they had so long been deprived, the Praguese were hurrying out at the gates to inspect the deserted encampment of the enemy.

General Conti, however, held them back with wise precaution, and gave strict orders that no one should be permitted to issue forth at present, as he did not yet trust to this sudden retreat of the enemy, and suspected there might be some *ruse de guerre* concealed beneath it. To Wallenstein, this news was indeed a thunderbolt: much as he rejoiced thereat, yet now, neither Leopold nor himself could form any hope of getting up the Hradschin, and the uncertainty hanging over Joanna’s fate pressed heavily on his heart.

A couple of hours after, came at length a messenger whose

tidings completely did away with all remaining anxiety or doubt. Trumpets sounded before the gates of Wissehrad; and they blew no Swedish strain. "The imperial reinforcement is arrived!" was the cry that circulated through the streets, and occasioned the liveliest rejoicings. Generals Golz and des Souches were lying with their *corps d'armée* scarce half a league distant from the city, and it was now easily conceivable that the Swedes (who must have got earlier information) had really withdrawn, and given up all further views against Prague.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL-Saints' day had unexpectedly proved to the Praguese a day of joy and festival, and the following brought with it still greater satisfaction,—tidings of the liberation of the whole Germanic Empire, after unspeakable sufferings, and thirty years of war and desolation. The preliminaries of peace were at length signed!

All hostilities were now at an end; and Königsmark (who with a small body of troops still held the Kleinseite) commenced making preparations, in great haste, for a splendid festival, at which he solicited the presence of Field-Marshal Colloredo, and all the General officers and staff of the garrison, expressly requesting the attendance of Wallenstein, and Father Plachy.

The long closed Bridge-Tower of the Old-Town was once more opened, and a suitable path formed for the brilliant train about to proceed to the other side of the city. With the Field-Marshal at their head, the shining ranks of the officers, in gala-uniform, and mounted on beautiful steeds, moved over the bridge; and in the midst of them was seen conspicuous in his sacerdotal habit, though with helmet still on head, and sword girded round his loins, Father Plachy, supported on each side, by his beloved companions, Wallenstein and Wulden.

Scarcely could the long train make way through the concourse of people, who rushed toward them with shouts of joy. Every window and casement flew open, and was instantly filled by lovely forms, eager to see and greet the brave defenders of their native city; and many a bright eye beamed approvingly upon the warriors.

Having arrived at length at the outer court of the Governor's palace, they all dismounted, and were received by Königsmark, attended by his few remaining officers, also in full state, who welcomed them in the most cordial and friendly manner, his stern countenance illuminated with a ray of joy, such as had seldom before been observed thereon.

The Bohemian and Swedish officers soon mingled together in friendly intercourse: while Königsmark himself approached Wallenstein, and taking his hand, said, "With you, Count, I have to speak more particularly." Wallenstein bowed, but replied not; while the General continued—"I owe to you, my Lord, a great, an unrepayable obligation!"

"To me, sir!" said Albert, astonished; "I am unconscious of having—"

"Yet it is even so," interrupted Königsmark, with a smile; "I have to thank your courage and determination, aided perhaps," said he archly, "by another feeling, for the life, and, what is still more, the rescued honour, of a person who is dear to me above every thing."

Wallenstein gazed on the General with the utmost surprise: he knew not what to answer, for he comprehended not the meaning of what had been said.

"Come," said Königsmark, after enjoying for a few moments Albert's embarrassment, "as we have half an hour to spare before dinner is served, I will not suffer you to eat your meal in disquiet. I can judge of your anxiety by that which I myself felt until two days ago. The company will excuse us awhile," added he, bowing around, "and I will answer that you shall have a good appetite when you return."

With these words, he took Albert by the arm, and led him

from the saloon across a gallery, to a door which opened into an anti-chamber that formed the commencement of a suite of splendid apartments. An attendant, in readiness there, opened the folding-doors; they stepped in, and proceeded through several rooms, the appearance of which led Wallenstein to infer that they were appropriated to some lady of high rank. Reaching, at length, a cabinet at the end of this suite, Königsmark left our hero, with the assurance that he would return immediately; and Albert had, meanwhile, sufficient time to survey the place he stood in. He could not doubt but it was, in fact, the boudoir of some lady.

All this was, to Wallenstein, extremely perplexing. "What," thought he, "can be Count Königsmark's object in bringing me hither?" All at once the idea of Helen came over him, accompanied by an unpleasant sensation; and he was still perplexing himself with speculations, never hitting the fact, when the door opened through which Königsmark had retired, and the General stepped forward, leading by the hand a female in a dress of light blue silk, whose chesnut hair fell in ringlets over her forehead; and on both sides down to her shoulders. Wallenstein gazed, astonished, on this fair apparition. Was it possible? or was it a delusion, cheating his eye and fancy? No!—it was assuredly Joanna, in the garb of a lady of rank! Her smile, the expression of sweet love in her looks, convinced him that it was no deception; but the words of Königsmark,—
"I present to you *my daughter*, Joanna, for whose life and preservation I have to thank you, sir!"—threw him again into doubt and uncertainty. Confused, but, withal, delighted, he advanced toward the lady, whom having gallantly saluted, he turned, with a look requesting explanation, to the noble person who called himself her father. At length Count Königsmark thus began: "Yes, dear Wallenstein!—for so permit me to call you—it is my daughter!—the long-lost pledge of a wife whom I dearly loved, and who, alas! was separated from me too soon! But come, my dear children,"

continued he, "sit down, and I will give you a clue to these events, which, doubtless, at present, look mysterious:—

"It happened that, on account of a duel, in which I had the misfortune to kill my antagonist, I was forced to fly from Sweden, and dwell awhile in Saxony, under the title of Baron von Ruppin—the name of an estate which my ancestor had once possessed in Brandenburg. I entered the service of Saxony, and marched into Bohemia under the banners of the Elector. Prague and several other cities were forced, as you know, to surrender to us.

"In Kuttenberg, whither accident led me and my corps, I became acquainted with a lovely female residing there with a relation, and who, as it was said, was being educated for the convent. She was a niece of Count Martinitz. Her father, a younger brother of the Count, and who died at an early age, had intended her, from her birth, for the veil. Joanna, (for so my wife was also called,)" continued he, as a sigh escaped his breast, "was a beautiful and amiable creature,—like her daughter. We loved each other sincerely; and the relation with whom Joanna was residing, apprised her uncle, by letter, of this attachment;—his niece being subject to his will. Perhaps the Count's faith, as differing from mine, led him to oppose our loves; at all events, he announced his inflexible determination never to deviate, in this instance, from the declared wishes of his deceased brother.

"Why should I occupy your attention with a relation of our sufferings? Enough—I overcame Joanna's scruples, and flew with her to Königgrätz, of which place also the Saxons had become masters.

"No Catholic priest would unite us in the bonds of wedlock. This circumstance, and love, which easily produces conviction, inclined Joanna to accept the Lutheran faith, and we were then blessed by one of the many ministers who, formerly driven out of Bohemia, had now returned under the protection of the Saxon arms.

“But the hard-pressed Emperor, from whom we had torn one of his first dominions, turned, Count Wallenstein! to your triumphant uncle. The command of the imperial army was again offered him; and, accepting it, he drove the Saxons out of the country at every point. In one of the battles I was taken prisoner, and sent to Hungary, away from Joanna, whom I had left behind in Königgrätz—*enciente*. When, a year afterward, I was exchanged, and had taken advantage of an opportunity of returning to Bohemia, (where I wished to seek my wife,) I found the city in which I left her despoiled both by friend and foe, in the hands of the imperial troops, and of my dear Joanna not a single trace. All my inquiries were vain, I never could ascertain her fate. My wife, my child, were lost to me. Relate, dear Joanna, the rest!” said he, as he rose suddenly, and, in order to conceal his agitation, left the room.

Scarcely had he closed the door, ere Albert was on his knees before the blushing girl, who, smiling through a gush of tears, stretched out her hand and bade her lover rise.

The first burst of feeling subsided, Joanna bethought herself of Count Königsmark's injunction, and proceeded to complete his story. “As regards my poor mother,” said she, “my father does not even know how she came from Königgrätz to Gitschim; but supposes she was driven away by the war, and sought shelter with honest Bertram and his wife, who were then already in the service of your uncle. It was here that the delicate, ailing, and dejected widow of a Hungarian officer (for it was under this character she gave herself out,) resided, in the greatest retirement, with her infant. Bertram's wife attended to her comfort with every possible care, perceiving that deep sorrow was making fast inroads in the health of my poor unhappy mother. Alas! it was not alone anxiety as to her husband's fate which produced this melancholy; it was remorse, repentance, which pointed out, in the unhappiness she endured, the punishment of heaven for her apostacy in changing her creed, and for her disobedient conduct. Under

all these sufferings—real and imaginary—she sank at last, her death being doubtless hastened also by the unhappy nature of the times ; and she expired in the arms of my good foster-parents, to whom on her death-bed she confessed her rank, and the name of her husband, making them swear to maintain me as their own, never to mention the discovery she then made, and, educating me in their own creed, to keep me far from rank and riches. Bertram has faithfully performed the promise : and nothing but my imminent danger, aggravated by the horrible thought that my own father might unconsciously sign my death-warrant, determined him, no other means presenting themselves, to hasten to Leipsic, and there, without further delay, discover to Count Königsmark his important secret.

“The effect and result of this intelligence may be naturally imagined. No time was lost in making every possible search for me, but, dear Albert ! you had, in your kindness and regard for my safety, placed me in too secure an asylum to allow of their easily finding me out ; nor was it until some time had elapsed that they succeeded in so doing. At length, however, and but two days since, Bertram discovered my place of refuge ; on his appearing at which, the manner of the good old man betrayed so much agitation, as well as pleasure, that I was at first at a loss what to make of him, and feared that the joy of seeing me again had perhaps touched his brain. My father had prohibited him from entering fully into explanation, having still some natural misgivings, which he was desirous first to satisfy. These, however, seem to have vanished at once, on my introduction to him, the other proofs being triumphantly confirmed by my close resemblance both to my poor mother and to himself.”

“Ah ! the portrait !” interrupted Albert : “now I conceive all. But how did it come into your possession ?”

“I found it once, accidentally, among other trinkets and relics of my foster-mother, long after her death. An auburn ringlet was lying near it, and one or two letters also, the contents whereof spoke of some tender but unhappy connexion,

in which the possessor had once stood. I shewed these things to Bertram, who was struck with surprise and vexation, and making some hasty allusion to the matter, requested me never to mention it. Nevertheless, I retained the portrait, which, I knew not why, I never could regard without the deepest emotion, and thus you once found it in my hand."

"Ay; causing me inquietude enough!"

"Seriously?" inquired Joanna, smiling; and she was on the point of adding something more, when Count Königs-mark re-entered.

"Well, children," exclaimed he, "I have, though unintentionally, given you opportunity for a long tête-à-tête. Your aunt, my dear Joanna, the Countess Martinitz, is just arrived with her two daughters; go to them, and conduct them to the banqueting-room. You, sir, will accompany me."

Wallenstein ardently kissed Joanna's hand, and seizing that of her father, was about (though scarcely able) to speak; but the General prevented him, saying, "Master your emotion, Count Wallenstein! I will not affect to misunderstand it. I know all that has passed, and consider your claim on my daughter's hand too sacred to allow me for one moment to think of withholding it."

At these words both sank at his feet, and the happy father laid his hands upon their heads and blessed them; which done, he said hastily, "But now, come, we are waited for." They accordingly separated, and Wallenstein had scarcely re-appeared in the saloon with Königsmark, ere he beheld Father Plachy and Wulden, toward whom he hurried, and, filled with delight, briefly unfolded to them what had passed. Leopold eagerly congratulated his friend, having already taken a strong interest in the whole affair; whilst Plachy was at a loss to imagine how his pupil had contrived to keep his *liaison* secret from him, believing that, as his more *experienced* friend, he knew all that passed within Albert's breast.

The folding-doors now flew open, and the ladies appeared,

Joanna being led forward by the Countess Martinitz, her aunt. Wulden knew her at once in her new brilliancy ; but Plachy vainly endeavoured to recognize, in the triumphant-looking beauty before him, the daughter of Wallenstein's steward. During the banquet, and after the healths of the high personages who had taken a share in the work of peace (as well as of those present) had been drunk, the approaching union of Count Wallenstein with the daughter of General Königsmark, and niece of the Upper-Burgraf, was made known, whereupon a shout of congratulation arose on every side.

It was on the evening of this day that, at the castle of Troy, the Baron, his lady, and Madame Berka, were assembled at table, conversing upon the happy change which the last few days had produced, whilst Helen, seated at a distant corner of the room, was, or pretended to be, occupied in reading. All discussion upon this subject wounded her feelings ; since the last meeting with Wallenstein, which had turned out so unsatisfactorily, her disposition had been that of settled gloom.

A friend of the family was announced, who, as it appeared, had been at the palace, and gave a full account of all that had passed there during the day. He was listened to with astonishment ; whilst Helen sat struck, as it were, by a thunderbolt. She would not, for awhile, yield credit to what she heard—so inconceivable, so almost incredible, were the tidings. Trembling, she found that the humble steward's daughter, who had ventured her life for Wallenstein, had long been loved by him ; that he it was who had rescued her ; and that a wonderful chain of circumstances had at length developed her birth and rank.

When every thing was explained, and no doubt longer remained, Helen was about to withdraw, in order to conceal from the eyes of her relations the effect this news had upon her. She arose—advanced a few paces toward the door—and then sank fainting upon the ground. The noise of her fall

roused the attention of the others, who hastened to her assistance, and she was led to her chamber. A serious illness followed, against which, however, she struggled firmly; and having conquered her bodily infirmity, she determined not to be present in Prague, or even in its vicinity, on the day that should see the union of Wallenstein and Joanna. She declared to her friends, that, after the death of her lover, and his position toward the Praguese, she should only have an unpleasant character to play, and insisted upon leaving the place. Her relations gave way, and various propositions were made, either for her repair to Vienna or to Regensburg. She, however, would not agree to go into any Catholic country, and it was now plainly perceived, that her late lover's creed was also her's. She wrote to a friend who resided at Dresden; and upon receiving an answer, departed, accompanied by her mother, who would not quit her afflicted child, to that city.

Count Königsmark only remained at Prague long enough to see his beloved daughter united to Wallenstein, after which event he departed for his native country, Sweden, with a promise, however, from them both, of shortly visiting him at Stockholm—a promise which circumstances prevented their keeping until two years after, when they took with them their first pledge of love, which they placed in the arms of the happy grandfather.

To their great astonishment, they found Helen von Berka, on their arrival at Stockholm, the wife of an aged nobleman of high rank, though at the same time (as scandalous stories circulated) in high favour with her old acquaintance the Palatine. At all events, she had plunged deeply into the fashion and dissipation of the Swedish capital, wherein she was a reigning beauty, and affected scarcely to recognise her former friends.

Wallenstein usually resided with his beloved Joanna on his country estates; the winter, however, he passed in his palace at Prague, which had again become dear to him, and where

both attended to the comforts of the venerable steward, whom they equally regarded with affection.

Wulden, delighted with his friend's happiness, at last resolved to follow his example, and renounce his liberty for the sake of his family name. Father Plachy, together with the students, returned their arms and colours, in warlike pomp, to the spot whence they were taken ; and he returned to his former mild and retired duties. He enjoyed the pleasure of blessing the nuptials of his beloved pupil at the altar, for from no other hand would Albert receive the confirmation of his greatest happiness on earth, but from that of his second father, who to the last remained a faithful friend and adviser of the house of Wallenstein.

SALVATOR ROSA;
OR,
THE PORTRAIT OF DANAE.

A COMEDY.
BY PROFESSOR DEINHARDSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDREA DEL CALMARI, Director of the Academy of Painters
in Florence.

LAURA, his Ward.

SALVATOR ROSA, the Painter.

LORENZO RAVIENNA, a young Surgeon.

PROCURATOR of the Academy of Painters in Florence.

Painters, Members of the Academy, Spectators at the Distri-
bution of Prizes.

*The Scene lies in Florence, in the middle of the Seventeenth
Century.*

SALVATOR ROSA ;

OR,

THE PORTRAIT OF DANAE.

ACT THE FIRST—SCENE THE FIRST.

Salvator Rosa's residence—Various pictures framed and unframed leaning against the wall—A table covered with papers, brushes, pallets, and painting materials—In the centre of the room stands an easel, before which is a chair.

SALVATOR ROSA—RAVIENNA (*entering from a side door*).

Salvator (taking Ravienna by the hand). Accept, Lorenzo,
my most hearty thanks ;

If deed or word of mine in ought can serve you,
Be sure you let me know.

Ravienna. No more—no more—

It costs too much to cost you even a thought.

Salvator. A liberal heart still underrates its gifts.

Hast thou not nursed me for a weary month ;
Bestowed on me thy skill's best ministering ;
Cleaved to my bed-side ; counted every breath ;
Yielded rich friendship's balm to a mere stranger ?—
All this, Lorenzo, hast thou freely done ;
If I forget it—

Ravienna. Pain me not, Salvator :

A falling horse—a broken arm—a cure
By me performed—a thing of every day !
Thou call'st thyself a stranger—one unknown ;

How should a surgeon, soulless and obscure,
Know thee or glorious art ?

Salvator. Why, I will grant
That I pretend to notoriety—
Possess it, too : I've scribbled rambling rhymes ;
With voice and flute have fooled at serenades ;
I've painted certain pictures, which betray
In points peculiar an indifferent youth ;
Meet are the forests of Calabria
For the wild brotherhood who watch, but pray not,
In gorges of romantic Apenine—
Look not my landscapes like the handywork
Of some grim pupil of Masaniello ?

Ravienna (offended). Farewell !

Salvator. Nay—nay—what takes thee hence ?

Ravienna. My trade,

Salvator. If in sheer merriment I've given offence,
I pray your pardon—

Ravienna (after a pause). Salvator Rosa !

Longer I cannot bear thy wilful blindness ;
Day after day hast thou evaded me
When I would question of thy matchless art,
Thou deem'st me one acquainted with his craft,
To whom thou owest a few brief years of life ;
Thou deem'st me this—no more—and yet I feel
Not all unworthy of a painter's friendship.

Salvator. Well, then, at once will I deal bluntly by you :
I've heard you talk of painting, and have marked
Your drift—marked it unwillingly. Doubtless
Your aim has been to gratify me
By harnessing my hobby ; your tone, too,
Was pitched like one who would be thought a painter ;
Who, from brief bondage of apprenticeship,
Affects a master's rank.

Ravienna. Salvator !

Salvator. You speak to me of painting as you thought

My soul was shut to every other subject ;
 Thus rating me too low—yourself too high.
 Desist from an unprofitable longing :
 With the profession which you ornament
 Rest satisfied—shun mediocrity.

Ravienna. What if I were to be a painter also?

What if, in confidence, I now acknowledge—

Salvator (interrupting him). Suppose, Lorenzo, that I came
 to you,

And said, “ Good Signor, how use you the lancet,
 And how are lint and bandages applied ?”

What would be the reply ?

Ravienna. Why, I should ask,

“ Wherefore seek you to know ?”

Salvator. “ Because I fain would play the doctor, Signor.”

Ravienna. “ In what particulars are you qualified ?”

Salvator. “ In none. The mystery I’d learn from you.”

Ravienna (embarrassed). Why, then—

Salvator. You’d say, “ My good ingenuous Signor,

You are a painter—to your easel stick ;

Leave me the lancet—it is double-edged—

Must be long handled to be safely used.

In short, you are a painter—mind your easel.”

Ravienna. Suppose a painter did not like his pencil,

Might not he profit by a new vocation ?

Salvator. That’s not your case.

Ravienna. How know you ?

Salvator. It may chance

That you have theorized and liked good pictures.

Of those pursuits of which men have half-knowledge

They’re oft most fond.

Ravienna. Know, then, I have attempted—

Salvator (smiling). Ah ! ’tis as I thought.

Ravienna. May I not shew you—

Salvator (drily). You’d better not.

Ravienna. Wherefore ?

Salvator. Hear me, my friend :

I'd rather pine in penance than offend you ;
 Upon this point I know you're sensitive ;
 Yet on this point I would not spare even you.

Ravienna. I'll run the risk.

Salvator. Give over, good Lorenzo ;

Put it not to the proof. I can believe
 Your natural talent, and your ready pencil :
 I fear that we have met to your misfortune ;
 Your blood is stirred by my celebrity—
 The lustre of a laurel coronet—
 The outward glare of life. What is that life ?
 Its glories, like the rainbow's, shine through tears.
 Look to those envied men—Guido, Da Vinci,
 And Correggio—yea, to Raffael himself—
 Behold even me—if, in that dazzling list,
 My name may be included—what have been
 Our fates, save a wild weary voyaging
 In search of a fair shore that flies us still.

Ravienna. Nay—nay—ye have attained it.

Salvator. Come—no more :

I am grieved at this. You do not dream how vain
 Is the devotion in art's sanctuary ;
 Its light, alluring like the stars of Heaven,
 Whose sapphire thrones poor mortals ne'er may reach.
 O weary is the painter's pilgrimage !
 If thou hast nerve to brave its toils and dangers—
 If thou can'st smile at waspish Envy's sting—
 See Malice stab the children of thy mind
 With an envenomed poinard, and yet feel
 Light-bosomed, as the merry bird that sings
 In the sun's golden portal, all regardless
 Of owls that blink beneath—then, only then,
 Thou mayst produce thy picture.

Ravienna. 'T will appear.

Enter CALMARI.

Calmari (putting in his head at the door). Does not the illustrious painter, Salvator Rosa, honour this house with his presence ?

Salvator (jocularly). I am that illustrious painter—who art thou ?

Calmari. Andrea del Calmari, Director of the Academy of San Carlo, and your profound admirer.

Salvator. To what owe I this act of condescension ?

Calmari. To a most reverent solicitude to do homage to the genius that hath been our city's ornament for the last two months, and to congratulate you on the recovery wherewith it hath pleased the Virgin to answer the prayers of the lovers of art. (*He perceives Lorenzo—both seem confused.*) Ha ! are you also here, my dear Doctor ?

Ravienna. Even so, my worthy Sir,

And half inclined to bless the accident

Which brought me thither. (*To Salvator.*)—Let me beg of you

Not to remove the bandages too soon.

(*Aside.*)—Speak not of me to him, I do conjure you.

Adieu !

[*Exit.*]

SALVATOR—CALMARI.

Calmari. Do you know that Ravienna ?

Salvator. Yes—as my surgeon—well.

Calmari. Oh ! your surgeon—so. Between ourselves, let me tell you that he is a very self-sufficient young gentleman—obtrusive, Signor,—obtrusive.

Salvator (evasively). Pray be seated ; the object of your visit, I take it, is important. Is 't to buy One of my pictures ?

Calmari. In part.

Salvator (smiling). What mean you ?—

Part of a picture do you come to buy ?

Calmari. No—no—not so; you are merry, most renowned professor: I shall not be contented with a fragment from your divine hand; I must have a whole, charming, highly-finished work—a treat for the divinities who preside at the festivities of art. 'Tis that I long to purchase.

Salvator. Well, if thou'lt freely pay, I'll freely sell.

Calmari. Pay! thou shalt find me munificent—thou shalt see what arrant liars they are who call me miserly. But to purchase and to pay is not all. You must also—it's an odd idea—exceeding odd—

Salvator. Out with it.

Calmari. You are aware that the prizes at the Academy are to be distributed to-morrow?

Salvator. Yes; the best painting wins five hundred crowns;
The next two hundred. I have been at work,
Despatched a finished picture yesterday,
And soon shall sing *finale* o'er another.

Calmari. Capital! I'm here in good time!

Salvator. Then you're disposed to be a purchaser?

Calmari. Ay, of that very painting.

Salvator. Which painting?

Calmari. The same you intend for the candidateship.

Salvator. You have not learned the subject.

Calmari. No matter—I'll take my chance.

Salvator. 'Tis a blind bargain—a cat in a bag.

Calmari (significantly). Ay! if you will but promise to conceal the cat's parentage!

Salvator. How's this?—explain yourself.

Calmari. Why, as it were thus:—I wish both to possess the work, and the credit of authorship.

Salvator. What, Signor! do I comprehend aright—

Would you be deemed the painter of *my* picture?

Calmari (nodding confidentially). Exactly so.

Salvator. But you yourself art noted in the art;

Then wherefore masquerade in robes of mine?

Calmari. Look you, Salvator. True, as you say, I have some

pretensions ; that my enemies must admit. I have a painter's eye—I am not to be deceived by showy colours, nor misled by mere name—can judge of the drawing to a nicety. Still, friend, my execution lags behind my conception ; I cannot embody my designs ; I feel all the essentials of excellence, yet want the hand—the hand, Salvator. The world goes well with me, and Florence registers me among her citizens of best repute ; but that which we have not, often seems more desirable than all that we have ; and to me fortune's favours are nothing without the name of an artist. Let me gain it and I am happy !

Salvator. You rate it much too highly—bear in mind
How little 't will avail, unless supported
By further proofs of skill.

Calmari. Give me the honour, and a fig for consequences !
Twenty times have I tried to break this business to you ; but your unlucky accident has delayed it till the eleventh hour. Be persuaded, most excellent master. Let me have the picture.

Salvator. To satisfy
An idle vanity ! I answer, no !

Calmari. I do entreat you—

Salvator. I will not do it—I am resolute.

Calmari. Name your own price.

Salvator. You cannot buy me. What's your gold to me !

Calmari (hesitating). There's another motive may, perhaps—

Salvator. What is't ? What motive bring you after gold ?

Calmari. Why, Signor, possibly you know that report—
which useth strange licence with the fairest reputation—hath
charged me with two things—namely, loving money, and
loving a maid. In these cases the half is usually correct—so
it is in the present. Enamoured of my ducats I am not ; but
in love I verily am. You may smile ; in love I am—ay, and
far more truly than your hot youths of nineteen—with my
beautiful ward.

Salvator (surprised). But what connects your passion with my picture?

Calmari (drawing closer his chair). You shall hear. The deceased father of this child—she is but a mere child—was an enthusiastic admirer of the pictorial art. Accordingly, he set it down as a condition in his will, that of the suitors who may propose for his daughter's hand and fortune, he only should be selected who succeeds in obtaining the first prize in the academy of San Carlo. He wisely added the condition of my approval of him in other respects. Now, I love my pretty ward with a sober and discreet regard; and I therefore have come to you, that you may bestow upon me the two-fold happiness of obtaining a wife and a reputation.

Salvator. Blessings, I fancy, that are rarely twins

In our Italian clime.

Calmari. Ha! ha! good—good. So you see my situation.

Salvator. See and sympathize. (*Aside.*)—Ha! a thought strikes me!

(*Aloud.*)—Well, since it is so—

Calmari. You consent—

Salvator. The chief point now, Director, is the price.

Calmari. Only name it.

Salvator. Unless 'tis something of great magnitude

We may dismiss the subject.

Calmari. Great magnitude! What do you call great magnitude?

Salvator. Mark, Signor, the extent of your demand!

You seek to have a proof of my best skill,

And with it the distinction it would earn.

In lieu of such a share of my possessions

'Tis fit I have a goodly part of your's.

Calmari. It can't be so very much?

Salvator. You boasted of your wealth.

Calmari. Nay, I did not boast; I meant according—

Salvator. Mean what you will,

My terms are fixed at twenty thousand crowns!

Calmari (*springing up*). Blessed saints! what are you dreaming of?

Salvator. Not one crown less than twenty thousand, Signor.

Calmari. You said you cared not for my gold.

Salvator. Now, could you, in your sober senses hope.

To win from me all title to my work

For some two hundred dollars? Are you mad?

Calmari. But, most excellent *Salvator*, I bear academical honours, and can be useful to a friend.

Salvator. I'll owe my rank to compromise with no man:

As long as this right hand can raise a brush

It gives me independence. But my time

Grows precious—I must to my task again.

Calmari. Allow me to remind you—

Salvator (*employed among his painting materials*). No more!

Calmari (*with painful resolve*). Well then, in Heaven's name, let me have the picture! The money's yours—let's have it.

Salvator. 'Tis mine, until I touch the cash.

Calmari. I haven't it here—you can't expect that I should carry twenty thousand crowns in my pocket? Twenty thousand crowns!

Salvator. Go fetch it then.

Calmari. But if the picture, (which, I admit, is highly improbable,) should not obtain the first prize—

Salvator. Why then our bargain's void.

Calmari. Well, I'm content. (*Sighing*).—Twenty—thousand—crowns! What a prodigious price!

Salvator. You will receive prodigious value for it.

Pray is your young ward very beautiful?

Calmari. A simple creature; well enough suited to a person whose experience teaches him to bear with the weakness of youth. You shall see her—after we are married.—No man's eye has looked upon her yet, save mine. This world's a wicked world—you know it is.

Salvator. Why, yes ; I know a little of its pranks.—
Go fetch the cash.

Calmari (*bows, and when at the door turns back*). One thing I had forgotten, worthy Salvator. Touching the first prize of five hundred crowns, if the picture be successful—

Salvator. If so, the prize is yours.

Calmari. Ay ; but there will still remain above nineteen thousand !—nineteen thousand crowns !

[*Exit.*]

Salvator. Ha ! ha ! I little thought he'd give such payment.

Vile dotard ! I'll repay him in a coin
Shall make his meanness current throughout Florence.

What ! does he think I come a broker here

To lend myself for lucre to a lie ?

To barter my untainted evergreen

For the pale dross that cumpers his old chests ?

O how I loathe these base antiquities !

Who, perched upon their frowsy money-bags,

Would play the vulture with the soaring mind,

And pounce upon the bleeding heart of love !

Calmari, thou shalt live to rue our compact,

Or else I am no painter, but a priest !

[*Goes to the table and inspects his materials.*]

Enter RAVIENNA with a picture.

Ravienna. Salvator, here's the painting—

Salvator (*busy at the table*). Place it down—

I'll throw a glance upon it by-and-bye.

Ravienna. I'll set it on the easel ?

[*Ravienna adjusts it on the easel, so that the subject is unseen by the audience.*]

Salvator. Where you will.—

Tell me, Lorenza, wherefore you forbade

Me to discourse of you to old *Calmari* ?

Ravienna. He guards the gate of my *Hesperides* ;

Debars me from his ward—my lovely *Laura*.

Salvator. You know the lady then ?

Ravienna. Know and adore.—We have met daily for the last six months.

Salvator. How is that possible?—I'm told no eye
Has seen her save her guardian's.

Ravienna. So he thinks—

My eyes have gazed upon her ne'ertheless.

Salvator. Ha! how was that accomplished?

Ravienna. You shall hear.

It may be some ten months since, called to bleed
The old Director, I beheld her first.

'Twas only for a moment—scarce had she

Appeared, than he, regardless of his arm,

Fresh from incision, pushed her from the room.—

Transfixed I stood by her surpassing beauty,

When, keenly eying me, Calmari said,

“ Doctor, no further service I'll require,

Thou hast my thanks—to Heaven I trust the rest.”

I took my leave; but ever from that hour

My soul, impatient, longed to be with Laura.

By day and night I hovered near her dwelling:—

Her Argus, baffling all my fond attempts,

Mocked me with jibes and sneers.

Salvator. This then accounts

For his dismay at your rencounter here.

Ravienna. Chance was at last propitious to my wish.—

Lingering one day within the great saloon

Of the Academy, I saw Calmari

Peep cautious through the curtain; when he caught

My figure, he advanced, in wrath demanding

What kept me there so late. I hastened off,

And he secured the door, at which I placed

A curious ear, detained by a sweet voice.

I bribed the porter, and when all were gone,

Re-entered the saloon:—the anti-room

Contains two niches, as you know; in these,

Modelled in wax, and dressed in true costume,

Are figures of distinguished painters ; one—
 The famous Cimabue—I soon displaced ;
 And, making free with his long beard and gown,
 Became the tenant of his pedestal.

Salvator. O admirable !

Ravienna. A half-hour had elapsed—

Again Calmari entered, looked around,
 Made fast the door, retired, then came back,
 And with him—who do you suppose, *Salvator* ?—
 She, the queen planet of my bosom's night !
 He brought her there till he received some strangers
 When left alone with her, I almost fainted !—
 Quitting the niche, I threw off the disguise,
 Declared my name, and passion, and perceived
 No reason to despair. In that saloon,
 Where the old man's suspicion daily brings her,
 To shun obtrusive eyes, we daily meet.
 But the old fellow plots to have her hand ;
 And much I fear she never can be mine,
 Although in modesty I feel she loves me.

Salvator. And, doubtless, no love lost ?

Ravienna. I'd die for her !

Salvator. So it would seem, for you have quite forgot
 Your picture, and the majesty of art.

Ravienna. You mock me.

Salvator. No, by Cupid ! let us see it.

[*Approaches the easel, but is detained by Ravienna.*]

Ravienna. Nay, not at present ; don't inspect it yet,
 You are not in the mood ! the light is bad,
 And life and death upon your judgment hang,—
 My life or death, *Salvator* !

Salvator. Pshaw ! good wine
 Needs no bush ! A truce to words !

[*He steps to the Picture, on which having fixed his
 eye, he exclaims, in a tone of astonishment.*]

Did you paint this ?

Ravienna. I did, Salvator! Ah! it does not please you!

Salvator (*lost in admiration of the picture*). Please me,

Indeed! You wrought this, Ravienna!

You painted this divine comminglement

Of earthly beauty and celestial love—

The bashful resignation of those lips!

The twilight radiance of those starry eyes!

This rose, soft yielding to the god of day!

If this Danae be indeed your work,

Then truly you're a painter, a great painter.

Ravienna. You jest, my friend, O, surely, you but jest.

Salvator. Look here, Lorenzo, on this work of mine,

This I intended for my prize performance:

'Tis a good painting, but it must not hence,

Your diamond robs my pearl of its lustre.

Ravienna. If this be irony, the sport is cruel.

Salvator. I challenge thee, Lorenzo, by that art

In which thou hast most nobly graduated,

In unpretending frankness to declare,

If of our rival works thine be not first?

Ravienna. In mine, I do confess, I almost think

The features have a finer character;—

For that there's special reason.

Salvator. Finer, indeed!

The art through me salutes you as a master:

San Carlo's dull academicians

May blindfold be to your exalted merit;

But trust me that all Italy shall know

And prize your value: it shall be my care.

Ravienna. If I have talent, 'tis the plant of love.

Salvator. The plant is goodly, and it should be nourished.

Who, save myself, has seen this picture?

Ravienna. None.

In sooth, it wears the portraiture of Laura,

My own dear Laura, and could not be shewn.

Salvator. Your Laura, glorious ! let me have the picture,
To use it as I please.

Ravienna. At once 'tis yours.

Salvator. Tell none you painted it, not even Laura.

Is she aware that you have tried the art ?

Ravienna. No ;—till I had your judgment on the work
I would not say that I had touched a pencil.

Aspirants such as I should keep their secret,
Till they have conquered mediocrity.

Salvator. Give me thy hand, Lorenzo, I do know thee ;
Thou dost not chase the bubbles of conceit.

Into this room ; for I expect a call [*bewildered.*

From one thou must not see. [*To Ravienna, who stands*
I pray thee in.

Ravienna. I hardly think I shall survive this day !

Salvator (*kindly pushing him*). Thou'lt be too late, thou
silly swain go in ! [*Ravienna goes into the room.*

Salvator. Now to contrive good fortune for the lovers :

I'll sell the old fox Ravienna's picture :

He shall believe it mine. Yes, that will do.—

Here comes the stripling of my fame's adoption.

SALVATOR—CALMARI, *with a Bag of Money in his hand.*

Calmari. I bring you the money. There may, perhaps, be
some thirty crowns lacking, which shall be hereafter accounted
for. (*Salvator locks the door*). What are you doing ?

Salvator. No witnesses are needed to our bargain.

Calmari. True, true, your precaution is wise.

Salvator (*leading Calmari to the easel, on which the Por-
trait of Danae is standing*). Signor, behold your picture !

Calmari (*gazing on it in confusion and astonishment*). What's
this ?—what's this ?—How came you by that portrait ?

Salvator. It is mine.

Calmari. The mouth—the eye—the arm—Laura—Danae—
it is a delusion of the devil !

Salvator. You seem disposed to quarrel with the picture.

Calmari. Thou delicious resemblance! I could clasp thee to my arms! 'Tis worth a million—aye, a million!

Salvator. I'm glad to hear it—you're a connoisseur.

Calmari (seizing it). I've paid you for it twenty thousand crowns.

Salvator. Minus thirty.

Calmari. How longingly she looks towards the golden shower!

Salvator. A pretty woman!

And a shower of gold—I have hit your taste.

Calmari (continuing to view the picture). Laura! Danae! *(Aside).* Had any eye beheld her—yet 'tis a marvellous likeness! Tell me, *Salvator*, on your conscience, do you know the original of that portrait?

Salvator. No, indeed.

Calmari. All ideal?

Salvator. I have already answered.

Calmari. You acknowledge that it is now mine?

Salvator. I do.

Calmari. And I have your promise never to avow yourself its author?

Salvator. My pledge of honour's freely your's,

Never to name that picture as my own.

Calmari. Take then your money, and accept my thanks.

Salvator. Illustrious Director, fare thee well.

[*Exit Calmari hurriedly.*]

SALVATOR—RAVIENNA.

Ravienna. What have you been about?

Salvator. Selling dame Danae.

Ravienna. What, to *Calmari*?

Salvator. Keep my counsel—hush!

The picture you transferred I sold to him.

Now speed to the saloon, where candidates

Deliver the sealed scrolls that show outside

The painter's subject, and within his name.

You father Danae, as Calmari will.

At the election, when the scrolls are opened ;

Announce yourself her veritable parent,

And bury the intriguing cormorant

Beneath the shame that he so richly merits.

Ravienna. But then remember he is Laura's guardian !

A jest so bitter will he e'er forgive ?

Better resign the picture and the fame

If he'll resign his ward.

Salvator. That must not be ; I will not suffer it !

Florence must know the son she has in thee !—

A score of Lauras shall I easier find,

Than one such picture as the Danae.

Ravienna. Hush, bold blasphemer ! hush !—

(Salvator forces him off.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND—SCENE THE FIRST.

Anti-Room of the Academy-Saloon.—*In the centre a curtain covers the wide and open folding doors leading to the Saloon. In the foreground, to the right, a door leading into the Director's house. In the walls of the apartment are seen two niches, each covered with a curtain. Over that to the right is written, "Cimabue ;" to the left, "Leonardo da Vinci."*

LAURA—RAVIENNA,—*the latter in the dress of old Cimabue without the beard.*

Laura (to Ravienna, who is kneeling at her feet). Rise, I intreat thee, dear and ever doubting.

Ravienna. Not till thy lips again assure me, Laura,
That neither art, nor threat, used by Calmari,
Shall ever shake thy promise to be mine.

Laura. In faith 'tis time, Lorenzo, you were gone,—
 You grow as teasing as my ancient guardian,
 Who sometimes kneels and preaches of his flame
 By the dull hour.

Ravienna (rising). I'm happy in thy smiles,
 Incomparably happy ! ne'er till thou
 Hadst shed the lustre of thy love around me,
 Knew I that life had joys. Sweet is the past,—
 More sweet will be the future !

Laura (impatiently). Very true ;
 Yet if you would not cloud our pleasant hopes,
 You'll hence immediately :—my guardian comes
 This day the prizes are distributed
 At the Academy.

Ravienna (in seeming surprise). This very day ?

Laura. Yes, 'tis strange you knew it not.

Ravienna. How should I ?

Laura (sighing). Ah !—I had forgot—you are no painter !

Ravienna. Whence comes that sigh, dear Laura ? Is thy
 heart

So much a slave to art's grand witchery,
 As to lament the painter Ravienna
 Does not now stand before thee ?

Laura. What thou art

I knew thou wert, when first my love was thine—
 How true I've been becomes thee best to say—
 And if I sometimes do regret, Lorenzo,
 That thy young genius was not wed to art
 Thou must not blame me—for my walk has been
 From infancy among its monuments ;
 My father, early-lost, oft tried the pencil,
 And almost rivalled the far-honoured masters
 Whose works he bought and worshipped ; later days
 Placed me with one distinguished for his taste ;
 Watched and secluded like a convent's inmate,
 The mystic silence of the pictured walls

Has been to me companionship—Guido
 Has wiled me with a face of sorrow, soft
 As an angel's—Julio Romano,
 I liked his frank and generous bearing well—
 With awful revelations Angelo
 Shadowed my fluttering spirit—and thou last
 And greatest—thou whose faultless fancy
 Was purified in Heaven's translucent wave,
 Raffael, thou wert the peopler of my visions,
 When they were high and holy. It were ill
 In me to prove forgetful of these friends :
 I've heard thyself so eloquent on art,
 That I am certain nought save will was wanting
 To add thy name to those whom Time reveres.
 Perhaps for my sake thou wilt try thy hand ?

Ravienna (aside). How sweet to undeceive her.

Laura. Promise me—

Ravienna. Well, I will try if but to please thee, *Laura* !

Laura. O just to dream of thee before thine easel,
 I knitting by thy side—while now and then
 I peeped upon thy progress—and to see
 Thee ranked among Italia's painter-kings,
 To hear myself in gladsome greetings, called
 "The happy wife of famous *Ravienna* !"
 What ecstasy !

Ravienna. Yes, when it comes to that.

Laura. Courage and perseverance have wrought wonders ;
 Such stories from my guardian have I heard—

Ravienna. Name not that odious guardian, I beseech you !

Laura. Why shouldst thou dread him ? I am yours, yours
 only.

Ravienna. My faith in thee is perfect ; still at times
 Despair doth gambol with my sinking heart :
 Yet why should I despair ? Perhaps even now
 I'm not an hour's remove from all I wish.

Laura. Explain, *Lorenzo*—what is thy enigma ?

Ravienna. To-day, dear maid, or never, thou'lt be mine ;
 More I'm forbid to tell—yes, even to thee :
 Perhaps my hopes are but the glittering bubble
 A passing breath destroys. Learn thus much that—

[*A noise is heard at the door.*]

Laura (*listening*). Away, away! Lorenzo—here he comes.

[*Ravienna runs towards the niche on the right.*]

Laura (*picking up the false beard Ravienna had dropped*).
 Here, take the beard.

[*Ravienna returns hastily, and takes it.*]

Laura (*finding another piece*). And this too!

[*Ravienna is returning, when the door opens—Laura makes a sign to him—he hastens to the niche, and draws the curtain.*]

LAURA.—**RAVIENNA** in the niche. **CALMARI** in full dress.

Calmari (*who on entering, observes Laura trying to hide the piece of beard she wished to give Lorenzo*). Ha! what hast thou got there, my pretty ward?

Laura. O, the merest trifle. Alone and tired,

I chose to switch old Leonardo's beard

For pastime, and he chanced to lose a little.

Calmari (*examining the figure of Leonardo da Vinci*). Methinks Leonardo hath his full allowance of beard.

Laura (*disconcerted, pointing at the niche where Ravienna stands*). Then it was off that foolish figure yonder.

Calmari. What off Cinnabue? (*He draws the curtain—Ravienna stands motionless.*) By St. Anthony you have shaved him! Poor fellow! I shall fasten it on again. Give it to me.

Laura (*who has pulled the fragment to pieces*). O dear, what have I done? pulled it to pieces. I am so absent—'tis of no use now!

Calmari (*smiling*). And are you so fond of playing with grey hairs, most captivating Laura?

Laura. Uncommonly.

Calmari. I am delighted to hear it—then may I hope to be agreeable to thee in my old age.

Laura. You'll not have long to *hope*.

Calmari. Phoo ! I want some years of sixty yet, you know, my pearl of price ! thou art singularly bewitching to-day.

Laura. And thou art most mysteriously good humoured.

Calmari. I'm thinking, rose of Florence, how thou'lt wonder—

Laura. At what, may I inquire ?

Calmari. O nothing ! nothing, my lovely ward, nothing.

Laura. How well you know that I hate mystery. Speak plain, or leave me.

Calmari. This will be a day of crowning glory to thy guardian, my Laura.

Laura. To you ! What means your venerable head ?

You quite surprize me.

Calmari. Surprized, eh ? you'll be more surprized anon. But no more, or I shall betray myself.

Laura (coaxingly). Prythee be not close,

Ne'er so elated hast thou seemed before,

And this gay gala dress—where art thou going ?

Calmari. All in good time, my pigeon of Paphos. Hast thou ne'er heard the artist's saying, "I too am a painter !"

Laura. How, you a painter ? surely you are jesting !

Calmari (placing his hand on her mouth). Quiet those ruby lips—the walls have ears ; yet a kiss might tempt me to disclose the secret. Will these little rosy rebels surrender one kiss if I tell thee ?

Laura. Nonsense ! a kiss, indeed ! perhaps I may—

Calmari. Hearken then and wonder ! one of the pictures for the prize has been painted by me.

Laura (who from time to time has been casting a glance towards Cimabue's niche, perceives that Calmari notices it). By you !

Calmari. Why, what ails you, child ? why look so anxiously towards the door ?

Laura. I thought I heard approaching steps.

Calmari. Innocent lamb! dread not the wolf's advance—the old hunter guards thee.

Laura (glancing at Ravienna). Ah! wolves there are who do evade the hunter—

Entering the peaceful dwelling in sheep's clothing.

Looking as harmless as those bearded signors,

Who note us from their niches.

Calmari. How, child! think'st thou *Calmari* cannot detect these masquerading monsters? Ha! ha! trust his experience for that! (*unlocking the house door.*) There, my myrtle, go in, go in.

Laura (pointedly to Ravienna). Fare thee well!

Beloved, fare thee well!

Calmari (kissing his hand). Dear creature! [*Exit Laura.*]

CALMARI.—RAVIENNA *in the niche.*

Calmari. "Fare thee well, beloved!" enchanting sounds! Did ye not hear them ye dumb witnesses—you, old *Leonardo*, and you, most venerable *Cimabue*? Such words from her sweet lips might have warmed you into life, and caused you to quiver with rapture on your pedestals! Envy me, ye demigods of art! envy your votary, ere long to be your brother—ere long to be the winner of the lovely *Laura*, and the laurel crown! and (*looking cautiously around*) both unearned. What matters it so that the prize be gained? O the delight when crowds assemble, and when the *Procurator* shouts, "The Portrait of Danae wins the first prize!" And then the ticket will be presented and opened: and lo! *Calmari's* name—the laurel-wreath—the five hundred crowns, and my blushing ward will all be mine! Hark! there is a bustle in the hall—they appear as if coming to the saloon. Enter all—I shall open a way. Come in, gentlemen, and wait upon my triumph. [*He goes into the Saloon—and is seen through the partly undrawn curtain opening the doors. He then passes through the anti-room into the house.*]

Ravienna (after a pause, stepping down and peeping through the centre curtain). I must retreat now that the coast is clear. [He hastens to the Saloon, but returns immediately and closes the curtain.

Heavens, 'tis too late !

I hear the voice of strangers !

Perhaps this door will open to the street.

[Tries the house door, and finds it locked.

No outlet here ? Then there's no help—I'm lost !

[Persons heard approaching—*Ravienna* returns to the niche, and draws the curtain over it.

SALVATOR, RAVIENNA.

Salvator. He must be here—the porter saw him not. (Drawing aside the curtain from *Cimabue*.) Ho ! there, *Lo-renzo* ! art thou flesh or wax ?

Surgeon or painter—or old *Cimabue* ?

Ravienna (on the pedestal in the niche, visible to the audience during the whole scene, which passes off rapidly). *Salvator*, is it you ?

Salvator. Inform me where

You've stowed yourself these two hours ?

Ravienna. Old *Calinari*

Kept me in durance vile.

Salvator. But who bade you

Come here on this occasion—the same day

Of the decision ? 'Tis most indiscreet.

Ravienna. Can't you contrive some method of escape ?

Salvator. I see not how, for the saloon is crowded.

Ravienna. Such a predicament is truly frightful !

Salvator. You're truly frightful ; but you're rightly served.

Suppose he sees you now, suspicion's roused ,

Your love is balked ; his punishment escaped.

Ravienna. But I've given in the scroll that names me master.

Salvator. And so has he. Should his be opened first,

Can you, in this fool's garb, advance and claim

Your right? See, Laura comes! Your case is hopeful.
Ravienna (*about to jump from the pedestal*). I must escape
 though it should cost my life!

Salvator (*holding him back*). Remain; that were the mad-
 dest freak of all.

You must be secret till the very moment—

(*Voice at the door*). They come!

Ravienna. O Laura!—I must go, *Salvator*!

[*Salvator forces him back in the niche, and draws
 the curtain. Calmari enters from the house;
 perceives Salvator, and advances hastily.*

Salvator. You're decked already for the laurel crown?

Calmari. Dearest *Salvator*! I swim in an ocean of bliss!

Salvator (*who, throughout the scene, is fearful of the disco-
 very of Ravienna*). I give you joy on this important
 day.

Calmari. Important, indeed, my friend, most important.

I shall at once gain honour and a wife.

Salvator. And yet preserve your caution, good Director,

That which is lightly won is lightly lost.

Your honour and your bride will both be young.

Calmari. Never fear but I shall keep them safe enough.
 She will be my wife; and a good husband looks to keep off
 temptation. No duennas—no dear friends or relatives for
 me: I shall protect my own property; controul her every
 glance, her every word; ay, her very dreams. She will be
 my wife; and where she is, there shall I be also.

Salvator. Wisely designed. But will she be contented?

Calmari. All one for that (*pointing to a paper in his hand*).
 I have paid too much for this not to have something in return.

Salvator. What have you there?

Calmari. The scroll of immortality, and the passport of
 Hymen. This paper styles me painter of the portrait of Danae.

Salvator. Wherefore not hand it in?

Calmari. Look you, *Salvator*; a wise man will not trust
 himself to accident. Suppose the picture fails in gaining the

first prize, it becomes yours again, and I get back my money; but what if, through some imprudence or some malicious trick, my name should be discovered in the scroll? I shall therefore retain the paper until the prize picture is proclaimed. What think you of that, eh?

Salvator. You are unrivalled in dexterity.—(In a louder tone to *Calmari*, but intended for *Ravienna*.)

Keep fast to your position, and be sure

You do not risk detection.

Calmari. Detection is impossible if you are silent, and that, of course, you will be. I have your word—you have my cash. Give me your hand. What a dear little commodity is money! In this world every thing may be had for money, from the hand of a virgin to the mitre of a pope.

Salvator (with restrained contempt). Not for mere money have I done you service.

As sure as I'm the painter of the picture,

I think you are a noble-minded man.

Enter the PROCURATOR through the centre curtain.

Procurator. The examination, Signors, is about to commence.

Calmari. I shall be with you in a twinkling. In the meantime let the voting begin. (To *Procurator* retiring.)—Stay—another word. I wish you to invite the several artists within to a festival I propose holding to-day.

Procurator (astonished). How! a festival!—you, noble Director?

Calmari (smiling and whispering). I intend giving my ward in marriage to him who wins the first prize. So proceed, I'll follow you. [Exit *Procurator*.]

Salvator (aside). Would he were gone!

Calmari. You are somewhat disturbed, *Salvator*?

Salvator. I'm wishing it were past.

Calmari. Remember, my friend, to keep a close tongue.

Salvator. I shall fulfil my promise. Meantime leave me—
Quiet I love—we can confer hereafter.

Calvari. Be it as thou wilt. If it should please thee to be a guest at my marriage feast, thou shalt be heartily welcome. Some other day thou mayest, perchance, be invited to paint me such another picture, of course at a different price. For your present good luck you may thank the charms of my ward more than the attractions of Danae. My bride will make up for my prodigality. Adieu, noble brother! [*Exit into the saloon.*]

SALVATOR—RAVIENNA.

Salvator (*looking after Calvari*). Truly, thou dost remind me of my brother, thou fool and rogue!

(*To Ravienna, opening the curtain*). Come out, and speedily;

The business has began. (*Ravienna leaves the niche.*)—

Hast heard his prating?

Ravienna. Yes, every syllable. He keeps his scroll—

Mine will be found—and then, Heaven help us all

When he discovers how he's been betrayed

To aid his rival both in fame and love!

Salvator. That's not enough; the daw shall be unplumed;

His fraud exposed before the multitude.

Ravienna. You're too severe; consider his relation

To her I woo. Losing his ward and fame

Is forfeiture enough. Let us be silent

About the bargain, and fling back his money.

Enter LAURA from the house.

Laura. How! you still here, Lorenzo? (*Perceiving Salvator, she steps back.*)

Salvator. Lady fair,

Am I so terrible that you retreat

Abashed before my presence? I've a friend

In this good company, I deem will give

Me willing passport to your kind opinion.

Ravienna. Dearest Laura, respect this generous man,

Treasure him in your best remembrance.

We owe him more than I have breath to reckon.

His name involves a spell will stir your veins—
Salvator Rosa !

[*Laura, in joyful admiration, acknowledges Salvator's salutation, and looks on in astonishment as he smilingly gives his hand to Ravienna.*

Salvator. Seems it then so strange

One artist should touch fingers with another ?

Laura. And is he then an artist ?—Ravienna !

Salvator. Lady, let us consult the oracle.

[*He leads her to the centre curtain, which he opens, so that the audience can see the interior of the Saloon. On the platform is a green covered table, surmounted by two vases. The members are arranged round the table. At the head is seated Calmari; at the foot the Procurator, with a paper in his hand. The Procurator exclaims "The prize is awarded to the Portrait of Danae, painted by——"*

[*Calmari rises quickly, and presents his paper.*

Procurator (bowing politely, and pointing to another in his hand). Noble Director, thanks; the paper's here already.—(He breaks the seal, and reads)—Painted by LORENZO RAVIENNA !

[*A flourish of trumpets and drums. Calmari shrinks back thunderstruck—crushes the paper in his bosom, and retreats from the assembly. Salvator closes the curtain of the Saloon.*

Laura. Lorenzo !

Lorenzo (embracing her). Laura !

Salvator. Pray retire my friends—

The wolf's unchained, let me first meet his rage.

[*Laura and Ravienna retire to the back-ground.*

[*Calmari, his lips trembling convulsively, his eye glaring, his hair in disorder, rushes breathlessly forward through the curtain. On perceiving Salvator, he springs forward, and seizes him by the arm.*

Salvator frees himself from his grasp with dignity, and steps back.

Calvari (faltering). Where is my money, deceiver ?

Salvator (seriously and impressively). Thou the deceiver art, and thy deception has been most justly punished. (*In an undertone*). Take advice

Director, varnish over this foul work,
Thou'rt safe as yet, thy dealings undivulged ;
Still it remains with me to hold that paper,—
'That paper, Signor, hidden in thy breast (*snatches at it*),
Up to a scorning world. Chafe no more,
But thank the clemency of Ravienna
That I forbear to summon witnesses.

Calvari (with smothered rage). Where is my money ?

Salvator. In my safe custody. If you'll agree

To what you can't prevent, 'tis your's again.

Calvari. Your commands, Signor, your commands—

Salvator. The painter of the picture is my friend,

And mutual ties unite your ward and him.

Obey the will, which makes the lady his

Who wins the prize, as you yourself have told me.

Calvari (striking his forehead). Fool! fool! that I was. But in that will there is also the clause, if I, Andrea del Calvari, "have nothing to gainsay." Now I do object; I do—

Salvator. What, hast thou not informed the Procurator

That he who won the prize should have thy ward ?

Calvari. Entrapped on all sides!

Salvator. I'll tell no tales, and render back your money,

If you will but be wise my noble brother ;

I swear it.

Calvari (wiping his forehead). Where is your worthy friend ?

Salvator (pointing to Ravienna and Laura). Yonder, so please you, Signor.

Calvari (confounded). Ha! and in what costume! then it was he that lost the beard; O traitors! (*To Ravienna*).

Away, away; should he be found here in that state, I am betrayed. They are in search of you—away, away (*pointing entreatingly to the door*) here, out this way.

Salvator. Stop, trust to me, Lorenzo.

[*Enter the PROCURATOR with a train of Painters and Spectators from the Saloon.*

Procurator (*a laurel-wreath in his hand*). Where's the painter?

Salvator (*leading forward Ravienna, who has just taken off his false beard*). Behold him here.

Omnes. Long life to Ravienna!

Salvator. I see you're struck by his habiliments;

In truth our friend did modestly appear

Unknown on this occasion. In that niche

He took his stand, unconscious of his fortune.

Procurator (*to Calmari, giving him the wreath*). Noble Director, it remains for you

To twine around the honoured master's brow

The ever-verdant tribute to his skill.

Calmari (*scarcely able to contain himself*). With joyful heart.

Salvator (*looking stedfastly at Calmari*). And now, Director, one proud action more

To consummate the pleasures of the day.

Calmari (*with half-subdued agony*). Approach Donna Laura. Having all witnessed the triumph of our newly-discovered relative in the noble art, so let all testify that I place the hand of my ward in his—impressing on his palm the laurel-wreath. [*Ravienna and Laura stand hand in hand in the foreground with looks of gratitude towards Salvator Rosa, who views the scene with emotion; Calmari stands behind Ravienna, and places the laurel on his head; the Procurator and Spectators form the back-ground of the picture. As Ravienna receives the wreath, a flourish of drums and trumpets in the Saloon.*

The Curtain falls.

THE
LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

A HUMOUROUS SKETCH.

THE
DISCORDANT HARMONISTS.

A DREAM.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

A MEMOIR BY

THE

DISCORDANT HARMONISTS.

A DREAM.

BY FRANK MARIA VON WEBER.

THE
LIFE OF A MUSICIAN;
A HUMOUROUS SKETCH.

THOU must depart ; forward—forward ! The artist's sphere of action is *in the world*. What avails the *gracious favour* of a scientific Mœcenas, extended in payment for a tune reluctantly furnished to suit his stupid and heartless verses ? What, the boisterous applause of the multitude on parade, for a successful march ? What, alas ! even the *friendly* squeeze of the hand by a pretty neighbour, as the reward of an inspiring waltz ? Forward ! Try thy genius among strangers : and if thou canst thereby give satisfaction to men of judgment, and advance their knowledge of the science, then return home and enjoy the fruits of thy industry.

I immediately packed up my instruments together, embraced the few individuals whom I counted as *friends*, requested two or three introductions to persons residing in the next little town, and commenced my journey in the humble stage-coach, which the condition of my purse very strongly recommended. Now, I don't know whether other people feel as I do in a coach ; its rumble puts all my thinking faculties into activity—a world of ideas arises within me, and my fellow-passengers, meantime—their lips, of course, sealed by *my* unsocial manner—appear the stupidest set of fellows imaginable ! The thousand objects, also, that successively meet the eye, and float by it, tend to increase the number, and modify the shape of my sensations ; one theme supersedes another ; and whilst, perhaps,

I am in fancy beating out an infernally complicated fugue—all on a sudden a rondo theme will start up, and in turn be supplanted by a funeral march!

On arriving at X——, a pretty little place, so powerfully did I feel the mania of composition, that I resolved on sojourning there for a time, in order to gratify it, “A timid simpleton alone,” cried I, “suffers himself to be dejected!” so humming the air of Pedrillo, in “the Abduction” (*Die Entführung*), I sought the refreshment of my couch, full of buoyant hope respecting my intended concert.

On the following morning, I waited on Mr. von Y—, of the musical taste of whose family I had heard much, and who had the greatest influence in the town.

He saluted me with, “Ah, welcome! I am very happy to make your acquaintance, for I have been written to most favourably of you.” (I bowed.) “You, of course, know my newest Sonatas?”

I looked embarrassed. “I really cannot say—that I”——
“But,” interrupted he, “the Quartett?”

“I am *particularly* sorry,” muttered I, colouring, “but I do not remember”——

“Well,” said my host, lifting up his eyes, as if in astonishment, “at all events, the *Caprices* you must be familiar with—at least,” added he, after a trifling pause, “if you are at all conversant with scientific literature, and read the journals.”

I felt that this series of question and answer must be put a stop to, and plunged at once into the desperate confession, “I was ashamed of my ignorance, but was positively unaware of the fact that Mr. von Y— *composed*.”

His countenance fell, and lowering simultaneously the tone of his voice, he said “My dear friend, I am sorry, but understanding that you propose to give concerts, I must candidly assure you that you have little chance of doing any good; the people of this place, Sir, are as critical as the Viennese, and—(here a new thought seemed to strike him)—unless, indeed, you could prevail on *my daughter to sing*.”

At this moment a young female entered the room, whose figure and general appearance were provocative of observation, not unmingled with mirth. Let the reader picture to himself a diminutive creature, burdened with a tremendously large head, covered with shaggy black hair, and possessing a voice which resembled a pitch-note of the time of Aretin, and screeched such tones that my ears *enjoyed* sensations similar to those produced by scratching on a pane of glass,—but I am anticipating. The delicate daughter threw her spider-like arms round her papa, who introduced me, and said, “You must sing to him a part of your grand scena; you know how greatly I admire it.”

The young cantatrice eyed me from top to toe, with a patronizing air, and then, turning again to her father, “You know, papa,” said she, striving at the same time to get up a cough, “how very hoarse I am” (here she began a strained croaking). “Good heavens! you yourself hear in what bad order my voice is.” I began to be alarmed; but, suppressing my repugnance, and perceiving that interest prompted my doing the polite thing, I interposed, and begged that the lady would honour me by singing *a few bars*.

The condescending female—in heart, apparently nothing loth,—complied, and sat down to the piano-forte accordingly, where, after a few powerfully-struck chords, and an unfortunate slipshod run through the semitones, she screamed a bravura of Scarletti’s. I contributed my due quota of admiration, and occasionally tried to get a peep at the notes over her unruly shoulders; and the performance being completed, the lady’s mother entered, and set up a shout of admiration, compared to which, the noise of an Allegro of Wranitz is but as the rustling of a few leaves. “My daughter, Sir,” said she, “is a true musical genius: the talent she possesses is astonishing! and although she has only begun to study music since her thirteenth year, she has frequently corrected the *stadt-musikant* (musician in ordinary to the town), and also plays most beautifully on the *Strahl-Harmonica*. Go, fetch it, Polly, it is a charming

instrument!" The agonies of death seized on me, in anticipation of this fiery ordeal; and I could only stammer out, that that instrument was peculiarly adapted to *Adagios*.

"True," said the pertinacious mamma, "so my dear, pray play us the *Bird-catcher*."

I could contain myself no longer: by a strange revulsion of feeling, I felt irresistibly impelled to *laugh*; and the suppressed titter altered in a moment the entire scene. The members of the "musical family" whispered each other: I caught the words "utterly destitute of taste!" and in the course of five minutes I found myself quite alone: the father was *called away* upon business, the mother was obliged to *retire* to the kitchen, and Signora *filia*, complaining of head-ache, scampered away to her *boudoir*. I drew breath, as though my lungs were obliged to supply the bellows of the Westminster organ, determined in endeavouring to propitiate no more *musical families*, and walked directly to the *stadt-musikant* to engage the necessary performers.

THE
DISCORDANT HARMONISTS,
A DREAM.

COMPLETELY satisfied with the performance of a symphony which I had just heard, as well as with an excellent dinner, I fell asleep, and beheld myself, in a dream, suddenly transported back into the concert room, where I found the whole of the instruments in motion, holding grand council under the presidency of the sweet-breathed hautboy. To the right, a party had arranged themselves, consisting of a viol d'mour, viol di gamba, flute, &c., each sounding melancholy complaints as to the degeneracy of the present era of music: to the left, the lady hautboy was haranguing a circle of clarionets and flutes, both young and old, with and without keys; and in the centre was the courtly piano-forte, attended by several graceful violins, who had formed themselves after Pleyel and Gironetz. The trumpets and horns formed a drinking conclave in a corner; while the pikkolo-flutes and flageolets occasionally filled the whole room with their *naïve*, childish strains. All appeared very comfortable, when, on a sudden, the morose contra-basso, accompanied by a couple of kindred violoncellos, hurst into the room, and threw himself so passionately into the director's chair, that the piano-forte, together with all the catgut instruments present, involuntarily sounded in accord, from terror.

“It were enough” he exclaimed, “to play the devil with me, if such compositions were to be given daily: here am I

just come from the rehearsal of a symphony of one of our newest composers; and, although, as is known, I possess a pretty *powerful* nature, I could scarce hold it out longer, the strings of my body ran a risk of being torn for ever! If any more such work goes on, I will positively turn *kit*, and gain my livelihood by the performance of Müller and Kauer's dances!"

First Violoncello (wiping the perspiration from his brow). "Certainly, *old dad* is right; I am so fatigued, that, since the operas of Cherubini, I don't recollect experiencing any such *echauffement*!"

All the instruments together. "Explain, Explain!"

Second Violincello. "What? the symphony? It is *inexplicable* and unendurable. According to the principles which my divine master, Romberg, instilled into me, the production we have just executed is a sort of *musical monster*, which can boast of no one merit, save *originality*! Why, it makes *us* climb up aloft like the violins."

First Violincello (interrupting him pettishly). "As if we could not do it as well!"

A Violin. "Let each class keep within its due bounds."

Bass Viol. "Ay, or what will remain for *me* to do, who stand between the two?"

First Violincello. "Oh, *you* are out of the question! *Your* ability is only to support us, or to produce a few quavers and turns, as, for instance, in the *Pelican*; but as to what regards *fine tone*—

Oboe. "None can compete with *me* in that respect."

Clarionet. "Madam, you will surely allow *us* to notice our talents."

Flute. "Yes, for marches and festivals."

Bassoon. "Who resembles the divine *tenore* more than I?"

Horn. "Why you surely won't pretend to so much delicacy and power as I have?"

Piano-forte (with dignity). "And what is *all this*, compared to the body of harmony possessed by *me*? Whilst you are severally parts of a whole, *I* am all-sufficient."

All the others (vociferously). "Hold your tongue! you cannot even hold a single note."

Trumpets and Kettle-Drums (noisily). "Silence! hear us. What, pray, would be the effect of any composition without our assistance? Unless we spoke, there would be no one to applaud."

Flutes. "Noise delights vulgar souls; the true sublime consists in warbling."

First Violin. "And but for my conducting, in what a mess would the whole of you be!"

Contra Basso. "But I flatter myself I sustain the entire effect; all would otherwise be dull and vapid."

Omnes (all starting up). "I alone am the soul, without me, no harmony would be worth hearing."

At this moment, the *Maitre-de-chapelle* entered the room, and the several instruments alarmed, for they knew whose powerful hand could call forth and combine their powers, suddenly went out of tune!

"What!" cried he; "quarrelling again? The *Symphonia Eroica* of Beethoven, is about to be performed; and every one who can move key or member will then be called upon."

"Oh! anything but that!" exclaimed they.

"Rather," said the bass-viol, "give us an Italian opera; there, one may occasionally nod."

"Nonsense!" replied the *Maitre-de-chapelle*. "Do you imagine that, in these enlightened times, when all rules in art are neglected, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, high-flying fancies? Regularity and perspicuity are no longer studied, as by the old masters, Glück, Handel, and Mozart. No! hear the elements of the most recent symphony that I have received from Vienna, and which may serve as a prescription for all future ones. First, a slow movement, full of short, broken ideas, no one of which has the slightest connexion with the other: every ten minutes or so, a few striking chords!—then a muffled rumbling on the kettle-drums, and a mysterious

passage or two for the bass-viols, all worked up with a due proportion of pauses and stops. Finally, when the audience has just entered into the spirit of the thing, and would as soon expect the devil himself, as an *Allegro*—a raging *tempo*, in managing which, the principal consideration is, to avoid following up any particular idea, thus leaving more for the hearer to make out himself ——”

Whilst the learned *Maitre-de-chapelle* was thus declaiming, suddenly a string of the guitar, which in reality hung over my head, snapped, and I awoke, to my no small vexation, since I was in the high road toward becoming a great composer of *the new school*.

ARDINGHELLO;

OR,

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN SICILY.

A FRAGMENT,

BY HEINSE.

ARDINGHELLO ;

OR,

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN SICILY.

Genoa, November, 16—.

Dear ——,

AFTER quitting the fertile valley of Lombardy, through which a hundred streams meander, and which has not its equal in the whole world, I mounted the wild, bare, and rocky Appenines, and lastly, ascending by the Bochette, the reviving breezes playing around me, that the locks surrounding my hot temples flittered in them, I beheld at my feet the vast and deep sea glittering amidst the sweet rays of the evening sun. Heavens! How did it all impress my heart and my mind! Oh, how could I then, like the Thetis in Homer, with one spring from Olympus, have precipitated myself into the eternal ocean, to thus cool the memory of my sorrows!

I remained all night with an old shepherd, the chronicle of the neighbourhood, and saw the stars rise and set, and the eye of the world again appear and enthrone itself over Italy, with all its inhabitants, this paradise of creation, from the commencement of time.

The next morning I descended, and took my *siesta* in a charming village upon the coast, not far from the town. Towards midnight I was awoke by the tone of a lute, and a voice which delightfully affected my whole being. I listened, and heard the words, and sprang to the window. The music proceeded from a ruined building, built upon a hill, which stretched itself from out the sea, covered with high pines, cypresses, and dwarfish fruit trees; they were the stanzas of a

romance of Pulci, which I very well knew. As the melting intonations of a female voice accompanied the final verse, I directly afterwards took my guitar, and sung, after the serenaders had concluded the last melancholy tone of their harmony, in a more joyful measure, and thus addressed them : "Who are ye, sweet singers yonder, who have thus awoke me with such rapture from my repose, soothing my soul with such sweet melody?"

"We are a father and his daughter, who are lulling a charming infant to sleep, together with the infant's father, fatigued with the heat and labour of the day," was echoed to me in answer, during which an old man with a long beard placed himself under the arch of the gate.

"Aye, happy, happy beings!" continued I, seized with a fit of inspiration, and resuming my guitar, I sung of the golden days of Saturn in Hesperia, where all thus lived, when no Phalaris had tormented the sweet islands of Sicilia, nor cruel Cæsar manured the fields with human blood.

"And who art thou, noble spirit?" the old man asked me.

"A young pilgrim, who searches for excellence upon earth," I now replied, "and refreshes here his soul with honey."

I now descended to meet him; we welcomed each other cordially. He was a fine man of sixty; a perfect poet's head, with much of the ideal of that of Homer, only not blind.

We soon became intimate. In the course of our conversation he informed me, that he had been an architect, and as he found but little occupation in his profession, had followed his inclination to poetry, and was now considered one of the best Improvisatori living, and as such he travelled about to amuse the populace. His wife had died young, and his only daughter he had bestowed in marriage some few years since, upon a worthy countryman, who farmed an estate here, and with whom he chiefly resided. In return, I told him that I followed the art of painting, as an amateur, exactly the same as he had previously followed architecture. This delighted his very heart; he laid hold of my young head and placed it amidst his grey-beard, and kissed me again and again, and then seizing the

lute, and intoxicated with pleasure, he sung, like a true priest of Apollo, the praise of poetry. I was motionless with delight. Half the village collected together, and murmured a low praise before the open doors and windows; and as he ceased, even the wild sea-waves seemed to feel the swelling impulse, dashing more violently upon the shore, and all made the air ring with exulting shouts of, Boccadoro for ever! this being his name.

As a continuation of our amusement, I commenced an antistrophe, and introduced a golden song of Pindar, adapted to the scene and circumstance; and towards the conclusion, I described the old man before me to the life, and praised his condition as superior to that of a king; and with the loud triumphant cry from the peasants of, "Long live the noble young stranger! and the divine old man, our Boccadoro, for ever!" the crowd dispersed upon our separating towards morning.

Towards day I took a walk to the hill, and from thence overlooked Genoa, presenting a beautiful amphitheatre, which had constantly excited its inhabitants to be the rulers of the sea, from whence indeed the greatest heroic souls have sprung. Sainted Columbus, and thou, Andreas Doria, who now wander in Elysium, in the society of Themistocles and Scipio, ye demi-gods amongst mankind, whom I now worship in the dust. Alas! that such a fate is withheld from me. I looked down upon the ocean stretched before me, and its sublime majesty expanded my bosom nigh to bursting. My soul floated afar over the extended deep, and I felt sensibly its immortality, with inexpressible rapture. Nothing in the world acts so powerfully upon the soul, for the sea is certainly the most beautiful object we possess below. The sun, moon, and stars, are in comparison but brilliant points, and, together with the blue mantle of ether around us, are but the ornaments of reality. But *this* is the true symbol of life. Man upon this element lends himself the wings nature has denied him, and unites in himself the perfections of all other creatures. He who knows not the sea, appears amongst mankind like a bird

that cannot fly. All that is insignificant within, and imbibed by us in the nooks of cities, is here scared away by the watery mass.

Boccardo was waiting for me when I returned to the inn. He said, he wished me to accompany him to-day to a large fête, which would continue the whole week.

“The Marchesa ——,” said he, “is to be united to-day to a young and lovely Milanese lady, with all imaginable pomp and splendour. The bridegroom is considered one of the richest noblemen in Europe. I have been requested to sing this evening at the festal-banquet, during the cessation of other music, and earnestly entreat you to prepare yourself for the occasion; we could invent upon the road a pretty subject for an impromptu. The palace is situated a few miles from the city, upon the opposite coast. A couple of servants of my son-in-law, together with my daughter, can convey us thither in a barque. But,” he added, “you are perhaps already acquainted with all this, and have probably come hither for the purpose?”

I assured him that I had arrived here, without knowing in the least of this marriage-feast; I could not sing *ex tempore* before so noble a society; I was totally unused to public exhibition, and, besides, I must be acquainted in some degree with the character of my hearers, to find the more easily the way to their hearts and imagination; without which the most excellent performances frequently lost their effect. Still, I would accompany him; his Epithalamium alone presented sufficient charms to determine me. He could introduce me to the banquet as the tuner of his lute.

I was now made acquainted with his daughter, a delightful and truly amiable being, and with her husband, a cheerful and excellent farmer, and a little angel of a son,—they formed thus together one beautiful whole. The old ivy-overgrown building I found neatly and comfortably arranged within. At mid-day I took a wholesome and deliciously simple repast with them, and after dinner we all reposed a

couple of hours. We then departed in a light barque for the Marchesa's villa. The evening was oppressively warm, and the water was gently rippled by a breeze, which swept occasionally over its surface, and there was a deep low murmur in that breeze which betokened an approaching tempest.

The shades of night were falling fast around us, when we stepped from our boat to a broad staircase of granite, which met the waves, and conducted us to the inclosed grounds of the villa. We approached the palace by a circuitous avenue of laurel and cypress, which terminated in a grove of trees, linked together with tall hedges of myrtle. Impatient to behold the exterior elevation of the villa, I plunged through a partial opening in the matted foliage, and the surpassing splendour of this magnificent mansion, filled me with wonder and admiration. A lofty dome and portal, connected by long arcades with two noble wings, rose in majestic elevation before me. Sounds of music and revelry escaped from the numerous lighted windows, and I followed Boccadoro up the marble stairs, when I found the interior decoration of this fairy palace surpass even the external promise, and which was rendered more enchanting by the concealed music sent forth from the recesses. Rich strains of melody rolled in soft vibrations through the vast rotunda, or ascended with harmonious swell into the vault above. Boccadoro now led me through the well-lighted corridor, and, between folding doors of gilt bronze, into the hall of banquet, presenting another scene of splendour.

The numerous and brilliant guests were seated around long tables which occupied the entire space between the doric columns, covered with crimson velvet, and decorated with vine-leaves, richly embroidered in gold; and numerous chandeliers suspended above, threw a blazing light over this gay assemblage of Genoese nobility and beauty, amongst whom Boccadoro pointed out to me Giovanni Doria, the brave and distinguished descendant of the great Andreas. I had taken my seat behind the Improvisatore, in an alcove reserved for the

musicians, at the upper end of the hall ; and towards the end of the banquet, as soon as the wine and conversation had excited the animal spirits, Boccadoro commenced touching his lute. An universal silence ensued, and the tone of his touches resembled the light whispering of the sea-breezes, in the high branches of the shady woods, during the heat of noon. Thence his soul swelled with the romance of ancient Grecian heroes, and he sang the Espousals of Peleus and Thetis, adorned the fable with delightful language, and passed thence to the present scene, described the bridegroom, as a modern Peleus equally blessed by the gods, and depicting his bride as the youthful Thetis. When he had concluded, the gay and mischievous bard suddenly turned to me, where I was standing at the corner behind him with the other musicians, and drew me forward and introduced me as a new Apollo, if I may repeat his words, who had just descended the Appenines, to increase still more the splendour of this festival ; and he then presented to me his guitar.

I was taken by surprise, and blushed with shame and confusion before the numerous and brilliant assembly. A joyous murmur ran through the whole saloon, and all eyes were fixed upon me. Delay was useless, unless I wished to expose myself to ridicule and mockery. I therefore quickly resolved to make the best of the matter, and chose the rhyme easiest to me, according to the melody which has the constantly increasing anapastic verse, and which has so frequently delighted you.

After a few simple touches upon the instrument, I sang with natural feeling, my surprise and confusion at the incident, and that I had followed Boccadoro here to witness the splendor and beauty of the festival ; that I was a stranger and unknown, a mere wanderer, who had been here only a few hours. “ Yet, although a stranger, your fame,” continued I, “ extends over sea and Alps, and who is so cold and envious that would not be inspired by your happy love ! Deign, therefore, to accept with favour the few flowers which I hastily strew around your hospitable board. The sun of

Thetis shines down to posterity because he had a Homer for his bard ; but how much greater were Columbus and Doria, and how far, noble Marchesa, may not the fruits of your love exceed him in noble deeds?" After which, I described the proud city and bay of Genoa, the naval power of its republic, and lauded the heroic courage which had displayed itself there from the earliest down to the present period.

I was interrupted in the midst of some happy stanzas by loud and continued acclamations, and upon ceasing, I received much praise, which only delighted me in so far that my poor endeavours had extricated me from my embarrassment.

The Marchesa and the company now rose from table to conclude the evening with a ball, for which preparations had been made in the large saloon that formed the corresponding wing of the palace. As the noble host with his guests moved in slow procession through the hall, he approached me, and honouring me with a cordial welcome to his villa, thanked me for the gratification I had afforded to him and his friends. He then introduced to me his lovely bride and her friend, and requested me to join the company in the ball-room ; but, casting a look of doubt upon my travelling garb and heavy sabre, I told him I was not attired for the occasion, but would accompany my friend Boccadoro as a spectator. He however insisted that I should appear as a privileged guest ; and a few words from his charming bride, expressed in tones of Dorian sweetness, aided by an enchanting smile from her beautiful companion, conquered my hesitation at once, and I followed in the gay and happy throng, choosing a spot whence I could command a distinct view of the Marchesa and her friend. Both of these charming women were perfectly beautiful, although displaying in every respect a striking and absolute contrast. The bride was not above the middle standard of women, but her figure was moulded with luxuriant and perfect symmetry. Her features exhibited a kind of loveliness not easily described. They were not cast in the regular mould of Italian beauty, but were delicately rounded, and indicated,

by certain peculiarities, her descent from the light-haired Lombards. Her eyes, radiant with love and happiness, were the clear, deep blue of midnight heavens. Ringlets of light and glossy hair nearly concealed her ivory brow, and flowed in golden waves and rich profusion over her shoulders. Her complexion was of that dazzling and crystal fairness which betrays every movement of the soul, and blushes of the deepest dye flitted in rapid succession across her dimpled and transparent cheek. But the predominant charm of this lovely countenance resided in its peculiar and enchanting smile. I have succeeded beyond my expectations in sketching the portrait of this Lombard fairy; but I approach with diffidence the attempt to convey to you any adequate conception of her awfully-beautiful companion. Boccadoro informed me that she was a Roman lady, accomplished, high-born, and opulent; her name, Valeria di Villa Bella; and her residence alternately at Rome, and at a villa near lake Albano. When I first beheld her majestic form, and marked the serious and lofty dignity of her features, I was struck with her resemblance to an admired statue of Minerva, in the museum at Rome. When she approached me with the Marchesa and his bride, and I observed her imperial carriage, and the magnificent proportions of her person, through the glittering undulations of her velvet drapery, the vision of Pallas disappeared, and I fancied myself in the overpowering presence of a Juno; but, when she stood before me, and accompanied with her magic smile the invitation of the Marchesa, I recognized in the powerful intelligence of her eyes and forehead, and in that heavenly-beaming smile, the bright image of the Queen of Muses, the pure and lovely Venus Urania. To speak in more intelligible phrase, I never beheld a female form and countenance so proudly, so magnificently Roman. Her luxuriant dark hair was parted on her lofty forehead in the manner of Raffael's Madonnas, and fell behind in raven clusters. Her complexion was a bright clear, transparent brown, in perfect harmony with the rich bloom of her cheek, adding lustre to eyes of dark and dan-

gerous beauty. Following in the train of her numerous worshippers, I entered the folding doors of a ball-room realizing all the wonders of Armida's palace. The hall blazed with the light of thousands of tapers, and on a pedestal before each lofty mirror was placed a coloured lamp, burning scented oils, and diffusing delicious odours.

About two hours after midnight, when the ball was most animated, and all were intoxicated with pleasure, some shots were heard, and upon the sudden stillness which succeeded it, cries of terror resounded, and again musket-shots, which were followed by a loud noise upon the stairs leading to the saloon. And one moment afterwards, before one could turn round, a numerous band of men in turbans, broke in at the door, armed with sabres and muskets. All stood as if petrified and wished to fly but could not, and knew not whither. All thronged to the windows, or where an opening presented itself, and struggled and screamed whilst every face was pale as death.

Judging from their yellow, African figures, we found we were attacked by corsairs, and it was in vain to think of resistance. A party of them occupied the door by which they had entered, others immediately seized the bride and all the ladies, whom they dragged away. I was standing at the end of the saloon by the window towards the garden, whilst the chief nobility sprang out, not caring for the danger. I was almost exhausted by the throng, and could scarcely draw forth a pistol, which I immediately fired at the strongest of the banditti at the door. The ball happily struck him at his left ear, and passed through his head, so that he died upon the spot. The explosion made for me a little room, allowing me to draw forth the other pistol as well as my sword. In the meantime, some of the Genoese and the servants had provided themselves with arms, and others, for the want of them, attacked the pirates with stools and chairs. The robbers struck around them with their sabres, opening the heads of some, and wounding those who were the most forward. At last we succeeded in chasing them from the door, but which post they continued to main.

tain on the outside until their companions reached the sea with their booty and clearly shipped it, their measures having been but too well concerted.

The bridegroom himself was severely wounded, and a couple of the most distinguished guests were stretched upon the ground. The most courageous, together with John Andreas Doria, hastened to Genoa to pursue the corsairs, and of this number I formed one. It had been an attack without precedent in the memory of man.

We arrived at Genoa towards morning; five powerful gallies were prepared; and for an hour after our departure, the sun continued to contend with a fog; the wind had changed during the night, and a *sirocco* blew from the south-east. We did not know which way to direct our course, and advanced in the midst of the channel, between the two coasts. At last, by degrees, the fog dispersed, and the mountains began to display themselves beneath their grey veil. Doria now resolved to part with two ships, and to let them cruize towards Sicily: he having determined to go with the third towards the coasts of Corsica and Provence. I remained in the same vessel with him; we now set every sail; but still we were unacquainted with the strength of the enemy. We had not been able to distinguish the number of their vessels amidst the darkness and confusion. Towards night the cruiser returned, and informed us that it had caught sight of the pirates near Monaco, and that they consisted of four strong gallies. We rowed the whole night, and the next morning, the weather having cleared up, we perceived their vessels; they observed us likewise and increased their endeavours to escape. Thus did we strive the whole day; and, just as the sun stepped from out the air into the golden chalice, and floated along the ocean into the dark depths of the holy night, we opened our cannons upon them. We had the wind in our favour, upon which they stopped, finding they could fly no farther. We attacked them in a direct line, and spread ourselves somewhat out, to prevent their attacking us on the

side. We gave them several good broadsides, and were much better provided with offensive arms than they. After several evolutions, and as the twilight was descending, two of each of us came to a close engagement, and our third endeavoured to stop the course of the other two gallees, who wished to grapple it.

I was upon the first, and fought with all my strength and presence of mind. I was fortunately yet unwounded, but the balls of the muskets and blows of the sabres stretched down many around me. At last we boarded their largest galley, and I was among the first, armed with a dirk in my left hand, a sword in my right, and a loaded pistol at my girdle. But before I jumped upon their deck, I struck one of the most valiant of them down, who was upon the point of cutting Doria through the middle, with his Damascus scimeter, and I thus saved his life. Another upon the enemy's vessel, who aimed a blow at me, I quickly dispatched, but I could not so effectually parry the blow with my dagger, as to prevent its fraying my arm in gliding off; I struck him precisely in the throat, causing him to protrude his tongue.

They retreated and yielded, excepting he who appeared to be the captain, and who, springing below, I pursued him, and behold! here was the bride, with her friend and other ladies. He struck at her from afar with his sabre, wishing to part her head from her body, but I was beforehand with him, and stuck the whole length of my sword so completely into his body, immediately under his arm, that he fell on one side, and in falling, drew it out, when I then gave him his death-blow.

The principal galley was now completely mastered, but the others defended themselves the more obstinately. Among the rest, a young man fought like one possessed, stretching many dead around him, and he would have extricated himself, had we not all gone to the assistance of our comrades. This galley was then obliged to yield. In the meanwhile, the two others fled, bearing with them our other vessel, which they had vanquished. We pursued, but lost them, however,

in the dark. The next morning they were out of sight, and we could not discern their course.

Doria returned quite vexed that affairs had not taken a better turn ; and, perhaps, he would not have attacked them at all, had not one of his relations been carried away from the dancing saloon, but whom he had, however, released. We had an inferiority of numbers, and besides, delay was dangerous. In fact, he ought not have dispatched the other two vessels to Sicily ; but who can foresee all ? Who imagined that the corsairs were so strong ? After a battle, every fool is more prudent than Hannibal and Cæsar !

ARDINGHELLO.

THE
CASTLE OF CLEVES;
OR,
THE WITNESS-HAND.

A TALE,
BY CASTELLI.

THE
CASTLE OF CLEVES;

OR,

THE WITNESS-HAND.

TOWARDS the close of the year 179—, a division of the twenty-second French brigade, in which Charles Surville had just entered upon service, was ordered to Cleves (the capital of the duchy bearing that name) there to establish its winter quarters. Up to the period we have specified, that city had not been included in the league with France; but, according to a convention entered into with Prussia, the troops of the republic were to hold it in possession until articles of peace should be signed between the belligerent powers.

To almost any stranger, the sojourn at Cleves could scarcely have failed to prove delightful. The hospitable welcome offered by the inhabitants, the enchanting scenery of the environs, together with the extremely moderate expense of living, (to a soldier of fortune an object of *material* importance,) rendered the quarters in every respect desirable. But alas! how often do we feel that there is a check to our happiness, which neither change of climate, nor the most flattering circumstances, can dissipate or controul. And under such depression of mind was it the lot of poor Charles, at this period, to suffer. For, whilst in obedience to the call of his country, he was bending all his energies, and hazarding life itself, to preserve her rights and liberties, he

learnt that the very same government which he was thus serving, had barbarously sacrificed the lives of his dearest relatives. Besides several junior members of the family, his aged parents themselves had, by an unjust and sanguinary decree, been consigned to the guillotine. Almost every post, indeed, brought him the harrowing detail of some fresh calamity; for the demon of the French revolution was at that period stalking about with bloody footsteps, and suggesting a continual succession of victims to satiate its fierce and unhallowed cravings.

Agonized and distracted by the list of horrors, the unhappy Charles tore open again a wound he had but recently received in a skirmish, and which was still unhealed: and in the depth of night he wandered forth from the hospital, big with the design of avenging himself deeply upon those whom he regarded as the murderers of his beloved relatives. This design was, however, nothing short of madness, and he had not proceeded far ere he became faint and exhausted, and his overwrought feelings overcoming his enfeebled frame, he sank down on the road-side completely powerless. Some of his comrades fortunately coming up almost at the moment, they lost no time in conveying back the sufferer to the asylum he had just acquitted.

Several months passed before he recovered from the effects of this relapse, and acquired sufficient strength to resume active service. In doing so, however, he did not for a moment renounce or abandon the thoughts of vengeance. They haunted him night and day; and he lived on in the confident hope that an early time would arrive at which he might accomplish his cherished purpose.

It was shortly after his return to his regimental duties, at some distance from Cleves, that a young officer, George B——, who had been recently appointed to the same corps, joined his detachment. It was not long ere circumstances revealed to Charles, that his new comrade was no other than nephew to one of the tyrants who had been mainly instrumental in

butchering his kinsmen. The eyes of the enraged youth, when he first learnt this unexpected news, flashed with almost demoniacal joy; and as he contemplated the devoted sacrifice thus suddenly presented, he thanked kind fortune for so speedily granting the desire of his heart.

Accident soon brought the young men into collision, and a dispute having arisen between them upon some trifling matter, swords were instantly drawn. They fought long and bravely; until at length the point of Charles's weapon pierced the heart of his adversary, who fell to the earth a corpse. Our hero, aware of the danger to which he was now exposed, repaired at once to the commandant, to whom he communicated the particulars of the fatal occurrence; and that officer, who entertained a very high opinion of Charles's character, and sincerely sympathized in his misfortunes, sanctioned and even aided his escape, providing him with a letter of introduction to the colonel of the twenty-second regiment, wherein he was strongly recommended to that officer's protection and favour.

Surville arrived safely at the head-quarters of the brigade at Cleve; and by his unassuming and modest demeanour, strict attention to discipline and courageous bearing, recommended himself to the respect of his superior officers, and the esteem of his comrades. He rarely joined the latter in their social hours, but was generally to be found in solitary contemplation, silently brooding over the horrid pictures his imagination drew of the fate of his friends; at times, indeed, he sought the calm converse of an amiable family wherein he had become an inmate. The members of this small circle consisted of the father, Mr. Müllner, an antiquary; his son, Gustavus, a secretary in an official office; and two daughters—Alexandria and Dorothea—the eldest of whom was 17, and the youngest 16 years of age. They were all much attached to Surville; and he endeavoured to retain their goodwill by every means in his power: sometimes he would relate his travels to the old gentleman, and describe with all their

technical peculiarities the various antiquities he had beheld ; at others he was engaged in giving instruction to Gustavus in the French language ; and again he would embrace opportunities of pleasing the fair sisters, by procuring from the master of his band select pieces of music, or getting from Cologne the most interesting works of the day, which he read to them. Thus the stranger became more and more intimately associated with the members of the family, and was at length almost looked upon as one of themselves.

The winter season had now nearly passed away ; and it became observable that a tender attachment united the hearts of Charles and Dorothea. The maiden, candid and sincere, made no secret of her sentiments ; while the young soldier now bereft of the nearest ties of relationship—his hopes and expectations fixed upon the colours of his regiment, could not conceal the pleasure he derived from a prospect of forming so respectable an alliance. At length the brother, Gustavus, was commissioned by the lovers to be their messenger to his father, to whom he undertook to communicate their hopes and wishes, and to beg the sanction of his blessing. The agent executed his task with all the warmth and ardour of an affectionate brother and sincere friend :—he did not, however, succeed in his object ; the only reply he could obtain being, “When Surville can produce a captain’s commission, or can gain an adequate addition to his present income—*then* shall Dorothea become his wife.”

This sentence was received by Charles with dismay. The property of his family had been confiscated at the time of their execution ; and he saw no prospect of promotion unless he could distinguish himself by some act of bravery—an event which opportunity alone could bring about, and of which he saw no chance for a length of time. Discouraged and sick at heart, he sat musing on his hard fate, when suddenly a thought struck him, no less singular than bold, which he instantly prepared to carry into effect.

The father of his Dorothea not only speculated in one par-

ticular class of antiquities, but whenever occasion presented itself, he also collected for his own use various rare and costly articles, so that he was now in possession of the most complete and choice collection of ancient relics to be found in the province. Charles, therefore, in order to administer to this taste, and conciliate the affections of the old gentleman, which, like those of the aged generally, had become wayward and capricious, formed a resolution to devote his leisure to the pursuit and discovery of specimens of *virtù*, which he determined to acquire even at the risk, if necessary, of his life—for it should be mentioned, that several natural curiosities, highly prized by the antiquarian, were attainable only at considerable personal hazard. It was now he recollected reports which had reached him, that under the ruins of the ancient castle of Cleves certain vaults existed, deeply hidden in the bowels of the earth, said to contain almost countless treasures in relics of ancient times.

Credulous of the truth of this rumour, the sanguine youth fixed all his hopes upon this enterprise. He hastened to get together the implements necessary to force a passage into the receptacle, and, without betraying his purpose to any one (not even to his beloved Dorothea herself), he set out on his momentous expedition.

Having effected an entrance into the cavern, he pursued his course through its subterraneous passages, until he arrived at the deep descent which conducted to the vaults. He began his labours at once, clearing away obstructions, and gradually saw the accomplishment of his wishes become nearer. For three successive nights did he resume his unremitting toil, till at length his exertions were rewarded by the effecting an opening, and he anxiously gazed round the long-unpenetrated cave wherein he found himself. By the aid of his lantern, our hero saw that report for once had spoken truth: relics lay strewn around him, sufficient to captivate the hearts of a whole host of *virtuosi*. Charles selected what he deemed most suited to his immediate purpose, and then re-

visited the upper air, laden with sundry coins and medals, a helmet, and a shield.

On his arrival at home, he presented these valuable objects to the antiquary, who, astonished and delighted, ceased not to praise the young adventurer, and to express his gratitude for so important an addition to his catalogue. In high glee at this first result of his adventures, Charles would have repeated his visit that same day, had he not been compelled to resume his regimental duties, which engrossed his attention during the whole of the subsequent month.

No sooner was he again at liberty, than his urgent hopes prompted him to renew his labours : and, imboldened by success, he resolved to penetrate still deeper into the bowels of the earth, having hitherto explored only the most superficial of the vaults. In order, however, that the extended term of his absence (which he had fixed for three days and nights) might not produce anxiety in the mind of Dorothea, he decided to impart his secret to her. He accordingly explained his plan, and encouraged her with the certain prospect of their union being secured by the rich cargo he should be enabled to present to the world on his return. After many fruitless attempts to dissuade him from his purpose (although its object was to ensure their happiness), the agitated girl yielded to his arguments, and accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern. She was anxious even to follow her lover into the interior ; but Charles persuaded her to leave him, and return home immediately, to prevent her absence being noticed. She quitted the spot, therefore, almost in despair lest she should never see him again, although she tried to console herself with the idea that he had already once encountered the hazards of the expedition (for the walls were every where crumbling, and ready to topple down), and had yet returned unhurt. In order, however, to diminish the danger as much as possible, she furnished him with a piece of string which might assist him in tracing his road back (the involutions of the subterranean ruins being perfectly labyrinthine), or guide

her to him in case he did not appear at the expiration of the appointed time.

The second day of our hero's absence had not yet quite expired, when the Müllner family, and the whole town, were surprised by the unexpected arrival of the commandant of the division, with orders for the immediate march of the twenty-second brigade, to join the main body of the army, which had just taken its position on the banks of the Meuse. The drums sounded to arms, the regiment formed in the square, and the muster-roll was called over, upon which it was found that Charles Surville was missing. All were at a loss to explain the cause of his absence. He was known to be a brave soldier, and a strict disciplinarian—tenacious of his honour, and incapable of abandoning his colours. Indeed, amongst the many evidences of this character he had from time to time given, was the fact, that although severely wounded in the right-hand, which was thereby deprived of its forefinger, and by which circumstance he had the option of abandoning the service, he had, notwithstanding, preferred to retain his commission, and had ever since continued on active duty.

In this instance, however, he was clearly absent without leave, and having been sought for throughout the town as sedulously as circumstances would permit, there remained no alternative but to report the unfortunate young man as a deserter. His regiment marched away without him, to the universal regret, mingled with astonishment of officers, privates, and townsfolk.

It so happened, however, that counter orders overtook the corps, soon after it had left Cleves; in consequence of which the soldiers returned to that city, and having arrived once more at their barracks, the general of division felt himself bound to issue orders for the assembling of a court martial the following day to sit in judgment on the hapless Surville.

The third day of his disappearance had now drawn to a close, and no tidings were received of the absent officer. Poor

Dorothea, in an agony of despair at the probable fate impending over her lover, waited until the family had retired to rest. Fortifying herself by fond remembrances of him, for the preservation of whose life she felt resolved, if necessary, to sacrifice her own, the intrepid girl set out alone for the ancient ruins. When she reached the entrance of the gloomy cavern, she was overcome with a sudden dread of Charles's fate, and was forced to rest herself upon a block of stone.

The silence and darkness which pervaded every thing around, enhanced her excitement and her fears. Her imagination was tortured with the most gloomy images ; and as she sat, bending her eyes on vacancy, spectral shapes began to flit before them, and the desolated fabric of the castle seemed to be metamorphosed into one vast tomb. At length her hand accidentally fell upon the thread which was to guide her to the arms of her affianced husband. She seized it with eagerness — it appeared to form a link between her and hope ! Her courage and spirits revived ; and holding the thread firmly between her fingers, she grasped the lantern she had brought with her, and, appealing to Heaven for support, proceeded to enter the obscure abyss.

As Dorothea passed onward, her steps grew steadier, her heart lighter, until the dead stillness that continued to brood around again caused her spirits to sink. She called aloud on Charles, but no answer was returned. A gloomy echo was the only rejoinder. More than an hour passed thus, as the resolute girl followed up the various openings her lover had made. But now she felt her strength give way, and leant for support against a projection of the rocky wall. A few minutes repose in some degree recovered and enabled her to resume her anxious search. Onwards she glided, her streaming hair (which had become disengaged from its bands), lifted by the blast that occasionally eddied through the crevices, and, together with her wan cheeks, giving her the semblance of a restless ghost ; onward she wandered, till suddenly the thread, her only guide and source of hope, terminated. Then it was she

felt overpowered with despair; she became chilled both in soul and body. She could with difficulty articulate the words, "Charles! my beloved Charles, where, oh! where art thou?" She listened in breathless suspense, and with parted lips, but in vain. "Alas!" cried she, at length, "he is dead!" Even as she spoke, the dubious light of the lantern rendered an object at some little distance partly definable, towards which, with frantic energy and a heartbreaking shriek, she instantly sprang. Part of a wall had fallen over, and beneath its ruins were protruded part of the head and arms of the ill-starred Surville. He had evidently been endeavouring to break through this barrier, for one hand still clenched, with the convulsive grasp of death, the fatal pick-axe. The breach he had made had shaken down the whole obstruction!

The poor girl threw herself upon the bleeding relics of her sacrificed lover, and remained long in a state of insensibility, But fate forbad, as yet, her following him in death. She awoke to a consciousness of misery. With considerable difficulty and danger, she succeeded in extricating his head from amidst the stones by which it was nearly crushed, and laid it upon her lap, bedewing it with tears. She then resolved, in her despair, to remain here until hunger might in mercy produce the death she so much longed to share with him. But, after a while, the thought flashed upon her mind that it was still possible to rescue the *honour* of the deceased soldier, and that a duty the most sacred had thus devolved upon her to perform ere she could resolve to join him for ever in the grave. She hastened, therefore, at once to secure the only means remaining to redeem the character of her betrothed; and seizing that same hand which had been plighted to her in faith and love, now, alas! cold and stiffened, she, with unshrinking resolution, performed the dreadful operation of severing it from the wrist with an instrument that lay by the body. Furnished with this terrible but undeniable proof of his innocence, she then hurried through the dark passages, nor paused until she had regained the entrance to that fatal cavern.

Day had already dawned when Dorothea reached her home, faint and haggard. Her sister, alarmed at her appearance at that unseasonable hour, and in such a state, required an explanation. In the greatest agitation she hastily related the distressing scenes of the last night, concluding with an inquiry as to every particular of what had been determined on respecting her Charles. Alexandria replied, that even at that early hour a court martial would be sitting in judgment on him. Horror-struck and alarmed lest she should be too late, she broke from her sister, and rushed through the streets to the council-room. In vain did the sentinels oppose her entrance ; her desperation overcame all obstacles, and she burst into the chamber at the very moment these words were pronouncing : " Charles Surville, convicted of desertion, is sentenced to be shot ! "

" Hold ! hold ! " she cried. " Justice ! justice ! Charles Surville has *not* deserted his colours : he has sacrificed himself for me, Dorothea Müllner ! Behold, the undeniable proof I bring ! " And herewith she drew forth the cold hand of their late comrade, which being duly recognised by the missing finger, they at once reversed the sentence.

Poor Dorothea ! thy ghastly task was ended ! thy broken heart had earned its lasting rest ! Thy lover's sentence of acquittal was thy summons for rejoining him. Stretched at the feet of the appalled and wonder-stricken officers, with one convulsive shudder, but undiminished faith and fortitude, Dorothea expired !

THE
HEROINE OF THE TYROL;
OR,
'TIS TIME!

A SCENE IN THE TYROLESE WAR.

THE
HEROINE OF THE TYROL;

OR

'TIS TIME!

MY regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly-incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest; in fact, for a long time we were sedulously cut by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighbourhood: and when, at length, they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to *shew their teeth* at least, if they dared not *bite*.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, *assist* at a *soirée* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at

a mansion within a mile or two of the town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our *cloth*—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather *staggering*, youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *élite* of his Bavarian majesty's ——— regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblée*, we pursued our route, and reaching the chateau, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestics had time to announce us, into the principal *saloon*, which, to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-dressed and well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversazione* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage ; and many eyes were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters ; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand, to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure ; it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion ; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters ; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peace-makers between us and their male friends ; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humoured terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one, in particular, attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young ; but her

whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for such, I found, she was called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual named Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the sunny, smiling aspect of Dorothea. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine that any thing could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite; but I observed, that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the lady's quitting my neighbourhood, smilingly said,—“Take heed, Captain; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of fellow, if you continue to *flirt* with *his betrothed*.” The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious, agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it, under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning, however, toward the spot, my surprise was great, to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. “Captain,” said she, as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, “I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it.” Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having sum-

moned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark, and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a Bavarian" (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke), "are obnoxious to many around us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters; do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervour. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the chateau, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence; but Dorothea having knocked at a window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and slouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me; "disguise may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and cap."

"What dread you, then?" I inquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people: we are not at war with each other; and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issues of battles nor the negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

“From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you,” pursued she, smiling; “all I seek just now is a sound night’s repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of.”

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, “You are obeyed; but ere I go, dear Dorothea, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking Rusen?”

“Yes—no!” replied she, and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For a while, my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure, apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forward with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice behind me murmured softly, “*Is it time?*” Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied, “Time to be snug in bed, friend;” on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance, coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognised, in the voice I had just heard, that of Rusen. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *detour*, might, I conceived, save me the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved, on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few

minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter), uttering the question I had before heard, “Is it time?” The voice was certainly Rusen’s, and his interlocutor answered with the word, “Salurn.”

“Has he passed you?” inquired Rusen.

“No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved,” rejoined the *watchful* sentinel, “much less an accursed Bavarian.”

“Come back with me, then, to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better.”

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learned that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Dorothea, who, however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate, fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could

again obtain an interview with Dorothea. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troops a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I, therefore, gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path, which led me to the hall door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen. "To-morrow night, then!" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment—"to-morrow night, in *the Salurn Castle*."

"Agreed!—but stay—hear me!" and I recognised the tones of Dorothea.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain; there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation: when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village of Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic ruins at so favourable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leaped from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing, threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took

from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words, "'Tis time !"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable ; but what did both conjointly imply ? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidence had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation ; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Salurn Castle ; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done ? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms ; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved, finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent, and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe.

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on

three figures, in whom I recognised Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could *hear*, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. “Hear me,” at length exclaimed Rusen, in a rough and angered voice, “and let us fully understand each other. I am not, as you know, a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither, thrive best when public tranquillity is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale all my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce, therefore, the word, Dorothea; say that to-morrow you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all here, will I be trifled with.”

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. “She has consented,” exclaimed the other female; “up, then, if you be a man!”

So intense was my excitement, that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tiger-like feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him, and seized him by the throat. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, "*Is it not time?*"

"Yes!" I rejoined, "*it is time!*" and as the gleam of the lantern showed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. "In the name of the king," I pursued, "I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never!" shouted he.

"Then down with you!" and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosened his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking; "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I. "You,

at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosened the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, captain Lieber, I must hence to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!"

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word or by a look!"

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and—" she paused a moment, and then resumed: "In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"You, captain!"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that *is* my fear," she replied, lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do it?"

"No; but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet, which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top; you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honour of a soldier!"

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but, with unflinching resolution, waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes while applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper, however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—completely blank!

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a large column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air!

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below; but it was too late—the SIGNAL was given! From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their

flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small-arms and cannon, which reached from valley to valley.

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the out-stretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces, by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal-cry "*It is time!*" On that fatal night, the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet, I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased, and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

CHARACTER
OF
CHARLEMAGNE.

BY KOHLRAUSCH.

GOETHE,
AS A PATRIOT.

BY BÖRNE.

THE
CHARACTER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

THAT we may completely comprehend the extraordinary man whom we must admire, we necessarily desire to be acquainted with his exterior form, wherein the mighty spirit was encased. We are anxious to know how the eye reflected the internal sentiments; how the brow and countenance depicted dignity and repose; or how they expressed the animated emotions of the mind; and whether the elevation and power of the mind, were equally displayed in the whole corporeal form. Eginhard, the friend of Charlemagne, whom he had brought up in his palace, as his adopted son, has drawn up for us a beautiful and affectionate description of that prince.

“In person the Emperor Charles was robust and strong,” he says, “and of great height, for he measured seven of his own feet.* His head was round, his eyes large and animated; his nose somewhat exceeded moderate proportion; his grey hair was beautiful to behold; his countenance joyous and cheerful, whence his figure derived peculiar dignity and charm. He had a firm step, and a perfect manly bearing. He incessantly practised riding and hunting, according to the customary habits of his nation; for scarcely a nation existed upon earth that could rival the Franks in these arts. He was, besides, so skilful in swimming, that none could justly be said to surpass him.

* A staff or lance of iron has been preserved, which is said to give the exact height of Charlemagne; according to which he measured six feet three inches by the Rhenish measurement.

He enjoyed constant good health with the exception of during the four last years of his life, wherein he was frequently attacked by fever, which at last occasioned his slightly halting; and during these attacks he followed his own counsel rather than the advice of his physician, with whom he was much vexed, for they prohibited his eating roasted meat, which he considered the most wholesome of all. He was exceedingly temperate in eating and drinking, but most so in the latter, for he excessively abhorred drunkenness in any body, and not merely in himself and those about him. His daily meat consisted of four dishes only, exclusive of roast meat, which his jägers brought upon the spit, and which he preferred to all the rest. During his meals he listened with pleasure to the lute and singing, or to a reader, and particularly to the histories and deeds of ancient heroes. He also took much delight in the works of St. Augustine, especially his "City of God."

In summer he used, after dinner, to enjoy a little fruit, and to drink once; then to undress himself as he did at night, and to rest for three or four hours. His nights were very restless, not merely by being awake for three or four times, but he even got up, and thus interrupted his repose. During his toilet, not only were his friends admitted, but also if his Count Palatine had any appeal to present to him, which could not be decided without his hearing, he caused the disputants to be brought before him, and then investigated the affair and gave judgment.

His dress consisted of the national costume, and was but little different from that of the common people. He wore, next his skin, a linen shirt, over which a garment with a silken binder, and long trousers. His feet were enclosed in shoes, and in winter, for the protection of his shoulders and chest, he wore a waistcoat of otter skin. As upper garment, he wore a mantle, and was always girded by his sword, whose haft and defence were of gold and silver; he also sometimes wore a sword inlaid with jewels, but only on particular festivals, or when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. His raiment

was then of cloth of gold; and he wore a crown adorned with gold and precious stones. Foreign dress, even the most beautiful, he disliked, and would never be clothed in it, with the exception of at Rome, once at the birth of Pope Adrian, and another time at that of his successor, Leo, when he wore a long train, and broad mantle, and shoes made according to the Roman fashion.

King Charles possessed a rich and flowing eloquence, and whatever he wished, he expressed in the most concise manner. He did not content himself with his mother tongue alone, but applied himself industriously to the acquirement of foreign languages; among which, he was so perfect a master of the Latin, that he spoke it equally as well as his native tongue. Greek, however, he better understood than spoke; but he was certainly so proficient in it, that he could himself have become a teacher. The superior arts he practised zealously, and he much honoured and rewarded teachers. In learning grammar, he heard the venerable deacon, Peter of Pisa; in other sciences his instructor was Albin, with the surname Alcum, who was from Britain, of Saxon origin, and in every respect a learned man, with whom he took much trouble also, and became familiar with astronomy. He also endeavoured to write, and was accustomed to have tablets under his pillow in bed, that when he had time, he might practise his hand in the imitation of letters. But he succeeded very poorly in this so late commenced occupation.

The minster at Aix-la-Chapelle, which is of extreme beauty, is a monument of his love of the arts, and of his excessive piety, and which he caused to be ornamented with gold and silver; with windows, lattices, and doors of bronze. For its construction he caused pillars and marble to be brought from Rome and Ravenna, as he could not obtain it elsewhere.* His piety displayed itself in the support of the poor, and in gifts which he sent to distant lands across the sea, whenever he

* The Church of the Virgin Mary, and the Imperial Palace, are the first buildings of a German Prince with which we are acquainted.

heard that Christians were in need. Therefore it was, that he sought the friendship of princes ruling across the sea, that some portion of goodwill might be dispensed to the Christians living under their dominion. He thus maintained a friendship with Aaron, the King of the Persians, (Haroun al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad,) who possessed, excepting India, the whole East. When, therefore, his envoys were sent with presents to the holy grave of our Lord and Saviour, Haroun not only received them friendly, but, upon their return, he sent his own ambassador with them, who bore a present for the Emperor Charles, garments, spices, and the most choice of other eastern rarities, as some few years before he had sent him the only elephant he then possessed.

From another source we learn that the elephant, which was called Abulabag (the destroyer), by its monstrous and unexampled size amazed the whole world, and was Charles's especial favorite. And that among the presents was a costly tent, a clock made of tin with astonishing skill, upon which there was a hand moved by water during twelve hours with as many iron balls, which, when the hours were completed, fell upon a brass cup placed below, and by their fall indicated the hour, upon which mounted knights, according to the number of the hour, stepped out of twelve windows. Certainly, an extraordinary work for that period! Charles returned presents of Spanish horses, mules, and fresian mantles, which, in those countries, were very rare and expensive, and lastly, dogs unsurpassed for rapidity and ferocity, for hunting the lion and tiger.

We have previously related his friendly connexion with the Emperor in Constantinople, and with the princes of England and Scotland, and thus the impression of his personal greatness was reflected by his whole age, as well in the description of those who were about him, as in the veneration of distant nations, and his own grandson, Nithan, who has described the disputes of the son of Louis the Pious, says of him, very justly, "Charles, justly called by all nations the great Em-

peror, a man who rises so high above the human race of his age by every species of wisdom and virtue, that he appears to all equally terrible and amiable as well as equally admirable."

In the following generation, still filled with veneration for him, his portrait has become so eradiated by tradition and fiction, that his figure appears gigantically magnified. Thus is he described, for an example, in a low German legend, "The Emperor Charles was a handsome, tall, strong man, with powerful arms and legs; his face was a span and a half long, his beard a foot wide; his eyes appeared so bright to those whom he attentively looked at, that it was terrific; his strength was so great that with one hand he could raise a fully armed man above his head."

And an ancient Chronicle says of his expedition against King Desidereus: "When the Longobordian king observed, from his tower at Pavia, the whole Frankish army advancing against him, he sought the king in every rank. King Charles appeared at last upon his war-horse, which resembled iron both in courage and colour, he himself with a brazen helmet on his head, with iron armour on his arms and legs, and with a shining breast-plate over his breast and broad shoulders; in his left hand holding upright his iron spear, and his powerful right hand ready to grasp his sword; and when now Notker, a noble exiled by Charles, who stood near the king of the Longobards, pointed at him, and said, 'Behold, there is he whom thou hast sought,' Desidereus nearly fell, and sighed, 'Let us descend and conceal ourselves in the earth before the angry countenance of so powerful an enemy.'" As a testimony that the admiration excited by true greatness spreads far beyond the immediate period, and respects itself to the latest ages, in susceptible and warm minds, the judgment of a modern upon king Charles, may take its place here. "In the whole being of the great king is announced the original of his energetic age, full of manly, yet cheerful virtue. Combined with the exuberance of

power, which remodelled a whole world, there was united a mildness and gentleness, and with all his dignity and elevation, simplicity, purity of mind, and a profound fire of feeling were consorted. The mixture of severity, and childlike mildness in his deportment, was the mystery whereby he filled all at the same time with veneration and love; retaining a faithful adherence in them who had been severely provoked, which is exquisitely proved by the deed of the noble Frank, Isenbart, who, although deprived of all honour and possession by Charles, became, nevertheless, his manifested and sole saviour from real danger. There lay in the fire of his eye so much power, that a punishing glance prostrated the object, so that the words of Scripture might be applied to him: "The king, when he sits upon the throne of his Majesty, chases by a glance of his countenance every evil thing," whilst, in the thunder of his voice there was such force, that it struck to the earth whomsoever he addressed in anger; while again, on the contrary, his countenance reflected such unutterable hilarity, and his voice was of such delightful clearness, that a fabler calls him the joyful king of the Germans, and assures us, that he was always so full of every charm and gentleness, that he who came sorrowfully to him, by his mere look, and a few words, departed, excited and joyful. He was of that number of men in whose countenance the fulness of a tranquil and clear mind is reflected, and in all these outlines of his character is Charles the ideal of a German and a Prince, as in truth he may be called the father and creator of the German age, which he brought upon the stage of history, after it had attained ripeness and perfection in the womb of humanity; and it was not merely in his works, and external creation, that he founded the German age, but he bore it entire, with its greatness and simplicity, with its heroism in war, and friendship in peace, in his profound soul!

GOETHE, AS A PATRIOT.

GOETHE might have rendered himself as strong as Hercules in freeing his country from the filth it contains, but he merely procured for himself the golden apples of the Hesperides, of which he retained possession; and, satisfied with that, he placed himself at the feet of Omphale, where he remained stationary. How completely opposite was the course pursued by the great poets and orators of Italy, France, and England! *Dante*, a warrior, statesman, and diplomatist, beloved and hated, protected and persecuted, by mighty princes, remained withal unaffected by either, and sang and fought in the cause of justice. *Alfieri* was a nobleman, haughty and rich, and yet he panted up the hill of Parnassus, to proclaim from its summit universal freedom. *Montesquieu* was a servant of the state, and yet he sent forth his "Persian Letters," in which he mocked at courts, and his "Spirit of the Laws," wherein he exposed the defects of the French government. *Voltaire* was a courtier, but he only courted the great in smooth words, and never sacrificed his principles to them. He wore, it is true, a well-powdered wig, and was fond of lace ruffles, silk coats and stockings; but when he heard the cry of the persecuted, he did not hesitate to wade through the mud to their rescue, and with his own ennobled hands snatch from the scaffold the unjustly condemned victim. *Rousseau*, was a poor, sickly beggar, and needed aid, but he was not seduced by tender care; neither could friendship, even from the great, produce a change in his principles. He continued proud and free, and died in poverty. *Milton*, whilst

engaged in the composition of his divine poetry, forgot not, though in poverty, the necessities of his fellow-citizens, but laboured for liberty and right. Such men were also *Swift*, *Byron*, &c., and such are, at the present moment, *Moore*, *Campbell*, and others. But how has *Goethe* exhibited himself to his countrymen and to the world? As the citizen of a free city, he merely recollected that he was the grandson of a mayor, who, at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, was allowed to hold the temporary office of Chamberlain. As the child of honest and respectable parents, he was delighted when once a dirty boy in the street called him a bastard, and wandered forth in imagination (the imagination of a *future poet*) the son of some prince, questioning himself as to *which* he might perchance belong. Thus he *was*, and thus he *remained*. Not once has he ever advanced a poor solitary word in his country's cause—he, who from the lofty height which he had attained, might have spoken out what none other but himself could dare to pronounce. Some few years since, he petitioned “their high and highest Mightinesses” of the German Confederation, to grant his writings their all-powerful protection against piracy; but he did not remember to include in his prayer an extension of the same privilege to his literary contemporaries. Ere I would have allowed my fingers to pen thus a prayer for my *individual* right, and *that* only, I would have permitted them to be lamed and maimed by the ruler's edge, like a school-boy!

BÖRNE.

THE
SWISS CONFEDERATION:

W I L L I A M T E L L.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES
OF
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY MÜCHLER.

THE
SWISS CONFEDERATION:

WILLIAM TELL.

THE cry of war soon resounded throughout the country, from Soleure to lake Lemman. Such of the barons and counts as were in alliance with the emperor (Albert), and cherished the greatest hostility towards the towns and their growing power, advanced to the attack of Bern. The brave citizens, however, supported by an auxiliary force from Soleure and other places, under the command of the veteran Ulrich of Erlach, totally defeated the superior force of the enemy in the battle of Donnersbüchel, taking and destroying afterwards many of the castles and fortresses belonging to the nobles; exploits which gained for the town a brilliant celebrity throughout Helvetia.

On this the Emperor himself advanced into the country, and encamped on a hill opposite to Zurich, from whence he could command a view of every part of the town. The citizens, however, although prepared to offer a vigorous resistance, refused to shut their gates, but sent to inform him of their readiness to acknowledge him Emperor, provided he consented to recognize their rights and liberties. Conscious that he had brought with him no battering train to prosecute a siege, and perceiving so numerous an armed force within the town—for even the women had taken up arms—Albert abandoned his hostile intentions, and confirmed the independence and rights of the city. As to the confederates of the Waldstetten, he communicated to them his desire of seeing them affectionate

children to his royal house, and that they would best consult their own interests by placing themselves as faithful subjects under the protection of Austria. He dispatched Hermann Gessler, of Brunegg, and Beringer, knight of Landenberg, who, contrary to the custom of the imperial governors, immediately took up their abode in the country; the latter at the royal castle near Sarnen in Obwalden, and the former at a fortress erected by himself in the territory of Uri. The tolls were now raised, the most venial fault punished with imprisonment and the severest penalties, and the people treated with haughty insolence and contempt.

Once, as Gessler was riding past the newly-built house of Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, he scornfully exclaimed, "Is it to be endured that the clownish class of peasants should erect such handsome houses?" On another occasion, when Arnold Anderhalden, of Melchthal, in the territory of Unterwalden, was sentenced for some trivial offence to forfeit a yoke of fine oxen, a servant of Landenberg's unyoked the oxen himself from the plough, remarking, "that boors ought to draw their own ploughs." This language so incensed young Arnold, that he levelled a blow at the man, which broke two of his fingers, and then immediately fled into the mountains. To revenge this offence, an order was issued by Landenberg, by which the aged father of Arnold was sentenced to have both his eyes put out.

On the other hand, those who became the partisans of the governors, and were subservient in every thing to their wills, received marks of favour and indulgence, and were declared in every contested matter to be in the right. The immediate patronage of these petty despots, however, did not in every case shield those who presumed to avail themselves of it, for wicked and criminal purposes. Thus, when the governor of the castle, situated in the island of Schwanau, in the lake of Lowerz, had dishonoured a young girl of good family in Arth, the brothers avenged her wrong by putting him to death. In like manner, when the young Lord of Wolfenschiess, in Un-

terwalden, the friend of Landenberg, saw the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten, at Alzellen, and finding her husband was absent, desired, in the most revolting terms, that she would prepare him a bath, she called her husband from the fields, and having related to him what had passed, he sacrificed to his rage the licentious young noble whilst still in the bath. Thus, as equity and public justice had vanished, every man became the avenger of his own wrongs, a system which must ever lead to the greatest mischief and disorders.

Whilst the people of Waldstetten were thus humbled and groaning beneath the yoke of their haughty oppressors, the wife of Werner Stauffacher, of the village of Steinen, addressed him one day in these words:—"How long shall arrogance triumph and humility weep? Shall foreigners become masters of the land, and heirs to our property? What avails it that our mountains are inhabited by men? Are we mothers to suckle sons doomed to become beggars, and bring up our daughters as slaves to foreigners? This cannot be!" Immediately, and without reply, Stauffacher set forward to Brunnen, traversed the lake, and arriving in the territory of Uri, proceeded to the house of Walter Fürst at Attinghausen, where he found, in concealment, Arnold of Melchthal, who had escaped across the mountains from the rage of Landenberg.

They discoursed on the degraded and miserable condition of their country, and of the revolting cruelty of the foreign governors, whom the Emperor had sent amongst them contrary to their hereditary rights and privileges; called to mind the vain complaints they had made to the sovereign of the crimes of his representatives, who had not only turned a deaf ear to their grievances, but threatened to sever them from the empire, and to place them under the dominion of Austria; they reasoned that even death was less intolerable than the continuance of so ignominious a yoke. They came to the resolution, therefore, that each should communicate with the trusty and courageous within his own canton, and sound the opinions and dispositions of the people, with a view of discover-

ing what efforts they were willing to make, to re-establish security and independence.

After this conference they often assembled at concerted hours at night, in a secret place on the borders of the lake of Lucern, the central point of the cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwyz ; forming a narrow meadow surrounded with thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite to the little village of Brunnen. This spot, called from the clearing and up-rooting of the trees, Rutli or Grutli, was remote from every habitation. They soon brought to each other the joyful intelligence that the people were unanimous in preferring death to the ignominious yoke which oppressed them.

On assembling, in the night of the 17th of November, 1307, when each of them brought with him to the meadow of Rutli ten true and brave confederates—men who valued the ancient liberties of their country far beyond their lives—the brave three, with hands uplifted towards the starry firmament, swore before him, in whose eyes kings and peasants are equal, faithfully to live and die for the rights of their injured country ; to undertake all for the common good ; to endure no wrong, and avoid committing any ; to respect the rights and property of the Count of Habsburg ; to prevent the imperial governors from completing the ruin of their native land, but to offer no injury to any of them. The other thirty, in like manner, with outstretched hands, joined in the oath to God and the Saints, manfully to assert their freedom. After having fixed upon the night of the new year to begin their enterprise, they separated.

Meanwhile the evil conscience of the Hermann Gessler did not allow him entire repose. He thought he perceived that the people walked abroad with more confidence, and carried in their looks a haughtier expression. With a view, therefore, of clearing up his doubts and suspicions, he caused the ducal hat of Austria to be fixed on a pole in the territory of Uri, and commanded that every one should honour it by bowing as he passed before it : by this de-

vice he hoped to discover who were the enemies of Austria.

It happened that William Tell, the cross-bowman of Burglen, and one of the men of Grutli, passed before this symbol of Austrian tyranny, but without paying the required homage. He was instantly seized and conducted to the governor, who, incensed at his hardihood, addressed him in these words—“Know, audacious bowman, that thy own art shall serve to punish thee:—thou art sentenced to shoot from off thy own son’s head an apple—take thy aim and miss it not.”

The boy having been bound, and an apple placed on his head, they led Tell to a considerable distance off;—he took his aim—the twang of the bow-string was heard—the joyful shouts of the people proclaimed that the arrow had hit the apple. Gessler, however, turning to Tell, said:—“Why hast thou brought with thee a second arrow?” “If the first,” replied he, “had not hit the apple, the second would hardly have missed thy heart.”

Alarmed at this intrepid reply, the governor had the bowman seized, and conducted on board a boat for Kussnacht, whither he intended also to proceed, for he did not deem it advisable to imprison Tell in the territory of Uri, on account of the people; and to drag him away to prison in a foreign country was contrary to the established laws of the land. The governor, apprehensive, therefore, of a rising among the people, lost no time in embarking, notwithstanding it was blowing a strong gale. The surface of the lake was broken into great chasms, and the foaming waves dashed over the boat so violently that all on board were filled with dismay. The further they advanced, the more imminent the danger grew; for the shores of the lake are formed by rocks so precipitous and lofty, that, like walls, they seem to rise from the water perpendicularly to the clouds. Gessler, overcome by their perilous situation, and knowing Tell’s skill as a boatman, ordered his chains to be taken off, and the management of the bark to be given to him. Tell now steered for the bare and

rugged declivity of Axenberg, where a ledge of rock projects a few paces into the lake. Arrived at this spot, he sprang from the boat, which instantly drifted down the lake.

Thus delivered from his danger, he clambered up the rocks and fled across the territory of Schwyz: but soon, with anguished heart, he demanded of himself,—“Whither shall I fly from the tyrant’s rage? If I escape his malice, has he not a hostage in my wife and children, whom I leave behind? Where is the tribunal before which I can summon the tyrant, when the king himself no longer hearkens to the cries of a whole people? Since, then, the laws are become a dead letter, since there is none to judge between thee and me, then, Gessler, are we both free of all law, save that of self-preservation and defence!”

Such were the thoughts which agitated the breast of Tell, when, hastening, armed with bow and arrow, to Kussnacht, concealing himself in a hollow, close to that place, he awaited the approach of the governor. He came—and the hissing bowstring conveyed the arrow of freedom to the tyrant’s heart.

Cries of joy, not unmingled with terror, pervaded the whole country at the tidings of the oppressor’s death. The exploit of Tell infused new courage into every breast:—new year’s night, however, was not yet arrived.

The eventful moment at length appeared. It was then that one of the young men, who had taken the oath at Grutli, repaired to the castle of Rossberg in Obwalden, to visit a young girl to whom he was betrothed, and who, by means of a rope, drew him from the castle-moat into her apartment. Twenty others, however, were concealed beneath, and he had no sooner gained admittance than he drew them up by the same means. When they were all within the castle, they immediately made themselves masters of the governor and his servants, and took possession of the entire castle.

As soon as it was day, Landenberg left the royal castle of Sarnen, in order to repair to mass. On his way he was met

by twenty men from Unterwalden, bearing the customary new-year's presents. The governor having graciously bid them enter the castle, they had no sooner arrived under the gate than one of them blew his horn, upon which the rest drew forth well sharpened irons, which they fastened on their staves, and proceeded to seize the castle, whilst thirty others, concealed in a neighbouring alder-wood, advanced to their support. Landenberg, terrified, fled across the meadows to Alpnach, but being soon retaken, he was made to swear, with all his retainers, to quit for ever the territory of Waldstetten. He was then permitted to depart for Lucern, without injury having been offered to any one, and immediately afterwards bonfires were seen blazing along the Alps.

In the meantime Stauffacher, accompanied by the men of Schwyz, proceeded to the lake of Lowerz, where they demolished the castle of Schwanau, whilst those of Uri advanced against the fortress of Gessler, which they seized.

Again the Alps proclaimed with their blazing fires the new-year of liberty !

PERSONAL ANECDOTES

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

To a mind like that of Frederick, those trifles, to which etiquette attaches value, were by no means suitable; he therefore often treated with ridicule the empty ceremonies and formalities dictated by custom. When on taking the reins of government, he journeyed into Prussia to receive the homage of his subjects, the Marquis d'Argens was obliged to accompany him. When arrived in Berlin, he thus addressed the Marquis:—"Tell me, Marquis, how one ought to act at such homage-ceremony; you have witnessed enough of such scenes in France, and must therefore know something of it?" Upon which the Marquis entered into the necessary details. On the day of homage, and when the king was about to sit on the throne, it was perceived by the Marquis that he wore a dress sword, a circumstance which he whispered to the King, saying, that he ought to have a more imposing weapon buckled to his side. "But where can we get the one you describe in time?" asked the King.

"If that cannot be procured," replied the Marquis, "your Majesty must exchange the one you have for the sabre of one of your officers," which was done forthwith.

After the ceremony was concluded, the King turned to the Marquis, and said, "Well, Marquis, have I managed the affair pretty well?"

"O yes, please your Majesty—but—there was one that did it better still."

“Indeed! And pray who was he?” demanded the King.

“Louis the XVth,” returned the Marquis.

“Hum—but I know one that performed his task still better,” exclaimed Frederick.

“And he was——” inquired the Marquis—

“The most talented actor of our stage, Mr. Baron!”

Shortly after Frederick succeeded to the throne, one of his favorites, whom he had with him whilst Crown Prince, was intoxicated with joy at the happy prospect held out to him. Full of this idea, he sat down and wrote as follows to a friend at Paris:—“At length, dear T—, our beloved master has ascended the throne of his ancestors. Hasten, my dear fellow, to Berlin; you will most certainly make your fortune, and here only gaiety and enjoyment of every kind await your presence;” adding a description of the jovial scenes they would then mutually share in their sovereign’s society. Meantime, the king happened to enter the room, which the writer, absorbed in his correspondence, had not observed. His royal master having perused the document over the author’s shoulder, seized it up suddenly, and tearing it into pieces, scattered the fragments on the ground, and exclaimed in a tone of severe indignation: “What does this composition mean! These sort of fooleries have now, sir, reached their climax!”

Immediately after succeeding to the throne, he commanded that in all the prayers of the church, whenever he was introduced with the empty, worldly, high sounding titles in ordinary use, such should be abolished, and instead thereof be substituted the following simple form of prayer:—“We recommend to thee, Oh, God, our king, thy servant.”

In the course of a journey, which Frederick once made into Holland, quite *incognito*, giving himself out as a musician,

he arrived at a small inn in Amsterdam, celebrated for the rich cakes produced there. Feeling a desire to taste one, he commanded his travelling companion and aid-de-camp, Colonel von Balby, to order one of the landlady. The Colonel obeyed the command, but the landlady, rather suspicious of her plainly-dressed guests, measured him from top to toe, and exclaimed: "It is all very well for you to order it, but, pray sir, can you pay for it? Do you know that such a cake as you order, will cost more than three pounds?" To this the Colonel replied, by assuring her, that the gentleman with whom he travelled was immensely rich, that he played the flute so beautifully, that whenever he performed in public a considerable sum of money was collected in a very short time.

"Indeed! Aye, then," said the landlady, "I must certainly hear him." Upon which she hurried on before the Colonel to the king's chamber and said very politely, "I understand, sir, that you can play a tune very well; oblige me by warbling something for me to hear!" Frederick could not imagine what she meant, but the Colonel explaining to him in French the origin of this singular request, he laughed, and seizing his instrument from the table, played in such a masterly style that the listener was struck with admiration, and when, to her sorrow, he ceased, she exclaimed, "Bravo! I see, sir, you can indeed whistle very well, and I dare say can earn a few pence. Well, you shall have your cake!"

In 1752, an Englishman was received at court; he possessed an extraordinary memory, and after some fifty, nay a hundred pages of a work had been read to him, he could forthwith repeat the whole, word for word, from recollection. Frederick was much struck with this man's gift of memory, and putting it one evening to the proof, found by the result a confirmation of the statement. It was just at this moment, that Voltaire sent to ask, if his Majesty had half an hour's leisure time to hear him read to him a poem he had

just completed? The king, struck with the request coming so *apropos*; determined upon passing a joke at that vain man's expense, and sent a reply in the affirmative. He ordered the Englishman to take his station behind a screen, and requested him to treasure up in his memory every line and word that Voltaire might recite. The great poet arrived, and read through the whole of his verses with great declamation and evident self-satisfaction. The king listened with apparent coolness and indifference, and then said: "Why, I must candidly confess, my dear Voltaire, that it strikes me you appropriate as your *own* the production of others! I have noticed it more than once before. This poem is again another instance." His indignation at being thought a plagiarist produced upon Voltaire's countenance, always a subject for the caricaturist, an expression more than usually harsh and bitter. He expressed himself highly offended and mortified; his Majesty had been misled by his treacherous memory to commit a great error, and he had acted with still greater injustice.

"But how if I prove to you that these verses are by an Englishman, how then?"

"All that your Majesty may bring forward in contradiction, all assurances are for me but empty words, for I can disprove all and every thing!" Upon this, Frederick ordered the Englishman (who had just before glided away from his screen into the next room) to be brought back. He was commanded by the king to recite again the verses he had shortly before repeated, and accordingly gave Voltaire's poem word for word, without a single omission. Almost mad with rage, the poet rose and exclaimed, "Heaven! destroy with your thunder this robber of my verses! Here is some magic in play which will drive me to desperation!" With these words he rushed out in the greatest agitation.

Frederick was delighted with this mystification, a proof how little he esteemed at heart Voltaire and the other Frenchmen he had about him.

The King having observed that his surgeon, *Sharp*, who usually bled him, had become rather agitated and tremulous whenever he was required to perform that operation, was desirous of discharging him, and engaging some other person instead. Accordingly, he desired the attendance of another, who had been recommended to him. Frederick asked him, directly, his name. "Are you Mr. V—?"

"Yes, please your Majesty?"

"Well. Now listen to me. I will engage you to bleed me; but take notice, that you must treat me just the same as one of my soldiers, for in this point we are all the same; and if you betray fear in bleeding me, you cannot possibly succeed. Do you now understand me?" The surgeon replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, now come and give a specimen." The doctor bound the arm of the king, but his lancet produced no blood from it.

"Do you see, now," said the king, mildly, "you were frightened? Come, try again, but without fear." This time the blood came.

"You see what fear produces," said the king, smiling. "You shall always bleed me; but remember, let me have no trembling nor timidity. I warn you of this, once and for all."

An Englishman of rank, and great wealth, having requested to be permitted to serve in the campaign of 1757, as a volunteer, Frederick granted his wish, and the noble recruit arrived, in a splendid carriage, and attended by several servants; in fact, displaying an unusual lavishness of expense and luxury. He received, however, no mark of distinction, and very little, or no attention, being generally stationed in the waggon-train. He bore no part in any engagement, much less in any battle, and had to experience the mortification of not sharing in the victorious action of Rossbach. He had often sent a written complaint to the king, but without any effect; at length he

had an opportunity of doing so in person, when Frederick replied :

“Your style of living, sir, is not the fashion in my army ; in fact, it is highly offensive and objectionable. Without the greatest moderation, it is impossible to learn to bear the fatigues which accompany every war, and if you cannot determine to submit to the strict discipline of my troops, I would advise you, in a friendly way, to return to England.”

In the fortified camp near Bunzelwitz, Frederick shared in all the fatigues and sufferings of his common soldiers. Many nights he slept on one of the batteries, reposing upon a bundle of straw amongst his men. One night he rose, and thoughtfully proceeded, with General Ziethen, between the lines of watch-fires, around which his worn-out men were sleeping. One trooper, however, was busy baking a cake, made of bacon and flour. The fragrant smell reached the king's nose, and he addressed the soldier in a friendly tone, “That cake, comrade, smells very good !”

“I believe you,” was the man's answer, without looking up, “but you won't catch any more than a *smell* of it !”

“For Heaven's sake,” exclaimed one or two of his comrades, who had started up at the king's voice, “What are you about? Don't you see it is the king !” The soldier, believing they were only joking, still attending to his cake, without allowing himself to be interrupted, said, “Ha ! ha ! well and suppose it really was the king, what does that matter !”

“We shan't be invited to supper here to-night,” said Frederick to Ziethen, “So we will go on !”

Once, Frederick marched at the head of the grenadiers of his guards until late at night. At length he made halt, dismounted, and said, “Grenadiers, it is cold to-night ! Come, light a fire !” He wrapped his blue mantle around him, and seated himself upon some bundles of wood, whilst his grenadiers laid themselves down around him. At length General Ziethen came up, and sat himself down next to the king.

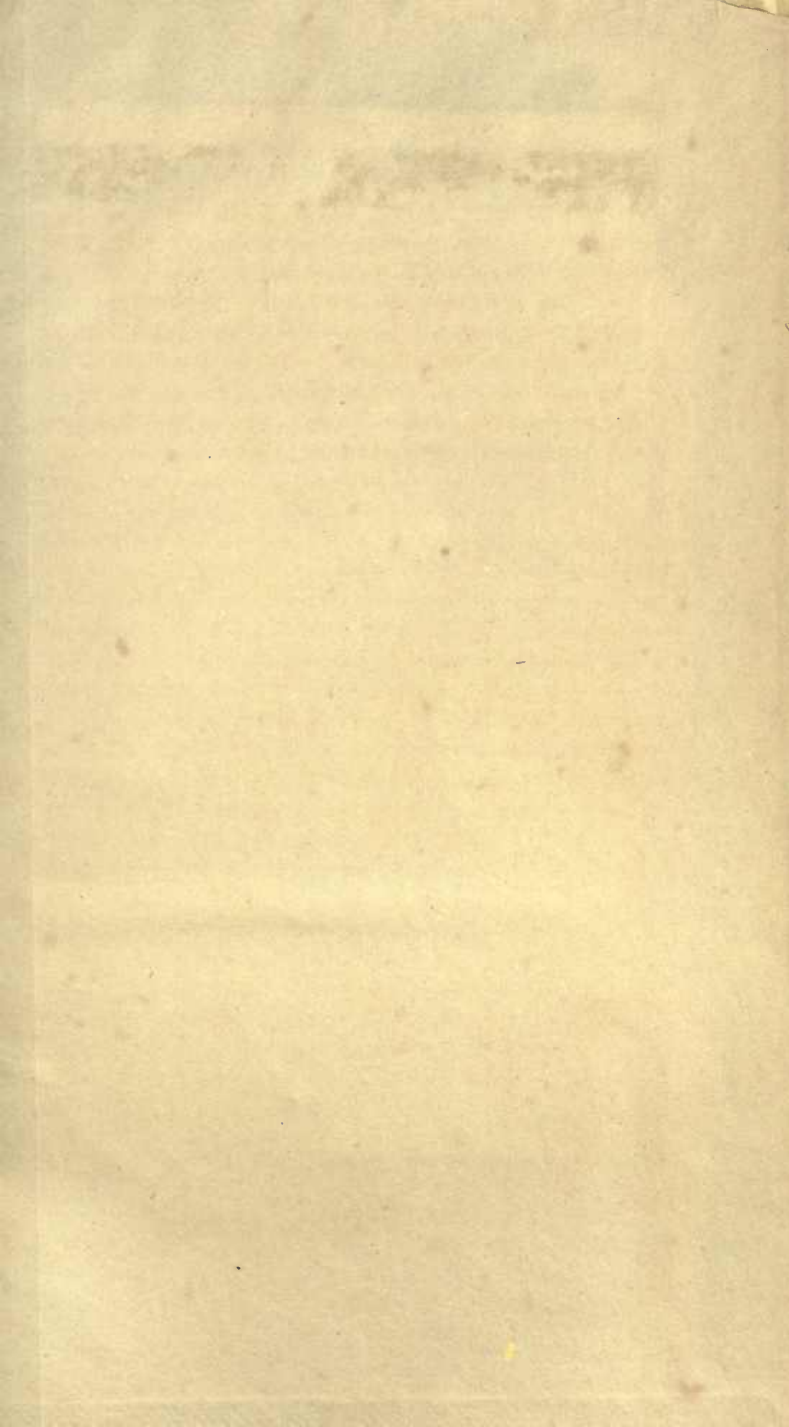
Both, extremely tired and worn out, soon fell asleep; the king, however, was the first to awake, and observing that Ziethen in his sleep had slipped from off the bundle of wood, and a grenadier was replacing it under his head, exclaimed softly, "Ah, the old man is indeed tired!" Just afterwards another grenadier, only half awake, sprung up, and proceeding to light his pipe, happened to touch against Ziethen's foot. Frederick rose up suddenly, and holding up his finger to the soldier, said, in a whisper, "Hush, Grenadier! take care, don't wake up Ziethen, he is tired enough! Let him sleep; he has watched long and often enough for us!"

During the retreat from Bohemia in 1778, the regiment of *Von Thiina* covered the rear, and suffered much from the attacks of the Austrians. Frederick followed in the ranks of this regiment, in order to observe with more certainty the movements of the enemy. The Colonel, Von Sydow, whom the King much esteemed as a brave and zealous officer, having received a shot in the arm, he rode up to him directly, and said, "My brave Sydow, I see you are wounded; pray retire directly and have your wound dressed. I will take your place for the present, and be assured, during your absence, all shall be done the same as if you were here in person!"

The King, whilst staying in Potsdam, in 1786, felt himself very feeble, and taking advantage of one fine spring day, he had himself conveyed upon the lawn to enjoy the warm rays of the sun. Having thus reposed for a short time, he observed that both the centinels stationed there retained the whole of the time the position they had taken on his first appearance, according to the rules of the service, standing there like two statues. He made a sign to one of them to come to him, and said, in a kind and benignant tone, "You are free to walk up and down your appointed distance; you cannot remain so long standing, as I find it easy to sit on one spot."

In his last illness Frederick displayed great mildness and patience, and acknowledged with gratitude the trouble and pain he caused those around him. During one sleepless night, he called to the page keeping watch in the room, and asked him what o'clock it was? The man replied, it had just struck two. "Ah, then it is still too soon!" exclaimed the King, "but I cannot sleep! See whether any of the other attendants are awake, but do not disturb them if they are still sleeping, for, poor fellows, they are tired enough. But if you find Neumann (his favourite Yäger) awaking, say to him, you believe the King wishes soon to rise. But mind, do not awake any one!"

THE END.



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

OL OCT 16 1995

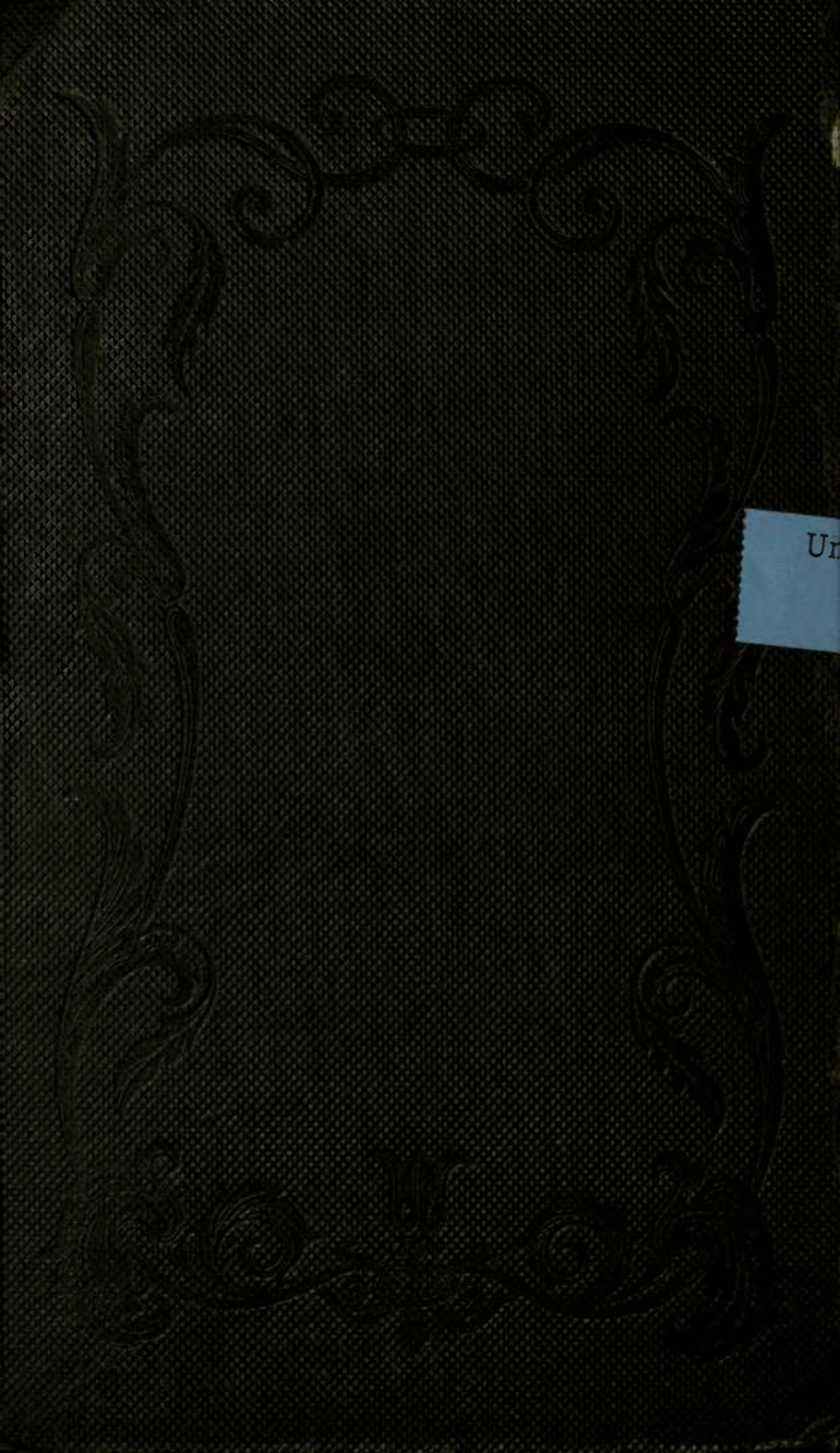
REC'D LD-URL

'JAN 16 1996

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 108 776 6



Un