

success of thy love, and its ratification on honorable terms. I have kept my promise, and I renew it. I am about to pray again to the All Powerful, that He will grant thy prayers, and that mine shall not stand at variance with thine. Wilt thou not then join with me in this solemn hour, which perhaps shall decide in heaven the fate of thy love here on earth? O, then, my noble son, whom the Lord has given grace to retain all thy virtues, in spite of the trials to which he has subjected thy former faith—thou, whom I have seen in thy early infancy kneeling by my side on thy mother's tomb, and praying, like a young-eyed angel, to that Sovereign Master, whom thou hadst not then learned to doubt—wilt thou refuse to lift thy voice to Him this day, that mine may not be useless?"

"My father," replied Albert, clasping him in his arms; "if our faith differ as to forms and dogmas, our souls will forever be agreed on the existence of a divine and eternal principle. You serve a God of wisdom and of goodness, an ideal of perfection, of knowledge, and of justice, whom I never have ceased to adore. O, thou crucified Divinity," he cried, kneeling beside his father before the image of the Redeemer; "Thou whom men adore as the Word, and whom I revere as the noblest and most perfect specimen of universal love among us, listen to my prayer, Thou whose thoughts dwell eternally in God and in us! Bless our just instincts and upright endeavors! Pity the perversity which is triumphant, and sustain the innocence which resists. Let that come of my happiness which God will! But oh, incarnate Deity, let thy influence direct and encourage those hearts which have no other strength and no other consolation than thy sojourn, and thy example here on earth."

CHAPTER LXIII.

ANZOLETO pursued his route to Prague wholly to no purpose; for no sooner had she given the guide the false instructions, which she considered necessary to the success of her enterprise, than Consuelo struck into a cross-road, which she knew, from having traversed it twice in a carriage with the baroness Amelia, when going to the neighboring chateau of Taus. That chateau was the farthest point to which the few excursions that she had made from Riesenberg, had extended. Therefore, the aspect of that district, and the direction of the roads had occurred to her, so soon as she had conceived the idea of flight. She remembered that, while walking on the terrace of the castle, the lady to whom it belonged had said to her, while she was pointing out the vast extent of beautiful country, which was to be seen stretching out to the horizon—"that fine road, with an avenue of trees, which you see below there, and which fades out of sight on the horizon, joins the great Southern Road, and it is by it that we go to Vienna." Consuelo, with that direction and clear recollection on her mind, was certain of not losing her way, and of regaining the road by which she had herself entered Bohemia, at no inordinate distance. She reached the park of Biela—skirted the walls of the park—discovered, without much difficulty, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, the road with its avenue of trees, and before day broke had suc-

ceeded in setting between herself and the place which she wished to leave behind, a space of at least three leagues as the crow flies. Young, healthy, active, and accustomed from her childhood to long walks, supported, moreover, by an energetic will, she saw the day dawn without having experienced the least fatigue. The heaven was serene,—the roads dry, and covered with smooth soft sand. The gallop of the horse, to which she was not accustomed, had shaken her a good deal; but it is well known that foot exercise in such cases is better than rest, and that with energetic temperaments, one kind of weariness is the cure for the other. Nevertheless, as the stars began to pale in the skies and the twilight grew clearer and clearer, she began to feel alarmed at her loneliness. She had been perfectly composed and at her ease during the darkness—for constantly on thorns from the apprehension of being pursued, she knew that she was always safe, through her power of concealing herself before she should be discovered. But now that it was day, having to traverse wide tracts of open country, she did not dare to follow the beaten track, the rather that she saw groups in all directions afar off, scattered like small black points along the whitish line which the road described, by its contrast with the dark country over which it ran. At so short a distance from Riesenberg she might be recognized by the first passer-by, and she determined to turn into a path, which looked as if it would shorten her road, by cutting off at right angles a circuit, which the causeway here made around a hill.—She walked thus for nearly an hour without meeting any person, and entered a woody piece of ground, in which she felt now that she should be able to conceal herself from prying eyes. "If I could gain a start of eight or ten leagues thus without being discovered, I should then walk at my ease along the high road, and on the first opportunity, I could hire a carriage and horses."

This thought made her put her hand into her purse, to calculate how much money remained to her, after her liberal payment of the guide, who had brought her from Riesenberg, for the prosecution of her long and difficult journey. She had not taken time to reflect coolly, and it is doubtful whether, if she had made all the reflections which prudence should have suggested, she would ever have resolved on this adventurous flight. But what was her consternation and surprise at perceiving that her slender purse was much lighter than she had imagined. In her haste, she had either carried away but half the small sum which she possessed, or in the confusion and darkness, she had paid the guide gold instead of silver. So that, after counting and recounting her coins without being able to deceive herself on the trivial sum which they contained, she came to the conviction that she could reach Vienna only by travelling the whole way on foot.

This discovery at first discouraged her not a little, not so much on account of the fatigue, which she did not fear, but of the dangers which, to a young woman, are inseparable from a long journey on foot. This fear, which she had hitherto overcome by saying to herself that she would soon shelter herself from all the dangers of the high road by taking a carriage, began to address her louder than she had expected during the first excitement of her overwrought ideas; and, as if overcome for the first time in her life by the consciousness of her poverty and weakness, she began to walk as quickly as she could, seeking the shade of the deepest coppices, as if in these she could find an asylum from her uneasiness. To increase her distress, she soon found that

she was following no regularly beaten track, and that she was wandering at hazard through a wood which was becoming at every step thicker and thicker. If the dead solitude of the place, in some respects, relieved her fears, the uncertainty of her direction alarmed her on another point,—for she might be unconsciously returning on her steps and drawing nearer to the Giants' Castle. Anzoleto might be there still; a suspicion, an accident, a thought of vengeance against Albert, might any of them have retained him? And again, had she not reason to fear Albert himself, in the first moments of his surprise and despair? Consuelo was well satisfied that he would submit himself to her decision, but if she were to be seen in the vicinity of the castle, and if the young count were to hear of her being within reach, would he not hasten to her with the hope of bringing her back by his tears and supplications? Would it be just, then, to expose this noble youth, his family, nay, even her own pride, to the ridicule of an enterprise undertaken only to fail as quickly? Moreover, it was not unlikely that Anzoleto would return in a few days, and bring back that inextricable confusion of embarrassments and dangers, which she had severed by a bold and generous stroke of decision. It was better, therefore, to brave all, and expose herself to all, than to return to Riesenbergh.

Determined then to make her way to Vienna at all hazards, she stopped at a shadowy and solitary spot, where a living spring gushed out from among umbrageous trees and moss-grown rocks. The soil around was pouched, and cut up by the footmarks of many animals. Was it that the flocks of the neighborhood, or the beasts of the forest came, from time to time, to quench their thirst at that secluded spring? Consuelo drew nigh to it, and, kneeling on the damp stone, drank joyfully of that clear and ice-cold water. Then, remaining on her bended knees, she meditated for a little while on her situation. "I am very foolish," she thought, "and very vain, if I cannot accomplish what I have set out to do. What, then, has the daughter of my mother become so effeminate by the luxuries of life, that she dare not encounter the heat of the sun, hunger, fatigue, or danger? Are these, then, all my dreams and longings after poverty and freedom, when in the midst of wealth, which seemed only to oppress me, and from which I longed to extricate myself? And am I now terror-stricken at the first step I have taken? Is not this the trade to which I was born—to travel, to dare, and to suffer?" and what is then changed about me since the days when I used to wander with my mother, often ahungered, quenching our thirst in the little wayside fountains, and gaining strength from the draught? What dangers did I fear with my mother? Was she not wont to say to me when we met ominous-looking characters, 'Fear nothing. Those who possess nothing, nothing threatens, and the miserable war not upon the miserable?' Courage, then, courage! I will on; for this day, I have nothing to fear but hunger. I will not, therefore, this day enter a cottage to beg bread, until I shall be far, far away, and night shall have covered the earth. A day will be passed speedily. When it becomes hot, and my limbs wax faint, I will recall to mind that axiom of philosophy which I have heard so often in my childhood—'he who sleeps, dines.' I will hide myself in some hollow of the rocks, and then shall see my poor mother, who watchest over me now, and voyagist by my side, invisible, that I still know how to take my siesta on the bare earth without a pillow. Courage. I will on!"

And as she spoke, Consuelo tried to rise; but, after three or four attempts to leave that wild and lovely spring, the sweet murmur of which seemed to invite repose, the sleep which she had purposed to defer, until afternoon crept upon her heavy eyelids, and hunger, which she was not so much accustomed to endure as she imagined, increased her sense of exhaustion. She strove to disguise this from herself in vain. She had eaten scarce anything on the previous evening: anxiety and agitation had conquered her appetite. A veil now seemed to be drawn over her eyes—a chill and heavy perspiration broke out on her languid limbs, and, without being conscious of it, she yielded gradually to weariness; and, while in the very act of forming a resolution to arise at once and proceed on her journey, her frame surrendered itself to the necessity of sleep—her head fell back on her little travelling bag, and she fell sound asleep on the grass.

The sun, red and hot, as he is seen sometimes in the summer skies of Bohemia, climbed the heavens gaily; the fountain bubbled over its pebbles, as if it would have lulled the slumber of the wayfarer with its monotonous song, and the birds fluttered from twig to twig singing their lively strains above her unconscious head.

 CHAPTER LXIV.

It was nearly three o'clock before the forgetful girl awoke, nor then until another sound than that of the fountain, and the merry birds disturbed her from her lethargy. She half opened her eyes, without having as yet the power to arise, and saw, scarce two paces from her, a man bending over the spring and drinking as she had done but a short time before, without more ceremony than merely applying his lips to the stream. Consuelo's first feeling was of alarm, but the second glance which she cast upon the intruder on her privacy, removed her apprehensions. For, whether he had observed the features of the fair traveller at his leisure before she awoke, or whether he took no care about her, it is certain that he seemed to take but little notice of her. Beside, he was in fact rather a boy than a man. He seemed to be about fifteen, or at most sixteen years of age—was small for his years, tawny and sun-burned, and his face, which was neither handsome nor the reverse, showed nothing at that moment but quiet indifference.

By an instinctive movement, Consuelo drew her veil over her features, and made no alteration in her position, thinking that, if the traveller should pay no more attention to her than he at this moment seemed disposed to do, it would be the better way to feign sleep, and to avoid embarrassing questions. Through her veil, however, she could distinctly see all his movements, expecting momentarily to see him take up his knapsack, and proceed on his way.

Soon, however, she saw that he intended to rest a while also, and even to break his fast; for he opened his wallet, took out of it a large piece of brown bread, which he proceeded to cut, and eat with a hearty appetite. While doing this, he cast, from time to time, a shy and deferential glance on the fair sleeper, and took special care not to awaken her suddenly, as appeared by the gentleness with which he

losed the spring of his clasp-knife. This mark of deference restored complete confidence to Consuelo, and the sight of the bread, which her companion was eating with such a relish, turned her thoughts to her own hunger. After having satisfied herself, by an examination of the boy's disordered dress, and dusty shoes, that he was a poor country traveller, she took it into her head that he was an unexpected aid sent to her by Providence, by whom she was bound to profit. The piece of bread was beyond what he could need; and, without limiting his own appetite, he could easily spare her a portion. She arose, therefore, and affecting to draw her hand across her eyes, as if she had just awakened, and look at the boy with a steady and assured eye, as if to influence him should he show any signs of altering the respectful demeanor he had thus far shown her. But of this precaution there was no need. For so soon as he saw her standing up, the boy was at first a little embarrassed, lowered his eyes, and after raising them and letting them fall several times in succession, at length, encouraged by the kind and sympathizing expression of Consuelo's face, in spite of all her desire to keep it grave, he ventured to address her in a voice so gentle and harmonious, that the young *cantatrice* was involuntarily predisposed in his favor. "Well, mademoiselle," he said, with a smile, "so you are awake at last? You were sleeping there so comfortably, that, if it had not been for the fear of seeming impertinent, I should have done as much myself."

"You are as obliging as you are polite," said Consuelo, assuming a sort of maternal tone towards him. "You shall do me a little service, if you will."

"Whatever you please," said the young wayfarer, to whom Consuelo's voice appeared no less agreeable than his had been to her.

"You shall sell me a little portion of your breakfast," said Consuelo, "if you can spare it."

"Sell it to you!" cried the boy, astonished, and blushing deeply. "Oh! if I had a breakfast, I would not sell it to you! I am not an inn-keeper, but I would offer it, and give it to you."

"You will give to me, then, on condition that I give you enough to procure a better breakfast?"

"No indeed! no indeed!" replied he. "You are joking, I suppose; or are you too proud to accept a poor bit of bread from me; you see that I have nothing else to offer."

"Well, I accept it," said Consuelo, extending her hand for it; "the goodness of your heart should make me blush, were I to show too much pride."

"Take it, take it, beautiful lady," cried the young man delighted. "Take the bread and the knife, and cut for yourself, but pray don't spare it. I am not much of an eater, and that should have lasted me all my day's journey."

"But have you enough wherewithal to purchase more for your journey?"

"Cannot one get bread everywhere? Come, eat, I pray you, if you would oblige me."

Consuelo could not wait to be requested any farther, and feeling that it would be a poor requital to her brotherly entertainer to refuse to eat in his company, she sat down not far from him, and began to eat the bread, in comparison of which, the richest and most delicate meats she had ever tasted, appeared coarse and vapid.

"What an excellent appetite you have," said the boy. "It does

one good to see you eat. Well, I am very happy to have met you. In fact, it makes me perfectly happy to have done so. Come take my advice, let us eat it all. We shall find some house on our road to-day, although this country seems to be a desert."

"You are not acquainted with it then?" said Consuelo, indifferently.

"It is the first time I have travelled it this way, though I know the road from Vienna to Pilsen, over which I have just travelled, and which I shall follow on my way down yonder again."

"Down yonder—do you mean to Vienna!"

"Yes, to Vienna; are you going thither also?"

Consuelo, who was hesitating whether she should take this boy as a travelling companion, or avoid him, pretended to be thinking of something else, so as to avoid answering.

"Bah! what am I thinking about?" said the youth, correcting himself. "A beautiful young lady like yourself would not be going alone to Vienna. And yet you are travelling somewhere, for you have a package, and are on foot as I am."

Consuelo, who was determined to avoid his questions, until such time as she should discover how far he was to be trusted, answered his question by another question, "Do you live at Pilsen?"

"No," replied the boy, who had neither cause nor inclination to be distrustful, "I am from Rohrau in Hungary. My father is a wheelwright by trade."

"And how came you to be travelling so far from home? You do not follow your father's business, then?"

"Yes, and no. My father is a wheelwright, and I am not; but he is a musician, and so do I hope to be."

"A musician,—bravo!—that is an honorable profession."

"Perhaps you are one also—are you?"

"But you were not going to study music at Pilsen; it is said to be a gloomy garrison town."

"Oh! no. I was entrusted with a commission to do there, and am on my way back to Vienna, where I hope to earn my living, while I continue my musical studies."

"What style have you adopted—vocal, or instrumental?"

"A little of both. I have a pretty good voice, and I have a poor little violin yonder with which I can make myself understood. But my ambition has a wider range, and I wish to go farther than this."

"Perhaps to compose?"

"You have said it. I have nothing in my head but this confounded composition. I will show you that I have a good travelling companion in my wallet. It is a great book, which I have cut to pieces in order to carry it the more easily about the country; and when I am tired and sit down to rest, I amuse myself by studying it. That, in itself, rests me."

"A very good idea; and I would lay a wager it is the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Fuchs."

"Exactly. Ah! I see you know all about it; and I am sure, now, that you are a musician as well as I. Just now as I looked at you, while you were asleep, I said to myself—that is not a German face; it is a Southern face—perhaps Italian—and what pleases me more, it is an artist's face; therefore, it gave me much pleasure when you asked me for some of my bread; and now I see that you have a foreign accent, though you speak German as well as may be."

"You may be deceived. You have not a German face either—you have the complexion of an Italian, and yet——"

"Oh! mademoiselle, you are too good. I have the complexion of an African; and my companions in the choir at St. Stephen's used to call me the Moor. But to return to what I was saying,—when I first found you asleep in the middle of the wood, I was a good deal surprised, and then I made up a hundred fancies about you. It is, perhaps, thought I, my good star which has brought me hither to find a kind heart that will assist me. At last—may I tell you all?"

Say or without fear."

"Seeing you too well dressed, and too fair skinned to be a poor stroller, yet seeing, at the same time, that you had a parcel, I imagined that you must be some one attached to another person—a foreigner herself, and an artist—oh! a very great artist is she whom I wish to see, and whose protection would be my salvation and my happiness. Come, mademoiselle, confess truly! You live at some neighboring chateau, and are going or returning with some little commission in the neighborhood, and you know, do you not—oh! yes, you must know the Giants' Castle?"

"What, Riesenberg? Are you going to Riesenberg?"

"I am trying, at least, to go thither; for I have lost my way in the midst of this accursed wood, in spite of all the directions they gave me at Klatau, and I do not know how to get out of it. Fortunately, you know Riesenberg, and you will tell me if I have passed it."

"But what are you going to do at Riesenberg?"

"I am going to see the Porporina."

"Indeed!" and fearing to discover herself to a stranger who might well speak of her at the Giants' Castle, Consuelo asked indifferently,—"And who is this Porporina, if you please?"

"What! do you not know? Alas! I see that you are entirely a stranger in this country; but since you are a musician, and know the name of Fuchs, you must also know that of Porpora?"

"And do you know Porpora?"

"Not yet; and it is for that end that I wish to obtain the patronage of his beloved and famous pupil, the Signora Porporina."

"Tell me what put that idea into your head, and perhaps I may try with you to approach this castle, and find this Porporina."

"I will tell you my whole history. I am, as I have told you, the son of a worthy wheelwright, and native of a little hamlet on the borders of Austria and Hungary. My father is sacristan and organist in the village, and my mother, who was cook to a nobleman in the neighborhood, has a fine voice, and in the evening when their work was done my father used to accompany her on the harp. Thus I naturally acquired a taste for music; and I remember when I was a mere child, my greatest pleasure was to play my part at these family concerts, by scraping upon a piece of wood with a lath, which I imagined to be a violin and bow, and from which I fancied that I was drawing splendid sounds. Oh! yes, it seems to me yet, that my beloved sticks were not voiceless, and that a divine voice, which the others heard not, spread itself forth around me, and intoxicated me with celestial harmonies.

"Our cousin Franck, who is schoolmaster at Hamburg, came to visit on a day when I was playing on my imaginary violin, and was very much amused at the ecstasy in which I was plunged. He asserted that it was a sure presage of an extraordinary musical talent,

and he carried me to Hamburg, where, for three years, he gave me a very rough musical education. I assure you. How many beautiful organ stops, with notes and flourishes, has he not executed on my ears and fingers with his directing rod, in order to make me keep time. Nevertheless I was not to be disgusted. I learned to read and to write. I had a real violin, on which I learned the elements of music, as well as of singing, and those of the Latin language. I also made as rapid progress as was possible, with a master who had a little more courage than my cousin Franck.

"I was about eight years old when chance, or rather Providence, in whom, as a good Christian, I have always had full faith, brought Master Reuter, the chapel master of the cathedral at Vienna, to my cousin's house. I was introduced to him as a little prodigy, and when I had very easily read off a bit of music before him, he admitted me to his friendship, carried me with him to Vienna, and had me entered as a chorister in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's.

"We had only two hours a day of work then, and the rest of our time given up to ourselves, we were allowed to vagabondise at our own pleasure; but happily my passion overpowered both the tastes for dissipation, and the indolence of a child. When I was playing in the public squares with my fellows, no sooner did I hear the notes of the organ, than I left all to run back to the church and revel in the songs and harmonies. I forgot myself whole evenings in the streets, before the windows of houses whence issued the interrupted sounds of a concert, or even the melodious accents of a single voice. I was greedy of knowing and understanding whatever came to my ear. Above all, I wanted to compose. Before I was thirteen, without the knowledge of a single rule, I ventured to write a mass, the *partition* of which I showed to Master Reuter. He laughed at me, and advised me to learn before I should begin to create. It was very easy for him to say, —but I had no means of paying a master, and my parents were too poor to pay at the same time for my support and my musical education! At last, I received from them one day six florins, with which I purchased the book you see, and that of Mattheson; I began to study them diligently, and with intense gratification. My voice improved, and at length came to be considered the best in the choir. In the midst of the doubts and uncertainties of ignorance which I labored hard to dispel, I felt that my brain was developing itself, and that ideas were budding within me; but I was approaching the age when, in conformity with the rules of the chapel, I must leave the choir, and without resources, patronage, and masters, I began to ask myself whether these eight years of teaching in the cathedral were not going to prove my last studies, and whether I should not be compelled to return home to my parents and learn the trade of a wheelwright. To increase my vexation, I saw that Master Reuter, instead of treating me with kindness, or interesting himself in me, was harsh and rough, and seemed anxious only to get rid of me. I knew not the cause of his antipathy, which I am sure I never merited. Some of my companions were so flighty as to say that he was jealous of me, because he found in my essays at composition a sort of revelation of the musical instincts, and that he was ever wont to hate and discourage young persons in whom he discovered an inspiration more vivid than his own. I am far from accepting this vain-glorious interpretation of my disgrace, but I still think I made a mistake in showing him my attempts, and that he took me for an impertinent blockhead, and an ambitious pretender."

"Perhaps so," said Consuelo, interrupting his narrative. "At a events, old teachers do not like pupils who seem to learn quicker than they themselves teach. But tell me your name, my lad."

"My name is Joseph."

"Joseph who?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"I will bear your name in mind, that I may see what opinion I must hold of your master's aversion, and of the interest with which your story inspires me, in case one day you should turn out to be somebody. Go on with your narrative, I pray you."

Young Haydn continued as follows; while Consuelo, struck by the similarity of their fortunes, both poor—both destined, as it would seem to be, artists, gazed attentively at the countenance and expression of the chorister. His trivial features and bilious complexion, took, notwithstanding, at times, a singular degree of animation, as he became excited by his narrative. His blue eyes sparkled with a quickness which was at once roguish and good-natured, and everything in his whole manner, both of acting and speaking, announced that he was an extraordinary character.

CHAPTER LXV.

"WHATEVER might be the causes of Master Reuter's dislike to me, he at all events showed it in a very harsh manner, and for a very trifling fault. I had a pair of new scissors, and, like any schoolboy, I turned upon everything that came ready to my hand. One of my comrades had his back turned to me, and his long pigtail was continually sweeping away, as fast as I could write them, the notes which my chalk described on my slate. A quick and fatal idea came into my head; and no sooner came than the deed was done. Crack! the scissors were open—the tail lay on the ground. My master's hawk's eye followed my every motion; and, before my poor companion was aware of his loss, I was reprimanded, noted with a mark of disgrace, and discharged by this summary process.

"I left the cathedral school at seven in the evening, in the month of November of last year, and found myself in the square, with no money, and no other garment than that which I had on my back. I had a moment of despair. I imagined to myself, on being thus expelled with anger and disgrace, that I had committed some enormous fault. I began to cry with all my might over the lock of hair and the end of ribbon which had fallen under my fatal scissors. My comrade, whose head I had thus dishonored, passed me, crying also. Never were more tears shed, or remorse wasted, over a Prussian pigtail.

"That night I passed on the pavement, and as I was sighing the next morning over the necessity and impossibility of getting some breakfast, I was accosted by Keller, the hair-dresser of the school of St. Stephen's. As soon as the witty Keller saw my pitiful face, returning as he was from dressing Master Reuter, who had told him the whole story, he burst into a violent fit of laughter, and loaded me with sarcasms.

"'Hallo!' said he as soon as he saw me, yet afar off,—'so here is

the scourge of wigmakers, the enemy in general, and in particular of all here, who, like me, make it their business to tend and provide for the beauty of the fair. What, ho! my little executioner of pigtails, exterminator of top-knots, come here 'till I cut off all your fine black hair, to replace all the *queues* which are destined to fall oefore your blows.' I was desperate, furious; I hid my face in my hands, and believing myself to be the object of public vengeance, I was going to take to my heels, when the good Keller caught me by the arm, addressed me kindly, offering to take me home with him, give me the use of a garret in the sixth story, his wife and children occupying the fifth, and to let me live at his table until I should find some employment.

"I went home with the generous Keller, my preserver, my second father; and beside my board and lodging, poor mechanic as he was himself, he found means to advance me a little money in order to continue my studies. I hired an old worm-eaten pianoforte, and snugly stowed in my garret with my Fuchs and my Mattheson, I gave myself up without restraint to my mania for composition. From that time I have regarded myself as favored especially by Providence. The first six sonatas of Emanuel Bach have been my delight during this winter, and I believe that I understand them thoroughly. At the same time, as if to recompense me for my zeal and perseverance, heaven has permitted me to find a little occupation by which to live, and acquit myself of my obligations toward my kind host. I play the organ every Sunday, in the chapel of Count Haugwitz, after playing my part of first violin in the church of the Fathers of Mercy. Moreover, I have obtained two patrons: the one is an abbe, who writes much beautiful Italian poetry, and who is greatly esteemed by her majesty the Queen Empress. His name is Mons. Metastasio, and as he lives in the same house with Keller and myself, I give lessons to a young person who is said to be his niece. My other patron is monseigneur, the ambassador, from Venice."

"Ah! Signor Korner," cried Consuelo, quickly.

"Ah! do you know him?" replied Haydn. "It is Monsieur the Abbe Metastasio, who introduced me to his house. My little talent gave satisfaction there, and his excellency has promised to procure me lessons from Master Porpora, who is now at the baths of Manendorf, with Madame Wilhelmina, the wife or mistress of his excellency. That promise raised me to the seventh heaven. To learn composition, the pure and correct principles of Italian art, to be the pupil of so great a professor, of the first singing master of the universe! I considered my fortune as already made. I blessed my stars, and almost fancied myself already a great master. But, alas! in spite of his excellency's kind intentions, his promise has not proved as easy of realization as I flattered myself; and unless I can find a more powerful recommendation to Porpora, I fear that I shall never be enabled even to approach his person. He is said to be very eccentric; and the more attentive, generous, and kind he shows himself to some of his pupils, the sterner and more capricious he is to others. It seems that Master Reuter is regarded as nobody by Porpora, and I tremble at the mere idea of seeing him. Nevertheless, though he refused the request of the ambassador concerning me point blank, and has declared that he will take no more pupils—as I know that Monseigneur Korner will insist—I still have hopes, and I am resolved to endure the most cruel mortifications patiently, provided that he will teach me something while he scolds me."

"You have formed a wise resolution in that," said Consuelo. "The manners of the great maestro have not been exaggerated to you. But still there is room for you to hope; for if you possess patience, absolute submission, and a true inclination for music, as I think you do, if you do not lose your head in his first outbreaks of temper, and if you succeed in showing him intelligence and rapidity of judgment, at the end of three or four lessons, I promise you that you will find him one of the gentlest and most conscientious of masters. Perhaps even, if your heart answers to your intellect, Porpora will become a solid friend, a just and generous father to you."

"Oh! you overwhelm me with joy. I see clearly that you must know him: you ought also to know his famous pupil, the new Countess of Rudolstadt—La Porporina."

"But what have you ever heard about Porporina, or what do you expect from her?"

"I expect a letter from her to Porpora, and her patronage will be most powerful with him when she comes to Vienna, which she will certainly do after her marriage with the rich Count Rudolstadt."

"When did you hear of this marriage?"

"By the greatest chance in the world. I must tell you that about a month since, Keller lost a friend, who left him some little property at Pilsen, and having neither the time nor the means to make the journey, fearing lest the legacy should not make up for the loss of his business, I offered to go in his place, and have happily succeeded in realizing a small property for him. Returning from Pilsen, I passed last night at a place called Klatau. It was a market day, and the town was full of people. At the same table with me there dined a man whom they addressed as Dr. Wetzelius, the greatest glutton, and greatest gossip I ever met. 'Do you know the news?' said he, to one of his neighbors at table. 'Count Albert of Rudolstadt, who is mad, arch-mad, and all but frantic, is going to marry his cousin's music-mistress, an adventuress, a beggar-girl, who is said to have been a low actress in Italy, and who ran away with the old musician Porpora who, becoming disgusted with her, packed her off to be confined at Riesenberg. The event was kept rigidly secret; and as at first they could not understand the nature of the malady or convulsions of mademoiselle, who passed for being very virtuous, I was called in, to attend a case of putrid and malignant fever. But scarcely had I felt the pulse of the patient before Count Albert, who doubtless knew right well the full extent of her virtue, expelled me from the room with violence, and would not suffer me to return. All was arranged quietly. I believe the old canoness performed the office of accoucheur; the poor old lady had never, I fancy, witnessed such a scene before. The child has disappeared, but that which is the most wonderful of all is that the young count who, as you all know, cannot keep the run of time, but takes months for years, has taken it into his head that he is the father of this child, and spoke with such energy and violence to the family, that rather than see him relapse into madness, they have consented to his beautiful marriage.'

"Oh! horror! infamy!" cried Consuelo. "It is one tissue of abominable calumnies, and revolting absurdities."

"Do not suppose that I believed it for one moment," said Joseph Haydn. "The face of that old doctor was so malicious and foolish that, even before he had been contradicted, I was sure he was uttering only lies and follies. But scarcely had he got through his story, before

five or six young people who were around him took the young lady's part. It was who should praise most highly the beauty, grace, modesty, intellect, and incomparable talents of La Porporina. Every one approved of the match, and praised the old count for consenting to it, while Dr. Wetzelius was treated as a babler and a fool. It is thus that I learned the truth, and as it is said that Porpora has the greatest regard for a pupil to whom he has given his own name, I took it into my head to go to Riesenberg to see the future, or the new countess—for some say she is already *secretly* married, to avoid giving offence at court—tell her my history, and procure her interest with her illustrious master."

Consuelo remained pensive for a moment; for his last words concerning the court had struck her; but quickly returning to his affairs, "My boy," said she, "do not go to Riesenberg; Porporina is not there. She is not married to the Count of Radolstadt, and it is even doubtful whether the marriage ever will take place. It is true, that it has been spoken of, but Porporina, although she has the deepest regard and esteem for Count Albert, did not think that she ought to decide without much consideration, on a matter so serious. She weighed on one side the injury she would do to so illustrious a family, in perhaps depriving it of the favor of the empress, and the consideration of all the nobles of the country; and on the other hand, the evil she would do herself in renouncing the exercise of the noble art which she had studied so passionately and embraced so courageously. Wishing therefore to consult Porpora, and to give the young count time to see whether his passion would stand the test of absence, she suddenly set out for Vienna, alone, on foot, without a guide and almost penniless, but with the hope of restoring repose and reason to him who loves her, and carrying with her, of all the riches which were offered to her, only the witness of her conscience, and the pride of her condition as an artist."

"Oh! she is a true artist, indeed. She must have a strong head, and a noble soul, to have so acted," cried Joseph, fixing his bright eyes on Consuelo; "and, if I do not err, it is she to whom I speak; she before whom I prostrate myself."

"It is she who offers you her hand, and with it her friendship, her counsel, and her aid with Porpora. For we are about to travel together, as I perceive, and if God protect us together, as he has hitherto protected us singly, as he protects all who put their trust in Him, we shall soon be at Vienna, and we will take our lessons of the same master."

"Heaven be praised," cried Haydn, clasping his hands, and weeping for joy, as he raised his arms enthusiastically toward heaven. "I was well convinced, when I looked on you as you slept, that there was something supernatural about you, and that my life and my destiny were in your hands."

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHEN the young people had made a more complete acquaintance, by going over and over again the various details of their situation in

friendly converse, they began to think of the precautions to be taken, and the arrangements made, in order to return to Vienna. The first thing they did was to pull out their purses, and count their money. Consuelo was still the richer of the two; but their funds combined, were at the most sufficient to furnish them the means of travelling leisurely on foot, without suffering hunger, or sleeping in the open air. There was nothing else to be thought of; and Consuelo had already made up her mind to it; but, notwithstanding the philosophic gravity she maintained on that head, Joseph was anxious and pensive.

"What is the matter with you?" said she; "are you afraid of the embarrassment of my company? I would lay a wager that I walk better than you."

"I doubt not," he replied, "that you do everything better than I. But I am fearful and alarmed, when I consider that you are young and handsome, that all eyes will be turned upon you covetously, and that I, frail and delicate, though well resolved to be killed in your defence, should be little able to protect you."

"Of what are you thinking, my poor boy? If I were handsome enough to rivet the eyes of all spectators, do you not know that a woman who respects herself can always command respect by her countenance?"

"Whether you were plain or handsome, young or in the decline of life, impudent or modest, you would not be in safety on these roads, covered with soldiers and vagabonds of all kinds. Since peace has been made, the country is overflowed with soldiery returning to their garrisons, and, more than all, with these volunteer adventurers, who regard themselves as privileged individuals, and knowing no longer whither to look for fortune, apply themselves to pillaging wayfarers laying country places under contribution, and treating provinces like conquered countries. Our poverty protects us from them in that view of the subject, but the very fact that you are a woman, would suffice, at once to awaken their brutality. I think seriously of changing our route, and instead of going by Piseck and Budweiss, which are garrisons offering a continual pretext for the marching and countermarching of desperate soldiers, and others who are but little better, have an idea that we shall do better by descending the course of the Moldau, and following the gorges of the mountains, which are almost uninhabited, and which therefore present nothing to tempt either the cupidity or licentiousness of these gentlemen. We will pass over the river to Reidunan, and there enter Austria at once by way of Triestadt. Once in the territories of the empire, we shall be protected by a police less impotent than that of Bohemia."

"And do you know the road?"

"I do not even know whether there is a road; but I have a little map in my pocket, and I had laid out my plans, when I left Pilsen, to try and return by these mountains, in order to change my road, and see a little more of the country."

"Well, so be it. I think your idea is a good one," said Consuelo, looking at the map which Joseph had just opened. "There are foot-paths everywhere for foot passengers, and cottages where they will receive sober people for a remuneration. I see in fact that there is a chain of mountains which leads us to the source of the Moldau, and thence down the whole length of the river."

"It is the great Böehmer-wald, the highest summits of which are in that region, and form the frontier between Bavaria and Bohemia

We shall arrive there easily by keeping along the ridges, which will continually show us that the valleys to the right and left descend into one or the other of these two provinces. Since, heaven be praised! I have no more to do with that odious Giants' Castle, I am quite sure that I can guide you aright, and without making you go over more ground than is necessary."

"Let us set forth, then," said Consuelo, "I feel myself perfectly rested. Sleep and your good bread have restored me all my strength, and I can easily go a couple of miles farther to-day. Moreover, I am in haste to remove myself farther from this neighborhood, where I am in constant apprehension of meeting some face that I know."

"Wait a moment," said Joseph. "There is a strange idea that has just come into my head."

"What is it?"

"If you would have no reluctance to dress yourself in boy's clothes, your incognito would be made safe, and you would escape many of the disagreeable remarks that will be made at our halts on the score of you, a young girl, travelling alone in company with a youth."

"The idea is not a bad one; but you forget we are not rich enough to make any purchases. Besides, where should I find clothes to fit me?"

"Listen. I should not have mentioned it, if I had not felt myself able to put it into play. We are precisely of the same height, which does more credit to you, than it does to me; and I have in my wallet a full suit, perfectly new, which will disguise you admirably. This is the history of the suit I speak of. It is a present from my good mother, who, thinking to make me a very useful gift, and wishing to know that I was properly equipped to present myself at the embassy, and to give lessons to young ladies, had a village costume made for me, the most elegant in our part of the world. Doubtless, it is a picturesque garb, and the stuffs are well chosen, as you shall see; but conceive the effect I should have produced at the embassy, and the irrepressible laughter of the niece of the Abbe Metastasio, if I had made my appearance in this rustic cassock, and these loose plaited pantaloons. I thanked my good mother for her gift, and determined to sell it to some peasant who wanted a best suit, or to some strolling actor. It is for this that I brought it with me; but happily I have not been able to dispose of it, for the folk in this country swear it is out of date, and enquire whether it is Polish or Turkish."

"Well, the opportunity has come," said Consuelo, laughing. "Your idea is excellent, and the strolling actress will suit herself to your Turkish dress, the more easily that it is very like a short petticoat. I will buy this, therefore, of you, on credit be it understood; or, rather, I want you to be the keeper of our privy purse, and to let me know the sum of our expenditures when we come to Vienna."

"We shall see about that," said Joseph, putting the purse in his pocket, and promising himself that he would not receive any price.

"It only remains now to see whether it will fit you. I will go and hide myself in the woods, and do you enter into the recesses of these rocks. They will furnish you with a secure and spacious dressing room."

"Go and make your appearance on the stage," said Consuelo, laughing, "I am going behind the scenes."

And withdrawing behind the cover of the rocks, while her companion respectfully withdrew from the vicinity, she proceeded to effect her

transformation. The spring served her for a mirror when she came out from her tiring-room, and it was not without a sense of pleasure that she saw reflected in it, as handsome a little peasant of the Slavonic race, as ever sprung from that wild brood. Her pliant and slender waist was perfectly untrammelled by the loose red woollen girdle; and her leg, free in its play as that of a young fawn, showed itself modestly to a little way above the instep, from the large folds of the pantaloons. Her black hair which she had never condescended to powder, had been cut short during her illness, and curled naturally close round her face. She ran her fingers through it to give it something of the neglected air, which should befit a peasant boy; and wearing her costume with the ease of one used to the stage, she even found means, thanks to her talent for mimicry, to put on an expression full of wild simplicity, and felt, at a glance, that she was so well disguised, that courage and confidence returned to her on the instant. As is often the case with actors, so soon as they have put on their costume, she felt herself in her place, and identified herself with the part she was going to play so completely, that she felt, as it were, some degree of the heedlessness and pleasure of an innocent roving life; some of the gaiety, vigor and freedom of body which belongs to a boy whose school is by the hedge-side.

She had to whistle three times, before Haydn, who, in his fear of shocking her delicacy, had withdrawn a little farther than was necessary, came back to her. When he did so, he uttered a cry of surprise and admiration at seeing her thus, and although he had expected to find her disguised, he could scarcely believe his eyes at the first glance. Her transformation rendered Consuelo even handsomer than before, and at the same time gave her an entirely different aspect in the imagination of the young musician.

The pleasure which the beauty of a woman produces on a very young man, is always in some sort mixed with a sort of fear; and the dress which makes woman, even to the least chary eyes, a veiled and mysterious being, has much to do with that impression. Joseph had a pure and unpolluted spirit, and was not only a modest but a timid youth. When first he beheld Consuelo sleeping by the fountain, he had been dazzled by her beauty, motionless as that of a statue, and animated only by the bright sunbeams which poured down upon her. While he conversed with her, he was conscious of emotions unknown before, which he had attributed only to the enthusiasm and joy produced by so happy an encounter. But in the quarter of an hour which elapsed during her mysterious toilet, he had experienced violent palpitations, as the first incomprehensible disturbance returned upon him, so that he had some difficulty in preserving an unchanged aspect and demeanor.

The change of costume which had succeeded so perfectly, that it might have passed for an actual change of sex, suddenly changed all the sensations of the young man, and he no longer felt anything but the impulse of fraternal affection towards this charming and agreeable travelling companion. The same ardent desire to roam and see the country, the same security as to the perils of the road, the same sympathetic gaiety which animated Consuelo at this instant, took possession of him likewise; and they set forth on the journey through the woods and meadows, as light as two birds of passage.

Nevertheless, after a few steps, Joseph remembered that she was a boy, and seeing that she carried her little packet of clothes, aug-

mented by the woman's garb which she had just removed, on the end of a stick across her shoulder, he insisted on relieving her of it. Thereon a contest arose. Consuelo insisted that, with his own knapsack, his violin, and his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, Joseph was sufficiently loaded. Joseph, on the other hand, swore that he would put the whole of Consuelo's parcel into his knapsack, and that she should carry nothing. She was compelled to yield, but in order that she might seem to be carrying something, he consented that she should carry the violin in a sling.

"Do you know," said Consuelo, in order to bring him to yield this point, "that I look as if I were your servant, or at least your guide, for I am a peasant at a glance, while you are a citizen?"

"What sort of citizen?" asked Haydn, laughing; "I have not a bad cut, certainly, for Keller, the barber's boy." And as he spoke, the young man could not help feeling a little annoyance at being unable to show himself to Consuelo in something better than his travel-stained and sun-bleached attire.

"No!" said Consuelo, laughing, "you look more like the prodigal son of some good family returning home with his gardener's boy, the comrade of his frolics."

"By the way, I think we had better hit upon some parts in accordance with our situation," replied Joseph. "We can only pass for what we are—at least for the present—poor travelling artists; and as it is the custom of the profession to dress one's self as he can, according to the means he finds and the money he earns, as we, after the professors in our line, wearing, about the country, the undress of a marquis or of a soldier, so there will be nothing odd in my wearing the seedy black coat of a second-rate professor, or in your adopting the garb of a Hungarian peasant, though it be strange hereabout. We can even say, if questioned about it, that we have recently made a tour in that part of the country, and I can talk to the point about the celebrated village of Rohran which no one ever heard of, and the splendid town of Hamburg, which no one cares a farthing about. As for you, since your pretty little accent will always betray you, you had better not deny that you are an Italian singer."

"True enough; and we had better have travelling names too—it is usual. I can suit myself with yours, for, according to my Italian habit, I ought to call you Beppo, which is short for Joseph."

"Call me whatever you will; I have the advantage of being as little known under one name as under another. With you it is different. You must have one; which will you choose?"

"The first Venetian abbreviation that comes—Nello—Masò—Renzo—Zoto—oh! no, not that," she cried, recollecting herself as she thoughtlessly mentioned the childish abbreviation of Anzoletto.

"Why not that?" asked Joseph, struck by her energetic manner. "Because it will bring me bad luck: they say there are names which do so."

"Well, how shall we baptize you?"

"Bertoni. It is an Italian name, at all events, and a sort of diminutive of Albert."

"Il Signor Bertoni! That sounds well," said Joseph, forcing a smile; but this recollection of her noble lover, or Consuelo's part, gave him a pang. He looked back at her walking along secure and at her ease; and, "by-the-by," he said, as he was to himself, "I forgot that it is a boy."