of the basket, and feeding it gently with a spoonful or two of milk, which still continued warm in the canon's china cup.

"This Corilla is a demon, then, is she?" asked the canon; "do you know her?"

"By reputation only; but now I know her perfectly well, and you also, I think, Monsieur Canon."

"And it is an acquaintance of which I had just as readily be free. But what are we to do with this poor little outcast?" he added, casting a glance of pity on the child.

"I will carry it," said Consuelo, "to your gardener's wife, whom I saw yesterday nursing a fine little boy of five or six months old."

"Go then," said the canon, "or rather ring the bell, and they will call her hither. She will tell us of a nurse in some neighboring farm; not too near, however, for heaven only knows the injury which an evident interest in a child which falls from the clouds into his house may do to a man of any mark in the church."

"Were I in your place, Monsieur Canon, I would set myself above all such wretched considerations. I would neither anticipate or listen to the absurd suppositions of calumny. I would live in the midst of fools and their conjectures as if they had no existence. I would act as if they were impossible. Of what use else were a life of dignity and virtue, if it cannot ensure calmness of conscience and the liberty of doing good? Lo! your reverence, this child is entrusted to you. If it be ill cared for out of your sight, if it languish, if it die, you will never, I think, cease to reproach yourself."

After many objections on the part of the canon, whose timidity and apprehensions of public opinion warped him from his better will, and many arguments on that of Consuelo, the latter becoming more enthusiastic and energetic as the former began to yield, the point was carried.

"It is settled, then, your reverence," said Consuelo; "you will keep Angiolina in your own house, the gardener's wife will nurse her, and hereafter you will educate her in religion and in virtue. Her mother would have made of her a very devil; you will make of her a heavenly angel."

"You do what you will with me," said the canon, moved to tenderness, and suffering Consuelo to lay the child on his knees; "we will baptise the child to-morrow. You shall be its godfather. Had Bridget remained here, we would have compelled her to be godmother; her rage would have been amusing."

"As to Corilla's purse,—aye, indeed, it contains fifty Venetian sequins; we do not want it here. I charge myself with the present expenses and the future fortunes of the child, if it be not reclaimed. Take then this gold, it is well due to you, for the singular virtue and the great heart you have shown throughout all this."

"Gold to pay my virtue and the goodness of my heart!" cried Consuelo, waving away the purse in disgust, "and Corilla's gold too! the price of falsehood and of infamy. Ah! Monsieur Canon, it sullies our eyes. Distribute it among the poor, and it may so bring good fortune to our poor Angiolina."

For the first time perhaps in his life, the canon scarcely slept a wink. He felt a strange emotion and agitation within himself. His head was full of musical tones, of melodies, and modulations, which a slight doze interrupted every minute, and which, when at a minute's end he again awoke, he sought to remember and re-connect, without wishing to do so, and as it were in his own despite, without the power of doing so. After waking and sleeping, and waking again, and endeavoring to sleep again, a hundred times in succession, a luminous idea struck him. He arose, took his writing desk, and resolved to work upon the famous book which he had so long undertaken, but never yet commenced. It was necessary for him to consult his dictionary of canonical law in order to set himself right on the subject; but he had not read two pages before his ideas became confused, his eyelids grew heavy, the book slid easily down from the desk to the carpet, the candle was put out by a sigh of delicious sleepiness, heaved from the powerful lungs of the good man, and he slept soundly and happily until ten o'clock in the morning.

Alas! how bitter was his waking, when with a listless and lazy hand, he opened the following note, which Andrew laid upon his waiter beside his cup of chocolate.

"We are departing, Monsieur and Reverend Canon. An imperious duty called us to Vienna, and we feared our inability to resist your generous solicitations. We are flying, as though we were ungrateful, but we are not so, and never shall we lose the memory of your hospitality toward us, and of your sublime charity toward the deserted child. We will come to thank you for it. Within a week you will see us again; deign therefore to defer until then the baptism of Angiolina, and to count on the respectful and tender devotions of your humble proteges,

"BERTONI, BEPPO."

The evening of the same day Consuelo and Joseph enter Vienna under favor of the darkness. Keller, the worthy wig-maker, was admitted into their confidence, received them with open arms, and paid the utmost attention to the noble-hearted girl in her travelling disguise. Consuelo lavished all her kindness upon Joseph's intended bride, though to her regret she found her neither graceful nor pretty. On the following morning, Keller braided Consuelo's dishevelled hair; his daughter aided her to resume the apparel of her sex, and showed her the way to the house in which Porpora had installed himself.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

To the joy which Consuelo felt, as she clasped in her arms her master and benefactor, succeeded a sense of pain, which it was long before she could subdue. A year had elapsed since she had seen Porpora; and that year of uncertainty, annoyance, and vexation had left deep traces of age and distress on the brow of the master. He had gained, moreover, that unhealthy fatness into which inaction and languor of the soul often cast organizations already beginning to give way. His eye had still its wonted brightness, and a certain exaggerated color on his cheeks betrayed fatal efforts to acquire, by means of wine, forgetfulness of his sorrows, or a return of inspiration, discouraged by age and disappointment. The luckless composer had flattered himself that he should recover at Vienna some chances of patronage and fortune. He had been received with cold esteem, and had found his

rivals, more fortunate than himself, in the full tide of imperial favor and of public admiration. Metastasio had written dramas for Caldara, for Predieri, for Fuchs, for Reuter, for Hasse; Metastasio, the court poet, *poeto Cesareo*, the writer of the day, the favorite of the muses and the ladies, the charming, the precious, the harmonious, the fluent, the divine Metastasio; in one word, he of the dramatic cooks, whose meats had the power of creating the surest appetite and the easiest digestion, had not written, and would not promise to write, anything for Porpora. The maestro it might be had still ideas; he had certainly science, thorough comprehension of voices, fine Neapolitan methods, severe taste, expansive style, and proud and masculine recitations, the powerful and pompous beauty of which never has been equalled; but he had no public, and therefore he asked in vain for a poem. He was neither flatterer nor intriguer; his somewhat rash frankness brought enemies upon him, and his ill humor disgusted every body.

He even brought this last disqualification to bear on his reception of Consuelo.

"And why have you left Bohemia? What has brought you hither, unlucky child?" he said, after having embraced her tenderly;—"hither, where there are neither ears nor hearts to comprehend you? There is no place for you here, my daughter. Your old master has fallen into contempt; and if you would succeed, you had better imitate the rest. Pretend not to know me, or to despise me, like all those who owe me their talents. their fortune and their glory."

"Alas! and do you doubt me too, my master?" said Consuelo, whose eyes filled with tears. "Would you deny my affection and devotion, and cast back upon me the suspicion and the scorn which others have infused into your soul? Oh! my master! you shall see that I do not deserve this outrage. You shall see it. That is all I can say."

Porpora frowned darkly, turned his back upon her, walked two or three times up and down the room, returned to Consuelo, and finding nothing agreeable to say to her, took her handkerchief in his hands, drew it across her eyes with a sort of fatherly rudeness, saying, "Come, come!" Consuelo saw that he was pale, and that he was suppressing heavy sighs, by exertion of his chest, but he contained his emotion, and drawing a chair close to her—

"Come," he said, "tell me about your sojourn in Bohemia, and tell me why you came away so suddenly. Speak," he added, a little impatiently; "have you not a thousand things which you desire to tell me? Did you get tired yonder, or did the Rudolstadts treat you ill? Yes! I dare to say that they too are capable of having wounded and tormented your feelings. God knows that they were the only people in the world in whom I would have placed implicit trust; but God knows also, that all men are capable of every kind of evil."

"Say not so, my friend!" replied Consuelo.—"The Rudolstadts are angels, and I ought to speak of them only on my knees. But I was bound to leave them; it was my duty to fly from them, and that even without letting them know it, or taking leave of them."

"What do you mean? Is it that you who have wherewithal to reproach yourself as relates to them; must I blush for you, and blame myself for having recommended you to those excellent people?"

"Oh! no! no! God be praised, no! my master. I have nothing with which to reproach myself, and you have nothing at which to blush for me."

"What is it, then?"

Consuelo, who well knew how necessary it was to give short and prompt answers when Porpora was giving his attention to any fact or idea, related to him briefly, how Count Albert wished to marry her, and how she could decide on nothing until she had the advice of her adopted father.

Porpora grinned with rage and indignation.—"Count Albert," he cried, "the heir of the Rudolstadts, the descendant of the old kings of Bohemia, the lord of Riesenberg! He marry you, the little gipsey! the ugly one of the school; girl without a father; the comedian without money or engagment! you, who have begged barefoot in the cross-streets of Venice!"

"Me, your pupil! me, your adopted daughter!" replied Consuelo, with an air of quiet pride; "Yes, me, la Porporina!"

"Splendid dignity, and brilliant condition! In truth," said the maestro with a bitter sneer, "I had forgotten that part of the nomenclature—the last and only pupil of a master without a school; the future heiress of his rags and his dejection; the continuer of a name already effaced from the memory of men! There is certainly something to boast of in this—something wherewith to turn the heads of young men of noble birth!"

"Apparently, master mine," said Consuelo, with a melancholy and caressing smile; "we have not fallen so low in the opinion of noble men, as you are pleased to imagine; for it is certain that the count wishes to marry me, and I have come hither to ask your permission, or your protection."

"Consuelo," replied Porpora, in a cold, harsh tone, "I hate such absurdities as this. You ought to know that I detest boarding-school romances, and coquettish adventurers. Never would I have believed that you could have filled your head with such balderdash. You make me pity you; and if the old count—if the canoness—if the Baroness Amelia are informed of your pretensions, I say it to you once more, I blush for you."

Consuelo knew that it would not do to contradict the master when he was declaiming, or to interrupt him in the full swing of his oration; she allowed him, therefore, to work off his indignation, and when he had said to her all the most wounding and unjust things he could think of, she related to him, point by point, everything that had passed at the Giants' Castle, between herself, Count Albert, Count Christian, Amelia, the Canoness, and Anzoleto.

"You have done well then, Consuelo," said Porpora at last; "you have been prudent, you have been good—you have been strong, as I expected you to be. It is well. Heaven has protected you, and will recompense you by delivering you, once for all, from that insolent Anzoleto. As to the young count, you must not think of him—I forbid it. Such a fate is not suitable for you. The Count Christian will never permit you to become an artist again—rest assured of that. I know better than you do the indomitable pride of these nobles. Now, unless you hold illusions on that subject, which I should deem childish and senseless, I do not think you can hesitate an instant between the fortunes of the great, and the fortunes of a child of art. Answer me—what think you? By the body of Bacchus! one would say that you do not understand me."

"I understand you very well, my master, and I perceive that you do not understand one word that I have spoken to you."

"What I have understood nothing? I can understand nothing any longer —is not that what you mean?"

"No, you have not understood me," she replied very firmly. "For you suppose me to be actuated by impulses of ambition, which have never entered my mind. I do not envy the fortunes of the great, be assured of that, my master; and never say that I suffered the consideration of them to influence my opinions. I despise advantages which are not acquired by our own merit. You educated me in that principle, and I know not how to recede from it. But there is something in life besides vanity and wealth, and that something is precious enough to counterbalance the intoxication of glory, and all the joys of an artist's life. That is the love of a man like Albert—that is domestic happiness—that is the joys of a family. The public is a capricious, tyrannical and ungrateful master. If it should come to pass that I can love Albert as he loves me, I should think no more of glory, and probably I should be the happier therefore."

"What absurd language is this?" cried the maestro. "Have you become a fool? are you infected with German sentimentality? into how deep a contempt of art have you fallen, madam countess! But I will lose no more time in talking to a person who neither knows what she says nor what she wishes. You have no common sense, and I am your most obedient servant."

And with these words Porpora sat down to the piano-forte, and improvised, with a firm, dry hand several scientific modulations, during which Consuelo, hopeless of bringing him back to the subject that day, reflected on the means of putting him into a better humor. She succeeded, by singing to him some of the national airs which she had learned in Bohemia, the originality of which, greatly delighted the old maestro. Afterward they dined together very frugally, at a little table near the window. Porpora was poorly lodged; his dull and gloomy apartment looked out, always itself in disorder, on the angle of a narrow and deserted street. Consuelo, seeing that he was now in a good humor, ventured to mention Joseph Haydn to him. She told him, with an air of indifference, how she had met, when near to Vienna, a poor little devil, who had spoken of the school of Porpora with such respect and admiration that she had promised to intercede in his behalf with Porpora himself.

"Ah! and what is he, this young man?" asked the maestro; "to what career does he aspire? To be an artist, I presume, since he is a poor devil. Oh! I thank him greatly for his patronage. I will teach no one to sing henceforth who is not the son of a family. People of that kind pay well, learn nothing, and are proud of our lessons, because they fancy that they know something when they have passed through our hands. But artists are all cowards, all ungrateful, all liars and traitors. Let no one speak to me of them."

Consuelo strove in vain to divert him from these ideas; but finding them so obstinately fixed that there was no hope of removing them, she leaned a little way out of the window while the master's back was turned, and made two successive signs with her fingers; the first was to indicate to Joseph, who was waiting in the street for that preconcerted signal, that he must abandon all hope of being admitted a pupil of Porpora; the other told him not to make his appearance within half an hour.

Consuelo then talked of other things, to make Porpora forget what she had been saying; and at the end of half an hour Joseph knocked at the door. Consuelo opened it — affecting not to know him—and returned to the master, saying that it was a servant who wanted a place.

"Let us see your face," cried Porpora to the trembling youth; "who told you that I wanted a servant? I want nothing of the kind."

"If you have no need of a servant," said Joseph, a good deal disconcerted, but keeping up a bold countenance as Cousuelo had advised him to do, "it is very unlucky for me, monsieur, for I have great need of a master."

"One would suppose, to hear you, that it is by my means only that you can earn your bread," replied Porpora. "Do you think I require a lackey to arrange all these things?"

"Yes, sir, I do indeed," replied Haydn, affecting a sort of artless simplicity; "for everything is very much out of order."

As he said this he began at once to set himself to work, arranging the apartments so symmetrically and so cold-bloodedly, that he almost sat Porpora laughing. Joseph was, in fact, playing to win or lose; for, in truth if his zeal had not pleased the maestro he might well have got paid by a caning.

"Here is a queer genius, who will serve me, whether I will or no!" said Porpora, watching him. "I tell you, idiot, that I have not the means of paying a servant. Do you still continue so eager?"

"Oh! as for that, monsieur, if you will only give me your old clothes, and a morsel of bread every day, I shall be very happy. I am so miserable, that I should be happy not to have to beg my bread."

"But why do you not enter into some rich family?"

"It is impossible, monsieur, they say that I am too little and too ugly. Besides, I know nothing of music, and you know all the great noblemen like their lackeys to know how to play a little part on the flute or on the violin when they have music in their rooms, which, as for me, I have never been able to force a note of music into my head."

"Ah! indeed, you know nothing of music, hey? Well, you are just the man I want. If you are satisfied with food and old clothes I will take you; for, now that I think of it, my daughter will want a diligent boy to run on her errands. Come, what can you do? Brush clothes, polish shoes, sweep the room, open and shut the door?"

"Yes, monsieur, I can do all that."

"Well then, begin. Prepare the coat which is lying on my bed, for I am going at one o'clock to the ambassador's. You shall accompany me, Consuelo. I will present you to Monsieur Korner, whom you know already, and who has just arrived from the baths with the signora. There is a little chamber there which I give to you; go and make a little toilette, while I prepare myself."

Consuelo obeyed, crossed the ante-chamber, entered the small dark cabinet which was to become her apartment and put on her old black frock and the little white kerchief, which had journeyed with her on Joseph's back.

"This is not a very pretty toilette," thought she to herself, "in which to go to the ambassador's; nevertheless they saw me begin in the same way at Venice, and it did not prevent me from singing well, and being listened to with pleasure."

When she was ready, she re-crossed the ante-chamber, and found Haydn there, gravely employed combing out Porpora's wig, which stood on its block. It was with difficulty that they both stifled a

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laugh. But as she heard Porpora approaching, Consuelo became quite grave, and said as he entered, "Come! little one, make haste!"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

It was not to the Venetian embassy, but to the Venetian ambassador's house, that is, to the house of his mistress, that Porpora now carried Consuelo. Wilhelmina was a beautiful creature, infatuated with music, and deriving her only pleasure, her only pretension, from gathering around her as many artists and dilettanti as she could, without compromising the diplomatic dignity of Monseigneur Korner by too public a display. At the appearance of Consuelo she uttered a little cry of pleasure, and when fully satisfied that it was indeed Consuelo whom she saw before her, she received her with the utmost affection and good nature, as the Zingarella, the marvel of Saint Samuel's in the last year.

She had, at that time, mingled her voice with those of the genuine dilettanti to celebrate her success, and if she had spoken in *an aside* against the pride and ambition of the little girl, whom she had known as the humblest and most obscure pupil of the scuola, and who afterwards refused to place her voice at the disposal of Madame the Ambassadress *in an aside*, and absolutely in the ear of the listener.

Now, however, when she saw Consuelo come to her, in the same quiet little dress she had worn of old, and when Porpora presented her officially, which he had never done before, vain and light as she was, Wilhelmina overlooked all, and thought she was playing a part of superb generosity when she kissed the Zingarella on both cheeks. "She is ruined," thought she. "She has committed some folly; or, perhaps, she has lost her voice, for she has not been heard of this long time. She comes back at our merciful disposal; now, therefore, is the time to pity her, to protect her, and, if possible, to bring her talents forward to her advantage."

Consuelo's manners were so gentle and conciliatory, that Wilhelmina, not discovering in her that tone of haughty prosperity which she had fancied to belong to her in Venice, felt quite at her ease with her, and loaded her with attentions. Some Italian friends of the ambassador's united with her in almost overpowering Consuelo with praises and with questions, which latter she contrived merrily and adroitly to avoid. But, on a sudden her face became grave, and shewed a certain degree of emotion, when, in the midst of a group of Germans, who were looking at her with curious eyes, she recognised a face which had troubled her before. It was the stranger, the friend of the canon, who had examined her and questioned her so closely three days before, at the house of the village curate, where she had sung the mass with Joseph Haydn. The stranger was now scrutinizing her with deep attention, and it was easy to see that he was questioning those who stood near him as to who she was. Wilhelmina perceived Consuelo's abstraction. —"You are looking at M. Holzbaüer?" said she. "Do you know h m?"

"I do not know him," said Consuelo; "and I was ignorant that it was he at whom I am looking."

"He is the first to the right of the marble slab," said the ambassador's lady. "He is actually director of the court theatre, and his wife is the first cantatrice of the same theatre. And he makes a bad use of his position," she added, in a low voice, "in order to regale the court and the town with his own operas, which, between ourselves, are good for nothing. Would you like to make his acquaintance; he is a very gallant person?"

"A thousand thanks, signora," replied Consuelo, "I am of too little consideration to be presented to any one: and I am well assured beforehand that he will not engage me for his theatre."

"And wherefore not, my dear? Has that fine voice, which had not its equal in all Italy, suffered by your sojourn in Bohemia? for you have lived, as they tell us, all this time in Bohemia, the coldest and saddest country in the world. It is a very bad climate for the chest; and I am not astonished at your feeling its bad effects; but you will soon recover it, under the influence of our fine Venetian sun."

Consuelo, seeing that Wilhelmina was determined to consider the loss of her voice as a settled affair, abstained from giving any further contradiction, the rather that Wilhelmina had herself both asked the question and returned the answer. She did not torment herself, however, at all, in consequence of this charitable supposition, but only on account of the antipathy which she was sure to encounter at the hands of Holzbaüer, in payment of the somewhat abrupt and somewhat over-sincere observations which had escaped her in regard to his music at the breakfast at the parsonage. And Consuelo much feared that this adventure might reach the ears of Porpora, and enrage him against herself, and yet more against poor Joseph.

It was not so, however; Holzbaüer did not say a word of the adventure, for reasons which come to light hereafter; and, instead of showing the least animosity to Consuelo, he approached her and addressed her with glances full of real malignity, concealed under the guise of jovial kindness. She did not dare to ask him what was the secret of these; and, let the consequences be what they might, she was too proud not to confront them with tranquillity.

She was diverted from this incident by the face of a harsh, stern-looking old man, who nevertheless showed much eagerness to keep up a conversation with Porpora. But he, still faithful to his usual ill-humor, scarcely replied to him, and at each word made an effort and sought a pretext for getting away from him.

"That," said Wilhelmina, who was not annoyed at having it in her power to give Consuelo a list of the celebrities which crowded her saloon—"that is an illustrious master—that is the Buononcini. He has lately arrived from Paris, where he himself played a part on the violoncello, in an anthem of his own composition, before the king. You know that it is he who has been so long the rage in London, and who, after an obstinate struggle of theatre to theatre against Handel, has succeeded in conquering him at the opera."

"Do not say so, signora," said Porpora, with vivacity, who had just got rid of Buononcini, and overheard Wilhelmina's words. "Oh, say not such blasphemy. No one has ever conquered Handel!—no one will ever conquer him! I know my Handel, and you know him not as yet. He is the first among us all; and I confess to you, that although I had the audacity to strive with him in my extreme youth, I was crushed. It necessarily must have been so. It was just that it should be so. Buononcini, more fortunate, but neither more modest

nor more skillful than I, triumphed in the eyes of fools, and in the ears of barbarians. Do not, therefore, believe those who talk to you of such a triumph as that. It will be the eternal ridicule of my fellow-artist Buononcini; and the English will one day blush at having preferred his operas, to those of a genius, of a giant such as Handel."

Wilhelmina endeavored to defend Buononcini, and contradiction having excited the wrath of Porpora, "I tell you," said he, without caring whether Buononcini heard him or not,—"I tell you, I will maintain that Handel is superior even in opera to all the men of the past and of the present age. I will prove to you immediately. Sit down to the piano, Consuelo, and sing us the air which I will designate to you."

"I am dying with desire to hear this admirable Porporina," replied Wilhelmina. "But I implore you, let her not make her first debut here, in presence of Buononcini and M. Holzbaüer, by playing the music of Handel. They could not be flattered by such a selection—"

"I know that very well," said Porpora, "it is their living condemnation—their sentence to death."

"Well, if that be the case," replied she, "make her sing something of your own, master."

"You know, without doubt, that to do so will excite no person's jealousy! But I desire that she sing Handel! I will have it so!"

"Master, do not require me to sing to-day. I have just arrived from a long journey——"

"Certainly, it would be merely abusing her good nature, and I am sure I do not require it of her," said Wilhelmina. "In presence of the judges here collected, and especially of M. Holzbaüer, the director of the imperial theatre, it would be compromising your pupil. Beware what you are doing."

"Compromising her—what are you thinking about?" said Porpora abruptly—"have I not heard her sing this morning, and do not I know whether she runs any risk of compromising herself in the presence of these Germans?"

This debate was fortunately interrupted by the arrival of a new comer, whom all the world made haste to welcome, and Consuelo, who had seen and heard this sharp-voiced, effeminate-looking man, with abrupt manners and a blustering voice, at Venice in her childhood, although she now saw him grown old, faded, ugly, ridiculously curled, and dressed in the worst taste, like a superannuated Celadon, instantly recognised him, so deep a memory had she retained of the incomparable, inimitable sopranisto majorano, named Caffarelli, or rather Caffariello, as he was called everywhere except in France.

It was impossible to look upon a more impertinent coxcomb than Caffariello; the women had spoiled him by their caresses—the acclamations of the public had turned his head. He had been so handsome; or, to speak more correctly, so pretty in his youth, that he had made his appearance in Italy in female parts; but now that he was running hard on his fiftieth year, and he even seemed older than he in truth was, as is frequently the case with sopranists, it was difficult to conceive how he could have enacted Dido or Galatea without a strong inclination to laugh. To make up for the effeminacy of his person, he gave himself great swaggering airs, and at every assertion raised his clear soft voice, without having the power to change its tones. Nevertheless, under all his extravagancies and under all that excess of vanity

Caffariello still had his good side. He felt the superiority of his talents too much to be amiable; but he felt also the dignity of his position as an artist too highly ever to sink into the courtier. He held front obstinately and madly to the most important persons, even to sovereigns themselves, and on that account, he was odious to the low-bred flatterers whom his impertinence rebuked so severely. The true friends of art pardoned him everything, in consideration of his genius as a virtuoso; and despite all the acts of cowardice which were laid to his charge as a man, it was undeniable that there were many features worthy of remark in his life—features of courage and generosity, as an artist.

On entering, Caffariello bowed very slightly to the whole assembly, but went up and kissed the hand of Wilhelmina, tenderly and respectfully, after which he addressed Holzbaüer, his director, with the manner of a protector, and shook hands with his old master, Porpora, with careless familiarity. Divided between indignation at his manners, and the necessity of humoring him—for by asking the theatre for an opera of his, and playing the first part, Caffariello had it in his power to give completely a new turn to the maestro's fortunes, Porpora began to compliment him, and to question him on his triumphs in a tone of railery too delicate for the comprehension of his mind, thoroughly impregnated with coxcombry.

He fell accordingly into a strain of the most impertinent rhodomontade, in which Porpora encouraged and led him insidiously onward, until the whole company were laughing in their sleeves. At last, however, perhaps suspecting that he had gone too far, he suddenly changed the subject. "Well! maestro," said he to Porpora,—"have you brought out many pupils of late in Venice? Have you produced any who gave you much hope?"

"Speak not of them to me. Since you, my school has been barren. The Lord made man, and he rested. So soon as Porpora had produced Caffariello, he crossed his arms, and thenceforth his work was ended.

"Good master," cried Caffariello, charmed by the compliment, which he took perfectly in good part, "you are too indulgent to me. You had, however, some pupils in the *Scuola Dei Mendicanti*, who promised a good deal. You produced the little Corilla, for whom the public had a little fancy. A handsome creature, upon my honor!"

"A very handsome creature, and nothing more."

"Really, nothing more?" asked M. Holzbaüer, whose ears were ever open."

"Nothing more, I tell you," replied Porpora, in a tone of authority.

"It is well to know that," said Holzbaüer, in a whisper in his ear. "She arrived here yesterday evening, and, as I am told, very sick; but for all that I received propositions from her this morning for an engagement at the court theatre."

"She is not what you want," answered Porpora. "Your wife sings ten times better than she."

"I thank you for your advice," said the director.

"What? and no other pupil over and above the plump Corilla?" ed Caffariello. "Venice is pumped dry then? I had a fancy to re in the spring with Tesi."

"And why not?"

"Tesi is fixed on Dresden. Shall I not then find a kitten to mew in Venice? I am not difficult, neither is the public, when it has a *prima*

nomo of my capacity to take the whole opera on his shoulders. A pretty voice, with intelligence and docility, will be all I should require for the duets. Ah! by the way, maestro, what did you do with a little yellow-faced thing I saw with you?"

"I have taught many little yellow-faced things."

"Oh! but she, I mean, had a prodigious voice, and I recollect that I said to myself, as I heard her—"Here is an ugly little girl that will make a hit. I even amused myself by singing something with her. Poor little girl, she cried for admiration."

"Ah! ah!" said Porpora, looking at Consuelo, who blushed as red as the maestro's nose.

"What the devil was her name?" resumed Caffarielo. "An out-of-the-way name. Come, master, you must recollect her; she was as ugly as all the devils."

"That was I," said Consuelo, who got over the embarrassment, frankly and good-humoredly, and advanced merrily and respectfully toward Caffariello.

Caffariello was not put out so easily. "You?" said he, jestingly, as he took her by the hand,—"You are telling a fib, for you are a very handsome girl, and she of whom I speak——"

"Oh! it was really I," said Consuelo. "Look at me well, and you cannot but remember me. Oh! I am the same Consuelo."

"Consuelo! yes, that was her devilish name. But I do not recollect you in the least, and I am afraid they have changed you. My child, if in gaining beauty you have lost your voice and the talent which you foreshadowed, you would have better done to remain ugly."

"I want you to hear her," said Porpora, who was eager that Holzbaüer should hear his pupil. And he pushed Consuelo toward the harpsichord somewhat in spite of herself; for it was long since she had played before a learned auditory, and she was not prepared to sing to-night.

"You are mystifying me," said Caffariello. "It is not the same whom I saw in Venice."

"You shall judge," replied Porpora.

"Really, maestro, it is cruelty to make me sing when I have fifty leagues of dust in my throat," said Consuelo timidly.

"Never mind that! Sing!" said the maestro.

"Be not afraid of me, my child," said Caffariello, "I know what indulgence the circumstances require, and to prevent your being afraid of me, I will sing with you if you please."

"On that condition, I will obey," she answered, "and the pleasure shall have in hearing you will prevent me thinking of myself."

"What can we sing together?" said Caffariello to Porpora. Choose a duet for us."

"Choose for yourself," said Porpora; "there is nothing she cannot sing with you."

"Well then, something of your own composition, maestro; I wish to give you pleasure to-day, and besides I know that the Signora Wilhelmina has all your music bound up and gilded with oriental luxury."

"Yes," grumbled Porpora between his teeth; "my works are more richly clad than I."

Caffariello took up the music books, turned the leaves and chose a duet from *Eumenes*, an opera which Porpora had written at Rome for Farinelli. He sang the first solo with that grandeur, that perfection, that mastery, which caused all his absurdities to be forgotten on the instant, and his excellences only to be remembered and enthusiastically admired. Consuelo felt herself reanimated and revivified by the power of that extraordinary man; and she, in her turn, sang her female solo, better perhaps than she had ever sung in her life. Caffariello did not wait till she had ended, but interrupted her several times by explosions of applause. "Ah! *Cara!*" he cried several times, "now indeed I recognise you. You are indeed the marvellous child I heard in Venice, but now *Figlia mia, tuu sei un portento*, and it is Caffariello tells you so."

Wilhelmina was a little surprised, perhaps a little disconcerted at finding Consuelo even more powerful than at Venice, but made nevertheless the most of her admiration. Holzbaüer always smiling and admiring, preserved a diplomatic reserve in regard to an engagement. Buononcini declared that Consuelo surpassed both Madame Hasse, and Madame Cuzzoni; and the ambassador went into such transports that Wilhelmina appeared frightened—especially when she saw him take off a great sapphyr from his own finger to place it on that of Consuelo, who scarce knew whether to accept or refuse it. The duo was furiously encored, but the door opened and the servant announced with respectful solemnity M. le Comte de Hoditz. All the world rose with a common instinct of respect, not to the most illustrious, not to the best, but to the richest.

"I must be very unlucky," thought Consuelo within herself, "to meet here suddenly and unexpectedly, and without an opportunity of saying a word in private with them, two persons who saw me on my journey with Joseph, and who must naturally have formed a bad opinion of my morals and of my relations with him. It matters not, honest and worthy Joseph; at the risk of all the calumnies which they may raise up against me, I will never disavow you either by word or in heart."

Count Hoditz, all blazing with embroideries of gold, advanced toward Wilhelmina, and by the manner in which he kissed her hand, Consuelo easily perceived the difference between such a mistress of a house and the proud patricians she had seen at Venice.

Consuelo was soon called upon to sing again, she was cried up to the skies, and she literally shared with Caffariello the honors of the evening. At every moment, however, she expected to be approached by Count Hoditz, and to be compelled to bear the brunt of some malicious joke. But strange to say, Count Hoditz never once came near the piano, toward which she endeavored to turn herself so that he should not see her features; and when he had once asked her name and age, he did not appear even to have heard of her before. The fact is, he had never yet received the imprudent letter, which in her traveller's audacity she had addressed to him by the wife of the deserter. He had, besides, a very indifferent sight, and as it was not then the fashion to make use of glasses in a crowded assembly, he but very vaguely distinguished the pale face of the cantatrice. It will perhaps appear strange that such a maniac for music as he pretended to be, should have felt no curiosity to see so remarkable a virtuoso nearer at hand.

It must be remembered that this Moravian lord admired only music of his own composition, his own style, and his own singers. He had no sympathy with great talents; he loved on the contrary to beat

them down in their estimate of their value, and in their pretensions; and when he was told that Faustina Bordoni was making 50,000 francs per annum in London, and Farinelli 150,000, he was wont to shrug his shoulders and say, that he had singers of his own performing at his own theatre of Roswald, in Moravia, for 500 francs a year, who were worth Farinelli, Faustina, and M. Caffariello into the bargain, the latter being especially insupportable to him—indeed, his very antipathy, for the simple reason, that in his own sphere and style, M. Hoditz had precisely the same absurdities and affectations as the singer.

He whispered and tittered therefore with Wilhelmina, during the last piece which Consuelo sang; and then, seeing Porpora shooting furious glances at him, went out quickly, having enjoyed no pleasure in the company of these pedantic and badly instructed musicians.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Consuelo's first movement on returning to her room, was to write to Albert; but she soon found that it was by no means as easy to do this as she had at first imagined. In her first hurried ideas she began to relate to him all the incidents of her journey, when a fear came over her that she was in danger of moving him too deeply by the picture of her fatigues and dangers, which she was thus setting before his eyes. She remembered the sort of delirious fury into which he had fallen when she had told him, in the cavern, the terrors which she had confronted in coming to find him. She tore the letter; and then imagining that to a mind and organization such as his, a single and dominant idea, clearly expressed, was the most needful, she set to work again.

But again, what had she to announce to Albert? What could she promise or affirm to him anew? Was she not in the same state of irresolution, in the same alarm, as at her departure from the castle? If she had come for refuge to Vienna rather than elsewhere, was it not to seek the protection of the only legitimate authority she had to recognise in life? Porpora was her benefactor, her father, her supporter, her master, in the most religious acceptation of the word. Near him she felt herself an orphan no longer; she did not even admit the right as possessed by her of disposing of herself, following the inspiration of her heart or her reason only. Now Porpora blamed the idea of a marriage which he regarded as a murder of genius, as the immolation of a great destiny at the shrine of a romantic devotion. He railed at it, and rejected it with all his energies. At Riesenberg also, there was an old man, generous, noble, and tender, who offered himself as a father to Consuelo; but can one change fathers under the exigency of circumstances, and when Porpora said *no*, could Consuelo accept the yes of Count Christian?"

She began again, and tore up the beginnings of twenty letters, without being able to satisfy herself with one. In whatever style she set out, she found herself at every third word making some rash assertion, or manifesting some doubt, either of which might have had consequences the most fatal. At last she went to bed, perfectly worn out with weariness, vexation and anxiety, and suffered there for a long

time from cold and sleeplessness, without being able to arrive at any resolution, at any clear conception of her future destiny. At length, she fell asleep, and remained in bed late enough to allow Porpora who was a very early riser, to get out of the way on his round of visits. She found Haydn occupied as the day before, arranging the furniture and brushing the clothes of his new master. "Come then, fair sleeper," said he, as he saw his friend appear, "I am dying of ennui, of sadness, and more than all, of fear, when I do not see you, my guardian angel, between myself and that terrible man. He seems always to be discovering my intentions, to be on the point of turning my stratagems against myself, of shutting me up in his old harpsichord, in order to kill me, by harmonious suffocation. He makes my hair stand up on my head, does your Porpora! and I cannot persuade myself, that he is not an old Italian devil; the Satan of that country being admitted to be much more wicked and much shrewder than ours here at home."

"Comfort yourself, my good friend," said Consuelo, "our master is not unkind, he is only unhappy. Let us begin by exerting all our cares to give him a little happiness, and we shall soon see him soften, and return to his natural character. Come, Beppo, let us go to work, so that when he returns he shall find his poor home somewhat more comfortable than it has been to him of late. First, I am going to examine his clothes, to see what is wanting."

"What is here will not take long to count," said Joseph, "and it is very easy to be seen; for I never knew a wardrobe, unless it were my own, poorer, or in worse condition."

"Well, I shall see to renovating yours also, Joseph, for I also am a debtor to you. You fed me and clothed me all along our journey. But let us think first of Porpora. Open that closet. What! only one coat?—that which he wore last night at the Ambassador's?"

"Alas! that is all. A maroon-colored coat, with cut steel buttons, and not very fresh either. The other, which he put on to go out, is so dilapidated and shabby, that it is a pity to look at it. As to a dressing-gown, I know not if such a thing ever existed, but I have been searching for it in vain for an hour."

Consuelo and Joseph renewed their search, and soon found that Porpora's dressing-gown was an imaginary article; and when count was taken of his shirts, there were but three, and those in utter ruin, and so with all the rest.

"Joseph," said Consuelo, "here is a handsome ring which was given to me yesterday in payment of my songs. I do not like to sell it, for that would draw attention to me, and, perhaps, indispose people toward me, on account of my cupidity. But I could offer it in pledge, and borrow on it what money is necessary to us. Keller is honest and intelligent; he will know well what price to set on that jewel, and will surely know some usurer, who, taking it in pledge, will advance me a good sum on it. Go quickly, and return."

"It will not be long doing," replied Joseph. "There is a sort of jeweller, an Israelite, who lives in Keller's house; and as the latter is a sort of factotum for secrets of that kind to many a noble lady, he will easily get you the money within an hour; but I will have nothing for myself. Do you hear, Consuelo? You yourself, whose baggage travelled so far on my shoulder, are in great need of a better toilet, and you will have to appear to-morrow in a gayer dress than that."

"We will settle our accounts hereafter and according to my taste

Beppo. Not having refused your services, I have the right to force mine upon you. Now run to Keller's."

In a word, within an hour Haydn returned with Keller and 1,500 florins, and Consuelo having explained her wishes, Keller went out and brought a friend of his, a tailor, whom he reported to be discreet and expeditious, and who, having measured Porpora's coat and other garments, engaged to produce within a few days two other complete suits, a good wadded dressing-gown; and as for linen and other necessaries for the toilet, he promised to order them of a workman whom he could recommend.

"Now then, signora," resumed Joseph, who, unless when they were tête-á-tête, had the good taste to speak very ceremoniously to his friend, so that no one should form a false idea of the nature of their friendship, "Will you not now think of yourself? You brought hardly anything with you from Bohemia; and what is more, your clothes are not in the fashion of this country."

"I was on the point of forgetting that important affair. Good Mr. Keller must again be my counsellor and my guide."

"Ah! indeed," said Keller, "there I am in my own line, and if I do not get you up a dress in the best taste, call me a presuming ignoramus."

"I commit myself to you, my good Keller. Only I tell you that in general I have a simple taste, and that things suiting, strong colors neither suit my habitual paleness, nor my simple fancy."

"You do me injustice, signora, in supposing that I require the information. Is it not my profession to know what colors must be assorted to what faces, and do I not see in your face the expression of your natural disposition? Be at your ease, you will be satisfied with me, and very soon you shall be in readiness to appear at court, if you desire it, without ceasing to be as simple and as modest as you now appear. To adorn the figure without changing it, is the true art of the hairdresser, as well as of the costumer."

"Yet one word in your ear, good Monsieur Keller," said Consuelo, moving the wig-maker away from Joseph. "Will you have Master Haydn newly dressed from head to foot? With the remainder of the money, you will purchase a handsome silk frock for your daughter, to wear on her wedding day. I hope it will not be far distant; for if I have success, I may be useful in aiding our friend to make himself known. For he has talent—much talent, I can assure you."

"Has he really, signora? I am very happy at what you tell me, for I always suspected it. What do I say? I was sure of it from the first day, when I heard him sing in the school as a little child."

"He is a noble youth," said Consuelo, "and you will one day be recompensed by his gratitude and faith towards you, for all that you have done for him; for you also, Master Keller, are, I well know, a worthy man, and of a generous heart. Now tell me," said she, drawing nearer to him, "have you done what we agreed upon concerning Joseph's patrons? The idea was yours,—have you put it in execution?"

"Indeed I have, signora," replied Keller. "To say and to do are the same thing with your humble servant. As I waited on my customers this morning, I first mentioned it to monseigneur, the Venetian Ambassador—I have not the honor of waiting on himself, but I dress his secretary's hair—and then to the Abbe Metastasio, and to Mademoiselle Martinez, his pupil, whose head is also under my care.

I shall persist, by one means or other, in making it known to all my customers; and after that, I will make customers, in order to make it known yet further, till there shall be no danger of its reaching the ears of Master Porpora."

"If I were a queen, I would instantly nominate you my ambassador," replied Consuelo, "but I see the maestro coming—make your escape, good Master Keller, so that he may not see you."

"And why should I escape, signora? I will begin dressing your hair, and it will be thought that you sent for the first hairdresser by your valet, Joseph."

"He has a thousand times more sense than we," said Consuelo to Joseph, and she abandoned her black hair to his delicate fingering, while Joseph resumed his apron and dusting brush, and Porpora slowly ascended the stairs, humming a phrase of his forthcoming opera.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

As he was very absent by nature, Porpora did not even observe, as he kissed his adopted daughter on the forehead that Keller was holding her hair, and he set to work immediately hunting among his music for the manuscript of the phrase which was running in his head; but on perceiving his papers, which were ordinarily scattered at random over the top of the harpsichord, arranged in symmetrical files, he at once recovered his full powers of observation.

"The miserable devil!" he exclaimed, "he has presumed to touch my manuscript. This is ever the way with valets. They think they are arranging, when they are merely piling up! I had good cause, indeed, that I must take a valet; this is the beginning of my misery."

"Forgive him, master," said Consuelo, "your music was in absolute chaos."

"It was, at least, a chaos in which I could find my way; I could get up in the night and find any part of my opera which I wanted, only by feeling my way. Now I know nothing about it any more. It will be a month before I shall be able to rearrange it."

"No, master; you will find your way at once and without difficulty. It is I who am in fault, moreover; and although the pages were not numbered, I am sure I have put them all in their places. Look, I am sure you will read more easily in the music-book which I have made, than you could on the loose leaves, which a gust of wind might carry away at any moment."

"A gust of wind! Do you take my room for the lagunes of Venice?"

"If not a gust of wind, at least a wave of a broom."

"And pray what business has any one to sweep and dust my apartment? I have lived here fifteen days, and never have allowed any one to enter it."

"I perceived as much," said Joseph to himself. "Well, master you must permit me to alter that habit altogether. It is unwholesome to sleep in a room which is not aired and cleaned every day. I will take it on me to re-establish daily the disorder which you like after Beppo has arranged and swept everything."