

"Then I will not, unless I am questioned; and I will not permit every one to do so. I have suffered you, dear Corilla, to take that liberty, but you must not abuse it, if you are my friend."

"You are a perfect mask," said Corilla. "You act the innocent. You have so much good sense, that I am inclined to think you pure, as I was when twelve years of age. Yet this is impossible. Ah, Zingarella, you are very shrewd, and can make men believe anything you please."

"I will make them believe nothing, for I will not permit them to be interested in my affairs enough to question me."

"That will be best. — They always make a bad use of our confessions, and no sooner wrest them from us than they take advantage of them. I see you know your own business. You are right in not wishing to inspire love. By not doing so you will have no trouble, no storms. You will act freely, without deceiving any one. I could not act so; amid my greatest successes I always committed some folly, which destroyed all. I conceive a passion for some poor devil, and then farewell fortune! Once I could have married Zustiniani. Yes, I could, for he adored me, but I could not bear him. That miserable Anzoleto, though, pleased me. I lost my position. Give me some advice; you will be my friend, will you not? You will preserve me from the weakness of my heart, and the effects of my scheming brain. To begin—I must tell you that for eight days I have had an inclination for a man the influence of whom rapidly decays, and who, in a short time, may be rather injurious than beneficial to one at court. He is worth millions, but may be ruined in an instant. I wish to separate myself from him before he drags me down in his own ruin. Ah! the devil plots against me, for here the man comes, and I feel the fire of jealousy rushing to my face. Shut the screen closely, Porporina, and do not move; I do not wish him to see you."

Consuelo closed the screen. She needed not Corilla's advice to avoid being examined by her lovers. A man's voice, musical and clear, though without freshness, was heard at the door. He tapped for form's sake, and came in without pausing for a reply.

"Horrible profession!" thought Consuelo. "No, I will not suffer myself to be influenced by the intoxication of the stage. Behind the scenes all things are impure."

She sat in a corner, deeply mortified at being in such company, and indignant and afraid at the manner in which Corilla had conversed with her. She had plunged at once into an abyss of corruption, of which she previously had no idea.

#### CHAPTER XCV.

WHILE, from fear of interruption, she hastily concluded her toilet, she heard the following dialogue in Italian:

"Why do you come here? I told you not to come to my dressing-room. The empress has, under the most severe penalty, forbidden us to receive any one but our brother artists here; and we can only see them when the business of the theatre requires it. See what you expose me to! I did not think things were so badly managed."

"When people pay well they go anywhere. Beggars are the only people who find any difficulty in going where they please. Come now, be more civil, or I will never see you again."

"Would to heaven that you never would! Go! Why do you not?"

"You seem to be so anxious, that I remain out of spite."

"I tell you unless you go I will send for the master of the theatre, and thus get rid of you."

"He can come as soon as he is tired of life."

"Are you mad? I tell you that you compromise me by this conduct, and make me violate a rule recently imposed by her majesty. You expose me either to a heavy fine or to discharge."

"Fine? I will pay your fine with my cane. As for a discharge, it is exactly what I want. I will take you to my estate, and there we will lead a delicious life."

"Follow such a brute as you? Never! Let us go out together, then, since you will not leave me alone."

"Alone, my charmer? I wish to be sure of that before I go. That screen is utterly out of place in such a small room. It seems to me if I pushed it over I would do you a service."

"Do not so, sir. A lady is dressing there. Brigand as you are would you kill or injure a woman?"

"A woman? Ah! that is a different matter. I wish, however, to see if that woman does not wear a sword."

The screen began to tremble, and Consuelo, who had finished her toilet, put on her mantle, and while the first fold of the screen was closing, tried to open the last, and escape through the door, which was only a few feet distant. Corilla, however, saw her intention, and said—"Be still, Porporina; if he did not find you he would be satisfied some man was hidden there, and would kill me." Consuelo resolved to come out, but la Corilla had closed the screen, and prevented her from doing so. Perhaps she hoped that by exciting his jealousy she would enkindle passion enough to keep him from observing the grace of her rival.

"If there be a lady there, let her answer me. Madam, are you dressed? Can I do homage to charms?"

"Sir," said Consuelo, in obedience to an intimation from Corilla, "keep your compliments for some one else, and excuse me. I am not visible."

"That means, this is precisely the time to look at you," said Corilla's lover, attempting to go behind the screen.

"Take care," said Corilla, with a forced laugh. "What if in place of a naked shepherdess you see a dowager?"

"Diable! But no; her voice is too fresh to belong to a person more than twenty years old. Besides, if she had not been pretty, you would have suffered me to see her long ago."

The screen was very high, and, in spite of his tallness, the lover could not see above it unless he threw down all the articles of Corilla's toilet, which hung on the chairs. Now, too, that he was not afraid that her inmate was a man, the game amused him.

"Madam," said he, "if you be old and ugly, I will respect your asylum. If though, you be young and handsome, do not let Corilla slander you, and only give me leave to pass the lines." Consuelo was silent. "Ah! on my word," said he, after a moment's silence, "I will not be duped. If you were old and ugly you would not bear to hear



yourself called so with such perfect coolness. It is because you are an angel that you laugh at my doubts. At all events, then, I must see you, for you are a prodigy of beauty, capable even of inspiring Corilla with fears in relation to herself, or you are a person with mind enough to own that you are ugly. If that be so I shall be glad for once in my life to see an ugly woman without vanity."

He took hold of Corilla's arm with only two fingers, and bent it as if it had been a wisp of straw. She cried out that he had hurt her severely, and, opening the screen, exposed to Consuelo the horrible face of Baron Francis von Trenck. A rich court dress replaced his savage costume, but his giant form, and the large purple spots on his sun-burned face, made it easy to recognise at once the pitiless and bold leader of the Pandours.

Consuelo could not repress a cry of terror, and pale with fear, sank back on her chair. "Do not be afraid of me, madam," said the baron, kneeling, "and forgive the temerity, which, when I see you, it is impossible for me to regret. Let me think that it was from pity, (knowing that I cannot see without adoring you,) that you refused to see me. Do not distress me by letting me think I have frightened you, ugly as I am. If war has turned a handsome enough young man into a kind of monster, be sure it has not injured me in any other respect."

"To injure you were impossible," said Consuelo, turning her back on him.

"See there," said the baron; "you are stern indeed, and your nurse must have told you some vampire stories about me, as the old women of this country ever do. The fair, though, do me justice, being well aware that if I am rude in my treatment of the enemies of my country, I am able to civilize myself if they give me an opportunity." Leaning toward the mirror in which Consuelo pretended to examine herself, he cast on it the savage, and at the same time voluptuous look, the brutal fascination of which had overpowered Corilla. Consuelo saw that the only way to shake him off was to offend him.

"Baron," said she, "you do not inspire me with fear, but with disgust and aversion. You love to kill, and I am not afraid to die. I hate all sanguinary natures, and such I know yours to be; I have travelled after you in Bohemia."

The baron changed countenance, turned towards Corilla, and said:

"What a she-devil this is! The Baron Lestocq, who fired a pistol at me, was not more perfectly out of humor. Have I ever trampled down her lover? Come, my pretty one, be at ease, for I did but jest. If you are ill-tempered I deserve your reproof for having suffered myself to stray, though but for a moment, from my divine Corilla."

"Your divine Corilla," said she, "cares very little about your vagaries. I beg you to leave—for in a moment the manager will make his tour—unless you are determined to get us into difficulty."

"I am going," said the baron; "I do not wish to trouble you, and deprive the public of the freshness of your voice by making you weep. My carriage will wait for you after the play. This is understood." He snatched a kiss from her in the presence of Consuelo, and left.

Corilla at once threw her arms around Consuelo's neck, and thanked her for having thus rid her of Von Trenck. Consuelo looked away for Corilla, sullied with the kiss of such a man, was an object of almost as much disgust as he was.

"How can you be jealous of so disgusting a being?" asked Consuelo.

"Zingarella," said she, with a smile, "you do not now know your own heart. The baron pleases more exalted women, and many who call themselves more virtuous than me. His form is superb, and his face, though covered with scars, has an attraction you could not resist if he took it into his head to pay court to you."

"Ah, Corilla, it is not his face that disgusts me, his mind is yet more hideous. You do not know that he has a perfect tiger's heart."

"That is what led me astray," said Corilla. "To hear the common stories of all the fools who hover around us is a glorious thing, forsooth! To bind a tiger, though—to subdue a forest lion—to lead him in a leash—to make one sigh, weep, blush, and tremble at a single glance, whose look has routed armies—and with one blow of his sabre cut off an ox's head—is a more intense pleasure than I have ever known. Anzoletto was something of that kind; I loved him for his depravity; the baron, however, is much worse. The one was capable of beating his mistress, the baron might kill her. Oh! I love him much more!"

"Poor Corilla!" said Consuelo, looking at her with a glance of deep pity.

"You pity me, because I love him. You are right. You have more reason, though, to envy me. I had rather, after all, that you pitied than that you should contend with me for him."

"Do not be afraid," said Consuelo.

"*Signora si va cominciare!*" said the call-boy.

"*Cominciate!*" sang out a stentorian voice from the floor occupied by the dressing-rooms of the chorus.

"*Cominciate!*" said another melancholy and deep voice below the stairway, and beneath the stage. The last syllables were echoed behind the scene, until they reached the prompter, who communicated them to the leader of the orchestra by three taps on the floor. The latter tapped on his music-stand, and after the moment of palpitation which precedes the commencement of the overture, the symphony began, and silence pervaded the house, both before and behind the curtain.

From the commencement of the first act of Zenobia, Consuelo produced the complete and resistless effect which Haydn had predicted. Great talent does not always produce an infallible effect on the stage, even supposing that their power never declines; all parts and all circumstances are not calculated for the development of the most brilliant faculties. This was the first time that Consuelo had a *role*—a part in which she could exhibit herself in her candor, power, tenderness, and purity, without regard to art and without any effort to identify herself with an unknown person. She could forget this terrible labor, abandon herself to the emotion of the moment, and inspire at once pathetic and profound feelings, which she had not had time to study, and which were revealed by the magnetism of a sympathetic audience. She now experienced an indescribable pleasure, and deaf to the clamor of the crowd, in her own heart, applauded herself.

After the first act she remained at the fly, to hear the interlude, and to encourage her by applause. After the second act she felt that repose was necessary, and went to the dressing-room. Porpora, who was otherwise engaged, did not go with her, and Haydn, who, by the secret influence of the imperial patronage, had been received as one of the violins of the orchestra, remained at his post.

Consuelo went to Corilla's dressing-room, the latter having given



her the key, alone. She took a glass of water, and for a moment lay on the sofa. Suddenly she remembered the Pandour, and arose and locked the door. There was, however, no probability that he would come to annoy her. He had, on the rising of the curtain, gone to the front of the house, and Consuelo had seen him in one of the balconies amid her most fantastic admirers. He was passionately fond of music, having been born and educated in Italy, the language of which country he spoke perfectly. Had he been born without any other resources, he could have made his fortune at the theatre, his biographers maintain.

Consuelo, however, was perfectly amazed when, on returning to the sofa, she saw the screen move, and the Pandour come from behind it.

She rushed to the door, but Trenck was too quick, and placing his back against the lock, said:—

"Be calm, my charmer." As he spoke, he put on a terrible smile. "Since you share this dressing-room with Corilla, you must grow used to meeting her lover here; for you cannot be ignorant that he too has a key to it. You have thrown yourself into the lion's den. Do not call, for no one will hear you. All know the presence of mind of Trenck, and also his total disregard of life, the strength of his wrist, and his utter contempt of fools. If, in violation of the imperial order, he is permitted to come here, it is because among all these ballad-singers there is not one dares look him in the face. Why need you grow pale and tremble? Have you so little confidence in me that you will not hear me speak three words? Do you think me a man apt to violate and outrage you? These are the gossipings of old women. Trenck is not so bad as they say; and to prove this, he wishes to speak with you for a few moments."

"Monsieur, I will not hear one word until you have opened that door," said Consuelo, regaining her presence of mind. "If you will do that, I will listen to you; but if you persist in confining me here, I am satisfied that, brave as you are, you dare not confront my companions, the ballad-singers."

"You are right," said Trenck, throwing the door open. "As you are not afraid of offending me, I too prefer fresh air to being stifled by the musk with which Corilla has filled all this room. You have done me a service."

While he spoke, he took possession of Consuelo's hands, forced her to sit down, and placed his hands on her knees without releasing her own. She could not resist without bringing on a mere puerile dispute, which perhaps would provoke him to resistance, and destroy all scruple and respect. Consuelo saw this, and resigned herself. She could not resist letting fall one pale sad tear. The baron saw this, and instead of being moved or disarmed, suffered a wild and cruel joy to play on his blood-stained lips, which, by the explosion, had been completely excoiated.

"You are very unjust to me," said he in a voice, the coarseness and wildness of which betrayed a most hypocritical satisfaction. "You hate me without knowing me, and are unwilling to hear my justification. I cannot, however, submit so foolishly to your aversion. One hour ago I cared nothing about it; but since I have heard the divine Porporina, I love her, and feel I must either live for her or die by her hand."

"Do not insult this stupid comedy on me," said Consuelo, perfectly enraged.

"Comedy?" said the baron, "Look you here." As he spoke, he took a loaded pistol from his pocket and cocked it. "Take this pistol in one of your beautiful hands, and if I have in any respect offended you—if I am yet odious—kill me. This other hand I am resolved to hold as long as you will permit me to kiss it. I will give this favor to yourself, and you will see me wait patiently for it under the muzzle of this murderous weapon, which you can turn on me whenever you cannot resist my annoyance."

Trenck really gave Consuelo the weapon, and retained her left hand by force while he remained on his knees with the confidence of the rarest fatuity. Consuelo then felt herself very strong, and placing the pistol so that she could use it at any moment of danger, said with a smile:

"You may speak; I listen to you."

As she spoke, she fancied that she heard steps in the corridor, and soon the shadow of some one crossing the door. The shadow, however, disappeared at once, either because the person returned, or that Consuelo's terror was imaginary. Situated as she was, and apprehending nothing but scandal, the approach of any one, whether negative or inclined to aid her, made her rather afraid than otherwise. If she kept silence, the baron, found on his knees, with the door open, might pretend to have been favored by her; if she called for aid, the baron would certainly kill the first man who entered. There were fifty similar instances in his private career; and the victims of his passions had always been more or less disgraced. In this terrible alternative, Consuelo could devise nothing more than a prompt explanation; and hoped that her own presence of mind would restore Trenck's reason, without having any witness to comment on or arbitrarily interpret this whimsical adventure. He understood her partially, and half-closed the door.

"Really, madam," said he, returning to her, "it would be mad to expose yourself to the notice of passers-by, for this difficulty we must settle between ourselves. Hear me: I see your fears, and know all the scruples of your friendship for Corilla. Your honor, your reputation, your truth, are yet dearer to me than these precious moments during which I am enabled to see you alone. I know well enough that the panther, of whom I was enamored half an hour ago, would accuse you of treachery if she found me at your feet. She shall not. I have regulated all that; and she must by her tricks amuse the public for yet ten minutes more. I have, therefore, time enough to say, that if I have loved her, I have forgotten her completely as I have the first apple I ever ate; do not therefore fear to take from her a heart she has lost already, but which henceforth nothing can efface your image. You alone, madam, rule, and may control my life. Why hesitate? You have, they say, a lover. I will get rid of him in a moment. You are watched by a malicious and ill-tempered guardian. I will carry you away in spite of his teeth. You have a thousand plots against you in the theatre. It is true the public love you, but the public is ungrateful, and will desert you as soon as you begin to fail."

"I am immensely rich, and can make a princess of you—almost a queen—in a savage land, but where, by a glance, I can build palaces and theatres vaster than those of Vienna. If you ask for an audience, by one flash of my sword I can cause to spring from the ground a populace as devoted, and far more faithful than that of Vienna. I



know I am no beauty; but the scars on my face are more respectable and honorable than the paint on the cheeks of your buffoons. I am stern to my serfs, and never forgive my enemies, but to faithful servants I am kind. Those I love swim in joy, glory and opulence. Sometimes I am violent, as you have heard, for one cannot be brave and strong as I am, without being anxious to make use of power when vengeance or pride demand it. A pure and timid woman, though, gentle and charming as you are, may subdue my power, and keep me like a child at her feet. Try to do so. Be mine secretly for a time, and you will see that you can confide your future fate to me, and accompany me to Slavonia.

"You smile. My country reminds you of slavery, but, divine Porporina, I will be the slave. Look at me, and grow used to this want of beauty, which your love would cause to disappear. Speak but the word, and you will see that Trenck, the Austrian, from his red eyes can shed tears of love and joy as well as his dear Prussian cousin whom he loves, though they have fought in opposite ranks, and to whom, as people say, you were not indifferent. The Prussian, however, is a child, while I, though yet young, (I am but thirty-five, wrinkled as my face is,) seem twice as old as he is. I have passed the age of caprice, and can promise you long years of happiness. Speak, speak to me, and you will see that passion can transform Trenck, the Pandour, into a Jupiter. You do not answer; a touching modesty makes you hesitate. You say nothing. Suffer me to kiss your hand and withdraw, full of hope and happiness. See if I am a brute and a tiger, as I have been described. I ask but an innocent favor, and I implore it on my knees."

Consuelo looked at the Pandour, the seducer of so many women, with complete surprise. She carefully studied the secret of that fascination which, in spite of his deformity, would have been so irresistible, had he been a good and sincere man, and if his passion had not been the Quixotism of impertinent presumption.

"Have you done, baron?" she said, calmly; but suddenly she grew pale, as she saw a handful of diamonds, pearls, and huge rubies, which the tyrant had thrown in her lap. She rose abruptly, and suffered all these gems to fall on the floor. Corilla would pick them up.

"Trenck," said she, with the deepest disgust and indignation, "in spite of your vaunted courage, you are a vile coward. You have only fought with flocks and herds, and then you slew without pity. From a true man you would have fled like a wolf, as you are. All these glorious scars, I am well aware, were received in a cave where you fought for gold amid the carcasses of your victims. Your castle and your little kingdom are formed from the blood of a noble people, on whom despotism inflicts such a compatriot as you are for a ruler. You have robbed the orphan of bread, the widow of her mite—your gold is the price of treachery—your riches the pillage of churches. Your Prussian cousin, whom you love so tenderly, you have betrayed and wished to murder; the women, the glory of whom you say you have made, you have violated, after murdering their lovers and husbands. The tenderness for me, of which you boast so much, is the whim of a worn-out libertine. This chivalric submission which induced you to place your life in my hands, is but a trifling favor. To slay you would be a disgrace, from which I could only purify myself by suicide. This is all I have to say, Pandour. Quit my sight, for if you do not let go my hand, which you have held, and which for the

last half hour has grown like ice in your own, I will blow out your brains and purify the earth from your presence."

"Is that all you have to say, she devil? Well, the pistol I have placed in your hand is unfortunately loaded with powder. One scar more or less would do no harm to one fire-proof, as I am. Fire the pistol—make a noise—that is all I want. I shall be satisfied with having witnesses of my victory. Nothing now can shield you from my embraces, and by your folly you have aroused a fire which, by a little prudence, you might have restrained."

While speaking thus, Trenck seized Consuelo in his arms; just then, however, the door opened, and a man, the face of whom was completely covered by a crape mask, placed his hand on the Pandour and made him tremble and quail like a reed in the wind, and furiously cast him on the ground. All this took place in the course of a second. Trenck, completely astounded, rose up with haggard eyes and a foaming mouth. He drew his sword and rushed on his enemy, who went to the door and seemed to fly. Consuelo also hurried to the door, fancying that in this man she recognized the form and bearing of Albert. She saw him go to the end of the passage, where a winding staircase descended rapidly to the street. There he paused—waited for Trenck—stooped quickly, suffering the baron's sword to strike the wall. He then took him in his arms and threw him over his shoulders, head foremost, down the stairway. Consuelo heard the giant fall down the steps. She wished to hurry after the unknown, and call him Albert. He had disappeared, however, before she had strength enough to make three steps. There was a terrible silence on the whole staircase.

"*Signora, cinque minuti,*" said the call-boy kindly, as he came from the theatre up the stairway, which ended at the same place. He then said—"How came this door open?" as he saw the door through which Trenck had been thrown. "Indeed your ladyship has run a great risk of taking cold." He shut the door and locked it, in obedience to orders; while Consuelo, more dead than alive, returned to her dressing-room, and threw out of the window the pistol which had remained on the sofa, kicked under the furniture the gems and rubies which yet glistened on the carpet, and went to the theatre, where she found Corilla yet blushing and panting at her triumph, in the interlude.

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#### CHAPTER XCVL

IN spite of the agitation which had convulsed Consuelo, she surpassed herself even in the third act. She had not expected this, nor did she rely on it. She went on the stage with the resolution of failing with honor, when suddenly she recovered her powers. She was not afraid. A thousand hisses would have been nothing compared with the danger and terror from which she had escaped, by a kind of miraculous intervention. Another miracle ensued; the good genius of Consuelo seemed to watch over her. She had more voice than she ever had, and sung with more mastery, playing at the same time with more energy and passion than she had as yet done. All her being seemed to be exalted to the highest pitch, and it seemed every instant



that, like too tense a chord, she was about to snap. A feverish excitement, however, transported her to a higher sphere, and she acted as if she were in a dream, amazed at her own capacity.

Whenever she feared a failure, a thought of happiness revived her. Albert was there, beyond doubt. He had been in Vienna since the day before, beyond any doubt. He observed and watched her motions. He watched over her. To whom else could she attribute the unforeseen aid she had just received, and the almost supernatural power which was required to strike down the Pandour, Trenck, the Slavonian Hercules? What if from one of the whims of which his character offered but too many examples, he refused to speak to her, —if he seemed to wish to avoid her, it was not on account, evidently, that he did not love her ardently. Did he not watch and protect her anxiously, and defend her boldly?

"Well!" said Consuelo, "since God permits my power not to desert me, I wish Albert to see me succeed in my *role*, and that from some corner of the theatre, where, doubtless, he witnesses a triumph for which I am indebted neither to a cabal nor to Charlatanism."

Though she maintained the character of her *role*, she looked around for him. It was in vain, however, and when she went behind the scenes, she yet again searched, but to no purpose. "Where could he be? Where did he hide himself? Had he killed the Pandour when he threw him over the stair-way? Was he forced to conceal himself to avoid pursuit? Why not ask Porpora to protect him? Would she see him when she returned to the embassy? All these annoyances disappeared when she went on the stage. She forgot then, as if by some magic influence, every circumstance of real life, and experienced only a vague anxiety of mingled enthusiasm, terror, gratitude and hope. All this was in her part, and was exhibited in admirable accents of tenderness and truth.

She was called out after the opera, and the empress threw a bouquet—to which was attached a present of considerable value—to her. The court and the people followed her example, and there was a perfect shower of flowers. Amid all these perfumed offerings Consuelo saw fall at her feet, was a green branch, to which her eyes became involuntarily fastened. As soon as the curtain had fallen, she picked it up. It was a cypress branch. She forgot all the offerings made to her success, to contemplate and comment on this funereal emblem of grief and dismay, perhaps the token of an adieu. A violent chill succeeded the fever of emotion, and a cloud passed before her eyes. Her strength gave way, and almost fainting, she was taken to the house of the Venetian ambassador. She yet had under her cloak the cypress bough, which had exerted so terrible an influence over her.

As she went down the staircase she saw no stain of blood. In the confusion of the departure no one else had. While, however, she was going home, absorbed in her own meditations, a sad scene was passing with closed doors, in the green-room. Just before the end of the spectacle, the scene-shifters had found Baron Trenck at the foot of the staircase perfectly insensible, and covered with blood. He had been taken to one of the rooms, and to avoid confusion, the manager and the physician of the theatre, and also the police had been sent for. The public and the company then left the building, without being aware of what had happened. While the professional people, the imperial officers, and some kindly-disposed persons waited to succor the Pandour, Corilla, who was waiting her lover's carriage

and who had several times sent her maid to enquire—went down alone, notwithstanding the risk of being forced to return home on foot. She met Holzbauer, who was aware of what was going on between Trenck and herself, and who took her to the green-room, where she found him with his head crushed and his body so contused, that he could not move. Her sighs were loud and long; and Holzbauer, after dismissing all useless persons, shut the doors. The singer could say or think of nothing which would throw any light on the affair. At last Trenck having somewhat revived, said that he had come into the theatre without leave, to see the dancing girls, and that being anxious to leave, he had proceeded quickly down the passage. Not being familiar, however, with the house, he had stumbled at the top of the narrow stair-way and rolled to the bottom. All were satisfied with this explanation, and he was taken home, where Corilla nursed him so zealously that she lost Prince Kaunitz' favor, and consequently her majesty's good will. She, however, made the sacrifice; and Trenck, the iron frame of whom had resisted ruder shocks by far, after the expiration of a week was able to come out, with only one more scar on his head. He told no one of his mischance, only resolving to make Consuelo atone dearly for it. This he doubtless would have done, had not an order for his arrest torn him from Corilla's arms and hurried him to a military prison, before he had entirely recovered from a fever which ensued from the effects of his accident.

What rumor had vaguely informed the canon of began to be realized. The Pandour's wealth had awakened intense hostility against him in the midst of many influential men. He was a memorable victim. Accused of all the crimes he had committed, and of others attributed to him by interested persons, he had to writhe under the delays, the vexations, the impudent prevarications and injustices of a long and scandalous trial. We will leave him until a new order, in prison, where, having committed some infraction of the police, he was chained by the foot—disgracefully, too, for the government—by that very foot, broken by a bomb in one of his most famous exploits. After undergoing a most terrible operation, before his health was fully re-established, he had mounted his horse to resume his command. Around this scar an iron fetter was placed. The great queen, (who had not been offended when he oppressed and lacerated Bohemia, a rampart by no means strong enough to protect her from the enemy, on account of old national enmity,) Maria Theresa, no longer needing the crimes of Trenck and his Pandours to protect her throne, now fancied them unpardonable, and was thought to be ignorant of this cruel treatment—precisely as Frederick was supposed to be ignorant of the atrocity and torture, borne in a dungeon, loaded with chains weighing sixty-eight pounds, by another Baron Trenck, who had been his own page and aide, and who was the savior of Consuelo. The flatterers have slightly mentioned these atrocities, or attributed them to obscure subaltern officers, as a means of purifying the memory of their masters. These sovereigns, however, were not ignorant as they would be thought; but, on the contrary, knew all that passed. Frederick, himself, furnished the design of Trenck's chains, which that gallant man wore in Magdeburg for nine years; and if Maria Theresa did not precisely order the Austrian to be chained by his wounded foot, she refused to listen to his complaints, and was insensible to all he said. Besides, from the scandalous orgies her agents



carried on with the wealth of the fallen Pandour, she contrived to save a portion, which she refused to restore to his heirs.

Let us return to Consuelo; for it is the duty of a writer of romance to pass rapidly as possible over historical details. When she learned what had befallen the Pandour, she forgot the outrages with which he had menaced her; and, deeply touched by his misfortune, aided Corilla in sending him money at a time when the means of softening his captivity were refused him. Corilla, ever more anxious to spend than earn money, was without funds when an emissary of her lover came to ask for what he needed. Consuelo was the only person to whom she dared apply; and the latter at once sold the present which the empress had made her at the conclusion of Zenobia, giving the proceeds to her companion, whose conduct in not deserting Trenck now that he was unfortunate, she fully approved of. Corilla's zeal and courage in assisting her lover, inspired Consuelo to regard with a kind of esteem this corrupted creature, who was not, however, absolutely perverse, yet retaining many kind emotions, and much disinterested feeling. Joseph and herself had much conversation about this, and Consuelo justified herself for her sympathy to her own satisfaction.

Thus, fifteen days passed after the performance of Zenobia, and the adventure of Baron Trenck. The six representations for which she had been engaged were passed, and Madame Tesi had returned to the theatre. The empress, through the ambassador, Korner, exerted a great influence over Porpora, and made Consuelo's marriage with Haydn the condition of a permanent engagement in the Imperial Theatre, after the expiration of that of la Tesi. Joseph was ignorant of all this, and Consuelo had no suspicion of it. She thought of nothing except the absence of Albert, and the fact that she had received no news of him. A thousand suspicions and contradictory ideas passed through her mind, from the effects of which she became much excited. She had not left her room since the cessation of her engagement; and looked constantly at the cypress-branch, which seemed to have been taken from some tomb in the grotto of Schreckenstein.

Beppo, the only friend to whom she could speak openly, sought at first to persuade her that Albert had not come to Vienna. When, however, she showed him the cypress-bough, he thought over all this mystery, and concluded that the young count had something to do with Trenck's mischance.

"I think," said he, "that I see how all has happened. Albert came to Vienna, saw, and heard you; he has observed all you did, and watched your every step. On the day we were talking on the stage, in front of the curtain, representing the Araxes, he was behind, and heard my regret at seeing you borne from the theatre at the very advent of your glory. You uttered some exclamation to the same purpose, which made him fancy that you preferred the *eclat* of your career to the solemn sadness of his love. On the next day, he saw you enter Corilla's room; and perhaps, for he was on the look-out, saw the Pandour go thither previously. His delay in aiding you, proves that he thought you had gone thither willingly, and, after he had fallen a victim to the temptations of eaves-dropping, he came so opportunely to your aid."

"Well," said Consuelo; "but why act so mysteriously?—why wear the mask?"

"You know what the Austrian police is. Perhaps he has enemies

at court, or had political reasons for concealment. It may be his face was not unknown to Trenck—who knows, if during the recent war he may not have seen him in Bohemia, and offended him, or protected some one whom he wished to injure? Count Albert may have performed bold and courageous deeds, while all fancied he slumbered at Schreckenstein: at all events, he is not the man to talk of himself, being the most modest and innocent of men. He was then prudent in not chastising the Pandour with his face bare: if the empress today punishes Trenck for having devastated Bohemia, be sure she will not forgive any Bohemian, who, in other days, resisted the Pandour."

"All you say is very true, Joseph, and makes me think; now a thousand anxieties fill my mind, Albert may have been recognised and arrested, without the public being any more acquainted with the fact than with Trenck's fall down the stairway. Alas! he may now be imprisoned in the arsenal, side by side with Trenck. This misfortune he undergoes for me."

"Be calm—I do not think this is the case. Albert left Vienna at once, and you will soon receive a letter from him at Riesenberg."

"Have you a presentiment to that effect?"

"Yes, I have. If, however, you wish to know all, I think this letter will be different from what you wish. I am satisfied, that far from persisting in asking from a generous friendship the sacrifice of your artistic career, he has abandoned all idea of marriage, and will restore you your liberty. If he is intelligent, noble, and just, as you say he is, he will have great scruples in taking you from the theatre, to which you are passionately devoted. Do not deny the fact. I saw it; and, after hearing *Zenobia*, he too must. He will then regret so great a sacrifice: if he did not, I would not respect him."

"But read his last note. Here it is. Did he not say he would love me on the stage as well as in any other position? Could he not marry me, and yet leave me free?"

"To say and to do,—to think and to be,—are totally different: when, though reality is before us, we return to our old ideas. I can never think that a nobleman can see his wife exposed to the whims and caprices of a partner. When, certainly for the first time in his life, the count went behind the scenes, he saw in Trenck's conduct a sad exemplification of the perils of theatrical life. He withdrew in despair, perhaps, but perfectly cured of his passion and fancies. Excuse me speaking thus to you, Consuelo, but Count Albert's desertion to you is a real benefit. You will one day see it yourself, though now your eyes are filled with tears. Be just then to him, and do not be humiliated at this change. When he said he had no objection to the theatre, he talked of an ideal, which crumbled at the touch of truth. He saw, that in taking you from the stage, he would make you unhappy, or that if he accompanied you, he would be so himself."

"You are right, Joseph; I see you are. The humiliation of being deserted and neglected does not trouble me: I regret the ideal of love I had formed, as Albert, perhaps, had of the stage. He has now, perhaps, seen that I could not keep myself worthy of him, (at least in man's opinion,) in such a profession. I, too, am forced to own, that my love is not great enough to overcome every obstacle and prejudice."

"Be just, Consuelo, and do not ask more than you can yield. You did not love deeply enough to renounce art without hesitation, and do not complain that Count Albert could break with the world without terror and prostration."



"Great, though, as was my secret agony, (I will now own it,) I was ready to sacrifice every thing to him."

"Remember he was passionate—not you. You consented with difficulty. He saw well that you were about to immolate yourself, and saw that he had a right not only to free you from a love you had not courted, the necessity for which your soul did not recognise, but that his conscience required him to do so."

This conclusion satisfied Consuelo of Albert's prudence and generosity. She was afraid if she abandoned herself to grief, she yielded to the suggestions of wounded pride; and, following Joseph's suggestions, calmed herself. With a whimsicality, however, not unfrequent in the human heart, she no sooner saw herself free to follow her theatrical taste, without aught to distract her, than she became aware of her isolation in that corrupt society, and became terrified at the difficulties which appeared before her. The stage is a brilliant arena; and, when once on it, we become exalted, and all the ordinary emotions of life seem dull and tame compared with it. But, when one leaves it, exhausted and weary, it is with shuddering fear at the ordeal undergone, and a return to it is contradicted by fear. I imagine the acrobat is the type of this painful, arduous, and terrible life. He must experience a nervous pleasure on the cords and ladders, on which he performs feats beyond human power; but, when he has once left the rope, he must tremble at the very idea of ascending it again, and braving death and triumph, the two faces of the spectre ever before him.

Then the Giants' Castle, hitherto an object of terror, and a perpetual nightmare, seemed to Consuelo, through the veil of her exile, a paradise lost, a sojourn of peace and candor, ever holy and venerable. She bound the cypress-bough, the last relique of the Hussite cavern, to the foot of her mother's crucifix, and uniting these two emblems of catholicism and heresy, exalted her heart to the idea of the sole eternal and absolute religion. There she poured all the sentiment of resignation to personal ills, and faith in the providential designs of God and Albert, seeing that henceforth she must journey through life alone, and without a guide

#### CHAPTER XCVII.

ONE morning, Porpora sent for her earlier than usual, and she found the maestro perfectly happy, with a letter in one hand and his spectacles in the other. Consuelo trembled in every limb, imagining that at last an answer was come from Riesenbergh. She was, however, soon undeceived, the letter being from Hubert, the Porporino. This famous singer told the maestro that the engagement of Consuelo was determined on, and he sent a contract signed by Baron Poëlnitz, director of the Theatre-Royal of Berlin, which needed only the signature of Porpora and of Consuelo. The baron had also written a very flattering letter which invited Porpora to contend for the musical control of the Royal Chapel, and to produce as many operas and *fugues* as he wished, by means of which he might prove his capacity. Porporino was delighted at the idea of being able to sing so soon after

his own heart, with a musical sister, and besought the maestro at once to leave Vienna, for *Sans Souci*, the delicious home of Frederic the Great.

This letter delighted Porpora, yet it filled him with uncertainty. It seemed to him that Fortune was about to smooth her angry brow, and that from two quarters royal favor (then so necessary to *artistes*,) offered him brilliant prospects. Frederic invited him to Berlin: at Vienna, Maria Theresa made brilliant promises. Consuelo, in both instances was the instrument of his success; for at Berlin she best could exhibit his compositions—at Vienna she could provide for him by marrying Joseph Haydn.

The time had then come, when his fate was in the hands of his adopted daughter. He asked her to marry or go with him, as she chose; and, under the circumstances, was far less urgent that she should marry Joseph Haydn than he otherwise would have done. He was a little weary of Vienna, and the idea of being feted and caressed by the empress's enemy, seemed a little revenge—the effect of which at the Austrian court he probably exaggerated. At all events, as Consuelo spoke no more of Albert, he preferred the idea of her not marrying at all.

Consuelo soon put an end to all his doubts, by saying that, for many reasons, she would not marry Joseph Haydn at all. The first was, that he had never courted her, and was engaged to the daughter of his benefactor, Anna Keller.

"Then," said Porpora, "there is no choice. Here is a contract for your engagement at Berlin: sign, and let us prepare to go, for there is no hope for you here, unless you submit to the empress's *matrimonio-mania*. That is the price of her protection, and a positive refusal will make us seem to her worse than devils."

"My dear maestro," said Consuelo, with more firmness than she had ever yet exhibited to Porpora, "I am ready to obey you as soon as I am satisfied about one important matter. There exist certain relations of esteem and respect between the Count of Rodolstadt and myself; I will not deny it, in spite of all your sneers and laughter. I have since we separated kept myself free from every engagement incompatible with this marriage. After a letter, however, which I wrote him, six weeks ago, things have happened which induce me to think the Rudolstadt family have given me up. Every day that passes induces me to think this is the case, that I have been released and am free to consecrate all my care and toil to you; and I accept such a career without any hesitation. Yet, after the letter I have written, I cannot be at ease until I receive an answer. I expect it every day, and it must come soon. Postpone the signing of the contract until after—"

"My poor child," said Porpora, who as soon as she began to speak, prepared to discharge the guns he had long kept loaded; "the answer you look for was sent to me a month ago."

"And you did not show it to me? You left me in this terrible uncertainty? Maestro, you are a strange man. What confidence can I have in you, if you treat me thus—if you deceive me?"

"How did I? The letter was written to me, and I was enjoined not to show it to you until I saw you had recovered from your mad passion, and disposed to be reasonable and prudent."

"Did he write thus?" said Consuelo, blushing. "It is impossible that either Count Christian or Count Albert I have thus spoken of so pure and calm an affection as mine."



"Words mean nothing," said Porpora. "Men of the world always use big words, and we must understand them. As the old count was not anxious to have a daughter on the stage, as soon as he knew you were here, he made his son abandon all idea of the marriage. Albert found good reason for doing what he has done, I assure you. I see with pleasure that you are not angry. That is all as it should be and we will be off for Prussia."

"Maestro, show me the letter, and I will sign the contract at once."

"Why ask to see the letter? There are certain follies we must forgive in others, and in ourselves forget."

"We cannot forget what we choose. Reflection aids and causes help us not to do so. If I have been repelled from Rudolstadt with disdain, I will soon be consoled. If I am restored to liberty, with esteem and affection, I will be consoled with less difficulty. Show me the letter. What are you afraid of; for, one way or the other, I shall certainly obey."

"Well, I will, said the ill-tempered maestro, opening his secretary and pretending to look for the letter. He searched every drawer, moved all his papers, and the letter (which had never existed) could not be found. He pretended to grow impatient, while Consuelo really was so. She set about looking for it; overturned his drawers and papers. No letter. Porpora sought to remember it, and to improvise a polite and civil epistle. Consuelo could not suspect Porpora of so wholesale a misrepresentation.

For the honor of the maestro, we must imagine that he got out of the affair very badly, and Consuelo fancied that in a moment of abstraction he had lighted his pipe with the letter; and after having retired to her room to pray, and to swear on the cypress bough eternal friendship to Albert, she returned tranquilly to sign an engagement to begin at the termination of the present one. This time was more than necessary for the completion of the preparations for her departure and journey. When Porpora saw the contract complete, he kissed Consuelo, and saluted her formally by her title of *artiste*.

"This," said he, "is your day of confirmation, and were it in my power to force you to make a vow, I would insist on your renunciation of love and marriage. You are now a priestess of the goddess Harmonia; the muses are virgins, and she who consecrates herself to Apollo should take the vestal vow."

"I will not promise not to marry," said Consuelo, "though just now it seems to me it would be easy to do so. I may, however, change my mind, and might repent of a promise I could not break."

"You are then a slave of your word. Yes, it seems to me in that respect you differ from all the human race. If you made a solemn promise, you would keep it."

"Master, I think I have proved this. All my life I have been under the influence of some vow. My mother set me an example of this kind of religion, which she pushed almost to absurdity. When we travelled together, and drew near a large city, she would say, 'Consuelo, if I do well here, I call you to witness that I go barefooted and pray for two hours in the holiest chapel of the country.' When, poor soul, she fared well—that is to say, when she earned a few crowns by her songs—she always kept her vow, without regard to weather or distance. This was not a very enlightened or sublime devotion; but I look on these vows as holy. When on her death-bed my mother made me swear never to be Anzoletto's, except in legit-

mate marriage, she knew that she could confide in my oath, and died in peace. Subsequently, I promised Albert to think of no one else, and to do all I could to love him. I did not violate my promise, and had he not released me, I could have been faithful all my life."

"Have done with your Count Albert, for you should not think of him. If you must be under the influence of some vow, tell me how you will engage yourself to me?"

"Maestro, confide in my reason, in my devotion to you. Ask me for no oath, for you would thus lay a terrible burden on me. The fear of violating it destroys all pleasure in acting and in thinking rightly."

"I do not like that," said Porpora, half in earnest. "I see you have made vows to every one but me. Let us talk, however, of the one you made to your mother. It was of infinite service to you, my poor child, and without it you would perhaps have been enamored of that infamous Anzoletto. But, subsequently, without love, and from pure goodness of heart, you made important promises to Rudolstadt, who was almost a stranger, and I shall think it very hard, if, on a day like this, made famous by your restoration to liberty and art, you will make no vow to your own professor—to your best friend."

"Yes; my best friend and benefactor, my aid and my father," said Consuelo, casting herself into Porpora's arms, who was so sparing of his kind words that twice or thrice only had he permitted his heart to exhibit any paternal love; "I can unhesitatingly vow to devote myself to your glory and fame, so long as my life lasts."

"My happiness," said Porpora, clasping her to his heart, "is in my fame. I know no other. I am not one of those German dolts who dream of no other happiness than to have a daughter to feel their pulses or warm their gruel. I want neither: If I did, I would not consent for you to sacrifice your time to me. You sacrifice too much already. This is not what I need. I require you to be only an artist—a great artist. Will you be—will you combat this languor, this irresolution, this feeling of disgust you had at first? Will you reject the compliments of the fine gentlemen who run after actresses, some because they think them good housewives, and abandon them as soon as they find out the contrary; and others, because, having lost their fortunes, they find it very comfortable to keep a coach and table at the expense of their better halves; and, on that account, willing to forget the estimation in which the public holds marriages of this kind. Will you promise to suffer no little tenor, with a smooth voice and graceful curls, to turn your head, as that Anzoletto did, who has no grace except in his legs, and no success but from his impudence?"

"I promise and swear to all this," said Consuelo, laughing at the simplicity of Porpora's strong exhortation. "I will do more—I will swear that you shall never have to complain that I have been ungrateful, as long as I may live."

"Ah, that is more than I dare to ask. It is too much for human nature to promise. When you are a great singer, and known over all Europe, you will be vain and ambitious, for such every great artist must be. You will insist at all risks on success. You will not strive patiently for it, or endanger it by fidelity to friendship or the worship of the beautiful. You will act like others, and sing popular music without regard to the bad taste of the people and court. You will succeed and be great in spite of all that, without which you cannot please the masses. If you will think carefully, when you sing before



a few old fellows like myself,—the great Handel or old Bach—you will be a credit to Porpora and yourself. I ask and hope nothing more. You see your father is not an egotist, as some of your flatterers say I am. I ask of you nothing that does not advance your fame and glory."

"I am careless," said Consuelo, "of what merely redounds to my own glory. I can suffer myself to be carried away by the involuntary intoxication of success; but I cannot think coldly of a whole life of triumph, and then crown myself. I wish glory for you, maestro. Notwithstanding your incredulity, I wish you to see Consuelo lives for you alone; and to satisfy you that you have calumniated me, I make a promise to you beforehand."

"And on what do you make that vow?" said Porpora, with an expression of mingled confidence and distrust.

They were interrupted by Count Hoditz, whom a grand heyduc announced. The servant asked permission for his master to pay his respects to Porpora and his pupil, and looked at the latter with an expression which surprised her, who remembered that she had somewhere seen his strange though handsome face. The Count was admitted, and made known his wishes in the most courteous terms. He was about to go to his estate at Roswald, in Moravia, and, wishing to make it pleasant to the margravine, his wife, intended to surprise her by a magnificent festival. He wished Consuelo to sing three evenings at Roswald, and requested Porpora to superintend the spectacles, concerts, and serenades.

Porpora told him of his engagements at Berlin, the contract for which Hoditz wished to see. This enabled the nobleman to give some good advice, and led to his urging Porpora in yet stronger terms to accept the offer. "You can," said he, "make your preparations in three days, and go to Berlin through Moravia. It is not exactly the road; but, instead of your journeying slowly through Bohemia, scarcely yet recovered from the devastation of war, you can travel more quickly to Roswald in a carriage. I will place at your disposal—"

[This meant that they should travel at the Count's expense.]

He then promised to send them to Pardubitz, in case they wished to go down the Elbe to Dresden, or to Chrudim, if they wished to go by Prague. The facilities he offered really would shorten the journey most of the way, and the round sum he offered enabled them to make the rest of it more comfortable. Porpora accepted the offer, in spite of the look of Consuelo to dissuade him. The bargain was made, and the last day of the week appointed for setting out.

When he had kissed her hand respectfully, Hoditz left Consuelo with her maestro, who reproached him with having been so easily won.—Though she had no longer to bear the count's impertinences, she was yet a little angry with him, and did not, willingly, go to his house. She did not wish to tell Porpora what had happened at Passau, but reminded him of what he had said about the musical inventions of Count Hoditz.

"Do you not see," said she, "that I shall have to sing his music, and you will be forced seriously to conduct operas and cantatas in his style. Is this the way you wish me to keep my vow, to remain faithful to the worship of the beautiful?"

"Enough!" said Porpora, with a smile; "I will not be so stern as you think I am. I expect, however, to amuse myself without my lord

having any suspicion of the matter. To do such things seriously, before a respectable public, would be blasphemy and disgraceful. One may amuse one's self, however; and an artist while earning his bread would be very unfortunate, if he could not laugh at those who enable him to obtain it. You will also see the Princess of Culmbach, who is a very charming personage—she will laugh with us, though she rarely ventures to laugh at her father in his music."

She had to yield—make up her bundles, and bid all good-bye. Joseph was in despair. Just then, however, a great piece of good fortune happened to him, which, if it did not atone, averted his attention from the pain of the separation. While playing his serenade beneath the window of Bernardoni, the clown, the famous harlequin of the theatre of the Corinthian gate—that amiable artist had been stricken with the power of his music. Bernardoni sent for him, made him come up stairs, and asked who was the composer of this sympathetic and original music. He was amazed at his power and talent, and gave him, before they parted, the words of a ballet called *Le Diable Boiteux*, the music of which he had begun to write. He was in the midst of the tempest, which gave him such trouble that when he was eighty years of age Haydn continued to laugh at it. Consuelo sought to amuse him, by speaking of the tempest which Bernardoni wished to be terrible, and which Beppo, who never had seen the sea, could not describe. Consuelo described the Adriatic to him, and sought to make him understand the motion of the waves—not, however, without laughing with him at the effect of her imitative harmony, aided by blue cloths, shaken up and down by men standing at the flies.

"Listen to me," said Porpora; "you may try for a hundred years with the sublimest instruments and the most perfect knowledge of the motion of the winds and waves, before you can at all represent the harmony of nature. This is not a fit object for music, which goes astray when it seeks for power and sonorousness. It has a wider field. All emotion is its domain. Its object is inspiration, and its origin also is inspired. Imagine, then, the impressions of a man abandoned to this torment—a danger awful, terrible, and imminent. Let a musician place himself—that is, let a human vibrating, living soul be fixed amid this distress and disorder—this desertion and despair—give vent to his sorrow, and the audience, whether it respond to it or not, will participate in this. It will fancy that it hears the sea, the crushing of ships, the cry of the sailors, and the despair of the passengers! What would you say of a poet who, in describing a battle said, that the canon said *boom, boom*, and the drums *plan, plan*? Yet this would be an exact harmonic imitation. It would not, however, be poetry. Painting, the descriptive art *par excellence*, is not a mere servile imitation. In vain would the artist paint the sea green, the stormy sky black, and the ship wrecked. If he be unable to describe terror and the *tout ensemble*, his picture will be colorless, though brilliant as the sign of a beer-cellar. Fill yourself, young man, therefore, with the idea of a great disaster; in that way you will excite others."

Thus paternally he spoke, while the carriage was being harnessed in the yard, and the trunks were being fastened on. Joseph listened to his instructions with attention, drinking them—so to say—at the very fountain head. When, however, Consuelo, in her cloak and fur-red bonnet, came to him and clasped his neck, he grew pale, stifled a cry, and unable to see her get into the carriage, went into Keller's



back shop to hide his tears. Metastasio conceived an affection for him, and taught him Italian perfectly, thus consoling him by good advice and generous services for Porpora's absence. Joseph, however, was long sad and unhappy, before he became used to Consuelo's absence.

Consuelo, too was sad, and was sorry to lose so kind and estimable a friend. She felt, nevertheless, her courage revive, and became again awake to all the poetry of her impressions, as she went among the mountains of Moravia. A new sun arose to her. Separated from every tie and every influence opposed to art, she seemed to belong entirely to it.

Porpora, restored to hope and to the enjoyment of youth, frequently gave vent to the most noble declamations; and the true-hearted girl, though she continued to love Albert and Joseph as two brothers she would meet in heaven, felt happy as a sky lark, whose notes grow more brilliant as it approaches heaven.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT the second relay, Consuelo recognised in the servant who accompanied her, and who sat on the seat of the coach, paid the guides and reproved the postilions when they went too slowly, the same heyduc who had announced Count Hoditz, on the day he came to propose the pleasure party to Roswald. He was a tall, stalwart fellow, who seemed ever and anon to look at her, and seemed divided between a desire and fear to speak to her. One morning when she breakfasted in an isolated inn at the foot of a mountain—Porpora having gone out to walk in search of some musical idea—she turned to the valet, and looked at him for a moment in a stern and irritated manner. He then, however, looked so pitifully at her, that she could not refrain from laughing. The April sun shone on the snow which yet crowned the mountains, and Consuelo was in an excellent humor.

"Alas!" said the mysterious heyduc; "your ladyship at last recognises me. I have never forgotten you, even if you had been disguised as a Turk, or a Prussian corporal. Yet I never saw you but for a moment. What a moment, though, that was!"

As he spoke, he placed on the table the plate he brought, and making the sign of the cross, knelt.

"Ah!" said Consuelo, "Karl, the deserter?"

"Yes, signora," said the heyduc, kissing her hand; "so they tell me I must call you; though for my part I am not sure whether you are a gentleman or a lady."

"Indeed? and why do you doubt?"

"I have seen you dressed as a boy, and though I knew you, there was as much likeness to you in woman's dress as when I first saw you. All this, however, means nothing. Be what you please, you have done me services which I shall never forget; and were you to order me to throw myself from the summit of the peak above us, I would not refuse to obey."

"I ask nothing from you, my good Karl, except to be happy and enjoy your liberty. Now you are free, and I think you enjoy life."

"Free! yes," said Karl, shaking his head, "but happy—alas! I have lost my wife."

Consuelo's eyes were filled with tears, for she sympathized with Karl, as she saw his cheeks completely distorted by sorrow.

"Ah!" said he, slaking his moustache, over which the tears dropped like dew from a bush; "she had suffered too much. Her distress when she saw me a second time carried away by the Prussians—a long journey when she was in bad health, and her joy at seeing me again—all caused such a transition, that she died eight days after I came to Vienna, and where, thanks to a billet from you, she found me again. Count Hoditz was of no use, however, for she was now utterly exhausted, and found repose only in the bosom of her God."

"And your daughter?" said Consuelo, who sought to make him happy.

"My daughter," said he, half amazed, "the King of Prussia killed her too."

"How? what?"

"Did not King Frederick kill the mother by producing all this sorrow? Well, the child followed the mother. Since that time, having seen me wounded and carried away by the recruiting sergeants, both lay asleep, and almost dead in the road, the young one yet troubled with fever, and fatigue and weariness famished them. When you met them on the bridge at the suburbs of I know not what Austrian city, she had eaten nothing for two days. You gave them money, and told them that I had been saved. You did all you could to console and care for them. They told me all about it. From the time we met until they were buried, they grew every day worse. Scarcely had my wife died when I had to open her grave to bury my daughter. Now, thanks to the King of Prussia, Karl is alone in the world."

"No, Karl, you are not alone; you have many friends who yet have an interest in you and your misfortunes."

"Yes, I know all that. There are many kind persons, like yourself. But of what use are they to me, now that my wife and child are gone? I have now neither home nor country, my mountain being too well known to the brigands, who have come twice to look for me. As soon as I was alone, I asked if we were at war, or if we would be soon; for I had but one idea, that of serving against Prussia, and of killing as many Prussians as I could. Ah, Saint Wenceslas, the patron saint of Bohemia, would have guided my arm; and I am sure no shot I fired would have been lost. I heard, though, that there would be a long peace; and then I had no care for anything. I went to thank Count Hoditz for his kindness, and asked him to present me to the empress, as he had intended. I wished to kill myself; he, however, was kind to me, and the Princess of Culmbach, his daughter-in-law, to whom he had told all my story, spoke kindly to me about my duties as a Christian, and I consented to live and enter their service, where, to tell the truth, I am too well fed and nourished for what I have done."

"Now, tell me, Karl, how you came to know me?"

"Did you not sing one night at the house of my new mistress, the margravine? I saw you pass, all dressed in white, and knew you at once in spite of your female dress. You see I do not know or remember many of the places through which I have gone, nor the persons I have met, but I never forget faces. I began to make the sign of the cross when I saw a young man with you, Joseph Haydn. So far from being your master, as he seemed to be at the time of my deliverance (for then he was better dressed than you,) he had become