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THE  
RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

BY  
MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

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“ Not his, the fortitude that mocks at pains,  
But that which feels them most, and most sustains.”  
MONTGOMERY.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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1814.

REVISION OF NORWAY

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THE

## RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

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### CHAPTER I.

WHEN the sound of the carriage that conveyed Anastasia and Ellesif from the government-house was no longer to be heard, Count Lauvenheim felt abandoned to his fate. His guardian angel seemed to leave him with his daughters; and casting himself upon a seat, when convinced that they were really gone, he was seized with an emotion of horror from which he recovered, only by repeated and violent efforts. Disgrace or death certainly awaited him: upon his daughters must fall the shame of the one, and the grief of the other; and when he thought of that, all power of manly endurance appeared to desert him.

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As he rapidly glanced over the measures of the Danish government, though he shuddered at their probable result, he could not help confessing that they were just ; that he had drawn the evil upon his own head ; that, in short, he had culpably delivered up the reins to one fatal passion, which had hurried him from integrity and honor, into guilt and opprobrium.

Heaven does not waste its punishments in this life, upon such as love evil, and will not amend. The deliberate sinner is usually, therefore, prosperous ; but the man who falls through weakness, or who plunges into crime by the headlong fury of some unbridled passion, is generally doomed to disappointment and disgrace : like Esau, he is taught to find that he has “ sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.”

A mind of so much sensibility as Count Lauvenheim's could not fail of awakening to remorse, by the consideration of such events as might have alarmed the fears only of a more culpable character.

Theodore's virtuous resistance of a greater temptation than any which had ever assailed the Count, had left a painful impression of inferiority in the man who had tempted him; and though at first nothing but resentment had been produced by it, each succeeding reflexion tended to awaken admiration and regret.

Again these feelings were smothered for awhile, by the suspicion that Théodore's noblest qualities were all assumed, and that from the worst motives he had betrayed the dangerous secret confided to him: but repeated recollections of past occurrences at length obliged the Count to believe, that if Theodore had indeed borne the story of his intended treason to the foot of the throne, the same inflexible virtue had prompted this act, which had strengthened him to resist the former temptation.

Moral admiration leads to the wish of imitation; and could the Count have gone back to the point he started from, Theodore's example would have armed him

against every seduction ; but conscious that by a confession of guilt, he could save his life only, not his honor, and that too at the expence of his associates, he determined to wait the event in silence.

The illness of Ellesif seemed an additional testimony of heaven's wrath. He foresaw that she would not survive his complete destruction ; and he suspected that Anastasia, for whose aggrandisement he had sacrificed his fair fame and peace of mind, would after all be abandoned by her princely lover, and left alone in the world, to struggle with its contempt.

It was by circumstances like these, that heaven led him back towards itself, during the long-seeming week that intervened between the departure of his children, and the arrival of some persons from Copenhagen. After that moment, all was consternation and doubt in his mind.

Ill able to assume the serene graces that had formerly distinguished him, the Count was yet obliged to receive visitors, and give

audience, and go through the usual ceremonies of his situation. Rumours were already afloat, respecting his removal. Every one saw that a storm was gathering, without being able to guess who directed it, or with what violence it would break over the head of their governor.

Justly attached to him for his paternal care of their interests and comforts, during his short rule, the Ager-huusians increased the testimonies of their attachment, in proportion as Denmark displayed her animosity. By this open zeal they made that court resolve to adopt cautionary measures only, until certain undeniable proofs were in her hand to produce as a justification of herself, and a propitiation of popular resentment.

The Count had just dismissed a party of provincial officers who had been supping with him, had cast off the burthensome weight of apparent cheerfulness, and fallen into one of his gloomiest reveries, when a loud knocking at the gates of the government-house startled and roused him.

It was near midnight, and visitors at that hour were unusual. The only thought which occurred to him was, that the order for his arrest was now on the eve of being presented to him. That instinctive passion for liberty which goes out but with life, made him at first look round for a weapon with which to resist, and in the confusion of the moment, he grasped both a sword and a pistol: but quickly recovering himself, he threw them aside, determining to perish with at least the dignity of submission.

To resist oppression, and to refuse obedience to justice, are widely different actions. He therefore stood unarmed, as pale and as cold as monumental marble, waiting the approach of the persons whom he expected to see enter.

After a short interval of racking suspense, only his secretary appeared, to inform him that a party of domestics from Prince Charles, (the governor-general of Norway,) had just landed, and were come to apprise



his excellency, that their princely master might be expected in three days.

The Count ordered them into his presence, and found it was indeed true, that the Prince was to sail for Christiana three days after the vessel which brought his principal domestics, and that he had empowered them to inform the governor of his intention to reside privately in the government-house.

What was the object of this visit no one seemed to know, or to enquire; for the intention had been suddenly taken, and as quickly put into effect.

Having given the suitable orders to his people, and provided for the accommodation of such of the Prince's suite as were already arrived, the Count retired to his own chamber to commune with himself.

What was dark to others was clear to him. He could not mistake the meaning of Prince Charles's visit: he was coming as his judge. The axe was then ready to fall, and Lauenheim had no more to do in this

world, than endeavour to make his peace with his God.

The former tumult of his thoughts, now concentrated into a single solemn feeling ; he sat for some time entirely absorbed by it. At length the images of his orphan daughters, desolate and despised for his sake, brought the awe-struck soul back from heaven to earth.

Melted into tenderness and sorrow, he smote his contrite breast, he wept, he prayed ; he implored of God protection for them, and pardon for himself. Where was now the specious eloquence with which ambition had seduced his integrity ? Like all betrayers, she abandoned him in his utmost need.

The night was already far advanced, and Count Lauvenheim had for a long time heard no other sounds than his own stifled groans, when a gentle tap against the door, made him spring from his knees, and advance towards it. He waited till the tap was cautiously repeated. " Who is there ? "

he asked : “ Fredenheim,” replied a whispering voice : “ as you value your honor let me in. I risk my life at this moment, for yours.”

The Count paused : his brain went round ; and his heart knocked against his breast between stronger fear and suddenly-awakened hope. This man was the governor-general’s favourite valet-de-chambre, and he might indeed have something important to communicate. He might come to assassinate him.

The Count withdrew his hand from the bolt of the door, as the last idea flashed through his mind ; but bravely daring it, lest he should cause the man’s ruin if he came to succour him, and were found in the generous act, he pulled back the bolt and admitted him.

Fredenheim hastily passed forwards, making a sign for the Count to fasten the door again, and to approach nearer. The young man looked extremely pale, and so agitated that his hand shook, as he put it

into his breast to draw forth something concealed there. Count Lauvenheim stirred not from his side, though he expected every moment to feel a dagger in his heart. He was mistaken: Fredenheim drew out a slip of paper which he gave the Count: it contained these words, written in characters with which the Count was familiar: —

“ Your life is forfeited; justly, I fear: but I cannot forget that you are my brother-in-law. I will try to make the King also remember the same. Trust Fredenheim. I venture not to say more. — Charles.”

The Count looked from the paper to the person who gave it him without uttering a word. He remained standing, and holding it fast extended, though every joint of his body shook with an audible sound, and his face, upon which the glare of a single lamp now fell, became ghastly pale.

Fredenheim grasped his arm. “ You understand this paper, my lord! My instructions are to give my life for yours, if that is necessary. Prince Charles bade me

further inform you that the secretary Adlercreutz is now in Copenhagen."

At that name the Count gave such a start, that Fredenheim forcibly held him; motioning him to caution. "If any one should be within hearing, my lord — your domestics —"

"No one is near," returned the Count hastily, with a look of consternation. "Adlercreutz, did you say? the traitor!" He stopped, and glanced at his companion, as if afraid of having betrayed himself to a spy.

"We have no time to lose, my lord," returned the young Dane. "I am commanded by my master to declare to you that if you suffer the present opportunity to pass, your destruction is certain. He tries to save you now, at the risk of the King's displeasure; for his commission is to seize your person and papers. Adlercreutz accompanies his royal highness, by order of the court."

“ I *am* lost then ! ” exclaimed the Count, falling into a seat.

“ Not so, my lord, if you dare trust yourself to me.”

“ If ! — and why should you doubt it, if you are true ? ” asked the Count, with a wild gaze of suspicion and horror.

“ I *am* true, my lord,” replied the young man ; that paper is my pledge.

“ And what is it I am to do ? ” asked the Count, rising without knowing what he did.

Fredenheim then swiftly sketched out to him the plan for his escape which Prince Charles had suggested. It was to assume a disguise, and appearing as a domestic under Fredenheim, was to attend him to the fortress of Konswinger where Fredenheim was to be allowed to pass into Sweden with one attendant, by virtue of an order from the governor-general.

It would be sufficient to inform the commandant of Konswinger that some secret

communication from a Swedish commander, was to be given to these agents.

But how was the governor of Ager-huus to fly from Christiana without leaving his absence to be discovered, and its cause suspected? Fredenheim instantly completed the plan. He recommended that the Count should, next morning, publicly proceed to his country-house, (which being on the road he must afterwards take was happily adapted for their flight,) leaving his secretary charged with the diurnal business of the government for the two succeeding days; that Fredenheim should previously commence his journey with a single servant, whom he would contrive to dispatch with some frivolous order to a distant place, while the Count should join his conductor at a given point, and proceed with him to Kon-swinger.

The military there were all unacquainted with Lauvenheim's person; and as Fredenheim proposed to enter Sweden immediately, it was hoped that expedition and

the Count's disguise, would render discovery nearly impossible.

While his companion was hastily suggesting these arrangements, and urging the necessity of adopting them, with an earnestness calculated to excite suspicion in a man used to the stratagems of courts and cabinets, the Count was standing with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts locked up from every outward impression.

The question he debated within himself was, whether he ought to accept life upon the present terms or not; to owe his safety to the meanness of disguise and falsehood; to owe it to a man who must despise him even while assisting him; to fly from the punishment his awakened conscience told him he merited: was this manly, was this right, was this worthy of Count Lauvenheim?

But, alas! if he refused to endure the self-abasement of such an escape, what was to become of his daughters? Proscribed as the children of a traitor, and disgraced for



ever by his public execution. Precipitated from wealth to penury, where were they to seek or to find a shelter? Did not parental duty command him to save himself for their sakes? A father's heart answered Yes; and as it did so, he started from his long abstraction with some hurried question to his companion.

Fredenheim saw that he had been wasting his words on air; and having once more distinctly laid down the plan for their departure, he waited to receive the Count's answer; at the same time exhorting him not to delay.

“And to what am I indebted for this extreme interest in my fate?” asked the Count with a glance of lurking suspicion.

“To my attachment to my royal master,” replied the young man. “I am obeying Prince Charles, my lord.”

“But how are you to return to him?” asked the Count, suddenly struck with that difficulty; “and how is Prince Charles

himself to avoid the King's anger, for giving the order which facilitates my escape?"

"The weight is to fall upon me," replied Fredenheim bluntly. "When you are known to be in Sweden, this order must pass for a forged one; and as I have access to the Prince's private apartment, it will not be difficult to imagine that I could get the impression of his seal; the Prince may therefore disown the business till he has prepared the royal mind to forgive his share in it; for he hopes to avow it at last."

Count Lauvenheim covered his face with his hands, overcome with the shame of thus obliging an amiable and ingenuous prince to sully his dignity with dissimulation for his sake.

"My mother's family reside in Sweden," resumed Fredenheim; "and as Prince Charles has already nobly rewarded me, I can remain with them till my generous master obtains permission for me to return to Denmark without fear of molestation;

but this cannot be until he may acknowledge that I have acted by his orders."

"And how can Prince Charles expect the King will pardon him for thus wresting the victim from his hands?" asked the Count wildly.

"You are His Majesty's brother-in-law, my lord, as well as Prince Charles's; and my master hopes much from recalling to the King's recollection the misrepresentations of your enemies, their influence over the royal actions, and the indignities which of late have consequently been offered to your Excellency. The Prince told me he feared these things had forced you into wrong measures; and when he said so, my lord, tears were in his eyes."

At these words, the tears flowed from those of Count Lauvenheim, whose heart all unmanned with compunction and gratitude could no longer resist their united force.

Fredenheim was going to leave him with a hasty enumeration of the parts of their

plans for the morrow, but the Count took fresh alarm at his manner. "You are strangely solicitous for me!" he said, looking intently at him, and then glancing on the paper written by Prince Charles.

"Examine it again, my lord," said Fredenheim, deliberately seating himself. This calmness might be the serenity of an honest intention, or the artful mask of practised villainy: the apparent deliverer might, in short, be an instrument to betray the Count more certainly to destruction.

The Danish government might have its reasons for wishing him privately secured, and might therefore have concerted this plot to make him deliver himself up to the commandant of Kongsvinger. The tender sorrow he had just given way to, changed now into disturbance and irresolution. He remained without answering, steadfastly examining the countenance of his companion: at length he spoke.

"Young man!" he said, rising with an air of severe majesty; "my blood be on

your head if you deceive me ! but if you intend to save me, the prayers of my innocent children will bring down blessings on the protector of their father. Behold the effect of having used deceptions ! accursed policies ! — we can no longer trust. Yet, I *do* commit myself to you ; and whether I live or die, I charge you to remember that I live or die sensible of my transgressions. Life, therefore, can have no charms for a man who has forfeited his own respect. I now endure it solely for the sake of my poor daughters.”

Count Lauvenheim thought he saw a tear glitter on the cheek of Fredenheim : the young man’s voice certainly faltered, as he respectfully replied, “ I am more sorry on your own account than for myself, that you suspect me, my lord ; but you may have two pledges of my truth. I am the faithful servant of the best of princes ; and I am the nephew of a man who enjoys a lucrative and honourable post through your Excellency’s means.”

“ And what is your uncle’s name ?”

“ Coperstad, my lord.”

Count Lauvenheim drew back, as if he had trod upon a serpent. The recollection of Theodore, and of his own intention to seduce the integrity of this very man, were coupled with that name. “ Leave me, young man !” he said, in disorder : “ I will keep our appointment ; leave me, — I thank you.”

Fredenheim bowed and withdrew.

It would be impossible to describe all that passed in Count Lauvenheim’s mind when he was left to himself. The recollection of his former good deeds came not to speak peace to that warring mind, but to upbraid him for having obliterated their worth, by one frantic act of senseless ambition. The world, for which he had sacrificed every thing, judges by our future actions, of all that have gone before them ; and he well knew that when the secret of his frustrated treason should be blazoned abroad, each

individual would give a sinister interpretation to his former virtues.

Count Lauvenheim had always loved popularity as much as power; and he now shuddered when he imagined the odium that would succeed to his past reputation. It was left for a later event to extinguish these earthly regrets, and to make every thing fade from his eyes, except futurity and an offended God.

Fredenheim's assertion of his relationship to Mr. Coperstad, dissipated the Count's fears about the young man's honesty. It was not likely that a stranger should be able to guess how much such an assertion would calm suspicion; nor was it likely, that if indeed the nephew of so good a man, he should be capable of lending himself to a cruel scheme for causing the destruction of his uncle's benefactor.

The Count then thought of Theodore, and thought of him with a pang of contrition. It was evident that in attributing the conduct of Denmark to his information,

he had wronged him. One more fully informed and more widely trusted, had been the betrayer. Adlercreutz was the agent in Stockholm, through whose hands the offers of the Swedish regency, and the Count's answers were constantly interchanged. Doubtless some disgust at Sweden, rather than peculiar ill-will to the Count, had prompted this ruinous disclosure. But whatever was the motive, Lauenhèilm dared not give to that act the name of treachery which was less culpable than his own designs.

The hint given by Fredenheim, warned him to place his papers beyond the reach of seizure. Adlercreutz had the key of the cypher in which they were written; and although most of them were from the Swedish regency, and the administrator of Holstein, therefore criminated his correspondents rather than himself, the Count lost not a moment in committing them to the flames.

That done, he threw himself on his bed



to seek some rest ; but his thoughts were too perturbed for sleep, and starting up again, he spent the remainder of the night in traversing his chamber.

The business of the ensuing day engrossed him so imperiously, that he had not an interval left for further reflexion. Fredenheim formally announced himself in the audience chamber, as going with a message from Prince Charles to the commandant of Kongsvinger ; and immediately after his departure the Count proceeded to his country-house, where he professed his intention of remaining while the Prince of Denmark occupied the government-palace.

He took care to go thither without any suite but servants ; and at night when every one was retired, he glided gently from his sleeping-room, down a private staircase into the garden, which at once let him out into the public road.

He had to walk two miles before he could reach the spot where Fredenheim had appointed to meet him with horses. The

night was bright, but dismal ; for although the sky glittered with myriads of stars, such a tempestuous wind raged along the neighbouring sea, and shook the frosty boughs of the trees, that the Count continually mistook its noise for the clatter of horses' hoofs, and fancied pursuers were behind.

When that fear had subsided, the pealing gust roused one more distressing : if his daughters were yet on the vexed ocean, whose roaring loaded the wind like distant thunders, what might be their fate ?

Perhaps to fill up the measure of his deserved punishment, Heaven had decreed that the inward shame and outward peril he was now encountering for their sakes, should prove unavailing ; for the tempest which now beat on his fugitive head, might be commissioned to rob him of the objects for which alone he sought to preserve life.

He raised his eyes to the glowing heavens, with an expression of anguish which ill suited the words that trembled from his lips,—“ Thy will be done !” and wrapping

himself closer round in his cloak, he hurried forwards.

The deafening wind increased as he proceeded; and frequently the wretched father stopped and listened, almost fancying that he heard the drowning shrieks of his daughters, mixed with its hollow blasts.

Were not all his guilty plans then visited upon his head? The anguish of that solitary journey might well have overbalanced an age even of successful crime.

He advanced, agitated between confidence and distrust, pausing when he came in sight of the obscure place which had been appointed for the rendezvous.

It was a narrow hollow, diverging from the common road, through two heavy banks. Under the shade of one of them he distinguished horses, and the figure of Fredenheim. At sight of the Count the latter directly rode forward, and casting an eager glance around, called out for him to mount.

Lauvenheim grasped the bridle of the horse with a shaking hand. He saw the necessity of seizing this only opportunity of escape, yet his naturally-noble spirit blushed at the disguise, the artifice, the humiliation to which he was submitting.

“Better to stay and die!” he said, half aloud, and withdrawing his hand from the horse’s neck. “For God’s sake, my Lord, are you mad?” exclaimed Fredenheim; “Is a disgraceful death to be braved?”

That blunt question changed the Count’s feelings; he gave his companion a lightning glance between reproach and gratitude, and leaped into his seat.

They proceeded in complete silence, and with as much rapidity as the road, and their horses’ strength, would admit. At each stage Count Lauvenheim’s order, produced by Fredenheim, obtained them fresh horses where the way lay on land, and ferry-boats when it was necessary to cross the intervening rivers.

Perhaps care had as much disguised the Count as the garb he wore, for no one knew his person at any place they halted at; once only, he was disturbed by the repeated look of a peasant not far from Konswinger, who at last said to a soldier, loud enough to be overheard by others, "There, that man is like our good governor."

It was evening before the travellers reached the fortress. In pursuance of a previous agreement, Count Lauvenheim was left at the foot of the steep rock on which the fortress stands, as if to take care of the horses, while Fredenheim was to proceed to the castle itself, produce his credentials, and obtain the Commandant's passport for instantly crossing the frontier into Sweden.

A momentary sense of degradation swelled Count Lauvenheim's heart when he saw himself thus waiting like a groom, on the will or necessity of the Prince of Denmark's servant. But the degradation was not in the situation. The false feeling was quickly

succeeded by renewed suspicions of his companion's sincerity.

As Fredenheim in ascending the rock looked back towards the spot he had left, the Count fancied he could discern a triumphant smile upon his lips: whether it were the smile of exulting malignity, or of sanguine kind-heartedness, the Count's disturbed judgment was not able to determine, and he watched the young man's ascent and entrance with perturbed anxiety.

The opening gates at length closed upon him. "Now," thought the Count, "my doubts must soon end. If he be false, those to whom he goes will not leave me long in my present freedom."

His eyes glanced from the spot he stood on to the boundary of the two kingdoms. A few paces, and he might place himself at once under the protection of Sweden, without waiting this doubtful result: but then, if he were stopped?—the military were on the alert everywhere; and should a single sentinel challenge him, he had no document

to produce, purporting that he was authorized by his own government to enter the lines of the enemy's country.

As he paused, the gates of Konswinger again opened. "Ha! then, I am lost!" he exclaimed aloud; but none were near enough to catch the indiscreet sound, and the next instant he saw that only one man was descending the rocky path.

The person came with such haste that he seemed ready to precipitate himself headlong. The clear twilight discovered it to be Fredenheim. "We are late!" he cried in a high voice, as he mounted, and motioned the Count to follow; "make haste, comrade."

At that moment, though obliged to give the spur to his horse, Count Lauvenheim longed to cast himself off, and ask forgiveness of the generous Fredenheim for his injurious suspicions. His heart was, indeed, full to bursting; convinced now of the servant's integrity, he could no longer doubt that of the master; and he thought of his

princely brother-in-law with a sudden glow of affection, which reproached him for having all his life lost his unassuming goodness in the blaze of their royal brother's more brilliant qualities.

He looked back upon Norway, as he touched the line of demarcation which separates that kingdom from Sweden. The grey waters of the Glomme, and the darker bastions of the fortress, were the principal objects that met his eye: the inland mountains gleamed through the distant haze. He drew a deep sigh: when he should see these objects no more, he would be nothing: like the sun which had just set behind them, his honours would be suddenly extinguished. By this flight he was passing upon himself the sentence of banishment, confiscation of property, and loss of name.

How strange are the sports of destiny! At that very moment Théodoré was taking his last leave of the same country, going to



seek honours, wealth, and an illustrious title in the land of his ancestors.

Count Lauvenheim leaned back from his horse, and suffered his eyes, now glazed with tears, to wander over the retiring scene. Fredenheim's voice urged him forward; and in a few minutes more, they found themselves in the midst of a Swedish guard, and near a Swedish village.

Count Lauvenheim, notwithstanding his disguise, now declared himself to be a gentleman; and assuring the Swedish officer that he came as a friend, had only to demand, and immediately to obtain, a safe conduct to one of the members of the regency. Accompanied by Fredenheim he set out, under a strong escort, for Stockholm.

During this long journey, the tumults of the Count's mind subsided into a gloom that neither gratitude towards his preserver, nor the hope of again embracing his children, could for a moment dissipate. He no longer enjoyed either the peace of virtue

nor that of self-delusion ; and time had not yet given to his remorse the tranquillizing character of repentance.

Brooding over his abasement, he reached Stockholm. The regency received him with open arms. Although the treachery of their own agent, by betraying Count Lauvenheim's plans, had frustrated them, it could not take away his power of aiding the country he sought shelter in, by his talents, his political name, and his councils.

He was met therefore, with public demonstrations of the profoundest respect, and with the offer of an important post in the government.

Still smarting with the pain of the many secret wounds which reflection and self-examination had given him, the Count turned with abhorrence from this flattering proposal ; solemnly renouncing those ambitious views which were to be realized by further treachery against his sovereign, and simply demanding protection in the state of complete retirement, in which he meant to live till he should hear of his daughters.

As the Bishop of Lubec's share in the political intrigue admitted of no proof from Adlercreutz, (though his well-grounded assertions would doubtless foment the jealousy with which Denmark had long watched that Prince's movements,) the Holstein neutrality must still remain unassaulted. Count Lauvenheim therefore hoped, that if his daughters were harshly treated in Sleswick, they might be invited into Holstein by the administrator himself; but while he wrote to enquire of their fate, he also addressed the young bishop, to resign all expectations for Anastasia, which might have been grounded upon her father's adherence to a plan of disloyalty.

Count Lauvenheim had no longer any thing but thanks to bestow upon the preserver of his life; but these were given with such sensibility, that Fredenheim would gladly have shared the Count's future fate, had he not cherished the probable hope of being reclaimed by his former master.

Before the faithful creature parted for the neighbourhood of Carlsrona, where his mother's kindred lived, he answered those questions about Theodore, which the Count's daily-reviving interest often prompted. But Fredenheim could only say, for he knew no more, that Theodore was at Aardal, meditating a voyage to Spain, as soon as his health would permit; and that Mr. Coperstad had never received from him any explanation of the causes which had led him to leave the service of his patron. Count Lauenheim heard this honourable proof of the injured Theodore's forbearance with admiration and regret.

The time which intervened between this period, and that in which the Count received intelligence of his daughters, was devoted to moody meditation. At first he resolved not to seek accounts from his country; but the desire was irresistible, and he soon thirsted to know whether his name were already devoted to infamy.

Nothing transpired: the Danish court

maintained an awful silence upon his flight, and his antecedent conduct. But it was the public alone who were in ignorance; there were those nearest the throne to whom all had been divulged; and while Count Lauenheim's relations and friends were besieging the royal presence, night and day, with petitions for his sake, and Prince Charles was hourly pleading with the irritated King for mercy to the offender, the offender himself was waiting with the stillness of despair for the publication of his guilt.

Happily the nearness of his connection with the blood-royal, and the strength of his party, prevailed over the wrath of Frederick, who consented to issue a private sentence of banishment, and confiscation of property, against the Count.

His estates, and those of his eldest daughter, were immediately occupied in behalf of the crown; and by the time that Anastasia and Ellesif reached Sleswick, they found the

gates of both residences shut against them, and heard from the persons empowered to do so, the story of their father's guilt and shame.

As they were included in the sentence of banishment, to remain in Sleswick was impossible. Their relation Madame Rothe-stein durst not receive them, nor even venture to give them the secret shelter of a single night. Where were they to go? And upon what measure was Anastasia to decide?

She alone retained the power of thinking and determining; for the wretched Ellesif, as if struck by the hand of death, after the first few distracted enquiries, had sunk into repeated fainting fits, and now remained stretched on the cold ground, before the house that had been her father's, giving no other sign of life than slow and interrupted breathing.

The attendants, who occupied another carriage, came up at the moment, and without understanding the meaning of what they

saw, crowded round their young mistress with vain assistance and lamentations.

The agony fixed on the motionless features of her sister, assured Anastasia that she was either still sensible to what passed, or that the horror that had struck her into this fearful state was yet present to her mind.

In a sudden burst of tenderness she clasped Ellesif to her heart, exclaiming to the Danish agent before them, "She is dying, and you refuse her admittance! — Ellesif, dear, unhappy sister, my arms at least shall be your death-bed." Anastasia cast herself on the ground beside her sister, and locking her in her arms as she spoke, burst into an agony of tears.

"I have my orders, Madam," replied the ruthless agent; "I cannot, and I will not, admit you."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Anastasia, almost frantic; "thou knowest that I have no bribe to offer thee: and this beauty, which they used to tell me could bend

rocks to my will, — that moves thee not. Every thing, every thing in life is imposture.”

She smiled bitterly as she spoke, and never had the beauty she thus contemned been so eminently bright: her impassioned gestures, her eyes in which sorrow and indignation contended through tears and fire, her scattering hair, and rapidly changing complexion, gave to those exquisite charms the soul they so often wanted.

But the eyes that would fondly have admired her, were sealed almost in death; and her two protectors were too much occupied in debating about their own fate, and in exclaiming alternately against the Count and the barbarous Dane before them, to think of any thing else.

Anastasia suddenly started up. “I have taken my resolution;” she said: “help me, Madame Hoffendal, to lead Ellesif to the carriage. I can find protection in Germany.”

Baron Hoffendal, with some surliness,



asked her what she meant, repeating that he was betrayed; that he was ruined by the Count; for if all were true that the occupier of the Sleswick estates asserted, he and his Baroness must be innocently involved in the wreck of the Lauvenheim family.

For the first time in her life, Anastasia felt that she must purchase temporary protection at any cost; and she condescended to take him aside, and to assure him, that being contracted in marriage to the administrator of Holstein, if she could reach Kiel or Eutin, she, and all who accompanied her, would be received with open arms.

Hoffendal had scarcely a choice; and rather hoping than believing she told him truth, consented to throw his last stake for fortune, by going with her into Holstein.

During their short dialogue Madame Hoffendal was rending the air with exclamations, and expostulations and lamentations loud enough to have roused the dead. But if Ellesif heard her she had not the

power to shew that she did, and she yet lay perfectly motionless on the pelisse her sister had spread for her on the ground.

Released from Baron Hoffendal, Anastasia hurried back to raise Ellesif, and again to weep over her marbled features. The Baron, meanwhile, took his clamorous wife aside, and quickly succeeded in obtaining her consent to quit Denmark entirely, and to abide by the fate of Anastasia.

The visions of a court, and the perspective of new honours, suddenly restored Madame Hoffendal to her very best humour; and flying towards the sisters with a face as smiling as if no cause for sorrow remained, she urged immediate departure, and beckoned her husband to assist in taking Ellesif to the carriage.

Again the travellers commenced a second journey. Anastasia sunk into a sad silence, which neither the voluble questions of Madame Hoffendal, nor the querulous remarks of her husband, could do more than break for an instant.

She was indeed reflecting on the possibility of being disappointed in the administrator's attachment: she could not forget that he had drawn out the negotiation between them, with needless delay, and she therefore dreaded that in this ruin of her father, and her fortunes, he might be unwilling to ratify his former engagements.

But at present she only sought a shelter befitting her rank, and she resolved to refuse the administrator's hand, if it were not offered with the ardour due to her character.

By slow degrees, Ellesif recovered consciousness and the power of motion: her opening eyes sought her sister's face, and there fixed, with a look of such agonized enquiry, that Anastasia hastily answered them, "You must not give way to this despair, my dearest Ellesif; when we see my father, he will explain every thing; you know he had many enemies."

Ellesif replied by a heavy sigh, and directing her tearless eyes forward, ex-

claimed, "Where are we going now, Anastasia?"

"To Kiel," returned Anastasia: "I hope to find my father there, — or at least to hear what has become of him."

Ellesif was seized with a convulsive fit of trembling at this mention of her father, and throwing herself upon the neck of her sister, her heart laboured with violent emotion, till at length tears came to her relief, and she wept abundantly.

Never, perhaps, had the heart of woman been filled with such horror and anguish. In the fate of her father she found an instant explanation of those mysterious expressions he had used in their only conversation about Theodore; and the words he had uttered in reply to her vehement assertions of Theodore's abhorrence of a base action, now rushed to her remembrance with maddening force.

"You may be soon, and fatally undeceived, Ellesif." — Thus Count Lauenheim had spoken: that moment was come; the

Count therefore must have confided his culpable views to his Secretary, and he must have betrayed the trust.

What ingratitude!—at best, what pitiless justice! and alas, what cruel indifference to the consequences of so hard an act! and this was the man, whose character her fond fancy had adorned with the attributes of every excellence, nay, whose eloquence was always employed in recommending virtue, and lending to the most sterile duties all the charms of sensibility! But the hand of truth now stripped the idol of its false decorations, leaving her to amazement and horror.

As her disturbed senses wandered over these ideas, she could not forbear yielding to the belief of being punished by this bitterness of disappointments, for the undue estimation in which she had held one specious object. Memory reminded her of feelings that had amounted nearly to worship. Alas! how often, in admiration of Theodore's pure and peculiar sentiments,

how often had her soul been at his feet, though her knee bent not ; and if her admiration of her father had not reached the same enthusiasm of devotedness, still it was perhaps too wildly exalted above the rational feeling of filial affection : and for that also, she merited chastisement.

## CHAPTER II.

AT the last stage Baron Hoffendal was sent forward with a letter to the Prince-Bishop, telling him what had happened, and praying him to inform the sisters where they might seek Count Lauvenheim.

Fortunately the administrator was then at Kiel; and following the impulse of a generous and impassioned heart, whose feelings no cautious politician was at hand to controul, he hastened himself to meet the fair object of his passion, and to conduct her to his residence.

A favourable planet certainly ruled the interviews of Anastasia and her princely lover, for they always took place when circumstances gave an extraordinary impetus to her naturally-stagnant character. In her present distress, all that pity adds to the effect of beauty was there to heighten it;

and the Administrator almost cursed the presence of Baron and Baroness Hoffendal, which alone prevented him from casting himself at her feet, and pouring out a torrent of ecstatic admiration.

Madame Hoffendal no sooner beheld him, than she uttered a scream of joyful recognition; and recollecting the conduct of the fictitious Colonel Muller, felt satisfied that the young Countess's prospects were indeed as brilliant as ambition could wish.

Full of her own probable share in the honours that awaited her *protégée*, she readily took a courteous hint given by the ardent Administrator, and drew her husband into another apartment.

The Prince was then going to fall at the feet of Anastasia, and to utter all those vows anew which he had breathed on the borders of Norway, in the presence of her father, when Ellesif, springing from the couch on which she had been lying silent and weeping, exclaimed, "We are now by ourselves, and in God's name I adjure you,



Prince, to tell me of what my dear father is accused, and where he is.”

The Administrator approached her with an amiable look of compassion, frankly informing her of the services for which Holstein and Sweden were indebted to the Count; exaggerating the insults offered to him by his own government; and disguising, under every specious name, familiar to statesmen, the real character of the transaction.

He had that morning received the letter written by the Count from Stockholm, and the production of this, terminated his daughter's fears.

Anastasia was not perhaps capable of seeing through other eyes than those of this generous lover, and she therefore believed her father justified to the world for his infidelity to his royal master: but Ellesif's sense of wrong was only rendered more acute by her love for the person who committed it, and she at once saw that her father had fallen for ever from his “high

estate" of public honour and private respect.

Dexterously as the Administrator had tried to veil the whole intrigue, he yet let in light sufficient to shew a candid mind its true form and character; and Ellesif stood like a statue, fixed in amazement and horror, while he expatiated on the subject.

Her father's letter was in her hand: she had not yet summoned courage to read it. As she cast her eyes on it for that purpose, one sentence caught and fixed them.

"I rejoice (wrote the Count) that I know my betrayer, that I may no longer do injustice to an excellent and injured person. Adlercreutz, and not Guevara, is the informer."

Joy, as bright and as brief as lightning, flashed through the veins of Ellesif. She dropped upon her knees, with the letter clasped between her hands, while her raised eyes, and suddenly flushed cheek, thanked the Almighty for this unexpected consolation. The next instant, her cheeks and her

eyes lost their transient glow, and extending her arms as if for assistance, she sunk once more into insensibility.

The administrator's enamoured transports were again suspended. After a long suite of fruitless remedies, Ellesif was restored to sense; while anxious to get to some place of privacy and shelter, she eagerly gave her assent to the administrator's proposal of escorting the whole party immediately to one of his residences in the environs of Eutin.

Exhausted with such rapid alternations of feeling, she sunk into a deep sleep, soon after they resumed their journey, and awoke better and calmer ere they reached their place of destination.

Nothing could exceed the delicacy and devotedness of the administrator's conduct: he seemed anxious to appease the murmurs of his love against his former complaisance to political interests. Anastasia had but to pronounce her will and have it obeyed; and though he secretly resolved to contest

with Denmark its right to confiscate her possessions in Sleswick, he was not the less sincere when he declared that, portionless and exiled as she was, her hand was still the highest prize his ambition sought.

As a testimony of his gratitude to the friends that had given up their country for her sake, he appointed Baron Hoffendal to the office of one of his chamberlains, at the same time soliciting Madame la Baronne to continue the sanction of her society in the house, of which he made Anastasia mistress.

Having seen his guests in possession of their residence, and obtained permission to attend them on the ensuing morning, the Administrator returned to Eutin for the purpose of dispatching a courier to Count Lauvenheim, informing him of his daughters' arrival, and inviting him into the bishopric.

The dignity of chamberlain, and the present of a fine diamond which the young bishop had transferred from his own hand

to that of Madame Hoffendal, as he commended her fair charge to her especial care, quite obliterated both their mortification at the disgrace they believed themselves involved in, and their concern for Count Lauvenheim's future destiny.

Their light and vain minds were not of a soil deep enough for profound impressions: and Madame continued to extol the dark, incommodious country-house of the administrator with all the variety of French hyperbole, while her husband managed to flatter his own self-love, by eulogising the Prince's nice judgment of character and merit.

Meanwhile the sisters sought relief from their voluble satisfaction, and retired early to their chambers. Anastasia accompanied her sister to her room for a few moments. Her own sensibility was strongly roused by the events that had alternately sunk and exalted, mortified and delighted her; and the contagious emotion of Ellesif caused her tears again to flow, as they fell into each

other's arms, when none were by, to witness their agitated embrace.

They spoke only of their father and of the Prince-bishop; but Theodore's image was in the very soul of Ellesif; and as her sister's arguments gradually soothed her anguish for her father's future safety and present dishonour, she felt that had not the mercy of Theodore's vindication been extended, she must have sunk under the pressure of their calamity.

Dead as he was to her, insensible to her affection, and most likely separated from her for ever; still the conviction of his integrity was the restoration of half her happiness: still to be able to esteem, as well as to love him, was transport to that tender and virtuous heart, which had no enjoyment save in the indulgence of strong affection; but which had not the happy facility of retaining the sentiment, yet changing its object. The history of her father furnished a key to all that had been mysterious in his parting with Theodore, and in Theodore's

conduct since. She thought it proved that Theodore's apparent attachment had been sincere; but that, shocked by the projected designs of the Count, he had at once resolved to break from the whole family, lest he should hereafter be tempted to pollute his name by a union with one of its members.

This was unjust, perhaps; this was carrying honour too far; but Ellesif would not find a flaw in such virtue. O no! she had wept too bitterly over the fear that all Theodore's virtues were assumed; and she now dwelt with such a glow of gratitude for this clearing of his honour, that her spirit was strengthened to endure with submission the bitter affliction of her fate.

Anastasia did not make a single comment upon that part of her father's letter which related to Guevara; and the timid Ellesif, timid the moment she ceased to despair, dared not utter what was passing in her heart about a man, of whose attachment she could bring no proofs satisfactory to others;

no proofs but such as were registered by Heaven and herself.

Anastasia was far from guessing that any object except their parent was in her sister's thoughts: she herself had almost forgotten Theodore's existence; and, exhilarated by the approaching distinction of sharing princely rank with her own lover, she sought to convince Ellesif that their father's conduct would find half the world for its apologists; and that, after she should have become the wife of the administrator, his restoration to his former title and possessions might be negociated or obtained through force of arms, by the co-operation of Sweden.

Ellesif would not open the eyes of Anastasia, to what her own could not avoid seeing. Honour and dishonour were not with her a matter of opinion, dependent upon the breath of sovereigns: her father, innocent in fact, though believed guilty by all mankind, covered with obloquy, and pursued with unrelenting vengeance, would



have been a sacred object in her sight, and she could triumphantly have mounted the scaffold with him, and shared his fate : but guilty of a traitor's intention, convicted of that intention, even though restored to public favour and private regard, he must remain the object of shame, pity, and despair.

At every pause in these maddening reflections she started, and asked herself if it were indeed true ;—if that parent, whom till now she had revered and idolized, fondly believing him the brightest model of honour and truth, had indeed sullied himself with a crime ?

Unwilling to chill the raised spirits of Anastasia, by expressing feelings like these, Ellesif fondly embraced her, touched by the unusual sensibility their late distresses had called forth ; and pensively hoping that the hand of the administrator might prove worthy the fatal price her father had paid for it.

They separated for the night : Anastasia

to sleep and dream of her father and her lover ; Ellesif to acknowledge her fault in having suffered the loss of Theodore to detach her from every other interest and duty, thus drawing down the wrath of Heaven, in the shape of this heaviest visitation.

Ellesif's pious feelings were never throbs of transient emotion ; they had a vital influence upon her conduct : and from this disastrous period, she conscientiously strove to temper her keenest regrets with submission ; to oppose to present trials the conviction that all things are ordered for ultimate good ; and to watch and wait for future comfort without impatience, as without despair.

The blow, therefore, which her sister had expected would finally crush her delicate nature, roused it to exertions entirely new ; and the powers of her body began soon to rally with those of her mind.

Anastasia meanwhile lived in a state of gratified inclination and ambition. The

young administrator, intoxicated with her heightened charms, was no longer to be controlled by the advice of counsellors, or the suggestions of relations. He came every day to worship at the shrine of his fair idol, who was again a divinity in the eyes of the Baron and Baroness Hoffendal.

At this period Count Lauvenheim arrived. He came at midnight in a plain equipage, and without any attendant.

His daughters received him alone. Anastasia ran into his arms, but Ellesif sunk to the ground ere she could reach them, watering his feet with her tears.

The Count stooped to raise her in silence : his troubled eyes were averted, as if they ventured not to meet the asking look of his innocent daughter. Ellesif spoke not ; neither did her now downcast eyes distress that humbled parent, whose confusion and speechlessness acknowledged what she hoped he would have nobly repelled.

Anastasia uttered an exclamation of concern at the alteration in the Count's person ;

Ellesif then looked up, and at that moment she thought it was the spectre of her father she beheld. — So pale was his countenance, so entirely changed in its expression, that choking with tears she sunk upon his bosom, sobbing at intervals a few incoherent words of grief and tenderness.

The Count continued to hold her to his heart with trembling agony, while Anastasia wept over them both; and sighs were the only sounds they uttered. The long and melancholy and eloquent silence was first broken by Count Lauenheim himself, who remarked, with a faint smile, how beautiful his Anastasia yet looked, and how it soothed his sufferings to see his Ellesif less obviously ill than when they had parted at Christiana.

He then turned the discourse upon the administrator, warmly praising his generous adherence to an engagement formed under happier auspices; yet adjuring Anastasia not to accept his hand, even in her present shattered fortune, unless she still felt a real

attachment to his person. All of ambition that yet lingered round the heart of the Count had this favourite daughter for its object; and he was sensible to a throb of joy when she assured him, with a convincing blush, that her happiness depended upon the union.

“ Well then,” said her father, rising to leave them, “ I now know how to answer the Prince, who is impatiently awaiting this moment. You will have a powerful and a devoted protector, my Anastasia, — but my poor Ellesif” — He stopped, and his heavy sigh was echoed by a heavier from Ellesif: each of these sighs seemed to say, “ And she too might have had a faithful protector, if ——”

Ellesif reproached herself for the involuntary murmur, and, forcing a smile as she kissed her father’s hand, said cheerfully, “ I want no dearer protector than yourself.”

The Count’s eyes rested on her for a

moment full of his heart, then blinded with tears, turned hastily away.

From the period in which Count Lauvenheim gave his consent to the immediate marriage of his daughter, the enamoured Prince-bishop hastened the necessary preparations, apprehensive that if he delayed putting the final seal to his intention, the expostulations of numerous relations, and the intrigues of Denmark, might force him to abandon it.

Anastasia herself secretly thanked her lover for this ardour; and, though sunk again into her former "waveless calm," was yet charming in the partial eye of love. Her silent passiveness appeared delightful modesty; and the small share she took in the speechless sadness of her father, flattered the administrator into the belief that her joyful prospects with him closed her heart against all mournful impressions.

In truth, Anastasia had a heart but no imagination: visible, distracted sorrow awakened sympathy in her; but that

deeper and more desolating sort, which preys inwardly, and shews itself on the face only of its victims, passed her without effect. Capable of pity and emotion when she saw persons suffer, and heard them complain, she was never troubled by supposing struggles, that are the severer for not being avowed.

Ellesif's improving health and stronger self-command, quickly terminated the sudden and sincere alarm her sister had felt on her account; and the care with which the Count removed himself from all observation, while secretly devoured by "that worm which never dieth," made her imagine him no longer the prey of self-reproach.

But Ellesif marked the true state of her father, and strove, by added demonstrations of dutiful affection, to convince him that his children remembered only the excellent parts of his life, and averted their eyes from the single stain which defaced them.

The Count felt her tenderness, and though unable to speak of the past transaction, disdaining to varnish, and ashamed to confess it, he yet found in vague discourses with her, (which all pointed to one subject, and never absolutely reached it,) a balm of consolation which assuaged the pain of his wounded conscience.

Shunning the public eye, he lived with his daughters in profound retirement, paying a bitter penalty for all his faults, in the sense of degradation which kept him thus secluded.

It was the Count's determination to quit Germany as soon as Anastasia should be married; and, accompanied by Ellesif, (now endeared to him by many associations,) pass into France, and retire with her to the only estate now remaining to him in right of his wife. For the vexatious law-suit that had followed her death, had long since ended, in despoiling her only child of her rights; and at the period in which Count Lauvenheim forfeited every



thing in Denmark, there remained for him in France but an annual income of a thousand Louis.

The silence which Denmark still observed, confined the knowledge of his political intrigue solely to the immediate circles of the three courts concerned in that transaction. To all others, Count Lauenheim's sudden retreat from his country was a matter of mere speculation; and it remained with the Count himself to quell suspicion, and suffocate rumour by a dauntless aspect.

But the Count's remorse would have been mockery, had it left him capable of asserting the innocence he was no longer conscious of possessing: he therefore left the world to its own conjectures, retreating from the murmur of its inquiries, and preserving even with his friends and family that sad silence which confesses a humbled spirit.

To one person alone, the Count had broken through this mournful reserve. He

had written to Prince Charles; and, with the candour of a noble nature, gave the history of his erring and repentant heart. He expressed himself penetrated not only with the goodness of that prince, but with the moderation of the punishment adjudged by his sovereign; and, admitting the justice of the sentence that proscribed him, he took an affecting farewell of his country and his friends.

The reply of his illustrious brother-in-law was full of kindness, offering the Count his purse and his good offices whenever he might stand in need of them; and assuring him that wherever he might chuse an asylum, no persecution from Denmark should follow, and no act of the government demand his person.

Preparations meanwhile were proceeding for the nuptials of the administrator; and all that the most extravagant passion could prompt, to mark with distinction the day of its happiness, was apparent in these preparations.

Anastasia was all blushes and beauty ; the Baron and Baroness Hoffendal at the very pinnacle of transport, and the Count sensible to a degree of satisfaction he lately believed himself incapable of feeling again.

Only Ellesif retired often from the busy scene, to weep and to think. This marriage would almost entirely divorce her from Anastasia, whose residence was too near Denmark for her father to visit it without the bitterest recollections. The Count was going to bury himself in a province of France ; Ellesif must accompany him ; and though filial affection made her willingly resolve to devote her whole life to the task of soothing his lacerated mind, love sighed to think that in so doing she would be relinquishing every probable chance of meeting Theodore again.

If he still inhabited the north of Europe, she could have wished to remain there ; if gone to Spain, and were her journey to be to the court circle of France, it was possible

she might see him at last, amongst the many Spaniards whom the present connection between the two countries led to Paris ; but buried in the shades of Anjou, a miracle only could bring him to her sight.

Her heart sunk at the prospect, and her health began once more to droop during the struggle of regret and duty.

The day for Anastasia's marriage was now fixed ; and on the previous night, the administrator was to give a magnificent ball, at which his beautiful bride was to appear for the first time in public at Eutin.

His circle was drawn from all the neighbouring German courts ; and a number of his own relations attended, though unwillingly, to evince respect for his choice.

The palace was bright with innumerable lights, and gay with a profusion of flowers ; the company were brilliantly attired ; and the young Administrator himself, in the glow of exulting love, received his fair prize from the hand of her father, and led her to the dance.

At the desire of her father, Anastasia was dressed with a simplicity almost startling in that age of rich attire; but the exquisite loveliness with which nature had adorned her, mocked the glare of gems and the inventions of art; and she passed through the astonished and dividing assembly, like some celestial vision which leaves a track of light where it passes.

The ladies looked at her wonderful beauty with amazement, the men with ecstasy; while the pale, the altered, yet deeply-interesting Ellesif, smiling through tears that almost blinded her, as she thought of past times, leaned unnoticed on her father's arm.

Count Lauvenheim had made a strong effort to appear at this ball, and he now reproached himself for feeling some of his former proud triumph at this homage to his daughter.

The ball began; Anastasia floated round the saloon in the seducing dance of Germany, with the slow grace of an ethereal

being. The Prince scarcely respired, as her balmy breath at intervals mingled with his own. He encircled her figure, with a trembling arm, repining at the quickened movement of the music, which obliged him to whirl his blushing partner with a velocity which took away the sight of her charms.

Ellesif stood with fond pleasure, enjoying the evident happiness of her sister; the Count exulted in the triumph of her beauty; the Prince thought only of the next morning, which was to give her to him for ever: The surrounding spectators were divided between envy and admiration; and Anastasia herself, felt once more on the throne of power and pre-eminence.

Blind mortals! — Even then, the bolt that was to fall amongst you, and crush one fated object, was ready to strike!

Anastasia was called out, again and again, by the Prince. She was skilled in all the dances of France, and Italy, and Germany, and her intoxicated lover appeared never to be satiated with beholding her graceful

movements, and hearing the bursts of admiration that followed them.

She herself seemed insensible to fatigue ; but her blood was on fire, and the excessive brightness of her cheeks and eyes made Ellesif urge her to quit the dance for at least awhile.

The administrator led her into an adjoining room, where refreshments were distributing : the imprudent Anastasia ran forward, and seizing a peach of ice, ate it, before her lover could warn her of her danger.

The effect was instantaneous : she was seized with violent spasms, and in a few minutes was borne in the agonies of death to a chamber of the palace.

Medical aid was summoned in vain : the mortal shaft had flown ; and surrounded by her lover, her father, and a crowd of amazed persons, the beautiful Anastasia breathed her last, in the arms of her sister.

The blow was so sudden, so awful, so afflicting, that not one of those nearest to

her heart, had the power of supporting each other. The lover, the father, and the sister, were each seized with a frightful stupor, during which, an aunt of the administrator's assisted Baroness Hoffendal in the performance of the last melancholy services.

Ellesif, who should have succoured her father, was first awakened by him to the consciousness of what was passing; and she recovered in time to cover the beautiful corpse with flowers, as fair and as perishable as itself.

Every one who had seen the peerless victim, lamented her untimely fate with audible grief. Count Lauvenheim alone wept not, complained not. To his eyes the visible hand of Heaven had struck this object of his fond ambition; punishing him in her person; and leaving him in mercy, to divorce his heart from earth.

Night and day he watched her cold remains, in tearless, thoughtful silence; and long after the grave had received them, he



passed the hours of rest in prayer and meditation, by the side of the mournful tomb which inclosed what had once been his idolized daughter.

The distracted bridegroom lay in delirious fever during the period of interment. He revived to find that even the consolation of seeing that fair face in death was torn from him. Anastasia had been buried many days.

Time passed unheeded to the mourners ; but the administrator was no sooner restored to health, and the phrenzy of his grief had subsided, than Count Lauenheim declared his intention of immediately proceeding to France, to change the scene for Ellesif, whose stricken heart was yet bleeding with this last severest wound. “ She is all that is left to me ;” he said, in reply to arguments that would have urged him to stay ; “ and I must henceforth devote myself to her happiness alone. I cannot repair some evils that I have caused her, but I may preserve her from new ones. Here, she is

wasting away her life in a sorrow, which, alas ! every object renews.”

The administrator urged him no more. “ Why should I seek to detain you, my Lord,” he said gloomily : “ I confess that nothing can give me one pleasurable emotion now, — not even your society, — she is dead, and what is there to care for in life ?”

“ The good and the happiness of others,” replied the Count earnestly. “ You are young, my Prince, and happily framed. Your ardent nature will find a new source of enjoyment in the duties of your high station ; and perhaps another —”

“ Do not outrage me, with talking of another !” exclaimed the Prince, rising, and abruptly leaving him. Count Lauvenheim put his hand to his eyes to crush the drops that gathered there, and retired to prepare Ellesif for a journey to France.

Nothing attached Ellesif to the place she was about to quit, except the ashes of her sister, and the affliction of the administrator ;

yet, for their sakes, she heard with a pang of agony that she must abandon Eutin.

It is true that habit rather than sympathy had bound her to Anastasia, and that her loss left not that void which nothing else can fill ; but the stroke had been so sudden, the recollection of it was associated with so many hopes now annihilated ; and the image of Anastasia passing in one moment from life to death, from a scene of the gayest animation to the dark stillness of the grave, from bridal array to a shroud, haunted her dreams and her thoughts.

Pity joined regret ; for Ellesif yet loved too fondly, not to mourn for one thus torn from the very grasp of love and happiness.

Having made their arrangements, and taken a sorrowful leave of the Administrator and the dismally-splendid mausoleum of his betrothed Anastasia, Count Lauvenheim and his daughter quitted Eutin, never to see it again.

Without staying in Paris, the Count proceeded at once to a small chateau which

stood on his little property in Anjou, and which had lately become vacant by the departure of its former tenant. The house was therefore comfortable and in good order.

The lovely environs of the Loire soothed anguish into melancholy ; and could Ellesif have forgotten Theodore, and her father his own errors, they might have found every tranquil pleasure at Chateau-Gris.

After the first irruption of a populous neighbourhood, whom their sadness soon disgusted, and the alternate visits of all the late Countess's relations, the father and daughter were left to retirement and themselves.

Each had talents, and habits, and characters formed for domestic seclusion ; each were calculated to diffuse improvement and enjoyment around them ; but the soul of Ellesif was far away from her present solitude ; and in defiance of all her efforts, she could not mould herself to more than a pensive endurance of this living tomb.

The deepest thoughtfulness had succeeded to the Count's playful graces of mind ; he courted solitude : and though when with Ellesif he exerted himself to animate her amusements or to direct her studies, it was evident that his mind laboured with another subject.

Could Ellesif have seen her father made happy by her voluntary surrender of all the enjoyments and hopes of youth, her amiable nature would have believed itself repaid for every sacrifice ; and she would have become sensible to a great degree of tranquil pleasure : but as that was not the case, her spirits drooped under the fatigue of continual exertion ; and she often sunk into fits of absence, in which the happy year passed under the same roof with Theodore, returned to her memory with deepened impression and regret.

Assured of his worth, she fancied, now that her moderated wishes no longer wanted the possession of his heart ; that if she could only be restored to his society, she would

not have a desire ungratified. Forgetting that her father's grief could receive no amelioration from any human power, but depended wholly on the will of that Almighty Being against whose commands he had sinned, she fondly thought that with Theodore would return his cheerfulness and self-esteem; and coupling these two ideas together, she insensibly habituated herself to ground every hope of happiness for her father, as well as for herself, upon a future re-union with this cherished object.

In this hope, she resumed her long-suspended correspondence with Gaston de Roye. She wrote; nay she even ventured to ask what he knew of their former friend. But this letter, with another that followed, never reached de Roye, in consequence of the tumultuous state of Spain; and Ellesif, receiving no answers, had the mortification of supposing that Theodore himself perhaps might have influenced this silence, or that de Roye was no longer in life.

The particulars of Count Lauvenheim's

disgrace, though not known in France, were however guessed at ; but the courtiers of Louis XIV. were not disposed to consider a political intrigue, as at all derogatory to a man who was openly spoken of with distinction by their Grand Monarque. Louis was indeed not sorry for the opportunity of shewing respect to a statesman who had deserted a cabinet hostile to his ambitious views ; and he publicly offered a pension and Parisian residence to the melancholy exile.

Count Lauvenheim gratefully rejected both offers, accepting only permission to bear the title of the estate he inherited from his wife ; for no longer privileged to retain that of his own country, he hastened to prevent the shock of being formally called upon by Denmark to renounce it.

In the title of Count St. Etienne, he buried for ever that illustrious name by which he had been known and admired throughout Europe.

With that name, he dropped every dis-

tion connected with it. He ceased the various correspondencies which had formerly gratified his taste as much as his vanity; he confined his establishment to a few useful domestics; and the donations he diffused, he gave with such secrecy and care, that even the objects themselves never knew the hand by which they were succoured.

Ellesif, who had never thought of popularity, neither shunned nor sought the knowledge of the persons to whose welfare she contributed. Pursuing the same active benevolence, (though with straitened means,) to which she had been accustomed in the north, she pursued it with greater scope and freedom, from the absence of that exalted situation, and that crowd of domestics, which impose a thousand restraints upon usefulness.

In such avocations alone, she found a balm for all her heart's wounds; for in scenes of gaiety and spectacle, the blooming image of that sister now mouldering in dust



perpetually rose to turn them into horrōr ; and in the cultivation of those elegant accomplishments, and that spirit of enquiry, which had once distinguished her, she was so agonizingly reminded of Theodore, that the practice of them was rather a torture than a solace.

At the period in which she saw and listened to Theodore every day, every hour, little did she foresee that there would come a time when the boundary of her hopes, and the aim of her petitions to heaven, should be, that she might dream of him.

That time was now come ; and the fleeting moments of sleep, in which fancy, or rather memory, lived over again the happy days that were no more, were to Ellesif the only coveted moments of her life.

The Count had been settled at Chateau-Gris two months, when a son of the Duke de Noirmoutier's (a cousin of Ellesif) came to pay his young kinswoman a visit, in his way to rejoin the Marquis de Bonnac in Spain.

When Ellesif heard that he had not been more than a month from Saragossa, and that consequently he must have heard of Theodore, if he were then in the peninsula, her looks betrayed the agitation of her mind. She listened to his eternally-flowing current of court chit-chat with breathless attention, still hoping to hear the name she watched for, amongst the numerous Spaniards whose private histories the happy coxcomb was detailing.

De la Tremouille could only stay while his horses baited; and never had Ellesif, in the society of Theodore, watched the flight of moments with more panting regret. The nearer the time drew for his departure, the less was her chance of gaining the information she sought. She dared not enquire, for her father was by, and she knew that her burning blushes would betray her feelings to him, and excite suspicion in her cousin.

This fear restrained her from asking a

question which she would have purchased the right of asking, almost with her life.

O mystery of the human heart, when bonds so weak, can fetter our strongest passion!

Ellesif was selecting a large bouquet for her self-satisfied cousin, from a basket of flowers which the gardener had just brought in, and placed on a slab at a little distance, when she heard de la Tremouille say to the Count,

“Apropos, I have not told you yet, the most amusing, surprizing, romantic, ridiculous thing that has just happened in Spain. A young man has suddenly appeared there, calling himself the grandson of one of the principal grandees; and, however amazing the circumstance, he has actually been received by the family and the court, and will very soon be legally invested with all the honours belonging to such high nobility.”

The Count with evident emotion asked

the question Ellesif was incapable of articulating.

“ Don Theodore Guevara he is called,” replied the careless de la Tremouille, settling his toupet at a mirror; “ a fine looking fellow enough, if he had any Parisian taste in dress. But what can one expect from a person that formerly begged about the streets of Copenhagen? By the way, I dare say your lordship has often given him alms.”

Ellesif did not hear her father's dignified and candid explanation of Theodore's original situation; for, overcome with surprise, joy, indignation, and regret, she got with difficulty to the door, unable even to falter out an excuse for her disappearance.

She turned into a gallery little frequented, and throwing herself on a window-seat, burst into relieving tears. Theodore, then, had reached the height to which nature had destined him; he was happy, he was honoured; and though all was changed

with herself, in his person she could still feel enjoyment.

She indulged these tears and this transport but a moment, for she feared to lose any part of what de la Tremouille had to tell; and she blushed, lest her father should observe her weak constancy to a sentiment that had so long been neglected by its object.

When she returned, her cousin was in the middle of the story of Don Jasper's attack upon Theodore. She came in time to hear all that reflected honour upon the character of Theodore; she came in time to hear her father say with strong emphasis, as if he seized that opportunity of addressing herself,—

“It is exactly the conduct I should have expected from Guevara. His is true nobility of soul, to which no worldly honours can add, and from which no obscurity can take away. I once wronged him, by blaming him in a matter where I alone was in fault; (his countenance changed as he

spoke;) and I am glad of this opportunity of distinctly declaring, that I believe him a person of incorruptible integrity and of perfect truth.”

Ellesif turned away to hide her glowing face. This testimony to Theodore’s rectitude, this mention of him in the same familiar manner, and with the same tone of kindness, with which she had formerly been used to hear her father mention him, seemed to annihilate Time, and transport her back to that blissful period, during which Theodore’s name was continually sounding in her ear, and his figure passing before her eyes.

Trembling, agitated, and silent, she removed herself from observation by completing the bouquet she had left unfinished; and the entrance of a servant, coming to announce de la Tremouille’s horses, helped to conceal her emotion still further, by the hasty repetition of adieus and good wishes.

Unwilling to lose the chance of hearing some remark upon a subject now reviving

in all its interest, Ellesif remained disposing of the flowers that were left in some vases, which she forgot to fill with water : her trembling hands could scarcely lift the flowers, and her listening sense watched even the faintest breathing of her father.

He sat lost in thought, without speaking. Still Ellesif hoped he would notice the information given them by her cousin ; and still she was disappointed.

His silence saddened her raised spirits ; for it seemed to say, “ I have done Guevara justice, but I will not foster an unreturned affection.”

The Count's reveries were of a very different nature. He was suddenly struck with the idea of giving his daughter a chance for happiness. By taking her into Spain he would afford her an opportunity of meeting Theodore again in society ; and by his conduct on such an occasion, Ellesif would either be at once convinced that his affection had ceased to exist, or that it rested

solely with herself to fan its smothered embers into their former fire.

Had Lauvenheim still retained the proud rank in which Theodore had last seen him, had he even retained that princely fortune which would have made Ellesif's hand a splendid gift, and had Theodore's prospects been less ascertained, the Count would at once have confessed his past fault, and sought Guevara's friendship again; but it was possible the disinterestedness of this renewed affection might now be suspected, and the humbled penitent was obliged therefore to proceed with reserve, leaving the event to Providence.

Hitherto shame, rather than pride, had induced the Count to drop all intercourse with Princess Ursini; but he now resolved to give her a sketch of his late misfortunes; confessing error, without absolutely narrating the circumstances in which he erred, and expressing his intention of travelling for the sake of his daughter's health.



With a delicate and proper pride, which prevented him from mentioning Guevara, the Count simply spoke of his projected tour, in the hope of inducing Princess Ursini to invite Ellesif and himself to visit her beyond the Pyrenees.

His views with respect to Ellesif's happiness he determined to keep concealed, even from herself. The scheme was almost a forlorn hope; and he feared to rekindle the flame of that virtuous passion, (which he saw neither time, absence, nor suffering had extinguished,) by suggesting an expectation, or habituating Ellesif to talk with him of its object.

Under this impression he abstained from mentioning Guevara; but no conversation could have made him more the subject of his daughter's thoughts. That power of repressing recollections and wishes which seemed culpable in her to foster when apparently cut off from all knowledge of Theodore's fate, now gave way before the

hope which the certainty of their vicinity to each other, suddenly excited.

If Theodore had really loved her, if her father had indeed been dear to him, might not her constancy and the Count's penitence overbalance the resentment that would oppose his seeking them again?—Estimating not only Theodore but herself too justly to imagine that her changed circumstances would influence his conduct, she yet believed, that if dependence on his family should prevent him from asking a dearer sentiment, his friendship alone would render her life happy.

This altered state of mind produced a visible effect upon Ellesif's manner. To her late melancholy seriousness, and regular performance of numberless little duties she had created for herself, succeeded a troubled, changeful appearance, passing suddenly from occupation and gaiety to reverie and inaction: she sighed more frequently than ever, though her sighs had a different character from those she heaved

when thinking of her buried sister and her father's cheerless destiny ; — they breathed the tumults of hope and fear.

In both these feelings the Count silently shared : fear indeed was predominant ; he knew enough of the male heart to be aware that its general character is not constancy ; that “ Love is, indeed, the history of woman, but an episode in the life of man ; ” and he chid his own extravagant imagination when it presented Theodore still devoted to Ellesif, after a long separation and a crowd of new interests.

At this period Madame Ursini received the letter she communicated to de Roye. Their mutual relationship to Ellesif demanded this act of confidence ; and although the Princess was already privately acquainted with far more than the Count confided, she affected the same ignorance on that subject which she had hitherto professed, making the Chevalier imagine her as painfully surprized as himself.

The Count had acknowledged himself a

banished, proscribed, and despoiled man ; he had not written one word in explanation or vindication, so that de Roye, in conjecturing the cause of his ruin, could not help believing that his conduct had been faulty.

It was after the perusal of this letter that the Chevalier had hastened to Theodore, his heart full of Count Lauvenheim's disgrace, and the death of the beautiful Anastasia ; and it was not till Theodore's loss of sense had convinced him that he thought only of Ellesif, that De Roye saw the interpretation to which Mr. Coperstad's mention of the young Countess's death was liable.

## CHAPTER III.

**G**ASTON de Roye seized the instant of returning consciousness to assure his friend that Ellesif still lived, and that as Princess Ursini talked of inviting the Count into Spain, he would most likely soon see her again.

Theodore's transports at this unexpected information were by degrees subdued by his shame, at thus discovering a tenacity of attachment to one, whom, by his own confession, De Roye knew to be indifferent to his fate: he tried to convince both himself and his friend, that the shock of Count Lauvenheim's fall, and the apprehension of some more dreadful catastrophe than loss of name and property, had caused his indisposition.

He was, indeed, sincerely grateful to

Providence for having spared Count Lauenheim's friends the anguish of seeing him expiate one rash act by a disgraceful death ; and though Theodore's heart melted with many a kind recollection of Anastasia, he deemed her lot enviable when compared with that of Ellesif.

Though all other sympathy might have been imaginary, surely they had sympathized in enthusiasm for the Count ! What, then, must be her grief, her shame ? What the situation of her, whose days had till now been spent in the brightest sun-shine of honour and prosperity ; — who had lived upon her father's smiles, her father's popularity, her father's virtues ?

Withering in seclusion and disgrace, all her supposed sins against himself were forgotten ; and Theodore's heart, now more devoted to her than ever, longed to spring to her feet, and implore permission to share her griefs.

One sad instant dissolved this phantom : — she did not love him ; and that convic-

tion formed the obstacle to re-union. Had he never written the letter she acknowledged with such marked disapprobation, he might have sought her again openly with love, or, bounding his hopes to friendship, have stifled every other expression ; but now it was impossible to do either, without wooing a degrading repulse ! At least so he thought ; for he could not guess the Count's altered opinions, and therefore he must conclude that his rejection would be coupled with that of his daughter.

At any rate, that Ellesif and her father lived, after all that he had feared, was a source of unfeigned gratitude to Theodore, who heard with pleasure that de Roye meant to write to his former playmate, and mention Guevara as if by chance, without appearing aware that any disagreement existed between the Count and him.

On the reply to this observation Theodore secretly depended for a renewal of hope, or for the entire overthrow of that romantic fondness with which he still clung

to the remembrance of Ellesif's former shew of regard; and till then he must remain satisfied with the unexpected bliss of knowing that she inhabited the country adjacent to the one he dwelt in.

Never had fabled cordial a more animating effect than this information; and had not the premature death of the beautiful Anastasia frequently crossed their earnest discourse, Theodore and de Roye must have acknowledged that never had they spent so many delightful hours together.

The next day had been fixed on for Theodore to visit his aunt, and to dine with the Chevalier; and having reminded each other of their engagements, the friends parted for the night.

When Theodore was left alone, he gave way to the powerful feelings his friend's presence and his own habits had restrained within moderation, and a very few moments of reverie served to brighten every object in his eyes.

The world of which he was of late so



wearily, again promised happiness; his justly-acquired rank and station seemed no longer wretched mockeries, but substantial blessings; and a thousand fantastic arguments arose to prove that Ellesif had not deceived, and would at last reward him.

If her rejection of his parting present had been dictated by her father, or if it had been a voluntary act in consequence of her father's misrepresentations, future events might enlighten her on the truth, and restore him to her heart: nay, the very events that were now passing might dispose the Count himself to reconciliation.

Theodore's heart yearned with the belief that the man he had once prized beyond all others, (but who now, alas! was sullied with a crime,) was born for virtue; and though he had fallen from her presence, that he was ordained to find her again, even through the sorrowful paths of humiliation and repentance.

The consequences of such repentance were obvious: for as penitence is always

coupled with the wish of reparation, Theodore might fairly hope that Count Lauvenheim would one day atone to him for past injustice by future confidence, and esteem.

Only one forbidding image frowned at the end of this bright perspective, — the image of the Condé Roncevalles. But Theodore would not stop to consider the formidable obstacles his opposition might conjure up; resolved to see the good only that Heaven apparently promised, without allowing himself to be “careful over-much” of uncertain evils.

For the first time during many months he indulged himself in looking over the little memorials of Ellesif which he had preserved, even while firmly abstaining from the sight of them. The flowers her hand had made, the knots of ribbon she had worn, the familiar notes her pen had traced, all these contributed to heighten the delightful delirium of his thoughts: he pressed each cherished trifle to his heart, and to

his lips, murmuring thanks and blessings between each caress.

He was disturbed in this fond folly by a messenger from de Roye, who had stopped at Corella, and from thence sent a hasty billet to his friend. The note was written with an unsteady hand; and one of the lines had evidently been blotted by a tear. It was no common pang that could wring a tear from the gay Chevalier. The note ran thus:—

“ I have found a letter here from England, which gives a sad change to all my plans. My dear mother was seized with the palsy when my sister wrote; perhaps at this very moment——. At any rate I cannot exist without attempting to go to her. I stay in Corella to-night, for the purpose of interesting the Princess to solicit leave for me to go to England on my parole; and if I get a favourable answer to-morrow I shall be off. Meet me then at our friend

Acunha's, to breakfast. God bless you, my dear Guevara.

“DE ROYE.”

Nothing could be more unfortunate for Theodore's hope of renewing his former friendship with Count Lauvenheim, than this necessity for de Roye's removal; but he would not add to his friend's filial sorrow, by querulous complaints for his own disappointment. He therefore met him the ensuing morning with thoughts wholly devoted to his service; and the permission de Roye solicited, being obtained by the indefatigably kind Princess Ursini, Theodore assisted in expediting his friend; and finally exchanged a melancholy adieu, two hours after the passport arrived.

Having seen the anxious son some way out of Corella, Guevara gave a short interval to the task of collecting his scattered spirits, and proceeded, though several hours beyond his appointment, to visit the Marchioness Amazaga.

His dependance upon Donna Elvira's representations of this near relation, was much shaken by subsequent observation of the exaggeration, nay absolute falsehood, she never scrupled to make use of, when speaking of persons she disliked: indeed, it seemed as if in blackening the character of her aunt, this ungrateful neice was offering an excuse for the base readiness with which she had accepted the Condé's terms of living with him, upon condition she renounced her mother's kindred.

Donna Elvira was not of a temper to brook the sight of others enjoying what she could but imperfectly share; she had therefore shut herself up from the world after her husband's death, not because she mourned, but because she could not vie in appearance with persons of her own rank. The instant therefore that an opportunity offered of obtaining power and wealth by the adoption of her grandfather, she suffered no consideration of gratitude to interfere with her acceptance of his offers, but

at once renouncing her aunt, spoke of the misery she endured under her roof, with a bitterness which was, in fact, due to her own disagreeable humours.

With some suspicion of these truths, Theodore entered a small yet elegant house, and was led into the presence of his aunt.

Her majestic figure wore at first an air of proud distance which chilled his approach: but his own gentle and touching countenance, enforcing the amiable regret he expressed at the disunion of their families, removed the cloud, and before the nephew and aunt had been half an hour together, they felt as if they had known each other for years.

The sensibility with which Theodore spoke of his parents was not to be suspected; and the Marchioness, mixing her tears with his, went over the details of her sister's life and death, with a tenderness which twenty years had not extinguished.

She satisfied all those minute inquiries

which Donna Elvira had falsely declared she was incapable of answering; and requiring no further proof of Theodore's identity than his voice, and his strong resemblance to Don Baltazar, she delivered into his hands the papers she had promised.

They consisted of an official notice of his birth and baptism at the Havannah; and several letters which she had received from various persons abroad, to whom she had written for particulars of her unfortunate relations, when the rumour of their fate first reached Spain.

These letters exactly tallied with the facts mentioned by Dofrestom, such as the names of the vessels and their captains, with which the parents of Theodore had sailed from Cuba and Madeira.

Lastly, she informed him, that the Spanish woman who had nursed him, and had remained with Donna Aurelia till her departure from the Havannah, having buried her husband in the New World, was

returned to her native country, and now resident with the Marchioness as a confidential servant.

“ Ever since we came hither,” said that Lady, “ I can assure you Sancha has been vainly trying to get a sight of you in the streets of Corella ; for she loved you dearly in your infancy, and fancies you must still be like what you were then. We will have her in.”

Such a summons was scarcely necessary, for the affectionate creature had already been loitering in the anti-chamber hoping to be called.

Neither awe of high rank nor habitual decorum restrained her feelings ; and after the first long wistful gaze at Theodore, the instant he smiled she threw herself on his neck, exclaiming, “ It is — it is my child.”

In great confusion the poor Sancha recollected herself, and removing her arms, prayed his pardon for the freedom. Theodore’s moistened eyes and tender gracious-



ness dissipated her fears; he returned her embrace, assuring her of his gratitude and his protection; whenever he should have it in his power to evince the one by giving her the other.

The Marchioness's eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of approbation that he could not misunderstand. Sancha invoked blessings upon his head; eagerly putting aside his hair to study his features more perfectly; at every fresh survey declaring her conviction that he was her own dear nursling; and protesting that she could now swear to him with a safe conscience before any tribunal in the world.

The personal admiration Sancha mixed with this recognition, brought a painful glow repeatedly into the cheek of Theodore, who, though distressed and confused, would not hurt his happy nurse by rebuking her into silence. His aunt saw his modest uneasiness, and kindly dismissed Sancha. Theodore led her to the door,

and with the parting pressure of his hand left a purse of ducats in her's.

Having never yet been able to learn why his father quitted Spain, when the possession of the Aragonese estate made it impossible for the Condé to trouble his pecuniary resources, Theodore asked the question of his aunt; she thus frankly explained it.

After Donna Aurelia's marriage, nearly all the Guevaras made it their business to insult her whenever she appeared; and some of them absolutely bribed a priest to alarm her with doubts of her salvation, on account of her having been induced to abandon her original destination for the veil. Her mind became so troubled in consequence, that don Baltazar, seeing their cruel design, resolved to quit his country, and remain absent till his father should consent to receive and protect her.

In the hope of facilitating this event, Baltazar prevailed on Donna Aurelia to leave their first-born child under her sister's care, who was to endeavour to awaken the

grandfather's tenderness by throwing the pretty innocent in his way.

The scheme proved abortive; and the climate of the Havannah disagreeing with Donna Aurelia, her husband was bringing her back to seek health, and perhaps to find peace also, in their native country, (as it was now his design to reside in complete retirement upon his estate in Arragon,) when they both perished by shipwreck.

The Marchioness briefly detailed these facts without comment; but her countenance expressed the indignation of a lofty mind, at the contumely with which her sister had been treated.

She then told Theodore that if he would accompany her into the garden, she would introduce him to her unmarried daughters; in the eldest of whom he would see the living resemblance of his mother; — he bowed, and followed the Marchioness.

As he entered between two fragrant walls of lemon trees, he saw the sisters advancing; they were veiled; but upon their

mother calling for Isabella, the eldest advanced, putting aside the gauze that concealed her. Theodore then beheld a face that reminded him at the same instant of his mother's portrait and Raphael's Madonnas.

The full, modest eye, the dropping eyelid, the broad, serene forehead, and parted hair; even the veil itself, added to the likeness. He kissed his fair relative's hand with as much respect as pleasure, and turned to welcome his other cousin.

The bright suffusion of his countenance, as he hastily caught Donna Olivia's hand, and as hastily dropt it, was mistaken both by the mother and daughter. They fancied it expressed the surprize of extreme admiration. In reality he saw a smile, and heard a voice which recalled Ellesif's.

Donna Olivia had no other resemblance; for her features were more regular, her eyes piercing black, and her figure shorter and fuller: but the smile and the voice united, obliterated every dissimilarity while

they lasted ; and when they ceased, Theodore watched with a throbbing heart for their re-appearance.

He was now less inclined than ever to put an end to his visit. The Marchioness walked him over her garden and her fields, conversing on a variety of pleasing subjects, while her eldest daughter scarcely ventured to speak before her new relation ; and the youngest, though occasionally uttering a lively sally that marked her original character, appeared frequently lost in some distressing train of thought.

Theodore's mind no longer followed his words ; for while he replied to his aunt, his eyes wandered towards Olivia, in search of that lovely smile, which seemed to restore the lovelier Ellesif.

At the gate bounding the garden he saw his mules, and feeling it was now time to take leave, he made a pause. " I must go now, I fear," he said, hesitating, and looking with involuntary regret towards Donna Olivia ; " if I dared ask permission

to return, I should go with less concern ; but I fear—indeed I know——.”

“ I will spare you the pain of saying what has been commanded you,” interrupted the Marchioness, seeing his distress, and cordially pressing his hand ; “ you are forbidden to come to us again ! As I know the Condé, I am not surprized at this. I regret it, my dear nephew, more than I can express ; but you have no alternative ; *you* have no foregone obligation to me to plead : pardon me for feeling a little resentment at Donna Elvira.”

Theodore kissed her hand again without speaking. “ I am under infinite obligations to you now,” he said, when he could collect voice enough to speak audibly ; “ and I blush at my state of vassalage. Could I have foreseen all to which I must submit, and all that I have to surrender, I do assure you, it would have deterred me from seeking my rights, at least in the way I have done.”

“ Well ! well !” cried the Marchioness,

“ when you are your own master, I shall expect to see you again ; and till then, I hope if we meet by chance in society, or in the public walks, it will not quite ruin you to ask me how I am.”

Theodore assured her, that he would never relinquish the right to shew her this public duty ; and casting an agitated glance at Olivia, after one of more temperate expression to her sister, he bade his amiable kinswomen adieu.

Some days after this visit, Theodore was summoned by Princess Ursini. It had been arranged by the King and Queen that they should enter as if by accident, while the young Guevara was with her, as they were curious to put a few questions to one whose romantic story had interested the whole court.

Theodore acquitted himself in this interview with so much modest dignity and noble propriety, that each of the royal personages, accustomed to consider these qualities as the peculiar growth of courts, and falsely

estimating the mental possessions of inferior orders, considered the person before them as a living miracle.

Princess Ursini was flattered by the marked deference of so fine a young man; for her relationship to Ellesif made Theodore peculiarly assiduous to please her; while he was little less charmed with the intelligent Queen, and pleased with the King.

After the departure of the royal pair, fain would he have asked some questions about Count Lauvenheim; but Madame Ursini afforded no opening for the enquiry. She had originally heard from de Roye, that the Count and his *protégé* had ceased all intercourse, and she was too well-bred to intrude a name which she naturally concluded could not be pleasant to her auditor.

Theodore therefore wished and waited in vain; and departed, after a long audience, to prepare for his journey to Madrid.

He left the Mirador with regret; for he had tasted quiet there, and revived to hope, after his grandfather's and sister's departure.



As he drove through the streets of Corrella, he caught a glimpse of his aunt and cousins alighting from their carriage at the gate of a convent. He called upon his coachman to stop, and springing towards them, was in time to hand his kinswomen from their coach into the court of the building.

The pleasure of this unexpected meeting, the delight of once more looking on Donna Olivia, and the eventful occasion of his journey, changed his usually pensive manner into one more flattering and animated. Donna Olivia herself, at this interview, appeared to take a warmer interest in his situation; and her earnest wishes for his success were repeated more than once during the few minutes they stood grouped together in the cloisters of the court.

Having received from the Marchioness the promise of sending Sancha to Madrid whenever her testimony should be wanted, Theodore renewed his farewells, and resumed his journey.

As he pursued his solitary way, his thoughts returned, not to the brilliant face whose smiles he had been gathering with such covetous care, but to her, those smiles recalled; and alternate transport and apprehension possessed him, while imagining the probable result of Princess Ursini's intended invitation.

So much depended now upon the final settlement of his claims on the Ronnévalles' succession, that Theodore began to feel renewed anxiety on that subject. If he should succeed, what might he not hope?—if fail, his disappointment would be the keener, from the present hope of again approaching Ellesif with the power of offering her wealth and honours. But hope conquered fear, and he went forward with cheerful presentiments.

On Theodore's arrival in the capital, he found the Cause already in a state of forwardness, and a number of testimonies collected, of which he could not have formed an idea. He was further pleased to hear

that the Condé had really acted upon the hint he had given, and had invited a renewal of Don Pedro Ronquillo's attentions to Donna Elvira.

The fortune it was understood the Condé meant to bestow upon his grand-daughter, tempted this profuse, vain young man, far more than her handsome person; and the generous declarations of Theodore in her favour convinced the Ronquillo family that, after the Condé's death, her brother would make some noble addition to her dowry.

Under these impressions Don Pedro made his formal proposal, was accepted, and the nuptial day fixed.

It would not be just to attribute all Theodore's generosity and eagerness to the mere desire of securing a proper establishment for his sister. That had its share; but the hope of removing himself by this means from the necessity of making her the mistress of his house after the Condé's death, and the wish of striking her out of his do-

mestic circle during his grandfather's life, were his prevailing motives.

Never had he felt such complete alienation of heart from any person as he did from his sister. In proportion as he had wished to love her, in proportion as he had fondly deemed it impossible to do otherwise (before experience had shewn him her unworthiness), his disappointment was insupportable, and his perception of her hard, unsympathizing nature, was keen and distressing.

His temper, which had hitherto stood every assault of violence and injustice in his early tutor, was sometimes severely tried by the deriding bitterness with which she spoke of every thing he took a deep interest in; and her eternal caprice fairly wearied out his once-invincible patience.

How many times in each day did she not force him to recall a laughing remark of Gaston de Roye's, who said to him, after witnessing a thousand changes in some plan

of hers, where no one cared to interfere, "I see now, that contradiction must be wholesome for human nature; for your sister proves it is one of our instincts to apply the medicine to ourselves, when nobody else will take the trouble to do it for us."

At length, however, the hour arrived in which Donna Elvira was to be transplanted into another family; and while her nuptials were celebrated with a sober sort of pomp, better suited to a funeral than a marriage, the eventful process proceeded.

Undoubtedly the favour of the monarch, the consideration due to the Condé Roncevalles' rank and services, and the generous plainness with which the Marquis Montanejos professed his belief of his rival's rights, while he demanded their fair investigation, had a powerful effect in expediting the business of the Court.

Princess Ursini gave her testimony to the official signature of Count Lauvenheim affixed to the depositions of Dofrestom and

Carl; various persons from Cuba appeared to add their voice to that of the woman who had nursed Theodore, and who now earnestly protested her belief that the person she then beheld under the name of Don Theodore Guevara, was the identical child she had nourished at her breast.

After the scrutiny of a few weeks, the witnesses were dismissed, and Theodore was pronounced the legal heir to the title and estates of his grandfather.

No sooner was this decision pronounced, than the Condé, till now so ardent in the suit, gave signs of secret dissatisfaction.— He knew his grandson's opinions and feelings were on many subjects very different from his own, and he feared that the possession of one fine estate, and the security of succeeding to two others, would embolden him to spurn the curb which had hitherto controuled his inclinations.

But Roncevalles knew not the nature he meanly suspected. Theodore became more patient and self-denying than ever. The

consciousness of possessing power was always an argument with him against its liberal use; and as he could no longer be suspected either by others, or by himself, of interested motives, when yielding to the commands or prejudices of his grandfather, he sacrificed many more desires, and stifled many more feelings, than he had done when his future fate depended on the Condé's nod.

It amazed him to look round, and see how quietly others gave up their best principles when under the controul of a superior; yet how tenaciously they adhered to the veriest trifles, when no longer in a condition to have their will disputed. The exact reverse of this conduct secured to him the secret of happiness and duty; for he abhorred unsocial obstinacy, as much as he despised time-serving submission.

That free service of the heart, which an affectionate son pays to a father, alike in poverty as in power, was in Theodore's estimation a sacred and ennobling tribute;

but his best feelings were shocked when he saw tyranny extort, and self-interest yield it: he justly believed, that even parental authority has its limits; and that in obeying the commands of an earthly father, we must never leave undone what our heavenly parent has commanded.

He had often been surprised, during his residence with Count Lauvenheim, to observe the indifference with which a number of young men endured a life of entire dependence. Proud of being well born and nobly connected, they spurned the idea of a profession, content to pass through life without the power of doing a single service to their fellow-creatures, and perpetually the subjects of contempt and mortification.

In Spain these unfortunate members of great families found refuge in religious establishments: such of the younger sons as did not enter the army embraced the monastic profession, leaving only the presumptive heirs to watch and wait the will of him to whom they were to succeed, but



who had till then the power of influencing their conduct.

In the largest proportion of these heirs, Theodore was frequently led to remark how much a habit of dependence lowers the pitch of ordinary souls; and he could not forbear conjecturing, therefore, that the greater quantity of virtue in the middle classes of society, which is generally attributed to their temptations being fewer than in those of the higher and lower orders, might rather be attributed to the middle class's greater degree of independence. Dependence, like slavery (and they are near of kin), debases the heart and enervates the mind. The labouring poor in large communities, let them labour how they will, are still in some measure dependent; and three-fourths of the persons born in the regions of wealth and rank are completely so. None in this class, but the actual possessors of title and fortune, even pretend to independence; the rest, being their immediate heirs, or the younger branches of their

families, look up to the heads of their houses for the means of life, or habituate themselves to solicit pensions and places from men in power.

While persons of the intermediate station, such as the possessors of moderate competencies, or the professors of liberal arts, are at an early age emancipated from every bond, except the ties of duty and of nature, learning to provide for their own wants, and to believe themselves degraded, when they submit to frequent obligation.

That person whose best impulses are checked by the dread of displeasing another, can with difficulty attain to any eminence of virtue. Happy he, who can dare all displeasure, save that of his heavenly parent!— and still happier, still nobler he, that, entangled by self-interest, fear of local censure, and the certainty of domestic discord, bursts through them all, at the call of God and his conscience!

The Condé's surprize at Theodore's persevering gentleness, was at first moderated,

by a suspicion that there was something deceitful in it. At length, its continuance and consistency convinced him that he suspected without reason ; and even his arrogant soul was touched by this conviction.

He gave a suite of magnificent entertainments in honor of his grand-daughter's nuptials, and his grandson's triumph ; and among the first who appeared there, was the Marquiss Montenejos.

Theodore claimed his regard, with much sensibility, and frequently found in his society a solace for the loss of De Roye.

Madrid was at that time full of the Spanish nobility ; Theodore was invited to all their houses. His story interested them, his success warranted their attentions, and his noble appearance gratified their esprit de corps.

Amongst the wider circle in which he now moved, he saw many striking proofs of his having hastily misjudged Spain, in imagining that the greater number of her sons were illiterate and prejudiced, and

most of her daughters vain and insignificant. Such as had travelled, brought information and enlarged views into society ; and some who had not, with naturally observing minds, displayed all that loftiness of honour which commands respect, even when carried to the extremes of romantic punctillio.

More satisfied with his compatriots, (perhaps because he better understood them,) and glowing with the expectation of hearing that Ellesif was in Spain, Theodore shared in the formal entertainments given by his grandfather with an animation he had long ceased to feel.

The seemingly-frivolous accomplishments upon which alone his grandfather would allow him to spend his time, now had their field of display, and their recompence. It is true, he cared not for the admiration that followed them ; but he was pleased to find himself at ease in every thing, and upon every occasion.

While he courteously joined in the dances and concerts of the Spanish ladies, (for he

had made himself master of their easy national instrument,) he thought only of the probable time in which he might practise these lighter graces in the same circle with her who was again the sole object of his thoughts; unconscious that many an eye levelled its bright artillery at his heart, and that many a sigh followed the parting steps of his graceful figure.

The glow of expectation in which Theodore had been living for the last two months, gradually died away. He questioned every one who came from Corella, of the Princess Ursini, still hearing that she had no visitors, and that no strangers of note had appeared in the town. It was too probable, therefore, that the invitation had been given, and been refused.

The King himself now came for a short time to his capital: Theodore was publicly presented by his grandfather, and graciously complimented by his sacred majesty.

Soon after this presentation, the monarch returned to his declining queen at Corella,

and Madrid was speedily deserted by all but those whom business or necessity detained within its walls.

The Condé Roncevalles was amongst the few immured by duty. The business of the *Despacho* had accumulated, and fallen into great confusion during the vicissitudes of the last campaign, and its members therefore were urged to vigorous perseverance in their labours.

Though left alone, in consequence of Donna Elvira's marriage, he chose to remain in Madrid till his colleagues should leave it; resolving meanwhile to send Theodore into Arragon, to shew himself to his tenants.

No sooner had the cause been finished, which put Theodore in possession of this estate, than the Condé apprehended his grandson would, without ceremony, throw off the restraint of his presence, by forming a separate establishment.

When, on the contrary, he saw Theodore remaining under his authority, and

rather augmenting than diminishing in respect and obedience, he was struck with something like shame, and suddenly suggested the propriety of his heir visiting what was now his own estate; but at the same time he gave him to understand, that he should be surprised if he thought of doing more than occasionally seeing it during his, the Condé's, life.

Theodore had now little choice of residence, and obeyed the command.

The arrival of Count Lauvenheim and his daughter appeared so doubtful, and his means of hearing when they did come so limited, that in Arragon he was as likely to meet them as in Castile.

Having lost De Roye, he had lost the only person that knew the secret of his heart, and who, divining its wishes, would endeavour to satisfy them. The Chevalier had been too much engrossed by anxiety to reach England time enough to see his dying mother, for him to recollect, or Theodore to remind him, of his intention to write to

Ellesif. He could not, therefore, learn any thing, even by the circuitous channel of this faithful friend.

One letter only had come from De Roye since his departure. It was written from the English port where he had just landed, and contained merely a few lines to say he was safe across the sea, after a tedious voyage.

No sooner was Theodore assured of an income completely his own, than he hastened to offer a home to his nurse; but Sancha could not be prevailed upon to leave the Marchioness Amezaga. The good old woman was, however, obliged to accept a pension from her foster-child, who charged her with many kind messages to his aunt and cousins, before he quitted Madrid.

Theodore's next step was to write to his faithful friends at Aardal, informing them of his success, and beseeching them to lose no time in bringing Heinrich to Spain. He dwelt on the advantages of such a climate in disorders like his, described his



own prosperous situation, besought Dofrestom to come and take the management of his concerns, assuring him that his happiness would be incomplete, without the benefactors of his youth were near to share it.

Having distinctly stated the manner in which they might reach him with the least difficulty, and provided for the expences of their removal, he once more prayed them to grant his suit, whatever might be their state, when that letter should reach them.

He justly feared that Heinrich indeed no longer lived, to profit by the comforts he could now insure to him; yet that fear made him doubly anxious to remove his aged friends from the scene of their affliction.

Having bade adieu to his grandfather, and to his sister, previous to the departure of the latter for her husband's country residence, Theodore set off to take possession of the inheritance which had belonged to his father.

He found an antique house of extraor-

dinary architecture ; for it was built of dark marble, in a circular form, with open galleries surrounding it at every stage from the base to the flatted roof. The place had once belonged to the knights templars, and the sculptured walls still bore memorials of their vanished order.

Its situation was wildly romantic ; standing alone amongst that lower range of mountains, which connect the higher Pyrenees with the lowlands of Arragon.

Theodore was at first nearly stunned with the noise of innumerable water-falls, pouring from the steep sides of the Marboré. Their thundering sound was heightened by the profound stillness of every other object.

Amidst interminable woods, blocks of rock, fathomless abysses, and foaming gulphs, the gayest object visible was the green and almost inaccessible pastures of the Malhada de Serrades.

But the *Torre de la Marboré* (so the house was called) wanted not cheerful beauties of its own. The taste of Don Balthazar had

left there every thing that could contribute to intellectual pleasure. A select library, instruments of music, maps, and astronomical apparatus, shewed that he had been habituated to seek sublime emotions amidst the solitary grandeur of this residence ; and its admirably-disposed gardens, proved his relish for the beautiful and the delicate.

Bowers of yellow roses, oleander, and phylirea ; thickets of Indian fig, bay, and myrtle, were illuminated by the blazing nuts of the holme oak, and the fruit of the service-tree.

All the paths were scattered with that profusion of heaths and alpine flowers with which nature decks the mountains of the south ; and from a little hermitage entirely covered with ivy, whose single casement overlooked a shaft between walls of rock, the eye looked down on the house and its hanging gardens.

Theodore examined the residence, and wandered over the wide domain, with an interest far superior to that which arises from

the consideration of possession. He looked at them as relics of his parents ; and sometimes, as he paused to imagine what had been their usual occupations in different apartments, he sighed to think, that unless Ellesif were hereafter to share it with him, the Tórre de la Marboré would never know another mistress.

The few domestics remaining in the place, had served Don Jasper ; and not one who had been there in his father's time, was left to tell him the local history of his home.

From observing the appearance of his estate, he proceeded to learn the plan of its management, to visit the tenants, enquire into their circumstances, their wants, their character ; and to discover the best method of improving their condition, with that of the estate.

This investigation naturally produced much trouble. He had so many jarring interests to unite, and so many tissues of falshood to unravel, that he soon found the weight of his charge.

To the man who believes himself partly responsible for the welfare and good morals of all that depend on him, an extent of power is but an increase of anxiety ; and Theodore had, in addition to the usual disagreeables of reform, the difficult one of surmounting inveterate prejudices !

He was, however, not disheartened. His gentle manners, nay his very appearance, (for the lower orders are greatly influenced by a fine person), assisted in reconciling his servants and his peasantry to the changes he introduced into their management ; and the sincere promise he made of passing part of every year at the Tórre, completed the conquest of their good-will.

Had no anxiety agitated him, he could have enjoyed a tranquil, or soothed a melancholy state of mind, by a protracted residence where he then was ; but the restlessness of hope and fear, and the chance of learning more of Count Lauvenheim in a busier scene, made him earnest to depart ; and having learned from his grandfather the

time he should be at the Mirador, he set out to join him, without waiting for a summons.

Instead of returning through Arragon, he entered France by the pass of Gabarnie, believing that he took the sweep of the French Pyrenees, solely for the purpose of collecting the various plants that abound there, for his friend Mr. Coperstad's herbal. but in reality he was led to make this excursion, in the hope that fortune might cast him in the way of Ellesif, should she be indeed entering Spain; and had he dared to abandon his grandfather for so long a period, he would have been tempted to extend his journey even into Anjou.

The very morning he set out, amongst other letters, he received one from De Roye, and another from Dofrestom.

The first informed him that the Countess de Marton yet lived, though her dissolution had been daily expected for several months; the last brought the mournful news of Heinrich's death.

The fond remembrance of boyhood, deepened Theodore's regret for the untimely fate of his early companion; and he sorrowed for that affectionate parent, whose heart had of late been more than ever tenderly attached to his son.

Dofrestom had written immediately after the sad event; so that he spoke only of his loss, and the interesting child Heinrich had left, without adverting to the original plan of their removal to Spain.

Theodore hoped that the persuasions last written would renew that plan, and induce this honoured friend to seek consolation with him.

This event, and Gaston de Roye's dismal letter, (for by his mother's sick bed his lively spirits were utterly quenched,) threw a deep sadness over the mind of Theodore. His mind was already weakened by "the sickness of hope deferred;" and he began to think that the gleam of light, which intelligence of Ellesif had thrown upon his prospects, had appeared only to

leave his situation in more gloomy darkness.

With languid feelings did he now enter upon his short tour : but the stupendous objects which rose around him, by degrees arrested and absorbed his admiration.

Every faculty of his soul was called into action by the magnificent works of an almighty hand ; and though such scenery was familiar to him, he never ceased to feel its elevating and powerful effect.

The character of man seems formed to aggrandize with the scale of surrounding nature. The very sight of sublime objects must engender and perpetuate virtue : environed by the grand and the beautiful of inanimate nature, what soul can endure to look inwards, and behold there deformity and baseness ?



## CHAPTER IV.

VAINLY did Théodore extend his tour as far as Pau, believing he penetrated so deep into France, merely to visit the birth place of the David of modern times, the amiable, good, yet imperfect Henry IV.

He enquired every where for the travellers, but none such had passed; and relinquishing the expectation with a sinking heart, he returned, without an eye for its beauties, along the romantic course of the Adour, into Biscay, and thence towards Navarre.

The tinkling of guittars, and the jingle of mule bells, soon told him he was again in Spain. On reaching the Mirador he found his grandfather already there, surprized at his appearance, but pleased with the short stay he had made in Arragon.

Theodore's first visit was to the Camerera Major, with whom he spent two hours in a desultory conversation, which he tried in vain to lead to the mention of Count Lauenheim. The Princess spoke of Gaston de Roye, and discussed Theodore's present brilliant situation, while she delicately forbore to hint even, at the past of his life, conceiving him unwilling to have the days of his dependence and poverty remembered by the witnesses of his present splendor.

Animated with the desire of obtaining the information he sought, by disarming the caution of Princess Ursini, his manner gradually lost its usual pensive reserve, giving place to that earnest glow, and that speculative excursiveness, which he rarely displayed except in private, with chosen friends.

Madame Ursini looked upon his kindling countenance, while listening to his conversation, with pleased surprize. In their first interview she had thought him interesting; but she now felt that he could be at once

interesting, animating, amusing, and instructive.

Her own acute and elegant mind was called into livelier action, by the range of his ; and when a summons from the Queen forced her to break up their conference, she smilingly assured him, that since crossing the Pyrenees, she had never till now been beguiled into a belief that she still breathed the intellectual and delight-inspiring atmosphere of French society.

He bowed and blushed at the compliment ; smothering a sigh as he returned changed and disappointed of the sole object he had sought in this interview.

By the time Theodore was again domesticated with his grandfather, the temporary good-humour of the latter vanished ; and his former patience-moving round of inquiry into his grandson's opinions, and unqualified denunciation of them all, occupied every moment they passed together.

After each conversation, Theodore reviled his own folly for not having foreseen

that such and such answers, or such and such communications, must of necessity lead to strife : his grandfather's views were so narrow, his opinions so illiberal, and his principles so worldly, that Theodore saw it was impossible for them to pass a single evening in harmony together, unless they previously agreed to pass it in complete silence.

The improvements he projected on his estate, from being at first told, merely to say something, grew into a serious subject of controversy ; the Condé claiming the right of urging his grandson to perpetuate pernicious customs, because they had been the customs of his ancestors, and that a spirit of innovation was ever the proof of a vulgar and upstart mind. But this was not the only subject of dissention.—Passionately as he loved peace, much of his private wishes and hopes as he was ever inclined to sacrifice for its attainment, Theodore could never stand tamely by and witness injustice or oppressions ; he was therefore frequently

led to intercede with his grandfather for his servants, and to explain for his dependents ; but constantly disappointed, constantly taught how useless is such interference, yet as firmly convinced that duty commands us to enter our protest against every species of tyranny, he could not refrain from attempting a struggle, though certain of being wounded and vanquished in the conflict.

Religious prejudices had their full share in the domestic jars between the Condé and his grandson : for though each professed the same faith, no two individuals could differ more in their conduct towards the professors of other creeds. Theodore's liberality and humanity were equally shocked by the persecuting spirit with which his grandfather pursued every character that was marked by indulgence to what was deemed heretical notions ; and the horror with which the former expressed himself when speaking of the inquisition, sometimes roused the Condé into such zealous rage as to declare that if it were not for sully-

their illustrious house, he would be tempted to deliver his very grandson up to its vengeance.

Theodore might perhaps have considered this intemperate anger with more pity than displeasure, had it been solely confined to subjects of vital importance; but his disgust rose to indignation, when he found his grandfather equally violent in matters of no consequence.

His grandson could not bestow a present, or grant a request, or make an exertion for another, without being taken to task for his profusion, his vulgar accessibility, or his indiscreet folly: his zeal to serve, appeared impertinent; his desire to evince gratitude, contemptible; and his habit of obliging, slavish.

With amazement, he saw that what he believed the ineffaceable instruction of nature, that which she has written in every human heart, that man is born for social duties, was absolutely unknown to the Condé.

Theodore was therefore driven to shut himself up, in a cheerless silence, equally destructive of domestic comfort as of domestic ease; and whenever circumstances forced his conduct or his opinions into the light, he sought to maintain them rather by continued action, than by unavailing argument.

Cherishing the hope of soon welcoming the friends of his childhood, he busied himself in preparing for their comfortable establishment. It was his intention to settle them upon his estate in Aragon; and with that view, while Theodore resided at the Tórre, he had altered and added to a small lodge, Don Jasper had used for a banquetting house, and which lay in a vale beneath the larger edifice.

With grateful pleasure, Theodore had superintended the alterations, and directed the labourers who cleared the encumbered gardens, and new-dressed the little vineyard; and he now pleased himself with ordering various articles of furniture, which

Dofrestom and Catherine were habituated to use, but which were rarely seen amongst the Spanish peasantry.

It grieved him that dutiful attendance upon the infirm age of the Condé, must estrange him so much from the abode of these venerable friends: but for this vexation there was no remedy; and he would not allow himself to lament a comparative trifle, while enjoying the solid satisfaction of returning the obligations of childhood.

It was, perhaps, less from the suspicion of being opposed, (for how could he expect to be opposed in such a sacred duty?) than from habitual dislike of conversing about his own feelings with an unsympathizing person, that Theodore spoke not of the intended emigrants from Norway. — Accident led to the mention of them.

While passing in his carriage from attending a meeting of the Despacho, the Condé caught a glimpse of his grandson as he was standing in the midst of a carpenter's shop, instructing the workmen how to construct



a peculiar sort of spinning-wheel for Catherine.

The Condé stopped ; and calling Theodore to the coach window, asked in amazement for what purpose this machine was required by him.

“ It is for the good woman, who reared me into health and activity in Norway,” said Theodore, his countenance glowing with affectionate pleasure. “ She and my foster-father have consented to leave their country for mine ; and I have found a lodge near the Tórre, which a little trouble will make even prettier than their own dear cottage.”

“ I shall be glad if you will not be long before you follow me to the Mirador,” said the Condé abruptly, he drew back his head, as he spoke ; and having ordered his coachman to drive on, left Theodore to finish his explanation to the carpenter.

For once Theodore was deceived by the cold gravity which the Condé sometimes assumed, when most enraged ; and far from suspecting that his grandfather desired his

company at the Mirador, only to chide him, he hastened what he was about, and mounting his mule, rode after the carriage.

The Condé was scarcely seated in his usual sitting room, before the entrance of Theodore gave him the opportunity his vindictive spirit thirsted for, of venting that wrath which decorum had restrained before vulgar eyes, he accosted him with a threatening frown.

“What is this absurd scheme you are wasting so much time on?—am I to find all my race either fools or madmen?—do you imagine, sir, that Don Theodore Guevara can escape derision, if he give himself up to associate with persons no better than his meanest tenants?—what folly prompts you to invite this Norwegian man and woman into Spain?—are you become a child again, that you must be amused by furnishing baby-houses?”

“I am what I ever was, my Lord;” replied Theodore, striving to subdue his grandfather’s harshness, by a gentle smile,

one, as grateful for past, as warmly sensible to present kindness. I certainly wish, for the sake of the noble family to which I belong, that my earliest benefactors were of less obscure origin; but lowly as they are, they are still my benefactors; and after all, poor will be my return for the tenderness of above twenty-one years. You cannot, my Lord, seriously condemn me for giving a few moments to the duty of providing for their accommodation!—I am sure you cannot.”

“Don Theodore!” cried the angry Condé, “this seeming belief, in what you know does not exist, shall not take me in. I see your artful method of trying to rule me; I have discovered it, and am on my guard against it. I *do* condemn you: and I insist upon your giving up this ridiculous scheme. Send the people over a sum of money to spend amongst persons like themselves, and don’t bring them here to insult me by putting a Northern boor in competition with the Condé Roncevalles.”

Theodore purposely avoided noticing the last part of this wrathful address. "Money, my Lord," he said, "would be no recompence; they have every thing in Norway that suffices their moderate wants; but deprived of their only tie to that country by the death of the young man that was brought up with me, their hearts require the consolation of being near me. Indeed I owe them the happiness of seeing me acknowledged by an illustrious kindred, possessing independence, and surrounded with—the appearance of every earthly felicity."

Theodore involuntarily paused and sighed between part of the last sentence; the Condé resumed, with eyes that glared like a hyena's.

"What, sir! am I to understand that you mean to live at the Tórre, leaving me to solitude, and devoting your time to these peasants?"

"By no means, my Lord," replied Theodore. "I acknowledge that my first

duty is to my grandfather, and wilfully blind, as your Excellency thinks me, to the laws of society, I can assure you that I hope not to offend a single decorum while paying my long debt of obligation to excellent, though lowly, persons. I shall have the satisfaction of knowing they are settled upon lands of mine; but shall only see them for a short time in every year; and that at the period which may be most agreeable to my grandfather."

"Well, well, sir!" interrupted the Condé, not knowing what to say against the amiable conciliation of this speech; "let us suppose you do not make yourself the talk of Spain by preposterous familiarity with persons you should learn to consider as the servants of your childhood,——"

"My Lord! my Lord!——" interrupted Theodore, turning his face from him, crimsoned with shame at such base insensibility to our noblest feeling.

"Yes, sir, as your servants, I repeat!" thundered the Condé, rising, and stamping

with his foot. "You can pay their services; and had they known who they fostered, think you not, they would gladly have taken wages for doing so? This insolence does away my tenderness for your foolish prejudices. So once for all, I command you not to bring these people into Spain. I will not share your respect and attentions with a clown."

"Your commands are given too late, my Lord," replied Theodore, who had risen when his grandfather did, and now stood flushed and struggling with inward indignation; "my friends are by this time, I believe, on their passage. You will allow me now to say, that ever since I had the good fortune to be received and protected by your Excellency, at a time when, without that protection, most likely my rights would never have been established, I have made it a sacred duty never to let one of my own inclinations or feelings stand in the way of obedience to the hardest command or the slightest desire of your's; but there is a

boundary of conscience, and a higher command, which I will cross for no man—not even for the Condé Roncevalles—not even for my parents if they were living; and, therefore, my Lord, whenever your mandates would force me to such a transgression, you will remember that at that point my obedience must stop.”

Without waiting reply, he bowed to his thunder-struck grandfather; and, rapidly putting aside the blind that shaded an open door-way on a terrace, he leaped thence down into the garden, where he soon buried himself in the shade of its most distant groves.

Agitated, disgusted, almost afflicted,—re-calling scene after scene of past altercation, and regarding them as an earnest of many such yet to come;—he could not forbear exclaiming aloud, “And is this the dreary summit that I have laboured so to climb?—this place of sterility and stones! Good God! snatch me from it again!—take from

me rank, station, fortune, name—but leave me gratitude, leave me sympathy, leave me a heart!”

Some burning tears started into his eyes, when he had given utterance to this passionate exclamation. Oppressed with the insufficiency of all he now possessed, to bestow the happiness which he had once erroneously expected would follow their acquirement, he sunk into a sad reverie; during which his thoughts insensibly changed their object, but not their character.

With such a temper as that of the Condé's to contend with, what could he expect except opposition and anathema, were he ever again to meet Ellesif, and be encouraged by her kindness, and her father's repentance, to seek the renewal of former intimacy?

The fallen fortunes and ambiguous situation of Count Lauvenheim, would be sufficient to excite the Condé's severest disapprobation of a mere acquaintance with him; and to an union with the daughter of



such a man, his consent would assuredly be withheld with revilings and reproach.

Yet what of violence, what of reproach, would not Theodore have braved for an object so dear, a bliss so transporting? His heart beat at the question, with a tumultuous joy which convinced him that were it his destiny to find Ellesif willing to be his, the promise he had just renewed to his grandfather, of sacrificing all his personal inclinations to his commands, must fall before so mighty a temptation.

So long as we believe in the excellence or hope for the sympathy of the person beloved, the bitterest anguish of love is ever mixed with a sweetness unknown to all the other cares of life. Theodore's feelings gradually lost their arid hue, and a soft glow of expectation succeeded.

It is true, this expectation was rather the effect of sensation than of reasoning; for nothing new had arisen to sanction it: but such are the alternations of the human heart, for whose real sufferings nature

bestows imaginary, sometimes prophetic, consolations. Calmed and softened, Theodore now wandered from the lower garden into the open country; and giving his uncovered forehead to the cool breeze of evening, as it came sweeping from a distant grove of Accacias, his ear caught the sound of music.

There was something in the strain that hurried him towards it. Advancing swiftly, he paused a few paces from the grove, and discovered through its openings a small group seated on the grass.

He listened with increasing emotion; the voice had arisen again, accompanied at intervals by a guitar; it was low and plaintive, like the sighing breeze that mixed with it; and at every fall of its touching cadences, Theodore thrilled with hope, with fear, with fond remembrance, and with love struggling into all its former power. Uncertain whether to proceed or to retreat, he remained unseen while listening to the following song:—

Oft glowed my cheek when thou wast near,  
 With deepening blush of soft confusion;  
 With changing throbs of hope and fear,  
 Or sudden pleasure's bright suffusion :

Thy lips, that called each blush more fair,  
 Then first to rosier transport moved me;  
 But now, this cheek is doomed to wear  
 The blush of shame, for having loved thee !

The ill-suppressed sigh with which the air was concluded, finished the conquest of Theodore's self-command; he forgot Count Lauvenheim's renunciation of him, Ellesif's unkind repulse, their fallen and his own altered state, and desperately asking to see only that beloved object again, whose voice was now living in his sense, he rushed through the scattering branches of the accacias, and saw, in the midst of a party, his aunt and his cousins.

Donna Olivia, who had been singing, and whose voice in singing more perfectly recalled Ellesif's, rose in confusion, though with evident pleasure; the Mar-

chioness joyfully advanced to give him her hand ; while with confusion, and disappointment even to agony, Theodore stammered out an apology for thus bursting upon their privacy.

He had uttered something about a well-known voice, and being unprepared to see the large company he had disturbed, and the Marchioness understanding that he had expected to see only herself and her daughters, gave his embarrassment a flattering explanation.

Without naming him to the rest of the party, she took his arm, and beckoning to her daughters to follow, drew him out of the grove.

It was the first time they had met since his legal acknowledgement as the son of Don Baltazar ; the Marchioness noticed this circumstance with great emotion ; and blending her congratulatory embrace with the most fervent blessings, she motioned to her daughters to advance and hail their cousin.

When Theodore approached the dove-eyed Isabella, he followed the impulse of the tranquil yet tender feeling which her resemblance to his mother inspired, and kissed her cheek; but the voice of Olivia had left such a confusion in his thoughts, that, in turning to meet her, he trembled as if approaching Ellesif herself, and bowing his crimsoned face upon her hand, scarcely ventured to let his lips rest on it for an instant.

Had he observed the surprize and joy that were mingled in the glance his sanguine aunt directed to her daughters; or could he have known the hitherto wandering, evanescent imaginations, that strange difference of conduct towards the sisters, now fixed in Olivia herself, he would have been shocked at the mistake his conduct had occasioned; and his unwillingness to confide past feelings to even near connexions, would have given way before the honorable abhorrence of exciting expectations not in his power to fulfil. But occu-

pied with his late painful disappointment, he observed nothing, though he soon found himself purposely placed by the Marchioness next her favourite daughter.

While answering the many kind questions occasionally addressed to him, by each amiable relative, he still made some distinction in favour of Olivia; but this distinction was no longer the involuntary offspring of a sentiment, of which another was the object; it originated in the belief that Olivia was unhappy.

During his abode in Madrid, he had heard from several quarters, that the son of the Duke d'Harcourt had engaged her affections, and after publicly displaying his passion for her, so as to lead her acquaintance and her family to expect his serious proposals, he had gone back to France, and was at this very period on the evè of marriage with another.

Though this cruel desertion had taken place some months previous to Theodore's first sight of Donna Olivia, her desolation

at that time, and her fitful gaiety and thoughtfulness since, made him look on her still as the victim of wounded affection. Feeling his heart attracted to this interesting cousin, as much by sympathy of suffering as by the ties of blood, he addressed her with peculiar kindness and respect.

The delighted mother expressed a hope that he would join their party in the grove, where a slight repast was preparing by her attendants. Theodore turned back as she spoke. "This invitation," he said, "reminds me, my dear aunt, that I have a promise to keep, however unwillingly, and that I must fly any further temptation to break it. I would not *steal* even your society; and yet I must do so, or else forfeit my word to the Condé, or do as I do now, —quit you."

A man of florid speech would have said, "tear myself away;" but Theodore's simplest phrase required no heightening; it always received such powerful addition from the expression of his eyes, and the

tone of his voice, that the persons it agitated, had to remember, while relating it to another, what had given it such energy when addressed to themselves.

He now bowed and retreated, leaving an impression upon his aunt and cousins, which was destined afterwards to trouble his peace, and distract his conscience.

On his return to the Mirador, he found the Condé taking his place at the dinner table. The scowling brow of the latter foreboded another storm : but his grandson appeared not to notice it ; and awed by his dignified serenity, the Condé felt the authority of a superior mind, and absolutely had not courage to revert to their late disagreement.

Surrounded by numerous domestics, their meal passed as usual in active attentions on the part of Theodore, and scrupulous ceremony on that of his grandfather.

Before the Condé retired for his afternoon Siesta, he held out a letter to Theodore. “ Read that, sir, and tell me what



answer you would be sorry if I returned: it concerns yourself."

"If Your Excellency has already returned an answer," observed Theodore, changing colour, "it would be better perhaps if I did not read it."

"Read it, sir, and then speak."

Theodore obeyed; his quick apprehensions, which had pointed to some proposal of an alliance for him, were relieved by finding the letter merely contained a friendly offer from Princess Ursini. The nominal situation of *Cavallerizo* to the infant Prince of Asturias, was what the Princess professed herself ready to ask for Don Theodore, if the Condé Roncevalles should tell her, the solicitation would be agreeable to him and his grandson.

"Now, sir!" asked the Condé, with a malignant hope of preparing a vexation for the person he addressed. "I shall be sorry, my Lord, if you have accepted this situation for me. I have a contempt for mere nominal places about a court; and

till I have made myself master of the laws, and interests, and character of my country, must consider myself unfit for any office of real service."

The Condé believing this an artifice to veil inclination by way of obtaining it, smiled tauntingly, saying as he rose to retire,—“ Then for once I please you: I have told the Camerara Mayor that I chuse you to belong solely to myself; so you may go on, studying the politics of Spain, in the expectation of changing every thing in the cabinet, as you hope to do here, when I am dead.”

The derision with which this was uttered, though for an instant it recalled the disagreeable image of Donna Elvira, did not alter that sudden sadness of look with which Theodore contemplated another idea. The paths of political power were those which Count Lauvenhielm had trodden; and if such a spirit as his could be lost in their dangerous windings, would it not be wise in one who

could yet chuse his future track, to avoid the fatal labyrinth!

The serious ruminations to which this question gave birth, after the Condé's disappearance, were interrupted by the arrival of a letter from de Roye: it brought the news of his mother's death.

Some brief, but sincere expressions of filial sorrow were followed by an assurance that the writer hoped soon to see his friend again. He intimated the probability of being employed as a private agent to arrange the terms on which a general peace would be negotiated by his court: for this purpose, no attempt had been made to effect his exchange, as no suspicions could be entertained of the real object of his journey, while obliged to return into Spain by the laws of military honour.

Few things had afforded Theodore such heartfelt pleasure as this prospect; and although it was somewhat clouded by de Roye's addition, that he might yet be detained much longer than he wished, by the

unsettled state of the new ministry, Theodore, who possessed so little of happiness in the present, was satisfied to behold her through a long vista of future time.

Avoiding further discussion with the Condé on the subject of the place he had rejected, Theodore hastened to set his own seal to the rejection, by going to thank the Princess Ursini for her generous intention.

The favorite met his graceful thanks with some amiable reproaches for thus suffering a querulous old man to make an unreasonable monopoly of his time and his talents: but when Theodore, gently, unostentatiously, yet explicitly detailed his own reasons for declining what other young men would have grasped at; when she learned that, passing the day in such minor exercises of mind and body as his grandfather censured not, he quietly devoted half the night to deep and earnest study, the Princess, with the vivacity of her nation, uttered a cry of admiration, followed by a serious assurance that he was born for great things.

She then proceeded to direct his attention to such members of the government as were best acquainted with the interests and the legislature of their country ; exhorting him to cultivate their friendship ; and frankly laying open her own plans for the welfare of a nation, in which she took an interest nearly amounting to patriotic.

Theodore was as much charmed with her eloquence, as agreeably surprized by the depth of her observations, and the clearness of her views : he required no aid from gallantry, to promise future attention to the instructions with which she now honoured him : and had she but added to her nearly-confidential discourse, some information of Ellesif, Theodore would have left her with an emotion of delight, little short of enthusiasm.

But alas ! she talked of De Roye ; she talked of Don Julian Casilio, whom a very brilliant action near Cardona had just covered with glory ; and still she spoke not of Count Lauenheim.

Some fresh visitors entered, and Theodore had already made his bow, and was passing into the anti-chamber, when he caught these words, addressed to the Princess by a loud familiar speaker. It was the Chevalier de la Tremouille.

“One of my people,” he said, “has just left the Count St. Etienne waiting for horses; by this time he must be within half a league of Corella. I am so much obliged to Your Excéllency, for attracting my pretty little cousin into Spain; — she was absolutely growing hideous with *ennui* at Chateau-Gris.

Theodore got with difficulty into the other chamber: surprize and pleasure unnerved him: but on Princess Ursini’s hasty dismissal of her company, he was obliged to renew his obeisance, and mix with the departing crowd.

Having only a bowing acquaintance with De la Tremouille, and finding that garrulous coxcomb close to him on the stair-case, he hastily revolved how he might satisfy his

own impatience without a gross violation of Spanish etiquette.

There was no way, save one; that of banishing etiquette entirely, and asking what distinguished person or resistless beauty De la Tremouille was about to receive.

But how seldom, in moments of extreme agitation, does the tongue obey the heart!—To avoid the just imputation of grave impertinence, the question must be put gaily, as if uttered less from a wish for information, than from an impulse of youthful vivacity. Yet how was Theodore to speak gaily, when his voice would quiver like an aspen-leaf? or how was he to appear indifferent, when his varying complexion and disordered eyes must betray his inward anxiety? In striving to master these outward witnesses, and to arrange a suitable phrase, he suffered the critical moment to pass, and De la Tremouille to escape.

The evil was not to be repaired: and Theodore's displeasure at his own irresolution was only to be appeased by reflecting

on the prospect which now shone on him.

That he should not meet Ellesif, at least in general society, was next to an impossibility; and if they met, what forced alienation from him, or what self-imposed restraint, could silence the expression of a countenance, over whose expressions even its lovely possessor had often lamented her own want of power? In the eyes of Ellesif he must at once read her heart, and his own destiny! And if he should see there, but the faintest gleam of lingering partiality, he fondly hoped that his constancy, and the consideration with which she would hear him spoken of in every circle, would operate in restoring him to the full and acknowledged possession of her affections.

When he thought of her father, something whispered, that had the Count been really hostile to him, he would have avoided their probable meeting in Spain. This indeed was not a moment for despondency; perhaps not even for reasonable



apprehension: and filled with increasing hopes, Theodore turned his steps towards the road that led from France.

Seeking to catch a glimpse of Ellesif, himself unseen, he loitered up and down a spot where the trees, planted to shade the road, thickened into a grove: there, he walked to and fro, counting every minute, and anxiously examining every equipage that approached.

Very few, and those easily distinguishable as Spanish, appeared at distant intervals. The day began to decline. Harassed with the remembrance of having promised to attend his grandfather to Vespers, he was abandoning the hope of waiting the travellers' arrival, when the sight of a light French chariot made him hesitate. It came on, rapidly: the carriage was of a dark colour, without armorial bearings. It passed like a flash of lightening; but even so, Theodore felt that he had seen Count Lauenheim; that he had seen him changed, — the shadow of his former self.

The Count happened to be looking from the window, and thus entirely concealed the person with him : and as he never could discern objects clearly at a distance, Theodore, shaded by the feathers of his hat, and the boughs of the trees, stood unknown and unnoticed.

The same transient sight of Ellesif must have changed the nature of Theodore's agitation, but could not have increased its degree. How, indeed, could he look at the face he had just seen, without the bitterest grief? Never had a son loved a father more devotedly, than he had loved the man who had now passed him ! Never had any other man excited in him so much enthusiasm, so much anguish, so much triumph, and so much shame ! Never had any man retained so strong an empire over his affections in despite of reason ! Never had any man preserved so large a share in his prayers !

The wreck which suffering rather than time had made of that once-perfect face,

since Theodore had last seen it, added poignant pity to the tenderness with which he now yielded to a throng of sweet and bitter remembrances; and, turning from casual observation, he walked for some time amid the thickest shade, to give full vent to his feelings.

When he emerged again, (warned by the convent bells now ringing from every hill and vale,) he just saw the back of the chariot as it reached the top of the further upland: the next instant it disappeared on the opposite side.

Theodore gazed after it with straining eyes; his lips quivered with some fond blessings on the estranged friends he believed that carriage contained; but the words were unaccompanied with sound: and after a long, long gaze, he tore himself from the spot, and, speeding through some meadows to the Mirador, reached it in time to attend the Condé.

After the first rapturous, though secret effusions of his gratitude to that mysterious

Providence who was thus opening to him the gate of hope at least, if not of happiness, Theodore's spirit but too often wandered from heaven to earth; and as he went through the solemn forms of the holy rite by the side of his stern grandfather, he had frequently to add the present transgression of love-engrossed thoughts, to the catalogue of errors for which he was then imploring the Divine forgiveness.

## CHAPTER V.

ON their return from vespers, the Condé found a message from Donna Elvira ; she was come with her husband to Corella in consequence of his nomination to a foreign embassy, and had merely sent a formal compliment of enquiry after the health of her grandfather.

How irksome it is to perform the ceremonial of affection, when the heart is not in the performance ! — Theodore was obliged to go and welcome his sister, and run through the set phrases of brotherly congratulations, without one answering feeling in his breast.

Donna Elvira on her part received him as she would have done a common acquaintance ; and after some frivolous discourse, gave him his congé for the night.

But Theodore's heart was at this period invulnerable to any vexation or grief, unconnected with Ellesif; and, glowing with eagerness, he made to himself numberless little businesses into Corella the next day, by way of excuse to his own mind for hovering round the place where he was most likely to see Ellsif.

Then, were Ellesif and her father residents with Princess Ursini in the royal palace; or were they at a small villa not far distant, which she called her Hermitage, and at which she occasionally entertained a few friends at a French supper?

Chance answered the question.

Having met his cousin the Marquis Montanejos, and casually asked whence he came, Theodore learned that he had just been leaving his name at the Count St. Etienne's.

“And who is he?” asked Theodore, turning away his face as he spoke, anxious to learn what the Princess and the Count

wished to be known of the latter's former situation.

“ A Frenchman, I suppose, and of consequence,” replied Montanejos ; “ for Madame Ursini introduces him as related to her by marriage ; of course every one who either loves, or fears her, will shew respect to her kinsman : I am one that really thinks the Princess deserves every Spaniard's esteem.”

“ Is he here alone ?” repeated Theodore, and his voice was less steady than when he hazarded the first question.

“ No ; I think I heard something of a daughter, but I did not see her. — The Count himself is a very interesting-looking personage : but so silent and serious, that I suppose he will neither enliven our court very much, nor appear at it often. Indeed he talked of having had a nervous fever lately ; so we must not judge hastily of his enlivening capacities.”

The Marquis then turned the conversation to some domestic details of his own ; regretting that they were obliging him to go

into Valencia, and thus depriving him of the agreeable society at present collected in Corella. Having said this, he cordially embraced his cousin, and departed.

The Count's illness sufficiently explained the reason why he had not sooner accepted the invitation of Princess Ursini; but Theodore reflected with concern upon the seeming deception that altered man was now practising, in thus appearing as a native French nobleman.

It was not till some time afterwards, that Theodore discovered no deception had been intended; that Princess Ursini, simply announcing her kinsman by the French title to which alone he had any claim, and forbearing unasked explanations, had unconsciously marked him as her countryman.

At any rate, it seemed evident that, in compliance with the Count's apparent wish of concealment, it would be generous in Theodore to elude the question of their former acquaintance; and perhaps nothing



could be more favorable to his own views than this power of mixing in the same societies, with the freedom of one whom no previous circumstances ought to embarrass.

It was therefore with extreme disappointment he heard, a day or two afterwards, that the Count St. Etienne declined general visiting, alléding very uncertain health for refusing to attend a state dinner at a foreign minister's.

Distressed though he was by this information, Theodore was yet in hopes that his grandfather would not venture to insult *the favorite*, by refusing to pay her the compliment of seeking her kinsman's acquaintance; and he was therefore not surprized when one morning the Condé ordered his state-mules to be harnessed, announcing his intention of paying a visit to the Count St. Etienne. "You will accompany me, Don Theodore," said his grandfather, turning to receive Don Pedro Ronquillo and his wife."

They had come to inform the Condé, that Don Pedro was ordered to the court of Savoy without delay; and that as Donna Elvira meant to accompany him to Italy, this visit must be considered as a farewell.

While they were engaged in conversation upon this subject, Theodore had time to collect his scattered senses. He had certainly expected this summons, yet it found him unprepared to obey, without inward debate.

How was he to intrude himself thus suddenly, thus indelicately, into the presence of a man whose last words had been an eternal renunciation? Would he not, by such a visit, appear triumphing in their altered destinies, or else parading his generous oblivion of past indignity?

And if he did go, how was he to hide from the keen eye of his grandfather that excessive agitation which he must afterwards be bound to explain? Yet what was he to do? What excuse could he offer for

refusing to pay this personal respect to the friends of the Camerara Mayor? Must he unveil what the unhappy Lauenheim wished to bury in eternal night? Must he irritate the Condé into unappeasable resentment against that self-accusing exile, by avowing that his former protector had rendered it impossible for him to enter his abode without previous explanation?

These thoughts succeeded each other with the rapidity of light, as, leaning against an opened lattice, Theodore stood shaded from the quick observation of his sister by a luxuriant jessamine which actually grew into the apartment.

The Condé named his intention of going to the Hermitage. Donna Elvira interrupted him with a sarcastic laugh: "O! you must all go and pay your homage there, as it is the idol's pleasure! But in spite of the address she has used, it is now pretty well known who this Count St. Etienne is."

Theodore involuntarily bent forward. Without noticing him, his sister went on:

“ Instead of being a French nobleman, as we were given to suppose, I have just heard from undoubted authority that he is a Danish Count, banished from his own country, and actually an adventurer in this. You know Spain is said to be the paradise of adventurers; witness our fine Princess herself, whom I heartily wish to strangle every time I am curtesying and complimenting at her drawing-rooms.”

Don Pedro interrupted her:—“ A little discretion, Madam, even before relations, if you please! You forget that I owe my appointment to Princess Ursini; and pray be less broad in your assertions about this stranger. His exile from Denmark is involved in mystery, and we have no business with it; he has a French title, or even Madame Ursini durst not present him as Count St. Etienne. I dare say he comes hither only to marry off his pretty daughter.”

Theodore drew back amongst the jessamines, with a thrill of agony and indignation.

“ And what is this man’s Danish name ?” asked the Condé, haughtily.

“ I did hear it,” replied Don Pedro, affecting ignorance ; “ but I forget ; Count ——, Count ——.”

“ Lauvenheim is a name that has disappeared lately from the Danish cabinet,” observed the Condé ; “ Was that it ?”

Don Pedro would not remember, but Donna Elvira eagerly answered in the affirmative.

Her words were no sooner spoken, than the Condé, calling in a page, countermanded his equipage. Then, approaching Theodore, “ It is well we heard this,” he said in a whisper. “ I am spared a degradation ; and you, the humiliation of seeing the man with whom you once lived as a dependant.”

“ You mistake, my Lord,” replied Theodore in a still lower voice, for his heart beat so violently, he could scarcely articulate. “ I never remember my former condition with any painful feelings, grateful as I am for my present ones.”

Donna Elvira now sarcastically remarked that Lauvenheim was the name of the person by whom Theodore had been patronized in the days of his obscurity ; and that, by marrying his daughter, (as her brother had such a passion always for returning favors,) he might pay off the monstrous debt of his gratitude.

This ill-timed irony irritated the Condé, who was, besides, unwilling to bring a period of such degradation to the knowledge of Don Pedro. Donna Elvira, seeing his wrath, found a malicious pleasure in heightening it ; and Theodore, though indifferent to all that respected his past situation, yet kindled into a glow of vindication, when ill-nature wantonly attacked his fallen benefactor.

By adroitly turning the tide of her sarcasms upon his own occupations, while under the roof of the Danish minister, he diverted attention from the character of Ellesif ; at the mention of whose name, the

colour had left his face not to return any more during the debate.

He escaped at length from this scene of contention; thinking with regret of his peaceful home in Norway, and painfully convinced that he could now only hope to behold Ellesif by some happy chance.

But chance loses its nature, when its imagined caprices are watched by an anxious heart; even the smallest event seems then evidently determined, and directed for some particular end. Theodore went everywhere, and met Ellesif no where.

It is true, the ceremonial of Spanish visiting conspired against him; and the increasing malady of the Queen, by obliging the Camerara Mayor to absent herself from company, threw additional obstacles in his way.

Fortune seemed to delight in aggravating his mortification. If he went where Ellesif visited, he regularly found that she had just left the house; or learned afterwards, that she came there directly after his departure.

If they were invited to the same evening circle, either some accident caused the assembly to be postponed; or the Condé was taken ill; or Ellesif herself was put into requisition by the sick Queen, whose languor her lovely voice or interesting conversation soothed like the harp of David.

Dispirited and disappointed, Theodore often suspected that the Condé exaggerated his frequent indispositions, merely for the gratification of seeing his power; and at length, nearly convinced of this, it cost him an effort to conceal such a suspicion, lest indeed he should wrong and neglect him when he really suffered.

Theodore had a rooted aversion to bestow confidence on servants; he was therefore voluntarily deprived of the common means of finding out the movements of persons in whom he was interested; and though in a chance interview with his aunt, he learned that she had seen and been captivated with the sweet Ma'mselle St. Etienne, it was im-



possible for him to reap any benefit from their acquaintance.

Meanwhile, whatever he heard of the Count brought the soothing conviction, that repentance had followed transgression; every one described him as a sad and solitary man, shunning general society, and apparently enduring the little in which he mixed for the sake of his daughter.

How did Theodore wish that some benevolent angel would display their hearts to each other, and at once shew them, that their mutual advances would be mutually embraced! Unless some such supernatural agent thus worked for them, in the absence of the only friend who knew their secret history, it was impossible for either to hazard the chance of repulse.

At length, this insupportable state of continual expectation promised to end. The royal order for congratulating Princess Ursini upon her nomination to that sovereignty which two powerful states gauranteed so solemnly, and afterwards so shame-

fully left her to be rifled of, was publicly issued; the gratified favourite, willing to spare the pride of the Spanish nobility, had the address to send out cards for an assembly at the moment the royal decree was promulgated; thus changing obedience to a command, into acceptance of an invitation.

Theodore had not been admitted to the Princess for some time previous to the morning in which he went in common with several others, to acknowledge and accept her summons.

The new Princess of Limburg had not much time to bestow particular notice upon any individual at these levées; for, known to be the channel of all favour, she was rather besieged, than waited on, by every ambitious or needy courtier of both sexes.

But it was not possible for her to pass over the delicate, personal compliment which Theodore had paid her, by divesting himself, on this occasion, of the Spanish habit, and appearing in the Parisian costume.

She observed this elegant gallantry with her usual grace, courteously finding an excuse for the non-appearance of the Condé, whose pride had in reality revolted from acknowledging her new distinction. She lowered her voice, adding, "You will see the Count St. Etienne and his daughter in my circle on Monday. Will it be disagreeable to you?"

"Far from it," replied Theodore, raising his flashing eyes, which immediately fell again, under the sudden surprise of her's.

"Do you know who they are?" asked the Princess. Theodore, somewhat embarrassed, replied with hesitation, "I have been told that I shall see in them two persons I had once the happiness to believe my friends."

Without answering, the Princess gave him a gracious smile, accompanied by a farewell bow, and moved away.

Theodore departed; his heart beat with hope and joy. This was the first opportunity he had enjoyed of expressing his

own willingness to meet the Count again ; and he trusted that Madame Ursini, who apparently delighted in conciliating and uniting every body, would not fail to repeat what he had said to her guests at the Hermitage.

Providence, in conducting these interesting objects into Spain, had done so much for Theodore, that he yielded to a sweet superstition ; fondly trusting that Ellesif's only unkind notice of his attachment would hereafter be explained.

So believing, he passed the few days that intervened between the present morning and that destined for Princess Ursini's party.

The discordant humours of his grandfather were now without power to affect him ; his countenance displayed a cloudless sunshine ; and that contemplative melancholy which had uniformly tintured his looks and conversation, gave place to animated cheerfulness.

The important day at length arrived ; it opened inauspiciously. The Condé took his chocolate in bed, complaining of indisposition ; and by the time he descended to his sitting-room, Theodore saw with consternation symptoms in his face of approaching illness.

In vain his grandson urged him to summon his domestic physician ; in vain Theodore urged an innocent stratagem to bring the physician unsent-for. The Condé was in one of his perversest fits of opposition ; and simply because his grandson shewed more than usual anxiety to ward off an attack, resolved it should come.

“ For once your mind seems to be set upon a woman’s party,” observed the Condé, drily ; “ it would afflict you to lose a second opportunity of paying court to the Sovereign Princess of Limburg ! — Fear not, sir ; you have my leave to go and worship her alone.”

Theodore stood without trusting himself to make a reply, yet continuing his assidui-

ties about the invalid, though doubtful whether he should not be detained after all by some freak of ill-humour.

The threatened spasms went off; the evening came; and Theodore, in a modest suit of black velvet, which only a single diamond brightened, (and that, too, lost in the feathers of his hat,) prepared to bid a temporary good-night to his grandfather.

Never had such a lively red enriched the olive hue of his cheek; never had such brilliancy given to his pensive eyes the character of impetuous sensibility; never had his figure been more happily and gracefully displayed than by the noble simplicity of his present habit.

Perhaps had Theodore thought of his person, as he passed without noticing its reflection in one of the mirrors, he might possibly have felt some pleasure at appearing thus advantageously before the woman he loved; but he thought only of Ellesif herself; and that charming idea was not displaced for a moment, till, on entering the

room where he had left his grandfather, he saw him lying back in his chair, evidently smitten with sudden pain.

The transient agony was removed by some drops the sufferer was accustomed to take on such occasions; he then persisted in desiring his grandson to leave him, secretly resolving upon a quarrel if he should obey. Theodore humanely lingered; the next five minutes decided his fate for the night. Another spasm, more alarming than the first, succeeded; and at once giving himself up to assist the physician, who was instantly summoned, Theodore, with a heavy sigh, dismissed the hopes of many days.

Ellesif meanwhile, whose heart, since her entrance into Spain, had ached with as many fears, hopes, and disappointments as his own, was tremblingly preparing for a meeting to which she looked with as much anguish as joy.

The Count, wishing her first interview with Theodore to take place when his absence would leave the spontaneous feelings

of each to appear without disguise, declined being present at the Princess Ursini's assembly. Ellesif, therefore, went alone at an early hour to dine with her illustrious kinswoman.

After dinner she retired to dress more gaily for the evening; but instead of hastening to alter her attire, she dismissed her maid, and sat down to compose her perturbed spirits.

On the event of this evening would depend the happiness of her life. Theodore's agitated recognition of her, or studied avoidance, or cool notice, would at once disclose the nature of the sentiment he had formerly displayed for her. Yet if that sentiment had really been, and should now have ceased!—

An icy thrill struck to her heart at this fearful *if!* And reflecting on her father's fallen state, on her own wrecked fortune, on the glittering connections by which the heir of Roncevalles must be wooed, on the effacing effects of time, on all the motives



that must have urged him to forget her, she burst into tears and sat weeping in hopeless despondency.

The return of her maid at length revived her; and, admitting Minette, after carefully wiping away her tears, she began her toilette.

This was the first moment since Ellesif had decorated herself for the nuptials of Madame Sauveur, that she had felt any solicitude about her looks, and not till now therefore had she discovered, that the bloom of those charms which formerly delighted Theodore, was dimmed perhaps for ever, by the misery of the last fourteen months.

As she sought to adapt various flowers to her yet beautiful hair, she perceived that the character of that once sparkling countenance no longer suited the gay and nymph-like wreath. Though her cheek was warm with hectic colour, and her eyes bright with agitation, neither the glow nor the brightness, spoke health of mind or body; and the arms she saw reflected in her

glass, though still whiter than the pearls she now finally mixed with her soft black tresses, had lost their exquisite roundness.

Ellesif had often marked the eyes of Theodore rivetted upon those altered arms with all a lover's admiration, and she now felt a tear drop on her cheek, as she noted their faded beauty.

She blushed at this weakness, inwardly murmuring, "And can I imagine him so like ordinary men, as to prize me for these poor advantages!"

With this expression came a crowd of consoling remembrances; all telling her, that if Theodore had ever loved her, the affection of such a heart as his, would only be deepened in tenderness by the changes sorrow had wrought in its object.

In thoughts like these, by the time Minette had pronounced her drest, *à merveille*, the anguish of Ellesif's first feelings had given way to a soft apprehensiveness; and an expression of tender, timid anxiety came to displace that deep wretched-

ness of look, which had just before altered her countenance.

On descending to the drawing-room in which Princess Ursini awaited the arrival of her guests, Ellesif found a very few assembled. Her station was at the right hand of her amiable kinswoman, who failed not to say some encouraging words upon her appearance.

The company then poured in rapidly. At each step in the anti-room Ellesif's heart beat to actual pain; and casting down her eyes, she remained without courage to raise them, ever hoping that when they should dare to turn, they would meet the gaze, or discern at least the figure of Theodore.

But moment succeeded to moment, visitor to visitor, and Theodore appeared not.

The night closed; and, a prey to the keenest anguish and mortification, Ellesif returned home.

She was oppressed by the painful conviction, that Theodore's absence was the effect of pointed design, not of accident;

but whether this absence arose from averseness to meet her father, or herself, was doubtful. Yet why should he be averse to meet her, unless conscience whispered him that, during his days of obscurity, he had given her cause to expect the very reverse of indifference from him, when fortune should elevate him to rank and wealth.

Perhaps he feared to have that partiality re-awakened, which reason and worldly prudence now united to bury in everlasting rest.

Ellesif wept again and again over the humbling thought that Theodore could be influenced by mere worldly motives; but juster notions succeeded; and, sighing from the depths of her heart, she acknowledged that the apprehension of sullyng his honour by an union with the offspring of a guilty and exiled man, was at least a noble prejudice.

The Count's anxiety, though never expressed, had not been less agitating than his daughter's; and he sought her eyes when

she entered, to read there the information he forbore to ask.

Her pale and nearly wild countenance announced disappointment; but whether Theodore had not appeared, or had met her with chilling strangeness, the Count ventured not to enquire; he could not, however, stifle the expression of mingled remorse and pity, which filled his suffused eyes, as he welcomed her return with a kiss.

Ellesif's heart was too full for entire suppression; she burst into tears, suffering her face to sink upon her father's shoulder.

The Count pressed her repeatedly to his breast without speaking; that moment of confidence needed not a voice.

Relieved by weeping, Ellesif rose with a blush from her father's embrace; and, praying he would excuse her for the night, retired abruptly to her chamber.

A visit from the Chevalier de la Tremouille the next morning, interrupted the reflections of the Count, who was seriously

revolving whether it would not be proper to return into France, or pursue the tour of Spain, lest Theodore would suspect the motives of his stay. The Count had attributed his daughter's great emotions, the preceding night, to some pointed slight from this once cherished object; and although he deemed it folly to have expected greater constancy to an attachment that had never been avowed, he felt some indignation at the idea of Theodore's displayed indifference.

By a mere accident of conversation, De la Tremouille mentioned the alarming seizure of the Condé Roncevalles, on the night of Princess Ursini's assembly; adding, he supposed that, in spite of all his devotedness to the stern old grandee, Don Theodore would not put his heart in mourning should he die.

The grateful father beheld the gladdening effect of this information in the bright carnation that immediately covered the cheeks of Ellesif; her eyes were as suddenly

cast down, but he saw a joyful tear glitter through their long lashes ; and making some inviting reply to De la Tremouille, he drew the talkative young man into further discourse upon the same theme.

Without moral taste, to perceive that duteous attendance upon old age, gentle indulgence to its failings, and averseness to become the creature of a court, are always admirable. De la Tremouille detailed a variety of anecdotes concerning Theodore, all calculated to revive those sentiments of admiration and affection, with which, not only Ellesif, but the Count had been accustomed to consider their former favorite.

An expression of regret at having forfeited the friendship of such a being, trembled on the lip of the Count ; but checking himself lest De la Tremouille should repeat it, and Theodore mistake it for the mean submission of a fallen man, he changed the discourse.

After this explanation, again Ellesif looked with hope to her first meeting with

Theodore ; but this the serious illness of the Condé placed at a great distance, for Theodore no longer appeared even in the streets of Corella, conquering his strongest desire by the force of duty, and passing all his time by the sick-bed of his grandfather.

Ellesif heard his absence constantly regretted by the young Spanish ladies, who, though incapable of appreciating the nobler parts of his character, felt and described the charms of his person and manners with a vivacity which thrilled their silent auditor rather with pleasure than jealousy.

Ellesif could well imagine that Theodore had ceased to love her, had probably never loved her, but she was nobly steadfast in believing that he would never attach himself to any woman, whose intellect as well as heart did not suit the expansion of his own.

Her days now glided on with that sweetness which only they know how to feel, who have learned to hope without impatience. Ah ! who can learn that difficult



lesson, before a long unbroken period of dreariest misery has taught them to consider hope as perfect a blessing as they once deemed happiness.

She saw her father rising in his own esteem, and gradually won from his gloomiest retrospections, by an intercourse with the few intellectual persons whom Princess Ursini had conducted to his retirement; she heard from these persons frequent praises of Theodore's early and astonishing acquirements, and she found in the society of the Princess and the amiable Queen a new source of interest and delight.

Altered, as she certainly was, by past affliction, her most potent charms yet remained. Grace and expression are never obliterated; and though Ellesif no longer attracted instant attention by the brilliant alternations of her complexion, and the bright illumination of her look, no one stopped to converse with her, without being deeply interested by the pathos of those

eyes which had once beamed so gaily, and the tones of that voice which by its tenderness always excited in the hearer some affecting or sweet remembrance.

Her captivating accomplishments, her relationship to the favorite, and her growing favor with the Queen, far outweighed the whispering odium of her father's exile, and the deficiency of her fortune. These circumstances, united to her own attractions, surrounded her with admirers; and she soon wondered to find herself more an object of flattery and pursuit at this period, when suffering clouded her youth; than when its earliest dawn was bright and unshaded.

Some serious proposals were indeed made to Ellesif; and Theodore, in his seclusion at the Mirador, heard with a flutter of satisfaction, that she had refused not only two of the most prosperous courtiers, but a young Marquiss, in whom bodily and mental endowments were enhanced by a splendid military reputation.

This information was given him by Don Julian Casilio, who had lately arrived from the army in Catalonia.

The death of the Emperor of Germany having obliged the Archduke Charles to quit Spain for his hereditary dominions, decided the fate of the Spanish monarchy.

England had suddenly broken the Austrian alliance; and, thus abandoned by his most powerful auxiliaries, Charles was expected to terminate a fruitless contest by at once evacuating Tarragona and Barcelona.

Rather inclined to complete the conquest of Catalonia by negociation than by arms, Philip had for some time slackened his military exertions in that quarter; and Don Julian, amongst other officers, was now permitted to enjoy an interval of rest, with little expectation of being soon called upon to resume active operations.

In the few moments he could snatch from his exacting grandfather, Theodore enjoyed the animated society of this generous

hero, his first Spanish friend. Having early induced him to make the acquaintance of the Marchioness Amezaga and her daughters, he had frequently the satisfaction of hearing of them through him during his tedious exile from general society.

Unconscious of Theodore's former connection with Lauvenheim, Don Julian often spoke of him as Count St. Etienne; and Theodore hearing through various other channels, that the retired foreigner never spoke of him but with marked consideration, he pointedly repeated to Don Julian as to others, that but for his grandfather's disinclination to extend his circle of acquaintance, he would have solicited an introduction to the Count St. Etienne.

By these mutual instances of good-will and imperceptible communication, two hearts once closely knit, were again drawing towards each other.

The Condé's disease had for some time taken a favourable turn; but ever selfish, he continued to draw heavily upon the humanity

of Theodore, chaining him to his chamber and his chess-board with merciless rapacity.

But this tyranny wearied itself; the Condé grew tired of playing the invalid, when reviving health called for air and exercise; and suddenly throwing off his sick-gown, he was able to take an airing himself, the very first day in which he permitted Theodore to go beyond the gates of the Mirador.

Theodore had long since written an apology for his desertion of Princess Ursini's assembly; and he now eagerly hastened to present himself to her, in the wish of being again invited to some other of her parties. But in lieu of having this expectation gratified, he was transported to find her engaged to dine the following week at a house where he was himself expected, and where she would go, accompanied by the Count St. Etienne and his daughter.

This information was necessary to sooth the pain of a disappointment he had just

received in a letter from the Chevalier de Roye.

That wished-for friend was still detained in England by the irresolution of the new cabinet, and the counter-intrigues of the French and German courts; and though in daily hope of being dispatched at once to Spain on his secret commission, he was under some apprehension of being sent first to Paris.

The desire of seeing De Roye was so much heightened by Theodore's dependance on his exertions to bring him again into the domestic circle of Count Lauvenheim, that it cost him some struggles to submit to this delay. Resignation was however a necessity; and sincerely lamenting such frequent disappointment, he strove to comfort himself with the belief that a few more days would terminate his estrangement from Ellesif.

Theodore's buoyant hopes were not depressed by any fear of his grandfather's observations during the course of a dinner

which he felt would be so agitating ; the Condé was not yet in a state to attend such parties ; and as the entertainment was given by the Duchess Popoli, it suited not his pride to let his grandson be absent from it. Theodore was therefore bidden to go alone.

It was a chagrin rather than trial of temper, when, on appearing before his grandfather, the Condé noticed the plainness of his habit, and insisted in a voice that shewed he would be obeyed, upon his changing it for one more costly.

A mild reluctance on the part of Theodore was followed by obedience ; and, glittering with jewels, outwardly all splendour, and inwardly displeased to seem thus vain of womanish ornament, he stood to receive the Condé's measured survey.

“ I wish you to look always like your rank, Don Theodore,” he said, “ but now especially ; you are going to meet the heiress of Altamira. I now tell you that she centers nineteen Grandee-ships in her

own person, and that the man she honors with her choice ——”

“ Can never be so common-place a person as I am,” interrupted Theodore, colouring, and hastily moving to the door.

“ She has shewn you marked distinction, sir !” said the Condé, elevating his voice ; “ and my grandson may pretend to any woman.”

Theodore closed the door with a precipitate bow, and calling for his attendants, proceeded with this new source of uneasiness towards the house of the Duchess.



CHAPTER VI.

**P**RINCESS Ursini was a woman of too much discernment, not to have guessed by Theodore's looks when she first mentioned Count St. Etienne, that his heart had once been interested in one of his daughters; and, passionately desirous of matching her young kinswoman with a Spaniard, she wished the attachment might have had Ellesif for its object, though she feared her sister's wonderful beauty must have thrown even her touching loveliness into shadow.

In the very faint hope that her views might be accomplished, she resolved not to alarm or confuse either party by any remark of a particular nature, even while doing all in her power to throw them into the same societies; and, unhappily, by carrying

this address too far, and abstaining from any mention of Theodore, she left Ellesif no opportunity of discovering her secret even by a blush.

She had however managed to let Count St. Etienne and his daughter hear from a third person, that amongst the Duchess Popoli's visitors Theodore was expected, and this information had decided the Count to make one of the party, in order to judge for himself of Theodore's sentiments.

Above a month had now intervened, since Ellesif had sighed over her faded face, while preparing for Princess Ursini's assembly: a month of comparative happiness, because it was a period of hope: she saw, therefore, a far brighter countenance reflected from her glass, and no longer found any difficulty in selecting the ornaments that would harmonize with its expression.

Her choice in the colour and form of her garments was unconsciously directed by the remembrance of what Theodore had been used to admire; and after dismissing;

Minette, she was impelled to pay him the touching compliment of wearing a little opal cross which his momentary admiration of, had induced her to purchase, at the summer-fair of Copenhagen.

From that period she had loved to fancy the trinket his gift ; she thought he looked as if he would have given it, had he dared to make the offering : long after that period she had constantly worn this cross ; never indeed had she laid it aside but when doubtful of his affection ; and never resumed it without being thanked by his expressive eyes.

After Theodore's unexplained departure, she had thrown off this cross in the dressing-room of her sister, and, shuddering at the delusion it was associated with, had never asked for it again.

Of course Anastasia's maids must have preserved this costly ornament amongst the trinkets of their mistress ; and Ellesif now, for the first time since her sister's death, removing the case containing her diamonds,

prepared with a trembling hand to open the box that held her inferior tinkets.

Nearly blinded with tears, she lifted up compartment after compartment ; but saddening as she proceeded by the most afflicting remembrances, was hastily going to shut the box, and relinquish her romantic intention, when the writing of Theodore caught her eye.

She snatched up the paper, in which was loosely wrapped a broken string of pearls, which dropped out as she lifted it, leaving the legible characters to rivet her attention.

Some words excited a strange suspicion—a suspicion which had never before crossed her mind ; and she was going to cast the letter from her, lest she should be tempted to steal the secret it contained, when remembering that her sister's will had authorized her to examine and destroy her papers, she yielded to the impatience of the moment.

Little suspecting that what she now read, had been destined for herself, and addressed to her by Theodore, on the morning of his departure from Christiana, she ran over the lines with the wildness of frenzy.

What was her amazement and her agony, what the horrid light that broke in upon her, as she perused this supposed avowal of love for her sister!

The letter had been taken from its envelope, and evidently applied to its present use, at the moment the necklace had broken: no superscription therefore contradicted the positive evidence of its being in Anastasia's possession.

The formulary of respect with which women of a certain rank are always addressed, had banished the familiar name of Ellesif from this timid desponding declaration; and the modest apprehensiveness of its style, though a distinctive character of love, appeared to her who perused it as a more assured proof that Anastasia's awful perfections had prompted the writer.

The mystery of Theodore's conduct, and the strange blindness of Anastasia to her sister's feelings, were then equally solved. The tremors of Theodore's voice and the confusion of his looks, which once had filled her heart with a conviction of the tenderest preference for herself, had then been a tribute to her fairer companion. His watchful attention to Ellesif had perhaps been dictated by the wish to please her, whom the object of his adoration most loved; his strangely-capricious manner, his melancholy, his animation, all had owed their existence to this more desperate passion for one whom princes had solicited in vain.

Indifferent to his presumption, Anastasia had evidently crushed it in silence: but Ellesif blushed to think how often her sister must have pitied her regret of one whom she knew to be careless of her who lamented him; and while she blushed, a faint throb of resentment agitated her heart. "Oh; if she had but told me this fatal secret!"

At once Ellesif, with her usual precipitancy, abandoned every hope, nay every reasonable doubt, fancying that there was not an instant of their acquaintance which could not be elucidated by this discovery.

How indeed could she doubt, when Theodore had suffered her to be so long in the same place with himself, without breaking through every punctilio to see her! — Anastasia was no more, for whose sake alone he had desired a tie with the family of the unhappy Lauvenheim; and it was evident that his friendship for Ellesif was not strong enough to conquer his just indignation at her father.

The shock of this letter was overwhelming; for here doubt, suspense, hope, all had terminated!

Like one who has seen an earthquake engulf at once every scene of his happiness, and every object of his affection, Ellesif sat for a dreary length of time, motionless with despair.

But the fearful pause of her thoughts suddenly rushed into a wilder tempest: the

remembrance of the throbbing kiss Theodore had imprinted on her arm the very evening they parted for ever in Norway; the recollection of looks, words, actions, long since buried in time past, yet living in memory, — moments of conviction too strong for fancy to have shaped from guileless accident; — all these bore upon her heart with resistless violence.

Infatuation only could believe that Theodore had not sought to avert suspicion from one object, by directing it purposely to another: between the love he really felt for one sister, and that which he affected to struggle against for the other, he most likely had hoped to distract Count Lauvenheim's attention, and to impose the idea of mere admiration of both upon other observers.

But was this just, was this generous, was this like the upright Theodore! How was she to consider him, who could thus selfishly make her peace the victim of a cowardly artifice?



After pausing upon such a reflection as this, it was no longer grief but indignation she felt ; and for a brief space, she believed that reason had subdued regret. Yet at moments, a gush of bitterest disappointment would overpower and extinguish her resentment ; and the sudden remembrance of some past transport would dissolve her burning eyes in the saddest tears.

She drove away the frail weakness that would have blamed Anastasia for withholding this confidence, acknowledging that her sister had acted with greater respect for her delicacy, though with less judgment, than her character rendered probable.

“ After this discovery, I shall feel this vain affection no more !” she said to herself, as she wildly traversed her chamber ; “ thank God, I shall not ! But I can never bear to see him again. — I cannot, will not go to this dinner.”

She laid her burning hand upon her forehead, now aching to torture ; and, re-seating herself, remained for a short time

vainly combatting a transport of mental and bodily agony.

New and hitherto unfelt pains throbbed in every pulse of her frame ; till nature, losing the capacity of bearing them, sensation and thought ceased, and she fell suddenly to the floor.

The sound of her fall brought her father to her assistance, as he was passing the dressing-room : he entered ; her senseless condition was explained to him by the sight of the trinket-box still open, and close to the seat she had fallen from.

He guessed that, in taking from it some ornaments for her person, the action had revived her grief for Anastasia's loss, and had left her in the situation from which he now hastened to restore her.

The sight of these mute memorials of his once idolized daughter nearly rived his own heart ; and groaning rather than sighing, he assisted Minette, whom his voice had summoned, to remove Ellesif to a couch.

In recovering her from a succession of distressing fits, and soothing her disturbed spirit with many a consolatory remark upon the blessed state of her he supposed she mourned, the Count suffered the hours to pass unheeded, in which he ought to have been at the Duchess Popoli's.

The engagement could not be kept: he dispatched an apology long after the Duchess's guests had assembled; and having seen the convulsed features of his sole remaining comfort gradually settle into the composure of sleep, he retired to muse over that awful sentence, which saith, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

From that day, Ellesif as carefully shunned, as she had before eagerly desired, opportunities of meeting Theodore: the belief that she had been played upon, and used as a cover to hide a more presumptuous passion for her sister, roused all that pride and delicacy, which are the peculiar characteristics of women; and though she

felt with anguish, that she could have no confidence in any future object; nor ever bestow her heart again; she determined to mortify her weak partiality, and prevent Theodore from seeing the fatal ascendancy he still preserved, by steadily absenting herself from the societies in which he mixed.

But alas, though she saw him no where, she heard of him from every one: the good spoke of him with affection; the enlightened, with admiration; the unamiable, with envy. Her resentment gradually softened into regret that he was not perfect; and her father remarked with painful surprize, that the lively impression of grief which he supposed had been made on her by the sight of what her sister had been used to wear, rather increased than diminished.

He was, however, soon induced to suspect that Theodore was the real object of her sad meditations; he heard from more than one person, that the heir of Roncevalles was attached to his cousin, and that it was believed they waited only for the

death of the Condé to connect their hearts by the holiest of ties. Most likely, therefore, Ellesif had heard this, and been convinced of its truth.

The rumour had indeed reached Ellesif; and her painful disappointment in Theodore's character, was deepened by occasional credence to this story.

To have loved Anastasia, however unfortunately, and so soon to have overcome the shock of her death, seemed to argue a lightness of heart, the absolute reverse of that tenacity of affection, which she had hitherto believed a vital part of his character.

In the midst of these reflections, how often did the sad and timid Ellesif, whose heart languished for relief, wish for her tender mother to guide and console her!

She could not avow to a father the new sorrow that consumed her; she must have died with shame, had she suffered him to believe that she had given her heart unsolicited even by silent assiduities; and she generously shrunk from exciting just indig-

nation in him, by acknowledging that Theodore had put on the semblance of an affection for her, to conceal his real passion for her sister.

In this state of smothered misery, her looks and manner again underwent a melancholy change; and though she affected an excess of spirits, whenever carried into company, a parent's eye detected the vain imposture.

Count St. Etienne now saw that it was time to end the rash experiment he had ventured, and that he must no longer expose his daughter's peace to utter destruction.

It became necessary to remove her immediately from the mortification of witnessing, perhaps at no distant period, the marriage of Theodore. Her looks had changed so visibly, that the Count seemed offering no mere excuse for quitting Madame Ursini's house, when he urged his intention of travelling for his daughter's health.

The Princess could not attempt to detain them; but her expressions of regret were

so sincere and ardent, that the Count in departing, was obliged to promise he would rejoin her with Ellesif, for a few days after their tour, before they should finally bid farewell to Spain.

Theodore meanwhile, unconscious of the blow that was preparing for him, was harassed by a variety of griefs and vexations. Released from attendance upon his grandfather, he now appeared as usual in public; he haunted the walks, the churches, the parties of all with whom Ellesif associated, yet haunted them in vain.

At first, he thought accident was still against him: but at length circumstances arose to prove that determined purpose, not unlucky chance, was his enemy.

One morning he had heard her voice in the vestibule of an apartment, towards which he was himself proceeding; but hearing his name mentioned by a servant, she had hastily ran back to her sedan, under he knew not what pretext, and had thus escaped the meeting.

This evident resolution not to see him, again withered away hope in the breast of Theodore; nay, it excited his indignation: for such conduct certainly confessed a consciousness of having formerly sought his heart for the gratification of mere whim or vanity, at a time when she knew him too dependent to be able to demand her's in return.

Theodore's nature was as remote from weakness as from insensibility; he felt certain that were he once to see Ellesif, and have complete demonstration of so humiliating a conjecture, there was a power within him, strong enough to wrestle with, and conquer even the longest-cherished passion.

But certainty could not be without proof; and it was only after each fresh instance of determined avoidance, that in a swell of resentment he paused upon the occasional remarks dropt by the Condé with regard to his speedy marriage.

The heiress of Altamira was young, beautiful, agreeable, and attractive; her artless and ardent youth left her feelings



without disguise ; and even Theodore's modesty could not prevent him from acknowledging to himself, that her eyes gave him encouragement to utter whatever her charms might inspire.

But her charms inspired nothing beyond moderate admiration in his occupied heart ; and he often turned from her, reflecting on the transfer his grandfather wished him to make of his affections, with a feeling of wonder at other men, whom, a month before, he had known serenading the beauty they had now left for some new favourite.

It was not only the thoughtless or the worthless, whose natures seemed thus happily constituted to recover from disappointment, and immediately seek new interests of the same sort ; the serious, and the tender, the constant in friendship, and the steadfast in religion, were alike amongst the crowd that suffered awhile, suffered deeply, yet, seeing another fair face, again could love, and again believe, in happiness and perfection.

“ Is it I only, that am cursed with this fatal constancy ?” Theodore would say to himself. “ Is it I only, that, enjoying my perfect reason on all other subjects, am just upon this one, mad — irrecoverably mad !”

But he fancied that he had found in his cousin Olivia, as fond a lunatic as himself ; for she still wore the semblance of one whom a single idea absorbs.

Often in their accidental encounters, when the Condé was not present, (for at that time they simply saluted each other,) he marked her sudden fits of absence, and heard thronging sighs, to which his heart vibrated with brotherly pity.

No society, indeed, soothed and interested him like that of his aunt and cousins ; for the Marchioness had a noble frankness of character, and Isabella a sweetness which penetrated like balmy dews.

Olivia, though at times silent and sad, was often brightly animated ; and Theodore saw, with benevolent pleasure, that his nar-

ration of northern customs, and past events, often banished her pensiveness entirely. He guessed not, that she listened with delight, because he was the speaker; and that she was interested in the events because they had influenced his destiny.

Persons who saw them together, saw clearer than he did; but concluding him as acute as themselves, they believed his attentions to Donna Olivia were meant to terminate in marriage.

The first time such an idea crossed himself, was in consequence of a remark from Don Julian Casilio, who had lately shewn a strong interest in the family of the Marchioness Amezaga. Without hesitation, Theodore assured him that he had never thought of his fair cousin except as a dear relative.

“Then I can tell you, I suspect her family and friends think otherwise,” was Don Julian’s reply; “but I am very glad it is not so.”

The eccentric Casilio had abruptly de-

parted after saying this, leaving Theodore to quell a moment's alarm by a smile of derision at himself, for the vanity of being alarmed even for that short moment.

That very evening, however, brought this conversation again to his recollection.

He met his cousins in a small circle; and during the progress of an argument between himself and a pert coxcomb, who was ridiculing the idea of what are termed romantic attachments, Theodore had inadvertently turned his eyes towards Donna Olivia: the glance he met, was not merely one of frank concurrence in his sentiments; it beamed unclouded love; it thrilled to his soul; it identified her for the instant with Ellesif; and for that brief instant, he forgot that it was not Ellesif indeed whom he beheld, and the place he was in, her father's house at Christiana.

Lost, entranced, at first delighted, then disordered, and at length distressed, he rose in confusion from his seat, grieved to have suffered the transient illusion to appear upon

his countenance. The agitation it had caused in him, might admit of a far different interpretation from that which it really claimed; it therefore became an imperious duty to remove the mistake.

A few seconds afterwards, the marriage of Donna Olivia's former lover was mentioned in the circle, and put her change of feeling, beyond a doubt.

The colour certainly mounted to her cheek, but it was the steady colour of disdain, not the fluctuating hues of still-nourished passion. Theodore was then painfully convinced that d'Harcourt must long have ceased to be the object of those tender reveries in which he had seen her indulge; and, framing an excuse for leaving the party, he returned home, distressed and perplexed.

On his return, he found the Condé giving orders for his journey to Madrid on the following morning. The court was going to remove thither, the approaching winter rendering the neighbourhood of the

Pyrenées injurious to the delicate state of the Queen.

At the party Theodore had just left, he had heard of Count St. Etienne's purposed tour; and it was therefore indifferent to him where his own residence might be, when those objects were removed, which made any particular place interesting.

"I attend you, my Lord, of course?" he asked.

"No, sir," returned the Condé; "I shall leave some business for you to transact here, which may detain you a few days. You will rejoin me in the company of the Countess Altamira, for I purpose that you shall solicit the honor of being her escort to Madrid."

Theodore, who had caught sight of a letter directed to himself, in the hand-writing of Dofrestom, and was now eagerly opening it, stopped, and turned towards his grandfather with a look of uneasiness.

"What do you mean by that look, Don Theodore? You cannot imagine that I

will allow the noble house of Roncevalles to remain without heirs?—I intend you to marry. I have pitched upon Donna Francisca de Salazar for your wife; and her family are well-inclined to accept your proposals.”

“ My proposals, my Lord!—I have scarcely seen the lady—at least, only in formal societies; and my affections move so slowly—that——”

The Condé kindled into wrath; repeating his commands, mingled with a variety of erroneous guesses at the real object of his grandson's affection: for that some object did possess his heart, he now took for granted.

Happily Theodore could calmly deny having a preference for any lady the Condé mentioned: alledging only a present disinclination to marriage; and urging the indelicacy of thus fastening the rumour of such an alliance upon a young lady, who might, after all, be as little inclined as himself to enter into their relations' views.

“Have you any personal objection to Donna Francisca, sir?”

“None, exactly to herself.”

“Well then, sir, I give you one month to fall in love with her, as love is so necessary to your unmanly heart; after which I expect implicit obedience, or we part for ever.”

Theodore gladly obeyed the Condé's hand, which motioned him to retire; and, hastening into his own apartment to read Dofrestom's letter, saw that this venerable friend, together with Catherine and the little Heinrich, were landed, and impatiently waiting at Fontarabia for directions where to proceed.

Joy now banished every other thought: and unable to obey the dictates of inclination, by flying himself to welcome these beloved friends, he directly dispatched one of his trustiest servants, though past midnight, to the seaport, with the charge of conducting the travellers as expeditiously yet comfortably as possible, to the Mirador.



Theodore slept not, during the whole night: the images of those dear persons pressed upon his heart, allowing no others to enter.

The Condé's departure, he considered as a providential event: and the next morning Theodore saw, with inexpressible satisfaction, his grandfather's long suite of equipages and horsemen take the road to Madrid.

The business he was left to arrange for the Condé, made it impossible for Theodore to go and meet Dofrestom: but impatience quickened the motions of his Norwegian friends; and he had the transport of finding himself encircled in their arms, the second day after the Condé's departure.

The mourning garb of the travellers mingled sorrow with the joy of Theodore. In tearful silence he pressed Heinrich's orphan repeatedly to his breast, with a depth of tenderness which spoke comfort to the attentive grandfather.

“Thou art still the same, my child, my Theodore!” exclaimed Dofrestom, weeping with delight, and pressing his hands between both of his; “these hands of mine, tremble with agitation, not infirmity:” he added, smiling, as he saw Theodore look with concern at their tremulous motion, “I have many years yet to live, I trust—happy years, I will say, if they pass under a roof of thine.”

“And you are lord of this fine place!” exclaimed Catherine, looking round the Mirador; “and all these beautiful gardens, and terraces, and stately rooms, and crowd of servants are your own! — Well, God in heaven bless you with them. I always thought you would come to honour; for I knew you deserved it.”

Theodore gently set her right; explaining the situation of his own estate, describing the sort of house he had prepared for them; and beseeching them to say whether they could be happy there, till circumstances

might allow him to give them their choice of a residence.

Every thing he had planned, every thing he proposed, met with a smiling acquiescence from his humble friends; whose hearts were all fullness of delight in seeing him again. Once or twice, Catherine began some details of Heinrich's last illness; but Dofrestom gently checked her, reminding her that it was a poor return to the Almighty for the happiness of the present, to trouble its enjoyment by dwelling on the anguish of the past.

A plentiful repast, the most cordial wines, the softest beds, and the most filial attendance, were given them by Theodore, whose grateful heart overflowed with the pleasure of being enabled at length to prove his attachment to the guardians of his infancy.

If there be unmixed happiness on earth, it is at a moment like this!

Theodore thought not of the heiress of Altamira, nor of his cousin Olivia,

scarcely of Ellesif herself, for the first day that he spent in testifying his gratitude to his early benefactors ; and having finished the business his grandfather had left for him to settle, he would not allow any apprehension of the Condé's displeasure, to interfere with the performance of a duty.

He therefore went himself into Aragon with his northern friends.

As Dofrestom retained enough of French to converse on ordinary matters, Theodore had providently fitted up his little household with French servants, or Spaniards who spoke that language ; and till Catherine should acquire Spanish, her brother was to act as her interpreter.

On reaching the estate of the Tórré, they were as much charmed with their residence, as astonished by its embellished resemblance to their own stone cottage ; and the now wintry scenery of the Pyrenées reminding them of the Alps of Norway, sanctified its situation by this similarity.

After passing a few days at the Torre, to see them familiarized with their abode, and their active spirits employed by cheerful occupation, Theodore unwillingly tore himself from a place where his heart seemed to live over again, its days of boyish innocence and cloudless enjoyment; and turning his steps towards Madrid, went to behold there, old age under a different aspect; — old age, without that which makes grey hairs a crown of glory — wisdom and goodness!

He found the royal family established in the palace of the Retiro, and the capital thronged with all the followers of the court.

Donna Elvira was gone with her husband to Turin; a circumstance which afforded Theodore sincere satisfaction; for determined as he was to refuse addressing a woman for whom he felt no preference, his sister's absence, he hoped, would withhold at least one persecutor, when he should be called on by the Condé for his ultimate decision.

Had not the entail of the Roncevalles title and domains come under the class of the Agnacion Rigurosa, thus limiting the succession to males only, Donna Elvira's selfishness would have prompted her to throw obstacles in the way of her brother's marriage; but as she could never hope to receive benefit from his celibacy, and as her natural love of tormenting inclined her to urge whatever another person disliked, Theodore well knew that had she remained in Spain, the secret of his prior attachment to Ellesif would most likely have been discovered by her indefatigable ill-nature, and eternally exposed, while discussing the advantages of other connexions.

He therefore rejoiced at her absence, and rejoiced that she had never seen either Ellesif or her father.

From the instant of Theodore's rejoining him, the Condé preserved a proud silence upon the subject of Donna Francisca, though he studiously carried his grandson into the same societies with her, and shewed

a marked attention to herself and family, whenever they visited the Roncevalles residence.

Theodore had consequently a difficult task to perform ; yet he contrived to preserve a due medium between mortifying slight and particular notice : thus making it impossible for the Altamira family, to charge him with indecision or duplicity, when his modest refusal of their alliance should oblige them to consider the Condé as the sole actor in the affair.

The extreme youth and vivacity of Donna Francisca left him little to apprehend for her future peace : but it was otherwise with his cousin Olivia.

He now met her very often ; and could no longer be blind to his power over her inclinations, or to the expectations his manner had excited in her excellent mother.

Distressed and perplexed, he sought for awhile to avoid them ; but the appointment of the Marchioness Amezaga to a

situation about the Queen, brought herself and her daughters more frequently than ever into the same circles with him.

Theodore went one morning to attend the drawing-room of Princess Ursini, desperately determining to ask that information from the Camerara Mayor, which she only could give. — On entering the first apartment, he perceived, through a vista of persons of both sexes, his aunt and cousins: they saw him; and he could not retreat.

Fortunately Princess Ursini soon advanced, and afforded him the opportunity he sought. Scarcely had he concluded the customary compliments, than he asked hesitatingly, whether it were true that her relations had returned into France, and whether there were not hopes of their return?

Madame Ursini's answer shocked and surprized him.

“As you have begun this subject,” she said with a mixture of playfulness and se-



rious intention, "you must abide by the consequence. I may now venture to say, that I have had it at heart to bring you and the Count upon your former terms. I have always found the Count most affectionately disposed towards you, and honourably ready to confess having been the only one to blame in your disagreement: but what your conscience has to reproach you with, about M'amselle St. Etienne, I know not! She told me the other day, on my urging the matter, that she rather wished not to renew her acquaintance with you."

Madame Ursini did not add that she had wrung this indiscreet avowal from Ellesif, by hinting her own wish of uniting her to the heir of Roncevalles; nor that she now repeated it to Theodore, in the secret belief that it would stimulate him to overcome this disinclination in Ellesif; if it originated, as she supposed it did, in pique, at the report of his engagement with the heiress of Altamira.

Theodore's involuntary exclamation at this unexpected cruelty from Ellesif, was seemingly un-noticed by the Princess, who went purposely forward to address a newly-arrived visitor.

Theodore remained where she had left him: he was stunned with that which he had heard; and might have forgotten the publicity of the scene around, had not his aunt and cousins, by pushing through the circle, roused him to recollection.

He met their affectionate greetings with as much composure as he could assume, but after the first few interrogations, he replied at random, distinctly convincing them that his thoughts were not in the same place with his person.

The Marchioness seeing no one near, and prompted to put an end to the uneasiness which certain reports, and her nephew's present embarrassment, conjured up, said in a low voice —

“ Are we to credit a rumour we hear every where, my dear nephew? It is said,

you are on the point of marriage with the heiress of Altamira."

"No, madam, it is not true," replied Theodore looking down: then unwilling to lose this favourable opportunity for crushing any false expectations which his supposition of Donna Olivia's attachment to another, and his notice of her resemblance to Ellesif, might possibly have excited, he added, with a paleness that blanched even his lips, — "I shall never marry: to my aunt and cousins I may confess, that I have loved once, and unhappily; and that I feel therefore, I have loved for the last time."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than his heart smote him for their seeming barbarity: Donna Olivia gave a convulsive start, and pulling her veil over her face, moved a few steps away; then suddenly endeavouring to catch her sister's arm for support, and unable to seize it, sunk to the ground, deprived of sense.

Nothing could be more cruel than Theodore's situation: the involuntary glance of

the distressed mother's eyes, as she ran to raise her motionless daughter, conveyed a reproach that he knew he did not merit, but which it was possible she might imagine he did; he hastened, however, to assist his cousin, who was no sooner recovered, than averting her face, now crimsoned like his own, she pleaded the sickening effect of some Heliotropes in the apartment, and leaning on her sister's arm, retired amid the concern and condolence of Princess Ursini's circle.

Having hastily taken his leave, instead of returning home, Theodore walked to a retired spot, to collect his amazed spirits.

Never before had he believed the happiness of an individual completely in his power: for love mixed not with his present concern, to excite doubts of that, which reason could not otherwise hesitate to believe. Pity and regret were united to affectionate esteem: and so strongly did they plead for his fair cousin, that it seemed for awhile as if she would require no other pleaders.

Had he not just received a proof that Ellesif had never loved him; and would he, for the sake of one so disingenuous, or so fickle, inflict the same wretchedness upon another, as she had fixed upon him?

“ Alas! why do I think of living any longer for myself!” he exclaimed mournfully, as distracted and sorrowful, he traversed the bank of the Manzanares. “ I can never hope for happiness in my own person; let me then at least give happiness to another.”

The generous wish, vanished with its expression: Theodore could not yet command all his impulses; and yielding to the thought that his grandfather's hatred to the name of Montellano, would form an insurmountable obstacle to an union with one of that race, even did none exist in his own mind, he returned home, to assume a tranquillity, of which the events of the morning had entirely deprived him.

Never did he pass a day of greater constraint and discomfort in the company of his grandfather: the Condé was sullenly silent, and peevishly talkative by fits. He mentioned Theodore's Norwegian friends with asperity; deigning no other appellation to the venerable Dofrestom, than that of foolish old boor; inveighing against his folly for leaving his own country and people, for a climate and a race so completely different.

Contemptuous remarks upon the Count St. Etienne's baffled attempt (as he chose to consider it,) of marrying off his pretty daughter to a Spanish Grandee, followed the subject of Dofrestom: and when he observed that Theodore's usual self-command and mildness, gave way before the indignation with which he heard Ellesif's attractive accomplishments derided, and all her actions tortured into debasing designs upon young heirs; the Condé passionately remarked, that perhaps he had now discovered

his grandson's reason for shunning Donna Francisca de Salazar.

“ I suppose, sir,” he added, “ that I shall some day be confounded by hearing you ask my consent to marry this Mamselle St. Etienne.”

“ Your Excellency may judge of the probability of such a circumstance, by this plain fact : — I have never seen her since she came into Spain.”

Although this was said with the most oppressive agitation, Theodore's invariable truth gave it the force of instant conviction ; and the Condé's sudden suspicion was as suddenly quelled.

“ Then, sir,” he said, “ you have nothing but insolent caprice to alledge, if you hesitate in addressing Donna Francisca. Yet what do I talk of ! You dare not hesitate ! Your month of consideration expires in three days, and I warn you to beware of the consequence if you refuse to form this noble connection.”

The Condé called for the gentlemen of his chamber, to attend him to his oratory, leaving Theodore in a condition of mind for which it would be difficult to find a name.

Determined as he was, to decline the hand of Donna Francisca, he foresaw such domestic storms, such unquenchable flames, and so many studied endeavours to mortify and harass him, that his peaceful spirit shrunk from the prospect. It was impossible to guess how far the Condé had pledged him in the negociation; nor how much violence he would have to put upon his feelings, while endeavouring to spare Donna Francisca's delicacy, yet be firm in his rejection of the alliance. He foresaw that having no prior engagement to plead, he must incur the odium of the whole court; since the lady herself was unexceptionable, and of a rank and fortune, to confer honour upon any man.

But what was public opinion, to bosom peace! and after what had passed at Prin-



cess Ursini's in the morning, Theodore felt conscious that if ever he could so far soften the keenness of his first disappointment, as to think of devoting his life to any woman, Donna Olivia ought to be the object of his choice.

By trusting to the report of her prior inclination for another, and therefore, yielding incautiously to the pleasure with which he traced in her a faint resemblance to Ellèsif, he had certainly given his cousin reason to believe that something more than the affection of a relative, led him to lose no opportunity of addressing her in their accidental meetings.

But to such a connection for his grandson, the Condé would be more hostile than to a life of celibacy; and Theodore at length sunk to sleep, after many restless hours, with that thought, to excuse his repugnance, and to appease his conscience.

## CHAPTER VII.

**T**HE slumbers of Theodore were suddenly broken by the abrupt entrance of some one into his room ; he started from his pillow to ask the cause of this intrusion, and saw one of the Condé's gentlemen.

The countenance of the person prepared him for the information he came to tell : his master was in the severest paroxysm of a spasmodic seizure, and had called for Don Theodore.

Theodore merely covered himself with a wrapping gown, and hastened to the bedside of his grandfather. The family physician was already there, and two of the royal household had been summoned.

Death was in the visage of the Condé, and his eyes, though fixed with a ghastly

gaze, had evidently lost the power of sight.

He continued but a short time to struggle with our last enemy ; the applications of his various medical attendants produced no sensible alteration : he spoke not, though he groaned without intermission, and Theodore who held him on his breast, perceiving sudden stillness succeed to a momentary convulsion of frightful strength, cast his eyes on the face from which he had just averted them with a shudder, and saw that its features would never move again.

When convinced that the spirit was really gone, he resigned the breathless body, seeking a few moments of solitude to recover from the shock of the scene.

Awe, rather than grief, thus powerfully affected him ; for it was impossible to behold the solemn passage of such a soul as that of the Condé's, from this brief life to that which is eternal, without reflections of the most serious nature.

No thought of his own emancipation from a galling yoke, and consequent release from a discordant companion, mixed with the horror and compassion of Theodore's meditations; he neither looked to the future nor the past for himself; but solely engrossed by concern for the salvation of the departed, returned to the chamber of death, to join in the solemn service of their religion over the body.

While the remains of the Condé lay in state, the afflicting news of the deaths of the young Dauphin and Dauphiness of France, caused the Spanish court suddenly to break up, and every public and private amusement to cease. Theodore was therefore undisturbed in the settlement of the various concerns which now devolved upon him.

The Condé had left his affairs in great confusion; and though his heir was at first startled by the number of large and long-standing claims that were immediately brought in, his clear head and sincere desire

to do justice, enabled him to arrange measures for their speedy liquidation, without having recourse to injurious loans or ruinous mortgages.

The principle of his system was a very simple one,—œconomy in his own person.

He knew exactly how much expenditure was necessary to appear with the dignity of his rank, and how much more might be lavished, without adding any lustre to their appearance.

His first care was to enlarge the marriage portion of his sister, and to secure the pensions of the servants. After which, satisfied with the certainty of increasing his revenue by care and wise management, he cheerfully narrowed for awhile, the circle of those different households which had all overgrown their usefulness during the last years of his ostentatious grandfather.

The first period of mourning was too sacred to be disturbed by any communication from the family of Altamira; but aware that when decorum would permit,

he must of necessity enter upon the painful business, Theodore determined to seek the counsel of his aunt, and seize that opportunity of entirely clearing his conduct towards Donna Olivia.

As he proceeded towards the Marchioness's residence, he could not forbear moralizing upon the vanity of that anxiety for the future, to which he had yielded the very day of his grandfather's death. He had retired to rest, foreseeing a world of distress, and importunity on the dreaded subject of an immediate marriage, and he had been roused to witness the death of him whose authority alone could make such importunity formidable.

Thus, like many other threatening evils, this had passed away with the swiftness of an ideal phantom; leaving Theodore impressed with the conviction, that calamity seldom allows its approach to be foreseen; but comes like an assassin, striking and destroying when we are least prepared for the blow.

The keenest sorrow that now assailed Theodore, was the cruel consciousness of being a free agent at the very moment in which the objects for which he principally desired that freedom of action, had voluntarily removed from the place he inhabited.

Had the Condé's death, by happening sooner, left him ignorant of Ellesif's declaration to Madame Ursini, he would have used his power of instantly taking advantage of any favorable sentiment, and would have sought through the medium of confidence in the Princess, to learn what he might hope from the heart of Ellesif.

But after so decided a declaration, (even in the event of her return to Madrid,) to seek her under any character, would be to woo mortification.

Without a hope to enlighten the gloom of that part of his fate, Theodore then turned his saddened eyes towards the quarter whence he must hereafter look for enjoyment; friendship, and the power of doing good.

In this prospect, the dearest objects he contemplated were the worthy old couple in Aragon; and recollecting his intention of surprizing them with a picture of himself, he turned into the lodgings of a painter lately arrived from Paris.

The artist required no warmer encomiast than his own works, for they were as full of genius as of taste; and Theodore soon settled the number of hours he could devote to the different sittings.

It was his wish to be drawn as Dofrestom had been used to see him at Aardal; and pointing out the picturesque parts of the dress, while he accurately described the whole, his judicious hints induced the artist to observe, that "his Lordship appeared strikingly alive to the powers of his powerful art."

"Your remarks on my performances, my Lord," observed the painter, leading him into another apartment, "make me flatter myself, that you will have some pleasure in looking at a collection of pic-



tures in this room : they are copies from family portraits in different galleries ; some of the heads are distinguished by exquisite beauty, — some, only by the picturesque, — others, by a rare union of the two. Here is one which certainly exhibits as much character and fine colouring as were ever combined in one subject. I copied it from a portrait at the Hotel de Noirmoutier.”

At this instant the painter was summoned from the apartment to attend a lady ; and receiving Theodore’s permission to obey her summons, left him to approach the picture.

Was it Ellesif herself that he beheld ! — he saw her, as he had indeed seen her when she sat for the original of this portrait in Copenhagen.

The lovely roundness of the shape, almost heaving into life ; the breathing beauty of the countenance ; the glow of youth and delight diffused over the whole figure ; might have kindled only thoughts of joy, had not the touching expression

of the eyes, (eyes, speaking a heart formed to feel deeply, therefore fated to suffer widely,) changed pleasure into apprehension.

Those eyes fixed with melting tenderness upon Theodore, seemed softly to reproach him, for ever believing that heartless vanity or weak caprice could lurk under their expression: those eyes seemed again to repeat the many fond approvals with which they had so often beamed upon him at the villa of her father, and at the government house.

He gazed till he could have fancied he saw them sink in sweet confusion to the ground; and that blushes coloured even the lucid whiteness of the palpitating neck.

No longer master of the various emotions that struggled to have way, he pressed forwards to the picture: "Ellesif!" he exclaimed, in a voice broken by sighs, — "my Ellesif, once I should have called thee — once fondly did I think thee — but

never so indeed! — yet still dear, dearer than life, dear as my soul!”

As he spoke, he fastened his quivering lips to the lifeless resemblance with a passionate tenderness, which gushed forth in tears: it was the delirium and weakness of a moment. Ashamed of the act, and fearing witnesses, he tore himself away; and, casting a last look at the picture, hurried from the house.

It was impossible for Theodore to pursue his intention of visiting his aunt; all disordered, every power lost, and each rational resolve dissolved in fond recollection, he could not contemplate a conference upon any other subject, however important, without loathing.

He shuddered as he thought of Donna Olivia: his heart's wound again torn open, now bled afresh with resistless, unshakable violence; and turning homewards, he buried himself in solitude for the remaining hours of the day.

This incident discovered to Theodore the real weakness of his heart ; that heart still fondly clung to Ellesif ; and, if the sight of her portrait could thus sweep away his best resolves, what might be the effect of seeing herself ? — to what domestic misery might it not lead therefore, if at such a period he was the husband of another ?

The mental answer to these questions, fortified him in the resolution of candidly explaining to his aunt all those unlucky circumstances which had evidently led her and his cousin to believe him powerfully attracted by the latter ; and the second day after his visit to the painter, he went to the Marchioness Amezaga's.

This early testimony of regard for his mother's family, in some manner softened the displeased feelings with which the Marchioness was prepared to meet him ; but, eager to show her noble disdain of suing for her daughter, she took care to let him know that Donna Olivia had been gone some

time into Asturias with a paternal aunt, who was ordered the baths near Oviedo.

Theodore's delicacy forbore the slightest reference to their last interview at Princess Ursini's; but appearing to consider his aunt as warmly and kindly interested in his welfare, as she had ever professed herself, he proceeded to request her advice in the affair of the Altamira alliance.

By distinctly relating why he could not fulfil the wishes of his grandfather on this occasion, Theodore explained to the Marchioness all that perplexed her in his conduct to Donna Olivia. He spoke of his cousin's resemblance to the woman he loved, and the different emotions to which her appearance had consequently given birth, as if simply unburthening his heart of its whole secret; while in reality he did it in the hope of honorably acquitting himself from the suspicion of having practised upon her susceptibility.

How much did it not cost Theodore to be thus unreserved! Yet, repugnant as un-

bounded confidence on such a subject was to a man of his character; he did not hesitate being completely so, from a thorough conviction of its necessity.

Accident had caused him to appear interested in Donna Olivia for her own sake; that appearance had either laid the foundation of her attachment, or had heightened it by hope; and he was consequently called upon by honour and humanity, to speak explicitly and truly, — to employ no third person, — to pass over no circumstance, but frankly to recapitulate and explain them all.

By this means he would leave no room for self-deception on the part of Donna Olivia; and, though he might not succeed in terminating her attachment with her belief of its reciprocity, he would at least not leave her the bitterest of all human feelings, the thought of having bestowed affection unworthily.

Theodore gradually saw the effect of his ingenuousness upon his excellent aunt.

She listened with profound attention and increasing interest ; and, when he concluded, she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and shed tears.

They were tears of regret for her daughter, unmixed with any resentment against her nephew. She felt his honorable care, of their delicacy ; and she saw at once, that although neither of them had alluded to Donna Olivia's disappointment, it was equally the subject of their solicitude.

Perhaps the faint hope that Theodore might hereafter transfer his heart to the tender Olivia, tended to calm the maternal feelings of the Marchioness : she had herself remarked the resemblance between her daughter and Ellesif ; and now remembered many little incidents during their intercourse with Ma'mselle St. Etienne, corroborative of Theodore's veracity.

Upon this subject she could bestow only sympathy ; but on that of Donna Francisca de Salazar, she had advice to offer.

From some hints dropped in consequence of suspecting Theodore meant to marry his cousin, the Marchioness was aware that the Altamira family were piqued at Theodore's quiescence since the Condé's death, and that they were inclined to terminate the affair themselves, before he could have time to insult their dignity by breaking off the negociation.

The Marchioness therefore advised him to wait for this event ; and, rather to sacrifice his own feelings, than to wound those of an inexperienced, but noble-minded girl. " You will only appear as a refused man," she said, " one of a score whom the proud Altamira's have dismissed, and not a creature will remember the matter two days after it is first whispered. But were the refusal to proceed from you, there would be nothing for poor Donna Francisca but months of outward mortification, in addition to we know not how much of inward wretchedness."



“ O do not tell me so, dearest aunt !” exclaimed Theodore, his eyes suffusing, even while he coloured with shame, and remarked his own vanity with a smile.

The Marchioness kindly embraced him. Some animated expression was on the point of bursting from her, but she checked it, and changing it into a blessing, bade him farewell.

His aunt's advice was followed, and her expectations fulfilled. The Altamiras waited a very short time beyond the period in which the young Condé might decorously have resumed the business his grandfather's death had interrupted ; and, receiving no message or visit from him, the guardian of Donna Francisca wrote him a formal dismissal.

Theodore accepted his congé in silence. Calmly did he allow them to whisper in society, that the rupture of the alliance had originated in Donna Francisca's disinclination ; thus resigning himself to some mortification in an affair that had threatened so

much more serious mischief; and, regretting only, (and indeed bitterly,) that if Ellesif were to hear of it, she would be justified in considering his affection for herself, as the brief fever of a day.

But this keen regret was among the fated trials of one who believed himself born to suffer and to submit.

It was Theodore's intention to quit Madrid, which the mourning for the Dauphin and Dauphiness of France had plunged into gloom; and to seek at the Tórré de la Marboré, the consolations of useful occupation, and of friendship.

In the grateful task of adding to the comforts of his foster father amongst the shades of retirement, he hoped to find more enjoyment than the pageants of an isolated, though elevated condition, could bestow on him in the world.

He therefore requested an audience of the King; at which he delivered up the insignia of his grandfather's various Orders,

some of which were graciously returned to him, and departed for Aragon.

Theodore carried with him the portrait, for which he had sat to the French painter: and, now that he was going from Madrid, he repined at his own stern resolution, which had steadily persevered in forbidding him ever to ask for a second sight of that resemblance which had renewed so many fond regrets, and given birth to so much reflection.

But he had now a wide circle of duties to fulfil: and, though he felt that there would always remain one dreary waste in his fate, to which no future objects could give verdure and beauty; he acknowledged his obligation to avert his eyes as much as possible from this dismal prospect, and to look with gratitude upon the unobstructed path to usefulness and improvement.

Master of his time, and the free possessor of ample fortune and powerful rank, he could now forward many plans for general good, which might atone for the

want of individual happiness in his own bosom ; he could pursue his favorite habits of deep study ; and, at least, be secure of peace in his lonely mansions, though obliged to abandon the dream of felicity.

With so many causes for thankfulness to the Almighty dispenser of good and evil, Theodore ventured not to repine ; still striving for resignation, even while convinced that the moment would never arrive in which he should look back to this disappointment of his first passion, with placid indifference.

It was now the beginning of May, and the approaches to the Tórre were already gay with that lovely green which is peculiar to spring. The tender tints of the larches and accacias that sheltered Dofrestom's dwelling, refreshed the eye after it had rested on the dark firs and pines that thickened into woods on the steeps above.

The air was perfumed with the flowers of the Asphodel and Heliotrope ; the passing foot crushed out additional sweetness

from every variety of blooming heaths; and a gentle breeze prevented the sense from being overpowered by their mingled scents.

Theodore heard the bleat of lambs mixed with the caressing accents of little Heinrich: what sound is more charming than the voice of a child? Theodore's heart expanded with pleasure; and stopping to see whence the sound proceeded, he beheld in an adjacent meadow Dofrestom standing with his shepherds near a water-course that was scarcely heard to murmur, and the little boy sporting amongst the sheep. He then threw himself off his mule, and bidding his attendants proceed to the Tórre, hastened into the meadow.

At the far-off sound of his voice, the venerable man bade his little grandson run forward, while he advanced as eagerly, though not so actively. Theodore was rejoiced to observe the steadiness of his walk, and the healthful russet of his complexion: his grey locks no longer waved

over a thin and pallid cheek ; it was firm and ruddy ; and his eyes sparkling with pleasure, seemed almost to sparkle with youth.

The pretty boy bounded into his arms with the elasticity of childish transport : he looked well and happy ; and Roncevalles soon banished selfish regrets, in the contemplation of the blessings he was bestowing upon these interesting objects.

Already acquainted with the character of the late Condé, Dofrestom offered no vain condolences on his loss ; but proceeded at once to express his joy at the prospect they now had of seeing their beloved foster-son often, and freely.

At the Lodge, they were joined by Catherine, whose looks spoke as much health and enjoyment as those of her brother's ; after giving a few moments to the products of her dairy and garden, Theodore yielded to her impatience of going over the house and the enclosures.

Every step reminded him of Aardal,

Catherine had added many a trifling memorial of his childish days to the embellishments of the rooms; and though these homely ornaments were perhaps rude in their workmanship, and of small utility, they were endeared to him by association.

Dofrestom had trained a jessamine and a passion-flower to shade the windows, because he knew Theodore loved these beautiful draperies of nature; wherever he looked, in short, he saw that to delight him, was the sole aim of his two friends' exertions.

Dofrestom then led him over his fields and farm, pointing with honest exultation to the improvements already begun, and detailing those for which he was waiting the proper season. He shewed him his avocations, and described his recreations.

These consisted in teaching little Heinrich the rudiments of that practical knowledge in which he was hereafter to be perfected; and in exchanging visits with the brothers of a neighbouring monastery,

whose cheerful piety united to win him from the remembrance of past sorrow.

Catherine's bustling buoyant character sought more employment, and required less repose: she was therefore indifferent to any society beyond that of her brother and the little boy; and having one of her own countrywomen to converse with, in the person of a Norwegian girl that accompanied her from Aardal, took little trouble to learn the language of Spain.

A love of distinction was amongst Catherine's few foibles; she was of course secretly pleased with the deference that was paid to herself and Dofrestom by the surrounding peasantry. Their lord's command had hitherto enforced this respect; and now his presence came to increase and to fix her consequence.

The first few days after Theodore's arrival were devoted by him to the business of going over his lands with Dofrestom, and setting the seal of his injunctions to the authority he vested in the hands of this



venerable man : after this, he gave himself up to unrestrained enjoyment of leisure and liberty.

The library of his father, to which he meditated many additions, became the solace of his solitary hours ; while his social ones were spent in scientific rambles with one of the Monks, who buried great acquirements in a cloister ; or in discourse with Dofrestom and Catherine under the shade of their flowering limes.

In these conversations, the various incidents of their past lives, and the various individuals who had contributed to these events, were insensibly reviewed. Sometimes Catherine wept over the details of Heinrich's last illness, and edifying death-bed ; sometimes she spoke of her hope that the little Heinrich would become the son-in-law of Eric and Magdalen, whenever he should be of an age to go and take possession of the patrimony they now held in trust for him ; sometimes she reverted to the days of Theodore's residence with

Count Lauvenheim, speculating on the reasons for the Count's disappearance from Ager-huus, and occasionally bestowing bitter animadversions upon his conduct to her foster-son.

At such moments, Theodore's self-command was sorely tried; though he sought calmly to moderate her resentment, and to turn the subject, Dofrestom's quicker feeling made him perceive that the impression Countess Ellesif had made, was not effaced.

Constancy never surprizes the unsophisticated children of nature: it is only those to whom pleasure affords ample compensation for happiness; those who have learned in the world, how easy it is to forget, that consider adherence to one fond remembrance with astonishment and contempt.

Dofrestom wished it were otherwise with the child of his adoption, but he blamed not the weakness.

In this philosophic retirement, surrounded by the treasures of the vegetable and mine-

ral world, elevated to the region of the stars, and undisturbed even by the murmurs of that vexed ocean of life which he had just quitted, Theodore passed two months of tranquil enjoyment. The various powers of his mind rose again into action; and the most sacred feelings of his heart were gratified by knowing himself the source of blessing to the protectors of his youth.

There were moments, indeed, in which the distracting remembrance of Ellesif and her father poisoned pleasure at its source; when it seemed to him, that henceforth he must endure life, not enjoy it; and that in the midst of an abundant felicity, bestowed by his cares or his benevolence upon others, his own heart would remain silent and desolate.

But, ever as these repinings arose, he banished them by the very consciousness that he should henceforth be able to bless his fellow-creatures; and that if condemned to a solitary existence, he was released from the insupportable yoke of uncongenial relatives.

At five-and-twenty it is with difficulty we teach ourselves to be content with tranquillity : alas ! does not everything that falls short of happiness, at that age, appear like positive misery ?

Under the exterior of serene pensiveness, Theodore buried many a bosom conflict, and mental torture ; he thought not of Ellesif only, whom he now believed returned into France. The recollection of his cousin Olivia troubled his peace, and agitated his conscience with repeated debates upon his selfish repugnance to repair an involuntary, yet still a serious, injury.

The noble reliance on his truth which the Marchioness evinced on their last interview, and the delicacy with which she had forborne making the slightest appeal to his pity, powerfully affected him. Had her early kindness merited such a return as that of plunging her favourite daughter into sorrow ? Was his conduct to complete the ingratitude of Donna Elvira ? and did his aunt's generosity excite no emulation in his breast to equal it ?

Again Theodore shrunk from the enquiry; and again he calmed his disturbed mind by a solemn promise that if ever he forgot Ellesif, Donna Olivia should receive the offer of his hand.

During the life-time of the Condé, several letters had passed between Theodore and his excellent friend Mr. Coperstad, and the gratitude of the former, for past kindness, had been evinced by liberal presents, and an overpaying acquittal of pecuniary obligation in the affair of Professor Sergendal's MS.

Theodore now hastened to give his learned friend a warm invitation into Spain; urging the indifferent account that gentleman had given of his present health; and tempting him with various inducements, all-powerful to a scientific mind.

He touched lightly on the subject of Count Lauenheim, since it was not in his power to say any thing from his own observation; but what he did venture to say was calculated to increase the pity, and re-

vive the respect of Mr. Coperstad for their former patron.

The return of Fredenheim into Denmark, through the interest of Prince Charles, and that young man's confidence in his uncle, had enabled Mr. Coperstad to judge of CountLauvenheim's repentance, of his conduct under his exile, and his undiminished esteem of Theodore. He had naturally communicated these circumstances, with his own reflections upon them, in his letters to his young friend; and Theodore received this added proof of the Count's esteem, just after Princess Ursini had told him of Ellesif's determination to avoid him.

Thus, every thing barbed the arrow that cruel yet dear hand had fixed in his breast; and each succeeding rumination upon her conduct, made him more sincerely earnest in his endeavours to banish her image from his memory.

After two months passed at the Tórre, it became necessary for Theodore to visit the Mirador; accompanied, therefore, by Do-

frestom, he took an affectionate farewell of Catherine, and began his journey to Navarre.

Theodore's object in taking his venerable friend along with him, was not merely to benefit by his perfect acquaintance with the capacities of different soils for agricultural improvement ; but in the intention of giving him his choice of managing that estate, in preference to the one in Aragon, if upon viewing the situation, Dofrestom should prefer its gentler beauties to the wilder scenery around the Tórre.

Dofrestom divined these generous views ; and though certain that neither he nor Catherine would desire to remove a second time, even to a palace, accompanied his foster-son, merely to prolong the enjoyment of his society.

Theodore's first act was to restore the memorials of his father, long since banished by his unrelenting grandfather : such of the domestics, who remembered Don Balthazar, and had spoken of him with honor,

he advanced in favor, or gratified with pensions.

No longer leaving the grievances of the tenantry to be canvassed and redressed, and much oftener neglected, by an unfeeling agent, he appeared amongst them like a descended angel, come on a ministry of benevolence.

Dofrestom had the continual gratification of hearing the young Condé Roncevalles contrasted with the memory of him who had last borne that title: the comparison was ever followed by blessings; and whenever it was made in the presence of Theodore himself, his gentle reproof for their disrespect of the dead, was coupled with the assurance, that he owed to the early example of the good old man, by whom they saw him attended, all those qualities which they now deemed worthy of esteem.

A warm lover of those domestic ties which gently bind man to virtue, Theodore promoted the marriages of his tenantry;



assisting each young couple with presents, or judicious loans; and holding out inducements to the married life, by shewing particular favor to such as entered that state, and fulfilled its duties with fidelity.

He went himself to these rustic ceremonies, imposing decorum by his presence, and softening their boisterous joy, by the sacred emotions of veneration and gratitude, which his admonitions and bounty excited.

At these times, a deeper shade of melancholy would appear upon his countenance; and the rustic bridegroom, catching the sound of his lord's ill-suppressed sigh, would often be led to suspect, that he who sighed, would gladly exchange solitary grandeur, for the enviable destiny of prosperous though humble love.

Theodore remained at the Mirador till the commencement of August; at which time he was summoned to Madrid to be present at the nuptials of a sister of the Marquess Montanejos. Unwilling to be

unjustly considered cold to the estimable members of his family, he accepted the invitation, and separated from his venerable companion.

After many a renewal of their parting embrace, and parting assurance that they would soon meet again, Dofrestom returned into Aragon; and Theodore once more bent his steps to Madrid, forcibly detaching his soul from its long rest.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**D**URING this period, so eventful to Roncevalles, Ellesif and her father had been slowly pursuing their tour through Spain. The beauty of the country itself, added to the interesting remains of Roman, Gothic, and Moorish antiquities, which ennoble its fine prospects, assisted Ellesif in weaning her thoughts from the only object upon earth that had ever completely engrossed them.

While her accurate pencil was employed in siezing the fleeting and picturesque effects of varying light and shade on some romantic landscape; or in delineating the architectural beauties of some magnificent Ruin, black with age and ivy, her father delighted to revive the faded remembrance of each historical event associated with the scenes before them.

His eloquent recollections alternately peopled the extensive plain, or lofty edifice, with the images of Pagan, Christian, and Mahomedan warriors: he analyzed the character of each era famous in the records of Spain; tracing the causes of its greatness, and its weakness, through many a secret labyrinth. He then led Ellesif's attention from events to characters; from the contemplation of individuals, to the observation of the integral part of man; that which in all climates, and under all governments, is still the same, though differently modified by outward circumstances.

Thus, his own mind found refuge from the regret that perpetually assailed it, whenever he thought of the fruitless experiment he had made, and the probable lot to which his offences had condemned his child.

Ellesif struggled against the same secret sorrow, but struggled only in her father's presence: she had once more lost the power of steady self-government; and the

discovered letter of Theodore, by demolishing at one blow, and without preparation, even the most fantastic of her hopes, had crushed her spirit to the earth.

That fatal letter, scrupulously preserved, and often perused, was the fuel of her despair. The parting present it mentioned was not specified; and remembering that Anastasia had greatly admired a Turquoise armlet, found amongst Donna Aurelia's trinkets, she considered that remembrance as decisive.

Her few lonely hours were consequently spent in hopeless misery: her health at length yielded to its effects; and her father was obliged to stop many weeks at the baths of Buzot, while he endeavoured to restore her drooping strength, by the use of their chalybeate waters.

This circumstance prolonged the time of their absence far beyond its original destination; so that it was the very middle of September, above seven months since their departure from Corella, when they pro-

ceeded to fulfil their promise to Princess Ursini of visiting her in their road home.

In a casual encounter with a Spanish gentleman, whom they had known during their residence at the Hermitage, they heard of the Condé Roncevalles' death. "Now then," thought Ellesif, "if report have said truth, the hand of the happy Donna Olivia will be claimed by her cousin!"

She turned from that distracting idea into busy occupation; but still, still it haunted her waking and her sleeping hour; and ere she reached Madrid, she silently endeavoured to prepare herself for a confirmation of the fact.

The Count was at Aranjuez: the guests of Princess Ursini were allotted an apartment of the palace that bears that name; but anxious to get far beyond the agitating mention of one now entirely divorced from them, both the Count and his daughter decidedly refused Princess Ursini's invitation of extending their visit beyond a couple of days.

Ellesif found herself surrounded by a strange mixture of gloom and gaiety. The sprightly character and good sense of Princess Ursini was still maintaining a struggle with the monotonous forms and absurd solemnity by which both the persons and minds of her young sovereigns were daily fatigued: she saw a fatal malady creeping upon the King, threatening reason itself, and hourly increased by the stupifying customs of Spanish etiquette. She saw that the sensibility of the Queen to the state of her husband, joined to her own illness, and the recent loss of her sister, would finally hurry her to the grave, unless some attempt were made to divert their thoughts into new and livelier channels. She therefore promoted every species of innocent amusement, introducing little dances and games in the royal circle itself; thus inducing the amiable King and Queen to assist in their own cure.

At the period in which Ellesif came to Aranjuez, the happy aspect of public affairs

afforded Princess Ursini an excuse for calling upon the court for testimonies of rejoicing; and a masque in honor of the arrival of an English ambassador, was on the eve of being represented by a party of the Queen's meninas.

Ellesif dreaded to appear at it, lest she should encounter the young Condé Roncevalles: but on hearing from her gossiping cousin De la Tremouille, that he had met him four days before, on the road to Navarre, she consented to devote her last evening to the sight of this exhibition.

A temporary theatre was decorated with as much taste as might be supposed to result from the discordant mixture of French lightness with Spanish heaviness; tapestries and gilded carvings loaded every part of the spacious hall.

One half of the theatre, dedicated to the spectators, was filled with semi-circular benches richly covered, above which were elevated some enclosed seats, railed in, hung round with curtains, and set apart



for the royal party; and the foreign ambassadors.

Into one of these, with the wife of the Marquess Bonnac, Ellesif entered when the audience were collected, and the performance on the point of beginning. Her father, too little inclined for amusements that only vex the world-wearied spirit, had promised to join the party before the termination of the spectacle: and Ellesif relieved from the necessity of exertion, by the Marchioness's lucky passion for talking only to young men, sat quietly unmindful of the gallant glances that were occasionally levelled at her by the fatigued Cicisbeos of Madame Bonnac.

The front of their box was of course open to the view of the stage; but Ellesif left the curtain on her side still closed, thus shutting herself from the sight of the audience in that part of the theatre.

As the curtain covered but the lower part of the vacancy, those who stood up in the box could see any object without; and

during the performance of an overture, she heard the following dialogue pass between the Marquess de Bonnac and a Knight of Malta.

“Is not that the Condé Roncevalles?” asked the former.

“Yes. I think he looks the discarded lover, very well,” was the sarcastic reply.

“How do you mean?”

“Surely,” returned the Knight, “your Excellency must have heard that the alliance with the heiress of Altamira is at an end?”

“I did hear so, without giving credit to the report. I should think no guardian in his senses would refuse such a match for his ward.”

“Both Donna Francisca and her guardian thought otherwise,” replied the Knight. “I was present when the Duke wrote the letter of dismissal. He is my authority.”

“Of course an unanswerable one,” returned the Marquess, carelessly. “I sup-

pose now, our young Condé will marry his cousin after all."

"He must make haste then," resumed his ill-natured respondent; "or she will have broken her heart, ere he can get to Rivera de Abayo to prevent her. I suspect he used her very ill; for one morning I saw her faint in a public room, after he had been flirting with somebody else. He certainly behaved very ill; his attentions to her at one time, and his slights at another, were notorious. To tell you my honest opinion of him, I believe he is, at bottom, as silly a coquet as a woman."

The last remark catching the ear of Madame Bonnac, brought on a smart attack and defence on the subject of the male and female character; which left Ellesif's alternate flushed and pale cheek, her heaving breast, and agitated movements, to pass unnoticed.

How fervently did she wish that she had never again approached a place where it was possible to see or hear of Theodore! Not an

hour before, she would have deemed it impossible for any thing, except his actual marriage, to have increased the desolation of her soul; but what she had just heard, brought new anguish to that under which she already suffered.

Shame, mortification, regret, despair, each ruled her mind by turns. It was not enough, that she must quit Spain without a hope of ever being more to Theodore, than if she were not;—it was not enough that she must discover he had culpably assumed the air of a preference for herself, perhaps, not actually to win her heart, but to veil his passion for her sister;—it was not enough, even after this, that she should hear he was attached to another, and on the point of honorably sealing that attachment at the altar,—but she must find him refused by a girl of sixteen, while one as fond, and perhaps as constant, as Ellesif herself, was perishing the victim of his insincerity!

In the distraction of the moment, Ellesif had forcibly to restrain herself from uttering

some frantic exclamation : she could have wrung her hands, and lamented with tears and cries, the fatal delusion by which she had been so long spell-bound. But the empire of society is inexplicably powerful over our wildest feelings ; and, smothering her tears, she drew back in the box to escape observation.

Where she now sat, the curtain was not drawn close, and through that small aperture, her eye unconsciously wandered over the benches that ran along the left side of the theatre.

Some of the audience had not yet seated themselves ; amongst the few who had not done so, she saw a young Spaniard, standing in a pensive attitude, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, as if unconscious of the scene he was in :

— “ Upon his youthful mein,

- “ A mild, but sad intelligence was seen ;
- “ Courage was on his open brow, yet care
- “ Seemed with a wandering shade to linger there ;
- “ And though his eye shone as the eagle’s bright,
- “ It beamed with humid, melancholy light.”

It was Theodore! thinking, sadly thinking of a similar scene in which he had first beheld her, who was now looking at him, unobserved.

For a moment, the wild gaze of Ellesif devoured the noble lineaments of his face and figure. Her heart beat with increasing violence; and every faculty of her soul seemed suspended in the sudden transport of beholding him again: but at the approach of some ladies for whom he made way, and to whom he spoke with a suavity which relaxed the expression of his face into courteous sweetness, back rushed the cruel conviction of his unmanly thirst for admiration; and pulling the curtain with a convulsive motion, she shut him out from her sight.

Meanwhile, unconscious of being so near Ellesif, Theodore was looking round for his friend Gaston de Roye, who had promised to join him.

The Chevalier had arrived, the day before, in the suite of Lord Lexington,

from England: being attached to the British embassy; since the necessity of his private mission had terminated.

An express from the Chevalier had overtaken Theodore on the road to the Mirador, and brought him back, only a few hours previous to the present representation.

As neither of them had yet seen the Princess Ursini, they were ignorant of the return of Count St. Etienne; and De Roye now joined his friend in all the exuberance of his former spirits.

The formal decorations of the theatre, the quaint devices over the different stradas, and the solemn looks of the company, who, by their gravity, certainly seemed rather invited to an execution than a play, entertained the gay Frenchman beyond measure: and rallying his friend upon the true national cast of his physiognomy, he frequently displaced its melancholy, by smiles of partial indulgence.

“By the way!” added the Chevalier, “a face something like your own, doleful

as it is, robbed me last night of my usual rest. In the Prado at Madrid, I trod on the mantilla of a young lady, who turned on me such a pair of fine eyes! (not your favorite colour of Tyrian blue,) which she cast down again under such eyelashes! with such a blush! On the word of an honest man, I do believe that my hour is come; and that if ever I lose this *couleur de rose* heart of mine, it must be to that charming creature. Even so quickly may one catch the plague!”

“Shakespeare still!” observed Theodore.

“Well then, I forswear him for tonight!” cried De Roye; “but you must allow me to give you a few words out of your Spanish Shakespeare. Don *something, something* Mendoza—I forget his name!—here we are, in the very place he thus describeth:—

‘This seat contains, amongst many other miracles of amenity, a garden which Tagus embraceth with two currents, sometimes in



suspense, sometimes hasty; shaping it an isle, and serving it for a wall; over which the trees are one way delightful battlements, another they are flowery margents. Amidst the intricacy of the matted herbs, of the galleries of flowers, of the meandering wildernesses, of the diversified plots, of the crystal fountains, there is reserved a most beautiful space, which hath the openness of a market-place, and wants not the pleasantness of a forest——”

“For mercy’s sake, not the whole description!” interrupted Theodore.

“What will you bet then,” asked his volatile companion, “that the drama we are about to witness, is not the very masque, Mendoza’s witty pen has so facetiously described in his *Fiestas de Aranjuez*?”

As he spoke, the curtain drew up, the piece began, and the gay Chevalier in convulsions of laughter, found his random guess was right; for that the master of the revels, had actually chosen an uncouth

ballet, which had been played before Philip the Fourth, in the year 1623.

At every ridiculous passage of the grotesque performance, his audibly-whispered quotations from the remarks of the sententious describer, pleased some, and offended more, of the persons near him.

“ Mark you now !” he exclaimed, when a young lady, dressed as a cavalier, began a feeble attack upon a rock that concealed a monster ; “ hear how this suits ! ‘ The Lady Isabella so understandingly affected with her part, that she even thought herself the person she acted ; and whipping out her blade withal, clasping herself close to the shield, invaded the rock with so generous a smartness, that it was all which it was possible for a lady to do without discomposing herself.’ ”

“ And here again, Roncevalles !” he continued, seeing a groupe of remarkably plain damsels, attired like giants, issue forth : “ ‘ Four giants shewed themselves, represented by four beauteous ladies ; without

observing the property of giants in being ugly and troublesome, for all thought them handsome and good company.' ”

Theodore, though unable to repress a smile at the fantastic sports of his friend's uncommon memory, besought him to keep silence, if he desired to quit the place alive.

“ Admirable still ! ” exclaimed the incorrigible jester, marking a love-scene that followed the encounter of the giants. “ ‘ Anastarax returned to his complaints, cursing the knight of the burning sword with so hearty a good-will, with so melting a voice, with so doleful groans, that it adorned pain ! The forlorn youth, more proud to be a true lover, than a successful one, thanked Niquea for her scorn. Meanwhile Tagus listens from his sphere of crystal, who, despising to be a river, hath the ambition to become a sea.’ ”

The lifeless performance of the present Meninas, giving a flat contradiction to the vivacity Mendoza's conceits had attributed

to the original actresses, gave picquancy to De Roye's adroit quotations; and Theodore was obliged to stop the infection of his mischievous gaiety, by descanting on the ingratitude of thus repaying by ridicule, every well-meant effort to amuse.

“Why, what are we to do, my dear fellow?” cried his lively opponent; “after the first season or so, every entertainment we go to, is like a twenty-times-told tale: and, turning every thing into ridicule, is a happy invention to diversify the monotonous return of dancing fools, and fiddling fools, and acting fools, and preaching fools!”

“Meaning me, of course.” Theodore laughed as he spoke, and De Roye, thus encouraged, began his numerous sarcasms again with fresh vigour.

Amidst a torrent of other extracts, which neither Theodore's rebukes nor forced gravity could silence, the masque drew to a conclusion; and taking up his hat to be gone, De Roye repeated with comic solemnity,

“ In this drama, the author hath shewed the decorum with which verses should be writ for ladies : those which they hear, discreet ; those which they speak, severe ; where whatsoever is not despair, is presumption ; all should be veneration, and nothing love. It is excellent ! and if it be possible, the acting of it exceeds the penning.”

“ Blessed be heaven, however !” added the lively Chevalier, careless of all that heard him, “ that my black-eyed unknown, was not one of the performers !”

At that moment, in turning to go away, he saw behind him, evidently much amused by his oddity, the very Beauty he was speaking of. Theodore turned also, at his whispered exclamation, and recognising his cousin Isabella, hastened, to introduce his friend.

The vermillioned cheeks and modest confusion of Donna Isabella’s beautiful eyes, convinced him that she had observed De Roye’s admiration the evening before : he

therefore recommended her party to stay for an exhibition of fireworks, by which the spectacle was to be followed; and promising to rejoin them, went to offer the support of his arm to the aged and memorable Mancera, whom he saw at a distance preparing to depart.

Ignorant of what had thus been passing so near the box in which she sat, Ellesif continued silently sitting in a state of breathless impatience for the end of the performance, of which she neither heard nor saw any thing; and when the curtain finally dropt, previous to the exhibition of fireworks, and her father advanced from the royal box where he had been paying his respects, she gave him her hand to lead her out, with an insane kind of joy.

They had only to cross one or two courts before they should reach their apartment in the palace; but in getting to these, through a passage lined with persons waiting for their pages and torch-bearers, Ellesif caught a glimpse of Theodore at the farther end,

as respectfully uncovered, and accommodating his steps to the feeble old Marquis, he was leading him to his sedan.

In expectation of meeting him if he returned into the theatre, Ellesif tried to fortify herself against any semblance of emotion. She thought of what she had just heard; she thought of his letter to Anastasia; she thought of his insincere conduct to herself; and wound up to temporary indignation, advanced along the gallery with a raised colour, and proud step.

At that moment, how little did she resemble her former self! and how different was the forced expression of her countenance, from that of her portrait!

Theodore re-entered the passage alone: at sight of her and her father, proceeding in a direction to meet him, he started, — changed colour, — and stopt with perturbed haste, to let them pass.

Every thing in his heart was surprize, tumult, perhaps hope! His eyes were ri-

vetted on the face of Ellesif, with a gaze that passed at once from anxiety to despair, as bowing coldly, without even looking at him, she replied to his agitated salute.

Her father's late melancholy habit of inattention to outward objects, prevented him from noticing the approach of Theodore; but the involuntary grasp of Ellesif's hand which rested on his arm, made him look up, time enough to see and to return Theodore's respectful bow.

Ellesif's impulse hurried him a few steps onward: though scarcely less agitated than Theodore himself, the Count's heart overflowed with joy, grief, revived affection, and a yearning to be forgiven.

Should he or should he not turn and seek the reconciliation for which he longed? Why should he deny himself this consolation, this balmy recollection for the bed of death, since he was quitting Spain, and though reconciled to Theodore, would be far removed from the fatal effect of his society upon Ellesif's peace!



Count St. Etienne looked back ; but he looked too late : an instant sooner, and he would have met the eyes of Theodore fixed on his departing figure, with such an expression of piercing tenderness, and sincere sorrow, that every doubt must have given way to perfect conviction.

Alas ! a crowd of indifferent persons had filled up the space between them, and Roncevalles was no longer distinguishable through the cloud of hats and mantles.

With an audible sigh, Count St. Etienne turned again towards the outer courts ; and as Ellesif, now in her turn, yielding to the impulse of his arm, felt her brief resolution vanish with the figure of Theodore, the colour forsook her cheek, and her tottering limbs nearly refused to sustain her.

“ Do you still wish that we should leave Spain to-morrow, my child ? ” were the first words her father spoke, when they reached the landing place of their apartments.

“ Yes, to-morrow, and for ever ! ” she gasped out : then breaking from him,

shut herself into her room, where she spent the night in tears, and in condemnation of her own weakness.

On Theodore's return to the theatre, he found Gaston de Roye too much occupied in watching every look and word of Donna Isabella, to observe the pale and altered countenance with which he entered: he therefore assiduously strove to master the intolerable anguish of his mind, by amiable endeavours to display his modest cousin in her fairest light to the Chevalier.

As his frank explanations to his aunt, had restored him the esteem of her daughters, he found Donna Isabella more than usually inclined to conversation.

At another time, Theodore must have smiled at the strange metamorphosis that had taken place in the careless Gaston: he was now all embarrassment, hesitation, and silence; or if he attempted to utter an entertaining folly, he said it with a timid air that destroyed its effect.

In short, for the first time in his life, he was seriously anxious to please; and that anxiety, completely ruined him.

Be that as it may, Donna Isabella secretly thought him agreeable, whether careless or embarrassed; and found her heart beat not unpleasantly, as she felt his hand tremble a little, in leading her from the theatre.

Theodore walked home with his friend to the latter's residence at the English ambassador's; during which walk, the Chevalier found his ancient volubility again, pouring forth a torrent of joy, admiration, and inquiries.

Theodore perceived that his modest cousin had indeed made that sort of impression upon De Roye, which wanted only further acquaintance, and longer time, to become a true passion: he therefore promised him an introduction to her mother; assuring him that he believed Donna Isabella calculated to make a man of his temper, completely happy.

They parted at the entrance of the house; though De Roye seemed more inclined to walk and talk all night. But Theodore was impatient to have the liberty of reviewing his own feelings; and afraid of giving them the reins in a place so public as the streets of Aranjuez, he forebore mentioning what had occurred; and exchanging cordial adieus, hurried back to the place where he slept.

The proud and cold look of Ellesif was still present to Theodore's imagination: that look, so unlike the undisguised sensibility and soft apprehensiveness which formerly characterized her countenance! She was indeed thinner, and had the appearance of one that had suffered; but what a colour had burned upon her cheek! He could have fancied it the fixed flush of resentful resolution: yet how had he deserved such a sentiment!

Perhaps then, it was a sense of humiliation, mixed with haughty disdain of his

altered circumstances: if so, how had he been deceived in Ellesif's character!

In the distraction of the moment, Theodore had scarcely seen the countenance of the Count; but he thought it expressed all that might have hurried him into his embrace, with an acknowledgment of past obligation, and present affection, had not the icy air of Ellesif, fixed him where he stood. It was madness, therefore, to cherish one lingering hope that she had hitherto stifled her own inclinations, to gratify her father.

“It is time to vanquish this unmanly weakness!” he said to himself. “One painful sacrifice, perhaps, is all that is wanting. I will hasten from this scene, and try to make up my mind to offer my hand to my cousin.”

Theodore then called for his servants; and having given orders for his departure the next morning by day-break, sat down to give De Roye an account of the motives for this sudden resolution.

After detailing the particulars of his rencontre with Ellesif and her father, and confessing the struggles it had cost him, he added, "As I know not how long they may remain at Aranjuez, I think it wisest to leave it; I shall therefore be on my road to the Mirador, when you get this. I enclose you a letter of introduction to my aunt: after you have established yourself an interest there, or found out that your fancy for Isabella is but a fancy, perhaps you will join me in Navarre. Yet should you dislike to quit the gaieties of Aranjuez, I will return there the moment you can tell me that the Count St. Etienne and his daughter have left it: for never, my dear Gaston, never has your animating society been so necessary to your Roncevalles."

On the receipt of this letter, De Roye flaming with anger at the conduct of Ellesif, and rejoiced that he should now have an opportunity of probing her heart, resolved to pay her and the Count a visit; intending boldly to tax them both with ingratitude

or caprice, in thus repulsing a man who had preserved for them the same ardent friendship through a long course of absence and neglect.

Uluckily, the temptation of first presenting his letter of introduction to the Marchioness Amezaga, seduced him into giving that visit the preference; and having spent the whole morning with her and the conscious Isabella, in discussing the merits of the Condé Roncevalles, and those of Don Julian Casilio, on both which themes the Chevalier was eloquent, he departed for the Count St. Etienne's apartments.

The Count had been gone four hours: De Roye cursed his fate, blamed his selfishness; and returned home, to write a penitential letter to Theodore.

## CHAPTER IX.

ELLESIF was now on the road to France; vainly, yet sincerely endeavouring to assist in dissipating the mournful cloud that hung on the brow of her father. She talked to him of the varied landscapes through which they passed, of the retirement to which they were returning, of the pleasures she meant to make for herself and him, in a variety of little improvements round Chateau-Gris; she talked of all this with a smile that strove to contradict her watery eyes: the Count would not pain her, by shewing that he remarked the disagreement of her looks and words.

In truth, Ellesif, yet sadder than before, was reflecting upon what had passed in the royal anti-chamber, while she had been



waiting there, for a farewell audience of the Queen.

Some young ladies were rallying Donna Francisca de Salazar upon her cruelty to the Condé Roncevalles : the charming girl, with the noble indiscretion of generous youth, assured them that she should contradict the report of her having refused his hand ; for that although his grandfather and her guardian had begun the negociation of an alliance, she had frequently assured the latter, that Don Theodore carefully avoided giving her any reason to expect his concurrence in the scheme.

She therefore must confess, that although her guardian thought he had executed a master-stroke, in forestalling the young Roncevalles's intentions, by informing him that the old Condé's death terminated their matrimonial negociation, she considered Don Theodore very unfairly used in the business ; and felt picqued to match his delicate acquiescence under a false report, by avowing the truth.

The only man present at this novel declaration, was the Marquess Montanejos : he could not forbear giving Donna Francisca a look of animated admiration, which she appeared not to remark ; but which was destined afterwards to procure for him, the possession of her generous heart.

It was impossible for Ellesif not to admire, warmly admire this trait in Donna Francisca ; and as impossible for her not to acknowledge that Theodore's great qualities far outweighed his faults :—indeed, had he any, except that of making himself too amiable ! Perhaps all the blame ought to fall upon herself and Donna Olivia, for translating common gallantries into particular attentions : if so, he was still faultless, and herself unjust. Occupied with these reflections, Ellesif gradually lost the power of exertion : the conversation between her and her father flagged by degrees, till at length it died completely away.

They slept on the road, and the next day proceeded on their cheerless journey.

The morning had been hot and breathless; and towards sun-set, the dark-red clouds thickened into portentous gloom: frequent blasts shook the autumnal woods through which they passed; and dismal sounds from the distant mountain-hollows threatened an approaching storm.

Count St. Etienne's temples throbbled with that oppressive pain, to which many persons are liable when the atmosphere is loaded with sulphureous vapour. *Ellesif* wished to find a shelter for him during the tempest, and she now looked round in search of one.

They were in a dismal pass, overhung with trees, nearly choked up by the accumulation of fallen leaves; and so dark, that had not the quick flashes of lightning which began to issue from the clouds, lighted up the scene, she could not have known where to direct the driver.

On emerging from the pass, a momentary blaze shewed her the towers of some large building, rising above a dark beech

wood that clothed an opposite height : she directed the driver to make towards it ; for now the whole heavens were a blaze of livid light, and incessant peals of thunder formed one continuous roar.

The postilion meanwhile urged on the startled horses ; that alternately stopping, rearing, and plunging, might have created other apprehensions in the mind of Ellesif, had she been less occupied with her father's evident state of unusual suffering.

The Count was kindly chiding her for making so much of a sick head-ache, when the carriage, jolting over the trunk of a shattered tree, (which the thickness of the fallen leaves had concealed,) was thrown on one side.

No other damage was done to it than the loss of a wheel : the Count was a little stunned from having struck his head against the window frame ; but Ellesif had not sustained any injury : she therefore accepted with thankfulness the assistance of a peasant whose dwelling now appeared in a

gleam of lightning, and having extricated her father, she led him into the cottage.

The peasant was a widower, and living only with his son, had very little accommodation, and no female assistance to offer : but he produced some good wine, and better bread ; assuring the travellers that as he and his boy, and the postilion, could sleep in a barn close by, they might have his kitchen and bed room, for the night, to themselves.

As the storm was now evidently going off, Ellesif thought that if the damaged wheel could be repaired, they might pursue their journey to the Hermitage, where they were to take up part of their baggage, which had been left behind when they began their tour, and to collect which, Minette had been sent forward some days before : she therefore persuaded her father to seek his usual relief after one of these intense head aches, — a powerful opiate ; and then lie down for an hour or two, while

the countryman and his boy should assist their driver in mending the chaise.

Having induced the Count to follow her advice, and sat by him in the inner room till she saw him buried in profound sleep, Ellesif stept gently into the outer apartment, and closing the door, sat down to calm her own agitated nerves.

The cottage was buried amongst trees; but through the yellow boughs of such as shaded the only casement of its little kitchen, the large mansion she had first observed above the beech woods, was faintly discernible.

The storm had suddenly ceased; and through the scattering clouds, the pale star of evening, twinkled in solitary, melancholy brightness.

A low murmur of shivering leaves was the only sound that disturbed the mournful silence: Ellesif fixed her tearful eyes on the lonely star, and could have fancied that it held mysterious communion with her desolate soul. She then looked wistfully on

the distant building, and her heart beat with sudden violence, when she discovered it to be the Mirador.

Good God! she was then near the abode of Theodore — perhaps on his domains! But he was far distant; he was at that moment in some scene of brilliant festivity at Aranjuez, while she, with death in her heart, was going to bury herself for ever from the world!

“O, if I might indeed do so!” she murmured to herself, tears dropping fast from her eyes; “might I seek the blessed shelter and oblivion of a cloister! But no, I still possess my father; and his happiness is yet dearer to me than the indulgence of vain regret.”

Some one now entered by the outer door, at the opposite end of the room: Ellesif turned round to see who it was; and saw, or fancied she saw Theodore himself, first approaching, and then fixed in the middle of the apartment.

A faint sound escaped her, while she dropt upon a bench near the window.

Theodore stood irresolute: but he had closed the door; and after a moment's pause he drew towards her.

“ Believe me, this intrusion was not intended,” he said, in a tremulous voice, without venturing to raise his eyes; “ I knew not to whom I was hastening to offer my services, when, in a casual encounter with the son of the man that lives here, I heard that I might be useful to some travellers. If my presence is disagreeable — ”

He paused; but Ellesif, whom her surprise, and before-softened feelings, wholly overcame, now contending against rising emotion, was unable to reply.

Chilled by her silence, Theodore drew back, and resumed in a tone of despondency, “ If Ma'mselle St. Etienne and her father will do me the honor of accepting whatever accommodation or assistance they may require from my people, or can find under my roof, they need not apprehend,



I mean, they need not fear any intrusion from one who has long lost the hope—” He broke off, and hastily added, “I purpose returning to Aranjuez this night.”

There was something in the voice of Theodore,—something still more in his pale and agitated countenance, as Ellesif glanced her eye over it, that confusing all her foregone convictions, mastered the utmost power of her self-command; and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

Theodore eagerly approached: “Ah Heaven, you weep!” he said in a tone of piercing tenderness and sudden hope. “What, what am I to understand from this emotion?”

“Nothing! nothing!” exclaimed Ellesif wildly, ashamed of her weakness, terrified lest he should guess its true cause, and recollecting all at once his letter to Anastasia: she rose to pass him as she spoke; but her trembling limbs would not support her, and again she sunk upon a seat.

In rising she had removed her hands from her face, and the mingled emotions that were painted there, bewildered Theodore.

He gazed at her intently ; approached, — receded — hesitated — approached again ; then all at once yielding to impetuous sensibility, he snatched her hand, and holding it fast in both his, with a desperation that bade defiance to its faint struggles, he exclaimed in broken accents, “ Ellesif ! in this our last interview perhaps, I cannot forbear reproaching you with the misery of my life. Rank, fortune, friends, what are they now but wretched mockeries ! Your looks, your actions once taught me to believe, that the worship of my fond heart was not unprized by you ; and, at that period I looked forward to the day in which I might obtain these distant goods, as the day in which I should obtain you also ; — but I reached the point of fortune I aimed at — I saw you again — and saw you, O, how unlike what I see you now ! ”

He paused, unable to proceed, for the

thronging sighs and increasing tears of Ellesif, joined to the trembling passiveness with which she suffered him repeatedly to press the hand he still held, awakened a variety of hopes, fears, conjectures, and imaginations nearly rising into delirium.

“ Speak, speak !” he cried, casting himself at her feet ; “ have I indeed any thing to hope ? If my constancy has gained that which was so cruelly denied to my first declaration, O Ellesif, dangerous, resistless creature ! say but that you will be mine, and I will forget that I have thought you vain, unfeeling, unworthy of regret ; and henceforth giving up my whole soul to you, I will believe you what you seem, all tenderness, all truth.”

Theodore rivetted his lips to the hand of Ellesif, with a vehemence which recalled her fleeting senses. She strove to rise, and averting her face while feebly motioning him to leave her, she faltered out, “ Go, my lord, you alarm, you perplex me ;

how can I listen to such discourse from the man who once—”

Her voice died away; but Theodore's eyes hung on hers, and urged her to proceed.

Prompted perhaps by some latent hope of discovering a mistake, or at least of ending the present agonizing scene, Ellesif drew forth a paper, and resumed,—“The man who in this letter declared a passion for another.”

A glance at the paper he hastily took from her hand, solved in part the mystery to Theodore; and a very short explanation on his side, at once banished every doubt from the mind of Ellesif.

With a shower of joyful tears she then gave him the transporting assurance he eagerly sought; and, no longer struggling to leave him, suffered him to retain the hand he had taken under such a different impression, while their hearts mingled in full and endearing confidence.

How the letter intended for Ellesif had

got into the possession of Anastasia; or, why she had taken upon her to act for her sister, and to bury the matter in silence, was yet a mystery; one of those mysteries which could never be explained till that day in which all secrets shall be revealed.

But in the security of present unexpected happiness, neither Theodore nor Ellesif would allow themselves to look back to the past with any alloying feeling; renewing again and again the story of their mutual sufferings, only to prove their mutual constancy.

On one subject Theodore was not explicit, nor Ellesif desirous to be informed; it was the reason of his strange departure from Christiana. He hurried over that part of his history, abhorring the recollection of Count Lauvenheim's conduct in their secret interview; yet too certain from Ellesif's averted eyes and sudden paleness, that later events had sadly enlightened her on the truth.

The Count still slept, for the effects of

the opiate he had taken, were not yet gone off; and the conversation of Ellesif and Theodore had passed in low murmurs.

But Theodore was impatient for his awaking; yearning to receive not only his sanction to their present happiness, but the renewal of former confidence.

Lest the surprize should overcome her father's weakened nerves, Ellesif proposed making the communication to him of what had passed, while Theodore hastened to the Mirador to give orders for their reception.

“Never to quit it again I hope, my Ellesif!” he exclaimed, gazing fondly on her blushing face; “at least never again to go where your happy Theodore goes not also.”

When Ellesif heard the door close after him, and no longer beheld that countenance whose glowing expression made her happiness visible, she stood fixed to the spot where he had left her, unconscious whether it had not been all a dream. But no;

certainly, blessed certainty was in her heart; and, clasping her hands in a transport of joy and gratitude, she sunk upon her knees, and in that attitude poured out her thanks to the almighty disposer of human events.

He that suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, had surely conducted her to her present happiness; by a chain of slight circumstances which the unthinking so often call accidents.

Had not her father left many things at the Hermitage, which had thus rendered it necessary for them to enter France through Navarre, she would never perhaps have seen Theodore again, consequently never had an opportunity of being undeceived; and, had this explanation happened sooner, happened during the life-time of the Condé, its happiness would have been troubled by opposition on his part, and consequent struggles between love and duty on the part of him she loved.

Thus, then, happiness had been delayed

only to make it complete; and their mutual attachment had been tried, only to prove its imperishable nature.

Lost in a transport of pious effusions, Ellesif was still kneeling, when the voice of her father called her into the inner chamber.

She found him refreshed and free from pain: in silence she led him forth, and, sitting down by him near the casement, which the risen moon now brightly illuminated, prepared with a beating heart to give him a share in her present feelings.

But it was the first time she meditated speaking of her attachment to Theodore; she had much of the past to confess and to explain, and her thoughts all in a tumult of delight, refused to fix upon any thing beyond the blissful present.

Twice she attempted to speak, and twice she stopped. Then imprinting a fervent kiss on her father's hand, she raised her eyes, bright with joy and joyful tears, in expressive silence to his.



The moonlight falling direct on her face, shewed its animated expression. St. Etienne had not met such a look from his daughter since they quitted Norway.

“ My Ellesif ! ” he exclaimed in surprise, “ what has happened ? Your countenance — ”

He was interrupted by her precipitate joy ; with looks striving between smiles and tears, she fell upon his neck, and there forgetting her purposed caution, imperfectly murmured out the blissful cause of her emotion.

The relation was too much for a man who had long since surrendered up the expectation of any earthly felicity ; and, who hoped for blessedness in the next world, solely through repentance and suffering in this. — St. Etienne turned as pale as death ; and closing his eyes, while his head sunk back, he faintly said,

“ It overcomes me, my Ellesif ! — stop — stop. Such a transition ! O God, too good, too bounteous to a wretch like me ! ”

The affecting silence that followed this address, was broken only by the gasping respiration of the Count, who was some time before he could recover from the humiliating sense of his own unworthiness: but when he did so, Ellesif saw that Theodore was indeed the angel of her father's life as much as of her own; and that restored to his esteem, and linked to his fate by the dear tie she was about to knit with him, St. Etienne would again find peace and self-respect.

After a few moments given to bless this cherished daughter, and to express the fulness of his own satisfaction, the Count prayed her to allow him a short interval of solitude; and while he spoke, he shut himself into the inner chamber.

When he returned, he found Theodore again by her side, bright with happiness, and impatient to remove them to his own residence.

The scene which followed, had pain mixed with its pleasure; for St. Etienne would

not bury the memory of his faults in the embrace of the man whose integrity he had tempted, and had suffered to remain suspected. In vain that generous friend besought him to forget the past, nor afflict Ellesif by useless details. The inflexible penitent persisted in telling her how much he had sinned, and how nobly her Theodore had repelled the seduction of evil.

From that hour these three persons vowed to have but one heart: the past of each other's lives was now all revealed; and the future, never presented a single temptation to break the compact of mutual confidence.

St. Etienne returned not into France: he established himself at the Torre de la Marboré, where he received a few chosen friends; occasionally visiting his happy children at the Mirador, and passing his time in the alternate exercise of elegant accomplishments, rural relaxations, and philosophic pursuits.

Receding from that world which he now

regarded not with the sullen gloom of a misanthrope, but the serene indifference of a disembodied spirit; he never re-appeared in its crowded haunts; yet he shunned not the cheerful circle of his son's domestic parties; and, by degrees his own circle enlarging, the Tórre de la Marboré became the welcome rendezvous of each enlightened traveller.

Cheerfulness and bosom peace at length banished the corroding reflections of former days; and the Count St. Etienne's name became at last as familiar in the lips of the man of letters, and those of the grateful peasant, as had formerly been the loftier titles of Lauvenheim and Usthamar.

Gaston de Roye not only participated with the liveliest joy in the re-union of his former friends, but, owing to his situation with the British embassy, long heightened the zest of their pleasures by his delightful spirits. The probation of a few months vaeg him both the heart and hand of Donna Isabella; whose modest mental graces

expanded into more than common beauty in the sunshine of love and happiness.

Nor was it long before the disappointed affection of her sister, ceased to poison the felicity of Theodore and Ellesif.

With many amiable and excellent qualities, Donna Olivia's heart was weakly susceptible of tender impressions, and as happily prone to have such impressions effaced. In truth, that heart might be compared to a pure reflecting stream, the constancy of whose reflections, depends solely on the fixedness of the objects reflected.

After the first shock of disappointment, her attachment for Theodore, like that inspired by De Harcourt, expired with its hopes; and, at the baths of Rivera de Abajo, (which Don Julian Casilio luckily found necessary for his own excellent health, at the very same moment in which Donna Olivia went there,) she gradually awoke to a new and more prosperous interest.

Their subsequent union, and that of the Marquis Montanejos with Donna Fran-

cisca de Salazar, at once removed every uneasy feeling from Theodore, while it added four charming members to his social circle.

That life which had so lately appeared to him a barren deformed wildness, became suddenly fertile in bliss and excellence. Happy love gave its own brightness to each surrounding object; and Theodore soon discovered, that when the mental and moral graces dwell in our home, we see, or fancy that we see them in every other place.

Ellesif's character recovered its original elasticity, when the pressure of that affliction was removed, which had bowed it to the earth: once more her eyes beamed with delight, her form with beauty, and her complexion with health: her heart wanted only the domestic affections for its happiness, and Providence had bounteously added the power of blessing others.

The friends of Theodore became her own; and frequently in lavishing the most endearing tendernesses upon the venerable

Dofrestom and the excellent Catherine, she almost forgot that they were not indeed the real parents of her Roncevalles.

Thus blessed and blessing, surrounded by a charming offspring, and with characters improved by suffering, Theodore and Ellesif continued to adorn the lot in which they were placed, and to adore that gracious Providence which had thus led them to virtue, honour, and happiness, through a few brief years of painful trial.

FINIS.

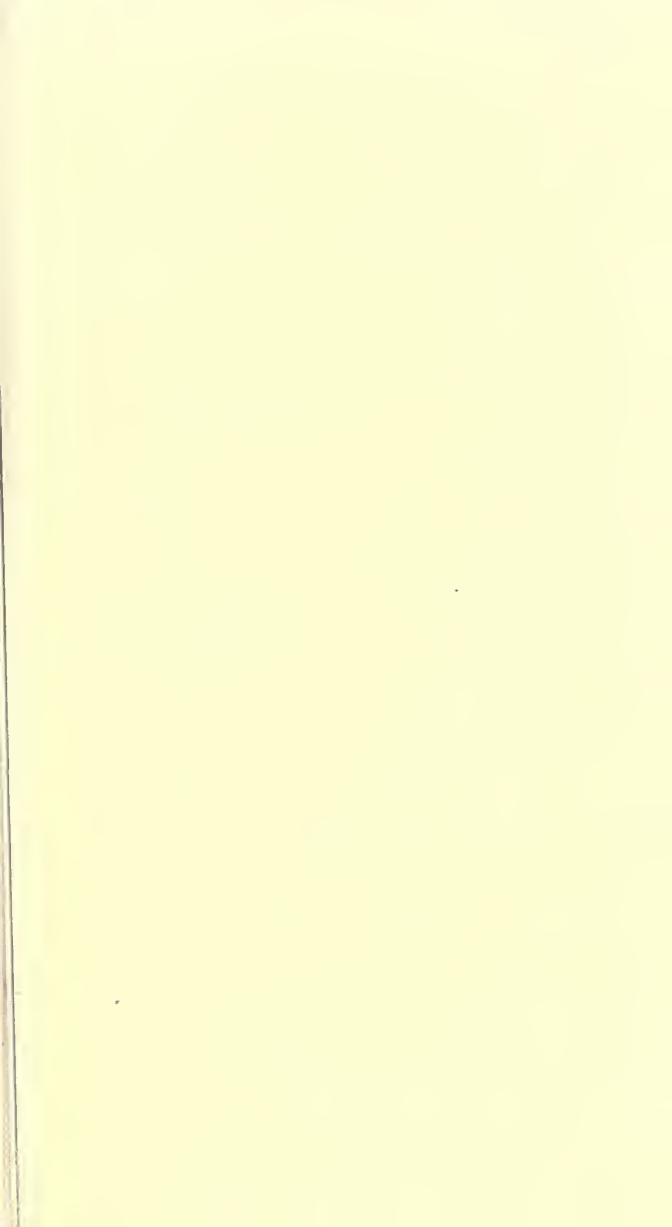
ERRATA.

- Page 187. line 10. For "urged an innocent stratagem," read  
"used, &c."  
194. line 15. For "that Theodore could be influenced  
my," read "that Theodore could be influenced  
by."  
196. line 3. For "lest Theodore would suspect, &c."  
read "lest Theodore should, &c."  
197. line 10. Insert a comma instead of a period after  
"are always admirable."

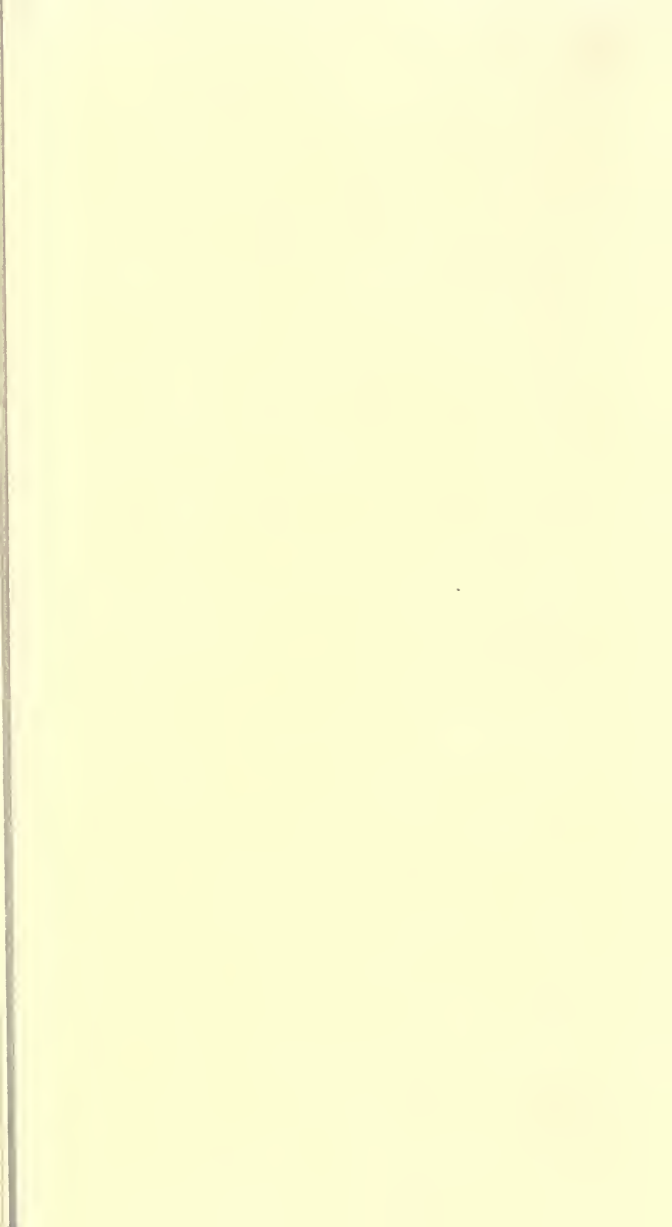




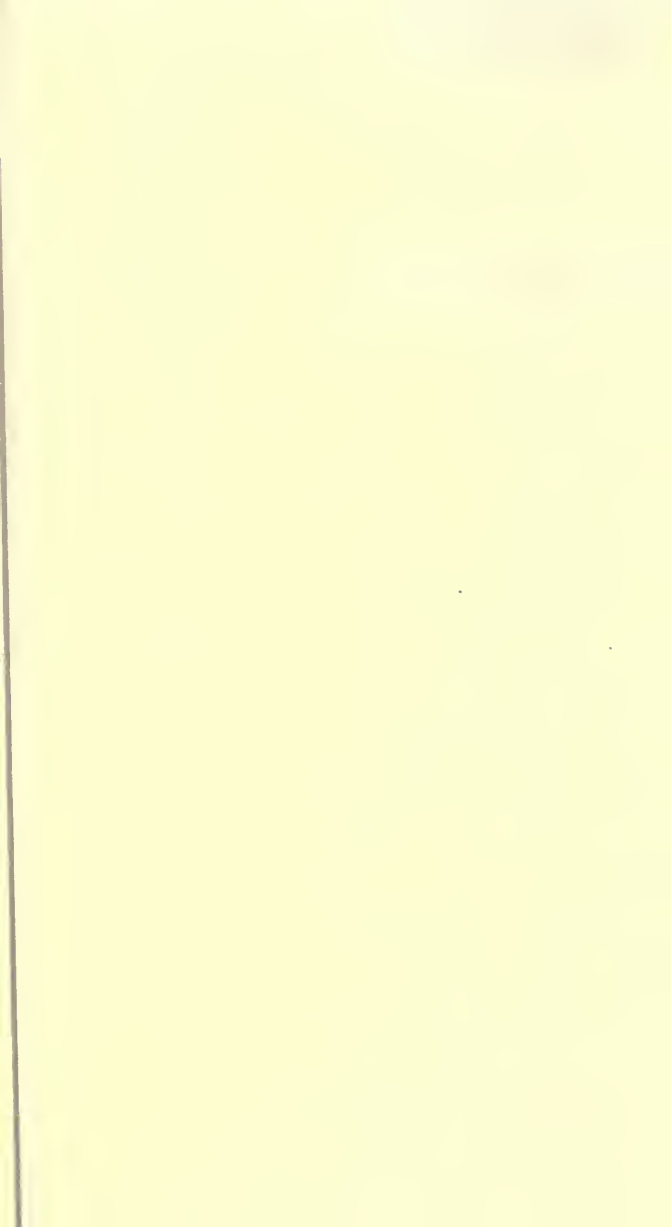
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