

thing; Theodore was gone where it was impossible to follow him. He was now with his regiment fighting barbarians in the Caucasus, the warm weather Siberia of Russia. The few tender inquiries hazarded for his existence either fell into the hands of the Russian War office, who threw them into the fire, or were caught in their first flight by Count Conrad himself, who strangled them without a pang.

Year on year thus rolled away, the fair Adela was still fair, still single, and still contemptuous of Vienna and its cavaliers. At length, when a crowd of suitors had successively failed, she gave her hand to a noble friend of her father's, a great diplomatist, and a great proprietor of flocks and herds, and, notwithstanding, an honest and good-natured man, whom everybody liked, and some said they loved. Lady Adela was of the former class; she married, and the birth of an heir was celebrated by mountain bonfires, round an horizon of a hundred and fifty leagues. She was now the Princess Waldemar; the carousals were magnificent, long, and costly. Amongst other things, they cost the prince his life. He died after a three days' festival, in which more wine was drunk than in any feast of the mountains before or since the accession of the house of Hapsburg. He died with the cup in his hand, and was carried to the vault of his ancestors, with a pomp worthy of the festival which had sent him thither. The Lady Adela now had boundless wealth, boundless influence, a multitude of vassals, and everything but happiness. Her infant absorbed all her thoughts; she refused other princes, who were in want of a fortune, and had no objection to take it, accompanied with a lovely woman; remained a widow, and watched over her son. But the times and the world began to change. France, so long the dancing-master to mankind, had become its executioner. The rabble of Paris poured out to plunder Germany. Austria came in for her share of the spoils. A French army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Moreau, drove her Emperor from hill to valley, until it drove him within the walls of Vienna. Tyrol, always faithful, and always unlucky, was first sacked by the French, and then seized by the Bavarians. The Princess Waldemar suffered the natural fate of those who have any thing to lose, where Republicans offer liberty, and Infidels talk of justice; for she lost all. Her high spirit had taken a high part in the contest. She had raised a regiment of Chasseurs on her estates for the Emperor, and, as the reward of her loyalty to Francis, found a price set upon her head by Napoleon.

We now drop the curtain for ten years. At the end of that time, on a fine summer's evening, in the suburbs of Buda, a handsome matron might be seen sitting in a remarkably neat but small cottage, in deep conversation with a young man, whose features with the fire of youth, exhibited all the expression and almost the beauty of his mother. That son was telling a love tale; his Hungarian cap on one table, and his sabre on another, showed that he was an officer in the most distinguished corps of the Empire. His gesture showed that he was excessively in earnest; and the paleness of his cheek, that his passion had not been prosperous. He was in love, and had been in love a month, with the prettiest face and form in the court circle of the capital. Rosanna de Schulenberg was the name of the lady. She was the daughter of a general officer, who had distinguished himself prodigiously against the French, had cut up camps and cut off convoys, frightened field marshals, and taught the Austrians once more that they had fingers which could draw the trigger, and hands which could push bayonets. The general had been loaded with honors accordingly, was pronounced the national genius, and, as a foretaste of everything short of a throne, had just been made Governor of Vienna.

The point in debate between the young officer and his mother was, whether he

should make formal proposals for the young beauty, carry her off without any formality of any kind, or put a pistol to his own forehead. The matron argued against all three points, and produced conviction on none of them. Within a fortnight, a note from her son, dated from the Hungarian guard house, informed her that he was under arrest; that he had made his proposals to the Governor of Vienna; performed the part of a man of honour by acknowledging that he was not worth a louis d'or; had been laughed at, been indignant for being laughed at, been turned out for being indignant; sent a challenge to the General for being turned out; been arrested for sending the challenge; and was now left to consider the alternative, of being stript of his commission, or shot in a square of his own brigade. The matron was the Princess Waldemar, and the captive lover was her only son. On the utter ruin of her estates, she had retired into privacy, disdaining to claim the rank which her means were unequal to support; though still handsome, thoroughly weary of the world, she hid herself in the obscurity of a second-rate city, and there, changing her name and concealing his birth from her boy, she suffered the world to forget her and forgot the world. But this was a new terror; her life was wrapped up in the young Chasseur, whom she had contrived to call Theodore, notwithstanding the profusion of lordly names showered upon him by the genealogy of the Waldemars.

She collected the family documents that remained to her, her few jewels, and with a beating heart and an aching head, set out that night for the capital. At the hotel where she alighted, she received intelligence which made both head and heart heavier. The Court-martial had sat upon her son; sentence had been given against him; the sentence was before the Emperor, and with a thousand recommendations to character, amid the indignation of the soldiery that so dashing a *sabreur* should be lost to the service, and the sorrows of the ladies that so handsome a cavalier should dance Mazurkas no more, there was not a doubt that he would be shot within the next twenty-four hours.

There was no time to be lost, and, terrified and in tears, she instantly sought an audience of the Emperor. Sending in her name as Madame von Lindorf, and dressed in mourning as one of the peasants of the district, she was the more readily received by Francis, who was fond of being thought the father of the peasantry. She told her tale with infinite pathos, palliated the offence of her son as best she could, and finally declared that his loss would send her to the grave. But Francis was an innocent little man of routine, and it would have been a less offence with him, as an Austrian, to have robbed the Imperial Treasury, or carried off a princess of the blood, than to have touched the whisker of an Austrian grenadier; much less to have threatened to send a bullet through the brains of the most gallant officer in the service, a Chevalier of a dozen orders, and Colonel of the Imperial Grenadiers besides. The Emperor took his kneeling petitioner by the hand, raised her from the ground with infinite kindness, told her that the sentence must be executed, saw her drop fainting on the ground, and then went to his Imperial breakfast, satisfied with having done a deed of justice, which would add infinitely to his reputation with all the old women of Vienna. When she awoke, she found herself in a small chamber of the palace, with one or two females supplying her with *cu de luce*, in the intervals of their attendance on a beautiful girl, who was lying on a sofa, hid from the light of day, wringing her hands, bathed in tears, and uttering sighs that seemed to come from the very depth of her heart. One of the attendants whispered her name to the matron, it was Rosanna von Schulenberg. The whole story flashed into her mind. The lovely creature was the object of her son's

passion, the excuse of his error, and the source of his ruin. As she gazed on her excessive beauty, she felt, if possible, additional grief for the fate of the youth led into madness and death by the nobles of all the passions. But another thought also flashed into her mind. She would find this inexorable father, who thus condemned his own child to misery for life, and her unhappy son to a premature grave. Of General von Schulenberg she knew nothing, but that he was a soldier of desperate bravery, and that the empire rang with his exploits; but, if he was anything more humane than a tiger, he must listen to an unhappy mother, pleading for her last possession in the world.

It was now evening, and the sun was shining in all the beauty of Autumn. As she passed the Prater to the Governor's summer palace, all round her was gaiety; the citizens were pouring out by thousands along the banks of the Danube, old men were sitting under the trees, children were sporting on the grass, handsome women were promenading among the arbours, attended by handsome cavaliers; music came from parties on the river, floating in gilded and painted barges; music came from the thickets where the good citizens of Vienna, with their violins and trombones, their flutes and French horns, performed family quartettes to the honour of Mozart and Beethoven; and, in the midst of all this joy, passed on the weeping woman, her face covered with her veil, and her heart breaking. A spirit starting from the grave in the midst of some national revel could not have looked more melancholy. At length she reached the Governor's palace. It was an unlucky evening for a petitioner. She found the hall crowded with aides de camp, waiting to receive the *dite* of Vienna at a ball given in honour of the Emperor's being invested that day with his sixty fifth order of knighthood, the Lion and the Sun, sent by the Shah of Persia. Any other petitioner would have been repulsed by the grenadiers on duty at the gate, frightened by the stare of the aides de camp, or trampled to death by the well-bred crowd that rushed from a hundred chariots up the marble staircase of the palace. But the mother persevered. With infinite difficulty, by bribing one domestic with a ring, and another with the last ducat in her purse, she finally made her way into the General's library, and contrived to have her petition put even into the General's hand. The few minutes in which she awaited his arrival were minutes of unspeakable agony. She felt that the first word of this high authority must be to her son a sentence of life or death. Her heart beat thick, but when she heard the first rapid footsteps approaching, the light departed from her eyes.

The General came in. The very first tone of his voice struck her as familiar to her ear, she listened and was convinced. But how could she reconcile her memory of that voice with the tall, bronzed, and determined countenance of the high personage before her? The General listened too, but she could scarcely make her voice audible. He begged of her to lay aside her veil, and give herself time, and calmly tell him all that she had to say. There was a softness in his manner, as he offered those slight attentions, which still more fully convinced her that she was not mistaken. Her veil was not raised, but she told her story with all the power of one on whose words depended all that was dear to her on earth. The General listened with deep attention, and replied with increased softness of manner. Still there was no appearance of relaxation in his purpose. Declaring that he had no conceivable sense of personal injury towards the young officer, he attempted to explain the necessity of discipline, the rashness of her son's conduct, and the utterly unprovoked nature of his offence. "As to marrying my daughter," said he, "the idea was extravagant. Your own excellent understanding, Madam, must point out to you at once what

escaped the folly of your son, that in this world we must attend to circumstances, that families should be allied according to their rank, and that a *mesalliance* is a source at once of ridicule and misery." The lady could only answer by a sigh. "I have attained," said he, "high rank in the Imperial service. And I owe it to the Emperor's goodness and to my own character not to suffer that rank to be degraded in the person of my child. I owe it to that child herself not to suffer the passion and precipitancy of her youth to lay up misery for the rest of her days. Those, Madam, are maxims so essential, that to violate them is to violate the common obligations of society, to offend public decorum, and to incur misfortune, with the additional pain that it is the offspring of our own folly." The widow wrung her hands. "Thou my son must die!" were the only words she uttered. The General was moved, lightly pressed her hand, and she saw upon it a tear, but she also saw him rise from his chair and move slowly towards the door of the apartment. One moment more, and all must be lost. She rushed after him, and implored a moment's audience. As he turned round, she threw up her veil, and he for the first time saw her face. The light of recollection passed along his features. With one hand grasping his arm, with the other she drew a letter from her bosom. "Read this," said she, "General von Schulenberg, and tell me whether it, too, was the offspring of folly and deception!" The General overcame by emotion, sank into a chair; he had recognized his own hand-writing at the instant; and as he read, his emotions were variable in the changes of his many countenance. It was the indignant letter in which he had taken leave of the Count, the Tyrol, and the lady of his love together. Every line, as he traced its half-faded characters, was an eloquent and forcible contradiction of every word that he had but just spoken. All the arguments of the man of camps and courts found contemptuous reputation in the glowing sentiments of the youth speaking the dictates of passion and nature.

The General had seen a very varied career. On leaving the Austrian service, he had thrown himself into all the daring of a volunteer's life; distinguished his intelligence and intrepidity in the campaigns of Russia, alike against Persian, Turk, and Frenchman, and at length had been summoned back to the service of his country in the desperate struggle of 1809. But all was now peace; France was broken down, and the dashing volunteer was the gorgeous general. Yet his original nature was suppressed, not extinguished. The embroidered uniform, loaded with orders, might constrain, but it could not control the native man. And he often thought of the Tyrol, and the cup of unspeakable joy and grief which he had tasted there.

"In the name of Heaven, where was this letter found?" was his exclamation.

"Where it has been kept these five-and-twenty years, Theodore," was the trembling reply. "Adela! my own Adela!" pronounced the General, as his lips touched her forehead. She fainted in his arms. "My son, my son must live!" was her first utterance on reviving. "Your son is mine," was the answer. The recollections, the delights, the fond and deep feelings of such an hour are unspeakable.

On that night the Court circle were astonished by the twofold intelligence that the General, who had been a widower for some years, was to be a widower no longer; and that the young culprit was not to be shot next morning, but to be married next week. The news was received with a marked difference by the ladies. The General had been long a capital prize in the scheme of the matrimonial lottery, and it was vexatious to see it carried off by a stranger, of whom nothing was known, and who was evidently nobody. The monopoly of the fair Rosanna was a matter of another order; she being a handsome rival, extinguished