

new abode, when, tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present; they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and to endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manoeuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that the tirailleur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience, they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser!*" "*Leb der Kaiser!*" rose to the skies, from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracoling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*" (such is the term given them), and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting;

there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, they could not clearly discern his features. Adela's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor, and his favourite aid-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time, being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously offering aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes, and gazed upon him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavoring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days; and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father, who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beautiful child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek—what was his joy to discover symptoms