

sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under.

"No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said Adela:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?"

"I am recalled," said he hastily; "ordered I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However I am expected to join immediately."

"But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl passionately—"you will not go?"

"How am I to help it?" answered he.

"Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the emperor was your friend,—that he loved you, and would serve you? Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh! if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all. I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever a Hungarian girl met with favor in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me."

"Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return."

"I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if ever I cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so?—and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek,

and, bidding her a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt it; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer faded into the autumn, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he did not return: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion, and if she had any objections, she thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing.

That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, reviews and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found a hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital. They had not been many days in their