

Susan Somers.



THE
RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

VOL. II.

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THE
RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

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

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE
RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

THEODORE now felt the full advantage of former application. Having studied every language he had learned with critical accuracy, and perpetually exercised himself in writing as well as reading them, he was enabled to answer the letters of Englishmen, Germans, and Italians with the elegance of a native.

Where the subjects were purely intellectual, his pen flowed with the clearness and originality of his own ideas; and where they were mixed with other topics, the instruc-

tions of Count Lauenheim guided him on the novel track.

He foresaw that, in the exercise of this duty, and the privilege of sharing in the communications of such varied and distinguished correspondents, he should rapidly acquire that knowledge of other countries and characters which he knew to be so necessary for the accomplishment of his mind.

Having finished his gentle task, and left the packet of answers for the approbation or disapproval of the Count, he went to breathe the refreshing sea breeze in the open air, and afterwards returned to lose himself in the eloquence of Cicero.

He was sitting in the library absorbed by his book, when Countess Anastasia entered. She retreated a few steps at sight of a stranger; then gracefully recovering herself, bowed courteously, and proceeded to take the book she sought. Without speaking, and again bending her fair head, she left the apartment.

Theodore remained standing by the seat

he had risen from on her entrance in a trance of admiration: he had thought her beautiful the night before; to-day she was something beyond what that term can express. Whether it were the clearer light of day making her charms more visible, or the simpler taste of her dress, or the benignant expression of her countenance, he knew not, but certainly she appeared more charming in his eyes than when he first saw her.

So bright a vision put sober study to flight: he closed his book, and again imagination roved over the scenes of the preceding evening.

The dinner hour arrived, and Count Lauvenheim did not return. A servant came to inform Theodore that Madame Sauveur expected him in the drawing-room.

Polished female society was something quite new to him; he had lived chiefly amongst literary men during his first visit to Copenhagen, and from their parties women were generally excluded. At Aardal he saw only the daughters of herdsmen and

fishers, and he was now going into the presence of the most accomplished women in Denmark.

A slight agitation, a sort of fear lest he should display any gross ignorance of the forms of elegant life, for the first time quickened the motion of his blood. He was relieved by finding Madame Sauveur alone: her voluble good spirits set him directly at ease; and by the time his disturbed countenance had resumed its usual gentle seriousness, the sisters alternately entered.

Without considering the absurdity of the expectation, he expected to see Ellesif appear such as he had last beheld her, in the midst of agitation and tears: what was his surprize to behold her advance with the gaiety and the step of a nymph, her face all smiles, and her eyes all sunshine!

For the first few minutes he was disappointed, and thought she pleased him less than the night before; but the playful expressions of her face had so much variety and beauty, and so poetical an imagination

was shewn in the sportiveness of her conversation, that he was insensibly won to think her liveliness as delightful as her timidity had been touching.

The fair Anastasia preserved the character he had mentally assigned to her; a calm, unvaried union of dignity and suavity. She spoke well, but her discourse was neither embellished by wit nor imagination: there was nothing in it to find fault with; nothing to admire. Ere the evening closed, Theodore began to wonder how the world had been so mistaken as to imagine Anastasia more charming than her sister. More beautiful she certainly was, but not so lovely.

In one feature he thought the pre-eminence of Ellesif indisputable — the eyes. In this, however, he was mistaken: in shape and brightness each were equally admirable, but sensibility added intellectual charms to those of Ellesif. Though her hair was black, her eyes were blue (not the light azure of sunny day, but the deep blue of

starry night) ; and the shade of their long lashes, without diminishing that expression of sweetness and candour peculiar to the light eye, frequently gave to them the force and splendour of black.

Her complexion had the transparency of water lilies ; and if the colour on her cheek were rather delicate than brilliant, whenever she moved, spoke, or even thought with strong emotion, it heightened to the liveliest carnation.

The rest of her features were not so critically beautiful as her sister's, but they were in harmony with the youthful character of her countenance ; and it was impossible to see her figure without being immediately interested by its singular air of timidity and animation.

To her father's grace and softness, Ellesif added a glow of character and a sincerity that just touched the verge of imprudence ; yet both these qualities were less visible in her appearance than in her conduct. Her manner was timid when her counte-

nance was most animated: that enthusiasm of feeling, which usually renders others bolder, made her more apprehensive. When she spoke of what deeply interested or strongly moved her, though her cheeks and eyes kindled as she spoke, her breath shortened, and her voice fluttered.

This contradiction of manner and look was the consequence of being early initiated in the world of fashion. She quickly saw the ridicule which that world attaches to every thing that passes its appointed boundaries; and she was conscious of such excessive sensibility and openness in her own character, that she lived in the constant fear of exposing herself to the ridicule she dreaded. Often conscious that her feelings were visible to every surrounding observer, when prudence or delicacy would have wished them concealed, she endeavoured, with bitter mortification, to repress their expression entirely. Often would she resolve never again to betray them; but at the next strong throb of admiration, contempt, gra-

titude, or resentment, ere she recollected her resolution, she perceived that it could no longer be useful, her heart having already spoken through her eyes or her cheek.

It was this mixture of timidity and ardour that first excited the attention, and finally fixed the thoughts, of Theodore.

After dinner, when the party returned to the drawing-room, each person established herself at different employments, with an ease evidently the growth of France, and at that time unknown to the slower inhabitants of the North. Anastasia saying she took it for granted Señor Guevara liked music, seated herself at her harpsichord; Ellesif began a drawing, and Madame Sauvour, after unsuccessfully asking Theodore to play with her at a variety of games, or to tell her fortune, took up the cards, and, talking all the time without receiving or caring for reply, amused herself with the solitary game of Patience.

At first Theodore felt a degree of re-

straint and embarrassment : he was the only unemployed person, and, from the novelty of his situation, was perhaps the very one to whom some occupation was necessary. Anastatia's brilliant performance, he concluded, imposed silence : the sounds were discordant to his ear, as they recalled Heinrich ; and he sought, therefore, to fly from the pain they caused, by zealously attending to the mystery of Madame Sauveur's game.

After looking over her attentively for some time, it remained as much a mystery as ever ; and resigning himself to the melancholy reflections caused by the continuance of Anastasia's concerto, he stood leaning against a pillar, with his eyes fixed on her figure, though unconscious that it was before him.

Ellesif, who till now had believed him amused with Madame Sauveur's amusement, looked once or twice at him, with a newly-awakened feeling of interest. His large dark eyes, till then as full of sweet-

ness as of thought, were directed with so sad an expression towards Anastasia, that she distinctly perceived that expression proceeded from some source unconnected with her. The nobleness of his figure had pleased her on their first introduction, but he had spoken so little during dinner, that she could only guess at his mind. His present air of deep dejection awakened pity, and with pity, kindness.

“Are you fond of music, Señor Guevara?” she said. At the delightful sound of her voice, Theodore started round with a graceful glow of surprize. “No,” he said hastily; then recollecting himself, added, “I mean I am neither a performer nor a judge of it.”

“You draw then?” was the second remark. For the first time in his life he felt reluctant to own that he knew nothing of drawing either: “but I am a sincere admirer of that charming art,” he added. “Come then,” said Ellesif, “and have the goodness to prove you are indulgent to

those who attempt it, by assisting me. Do you think you can cut these crayons for me?" Theodore gladly accepted the office. Ellesif went on with her drawing after a few criticisms, while he pursued the task she had given him. Another silence ensued. "Here then," thought Theodore, "am I placed in a situation where, for one half of each day, I shall be nothing! My only link of union with society is conversation, and how small a part can that occupy. I have none of these lighter and more portable accomplishments that form so agreeable a variety in domestic circles. Yet, as it is not my fault that I have them not, I am at least spared the pain of self-reproof."

"Our occupations must appear very frivolous to you," said Ellesif, in a low tone: "my father has told me how much better you employ your time; so pray do not think that we never occupy ourselves with nobler things."

"You are very good," answered Theodore, "thus to depreciate what is charm-

ing, for the sake of reconciling me to my own deficiencies.”

Ellesif blushed and bowed. She rose from her seat, and taking a long morocco-case from another table, opened it upon that where she had been drawing. “As you like pictures, probably you will be interested by this collection of very scarce medals: they are heads of eminent persons.”

Theodore was struck by the delicate observation of his irksome feelings which this act indicated. Ellesif thus glided from her solitary employment into one that would associate him with her; he no longer felt an isolated, useless being; and by degrees his countenance and his conversation became as animated, though not as sportive, as hers.

“I hope you have found something to amuse Señor Guevara with, besides my noisy lesson,” asked Anastasia, turning her radiant face towards them. “I see Madame la Marquise has comfortably tucked herself up for the evening;” and in truth the weary Frenchwoman had laid aside her cards, and

rolled herself in her shawl at full length upon one of the sofas.

“ Indeed Madame la Marquise is not asleep,” said she, looking up; “ I am only resting myself: I saw nobody was inclined to talk. I walked twice round the globe this morning while you ladies were in bed, so I may be tired.”

“ Is not this something like the first bar of that pretty symphony they played last night before your scene?” asked Anastasia, striking a few beautiful chords.

“ O! for heaven’s sake,” interrupted Ellesif, “ dearest Anastasia, do not recall that hateful business. I shall never think of it without shame, mortification —”

Theodore’s speaking eyes just then raised to her’s, redoubled her confusion. “ Surely, Señor Guevara —” she hesitated, “ I really fear, by your looks, that you know what I mean. Ah! I see you were present.”

Theodore could not deny that he had been there. Ellesif closed the case of medals, and, completely subdued by the recol-

lection of her supposed childishness, became again the bashful, agitated creature that had first interested him.

Theodore would have argued her, and Madame Sauveur scolded her out of such excessive sensibility to a trifle; but ever in the habit of magnifying her own faults, the phantoms of Ellesif's imagination would yield no obedience to the reason of another.

Anastasia was brought from her instrument by the distressed tones of her sister. She appeared sincerely sorry for Ellesif's distress, but agreed with Theodore in pronouncing it extravagant and causeless. "Had it happened to me, my dear Ellesif," she said, "I should have cared for it just as little as if I had played wrong at cards; and who would weep about that? You must know, Señor Guevara, that this foolish sister of mine is all made up of nerves, and that it is her body's fault when she is as silly as you see her just now."

As Anastasia laid her beautiful hand on the throbbing neck of Ellesif, with the good-

humoured expression of "Be still, silly heart!" Theodore thought the kind smile which accompanied the action was worth all her beauty.

"Well! I believe I should not have been so distressed had it happened any where else," said Ellesif, "but before all the court; before Baron Vesteros too! for I know he was there: but pray let us say no more about it. Señor Guevara, can you play chess?"

How rejoiced was Theodore that he could answer that emphatic *can* in the affirmative! The chess-board was displayed, and they sat down to it. Anastasia proceeded in the embroidery of a scarf, and Madame Sauvour, finding her second resurrection as fruitless as her first, again rolled herself in her shawl, and tried to sleep.

During the course of their game, Ellesif recovered some vivacity; but Theodore became more thoughtful. When she thought he was deeply considering a move, he was in truth pondering upon the folly of

judging characters by a single trait. He had imagined, from the circumstances of the preceding night, that Ellesif had an excessive sensibility to general opinion; and that timidity formed as striking a peculiarity of her mind as of her person. What she had just said to her sister suggested other ideas.

This Baron Vesteros was perhaps the only person present whose opinion was of any consequence to her: most likely she was to marry him. Yet, if so, the mention of him before a stranger had something in it so revolting to his preconceived notion of her delicacy, that his manner visibly changed, and he played without speaking.

How unconscious was poor Ellesif of the effect of her unguarded, unexplained speech! Baron Vesteros was the most poignant satirist of the day; and she never considered that his name and his power might be unknown to Theodore.

Their game was just finished in favour of Ellesif, when a couple of notes were brought from Count Lauvenheim. The one ad-

dressed to his daughters was to tell them that he would not be at the villa till the next day; and that to Theodore was to request he would send the packet of letters he had left him in charge to write. Some part of the note required an answer; and glad to be relieved from his present situation, Theodore seized the opportunity, and took leave of the ladies for the night.

As he left the room, Madame Sauveur started half up, and remained leaning on her elbow in a listening attitude, till the sound of his steps was no longer audible. "Well! now he is fairly gone," she said, "tell me what you think of the Count's protégé and prodigy? O! mon Dieu, what a gêne he has been all this evening! I mentioned every game on the cards, and not one did he know: then I tried him at a rebus; for one must do something to amuse folks that won't amuse themselves; and he literally did not comprehend me — he had never heard one in his life. The pauvre Bete! Ah mon Dieu! who could have imagined such bar-

barism! and this is the clever person your father sounded such a trumpet before! this is the cub we are to lick into a bear! — a bear indeed! Ah, mon Dieu!”

Here the lively Frenchwoman threw herself back on the couch, and laughed immoderately; returning again to her unanswered question of “What do you think of him?”

“I don’t think much of him,” replied Anastasia; “he seems civil and stupid enough, and very inoffensive.”

At this phrase the Marquise laughed again, exclaiming, “Yes, quite harmless: the Count has taken good care of our hearts.” It must be remembered, that Madame Sauveur was a widow of nine-and-thirty.

“Don’t be too sure of that, Madame Sauveur,” said Ellesif, archly, “he has your favourite charms, *grand yeux noir*, and *un long regard*.”

“Yes, indeed, that is very provoking,” quickly interrupted the Marquise, “to see such a pair of fine eyes thrown away! — the

young man is handsome, positively ; — but so unlike a Frenchman !”

“ So unlike, indeed !” repeated Ellesif, answering Madame Sauveur’s shrug of the shoulders with a smile.

“ I am sure you must have suffered martyrdom in trying to entertain him,” observed Madame, “ I saw it was all up-hill work, so I withdrew my forces, and bivouacked on the sofa.”

“ Indeed I found him very agreeable,” replied Ellesif : “ certainly not much like every-day-men. I guessed he could not talk about the *on dit* of the day, for could you or I do so at Pekin ? But he conversed very intelligently ; sometimes profoundly, and sometimes with a playful grace that reminded me of my father.”

At this remark, not only Madame la Marquise but Countess Anastasia burst into repeated peals of laughter. To compare this Norwegian savage, this walking book-case, this curiosity, this handsome automaton, with such a person as Count

Lauvenheim! Ellesif required some courage, and as much indifference about Theodore, to stand their joint attack; she was, however, cheerfully resolute, and defended her opinion by citing two or three elegant observations of Theodore's, which obliged her opponents to allow that he was not so leaden as he looked.

“And what your quarrel is with his looks,” she added, “I cannot imagine. It seems to me that no one can deny his being extremely handsome. He is evidently unused to female society, therefore embarrassed by it, and that takes something from the gracefulness of his air.”

“O! I confess his ~~d'abord~~ is quite what it ought to be,” said Madame: “perhaps he may improve: at any rate he won't run us down with small-talk. I have such an aversion to great talkers!—but then there's a medium you know,—one may be very agreeable without being as stupid as an owl.”

“I should think so,” observed Ellesif.

X d'abord

“To say the truth,” said Anastasia, carelessly, “I think the young man vastly well suited for our house. My father says he is every thing he wants; and for our circle, it is better such a person should not come too forward. He seems respectful and modest, and that is all we care about in my father’s secretary.”

“Not exactly so, Anastasia,” replied Ellesif: “you must remember that my father thinks his great acquirements give him a right to high consideration:—he does not treat him, or consider him, as secretaries usually are treated and considered. He wishes him to be actually like one of the family: if the poor fellow is not to suffer the mortification of frequent slights from our acquaintance, we must give him the consequence he deserves, by shewing him proper attention before them.”

Anastasia agreed with her; while Madame Sauveur observed, that Countess Ellesif was the universal champion of all the old, ugly, awkward, and unfortunate.

The lively Frenchwoman then flew off to another subject; and Theodore's *grand yeux noir*, and complete barbarism, were soon forgotten in a dispute with Anastasia about the hypocrisy or sincerity of Madame de Maintenon's extreme devotion.

Attracted as Theodore was, by the charming manners and liberal sentiments of Ellesif, and powerful as was his desire for the society of that sex who are said to polish man, it was yet so strange and embarrassing to him, that he gladly relinquished it the next morning for the Count and Copenhagen.

He left the villa very early, after a solitary breakfast, and proceeded to the town-house of his patron. Full of the preceding evening's restraint, Theodore felt restored to himself at sight of the Count: that gracious countenance was like the sight of home. "I have so much for you to do, Guevara," said he; "so much to do myself, that I have only time to ask if Madame Sauveur and my daughters took care of you

yesterday. I have all these papers for you to copy, and some more letters for you to write from these memorandums. What you did yesterday are just what I wished;—this only excepted; you mistook my sense a little, but I had not explained myself sufficiently. You will have the goodness to re-write it, according to the alterations I have pencilled on the margin. In consequence of dispatches from our minister at London, some important business will occupy us to a late hour to-day. I fear this hurry is not what you are used to!”

“Certainly not, my lord,” replied Theodore, “but I have a mind that is not easily tired; and it is my greatest pleasure to be with you, to be employed by you.”

The Count’s answer was an amiable smile. He then proceeded to give Theodore instructions in a more regular manner, and, leaving him employment for the whole day, with orders to take his meals without thinking of him, departed for the council.

The day, though passed alone, had not

the effect of solitude : so many interesting state-papers were transcribed by Theodore, so many able remarks were written by the pencil of the Count as marginal notes, that his mind was thronged with animating ideas. The welfare of a great kingdom thus placed before his eyes, he felt that less powerful interests could not wrest him from so noble a study. If he were ever to be any thing in life, he decided that it must be in this career.

At a late hour after his short dinner, Count Lauenheim returned. He looked over Theodore's transcriptions, and again expressed complete satisfaction with their correctness. " We are now released," he said, " and may take our holiday. Some friends sup with me in the country to-night, and I think their agreeable society will recompense us both for this long day of drudgery. I expect one of my brothers-in-law will call for us."

The next moment a servant announced the carriage of the high admiral.

At that name Theodore's countenance changed: it had put to flight every agreeable idea excited by the unusual animation of Count Lauenheim. Theodore had expected an evening of unmixed pleasure under the shelter of his watchful politeness: secure of indulgence and support from him, he had hoped to throw off the unmanly embarrassment that had distressed him the preceding night, and to meet the social joy of others upon something like equal terms. But this unwelcome visitor rose like the spectre of a crime, to wither all his enjoyments.

Heinreich's profligacy, and Dofrestom's paternal disappointment, were so closely associated with this man's name, that only the habit of hearing it often was likely to weaken its effect.

When the gentlemen got down stairs they found the admiral in the hall, waiting for them. Count Lauenheim presented Theodore, adding some handsome expression of the esteem with which he considered

him. The Admiral bowed coldly. He was a person of middle age, and had the air of a man *à bonnes fortunes*. By the different mode of his address to the Count and to himself, Theodore at once saw that he was never to expect any thing but repelling civility from him.

Familiarly free, even to excess, with his equals, Count Gulderlieu was the haughtiest of men to his inferiors. He talked profusely during their drive, and solely to his brother-in-law, leaving Theodore ample leisure to muse over the painful events connected with his idea.

These thoughts, and others in their train, had so entirely subdued the raised spirits of Theodore, that when he alighted at the villa, and went to make some alteration in his dress, he wished that he could have absented himself from the gay party below.

The visitors expected by the Count had nearly all arrived before him; so that on Theodore's appearance amongst them twenty persons were assembled. In the first

apartment, half the party were engaged at cards or in conversation, while those in the inner room were occupied with music.

The cheerful sounds proceeding thence were peculiarly discordant to Theodore in his present mood; but as Count Lauvenheim was not in the first chamber, he was obliged to seek him in the second.

A little groupe of ladies and gentlemen, including the Count, were round Anastasia at her harpsichord: in a full flush of beauty, heightening every moment by the audible admiration of those around, she sat, the idol of the circle. Theodore looked about for Ellesif: he saw her at a distance, laughing and talking with a man twice her age, from whose favourable resemblance to the Admiral, he judged him to be the elder Count Gulderlieu. The instant she saw Guevara hesitating between the entrance of the two apartments, she came forward, and asked him some trivial question in a manner that shewed she took an interest in his pensive looks. He answered her question by

something more than a reply ; an amusing remark of her's followed ; and by degrees she won him from his melancholy.

Theodore was surprised to find himself more at ease in this large circle than he had been in the narrow one of the last night. Ellesif proposed his introduction to Anastasia's uncle ; and leading him towards that part of the room where the Viceroy stood, she presented Señor Guevara as her father's friend. Madame Sauveur joined them. While the set round the instrument were tossing over music-books, and settling the different parts they were to take in the next duet or trio, they formed an agreeable party *quarré*.

By the time the performers had made their selection, and, a new piece beginning, called for silent attention, Madame Sauveur was volubly telling herself, that she had really been mistaken in the young secretary, for that he was not only the handsomest man in the room, but surprizingly agree-

able; — in short, she began to think he was not *quite* unlike a Frenchman!

In truth Theodore felt instant exhilaration, and a pleasure unknown before, at the sight of Ellesif; her delightful spirits were contagious: he was pleased with the courteous manners of the Viceroy; and entertained beyond measure with the novelty of that picquant yet elegant raillery, that sportive attack and defence which he heard from Ellesif and the persons round, and which is rarely ventured in less polished society.

At the conclusion of the second piece of music, Anastasia rose, and taking another lady by the arm, went into the card room, followed by her train of adorers.

Count Lauvenheim joined his youngest daughter. The last touches of graceful wit were left for him to bestow on the conversation. Animated by private occurrences, and full of proud hopes, the Count never appeared to more advantage. Theodore followed the elegant play of his mind

with an admiration and delight visible to every one. He ceased to speak, that he might listen to his noble friend; but his countenance discoursed so eloquently, that no one could remember he had not spoken.

Ellesif saw this admiration of her father; and many a bright beam from her eye answered the speaking glance of Theodore.

In the midst of their sallies the Admiral entered; as he advanced towards the groupe, Theodore receded: Ellesif saw his countenance change; she attributed it to Count Gulderlieu's haughty character, and gradually sliding out of the circle, with a feeling purely benevolent, passed close by Theodore. "I am going to try a Norwegian ballad," she said; "will you listen to me, (though I see you don't like music,) and tell me whether I sing it right."

Theodore bowed and followed. Ellesif sung as sweetly as she spoke, and Theodore excused the pleasure he found in listening to her, by attributing it to the national air

which revived the idea of dear and romantic Norway.

When she had finished, his only eulogium was a request that she would sing it again. Ellesif immediately consented; and as she now and then looked towards him, and met his eyes, their expression deepened the interest his manners had already caused in her. She could have fancied those eyes were surcharged with tears: they were indeed heavy with tender and sad remembrances.

“It is impolitic in me thus to remind you of Norway,” she said, pausing on the instrument, “when we wish you so much to like Denmark.”

Theodore struggled to overcome a sigh with a smile, as he replied to the amiable compliment. “That air does indeed remind me of Norway, of my old father, of”——he was going to say *Heinreich*; but checking himself, he hastily added, “I used to hear that air so often sung by one

of my family, that it makes home present to me."

"Then whenever you wish to be transported there, you know where to command the hand that is to do so," said Ellesif, sportively. Theodore's eyes audibly told her how amiable she appeared to him.

At that moment one of the gentlemen who had left the room with Anastasia, came back alone, and went up to a window with the disordered air of a person unmindful of what he does. "How I pity that poor man!" said Ellesif; "I dare say my sister has just said or done some civil thing to somebody else, and he has taken it for a declaration against himself."

"The Russian ambassador's son, is it not?"

"Yes; it was he that acted with Anastasia. He is so in love, and so jealous, and so to be pitied!" Ellesif's pitying eyes were for a moment directed towards him: "yet, after all, my sister is the most to be pitied, for causing so much suffering."

“ I have been told,” observed Theodore, smiling, “ that ladies enjoy their power of giving pain.”

“ Indeed my sister does not : and if she should ever love any one, and fail to excite the same sentiment in return, all this useless power will then be remembered by her but as an aggravation of disappointment : but for Anastasia so to love is impossible.”

“ I fear not impossible,” replied Theodore ; “ I should think there are hearts whom nothing could charm but sympathy, or some peculiar feature of character ; and it is just possible that Countess Anastasia might not have that feature of the mind.”

“ Oh, do not think it possible,” cried Ellesif ; “ she would have reason to hate her worthless beauty.”

“ And do you think,” asked Theodore, “ that Countess Anastasia would exchange her exquisite beauty for an humbler appearance, if that only could be coupled with the quality which was to engage one favoured individual ?”

“ Can you doubt it, Señor? Surely a woman would wish to please the person dearest to her, even though she could only do it by growing hideous to all the world beside.”

Ellesif's glowing countenance, alternately animated and fearful, bore testimony to the sensibility that prompted this remark. Theodore was going to reply, when Count Lauvenheim joined them.

He rallied his daughter upon the necessity she had been under of asking herself to sing at last, after having in the beginning of the evening complained of a cold, and silenced her friends' applications. “ I would not have had your arch enemy, Baron Vesteros, here,” said he, as bidding them come to supper, he led the way to the eating-hall.

Theodore had been thinking of Baron Vesteros at the moment the Count joined them, and by unconsciously repeating “ your enemy !” immediately obtained from Ellesif a full account of the wit in

question. This account effaced the disagreeable remembrance of what he had imagined indelicacy in Ellesif.

The supper, enlivened by elegant mirth, was pleasant to every one but Theodore. He had got seated at a distance from her who shewed such benevolent care of his comfort ; and as the Count never ate supper, but stood talking with two or three persons at a distance, his young friend had no one near him with whom he cared to converse.

The boisterous merriment of the Admiral, and his gross compliments to the ladies, excused Theodore to himself for a sudden depression of spirits ; and maugre the repeated calls upon his attention which the lively Madame Sauveur made across the table, he became sadly and seriously silent.

Ellesif was so taken up with endeavouring to enliven her sister's sullen humour, that she had no time to address Theodore : the first sign of animation that appeared on his face was occasioned by the direction of one of her bright eye-beams towards him.

They were still at table, when a servant informed Count Lauvenheim that a foreign gentleman wished to see him in private. The Count went out, and returned in a few minutes, with a spirited-looking young man, in a travelling dress.

“ I bring you an old playfellow,” he said, addressing his daughters, “ the Chevalier de Roye.”

“ Gaston !” exclaimed Ellesif, springing from table, “ what, in Heaven’s name, brings you at last to Denmark ?”

“ *A truant disposition, good my lady !*” repeated the young man. “ Ellesif, I know by her voice : but how grown ! *Angels and ministers of grace defend me !*” he added, gaily, “ defend me from that blaze of beauty at the other end of the room. Good my lord, do you keep no shields in your house for honest men’s hearts ? Sir, will you do me the favour of standing between me and that fair piece of mischief. I see she has unsheathed her eyes, and is making

towards me with the most deadly intentions."

Theodore, to whom this was addressed, scarcely knew whether the speaker were or were not in his senses; but the ready laugh of Ellesif assured him the Chevalier was one of those happy people who are at home every where, and are privileged to play whatever fantastic tricks they please. He smiled, therefore, as he replied "I can assure you, Sir, I have not been dipped in the Styx.

The Chevalier nodded to him, while advancing to meet Anastasia. "You and I will be vastly good friends presently, Sir."

"He takes you for as facetious a person as himself," observed the Count.

"The Chevalier is exactly what he was in our play-days," said Ellesif; "we were children together in England, Señor Guevara, and have kept up the family intimacy by constant correspondence.

"In England!" repeated Theodore. "Is not the Chevalier a Frenchman?"

Count Lauvenheim explained. "He is grandson of that Count and Countess de Roye, who took shelter in this country from religious persecution in their own. They were exceedingly liked by our late King, and probably would have been naturalized here, but for an unlucky jest of the Countess's; she was imprudent enough to compare the person of the Queen to that of one Madame Ponacha, a sort of fool at the court of Paris, and that jest lost them the protection of Their Majesties."

"The Chevalier appears to inherit his grandmother's character," observed Theodore, as he caught some of his conversation with Anastasia.

"Indeed he does," replied the Count; "but, I hope, tempered with English prudence, for he has British blood in his veins. When the Count and Countess de Roye left Denmark, they went with their numerous family to England; our Prince George was then married to Anne, the present Queen, and the Countess's brother, the

Marquis de Blanquefort, who had followed the fortunes of Charles II., was high in power, and already created Earl of Feversham by the immortal William III. Some of their children have returned since to France; others have settled in England. Count de Marton, the father of your laughter, was once very near reaching an Irish peerage: the warrant was actually made out, but King William died before it was signed, and the coronet vanished."

"My dear Sir," cried Anastasia, calling to her father, "have the goodness to take this unmerciful Chevalier off my hands; he is talking me to death."

Count Lauvenheim saw that his daughter was distressed by the half serious, half bantering compliments De Roye was loudly addressing to her; and he was advancing to her support, when Ellesif, gaily beckoning the Chevalier, told him she hoped he had not the effrontery to think of sitting down to supper amongst such well-dressed people in his present travelling dress.

“ I have supped ; so I perceive has Señor Guevara ; and my father never takes any. Suppose we leave the party at table to themselves, and return into the saloon, for a little quiet talk about England ?”

The Chevalier signified obedience, by familiarly drawing for his arm through his, and proceeding to the dining-rooms.

Theodore, so invited, followed with the Count.

“ Who is that behind us ?” asked De Roye.

“ A young Spaniard,” replied Ellesif, “ of whom my father has the highest opinion ; he is literally his confidential secretary. Having passed his whole life in study, it is necessary to draw him out ; but I am sure you will find his mind well worth the trouble of doing so.”

“ No, no, if that’s his character,” answered De Roye, “ I would advise folks never to raise the curtain. Nothing can be a better scheme for a stupid, good-looking fellow, than to affect the silent and

reserved. Imagination makes what it likes of him, and peoples his mysterious shades with goblins or gods at will. But I think he was a little smart just now ; I liked that ‘ taste of his quality ’ very well.”

“ Chevalier,” said the Count, when they were all seated in the first saloon, “ let me ask what you are come about ? I hope to pay your long-promised visit to us.”

“ That of course,” replied De Roye ; “ but my inducements were threefold : first, to see perfect beauty, (the Count bowed for Anastasia, and Ellesif thanked him with a smile that made her in Theodore’s eyes lovelier than the sister thus admired ;) second, to go to the summer fair ; third, to repay Ellesif for many a good box of the ear, she used to give me some eight, nine, ten years ago ! I am not come in search of a wife, Count, I assure you ; so don’t be alarmed for your daughters : we are too *brotherish* and *sisterish* for love.”

“ Oh, barbarian !” exclaimed Ellesif, in the same lively tone, with the action of stabbing herself. De Roye laughed.

“ Perhaps we are to understand from this,” rejoined the Count, “ that your heart is destined for an English lady.”

“ No, I shall never marry an English woman.”

“ That never is strongly said,” observed Theodore; “ it implies a censure upon the women of a nation who I thought were celebrated for beauty and merit.”

“ Why, Sir, you must know,” returned the Chevalier, “ that in England there is in every family a beauty and an angel; the one perfection in body, the other, in character. 'Tis the father's delight to puff off the first, and the managing mother's to amplify about the second. Both ladies, of course, set themselves down for miracles in their different branches: so the careful man, who denies himself the beauty for fear of marrying a tyrant, finds his angel every whit as detestable.”

“ Then there never is by chance such a thing as a third daughter, neither very pretty, nor very good ?”

The composure with which Theodore said this, surprized the Chevalier into calling out, “ Faith, Ellesif, that is not stupid.”

The manner of De Roye gave this an air of question ; it implied that Ellesif had bestowed that epithet on Theodore ; who, feeling now more pained for her than mortified for himself (deep as was his mortification), turned towards a table covered with ornamental china, as if he had not heard the Chevalier.

Count Lauenheim's severe glance brought additional crimson to Ellesif's cheek ; with her usual hasty frankness she exclaimed, “ Indeed, my dear father, I never called Señor Guevara stupid ! How could I call him so ! so agreeable, so very agreeable as he was the other night. Señor Guevara, indeed —”

Theodore turned his glowing face towards them. “ Had you said so, Countess

Ellesif, it would have been a truth, and I should not have taken it ill."

"O my foolish girl," cried the Count, seeing her all blushes, "how this precipitation of yours gets you into scrapes! I wish you had not spoken."

"Pray let me be *spoker* for a moment," cried De Roye, elevating his voice. "I am the culprit. I asked Ellesif who that stupid man was behind us; Ellesif said so and so, and I replied so and so: (here the Chevalier repeated their dialogue;) and when the Señor made an apt observation, I made that remark to her, which I should have made to myself. This is my last dying speech and confession, Gentlemen, so you must acquit my supposed accomplice."

"It would be adding to all this," said Theodore, "were I to express how much I am distressed to see so much made of a trifle. Yet I ought to thank you, Sir, for giving me an opportunity of knowing that I am so indulgently considered by Countess Ellesif."

The ever-ready tear and blush of Ellesif accompanied the enchanting smile with which she bowed to him, and extended her hand. Theodore scarcely ventured to touch that hand, but the expression of those dewy eyes fixed their memory in his heart for ever.

“ I promise to make this up to you, some day or other,” said De Roye, gaily ; “ nay, if you turn out duller than the fat weed on Lethe’s brink, that rots itself with motion, I will swear you are the most agreeable person extant ; and I can assure you that my suffrage is of some consequence.”

“ If modesty be the infallible sign of excellence,” enjoined Ellesif, “ I fear, Chevalier, Señor Guevara will not be greatly tempted to cultivate your acquaintance.”

“ That happy *if!*” exclaimed De Roye ; “ in truth, I consider myself a charming mixture of the vain Frenchman and the proud English. But Ellesif, if you call me

Chevalier again, and not Gaston, I shall suspect you have designs upon me, not in the least of a *sisterish* nature, and shall provide for my safety accordingly. Here comes that bright apparition once more ! By all that is heavenly, it is worth a pilgrimage, barefoot, round the world, only to catch a glimpse of her departing steps !’

Anastasia, as she entered, moved towards one of the glass doors opening on the park, and, complaining of the heated room, had it thrown open by a crowd of contending hands. A robe of purple crape, bound with a zone of diamonds, confined her majestic shape ; a coronet of the same glittering gems was on her head : fatigued with its weight, she took it off, and gave it to one of her noble attendants. The action disturbed her fine hair, which now fell in soft redundance over her figure : part of those long tresses she threw aside, and the moon then shone upon her forehead.

Its whiteness and exquisite form, the heightened colour of her cheek, and the

momentary expression of her large auburn eyes now raised to the planet of night, gave her a celestial appearance. "How can any one say that beauty loses its effect by familiarity?" whispered Ellesif; "I have passed my life with Anastasia, and every time I look on her, I do it with the same delight."

"I am sure you do," said Theodore. Count Lauvenheim had joined his eldest daughter; De Roye was looking at her with unequivocal yet calm admiration.

"All those charms were in the bud, when she was in England, Ellesif," said he; "and you were a dear, entertaining little girl; and one never had time to think whether you were pretty or not; but you have turned out vastly well; your beauty has teeth and claws, as well as Anastasia's, and I suspect, does a good deal of mischief in a sly way."

"I cannot admire your figures of speech, Gaston, (though I thank you for your

compliment); and I see Señor Guevara admires them as little."

"Ah, Señor, my good Señor!" exclaimed the absurdly gay De Roye, "get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle! Pray tell me what *you* think of Countess Anastasia?"

"Am I to answer your ridiculous quotation," asked Theodore, laughing, "or reply to your last question?" "To my last." — "Then I was just thinking," resumed Theodore, "that Helen must have been like Countess Anastasia."

"Now I was thinking her like Pelop's ivory shoulder; of Divine workmanship, but not of flesh and blood." The lively Chevalier then abruptly asked Ellesif if her sister were any thing else than an *ivory shoulder*; if she had talents? Ellesif was eloquent in the description of her accomplishments.

"I rejoice to hear it," exclaimed De Roye, "for I live on sweet sounds."

“ Then of course, Gaston, *you* play on some instrument ?”

“ I am reckoned incomparable at playing — the fool.”

“ I perceive your excellence ; but let me tell you, that if played agreeably and in *good time*, the *fool* gives brilliancy to the graver harmonies of life. You sing ?”

“ So movingly, that the heavens weep : you know it always rains when the ass brays.”

“ Pshaw ! — then you draw ?”

“ Yes, — myself out of scrapes.”

“ Tiresome jester ! You make verses then ?”

“ Once only I hazarded an impromptu, and addressed it to a lady present, but she levelled such a frown, that my muse has limped ever since. The verses were nevertheless worthy of Sappho. You shall hear : —

“ If those eyes

“ Don't tell lies,

“ Then, by Jove,

“ 'Tis me you love !”

Theodore was as much amused as surprised by the perfect ease with which the Chevalier sung this absurdity ; without shewing any embarrassment either at the silence of the whole company when he began to sing, or their burst of laughter when he had finished, he sprung across the room to Anastasia, leaving Theodore and Ellesif to themselves. Anxious to efface every trace of De Roye's unlucky exclamation, Ellesif remained, leaning against the same cabinet with Theodore, conversing less gaily, but far more interestingly than before.

From speaking of the customs of England, she was insensibly brought to mention their authors ; that led to the literature of other countries. Theodore listened with pleased surprize : he saw her lovely, he expected to find her mind graceful, and her heart amiable ; but he was not prepared for so much information, reflection, and originality of thought.

A natural love of reading, joined to the

important advantage of having lived in the best society from her very infancy, had given to Ellesif at eighteen the ripeness of mind peculiar to middle age: this depth of feeling and of reflection, when graced by the lighter charms of youthful gaiety and a poetical imagination, formed a character exactly calculated to attract Theodore.

The Augustan age of England, rather than the gorgeous one of France, had visibly left its print on her mind: she described with inimitable skill the graces of Parisian society; but on the details of English society, where the highest intellectual powers were generally coupled with the purest morals, she dwelt with peculiar satisfaction. She was a child when she lived in England, but a child of uncommon quickness of observation and of feeling; and the discourses she could not join in, she had listened to with awful attention.

So delightful was this *tête-à-tête* in a

crowd, that Theodore was grieved to see the Viceroy approach to take leave: his departure broke up the party; and in a few minutes after the rooms were cleared, all the inhabitants of the house were gone to their separate apartments.

CHAPTER II.

UPON entering his chamber, Theodore saw a letter directed to himself, lying upon his writing-table; he opened it, and found it to be merely an envelope, containing the receipts of Heinrich's creditors.

Here then, was the path of reformation and peace again opened to Heinrich; here was a silencer for all Dofrestom's cares; here was a pledge of Count Lauvenheim's esteem and solid worth. Theodore's gratitude did not stop at the delicate generosity of a man it was such delight to venerate; he looked up to that gracious Providence who had willed these events; and, penetrated with pious sentiments, sat down to write to Aardal, and to Heinrich.

The remembrance of the bitter past was now sweetened by hopes for the future; and he retired to bed, though his heart was too happily agitated for sleep. Alternately the voices of Ellesif and of her father vibrated on his ears; alternately he repeated every kind expression they had addressed to him, and continued to think of them till their images could no longer be separated in his mind.

At his next visit to Mr. Coperstad, his letter to Heinrich was forwarded by a gentleman going to Dresden; and that letter dispatched, Theodore's perturbed feelings settled into delightful serenity.

Familiarity with the manners and customs of the society in which he lived, soon gave him a facility in adopting such as reason approved, and the courage of refusing what she condemned. That habit of observation which was natural to him, enabled him to discover the minutest of those usages that are almost mechanical in good company: tact and taste gave him

the finest polish of politeness; of that superior politeness which flows from benevolence, and has for its maxim never uselessly to utter a disagreeable truth, never to exalt itself at the expence of another.

When the embarrassment of his first feelings subsided, his character took that ascendancy over others, which it was destined to maintain: respect accompanied the affection he excited; and even Madame Sauveur soon began to stand more in awe of a quiet look of disapprobation from Señor Guevara, than of Baron Vesteros's wit.

The consideration with which Theodore was uniformly treated by Count Lauvenheim's family, and the notice of the Hereditary Prince of ——, when chance brought them into the same circle, ensured him the countenance of persons naturally less affable: he therefore mixed with all the parties at his patron's villa, and with many at other distinguished houses, without being recalled by one mortification to a sense of

dependence. But wherever he went, unless he saw there the countenances now most dear to him, every pleasure was insipid : he thought all power of delighting was centered in the circle round Count Lauvenheim.

Perhaps he was right : the untravelled nobility of the north were not at that time what they may be now. Those only who had lived at the courts of Paris and of Dresden knew how to embellish social life ; to provide for the amusement of their guests without losing their own freedom ; to be familiar without coarseness ; and discreet, with the air of perfect *épanchement de cœur*.

Discretion, that prime virtue of artificial life, when dressed by the graces, becomes as agreeable as she is useful : when left to her own undecorated lifelessness, she freezes affection and piques self-love.

Count Lauvenheim's circle being chiefly composed of the members of foreign embassies and travelled Danes, acquired, from their majority over the duller part of it, a decided animation. The same persons that

would have been stupid and cold at their own houses became otherwise in his: they saw nothing but life, and ease, and elegance around them; and it was impossible to be near such qualities without catching something of their spirit.

To be invited to the suppers of Count Lauvenheim was the aim of all who either madly rushed upon the destruction of Anastasia's eyes, or sought to participate in the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures: only a chosen few were ever admitted; the rest took their chance in morning calls and great entertainments, at distant intervals.

Unlike most beauties, Anastasia did not wish the circle of her daily worshippers widened: she neither shunned nor sought admiration; it was a tribute she expected from every one: and though she believed herself the most finished work of nature, she neither exulted in the idea, nor courted opportunities of seeing it proved. Her crowd of admirers were more frequently refused admittance than welcomed during her

morning avocations. This indifference to admiration tended to animate its expression ; and wherever she appeared in the public walks, or at court festivals, crowds followed crowds, and every voice murmured transport. Theodore was struck with such disregard of power : it was still further developed during their visit to the summer fair that had immediately followed Gaston de Roye's arrival.

At this fair, towards the end of July, all Copenhagen is transported to the beautiful park where it is held. Under the shade of verdant trees or of painted awnings, groupes are seen partaking the social meal, or joining the seducing waltz. Music and mirth echo from every grove : crowds assemble to drink the famed waters of St. Helen's spring, while here and there a contemplative individual may be observed wandering alone through far-off walks.

At the name of Countess Anastasia, the whole mass of people precipitated themselves upon her path. Admiration was em-

boldened by the number of its adherents : nothing was to be heard but bursts of transport, and ardent entreaties that she would throw off her veil. “ Oblige them, Anastasia,” said her father, gently pulling aside the envious shade.

They had ascended the mount of the hermitage : Anastasia stood for a few moments to gratify the crowd below, then gracefully curtseying, retired calmly into the little building. Soon afterwards she obtained leave to depart ; and she went, in defiance of Gaston de Roye’s arguments, who wound up many whimsical reasons for her stay by a favourite quotation :—

“ Beauty is nature’s brag, and should be seen
At pomps, and feasts, and high solemnities ;
It is for homely features to keep home ;
They had their name thence.”

Theodore respected her for this disregard of personal homage ; yet he could not help ascribing it to that general indifference which marked her manner. Nothing affected her

strongly; even ambition, her only passion, seemed in her heart to change its nature, and to become a lukewarm feeling. This deadness of character was so discordant with her glow of beauty, that, in the very centre of her adorers, Theodore secretly believed it impossible for any one to love her tenderly and steadily.

How different did Ellesif appear! In the careless hours of domestic intercourse, how many beauties of character were unconsciously displayed by her! The heart may seek to conceal itself from the outward world, but in the sanctuary of home it takes refuge from constraint, leaving its excellence or its depravity, its charms or its defects, to the observation of others. A multitude of little circumstances, that we can neither foresee nor avert, daily make discoveries of our principles and actions to those that surround us; and happy is the individual whose conduct will always bear this microscope of home!

Theodore became gradually acquainted

with the excellence of Ellesif: his judgment dwelt with satisfaction on that excellence; his taste hung delighted on her graces, and his heart breathing the same affections and virtues as her's, soon lost itself in dangerous, resistless sympathy.

He saw that ~~any~~ thing she did had a warmth, an earnestness in it, which gave an impulse to the benevolence of others. Anastasia was ever ready with her purse to relieve or to oblige; but Ellesif, with her purse, bestowed her time, her thoughts, her very heart, till she had served or saved. Her benevolence stopped not at great exertions: like Theodore's, it was ever watchful to ward off those unseen wounds which are often given to dependence, infirmity, or sorrow, by carelessness and malignity. For every doubtful action she had the kindest conjecture to offer; for every culpable one, some extenuation: she might have passed for a disciple of that ancient worthy, who said, "he that habituates himself to hate vice, will soon hate mankind."

Pity was the only sentiment Ellesif could feel for erring humanity.

Having loved her mother tenderly, her death had given the first check to a vivacity that till then was excessive. Her father she nearly worshipped; and her sister possessed as much of her heart as such a sister could win — how much was left for some other person!

That other she had not seen when Theodore first appeared at the villa. Ellesif had already been the object of more than one profound attachment; and frequently Anastasia's adorers had ended in becoming her lovers; but with all her excess of softness and of pity, she had never felt a momentary weakness in favour of any man.

She saw Theodore, and she admired him; she knew him, and she longed to gain his esteem. The unvarying integrity of his character was a subject of constant admiration to her, who had so often to turn away her eyes from the temporary degradations of men otherwise estimable. His gentler

qualities won her affection; his acquirements commanded her respect. She sought his conversation with an eagerness she took no trouble to hide, believing that her excuse was manifest in his endowments.

In their accidental *tête-à-têtes* she was not so much surprized by the novelty and boldness of his ideas, as by their perpetual beauty and justness. Even had a better principle been wanting, the fineness of his taste, she thought, would have led him as surely to the sublime in morals, as it did to the lovely in sentiment, and the graceful in fancy.

It was to his peculiarly fine taste, indeed, that Theodore owed the charm of his character: the seriousness and dignity of that character might otherwise have been more awful than amiable; but this beautiful quality, this faculty of enjoyment, which every moment brought into display, diffused sweetness over the higher faculties of his mind, and expressions of his face, affording to almost every individual an opportunity of

sympathizing at some moment or other with the pleasures of his nobler nature. Having always condemned his feelings to ~~serene~~ ^{to} restraint, he seemed to seek compensation in the enjoyments of taste ; enjoyments which, though less vivid, are devoid of that danger which lurks under those of the heart. Taste, indeed, distinguished Theodore ; imagination Ellesif : the fancy of the latter found an enchanted region in the alternate pensiveness and animation, silence and confidingness of Theodore ; while the taste of the former loved to linger round the personal grace of Ellesif, and to wander over the bright creations of her poetical eloquence.

Theodore enjoyed certainties, consequently beheld with an indulgent eye that indiscreet frankness which shewed him Ellesif as she really was : she, on the contrary, loved all that stimulated enquiry, and she found it in his self-repressed character.

With Theodore the tongue was a secondary organ of speech : he discoursed

principally with his eyes ; in mixed society, it was from them that his heart and mind uttered their most ardent sentiments, Ellesif early discovered this peculiarity ; and from that moment she was accustomed to seek, in the eyes of Theodore, for a comment upon whatever was said or done by herself or others.

Dangerous habit ! which by mixing two hearts eternally together, declares to each what they would start to hear if uttered by the lips.

Soon after the arrival of the Chevalier de Roye, Count Lauvenheim had prayed his daughters to impress the volatile young man with the necessity of guarding against the excess of his vivacity in his intercourse with Theodore, whose delicacy of situation, and dignity of character, demanded this attention. By way of teaching his daughters the same lesson, the Count told them what had passed between him and his protégé on the subject of Heinrich.

Anastasia sincerely applauded the noble

spirit and affectionate character it disclosed, but thought of it no more. Ellesif said nothing, felt it touch her heart, and often mused on it afterwards.

Aware as the Count was of Theodore's merits, he was far from imagining him a person likely to disturb the peace of his daughters. Anastasia's spirit was too high, her heart too temperate for attachment to an inferior; Ellesif too diffusively kind for an exclusive feeling. She was also the gayest of happy creatures; and the Count had so often heard it said, that we love only what resembles ourselves, that he forgot how much dissimilarity there had been between himself and her mother.

Indeed the probability of a daughter of his romantically attaching herself to a man who might or might not be of noble birth, never once occurred to him; and not only the studiousness of Theodore's character, but its apparent humility, guaranteed his confidence in the safety of his heart.

In this instance, the Count neither judged

nor acted with his usual good sense. Theodore was modest, not humble: he felt his own value though he assumed not on it, conscious that to place him on a level with all but such persons as his own enthusiasm exalted too highly, nothing more was necessary than specific rank.

The Count was not aware also, that from the very dubiousness of Theodore's situation, a delicate and generous mind, like that of Ellesif, would be led to think more of his feelings, and therefore to pay him more attention than she would ever show a man of determined consequence: and this habit might either end in awakening too lively a gratitude on the part of Theodore, or too tender an interest in herself.

Had the Count been otherwise than involved in politics, he must have noticed this danger; circumstances more immediately interesting to himself engrossed all his attention.

The King had returned from his visits to Berlin and Dresden; the plans determined

on by the monarchs who had met there were on the point of execution, and Count Lauvenheim stood on the threshold of that powerful situation to which he had looked so long.

On the bloody field of Pultowa the sun of Charles Twelfth had set, if not for ever, yet never to rise again in strength and brightness. He was a prisoner at Bender, and his kingdom was now a lifeless corse; for those royal vultures that had long hovered over it, to prey on at will.

Prussia and Russia had their separate views; one to make good an obsolete claim on Pomerania; the other, to open himself a path into Germany. Augustus sought to secure his seat on the throne of Poland. Denmark alone, with some shew of justice, but little in fact, aimed at wresting from the infant hand of the young Duke of Holstein his long-contested duchies.

The treaty of Travendal had imposed a yoke upon the ambition of the Danes. By that treaty all his pretensions on Holstein

had been renounced, and he could not openly break through its bonds, unless the conduct of the administrator should warrant aggression. By attacking Sweden he hoped to force this prince out of the neutrality which hitherto protected the territory of his nephew: the first breach of that neutrality might then be a signal for seizing the duchies.

Count Lauvenheim's ruling passion was too hotly engaged in the success of these plans, to leave his otherwise upright heart either the power or the wish to find this act of his King's indefensible. The situation of war minister was given him, and from that moment he saw nothing but justice in this ungenerous proceeding. A descent on Sweden was the first act of his ministry; and its brilliant success, which established the Danes in Schonen, made him equally popular at court and with the people.

While Count Lauvenheim took this decided step against the temporary interests of the man upon whom he had cast his eyes for

a son-in-law, he meditated a master-stroke in political intrigue; a stroke that was at once to secure his daughter's elevation, and to give his sovereign the coveted possessions.

He had entered into a private understanding, through indirect channels, with the young Bishop of Lubeck, the administrator of Holstein; and the Count's plan was to bring about an interview between this Prince and the fair Anastasia, under colour of a meeting to arrange something for the protection of Holstein, trusting to her charms for the subsequent conquest of the Bishop's fidelity.

Could he be tempted by the hand of Anastasia, and some grant of territory from Denmark, to sell his master, Lauvenheim believed that by the acquisition of Holstein he would facilitate the conquest and dismemberment of Sweden, and that his own aggrandisement must follow of course. He foresaw not, that in this specious scheme he was laying a snare for his own loyalty.

Let not ambition usurp the name of a noble vice : no passion degrades the soul so completely. To what meanness of trick and falsehood does it not bow the proudest mind ! to what selfishness and unfeelingness does it not bring the kindest heart !

Count Lauvenheim, the fondest of fathers, was ready to give his favourite daughter as the reward of perfidy. Count Lauvenheim, the most conscientious, nay, most generous person in private life, was now plotting to rob an orphan boy of his rights, and to make that child's uncle and guardian the instrument of the crime !

It is true, that Count Lauvenheim did not see these acts in their real horrors. Alas ! he had imbibed the creed of contemporary politicians, and considered every thing lawful which tended to aggrandize his own country. He had also taught himself to think that Denmark's claims were defensible, and that the repose of the North required the sacrifice of Holstein, and the demolition of Charles the Twelfth's power.

The glittering advantages that would follow success, assisted in blinding his moral sense. To succeed in his attempt would be to secure to himself a name amongst the boldest statesmen of the age ; to match his daughter with a sovereign prince ; and to acquire over his own sovereign an ascendancy that would in reality transfer the sovereign power to himself.

These views were yet concealed in his own bosom ; for though unceasingly kind, and occasionally confidential, to Theodore, the Count had lived too long amongst courtiers to trust implicitly, till he saw that some interest strong enough to cope, if necessary, with the principles of right, bound another to adopt his feelings.

This single passion concealed, his character appeared perfect in the eyes of his protégé, who lived now in a round of such delightful emotions, that his aspirations after other ties in the land of his fathers, were vanishing like a dream.

Gaston de Roye, domesticated at the

villa, added much to the charm of the family circle; and by eternal quarrels with Madame Sauveur, allowed Theodore frequent opportunities of conversing with Ellesif.

But not in Ellesif's conversation only, did he now take pleasure. Her voice had revived his once passionate attachment to music; though neither of such power nor compass as her sister's, it made up in sweetness and expression for its want of extent. She played with more genius, though less skill than Anastasia; and her dancing, perhaps not so perfect in the eyes of a ballet-master, had infinite grace, and quite sufficient variety.

Theodore by degrees lost the habit of remembering the once-dear Heinrich every time he heard a note of music. New and more pleasing associations succeeded to those of former times; till at length the image of Ellesif alone followed a strain of harmony.

Insensible of his danger, he believed that what he felt for Ellesif was exactly that inspired by the Count. "A shed with El-

lesif and her father," he would say to himself, "and I could be happy." He was happy then, because nothing had taught him to fear a termination of his present enjoyments; and Ellesif's manner assured him that their usual sympathy existed on the present occasion.

His good opinion was evidently the aim of all her actions; what he said he liked, either in conduct or habits, Ellesif almost unconsciously adopted. Whatever she did, she explained, or accounted for, to him; however divided in large circles, her eye constantly met his in participation of passing pleasures, and undesignedly exercised all her talents for him only: when she sung and played, if he were not near her harp, — when she drew, if he were not by to watch and criticise her performance, — when she danced, if he followed not her steps along the dance, — she looked round as if to ask the reason of his absence.

His idea was indeed the home of Ellesif's heart, his figure of her eyes. Still, how-

ever, no thought of loving him had yet agitated her breast ; the warm, the delightful, the justifiable sentiment she felt, appeared to her only friendship ; and when other ladies spoke of lovers and of husbands, Ellesif thought she wanted no happiness beyond the present.

In the performance of agreeable duties, increased in number and in interest by the new dignity of the Count, Theodore's life glided away with the smoothness, and through as lovely scenes, as ever flowed those streams that watered Paradise. The only regret he had, was that of Dofrestom's and Catherine's absence ; his only care the fate of Heinrich.

The letter he had sent by a friend of Mr. Coperstad's, had been sent in vain. Stephania was still at Dresden, under the protection of another person ; but Heinrich was gone, and so overwhelmed with debt contracted for her, that being his interest to remain concealed, neither friend nor enemy could discover his retreat.

Unwillingly did Theodore transmit this news to Dofrestom: but while he communicated it, he hastened to call the event fortunate. Heinrich, thus liberated from the spells of this enchantress, and suffering by her for their mutual transgression, would most likely be led to seek for peace and shelter under the paternal roof.

Theodore accompanied his letter with various little presents for Catherine, and dispatched the parcel by a young man returning from military service to the neighbourhood of Aardal.

The accounts he had hitherto received from the valley, were all cheerful. Neither Dofrestom nor Catherine would allow themselves to grieve for the absence of their sweet companion, when so many blessings had arisen from his departure. The Count's generosity in liquidating the debts of Heinrich, had not only excited their gratitude, but quieted their natural fears for the solidity of his regard for their orphan.

Had another proof of this regard been

wanting, the Count had just given it. Theodore's occasional eulogiums on his friend Mr. Coperstad, excited the curiosity of his patron, who took the opportunity of that gentleman's frequent visits to Theodore, to break in upon them as if by accident, and to remain long enough to discover a fund of good sense, and talent for business, in the friend of his protégé. The Count wanted such a person in one of the offices under himself, and partly actuated by that consideration, partly by pleasure in obliging Theodore, bestowed the place unasked upon Mr. Coperstad.

In the midst of so many agreeable events, these were Theodore's halcyon days: Gaston de Roye was fated to end them.

Amongst Theodore's respectable prejudices, was one that Ellesif had speedily vanquished. Used to employ all his time in pursuits that had some moral or useful end, he looked with contempt on such as were intended merely for relaxation; forgetting, that in social intercourse superior

born minds must, now and then, consent to take the lead of inferior ones; that in the exercise of ingenuity they must console themselves for the inactivity of their higher powers; and that when the lords of creation do not make trifles the business of their lives, they are not censurable for making them its amusement.

Whenever the select set met at the villa of his patron, Theodore saw that every one brought with them some support against possible dulness, or some refuge from idleness. Accomplishments appeared as much the heritage of the great as power and wealth; a capacity for undertaking every agreeable trifle, as much born with them, as the faculties of sight and hearing. Not a musical instrument that found not every hand qualified to awaken it; not a dance that every foot was not familiar with; not a language that these privileged people did not speak!

Theodore was ignorant of music, therefore could not join in the harmonies he had

learned to love : he had practised only the peculiar dance of his country, consequently feared to hazard himself in the intricate figures of those that were continually surrounding him ; his scanty time had never allowed him to practise drawing. One only relaxation he had given himself while a boy, watching Dofrestom's herd on the mountains, — it was the art of imitating objects in wood.

His landscapes and figures carved with a pen-knife, had, at one time, been nearly as celebrated as those of Eric ; but the professor's library had gradually won him from the practice of this art, and the subsequent sight of a prince wasting his whole time, in seeking to acquire so humble a talent, had disgusted him with it entirely.

Ellesif's admiration of a figure cut by Eric, and given her by the hereditary prince, first made Theodore remember his own proficiency in the same way ; and having listened to her judicious, yet playful, remarks upon his avowed contempt of such

amiable trifles, the next night he brought his knife and his little block of wood into the evening circle.

Her bright look of thanks and pleased surprize, repaid him for the act. He began to shape his work by her side, and that of the idle De Roye, while Anastasia was engaged with Madame Sauveur at a game of piquet. The Count was absent, having followed the King to Elsingberg. After looking at Theodore's progress in producing the form of a Laplander in his reindeer sledge, De Roye suddenly exclaimed, "Señor Guevara, I am going to Spain, can I take any letters for you to your relations?"

The question startled Theodore. "I wish I knew who my relations are!" he replied, "I should be tempted to ask you to take me with you." — "And leave your Danish friends?" asked Ellesif. Theodore did not quite know why, but he found it impossible to answer her touching tone except by a look. Had any others than

Ellesif remarked that look, the secret of his heart, though still unknown to himself, would have been known to them.

De Roye demanded an explanation of what Theodore had said; the latter briefly stated his situation. "How came I never to hear this before, Ellesif?" exclaimed the Frenchman; "yet I think you did tell me something like it, when I cared nothing about Guevara. How do we know that the 'grave and potent' Señor is not a grandee of the first class? and here he sits contented to be guessed any thing. Why the devil don't you set off for Spain directly, Guevara? I'll get you a commission from Lord Peterborough in less than a month, if you will go out to Catalonia."

The instant paleness of Ellesif quickened the pulses of Theodore; he scarcely allowed himself a glance at her dismayed countenance, as he replied to the Chevalier. "I sincerely thank you, but may I say without rudeness to a soldier, that I dislike the profession of arms, from principle! There is

some activity, no enterprize in my disposition; and I am perhaps childishly shocked at the thought of shedding blood. Yet, I hope I should not be found wanting, did the country I lived in, or the friends I lived with, require defence."

"Oh! well, we won't enter into the tattered question about the morality of certain professions," said Gaston: "I consider ourselves a band of knight-errants engaged to redress wrongs, and for that reason I am going to fight as hard as ever I can for Charles of Austria. If your kindred should happen to be on that side, I might get at them for you; — but if they are Philipites, I should do you more harm than good. Why the devil, I say, don't you go to Spain and seek them out?"

Theodore hesitated, and stammered forth something like an explanation of his reasons. "Well, but those worthy old folks are doing without you now. Why can't you leave them for Spain as well as for Copenhagen?"

“ You are very bold, — a little impertinent, — surely,” observed Ellesif, seeing Theodore change colour. De Roye apologized. Theodore’s ideas were all confused by the questions just put to him, for they had awakened the monitor within ; and that was now telling him that of late he had ceased to feel any anxiety upon this interesting subject : he was silent.

“ There is an old Spanish book upon heraldry,” continued De Roye, “ which I remember in my father’s library, I wonder if it is here ! That book would tell us something about the Guevaras.”

“ I see you do me the favour of thinking my parents noble,” said Theodore, trying to say it gaily ; “ but from nothing I can gather, dare I indulge in such a hope.”

“ O they must have been noble. I am sure your ——” Ellesif stopped all blushes at her indiscreet ardour ; and Theodore thrilling through every vein with an emotion at once new, delightful, unexpected,

and unaccountable to himself, rose from his seat. He thought he could find the book the Chevalier mentioned, he said, as he went towards the other end of the room. "Pray do me the favour of steadying these steps for me," he called to the Chevalier while ascending to reach the book. Gaston was by his side in a moment.

"Shall I be your other supporter?" asked Ellesif, rising to assist.

"He'd rather have you in his *arms*," said De Roye. He hazarded this unlucky jest in so low a voice that it missed the ear of Ellesif; but Theodore heard it; and the heavy quarto he was just taking down, fell from his trembling hands.

So loud was the noise that both the ladies at picquet jumped from their seats. In apologizing, and explaining, and lamenting his own awkwardness, Theodore sought to divert the attention of all present from his confused looks; but he could not still the tumultuous throbbing of his heart,

which repeating again and again De Roye's indiscreet expression, left him dubious whether the image it presented caused him most pain or pleasure.

The good-natured Chevalier seeing the mischief he had done, sought to repair it by appearing unobservant: he therefore opened the book, and carefully examining it, discovered the name of Guevara. "There, you must translate it for us," he said: "I fancy no one here is a Spanish scholar except yourself."

It cost Theodore an effort to steady his voice, while he read the following passage: "Guevara, Condé ~~di~~ Roncevalles, Marquis di Palman; Guevara, Marquis Montenejos."

"Now to which of these families shall he belong, Ellesif?" asked De Roye.

"O! I should like the title of Roncevalles."

Again the blood rushed through the veins of Theodore, and the colour went and came on his cheek. "You must not assist in

teaching me to indulge such proud thoughts," said he, with an agitation of look and voice too striking for Ellesif not to observe : " every day makes it more necessary for me to repress such probable delusions. I have made the discovery only just now, perhaps, — but once made I will profit by it, cost what it may."

This incoherent, apparently irrelevant, speech was no riddle to the Chevalier : he justly understood it as a manly reply to his former jest ; and he admired its candour, though he considered it a little indiscreet.

Theodore, however, was far from what is called indiscreet ; but if a direct challenge were made upon his truth, he deemed it right to meet it. De Roye's unguarded witticism appeared to him in that light, and he noticed it accordingly.

Truth is, indeed, the noblest characteristic of man ; and Theodore knew how to be discreet and sincere at the same time. It was left for Ellesif to act as if she thought it her duty to shew her soul with-

out disguise in the world, as she would at the last great tribunal ; to take trouble to undeceive persons who deceived themselves about her, though such deception were for her peace or interest. Wretched they who are thus actuated !

He that makes such unguarded truth the rule of his life, rushes, like Isadas, naked into the ranks of war : the lustre of his moral beauty may for a while suspend the blows of his assailants, and he may by miracle escape unwounded ; but the award of prudence is not to be bribed by any result, and her voice, even in the hour of triumph, will pass on him the sentence of punishment.

The game between Anastasia and the Marquise being over, they joined the party of Ellesif.

Madame Sauveur would know what they had been talking about. “ Ah, mon Dieu ! ” she exclaimed, “ why does not the Señor go directly and join the party of our Prince ? He would be so charmed with our

young King and Queen; so captivated by the Princess de Ursini; and if he distinguished himself in the field the King would ennoble him,—or—”

“Not so fast, Madame Sauveur,” interrupted De Roye: “you forget that the English are just going to drive all your countrymen, King, Queen, and Princess into the bargain, across the Pyrenees. Guevara had best enlist under the Austrian banner; for I stake my handsomest sword against that nameless horror upon your head, (which you call a Fontange,) that Charles is in Madrid in less than three months.”

A brisk altercation now took place between the Chevalier and the Marquise; each entering into an elaborate *exposé* of their different favourite's claims on the Spanish monarchy. When Madame Sauveur was beat on the point of right, she made a flank movement, and attacked the Chevalier upon his disloyal desertion of a French Prince. Her attack was the fiercer from her private

resentment at his remark upon her head-dress; and his defence was the stouter from the amusement he had in putting her into a passion. While their dispute was carrying on, Anastasia and Ellesif were continuing the subject it had interrupted. For the first time since Theodore's introduction at the villa, Anastasia's measured courteousness spread into something like interest. "As soon as the war between the rival houses is over," she said, "it would certainly be worth your while, Señor, to make some enquiries about your connections! If Charles is King, our lively friend there can serve you; if Philip keeps his throne, my father can do it; so it is only waiting till then for complete satisfaction on the business."

"Why have you never entered minutely into this subject with my father?" asked Ellesif: "You could not doubt the lively interest that he takes,—that we all take,—in every thing that concerns you!"

What dangerous sweetness was there in the eyes and voice of Ellesif as she addressed this

to Theodore ! He ventured not to meet those eyes, but he could not close his ear against her voice. Anastasia was called away by the noisy disputants.

“ I knew the Count could not properly enter into such correspondence while Denmark would make common cause with England ; but I meant to speak and to act at a future day,— and the Count’s kindness is beyond all doubt.”

“ Princess Ursini is of my dear mother’s family,” said Ellesif ; “ and when once the usual communications are again opened between this court and that she is so powerful in, you must allow my father to interest himself in your most interesting situation. How earnestly shall I now pray for the establishment of Philip !”

An expression which Theodore vainly sought to banish from his eyes, as they met her’s, made Ellesif sensible of her imprudence. “ How foolishly warm I am about ~~any~~ *every* thing !” she resumed, averting her blushing face : “ You must think me so

extravagant in my way of speaking: you are always so moderate.”

“My singular situation has habituated me to imprison my soul,—if *you* can pardon so extravagant an expression. Amongst the good but ignorant people by whom I was first surrounded, I knew I could find no one to understand me: circumstances also obliged me to be reserved to the dear old man, whose heart was capable of comprehending every apparent inconsistency of my feelings. Since then,” he added, gently lowering his voice and his eyes, “uncertain of my place in society, I have feared to mingle my heart with too presumptuous a familiarity, where alone it finds complete sympathy;—in short, I am very humble with those I love, but very proud to all the world besides.”

A long silence followed. Ellesif's heart palpitated so violently that she could not reply. Alarmed at an agitation caused by the manner of Theodore, whose love spoke, in spite of his opposing will, through every

expression of his countenance, she hastily retreated to another part of the room, and began tuning her harp.

“ You are the most provoking person to argue with !” exclaimed the angry Marquise to the Chevalier, “ for nothing provokes you. Nothing throws you into such a flame of zeal as you see me in. Yes, you say very true you are not French, you are all cold-blooded English. I won’t speak another word to you. Mam’selle Ellesif, what are you about there ? Do you forget that you are going to a ball ? Pray let us dress, and leave the barbarous Chevalier to devour Señor Guevara.”

“ What has the Señor done to deserve such a fate ?” asked the beautiful Anastasia.

“ Most ungallantly taken no part in our dispute : never once uttered a word on my side ! And indeed he looks so dismal just now, that I verily believe he would thank any other wild beast to eat him up in good earnest.”

Ellesif lingered on the arm of her sister as they were retiring to dress : another time she would frankly have asked both gentlemen to have accompanied them to the ball, but a new feeling restrained her.

De Roye called after them, "Don't you ask one of us to be of your party to-night?"

"Both of you, if you please," returned Anastasia. Theodore excused himself.

"O, pray go!" said Madame Sauveur. "My quarrel is over with you; and you will be so charmed to see Countess Anastasia dance the last Versailles minuet."

Theodore again excused himself, urging papers to arrange for the Count: while he did so, he strove to hide his emotion under a veil of peculiar coldness. Ellesif turned away, surprised and disappointed.

"Before I go to make myself so much the uglier or handsomer, as it may have suited my taylor," said De Roye, "let me advise you, Señor, to collect all the documents you can about yourself, and let me have them as a venture to take to Spain,

Depend on it, I'll make it turn out as good a speculation as Whittington's cat. Pray what did your first friends do with the clothes you had on when you were wrecked? Had you no little necklace or coral, or thing of that sort, to identify you? Hang me if I ever take a child to sea without tattooing his birth and parentage upon every limb of his body!"

Theodore warmly thanked the Chevalier for the kind interest he expressed, and accepting his offer of enquiring in Catalonia about the families of Guevara, promised to write immediately into Norway for the information he sought. De Roye then humming a lively tune, ran away to let his hair be tortured by his valet.

Theodore remained where he was left, in a sort of stupor. The events of the evening had completely opened his eyes to the dangers and difficulties of his situation. He could no longer doubt the nature of the sentiment he felt for Ellesif; and had he not been sensible that his services were now

important to her father, he would have decided upon leaving them both for ever. That dreadful *for ever!* his heart died at the sound.

Where is the judgment that may not be blinded, the integrity that may not be warped, by the fear of separation from a beloved object? Theodore thought over the reasons for his departure, and the arguments for his stay, and believed that when he decided for the latter, he was yielding to the command of necessity.

Could he have the boldness to tell Count Lauvenheim that he had dared to love his daughter? Unless he did that, how could he leave him, without bearing the stigma of unfeeling, ungrateful caprice? How could he return to disappoint the expectations of Dofrestom and Catherine, now looking to him for continued, and, at last, successful search after Heinrich? And, lastly, how could he excuse himself to her, whose esteem was more precious to him than life? Of what avail would be absence from her?

Would it diminish that love which had gradually grown into a part of himself?

Alas, no! Absence may cure the love of the senses, but has no power over that of the heart. To stay, or to go, would neither increase nor diminish this sentiment. Why then should he go? Was he vain enough to fancy her peace could be endangered by it? He strove to answer No; but a delightful thrill renewed again and again, as he recollected many of her unguarded looks and words, forbade him to deceive himself.

Yet, these looks might really mean nothing more than friendly interest; and honour would now induce him to guard against their ever meaning more. By repressing all appearance of a fonder sentiment in himself, he unwisely concluded that such conduct must check the growth of it in Ellesif. He foresaw not, that although pride, delicacy, or principle, may lead to the determination of never avowing

the sentiment he wished not to feel, no effort can prevent its mute expression. For what determination can bid the blood be still, which mounts to the cheek at sight of a beloved person? What will can steady the trembling hand which gives or receives anything from her? What fear of censure, what virtuous shame can lend the lips courage to pronounce a falsehood, if taxed with too deeply feeling the power of virtues and graces? Others will tell her what the lover dare not, would not tell; and who knows not the effect of such information? The hint once given, that unravels every mystery of conduct, and changes seeming caprice into the noblest self-denial; the object of the sentiment is not only touched with pity, but animated by admiration. She can therefore controul, but can never desert, an attachment which rises in return.

As Theodore dwelt
had first discovered
eyes, he could not

the Count might not have made the same observation as De Roye. "Well, be it so," he said; "and if he sees me seeking to win that precious heart, let him scorn, let him abhor me; but if my unhappy passion shews itself only by the care I shall take to hide it, surely the Count will not give the name of ingratitude to so involuntary a fault."

Lost in these thoughts, Theodore was unconscious of the time they employed; and he was still sitting where she had left him, when Ellesif, having finished her toilet, came to wait for the rest of the party. She paused at sight of him. — "I thought you were going to write!" she exclaimed.

Irresolute whether to go or to stay, Theodore betrayed that embarrassment which is the indication of fearing himself. He tried to excuse himself. He found where she found what was really true, that passion had called up
as.

“ Surely not unpleasant ones ?” asked Ellesif, fixing her touching eyes on his saddened and changing countenance. “ You are not well, I fear ; or some bad news from Aardal ?”

The tender pity of her accents caused new tumults in the breast of Theodore. He felt that his secret was rapidly disclosing. He could only stop his dizzy career by a violent check. Making a forced expression of coldness succeed to that of agitation, he replied briefly, — “ I thank you, no ; I am quite well ; nothing has occurred at Aardal. I must go to my writing. Good night ; I wish you a pleasant evening.”

She rose, without daring to look once upon a man that was to him the perfection of delight. Ellesif surprised and confounded, stood silently before him. In passing her with too much haste, his feet caught in her train, and were almost disengaged, and to apologize to her's.

There was a moment's pause, as if her dress had been caught in his. The troubled eyes of Ellesif ; Theodore

their soft reproach, and the blood rose to his temples.

“ Have I done any thing to displease you, Señor Guevara ? ” asked she, almost tearfully, “ I thought myself so sure of your friendship ; and now you evidently wish to repel the interest I would express about the plan proposed by Gaston de Roye.”

Theodore felt the madness of his former reasonings. How was he to resist such tenderness ? How could he always appear cold to such animated regard ? His complexion painfully varied, and his words were almost suffocated as he tried to reply. “ You have not offended me, Countess Ellesif. I really feel your obliging sympathy ; but I must not indulge in extravagant expectations without your sanction — I mean — indeed I am indebted to you.”

“ You are obliged ! — what a chilling expression ! — May, now I know I have done something to dislike, or you

would not be so formal with me. Tell me what it is !”

“ Nothing, indeed, nothing.”

“ Then you are capricious ; for how different you were not three hours ago.”

“ Think me so, then,” he exclaimed, hurried away by momentary delirium ; “ think me any thing but forgetful of respect to you,—of gratitude to the Count.”

Ellesif suffered him to pass her, for she was now too bewildered to detain him with further questions. Theodore escaped ; but she remained, to think over his manner and words, and to find in each an enigma.

CHAPTER III.

THEODORE was too sensible of the danger he had escaped, to hesitate any longer about the part he had to take. Without allowing himself time to change, he wrote to Count Lauvenheim. His first letter was a confession of his presumptuous attachment, assigning that as his sole reason for desiring leave to resign his situation; but after the tumult of his mind subsided, and he had read this letter several times, his habitual and constitutional aversion to the exposure of strong feeling made him destroy it, and write another.

In the second letter he made Gaston de Roye's proposal his plea for asking leave to visit Aardal. Nothing could afford a more plausible excuse than the many enquiries he had to make of Dofrestom, and the search he meant to institute after the sailor he

had once seen at Lavanger. If the Count accepted this excuse now, he trusted to contingencies for furnishing some other of equal force, either to detain him in Norway, or to carry him into Spain.

Writing and re-writing these letters, and one to Dofrestom, on the same subject, employed the whole night. His spirit was too completely roused for sleep; and the morning came, only to find him the same un-refreshed, perturbed being he had been the night before.

Theodore's letter went with some government papers to the Count at Elsingberg, and was immediately answered.

Far from reproaching him with selfishness, the Count treated Theodore's desire to search into his birth as a laudable feeling, and warmly expressed his intention of assisting in it.

“ I am not in the habit of exciting hope that may be disappointed,” he wrote, “ so I never spoke to you on the subject; but since you have been with me, I have en-

deavoured to reach Princess Ursini by a circuitous road, and have prayed her to enquire if any known family of your name have lost a son in the manner your father perished."

The Count then proceeded to state that Dofrestom's complete account of the matter might be as well written as spoken, and that he could, better than Theodore, seek the sailor at Lavanger. One valuable document the Count suggested as being necessary to ascertain Theodore's identity hereafter, if his relations were ever discovered; this was the sworn registers of his foreign birth.

In Norway every peasant is born to arms: every peasant above and under such and such ages must serve a given time either in the army or navy. Amongst the few exceptions to this law are the only sons of farmers, and persons not naturalized.

Under the first description came Heinrich; under the second Theodore; so

that neither of the youths had ever served. To substantiate the fact, however, Dofrestom had formally made oath of Theodore's foreign parentage, bringing several respectable witnesses to prove his arrival at Aardal with the child, under the circumstances he described.

For a legal copy of this document, the Count (knowing that such an one must have been called for by the governor of the province) now advised Theodore to write; then went on, supposing that his protégé could no longer desire to leave him till something certain might call him into Spain; adding, that under the weight of business by which he was now oppressed, his stay with him would be a real obligation. The Count incidentally mentioned his prospect of being left alone for a couple of months, as his daughters meditated a visit for that length of time to a relation of Anastasia's.

This last piece of information, joined to the tenor of the whole letter, decided Theodore; for how could he refuse to oblige

his benefactor? He resolved therefore to struggle on in silence, and to maintain with more courage than before his war between duty and his attachment to Ellesif.

Before the Count returned from Schonen, Theodore began to think that the effort would not require so much heroism. No overflowing confidence, no thrilling tenderness, no glance unconsciously revealing the soul; scarcely one kind attention now tempted him to betray his resolution. Ellesif, too, had received her warning, and alarmed by Theodore's capricious conduct the night of the ball, determined to behave no longer as she had done.

She had danced with Gaston de Roye, and during the time they were not dancing, had talked with him about the story of Theodore.

Gaston expressed a wish that he could be prevailed upon to accompany him into Spain, though he admitted that it might injure his success with his family, if they were not of the Austrian party. "The truth

is," he said, " I relish him exceedingly : he is so exactly the reverse of myself, that I would rather talk to him five minutes than ten hours with the greatest wit of the age."

" I am so glad you think so," exclaimed Ellisif; " for whenever I am with Señor Guevara, his conversation is so amiable and so admirable ; so gentle his opinions, and so exalted his sentiments, that I seem walking by moonlight, when every object I see appears softer, and purer, and lovelier."

" Ellesif!" said De Roye, fixing his eyes on her till she flushed the deepest crimson, " take care of yourself; but, above all, take care of other people's observations. If you say such indiscreet things to others, what is to prevent their saying what I shall not say?"

" My innocence," replied Ellesif proudly, yet glowing with fear and confusion.

" Then you only set a lamb to guard the fold," returned De Roye: " in this wolfish world there is no guardian for a woman but surly old prudence."

Ellesif's answer was interrupted by a call to the cotillion; and having, by obeying it, got away from the startling subject, neither she nor De Roye resumed it afterwards.

Inwardly hurt by the changed manner of Theodore in the beginning of the evening, and alarmed by the remark of De Roye at the end of it, Ellesif believed herself piqued rather than heart-wounded.

Was it possible that Theodore imagined what De Roye insinuated, that she loved him?—and was this caprice to tell her that her love was unreturned? On this humbling thought the burning tears gushed from Ellesif's eyes.

“When, when shall I learn to conceal all my feelings,” she cried, tossing on her sleepless pillow, “that none of them may be mistaken for such as this! My natural admiration of his fine mind, my pleasure in his instructive conversation, has been so unexpected, I suppose, and so indiscreetly shewn, that he fancies nothing but love could make me prefer his society to my

father's nobler guests. How ill I have translated his character! I thought it all modesty: I believed he felt for me exactly what I feel for him—the strongest, most delightful friendship." A deep sigh followed this sentence; and she sighed again and again, imagining her sadness solely occasioned by the painful conviction that her heart was suspected of having given itself unsought.

The next day she proved to Gaston de Roye, that his caution had not been lost on her; but whether real indifference to Theodore, or alarmed delicacy, were under this, De Roye knew not, nor was it much to the purpose to enquire: he had succeeded in putting both parties on their guard against a sentiment which he saw was stealing on them unawares, and which must, if their present disparity of situation continued, end in mutual despair.

Theodore was as surprized as Ellesif had been at his singular conduct, when he found that instead of having to struggle against

temptations of being with her, he had scarcely one opportunity of voluntarily resigning her society.

At all those moments during the day when accident left them together, they had formerly remained so, continuing their conversation and their pursuits; but now it seemed dubious whether Ellesif or he were the first to start up and frame some excuse for sudden departure.

Ellesif loved flowers, and Theodore had undertaken to cultivate some Norwegian shrubs for her delight: she had been in the habit of visiting his little garden while he thus worked in it, and their most interesting moments had passed there. Now she went there no more, unless *en passant* with her sister or the Marquise.

But the most striking proof of her change towards him was in the trifling province of dress. When Theodore first knew her, she dressed in compliance with the fashion, in a style of cumbrous magnificence, ill-suited to her delicate figure; but after hearing him

frequently express his partiality for simplicity, and warmly admire the habit in which he had first seen her, she gradually discontinued all ornaments, and rarely decorated herself except with that garland of pinks which had reminded Theodore of those in the gardens at Aardal.—She now resumed her former costume.

Theodore did not wilfully deceive himself in this instance, yet he was deceived; for he concluded that Ellesif had been made sensible of his presumptuous passion, and had adopted these methods of shewing him her resentment.

“I have then no more to do, Ellesif,” he said, mentally addressing her, “than to love you, and die. Your anger punishes me sufficiently for my unwilling fault. Alas! there is no longer any reason to dread being near you.”

By the time Count Lauvenheim returned, he found Theodore completely satisfied with remaining at Copenhagen.

The visit of the young Countesses to

Sleswick was now settled. When every thing was arranged for their departure with their father (who had purposed staying with them at least a week), he suddenly requested Theodore to take his office of guarding them on the road, and to return immediately after having conveyed them to Madame Rothe-stien's.

At that juncture the Count himself could not be spared from the court, for powerful reasons had induced the King to break the match between his sister and the Hereditary Prince of —; and the First Minister's mediation to explain and to smooth, and to give the Prince his congé, was an absolute necessity. The Count, however, promised to join them at Sleswick as soon as possible.

Theodore accepted the office with a crushed heart: continuing to see Ellesif might be still considered a privilege; but could that feeble pleasure repay him for the forfeited transport of mingling his heart and mind with her's in free and unmeasured confidence! His silenced eyes, and her

averted ones, were equally painful to each, yet each persevered in the rigorous observance of self-imposed laws.

Never had Anastasia been so animated as during this journey: it almost seemed the inspiration of a new character. Madame Sauveur was alternately as gay, as good-natured, as angry, and as talkative as usual; so that with two such companions, the forced spirits of Ellesif, and the depressed ones of Theodore, passed unobserved.

Within ten miles of the house they were going to, Anastasia proposed stopping for some refreshment, and to make a respectful alteration in their dress. Ellesif was surprised, but she offered no objection to this ceremonious attention to appearance, and the party alighted. Fearful of being left alone with Théodore, after they had partaken of some coffee, she hastened to follow the example of her sister and the Marquise, by retiring to alter her head-dress.

Theodore remained, leaning in deep me-

lancholy against a window, from which he gazed on the starry sky, and revolved the conduct of Ellesif. He had the virtue to resolve never to seek her affection, but he was not quite heroic enough to rejoice at her unkindness. The brightness of his youth was now, he thought, darkened for ever, leaving him nothing in life to desire, nothing to toil for.

As he stood indulging these musings, he was roused by the sound of a horse galloping fiercely towards the inn they were resting at: its rider, a noble-looking man, scarcely thirty, enquired eagerly for the Marquise Sauveur. He dismounted, and was shewn into the room where Theodore was standing.

The gentleman announced himself as Colonel Muller, a German: his embassy was from the lady to whom the sisters were going. The small-pox had broken out in her house; and as this gentleman was one of her invited party, she had written to him

not to come to her, but go round to meet the Countesses, and prevent their entering her infected neighbourhood.

With strict propriety Colonel Muller now made this explanation to Madame Sauveur, who nearly suffocated him with the multitude of her thanks, and thanksgivings, and questions. What was to be done? It was late, and they must give up the idea of proceeding.

The Colonel suggested remaining all night, as he meant to do, and the next morning resuming their different routes.

Madame Sauveur of course acceded, could do no less than invite the courteous officer to sup with them, then hastened to impart the disappointment to her fair charge.

Being left alone with the stranger, Theodore was obliged to address him: indeed, unconscious that Ellesif had already conquered the fatal disorder he came to announce, his heart throbbed with gratitude towards him.

Colonel Muller answered courteously,

and with the air of habitual animation ; but his mind was evidently called off by some livelier interest : he spoke at random ; and his eyes were continually directed towards the door, with an impatience that accounted for the burning colour on his cheek.

Ellesif was the first that appeared with Madame Sauveur : the stranger eyed her admiringly for a moment, but again shewed visible signs of agitation ; in a few moments afterwards Anastasia entered.

She was entirely in white, without ornament : her profusion of beautiful hair, simply parted from her forehead, mixed with the transparent folds of a veil, that, floating like mist around the evening star, softened her brightness into tenderness.

Theodore had never seen her so undecorated ; he had therefore never seen her so lovely ; for a slight appearance of tremor in her step, and a downcast look, gave her a transient likeness to Ellesif.

Colonel Muller's soul sprung from his eyes : admiration, transport, passion was in

that look. He approached, and taking both her hands, carried them at once to his lips.

Theodore was astonished at the boldness of this action from a stranger; yet there was no undue air of familiarity in the mode of doing it. If he were astonished at the freedom of the officer, how much more was he surprized by the mingled confusion and passiveness of Anastasia! She seemed to forget that her hand was still in his as he led her to a seat, and took one beside her.

Still gazing on her, he whispered something in a low voice; its purport might be guessed at, from the smile and the blush that followed it. Surprized out of their unnatural disunion, Ellesif and Theodore exchanged a speaking look; Madame Sauveur secretly entertained herself with seeing a man so *épris* at first sight.

Colonel Muller called himself a friend of Count Lauvenheim's, but not one of the party could remember having heard of him before; however, those who were not in the secret (Madame Sauveur, Ellesif, and Theo-

dore), believed he must be so, and became less astonished at his perfect ease.

Colonel Muller was a person of ardent manners; his gesticulation was as vehement as his conversation, but each were agreeable and graceful in their way. Though nearly engrossed by Anastasia's beauty, what he addressed to the rest of the party was marked by peculiar good-breeding, and a sort of eccentric talent.

Anastasia said little, and looked beautiful. After supper she sang a duet with the Colonel, and he was evidently more enchanted than before. Ellesif sat the silent spectator of a scene which she comprehended not; and Theodore occasionally noticing the incessant chat of Madame Sauveur, was becoming convinced, from all he heard and saw, that there was something more than what appeared in this stranger's introduction.

He had known the Hereditary Prince of —; he had occasionally seen something and heard more of the Danish King's bro-

thers; and although each individual differed as much in moral and intellectual value as do the humbler races of men, they had a generic character, which helped him to solve the present problem.

This Colonel Muller was a prince, he was certain; but of what country, or for what reason thus introduced, he neither could nor sought to know.

Theodore was right: this was the first experiment of his patron in his new scheme of secret politics. The pretended officer was in reality the administrator of Holstein. His passionate wish of seeing the beautiful original of a picture he had habituated himself to gaze on till imagination maddened, was grown to such excess, that Count Lauenheim found it an easy task, through an agent of ~~Lutin~~, to work the young Bishop into a resolution of seeing Anastasia. *cut*

Her mind had been long prepared to behold, with a favourable eye, the man who could exalt her to sovereign rank: the Count had imparted all that related to his

daughter's aggrandisement to an old relation of her mother's, who undertook to receive the Bishop at her house when Anastasia and her father should come there : and although his visit was to be limited to a few days, the Count knew that would be time sufficient for Anastasia's beauty and accomplishments to fire the heart of such an impetuous person, and for his own penetration to estimate the chance of detaching Holstein from the Swedish interest.

Luckily, or unluckily, the small-pox really did appear in Madame Rothestein's house, and the fictitious Colonel was thus allowed an opportunity of seeing his fair idol without her father, in the manner just described.

The few hours spent in her society riveted his chains. She was as much beyond her painted resemblance, as her present appearance of sensibility transcended her general coldness ; and ere they parted in the morning he had sought and obtained an

opportunity of pouring out his passion at her feet.

When the travellers were on their return towards Copenhagen, Ellesif observed a glittering ring on the finger of Anastasia; Could it be a present from the stranger? could Anastasia have accepted it? If love were thus sudden, thus indecorous, Ellesif, the often indiscreet, but ever self-respecting Ellesif, felt that she knew not its power.

Between Ellesif and her sister there was little of what is termed confidence, for there was little reciprocity of feeling. The indifference of Anastasia always checked the enthusiasm of Ellesif, so that they rarely conversed together with flowing souls: for this reason, Ellesif did not feel privileged to ask any questions at this juncture, and she was too delicate to hazard a remark. She sat therefore, as silent as Theodore, when the agreeable Colonel Muller was discussed, and his sudden passion sported with, by Madame Sauveur.

Count Lauvenheim was at first evidentl^e

chagrined by the return of his daughters ; but a private conversation with Anastasia dissipated his look of vexation, and taught him to believe that the administrator's political apostacy was near at hand.

He hastened to communicate the affair to the King, lest some enemy should discover it, and impress the royal mind with unjust suspicions of his integrity. But he was too late : he had been already betrayed by an inferior agent to a rival minister, whose plausible misrepresentations had infused doubts into the sovereign, which not being expressed, Count Lauvenheim could not dissipate.

Unconscious of the gathering storm, the Count continued elate and confident ; for he was at the summit of power, and all his prospects were bright and boundless.

In his domestic circle things proceeded as usual : Anastasia was fatigued with admirers, Madame Sauveur weary of having none ; Gaston de Roye was preparing to

leave Denmark; Ellesif and Theodore were still outwardly estranged.

With Theodore this estrangement shewed itself in unusual seriousness, closer application to business, and assiduous endeavours to avoid the society of Ellesif. With her, on the contrary, it was affected by a constant effort at excessive spirits, a determined abandonment of every thing Theodore liked, and the same care as his of shunning private interviews.

The effort was equally painful to both; but the weaker mind had rashly chosen the hardest task. Ellesif found it impossible to support her distracting gaiety; at least impossible to carry even cheerfulness into her hours of solitude.

There, weeping and sad, she gradually became conscious that the kindness, the confidence of Theodore was necessary to her happiness! and she thought also, to her life. Alas, how falsely! — Would that we could indeed cease to live, when all that gives value to life is wrested from us!

Ellesif was not so insane as to imagine that even her indulgent, liberal father, would sanction an union with one in the doubtful situation of Theodore; but she had been so happy, so lately! that might she only regain that blissful state, she thought it impossible for her to wish for more.

That, however, she dared not hope; for Theodore evidently suspected her partiality, and testified by his manner that, so far from sharing, he contemned it. There was something in this sudden display of his indifference that kindled even the gentle heart of Ellesif into a flame of resentment. How cruelly wounding to her modesty! how different from that delicacy of feeling which she had imagined him possessed of! — Was it necessary to insult her, because he did not love her? and could she consider this studied display of indifference in any other light than as an insult? What path was left for her to pursue, but that of resolving to act as if his conduct had no effect upon her

spirits, and to shun him still more carefully than before.

Her last resolution was kept, but the former was beyond her strength to perform. Her heart sunk under the vain attempt at gaiety, and a melancholy, so profound, at length settled upon her countenance, that Theodore trembled to guess its cause.

To others she pleaded a nervous complaint for her change of spirits; to him she said nothing, and her cold silence either allowed him to believe himself the cause, or to fear it was an attachment to another. He strove to call off his attention from so dangerous a contemplation, by forcing himself into anxiety about the result of the enquiries now on foot for Spain.

The answer from Aardal had not yet arrived, and De Roye was to leave Copenhagen for England in two days; thence he was to embark immediately for Catalonia to join a regiment to which he had been lately appointed under General Carpenter.

This young man had certainly given an

evidence of his sincerity in his very proposal to do what he had undertaken, yet he so often mixed jests with his discourses on the subject, and seemed so much more occupied with seeking an opportunity of uttering a joke than attending to particulars, that Theodore almost feared he could not trust to his perseverance, or to his very deep interest. A lucky incident, by completely unveiling the solid worth of the Chevalier, established the confidence of his hesitating friend.

Theodore had lent a book to an officer in the Royal Guards, who returned it with a civil note of thanks. The young man had been writing to Gaston de Roye at the same time, and in great confusion of mind had misdirected the letters. On opening his, Theodore read as follows :

“ At least, I must be permitted to owe you everlasting gratitude, my dear friend ! You have saved me from a desperate act, and my poor sisters from the grief and

shame of it. Be assured, your arguments have been no more thrown away than your generosity. I will never touch a card again. I swear it solemnly.

“ULRIC FELDSPORRE.”

Distressed at his involuntary impertinence, Theodore hastened to repair it, by seeking the writer, and assuring him that the secret he had just discovered should never be divulged by him. The young man was at first shocked and mortified; but the respect and regard Theodore's character inspired in every worthy heart, re-assured him. He spontaneously confessed that he had lost a large sum of money at play, and that possessing little more than his commission, he was on the point of terminating his despair with a pistol, when Gaston de Roye accidentally becoming acquainted with his situation, engaged to pay the debt for him.

Theodore heard this detail with pleasure, for it sanctioned the inclination he felt for De Roye; an inclination often repressed

when he remembered the same unvarying gaiety in Heinrich ; — but Heinrich's heart was always gay, be those of his friends ever so sad ; while gaiety was only in the Chevalier's countenance, when he knew that others were suffering.

Being pressed by Captain Feldsporre to dine with him, Théodoré did not return to the villa till very late in the evening : a large party were already there, and broke into smaller ones through the long suite of its lower rooms.

Count Lauenheim was in the first apartment in a circle of politicians ; in the two next were parties engaged with music and conversation ; and in the last sat Ellesif, who had vainly pleaded a bad head-ache to secure herself a calm retreat. She had gone to work there alone, when Madame Sauveur officiously followed with a smelling-bottle, and Gaston de Roye declaring it was only the blue devils, took a seat and began rattling them away, by drawing caricatures

of the company, both with his pencil and his words.

As this boudoir was next the door Theodore entered at, without passing through the other apartments, he came at once into this.

The sudden blush that coloured Ellesif's pale cheek on his unexpected appearance was not unmarked by him, and he would for that very reason have directly passed on to the second apartment, had not some one spoken of her being ill, and obliged him to utter an expression of concern. Madame Sauveur seized the opportunity, and insisted upon his sitting down. "I have a bet depending upon you, Señor," said she, "and I beg you will enable me to decide it in my own favour. Mam'selle Halsberg has just betted that you never were in love in your life, and never will be. I say the contrary."

Theodore started from the seat she had made him take, in such agitation, that even Madame Sauveur must have noticed it, had

not her eyes been directed to the opened door of the other room, in search of her fair antagonist. De Roye clamoured against the unfairness of such a question, and Ellesif's heart beat with oppressive quickness.

Madame Sauveur was not to be denied. "Pray, Señor, have you ever felt the passion of passions, the passion of love?"

"I never have, and I hope I never shall," answered Theodore, with a smile, recovering his presence of mind.

"What! you hope never to be in love! Mon Dieu, what a savage!"

"I did not say that, replied Theodore, seeing Ellesif turn as pale as death; "I said I hoped never to feel the *passion* of love; the *sentiment*, I think a very different thing."

"And pray what difference can you find between the passion and the sentiment?" asked Madame Sauveur.

"I think," replied Theodore, hesitating, "the passion impels to great efforts, the sentiment enables us to make great sacrifices."

“ That is not clear ; explain, explain ! ” cried De Roye, looking up from his caricatures.

“ Is it not evident, ” asked Theodore, “ that passion always seeks its own gratification, consequently, lets no obstacle stay its pursuit of one object ? The sentiment, on the contrary, has only the happiness of its object for its aim ; therefore submits to every restraint, bears every privation, struggles against all its desires, consents even to appear cold, capricious, almost unworthy in the eyes of the person beloved, for the sake of preserving her from sorrow or from censure. ”

Theodore’s heart had escaped the curb of his resolution, and one involuntary glance as he ended, threw the heart of Ellesif into delightful tumults. A new light broke in upon her ; and suffering the needle to drop from her hand, she remained fixed in wild, yet deep and transporting thought.

“ I protest Señor Guevara talks like a

professor on this interesting subject!" exclaimed the Marquise.

"Poh, poh, only like an *amateur*," rejoined the gay De Roye, and he could not forbear an arch look as he said it.

Theodore was at that moment suffering the acutest pangs of remorse. He was arraigning himself for having uttered before Ellesif what he had just said. He sought to repair his fault. "I have spoken a great deal of nonsense," said he, rising in confusion, and attempting vivacity, "as all mere speculatists do. So, to end it, I will play at chess with any one that is inclined for a game."

"Do employ yourself better," cried De Roye; "what's become of your Laplander? don't you mean to finish it?"

"I don't think I shall," answered Theodore, trying to regain his forced coldness.

Ellesif raised her tearful eyes, and hastily threw them down again. Madame Sauveur started from her seat; "Mon Dieu, mon enfant! what a cold you have got! you

must not go on straining your eyes over that tambour. Do come into the other room."

"Now pray look at that contrast," whispered De Roye to Theodore. "Ellesif like a young rose, and Madame Sauveur like an old artificial flower." "A dewy rose," thought Theodore with a melting heart, while he actually saw a tear drop from the eye of Ellesif upon her work.

"What are you saying about Madame Sauveur," asked that lady, running towards him.

"That you are like an old artificial flower."

"Sir!" —

"Yes you are; and so you always will be," returned the Chevalier, gaily imitating her angry shake of the head, so long as you wear that tarnished frippery, that mask of rouge, and that wig of gimp?"

"Wig of gimp, Chevalier! It is a Parisian cap, made in imitation of the Hurlu-Boshe head."

"Well then, I maintain it is a gimp wig.

Burlu

Will you never take a hint, dear Marquise, and leave that really pretty person of yours to itself? If you did — my poor heart! — but it is not discreet for me to say more.”

“ I will change it directly,” exclaimed Madame Sauveur, enchanted with his last words; and away she tripped to make the purposed alteration.

De Roye then gave loose to the mirth her credulous vanity inspired; and for the first time in his life, Theodore seemed to enjoy ridicule; for anxious to appear what he was not, he assumed a sprightliness he did not feel; but, quickly ashamed of participating in De Roye’s cruel amusement, he checked himself. “ I think you remarkably entertaining,” he said, “ but I am often angry with myself, as I am now, at being so entertained.”

“ And pray why?”

“ Because it is a sort of treachery to make persons believe you are delighted with them, solely for the purpose of drawing out their foibles.”

“ O pshaw !” cried De Roye, “ your virtue is tight laced, mine has an easy shape.”

“ That may be,” resumed Theodore, still aiming at spirits, “ but don’t you mistake a ~~wasp~~ in the shape of yours, for this ease you boast of?” *Wasp*

“ Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don’t,” answered his lively antagonist ; “ but, after all, how is one to keep oneself from enjoying mirth, even though at the expence of good folks ? A laugh don’t cut a man’s throat. I should give up the ghost if I were obliged to weigh the morality of my actions all day long, with your accuracy of ounces, and drachms, and scruples. Confound your scruples !”

Theodore was too much impressed with Captain Feldsporre’s relation, not to hear De Roye’s follies with more than complacency : he looked kindly at him, as he exclaimed, “ What a pigmy in moral strength do you make of yourself ! every thing is beyond your reach. What we plain Norwegians think the common standard of

practicable virtue, of that which reason and religion demand from man, you men of the world call impossible and visionary."

"Because we find it so, as I told you the other day, when you schooled me for saying a word in apology for the man that ran off with Esling's wife. Have the goodness to remember, Señor, that in your primitive Norway you have nothing to grapple with, but the enemy within. We poor worldlings have the within and without devil to fight at once; so no wonder we find conquest tough work. If any of you are wicked, you must go about seeking wickedness; while, hélas, it comes knocking at our door every day, with the noise and the undeniableness of a dun. I think a hermit may with just as good a grace blame an armed patriot for murder, as you twit me with enormities, which, by the way, I never commit; but that's no matter. It serves the turn of your grave eloquence to suppose I do, so you are welcome to enlarge me into a colossus of sin and mischief if you like."

The entrance of Madame Sauveur in a plain Italian night-gown, with nothing but a tiffany handkerchief on her head, called off the Chevalier's attention.

“ There ! now you look like what you are, a very smart, pretty woman ; and I am more obliged to you than I can say for this little *galanterie*. The only thing I wish away is this sash, which really is not so becoming as the zone of Venus.”

As he spoke the Chevalier boldly unloosed the gaudy ribbon, and trying to make it meet round his own body, exclaimed, “ What a delicate waist ! exactly half the size of mine !”

“ O you know, Chevalier,” observed the gratified Marquise, “ that the woman is always allowed to be the *half* of the man.”

“ Yes, but his *better half* !” returned the quick De Roye, “ positively you shall not have this sash again ; I will keep it to adorn my night-cap.”

" That which her slender waist confined,
 " Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 " What Monarch but would give his crown,
 " His arms might do what this has done."

A look from Theodore rebuked him for thus sporting with a good woman's foible. Ellesif was lost to all that passed. Madame Sauveur stood silent for a small space of time with surprise and pleasure. All the Chevalier's impertinencies were forgotten ; she even fancied he dispraised the ribbon round her waist, that he might obtain it for himself. She made no further attempt to regain it, but assuming a soft air, seized the opportunity of begging he would oblige her, by subscribing fifty ducats to a subscription she had set on foot for the re-establishment of a French opera at Copenhagen.

" Fifty devils !" repeated De Roye, " do you think I would pay so much money to hear the prose of French music, when I can hear the poetry of Italian music, from these fair syrens."

" Well, we won't quarrel about the

music," said the Marquise, bridling in her anger; "you need not hear it, only subscribe to oblige me."

"I can't indeed, I have got no money."

"O for shame, Chevalier! with such a legacy from Lord Feversham! give me back my sash."

The Chevalier laughed at her demand, and gravely repeating, "This, to my excellent white bosom, this," put the ribbon into his breast.

Madame le Marquise thought her conquest sure: "Come, come, I see you only banter when you refuse. Positively, I'll set you down for a hundred ducats."

"You may *set me down* for the money, but I can tell you, you will have to *take me up* for the payment."

"Mon Dieu, what folly!—how often have I heard you excuse all your faults by saying you were so easily to be persuaded; is this a proof of it?"

"Ah, my dear Marquise, have you not found out, that there never yet was an

easily-to-be-persuaded person, that was easily persuaded into any thing good."

" True! true!" said Theodore, emphatically answering for the Marquise, and thinking of Heinrich.

Madame Sauveur resumed:— " Not spare even fifty ducats! how can you spend such an income as your's."

" O, in fifty follies. Upon your agreeable, wicked sex: in dress — cards — wine —"

" Ah! I guessed you were a worthless rake."

" You guessed right then," said the Chevalier, laughing at her bursting wrath.

Madame Sauveur flounced into the next room. " Now, how can you let any one go with such an impression of you?" asked Theodore, " when I am sure you are the reverse of all this."

" Pshaw!" said De Roye, " in five minutes I'll make her think me an angel again, and her lover into the bargain. By the way, who thinks it necessary to shew

their real characters except to their own family? Are you simple enough to believe, that any of the people you meet about, are at all what they appear! If you do, you must think persons of good condition never have griefs like other men."

"I do indeed often wonder at their unwearied pursuit of pleasure, and apparent enjoyment of it." Ellesif thought that remark was levelled at herself, and a sigh that escaped ere she had time to repress it, increased the concealed agitation of Theodore.

"Apparent! there you are right," said De Roye; "for we are always acting."

"Good God!" exclaimed Theodore, "what a frightful thing do you make of society! Banish sincerity between man and man, and, like banishing the idea of a Providence, you throw us back into chaos. Always acting! — when dare we think you are not doing so? When can friendship, love, — when can the heart repose upon any individual of such a system!"

“When you see us sad,” said Ellesif, timidly; “you hear that it is only gaiety we affect. When we wear an appearance of strong emotion, believe us then,—believe that emotion stronger than all your’s, since it triumphs over the fear of ridicule.”

“What! ridicule excited by sorrow!” exclaimed Theodore, not daring to look at her. “I can imagine that high-pitched Virtue may rouse the ridicule of Vice, for it is her interest to destroy Virtue with any serviceable weapon; but without motive, without interest, wantonly to attack suffering with derision, is in my mind demoniac, and I cannot understand it.”

“Every now and then, Guevara overflows his banks, like the Nile, and when he does, how he fertilizes us all!” exclaimed De Roye. Seeing Theodore only smile, he added, “Now your surly answer ought to be, ‘leaving a deposit of *mud*,’ of course, by this specimen.”

Theodore’s mind was gone from the subject, and he did not answer. Gaston

resumed: "So you really think us a set of good-for-nothing people. For what? only for liking laughing better than crying. I know we are commanded to 'weep with them that weep,' but we are also bid to 'rejoice with them that rejoice;' and I know many envious devils that find the last command harder than the first. Ah! you may shake your head, you granite saint! you mohawk of virtue! Well, go on scalping us, if it amuses you."

"*You amuse me very much,*" observed Theodore, smiling.

"Yes, like a mountebank, or punch," replied De Roye, with more point than was usual to him. "You laugh at me, despise me, and set me down for a mixture of unfeelingness and immorality."

"Indeed I do not," replied Theodore, smiling more amiably than before, "I like you excessively; and I know you to be all *good feeling.*" The peculiar emphasis and vivacity with which Theodore spoke, brought a flush into the face of De Roye:

he dropt his pencil, exclaiming, "Why what do you know of me, that is so very feeling?"

"Don't brave me to it," said Theodore, rather sportively, looking round on a party of ladies and gentlemen, just entering with the Marquise, unless you chuse all present to see you without your comic mask, as I and Captain Feldsporre have done."

That name explained every thing to De Roye; he coloured, and he laughed, and then he shouted, assuring the company that Señor Guevara had a design to impose him upon them for one of his own set, and that he insisted beforehand that they should neither hear him, nor ask him a question.

To make his secret sure, the Chevalier called upon one of the ladies to play something; and seizing Madame Sauveur in his arms, whirled her into the next room in a quick waltz: the dance then became nearly general, and the past conversation could not be renewed.

Theodore rarely waltzed ; and Ellesif's head-ache excused her. The former took up a pamphlet, and appeared occupied in skimming its contents : Ellesif was solely engaged in thinking that she had wronged him, and afflicted him when she attributed his altered manner to caprice or to insolence. She now felt that it was really prompted by the purest attachment.

Ever hasty, ~~even~~ in extremes, she wished to repair her fault the moment she was made sensible of it ; and, abandoning her assumed haughtiness, she approached the table he was reading at, and asked the subject of his studies.

It was the first time for some weeks, that she had addressed a question to him : agreeable surprize, and the timid, agitated tone in which she spoke, thrilled through the whole of Theodore : his eyes fluctuated between her figure and the book that now trembled in his hand : but, faithful to his severe determination, he merely mentioned its name in a voice scarcely audible.

Ellesif's extreme emotion deprived her of the power of moving : she stood silently, supporting herself against the table, fondly fancying that Theodore's feelings were as purely delightful as her own. The tremor of internal struggle she mistook for that of joy : she forgot the distance of their ranks ; and she believed that the present conviction of her sympathy with his attachment, had alone been wanting to call forth its expression, and to give him happiness.

“ And will you never finish the Laplander ? ” she said, after a long silence ; “ I thought it so pretty ! ”

Wild, and sweet, and maddening as a strain of the Eolian harp, her voice nearly transported Theodore into the guilt of telling her all that now struggled in his soul. He could have cast himself at her feet, and willingly breathed his last, in pouring out feelings that were so agonizing to restrain. But strengthened by principle, he held them in a giant grasp, and rising

abruptly, answered, "he found the task too difficult to accomplish."

He left her as he spoke; and hurrying to his own chamber, gave loose to his love and to his regret, with an impetuosity of anguish in which he rarely indulged.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM that evening Ellesif saw Theodore still more estranged, still colder. Tossed by contending opinions which now attributed his conduct to hopeless love, now to despicable caprice, now to insolent triumph over her ill-concealed affection, she became so wholly absorbed in the endeavour of discovering to which motive it was really attributable, that she ceased to perceive the only path she ought to have pursued.

That path was plain. She ought to have confessed it to her father. His decision would either have sanctioned their attachment, or denying, must have afforded the only means of combating it, by removing her from Theodore's society.

Ellesif's character unhappily warred against this rational conduct. She was romantic, therefore hoped improbabilities; she was timid, and although she might wish both her father and sister to see what was passing in her heart, she had not the courage to avow it unasked.

The only friend who had kindly watched, and boldly warned her, was far away; Gaston de Roye was gone. Her acquaintance with her own countrywomen had been too recent for her to have found any confidential friendship with any one of them: and to those she could have confided in, her friends and relations in France, she dared not write freely; for no private communication could be secure from scrutiny when passing from one hostile country to another.

The person with whom she now conversed the most, was Apraxin, the Russian lover of Anastasia. Slighted by her, he had gradually transferred his heart to the pitying, winning Ellesif; and though his passion was quite unexpected by its new

object, every one else saw it, and Theodore beheld it with frightful despair.

To persist in his resolution of avoiding Ellesif when he saw the station he voluntarily left, occupied by this formidable rival, seemed impossible. It was the torments of the rack and the stake, to see him hovering round her elegant employments, gazing on her lovely shape, musing on the quick throbbings of her heart, drinking her stifled sighs, and thrilling with the ever-tearful glances of those eyes that were then most full of Theodore; when they were directed to another object.

Jealousy alone wrestled strongly with integrity. Theodore was sometimes on the point of madly declaring what he suffered, of reproaching Ellesif for having at first wilfully tempted his presumption: but though continually on the verge of a precipice that tempted him to leap into a gulph of ruin and dishonour, his early

habits of self-command enabled him to resist the impulse.

These, however, could not prevent some visible alteration taking place in his character. Its gentle seriousness changed into moody gloom; his temper grew strangely fitful; he shunned conversation; and, except to the Count, became an unsocial and spiritless companion.

The Count, meanwhile, had his own disappointments and his own vexations. The King evidently cooled towards him; nay, even symptoms of displeasure against all connected with him, appeared in the royal conduct.

The high-admiral was suddenly removed from the command of the fleet; and upon the elder Count Gulderlieu's immediate, yet respectful offer of resigning his great post (in consequence of this dismissal), the King accepted the resignation, and gave the vice-royalty to one of his own brothers.

This act was a thunderbolt to Count

Lauvenheim; it enlightened as it struck him: he saw in it his approaching disgrace; for at his last conference with the King, when they had discussed the possible apostacy of the administrator of Holstein, the monarch largely entered into the subject of compensation for that Prince's loss of the Swede's friendship, prospect of succession, &c. and drew from Count Lauvenheim a confession that he would consider the government of Norway as an ample reward for his own services.

To have fixed his eye upon this government, while he meditated uniting his daughter with a prince whose revolt from his own sovereign was to be recompensed by another, appeared a corroboration of some insinuations against the Count that had lately been made to Frederic.

A person, who hated Count Lauvenheim because he envied him, called the King's attention to the splendor in which his minister lived; a splendor supported by his own and his daughters' great posses-

sions, and which dimming the lustre of royalty, attracted the public eye solely to itself. He hinted that this conduct either argued the weakness of vanity, or the strength of ambition : if the first, it might be despised ; if the latter, it was to be feared.

While these ideas were working in the Monarch's mind, the Swedes obliged the Danes to evacuate their recent conquest of Christianstadt; and this misfortune, for which the generals alone were answerable, was made use of to increase the King's ill-humour against his former favourite.

On the other hand, the emissaries of Sweden knew it to be their interest to excite jealousies between the King of Denmark and his ablest minister; and by some artful manœuvres they contrived to give a momentary appearance of collusion with them, to a measure of the Count's : the event disproved the suspicion; but confidence once unsettled, rarely fixes again on the same object with the same steadiness.

The descent of Count Lauvenheim was as rapid as had been his rise. One morning he was coldly told by the King in a private audience, that His Majesty's mind was altered with respect to the secret proposals he had wished made to the administrator of Holstein; for if he gained that duchy it must be at a cheaper rate than Count Lauvenheim suggested as the price of the Bishop's friendship: in short, arms not arts were the weapons with which he chose to conquer! In the evening of the same day Count Lauvenheim was stripped of all his employments, and commanded into a kind of honourable banishment by the grant of a province in that kingdom, over which he had expected to reign as Viceroy.

Conscious of having, in this instance, served his king better than he had served his God, (for had he not tried to rob another of integrity, for that king's aggrandizement?) the Count's indignation was only equalled by his disappointment. Into

the bosom of Theodore he poured forth his justification, his complaints, his wounded honour. Theodore's sympathy lulled the pain of wounds it could not heal; and though he openly disapproved the Count's insidious policy with regard to the Bishop of Lubec, he believed that his patron acted from a sincere, though erroneous, opinion of Denmark's right to Holstein.

As the tale was told to Theodore nothing could exceed the injustice and falseness of the King; nothing transcend the integrity and zeal of the Count. His freedom from mercenary motives was shewn by his never accepting any of the revenues of his great charges: in proportion, therefore, as Theodore felt hostility to the one, his respect and compassion increased for the other.

His nature was too mild, and his habits too christian, for one wish of revenge to enter his heart; but he longed for the power of redressing his patron's wrongs, and of making that innocence manifest to the sovereign which was so evident to himself.

Not two hours before these events, Theodore had again resolved to tear himself from the distracting observation of Ellesif's agitating conduct; for she had at last been made sensible of Apraxin's passion, had listened to its avowal with concern, and silenced it by her determined, though mild, refusal. But now, how could he think of abandoning the falling fortunes of his benefactor,—of the man he loved with more than a son's affection, listened to with more than a disciple's devotedness? How was he to give the last blow to that noble and already wounded heart? The stern hand of a Brutus might act thus, but Theodore's virtue was of softer materials.

After the first shock of hearing that her dear-father had lost the royal favour, and was transferred from the highest post in the kingdom to the distant government of Agerhuus, Ellesif found consolation in the prospect of being removed by that means from a round of gaieties which had ceased to charm her. She would be restored to

leisure, if not to peace; she would be relieved from the importunities of Apraxin; and still under the same roof with Theodore, would have better opportunities than ever of ascertaining the nature of the sentiment he felt for her.

The solid distinction of superior usefulness was the only one that could weigh with such a mind as Ellesif's; she therefore saw no disgrace in her father's dismissal from office; and she thought that he would himself be quickly reconciled to an event which, removing him from a more brilliant theatre of action, yet carried him into one as widely adapted for the display of talent and benevolence.

Of the four governments into which Norway is divided, that of Ager-huus is the most considerable: at the period in which it was bestowed on Count Lauvenheim it possessed a decided superiority over the rest, by its being the seat of the supreme court of judicature for the whole kingdom; and as the new Viceroy, Prince Charles,

was fonder of pleasure than of business, it was not likely that the governor of Agerhuus would ever find his plans of action controuled by the presence of a superior.

Except some differences in dignity of station, and of influence with his sovereign, nothing was changed with Count Lauvenheim. He was still son-in-law to the late King; he was still the possessor of a princely revenue; the father of Anastasia; and once in Norway, he would be unrivalled there in rank.

The instruments of dignity and of happiness were therefore still in his hand: Ellesif fondly believed that he would use them for the attainment of those blessings. She was happily ignorant of all that related to the administrator of Holstein; and hearing no more of Colonel Muller, had forgotten his very existence.

Anastasia on the contrary was well acquainted with every thing, and shared both her father's resentment and mortification.

The handsome person and vivid manners of the young bishop had pleased her during their only interview; and his occasional correspondence, by more fully developing that ardent character, and the impetuosity of his passion for her, had awakened the only feeling of preference she had ever felt for any man.

Without even fancying herself in love she wished to be his wife; for she liked himself, and she liked his sovereign rank still better. In conformity with her father's advice she heightened the administrator's ardour by her reserve: this reserve, following the touching passiveness with which she had listened to his personal addresses, animated the Prince's perseverance by flattering his vanity. Reserve was then her natural character he justly thought, and the favourable impression he had made on her at first had surprized her out of it.

Without suspecting the extent of Count Lauvenheim's plans, and solely occupied with the hope of marrying a beauty, whose

great domains in Sleswick joined the duchy he might eventually inherit, the rash administrator suffered himself to read letters, wherein Anastasia assured him she would never marry a man who preferred the interests of Sweden to those of Denmark ; that in the existing state of affairs, while he leaned so evidently towards Sweden, she could not consent to be his, as that would be openly declaring for the suspected enemy of a crown under which her father held all his dignities.

In short, she insinuated at length the wishes of her father, and the promises of the King, urging many arguments to prove that Holstein had been unfairly dismembered from Denmark.

She added the success of the Danes in Schonen, and the probable fall of the Swedish monarchy, (from the attacks of neighbouring powers, and the absence of its king,) as reasons to shew that the administrator might delay, but could not prevent, the loss of Holstein ; and that conse-

quently it would be wise in him to make overtures for his nephew and for himself, by a secret arrangement with the court of Copenhagen.

The letter in which Anastasia had thus fully explained herself remained long unanswered ; and before the administrator did reply, the changes in the Danish cabinet had transformed Count Lauvenheim from First Minister into Governor of Ager-huus.

The circumstances attending this change were soon learned by the administrator. Young and inexperienced as he was, he knew how to make the most of them ; and ere Anastasia quitted Zealand, he wrote merely to propose another interview in Norway.

He that tempts the integrity of another, invites the same temptation to himself. Count Lauvenheim did not guess that when he allowed his daughter to accede to this proposal, and arrange the mode of their meeting, he was in fact running into the snares of a luckier politician than himself.

With the prospect of personally discussing the interests of their two sovereigns, and in the visionary hope of taking a magnanimous revenge on his King, by signally serving him after injurious treatment, Lauvenheim silenced all expression of resentment, and prepared calmly for his departure from Copenhagen.

Theodore's arrangements were few, but they were of importance to his feelings. He had to take leave of a truly excellent man and sensible friend in Mr. Coperstad: he had to renew his intreaties and instructions to any person that was likely to discover the retreat of Heinrich; and he had to pay a last visit to the burial place of his early instructor.

On his arrival in Copenhagen, this spot had been the first one he had sought; for with the mortal part of the professor had perished Theodore's remembrance of all those infirmities of temper which perhaps proceeded from the unhappy construction of his body: he now forgot both his cruel

suspicious and his unjust will, dwelling solely upon the solid advantages his careful instruction had bestowed upon his mind.

The rigorous frosts of February threw a dreary gloom over the church-yard, as Theodore entered it to bid the cold remains of his master adieu, perhaps for ever. The hawthorns he had planted were grown thick and high, but they were lifeless, like him who slept under their shade; in the eye of man "they seemed to die;" like him, they were destined to revive in strength and beauty.

Theodore stood a long time near the grave, seriously and deeply reflecting, not upon the insignificance of this brief existence, but upon its startling importance, when compared with its short duration.

From such an epitaph as that which says "Life is a jest, and all things show it," &c. he would have turned with horror.

That life is no jest which allows at furthest but the scanty portion of "three score

years and ten" for the determination of what we are to be through all eternity!

That life is no jest which, according to the good or ill actions we perform in it, will give our immortal part either to everlasting bliss or everlasting anguish!

That life is no jest for which we are accountable, and which has been entrusted to us by the greatest, the best, and the wisest of beings!

As we approach the darkness of the tomb, the meteors of passion and imagination are extinguished; the affections alone beam brighter and steadier: while we stand on the confines of the two worlds, we look with greater delight on those pure attachments in this, which we hope to carry into another.

Theodore's ambition to be something beyond his present condition, with his fanciful longing for new ties of unknown kindred, now vanished from his eyes; but his affection for Dofrestom and Catherine, his de-

votion to Count Lauvenheim, and his tenderness for Ellesif, never were so animated; their beloved images mixed with the solemn ideas raised by the present scene, and their dear names were uttered in the prayer he murmured over the professor's grave.

Having thus acquitted himself of what he believed a duty, Theodore went to take leave of Mr. Coperstad.

Their parting was a cause of mutual regret: a variety of small services, making up in number what they wanted in weight, had been so continually rendered him by this worthy man, that the conviction of warm regard, rather than a stronger sense of obligation, animated the esteem of Theodore into an absolute glow of affection.

Mr. Coperstad, in return, knew himself indebted to the partial representations of his young friend for the lucrative post he still enjoyed; and this circumstance, added to more intimate acquaintance with his endearing qualities, made him consider a separation from Theodore as a serious misfortune.

He endeavoured to console himself by promising the most active enquiries after the poor wandering Heinrich.

On returning home, to complete his few remaining preparations, Theodore found every one cheerfully ready to undertake this winter voyage except Madame Sauveur.

That poor lady was all fret and fright. Her good-humour was a delicate spirit that could not abide any thing but gay parties, fine attire, and comfortable accommodation : her associates had yet to discover that she was quite a different person in a ship and in a drawing-room ; in a sick gown and in a ball dress.

It was so provoking to be torn from Copenhagen in the very middle of the ball season ; to be transported into a country of savages ; to be forced to associate with merchants' wives, or not to associate with any one ; to have no court to follow, no courtier to flirt with, no court gossip to hear, and no court milliner to scold ; all these privations were beyond her patience

to endure. And when there was added to this shocking list the real dangers and discomforts of a sea voyage, she believed herself privileged to complain to every body, and to rail at every thing.

Fortunately, however, Madame la Marquise had the character of childhood; she was soon vexed and soon pleased: and as Ellesif took some trouble to convince her that society was really good at Christiana; that the noblemen holding high offices there would, with their families, make quite company sufficient, without reducing her to the hateful association with merchants; that the elegant inhabitants of the province were celebrated for balls and private theatricals, she began to resign herself to the prospect of living amongst them with tolerable composure.

Theodore tranquillized her also on the subject of shipwreck, by assuring her that he not only could swim but dive; and that if he saw her go down he would follow, and, as Hotspur saith of drowned honour,

“pluck her up by the locks.” Madame Sauveur being unluckily in the habit of wearing borrowed ones, said nothing in reply to this last promise, but silently determined to wear her night-cap during the whole of the voyage.

Count Lauvenheim had never betrayed by any outward change the depth and extent of his mortification at the loss of his sovereign's favour. Till his final departure from the villa, it continued to be, as usual, the resort of the best company, and the focus of the most elegant luxuries that Europe afforded. He lived in the same state and with the same splendour, as during his short ministry; and always the favourite of the people, still saw his carriage followed by the same crowds.

To Theodore only had he shewed his real regrets; but now recovering himself entirely, he discoursed solely upon his plans of future reform and improvements in the government to which he was going.

His villa he lent to a relation; and his

town-house he left under the care of servants, in case his daughters might at any time wish to revisit Copenhagen.

When the party got into the carriages that were to convey them to Elsinore, Theodore could not refuse a sigh to the scene where he had been so happy. Till awakened to a sense of his presumptuous affection, he had indeed been happy: those first few months had been an age of enchantment.

Ellesif wept; and she wept more when she cast a last look on that little plot of stony ground where Theodore had cultivated the flowers of Norway for her head and bosom: but Theodore was not left behind, and why should Ellesif weep? Alas! if his heart accompanied not his person; if the attachment she had once believed her own was really the property of another, better would it be that on this spot they should part for ever.

The departure of Count Lauvenheim's

family was rather like a triumph than the commencement of a journey. Multitudes followed the carriage where he sat with Anastasia, to catch a last look of her beautiful face, or to pay their last obeisance to their favourite minister; many went to bless the departing steps of the beneficent Ellesif, known best and loved most by the obscure and destitute; and all that either wished the Count's return, or augured it from the incompetency of the person that now filled his place, thronged round his carriages as they took the road to Elsinore, with expressions of regret and expectation of his recall.

They were not long detained at the seaport: the frigate that was to carry out Count Lauvenheim and his family was ready to sail; the wind was favourable; they got on board, and in defiance of Madame Sauveur's predictions, they reached Christiana in safety.

It was impossible for the party to have

arrived at a time better calculated to give them a favourable impression of their new residence. The day of their arrival was one of the brightest of their bright winter; all the principal inhabitants were going *en traineau* to some great festival in the country, and the roads, as well as the streets, were one scene of animated cheerfulness.

Madame Sauveur admired the taste of the ornamented sledges, their gay decorations, the rich liveries of the servants, and the glittering uniforms of the gentlemen that guided them: she was charmed with the brilliant appearance of the ladies, and the elegance of the skaiters; and was surprized to find, that instead of miserable rows of ruinous huts, peopled by *hideous curiosities*, she was absolutely in a well-built city, adorned with noble edifices, and thronged with civilized well-dressed persons.

The sun was shining in the middle of a sky as clear and as blue as Ellesif's eyes;

the air was full of lively sounds; everything announced the meridian of that season which gives new life to the inhabitants of northern climates.

Theodore felt he was in Norway, and something like a feeling of being at home warmed his heart. Unconsciously he turned his eyes towards Ellesif; her's were fixed on him. She had been watching the rapid expressions of his face, and had seen with joy that no appearance of regret for any thing left behind was in his eager glances round. She blushed at meeting his eyes, and she cast down her's without averting them.

The next moment Theodore was by her side: his feelings were all hurry, and tenderness, and confusion: the hazardous element they had just encountered together, the removal from Apraxin, the stately retirement in which they were going to live, the very circumstance of being in Norway with her, seemed to give her to him com-

pletely : her blush and her downcast looks finished his intoxication.

He approached her, with his whole heart trembling on his lips ; but timely recollecting himself, he checked its utterance with a passionate sigh, and remained silently hovering near her.

Souls may touch when they meet not, even through the eyes ; for as Ellesif and Theodore walked from the carriages along a grove to the government-house, though neither of them looked or spoke, each was sensible to an emotion of delight and confidence in each other's affection, which they had never felt before.

With Theodore the feeling remained ; with Ellesif it staid not. Ever uncertain of what she most wished, ever incapable of judging rightly when interested deeply, the next time that honour and reflection warned Theodore to resume his mask of coldness, she believed this delightful moment a delusion, and herself the victim of a vain imagination.

But now in a glow of inward transport, foreseeing nothing but happiness, she followed her father into that noble and spacious mansion, which was hereafter to be the scene of so many eventful days.

CHAPTER V.

THE Lauvenheim family were no sooner settled in their new habitation, the visits of the surrounding nobility no sooner paid and returned, than the Count proposed making a progress through his government.

He was at all times sincerely and benevolently anxious for the happiness of every person, whose happiness was in the least dependent upon him ; and his dominant passion was now interested in the prosperity of the Norwegians. Before he could undertake any thing for their advantage, he deemed it necessary to acquaint himself thoroughly with their situation ; to learn what part of the executive government failed from imperfection in its original plan ; what missed its aim by defect in the mode of its application.

He purposed travelling with no suite, and as little ostentation as possible; leaving Theodore at the seat of government, to examine the conduct of the persons he should depute to act in his short absence, and to send him faithful details of their proceedings.

An urgent letter from the administrator of Holstein (then in Sweden), determined Count Lauenheim to make Anastasia the companion of his journey. On the confines of the two kingdoms a meeting might be effected between himself and the administrator, without difficulty, or probability of notice. He hoped then to over-rule that Prince's scruples, by slighter offers than had first entered into his speculations. Could he bring him to so desirable an acquiescence, he doubted not that his own sovereign would eventually ratify all he might promise; for the progress of the Swedes in repelling their invaders was now so rapid, that Frederick's high tone of succeeding by arms only, seemed likely to be soon lowered.

If, however, the administrator refused to take an active part against Sweden, or to exchange honour for the glittering reward of a lesser duchy for himself, the Count determined upon no longer risking the loss of his alliance.

The King of Denmark might be secretly displeased, but it was impossible for him to refuse his consent: the administrator was neither his ally nor his enemy; he was neutral in the contest between the northern powers, and as such, though Denmark suspected, she had no authority to accuse him of bad faith.

Happily for her father's comfort, Anastasia possessed neither extreme delicacy of body, nor fastidious niceness of mind: she thought it no hardship to go from the certain elegancies of home to places of uncertain accommodation; to travel with only one waiting-woman, and to mix with persons she had never seen before, and never was to see again. She was to meet the

administrator, and nothing seemed disagreeable.

As her father's business was chiefly with the larger masses of population, in the principal places of the government; she had no fear of being dragged over aerial bridges, above fathomless waters, in search of romantic, inanimate beauties : she would travel safely, if not very smoothly ; and would return with the consciousness of having pleased her father, by displaying herself to the people of his government.

Apprised of their Governor's intention, and informed by rumour of the wonderful beauty of his favourite daughter, even the retired inhabitants of Norway caught the enthusiasm of Copenhagen. They crowded from their vallies and their mountains, into the towns and villages, eager to watch the transit of this brightest of Planets.

Madame Sauveur and Ellesif were left in Christiana. That was Theodore's station. Although occupied more than ever through the day with a multiplicity of bu-

siness, and faithfully bending all the powers of his mind to the discharge of these new duties, it was impossible for him to decline attending his fair charges, on all those occasions when some familiar friend of the protecting sex is necessary.

Intending to usurp him entirely, Madame Sauveur made him attend her to the few parties they frequented; she contrived to have him in her train, whenever excursions were to be made round the adjacent country. In fact, she succeeded in leading common observers to believe that Theodore was a young man she sought to attach, and that he was not unwilling to wear her chains. By that means she removed from Ellesif those observations which might have disparaged her dissention. *discretion*

Stately as was their present mode of life, it was so inferior to their pomp in Zealand, that Ellesif loved to believe her very rank changed. She was visibly desirous of sinking nearer to the level of the man she loved. At all opportunities she expressed

herself as if really no longer the awfully elevated person she had been ; sporting with her supposed change of consideration, and evidently wishing to familiarize Theodore with the same idea.

But Theodore's respect had increased in outward show, since the family of Count Lauvenheim had lost some part of their title to the homage of others ; and in proportion to the increase of his present temptation to do otherwise, he fortified his resolution of condemning his passion to silence.

The laudable effort was almost beyond his strength ; for he could no longer deceive himself as to the nature of Ellesif's sentiments. Her feelings spoke through her transparent countenance every time he entered, or addressed her, or approached another : her very attempts to conceal them, by heightening her confusion, displayed them more clearly. An excess of timidity and of melancholy soon succeeded to the temporary ease and cheerfulness she

had displayed during their voyage ; and as his hardly-earned distance increased, her dejection assumed a deeper shade.

Madame Sauveur attributed Ellesif's sadness to regret at quitting Copenhagen ; Theodore's melancholy abstraction to his anxiety about the enquiries going forward in Spain. She herself was beginning to find Christiana bearable, the sledge-parties delightful, and the ladies' eagerness to follow her fantastic fashions, quite charming.

Madame Sauveur was partly right in her conjectures respecting Theodore ; he was painfully anxious to hear from Dofrestom and from the Chevalier. In Spain only, could dawn a hope for him : were he the equal of Ellesif, so beloved as he was by her father, and so fondly preferred by herself, where would be the rival he need fear !

As their present change of residence would necessarily retard the arrival of any letters from Dofrestom, the Count had

voluntarily offered to let Theodore go to Aardal, after his own return with Anastasia; and Theodore waited for this enviable moment, with scarcely-disguised impatience.

Ellesif's feelings now took a new alarm: her wild imagination suggested that his eagerness to return home might be occasioned by attachment to some happier woman. All that had before interested and perplexed her in his conduct might have proceeded from this cause. His sensibility in discoursing of love, and his fitful manner to her, might have two sources. Pity might prompt the glow of kindness; preference of another his sudden chills.

While torturing herself with this plausible phantom, she sometimes soothed the anguish it occasioned, by dwelling on the equal probability of another solution of his conduct. Attachment to herself, but repressed by gratitude and respect for the Count, and the hope of discovering through Dofrestom's information and De Roye's

exertions, that he might hereafter indulge his passion without injuring his integrity.

But this last idea was the one she least dwelt on, merely because it was exactly that which contained all she desired. Accustomed by comparison with Anastasia to consider herself as charmless, she forgot the many painful proofs that she had received to the contrary, in the persons of several attached and amiable men; and solicitous for nothing beyond Theodore's heart, and his society, she yielded herself up to the miserable belief that she did not possess the one, and that she might soon be deprived for ever of the other.

Their mode of life in Ager-huus did not give much distraction to thought of any kind. Their society was not numerous; it wanted the life and the grace of that which they enjoyed in Zealand. There was much form and ceremony amongst the old, and great gaiety amongst the young; but the gaiety of the latter was in general the result of mere animal spirits, rather

than the animation of the soul: and although it perfectly suited Madame Sauveur, and obtained amiable participation from Ellesif, it could not do more than alter the exterior of her sadness.

Reading and the study of the heavenly bodies became her chief pleasures, because these might be solitary ones. Till her residence in Norway, she had only looked at the stars as at beautiful ornaments of the vast canopy above; but the peculiar clearness and brightness of the atmosphere at Christiana, by increasing her tendency to contemplate the heavens, first gave her an inclination to know something of astronomy.

In the early stage of their acquaintance, Theodore would have offered his services to instruct her, but now he was silent. He saw her poring over the books which contained the elements of the science, with a thrill of admiration at her thirst for knowledge, and a pang of regret, that he

dared not trust himself to be her teacher. Never had self-denial cost him so much.

He now watched the post, ever expecting that letter from Dofrestom which still came not. A courier from Count Lauvenheim, however, arrived, announcing his lord's intention of being at Christiana in a few days. The letter was to Theodore; and having received it when alone, he went to communicate its contents to Madame Sauveur and to Ellesif.

The former was gone out with a sledging party; and not finding the latter in the common sitting-room, he ventured to seek her in a little boudoir which she had of late employed herself in decorating.

Theodore knocked lightly at the door, and he thought her gentle voice bade him enter, but she had not spoken. He entered the room, and surprized her in tears, though reading. At sight of him she started from her seat, and hastily sought to wipe away her tears with some tresses of her beautiful black hair, which now fell in

disorder from the fillet that bound it. Theodore faltered out some words about the letter he held, but Ellesif could not recover herself; and passing him with precipitation, she vanished from the apartment.

Theodore's emotion was so great that he had not power to follow her: he paused a few moments for his limbs to regain their strength. That passion of tears! was it caused by real sorrow, or by pity for represented suffering? As he laid Count Lauvenheim's letter upon the table, for Ellesif to find at her return, he observed the book she had left, lying open before him; he lifted it, to read its title.

It was an obscure collection of English poems: the page at which it was opened was wet and blistered; they were the tears of Ellesif, and he hastily pressed the book to his lips.

That action, and the ideas associated with it, at once transported him into a delirium of tenderness and of rapture; and no lon-

ger master of himself, had Ellesif returned, his hard-won conquest over the most powerful sentiment of the human heart, would have ended at that moment.

Fortunately she came not ; and after a short period of mental intoxication, he was composed enough to look at the stanzas she had been reading. Imagination did not mislead him, when he fancied Ellesif's tears had flowed from sympathy with the writer's of the following lines.

There is a time for all to rest
 Beneath the peaceful sod ;
 And happier still, a time more blest,
 When all shall be with God.

O would that blissful hour were here,
 And past the pangs I prove ;
 This troubled hope, this racking fear,
 This struggling pride and love !

So dear he is, excelling all
 In virtues, graces, charms,
 That vainly doth poor Reason call,
 While admiration warms.

If I would cease to love, each sense
 Must close, or cease to be ;
 For all increase his influence,
 And none will set me free :

Yet, 'gainst the graces of his form,
 Did Heaven these eyelids sear ;
 Did Wisdom in his accents charm
 In vain, this deadened ear ;

Ere I could cease to love him more
 Than ever man was lov'd,
 Mem'ry with all her treasur'd store,
 Must be at once remov'd !

Theodore read the stanzas again and again, with the same emotion as if they had been the absolute expression of Ellesif's own feelings.

Forgetful of all that ought to have poisoned his delight in the conviction of being thus beloved, he felt a dizzy joy, which for the moment precluded any other idea ; but the sound of approaching steps awaked him from his dream of transport, and has-

tily quitting the boudoir, he returned to his own apartments.

The momentary blaze of rapture was gone, despair and darkness had succeeded! Instead of indulging in reveries of rapturous certainty, or extravagant hopes, he reproached himself for wishing to retain the treasure he could not enjoy. If Ellesif's heart were indeed his, ought he not to lament rather than rejoice over the conviction? How had he conquered selfishness, if he thus exulted in what must blight the present enjoyments and future prospects of her he loved? Days, weeks, months, were passing, and still no circumstance arose to warrant the hope that he might be found her equal in worldly estimation.

Pale and thoughtful, he was sitting with his eyes fixed on a memorial he had vainly tried to examine, when the sound of a voice familiar to his ear caught his attention. He started up, in a flutter of mingled joy and alarm, and embraced his first, his earliest friend.

The countenance of Dofrestom assured him that no fresh calamity brought him to Christiana. It was animated with the joy of seeing him. The good old man wiped off his glad tears, which flowed afresh.

“ I am so happy at finding you here,” he exclaimed, “ so surprised at it ! — Providence is gracious to me. But, my dear boy, you do not look as you did with us : are you well ? is the Count still kind to you ? ”

“ Kinder than I can describe,” replied Theodore, colouring, “ and I am quite well. You must consider, dear father, that mine is a life of sedentary occupation, not one of bodily exercise ; so you must not fancy me ill, or ill treated, because I am paler and thinner than I used to be. But how is Catherine ? how are all the good people of Aardal ? and what has brought you to Christiana ? ”

Dofrestom obeyed the gentle impulse of Theodore’s hand, which made him sit down, and satisfied by a second glance at his now

animated countenance, proceeded to give him the narrative of his journey and its causes.

Immediately after receiving the letter in which Theodore had convinced him that powerful friends would interest themselves in the discovery of his Spanish relations, were any documents afforded them, Dofrestom had no longer, as in former instances, sought any other advice than that which his own heart prompted, but set off in search of the sailor he had last seen at Lavenger.

His enquiries were for some days fruitless: at length accident threw a person in his way who informed him that Carl had left the sea-service, and was settled at Christiana.

Thither the excellent Dofrestom, in defiance of fatigue and impaired strength, determined to follow him. Anxious to procure Carl's deposition to the facts of Theodore's shipwreck, &c. and desirous of atoning for his long silence on the subject, if that silence

were indeed a fault, he meditated extending his journey to Copenhagen.

The ivory box was now a sacred and important deposit, which he would not trust to any other care than his own. That once delivered with his blessing to Theodore, he would return to Aardal, to wait the event, and to pray that it might be fortunate.

After discoursing with Carl, whom he found cheerfully eager to give his testimony, he proposed going with him for that purpose, to the Governor of the province.

An act of this kind, on which so much might depend, required solemnity and publicity, to give it full weight with the law-courts of another country; and the name and seal of the governor of Ager-huus, would stamp authenticity upon the document.

During their walk to the government-house, Dofrestom heard with surprise that Count Lauvenheim was the new governor. Eagerly hoping that Theodore was in his suite, and overjoyed to think his journey

might be thus happily shortened, he had hurried on, found his hopes were true, and leaving Carl in the hall of audience, had followed the servant to Theodore's apartment.

“And this, my child, is your mother's casket,” said Dofrestom, removing a piece of cloth from the ivory box, which till then he had held fast in his hand.

Theodore received it from him with an undescribable emotion. “My mother's!” he repeated, and as he pressed this last relic of an almost-forgotten parent to his quivering lips, he leaned his face over it, to hide the tears that suddenly gushed from his eyes.

Dofrestom's sympathizing heart respected such feelings too much, either to restrain, or to seek to divert them. He kept silence a moment, then saying he would send Carl away till a later hour, left Theodore for awhile alone.

Never, during his short life of strong emotion, never had Theodore felt as he felt now. He held in his hand what was proba-

bly to decide his fate ; what was to answer that important question upon which hung all his hopes of happiness and Ellesif.

The contents of this casket would tell him what his parents had been, and what he might be. Was he impatient to open that casket ? O no ! he dreaded to lift the veil that yet covered his destiny.

He was still holding it in his hand, with a fixed and flushed look, when Dofrestom re-entered. Ashamed of so much emotion, Theodore set down the casket, inquiring if it would open by the mere removal of the sealed band which Dofrestom had tied round it after its last examination. Dofrestom replied by breaking the seal, and opening the casket.

The sight of so many memorials of his parents, renewed the agitation of Theodore ; he rose in disorder. “ Pardon me, dear Sir,” he cried, “ if I beg your permission to look at these things by myself. Let me send some one to shew you the house and the gardens, while I am reading these let-

ters. I shall then feel less uneasy at quitting you, and I will join you the moment I have read them."

Dofrestom thought little of the fine house he was to see, but he was kindly desirous of leaving Theodore without restraint. He therefore signified his cheerful assent to the proposal, and being given in charge to the house-steward, left Theodore to commune with himself.

Never since these letters had been first received, and read by Donna Aurelia in the days of her love, had they been perused with such feelings as now struggled in the breast of Theodore. Their contents made him acquainted with the events of his father's life, of his feelings, and principles.

His heart felt its kindred with the deep tenderness of Don Balthazar's: for many of his own peculiarities of thought and of sentiment, did he trace in those of his father.

That long-lost, almost unknown parent

seemed once more to live, to act, to speak from these letters. As Theodore alternately glowed and melted over the alternate passion and tenderness addressed to his mother; as he trembled with hope and fear over many of the hopes and fears expressed by his father, he could with difficulty convince himself that all this emotion, this struggle, this combat with the ills of life, this transport in the enjoyment of the affections, this dread of losing it, this sensibility to joy and sorrow, were all buried in the stillness of death.

“ O no !” he exclaimed, raising his surcharged eyes to Heaven, “ not all buried ! this sensibility to love and joy, finds now millions of blisses, and of blessed spirits, to give it eternal exercise.”

The stile and the strain of these letters assured him that his father was of no common rank in life, and that he was an elder son; but he had to read many pages, before he ascertained the quality of his grandfather. At the title of Condé Roncevalles,

that title which Ellesif had sportively chosen for him, he laid down the papers, and was for some moments unable to proceed.

To find himself indeed of noble birth, the very thing Ellesif wished him to be; — to have the interdict taken from his heart, and to be free to love her now, and to seek to win her hereafter, — how was he able to support such a tide of transport?

His feelings could indeed bear no more. Having ascertained that which he most wished to know, he hastily returned the papers to the casket, and locking it into his cabinet, after delaying a few moments till he had recovered his self-command, he went to join Dofrestom.

The disorder of conflicting emotions, partly pleasing, partly painful, was painted on his countenance. Joy, in this instance, could not be unmixed with regret. To be deprived of such a father! and when deprived, to be so long debarred from thus knowing that admirable parent's character!

Something like censure of Dofrestom

came for an instant into his thoughts, but kinder and juster sentiments banished it. Dofrestom had acted by the advice of persons deemed wiser than himself; and if he had erred, it had been from too earnest a desire of saving his adopted son from the pain of disappointed expectations.

Grateful to his early friend for having at least preserved this valuable testimony, with so much care, Theodore was hurrying to seek him in the state apartments, reproaching himself for having left him so long to others, when he heard the sweet voice of Ellesif. Like the first notes of the nightingale in spring, that lovely voice now thrilled tenderness and delight through his very soul; for the day-star of hope was arisen, and the dark cloud that had hung over his prospects was dispersing fast.

He opened the door of the picture-gallery, and saw her standing by the side of Dofrestom, pointing out the beauties of a portrait of Anastasia.

Her young and delicately-attired figure,

contrasted with the rustic plainness and venerable decay of Dofrestom, formed a more charming picture in Theodore's eyes, than that of the perfect creature she was so proudly exhibiting.

He stood an instant looking at them; and for the first time since he had become conscious of loving Ellesif, his will did not silence the expression of his face. Never had Ellesif seen such a distinct avowal of fond admiration, as she saw in his eyes when her's accidentally turned, and met them. She blushed at their expression; she blushed to be detected thus attentive to his foster-father; she blushed at the recollection of the emotion he had so lately surprised her in.

Trying to cover her confusion by an appearance of courage, she advanced towards him, saying she had fortunately met his venerable friend in one of the apartments, and hearing who he was, had herself undertaken to shew him the pictures and statues in the gallery.

“ I am so interested in my father’s government,” she added, “ and your venerable friend has had the goodness to answer such a multitude of my questions about the manners of the people !”

Theodore smiled at this little artifice, for her hesitating voice and heightening colour confessed it was one. Ellesif was born for truth ; and whenever she tried to conceal it, the ill-contrived deceit betrayed itself.

Dofrestom had many grateful things to say, of the gracious young lady’s kindness ; she had shewn him every thing worth seeing ; had explained every thing ; and had condescended to hear him talk of what she knew was most pleasing to him, of his humble home, and his adopted son.

Ellesif had indeed drawn from the old man many interesting anecdotes of Theodore’s early years. Each anecdote was an additional testimony of his superiority over all the men she had ever known, and she laid them up in her heart as treasures for thought.

Theodore was scarcely able to confine his thanks for her goodness, to the common forms of respect: he longed to tell her, that he received it as a flattering compliment to himself; but while he combated the indiscreet desire, his eyes spoke, and Ellesif's beating heart too truly translated their ardent language.

Dofrestom had returned to the adoration of Anastasia's picture. As he stood looking at it, Theodore approached Ellesif, and with as much composure as he could gain, yet with trepidation and tremor of voice, briefly told her the business of his foster-father's visit. The blood quivered like an unsteady flame in the cheek of Ellesif. "And you have been reading some of these letters!" she said: "do they throw any light — can you discover from them —" Her agitation was too great to allow her to proceed; she stopped; but her eyes remained fixed on his face, with an expression of the deep interest which now conquered her timidity.

“ I have discovered the condition of my grandfather,” he replied, breathing short and interrupted; then pausing, and resuming with an air of forced liveliness, to veil his extreme emotion; “ I am fortunate enough to belong to the family whose name pleased you so much: my father was the son of a Condé Roncevalles.”

Ellesif did not answer; but the sudden glow that coloured her very neck, shewed her sympathy with his feelings. After a moment's pause, as if by tacit consent, they hastened to the side of Dofrestom. Ellesif forgetting that by this silence she expressed her own interest in the discovery, and Theodore unconscious that she had left any thing unsaid.

“ After so long a separation,” she said, “ you must have a thousand things to say to each other, so I will leave you. I know if my father were at home, he would be happy in this opportunity of returning your venerable friend's hospitality; therefore, I pray you, Señor Guevara, to make the

house agreeable to him while he can stay at Christiana. Madame Sauveur and I dine out to-day, but you will order dinner at your own hour." She accompanied this speech and her graceful curtesy with an amiable smile, and left them.

Théodore was touched with her goodness; he would not take advantage of it wholly, contenting himself with ordering dinner in his own apartment, and securing Dofrestom a comfortable sleeping-room in a neighbouring street.

By the time they were seated in Theodore's pleasant study, Dofrestom had no longer occasion to complain of his adopted son's altered looks. Never before had he seen such buoyancy in his movements, or such animation in his countenance. He was indeed overflowing with joy and gratitude; and his very pleasure in seeing this friend of his infancy, partook of the same rapturous character.

Dofrestom's honest heart alternately joyed and ached as he listened to him. His eyes

filled with moisture. "Well, you love me, dear boy!" he exclaimed, "and I have made you happy this morning; what should I wish for more? But every time I rejoice, there comes a something across my mind—a weight upon my heart—a sort of reproach of myself for being glad, when I don't know what may be the fate of my poor prodigal."

Theodore's bright looks were immediately dimmed. He entered into the sad father's feelings, with a son's sympathy for him, and a brother's sorrow for Heinrich. But alas, he had nothing cheering to tell!—he could only repeat every argument for hope and consolation; detail the past and promised exertions of various travellers who had undertaken to enquire for him; and assure Dofrestom, that whatever Providence might make of his Theodore, wherever he might be carried, he would always find in him a grateful and dutiful son.

Dofrestom silently indulged an interval of bitter grief; then wiping his eyes, smiled

and promised to avoid this distressing subject in future. He then proceeded to reply to Theodore's unanswered questions about the valley.

Some few changes had taken place since he left it, but none that had troubled either the peace or the purity of its inhabitants. Catherine was as cheerful as ever, Magdalen as amusing, Eric as faithful, and the professor's elk as docile. Every body had sent some rustic token or message to the universal favourite, by their neighbour Dofrestom, and Theodore promised himself much gratification by sending them little presents in return.

He could now reply to Dofrestom's questions without restraint or disguise. Animated by the certainty of being the equal of Ellesif, and the hope of one day having the power to ask her of her father, he forgot that not two hours before he had thought himself the most miserable person in existence.

He described the Count's unwearied kindness, and his own increasing enthusiasm for him, with a vivacity quite new to his generally-repressed manner: and not daring to rest on the praise of Ellesif alone, he said of both sisters what his heart said only of one. Even Madame Sauveur's portrait assumed many charms under his delighted pencil: so that Dofrestom, with a simplicity that doubted not the excellence of others, exclaimed, "Blessed be God, my child, you are fallen into a family of angels!" A deep shade then darkened his brow, and Theodore was painfully conscious that the poor father was sadly contrasting the fates of the two youths he had reared with equal care.

After their social dinner Theodore proposed going to Carl; his testimony would not be formally required till Count Lauenheim's arrival; yet he was eager to see the sailor again, and to thank him for that interest in his fortune which Dofrestom said he testified.

As they were returning from this humble visit, Ellesif's carriage passed them. She bowed and smiled graciously to Dofrestom, who stood respectfully holding his blue cap off his thick grey locks. She could have wished the carriage had gone slower; for never had Theodore looked so interesting in her eyes, as at a moment when others noticed him with something of contemptuous surprize.

Careless of passing observers, or their light remarks, he was walking slowly through crowded streets with a Norwegian peasant leaning on his arm. His own refined appearance, added to the manly graces which nature had bestowed on his person, formed a singular contrast with the rustic and provincial plainness of Dofrestom, who stopping to gaze at the public edifices, or the fine prospects of the bay, was quite unconscious that there was any incongruity between his appearance and that of his companion.

There was a pensive composure on the fine countenance of Theodore, a sweet shroudedness in his eyes, as he raised them to the passing carriage, which spoke that heavenly calm which follows strong emotions of joy. Ellesif saw the expression clearly; but as he cast down his eyes again, Madame Sauveur exclaimed,

“ Ah the *pauvre Garçon!* See how ashamed he is of being with that tremendously strange figure! Mon Dieu! How can the old person make such an object of himself! The whole street will be in an uproar in a moment.”

“ My dear Marquise,” replied Ellesif; “ don’t we every day see peasants from all quarters of Norway? What is there so uncouth in that venerable old man’s dress? To me it is quite characteristic and respectable.”

“ Quite proper for him, of course,” answered Madame: “ but the horror, the wonder is, his going about with a person of Señor Guevara’s elegant appearance.”

“ So you have discovered at last that Señor Guevara has an elegant appearance !” said Ellesif, a little mischievously.

Madame Sauveur coloured ; and happily for Dofrestom, his antiquated garb was quickly forgotten in Ellesif’s raillery. The defence of the Marquise lasted till they were set down at the mansion they were going to.

Meanwhile Dofrestom had returned to the government-house with Theodore, where they spent the evening together, in the full flow of heart. If Theodore checked the stream of his, it was only when delicacy and honour opposed their barriers. He spoke not of his love for Ellesif, because he would not mention those involuntary appearances of affection on her part, which had strengthened his attachment beyond the power of effort to conquer.

At an early hour Dofrestom left him, and Theodore was then free to finish the perusal of his father’s letters, and to examine the trinkets.

In the first he found the history of the second: they were all presents from Don Balthazar, and had some touching circumstance connected with their existence. One of them was an ornament for the breast; a little guittar of gold filagree, so exquisite in its workmanship, that it might have passed for the lute of a fairy. The letter in which it was mentioned alluded to Donna Aurelia's skill on her national instrument, and described its effect upon her lover, in such terms as Theodore's heart had often addressed to the voice and harp of Ellesif.

Having gone through the letters written before their marriage, he perused with still livelier interest those which followed it. They began some months after their union, when his father was in Navarre seeking a reconciliation with the Condé Roncevalles. Many passages alluded to their mutual solicitude for the birth of an infant, to which Donna Aurelia looked forward with the hope that such an event might reconcile the Condé. Theodore did not hesitate to be-

lieve this infant was himself: but what a new, what a thrilling emotion succeeded, when at length he discovered that this expected child proved a female! He had once had a sister! Good heaven, if she still lived!

“Ah, then, I am not alone!” he exclaimed, gazing on the lines that mentioned this precious little creature, and he gazed till sight was lost in tears. “O my sister, if you are alive,—if I may ever be so blessed as to see you!” He could not utter more, but pausing at the thought, delivered himself up to the most delicious reveries.

When he had perused and finished all the letters, he sought to bring before his mind an abstract of their contents. The task was more difficult than might be imagined; for deeply interested in every part of them, he was distracted between pleasure derived from his father’s sentiments, eagerness to discover his mother’s peculiar qualities, and scattered hints of events that were rather commented on than related.

What had been clear to Donna Aurelia, to one acquainted with every circumstance or personage mentioned by her husband, was obscure to Theodore. However, after repeatedly bringing back his truant thoughts as they wandered from the investigation of certainties into endless conjecture, he fixed them securely upon these facts.

Don Balthazar had alienated his family by refusing to ratify an engagement made for him by his parents, with the daughter of the Marquis St. Estevan; and as an attachment to Donna Aurelia had caused his disobedience, his subsequent union with her had never received their sanction.

It appeared that she was a portionless orphan destined for the veil, and that her renunciation of a religious life had rendered her kindred as hostile to the union as those of Don Balthazar.

After unsuccessfully seeking employment at home, he had accepted an honourable post in the Havannah; and his last letter announced this appointment, and suggested

leaving their little Elvira under the care of Donna Aurelia's sister.

Who this sister was, and whether the precious deposit had indeed been placed in her hands, and yet survived, was still to be discovered.

In every doubtful prospect youth sees a new path to happiness, while maturer years foresees only fresh space for trials. The sanguine heart of Theodore would not imagine the possibility of her death: he gave himself up to a sweet superstition, fondly believing that Providence would not have willed him to know that his sister ever existed, were it decreed that he was never to enjoy the blessing of so dear a connection.

Vainly did he search for some picture of his parents: he saw only trinkets for the neck and arms, and that lock of silky hair, which evidently belonged to a child's head, and which by one of the letters, he rightly concluded was his sister's hair. He kissed it tenderly; and having admired its

fine texture, and delicate colour, returned it into the locket, and tied them together round his neck.

So much of delightfully unexpected information was in the letters he had read; so many proofs that his parents were worthy to be loved and honoured as he wished to honour them; and so greatly did these circumstances heighten the mournfulness of the catastrophe by which they perished, that it was impossible for Theodore to think of sleep.

When he had restored his new treasures to their casket, he sat down in a window, overlooking the town, and mused away the night.

The city itself, rounding the beautiful bay, was in deep shadow; but the water was a sheet of light; it reflected the heavens, bright with myriads of stars; and the moon, adding her lustre to that of the stars, rested on the snow-topped Alps that ~~lowered~~ ^{loomed} in the distance.

The solemn stillness with which so many

worlds were performing their destined course, the magnificent calm of the great deep, the profound repose of the earth; this tranquillity of so many sublime objects, when contrasted with the tumult, the restlessness of his single being, had something awful in it. "Rebellious spirit of man!" he exclaimed, "in this majestic submission of the universe, darest thou alone refuse obedience to the laws of the great Creator!"

Struck with a sense of his own impatience, his mind gradually subdued each importunate longing after those events that were yet to come. He thought solely of his present causes for thankfulness; and though his eyes were still tearful, as he fixed them on the cloudless sky, devotion and filial love, scarcely sullied with regret, were the sources of these sacred drops.

While gazing on the bright constellations above, he fancied that he held communion with the spirits of his parents: his mother seemed to bend her beauteous head

from the cloud, like a fair but watry rainbow, promising him a futurity of blessings ; while the sacred voice of his father arose to tell him that such blessings must be purchased by a life of Christian excellence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, as Dofrestom was breakfasting with Theodore, Madame Sauveur sent a civil message to say she would be glad to entertain Señor Guevara's friend, while the Señor himself might be otherwise engaged.

Theodore was not at a loss to discover whose amiable consideration had suggested this compliment ; and as he had many persons to give audience to, and several complaints to hear and to examine, that he might be enabled to state them fairly to the Count, he gladly accepted an invitation which would so agreeably fill his place to Dofrestom.

When he conducted his pastoral friend to the morning sitting-room, he found Madame Sauveur alone ; and he had the

resolution to leave them, without lingering to see Ellesif.

Madame la Marquise had undertaken no easy task. To amuse a person who had the simplicity without the ignorance of a mountaineer ; who was too sensible to find much pleasure from mere objects of sight, and too sincere to affect the enjoyment he did not feel, was almost impossible to her. But in truth, Madame Sauveur only thought of entertaining herself ; and when she saw respectable manners, and heard judicious remarks, instead of laughable absurdities, and clownish exclamations, she was quite angry at herself, for having taken the trouble of collecting such a number of Parisian knick-knacks, to shew a man that would not be thunderstruck.

A parrot called from her time-piece, and a canary sung in her snuff-box, and a pistol went off from the lock of her jewel-case ; nay, the jewels themselves blazed in every form her hands could place them in ; but none of these wonders extorted more

than moderate surprize and attention from Dofrestom.

He was very grateful for the lady's goodness; but when nobler productions of art were offered by Ellesif, he could not feign equal admiration of Madame Sauveur's baubles.

Bad taste, like vulgarity, is the growth of cities, not of shades; they have both the same origin, — an erroneous idea of what our superiors admire, or do. The artless inhabitant of solitudes, on the contrary, looks up to no dictator, follows the impulses of admiration and nature, feels the beautiful as exquisitely as the tutored connoisseur, and is as little deserving of ridicule as the most accomplished courtier.

A collection of small alabaster copies from the finest statues of Grecian sculptors, afforded Dofrestom the liveliest pleasure, and he looked at them with greater interest, because he traced the same stile of beauty in their contours as in the face and figure of Theodore. With much simplicity he

remarked this to Ellesif, as she was shewing him a beautiful copy of an *Endymion*; having often observed the resemblance herself, she heard Love's judgment confirmed, with flushing delight.

Ellesif afterwards sung to him; her touching voice deepened the effect of the music: Dofrestom was at first painfully affected; but seeing his agitation, and guessing its cause, she changed the air into a foreign march, and continued to play such music only as it was not likely he had ever heard, or could associate with past scenes.

By insensible degrees she ceased to play, and at last won her auditor into conversation.

From the history of his own early adventures, the transition was easy to that of Theodore. This was a theme as dear to her who listened, as to him that talked; and Dofrestom's heart, completely opened by the sweet ingenuousness of Ellesif, while dwelling on the virtues of his adopted son,

glided into the narrative of his own child's misconduct.

Madame Sauveur had fidgetted out of the room during their discourse, and she was happily absent when the old man's tears drew answering drops down the cheek of Ellesif.

Left thus alone with him, Ellesif could shew the sympathy she would otherwise have feared to display before another; for ever too sensitive to opinion, she dreaded to display before acute observers, that tender interest which she felt for the humblest individual connected with Theodore.

Her gracious sympathy flattered the artless old man; she had besides many soothing words to say, and many indulgent excuses to make, for his misguided son. In short, her kindness was itself a balm, and Dofrestom, without intention, recompensed all her kindness, by comparing her pitying nature to that of Theodore.

The parallel was sweet to the ear of Ellesif; for now complete knowledge of the

rare excellence she had so lately but guessed at in part, heightened her tenderness to an enthusiasm, which nearly deified its object.

Never till now had she heard of the Professor's ungenerous conduct at his death, or of his tormenting temper during his life: she knew him in the conversation of Theodore, only as the enlightened philosopher, and generous preceptor.

How touching was this pious respect of the dead! How admirable this gratitude! How ennobling those humble occupations to which this self-denying young man had willingly stooped for the sake of his first friends!

Great motives exalt lowly deeds: Theodore was greater in her eyes, thus sharing in the labours of the husbandman and herdsman, than if seated on a throne, and wielding the destinies of nations.

Ellesif now delivered herself up to the delight of admiring him she loved, without that painful fear of loving indelicately because singly, which had so lately harassed her.

Ever dependent for her happiness upon the manner of Theodore, she had passed from despair to certainty, and was now distinctly sensible of those honorable motives which had hitherto restrained his tenderness. The attentions she could not pay himself, she lavished upon the man that had fostered him, while Dofrestom repaid her by undisguised testimonies of gratification.

On all occasions Ellesif knew how to shew the most delicate attentions to an inferior, without shocking the prejudices, or violating the proper decorum of the higher orders. During the days that intervened between this and her father's arrival, she contrived to engage herself with Madame Sauveur at other houses, leaving Theodore to entertain Dofrestom in his own apartment.

Count Lauvenheim returned at the time his messenger had announced. He welcomed his host of Aardal with his usual graceful courtesy, and more than his usual

warrath; and when he heard the particulars of what had thus brought him so far from home, his surprize and pleasure were expressed in animated terms.

After this, Carl's deposition was formally taken and affixed to the statement of Dofrestom; copies were made of this testimonial, and of that which Dofrestom had executed at the time of protesting against the register of Theodore's name for the militia. The Count himself undertook to forward duplicates of them to Madame Ursini, while Theodore was to send other copies to Gaston de Roye.

If the answers through either of these channels were favourable—if, in short, the state of affairs in Spain were sufficiently settled to make a legal investigation practicable; the Count promised to forward Theodore's journey thither, without consideration of his own loss in his services.

These arrangements were no sooner completed than Dofrestom became anxious to return to Catherine; his heart was

divided between her and Theodore; but her comparative loneliness weighed down the scale; and he hastened to join her with tidings of their mutual favourite.

Nothing but the parting pang itself was painful in this separation: for Dofrestom was leaving Theodore in possession of present happiness, and in expectation of future honours; and Theodore saw that his venerable friend was in health, and had regained much of his cheerfulness.

They bade farewell with tender rather than sad feelings; and having seen the good old man some distance on his journey, his young friend returned to Christiana.

A few days' observation of his patron, convinced Theodore that something important laboured in his mind. An expression of constant thought had taken place of his usual flattering air of being solely occupied with the persons around him.

He would occasionally start from profound meditation with an appearance of

alarm, as if he feared to have betrayed what he revolved.

But the abstraction into which he fell during his hours of relaxation, never followed him into scenes of public business. From the moment of Theodore's arrival in Ager-huus, till his departure some months afterwards, he never ceased admiring the activity, zeal, and luminous views of his noble friend.

Indeed the Count's paternal care reached to the remotest part of his government; he was as patient in the investigation of grievances as prompt in their redress: impartial in all his judgments; as accessible to the humblest artizan or peasant as to the highest officer; liberal of his bounty as of his time, and parsimonious of the latter only to his own pleasures.

The Count had exercised one strain of magnificent habits and exalted duties during his short ministry in Zealand; but in Ager-huus, far from affecting his former splendour, he evidently sought to perform

the duties of his high station, with a simplicity that might avert scrutiny.

In Ager-huus a variety of new occasions called forth powers of mind and qualities of heart which had no room for expansion at a court; and Theodore soon believed him as great in the minute details of provincial business, as in the grand plans of the Danish cabinet.

His own share in this active usefulness, was really equal with that of the Count's; for both ability and inclination led him into the same paths.

Every private complaint or representation was first made to him; and he generally informed himself completely of the merits of each case, ere he laid them before the governor.

Countess Anastasia had returned as beautiful as ever: more beautiful, most persons thought, because they had been so long without seeing her; and what her father had lost in elegant playfulness, she had gained in animation.

Though she also fell into fits of musing, it was evident that none but agreeable images visited her day dreams. She said some gracious words to Theodore on hearing that he possessed certain proofs of his noble birth; and from that moment both she and Madame Sauveur failed not to speak of him as the grandson of a Spanish grandee.

After the Count had got through the mass of business which had accumulated during his absence, he expressed a desire to see some of Don Balthazar's letters.

Ellesif wished to read them, and Theodore as earnestly longed for her participation in the delight with which he contemplated the character of his father; but neither of them had the courage to give expression to their wishes.

Ellesif was the only additional person in her father's library, when the Count prepared to look over these interesting documents. She rose to go. "Stay, Ellesif,"

said her father, "I dare say Guevara will have no objection to your remaining."

Ellesif did not require a second invitation; an eloquent suffusion on Theodore's cheek told her that he had wished though not dared to ask her stay. She sat down, blushing and silent.

The Count was too much accustomed to see Ellesif colour to be roused by it now, into any suspicion of an unusual reason for the glow; but blushes, like sighs, are widely different on different occasions. The heart that is interested in the discovery, rapidly learns to discriminate the blush of modest confusion from that when love is mixed with it; and the slow sigh of sorrow, from the soft, fluttering one of tenderness. Theodore's throbbing heart understood but too well this touching distinction.

As the Count read Spanish, he took the letters his protégé selected as the most note-worthy, and translated them aloud to Ellesif, who meanwhile found an object

for her downcast eyes, in the trinkets of the casket.

Having read two or three with great attention, the Count paused. "If your grandfather be still living," he said, "I wish he may be attached to the French party, because in that case, the interference of Princess Ursini might be of use to influence his conduct. You must not expect your path to be over roses, Guevara. I foresee a good deal of difficulty from this old Condé's inflexibility to your father, — and you must prepare for it. I would still advise you not to be precipitate, but stay quietly here, till some one else has seen the Condé Roncevalles, and sounded his inclination for or against acknowledging your claims."

"I fear I am much too willing to remain where I am!" replied Theodore, scarcely seeking to hide the nature of his emotion. "My heart seems to want no other home, — and if I thought that in going to seek a name and a station, even kindred, in

another country, I was to lose ——” He did not venture to finish the sentence; the tone of his voice sufficiently explained his feelings.

Whether Count Lauvenheim did or did not comprehend what those feelings were, is uncertain: he was silent for a short interval; then turning to Theodore, with an expression of peculiar kindness, he said, “No, we must not part for ever, Guevara! I hope that is impossible. There are as sure bonds of union as that of passing our lives together, — and though the ties of blood may bind you to another family ——”

The entrance of a servant interrupted the conclusion of a sentence, upon which not only the soul of Theodore but that of Ellesif was hanging with breathless attention. Count Lauvenheim’s presence was required for a few minutes by some person in the audience-hall, and purposing immediate return, he left his daughter alone with Theodore.

The words, "there are as sure bonds of union as that of passing our lives together," was still vibrating in the ear of each: both of them found in that natural expression, an occult meaning which flattered their love and its hopes, but neither ventured to speak.

Ellesif continued examining the trinkets without seeing what she looked at, growing more agitated, as she felt the palpitation of her heart and the colour on her cheek increase at every breathing. Without courage either to leave the room or to encounter a possible declaration of what she longed, yet dreaded to hear, she tried to ask some trivial question, and in doing so, raised her eyes to Theodore's. All that the fondest, purest love can ever utter, was then speaking from those of Theodore: their expression kindled as they continued fixed on her. Ellesif turned away in disorder, and unconscious of what she did, took up a plain gold medallion from the

trinkets, and unawares pressing upon a spring, saw it open.

“ Good heaven, it is a picture !” she exclaimed. The next moment it was in Theodore’s hand. It was indeed the miniature of his father and mother ; their blended initials above, and the resemblance to himself, put the conjecture out of doubt.

Holding it with a trembling hand, he devoured their lineaments in a long and ardent gaze ; then passionately snatching the medallion to his lips, pressed it with his hands to his eyes.

For a while he sat thus, without altering his attitude, and Ellesif heard him struggling with the powerful feelings this unexpected discovery had roused. Her heart was as agitated as his.

After a short silence he raised his head. “ I know not why I should be ashamed of this !” he said, removing his hands and discovering his face in a graceful disorder of tears and tenderness ; but the next instant

he covered it again, and hastily retreated to a window.

He had left the medallion on the table : Ellesif took it up ; and as she looked on the interesting lineaments of persons whose union had been so perfect, and whose fate had been so melancholy, a flood of tears fell from her eyes. Her heart had before been softened to more than its usual tenderness, by the visible display of Theodore's attachment, and by the romantic imaginations which her father's words had raised ; the resemblance of Don Balthazar's picture to his son, joined to the dismal thought of his fate, completed the overthrow of her self-command, and she sobbed aloud as she continued to weep.

At so affecting a proof of her sympathy, Theodore hurried towards her : no longer occupied with any thing but herself, he uttered some broken sentences of gratitude and concern for having thus agitated her. She rose while endeavouring to answer him,

and turning her head, smiled through showering tears.

The pathetic sweetness of that smile heightened her beauty into something divine. Theodore eagerly bent forward, with the intention of taking her hand and pressing it to his lips. Had he done so, his passion would have spurned controul; he must have thrown himself at her feet, and forgetting the uncertainty of his future prospects, have sought and gained her promise never to belong to another.

Fortunately that mysterious dread of the confession woman most wishes to hear, made Ellesif avoid his hand. All blushes, tremor, and tears, and afraid of being thus surprised by her father, she attempted to falter out some kind apology for leaving him, and retiring as she did so, disappeared at an opposite door.

It was some time before the Count came back: he had been pondering on the subject of the letter he went out to receive, and forgot the length of his absence. Seeing

Theodore alone, looking at the picture so luckily discovered, he required no further explanation of the emotion in which he found him.

After a thorough discussion of what related to his young friend's Spanish connections, the Count fell into a profound reverie; he sighed often, and deeply. Theodore looked at him with tender and respectful concern.

“ I understand that look, my dear Guevara,” said the Count, stretching out his hand to him : “ you are anxious to know what makes me unhappy.”

“ If you are unhappy, my lord,” replied Theodore, “ would to God it were in my power to remove the cause.”

Count Lauvenheim answered by a melancholy smile; but his eyes remained glazed with tears, and as fixed and sad as before. — Theodore sighed.

“ I am afraid of myself, Theodore,” said the Count suddenly; “ they will force me out of my duty. I am studiously mor-

tified by the master I once served so faithfully ; cruelly traversed in all my plans — my power abridged by arbitrary orders — my hands tied in every thing.”

He stopped frequently during this disjointed speech ; and Theodore but ill understood what was meant by its first sentence.

“ Surely, my lord,” he observed, “ the King cannot be long deceived by your enemies : the triumph of falsehood is always short : bear with these painful slights but a little while ; persevere in your present honourable exertions for this neglected government, and be sure that you will be eventually repaid by the return of your sovereign’s confidence.”

“ Yes, I have powerful enemies !” said the Count, and then he stopped : — “ no, I shall never be what I have been ; at least not in Denmark. This very morning, not ten minutes ago, I have been cut to the heart by the King’s unkindness : the courier I went out to, brought me a positive order to discharge that brave old officer who com-

mands the citadel. You know how clear his character came out from the malicious accusation preferred against him at Copenhagen: my zeal in the cause of justice has ruined him. In the very face of positive evidence, the court insist on believing him guilty; and the order for his dismissal is accompanied with a hint to myself that I aim at too much popularity."

"Good God! what injustice," exclaimed Theodore; "active benevolence like yours, my lord, seeks not fame, but must find it. Let your enemies compare Agerhuus now with what it was only three months ago: let them go into the remotest villages — let them come into the courts of Christiana. — Aim at popularity! — you aim at making a people happy and prosperous, who have hitherto been left to ruin and to afflict each other."

Theodore's vehement indignation had hurried him into a strain of praise which his delicacy made him blush to have indulged: he recollected himself, and was silent.

The Count was gratified with his ardor. "You would not condemn me then," he asked, "were the perfidy, the wanton affronts, the base suspicions of an ungrateful court, to drive me — What claim on his duty has a country that spurns her son? Why am I thus to crouch under insults? Ought I tamely to see myself mocked with the name of governor of this noble province, and reduced into a mere puppet, moving by the will of others?"

The Count spoke in a hurried and smothered voice, and his cheek grew alternately pale and red.

Theodore had never seen him so moved before: he had indeed never imagined him capable of such flaming resentment. His character was then different from what it seemed: it was evidently of a more powerful frame than Theodore had been accustomed to consider it: it was not all comprized of beauty; something of that most terrible sublime, — the sublime of profound sensibility, heightened its interest.

Surprized and deeply affected, Theodore stood for a while silently looking at him, striving to recollect distinctly what the Count had said, and to understand why he felt alarmed.

A transient thought of Coriolanus in ancient days, and of the Constable Bourbon in later ones, troubled his mind; but driving away the suspicion and the pang together, he said with emphasis, "You can never be a puppet, my dear lord; no will but your own can move your heart either to good or ill. Go on as you have begun, and put your enemies to silence by your actions: the more your benevolent plans are traversed, the greater will be your glory in conquering opposition, and affecting the prosperity of Ager-huus. Nay, if you do not succeed; if all your exertions are frustrated by secret artifice or open tyranny, you will still have the proud consciousness of having repaid ingratitude with benefits."

"Romantic, admirable, excellent Guevara!" exclaimed the Count, much af-

fected : if the world were made up of men like you !—but it is far otherwise. We see it, we know it, we despise it in speculation. Yet for its empty acclaim——no—it is not worth it !—I'll revoke my promise.”

Theodore was again left to conjecture his noble friend's meaning. The epithet of romantic, he believed, applied to him for imagining virtue must eventually triumph ; but what promise the Count alluded to, or what he was meditating when he said *it is not worth it*, Theodore could not even guess.

Only experience can teach us to suspect another of designs which we ourselves would disdain to harbour ; and it is the bitterest of all experiences which makes us apprehend guilty intentions in the person we have till then loved and esteemed.

That something of great import agitated the Count could not be doubted : Theodore wished to know its nature, yet ventured not to inquire ; and his looks continued to

hang upon those of his patron with painful interest.

The Count rose suddenly from his seat: he held out his hand. "Guevara," he said, "your affection is dear to me: it is almost necessary to my self-esteem: I would not forfeit it; but there are insults that madden the very heart. If I fail under this trial; if I slacken those fruitless exertions you would animate me to; in short, if I prove less than you think me, may I believe you will love, you will follow me still?"

Theodore was at his patron's feet, and moistening his hand with tears, ere he was conscious of the ardent action. "Through prosperity or adversity—over the world will I follow you, my lord," he exclaimed; "you can do nothing that is not honourable—go no where, where the blessing of Heaven will not shadow you!"

Count Lauvenheim stifled a groan as he raised him.

"Rash promise!" he exclaimed, looking

with anguish on his kindled countenance ;
 “ but fear it not ; I will never claim it to
 your ruin. If I fall, I will not drag you
 down with me ; but if I rise, may your for-
 tunes but depend on me, and for this ster-
 ling attachment, so above all measure will
 I reward you !”

The Count's face was bright with enthu-
 siasm as he broke off, while Theodore was
 thrilling in every vein with the momentary
 thought of Ellesif.

“ Tell me, Guevara,” resumed the Count
 in a more temperate tone, “ would you
 blame me if I should renounce a situation in
 which I see all the fair blossoms of im-
 provement that I have been so carefully
 nursing suddenly blighted by tyrannical
 commands ; would you blame me if I should
 abandon my own country, and enter a wider,
 freer space of usefulness in another ?”

“ Certainly not, my lord,” replied Theo-
 dore ; “ though I should lament — yet,
 perhaps, not lament —” He broke off

abruptly, for a delightful vision of Spain and Princess Ursini, through whom Count Lauvenheim might possibly reach power in Spain, passed before him.

Unhappy Lauvenheim, unwilling to scrutinize the sort of deceit he was practising with himself, in thus obtaining by an imperfect statement Theodore's sanction of what would have shocked him had it been fairly represented, he avoided a fuller explanation, by ending the conversation.

“ You have seen more of my heart this day, Guevara, than I ever before shewed to any man,” he said, gathering up the contents of the casket: “ the confidence will be sacred with you, I am certain. Let us separate; I wish to recollect my scattered self: we will meet again presently.”

Theodore put his lips to the hand that gave him the casket, and retired.

The impression of this extraordinary scene remained for many days as fresh as at the time of its acting on the mind of Theo-

dore : it heightened his enthusiasm for his noble benefactor, by deepening his interest for him. A vague apprehension of some temptation assailing his integrity, gave a tender character to that interest : and never had Count Lauvenheim, in his proudest days of power, and honour, and untainted rectitude, enjoyed the attachment of so devoted a heart.

O that he had leaned on that faithful heart entirely ! Had he ingenuously owned the temptations that assaulted him, Theodore's influence would have fixed his tottering virtue : but the moment passed ; he touched the slippery verge, and, once inclining, what super-human hand could arrest his descent.

There are epochas in most men's lives of peculiar action and peculiar repose : important events come in crowds at one time, and at others we forget that existence is any thing but a monotonous return of day and night.

This was the thronging period of Theodore's history. A packet of letters from Gaston de Roye, which had made a tedious round from Spain to England, from thence to Copenhagen, and so on to Christiana, came to the Governor's: it contained presents for the three ladies, and a long epistle for Theodore.

The Chevalier wrote with the same careless rambling ease as he talked; and detailed the most interesting events, or expressed the kindest feelings with as much levity as he would have used in jesting with Madame Sauveur; but, through all this, Theodore saw sterling regard for himself, and gathered important information.

Gaston de Roye had ascertained that the eldest son of the Condé Roncevalles, with his wife and child, had been supposed to perish by shipwreck in the year 1692: the Condé's only remaining son (who was previously married, and at that time a widower) died of a fever some years afterwards, leav-

ing a youth of thirteen to inherit the title and estates.

But the Condé was still living, and this boy (known by the name of Don Jasper Guevara) was grown into manhood. De Roye could not learn further particulars of the family, as they were all attached to the Bourbon party, holding such as adhered to the House of Austria in perfect abhorrence.

He lamented this last circumstance with much real concern, though in gay language: for he was confident in the belief, that the treaty of partition then recurred to by Louis XIV. would be finally concluded, and Philip V. be ~~unhinged~~⁺ or reduced to the lesser crown of the Two Sicilies; of course such of the Spanish nobility as had espoused the side of Philip, would eventually suffer from the resentment of the Archduke.

Theodore was imperfectly acquainted with the merits or rights of the two claimants; for the Count, who leaned to the French party; and De Roye, who hastily advocated the Austrian, so rarely allowed

the truth of each other's narrations when they stated the grounds on which their respective favourites proceeded, that it was impossible for him not to suspend his judgment.

Inclination, however, biassed him towards Philip; the magnanimous character of that prince's young queen, and his tender attachment to her, (which only the future developement of its earthly nature could render worthless,) made Theodore hear of his declining success with real concern.

Theodore rarely thought of self-interest; and forgetting that his family's fortunes might fall with that of the French Prince, he was pleased to learn that they espoused the cause to which he wished well.

Although his grandfather's severity to Don Balthazar might have corrected the error, he could not help imagining his old age must be venerable and endearing. At that period in which the soul looks into another world for all its hopes and fears,

he could not suppose that it would foster any of the passions and prejudices of the one it was to leave.

That part of De Roye's communication respecting Don Jasper was painful to him. It was not in Theodore's nature to know himself on the eve of stripping another person of what had long been considered his right, without extreme disquiet.

He sighed at the thought ; and then he recovered himself, mentally exclaiming, " This evil may be prevented by a worse—they may not be convinced that I am the son of Don Balthazar."

But the most distressing circumstance to Theodore, was De Roye's silence about his sister : it occasioned a variety of surmises. The Count, simply imagined De Roye had never heard of her, from neglecting to make any inquiries after the female branches ; Ellesif supposed that he refrained from mentioning so tender a tie, lest it might unnecessarily augment Theodore's impatience to be in Spain ; and Madame

Sauveur unthinkingly suggested that she might be dead.

Anastasia's conjecture appeared the most probable; that she was either living with her mother's relations, or had married, or had taken the veil, and therefore not known to the Chevalier.

Theodore's heart was quieted by the first conjectures, but pained by the last. As he recurred to the letter, the names of persons whose existence had been till now unknown to him, made his kindred so completely present, that he felt his former passionate eagerness to visit Spain return with double force.

With this yearning of nature was mixed the fond hope of acquiring that undisputed rank which could alone entitle him to ask the hand of Ellesif: yet, earnestly as he wished to go, careless as he was of encountering the shock of contending parties, he could not leave Count Lauvenheim in his present disturbed state of feelings.

Princess Ursini was now the person to

whom the affair was to be referred; and the most rational plan was to wait for her description of the Condé's inclination towards the orphan of his son. Were he, therefore, to quit the Count at this period, he would be committing a wantonly ungrateful act.

Habituated to patience from his earliest years, Theodore would have submitted to delay, under any circumstances, without repining; but in this instance he was accepting present enjoyment in the place of future good. A day, an hour with Ellesif and her father, were to him years of blessing.

Feeble must be that heart's capacity for happiness which describes the period of its possession as passing with the rapidity of light. The duration of time is marked to the worldly, by the quick succession of events; to the impassioned, by a repetition of strong emotions; and he that truly loves, finds, in a single instant, the treasures of an age.

In the presence of the objects beloved, each word, each look embodies the moment in which they are admired; and as memory thrills over their recollection, a few short hours appear to have contained a life of transport.

Freed from the restraints imposed by scrupulous honour, Theodore no longer sought to hide the nature of his sentiments for Ellesif: but though desirous that they should be seen and commented on by the Count, his natural fastidious delicacy, in all that related to his own feelings, still threw a veil over their expression.

Attracted by the harp and voice, or by the conversation of Ellesif, he would hover round her while she played or sat at work; but if another eye looked twice at him, as if ashamed of indulging in so much delight, he would hastily retreat.

Ellesif meanwhile, all abandoned to rapture, thought of nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing but Theodore. Engaged in listening to him or in observing the soft

gracefulness of his movements, she had not space in her mind for any other idea. Whether friends or enemies marked her devotedness, she neither knew nor thought; for her love was justified to herself, first by the merit of its object, and lastly by his equal attachment.

She saw Anastasia still the wonder and gaze of multitudes, she witnessed the extravagant passions her beauty excited, she heard an eternal murmur of admiration and entreaty surround her steps: but would Ellesif have exchanged one approving glance from Theodore for all this idolatry? O no!

The dear consciousness of having her sentiments, feelings, and actions approved by him, was to her worth a world of adulation: and fondly, yet justly estimating his attachment by her own, she believed that all the passion her sister's perishable charms had ever kindled, if weighed in love's balance, would be light to the single sentiment bestowed by Theodore.

That sentiment which grasps eternity, which pants for its dearest union in the world of souls, finds an answering one in few hearts. Habit, instinct, mere inclination to like something, creates half the passions which we see blazing and perishing like exhalations: they mount, indeed, to the same region with the stars; but these remain bright and fixed, while the former sink into dust, and go out in darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

NEVER had Ellesif been so free to enjoy the society of Theodore: her father passed much of his leisure time alone; he received and answered letters in cipher; and though more kind than ever to Theodore, was studious to conceal the nature of this correspondence from his knowledge.

Madame Sauvcur had got a serious admirer, and was perpetually inventing excuses for being with his family in the country; and Anastasia was, as usual, oppressed with company.

The women came to copy her dress, the men to *look* the worship they dared not speak. For Ager-huus contained several noblemen of sufficient quality to frequent

Count Lauvenheim's home parties; and careless of court censure, many of the younger Danish nobility deserted Zealand to re-enter the enchanted circle of Countess Anastasia.

Excepting relations, all the other persons who had crowded the levees of Lauvenheim, seemed to imagine him gone to another planet, many of them had really forgotten his elegant circle in the novelty of others: but the greatest number of these summer flies, convinced that his day of power would never return, shunned his correspondence lest it should darken their own favour.

In this absence of merely amusing society, Ellesif and Theodore found true happiness in each other.

During the long evenings Theodore often read aloud, while the ladies worked, and the Count occupied himself with designing sketches for his daughters to complete; or perhaps sat, wrapt up in mathe-

mathematical calculation, at a remote part of the large hall.

Sometimes whole evenings were given to gay or improving conversation; and at those times Ellesif listened with the wish to learn what Theodore taught; but the delight with which she hung on the manner of his discourse weakened her attention to its subject; and she felt the absurdity of the opinion which maintains that we learn quickest, when our instructor is the person we love.

Her astronomical studies were more eagerly pursued than ever, but with much less profit: as the family party collected together on a leaded platform at the top of one wing of the house, and as Theodore unravelled the seeming labyrinth of the stars, Ellesif's admiration of the simple eloquence that explained these wonders, too often took place of adoration of the awful hand that framed them.

Alas, unhappy Ellesif, soon art thou to pay the penalty of thy sin! — thy love

grows idolatrous, and thou must be punished for it, by the object of thy transgression!

In this dear and familiar intercourse Theodore preserved his resolution of leaving his tale of love untold, till either the voluntary act of his grandfather, or the legal decision of Spanish courts should place him in the rank to which he was born.

But what his lips refrained from declaring, his looks and involuntary actions said with double tenderness; and Ellesif's never-silent countenance told him, in defiance of all her efforts to the contrary, that she observed and sanctioned his sentiments.

Convinced of each other's attachment, they needed no formal explanation; Theodore might have said with Habington,

“ We saw and wooed each other's eyes;

“ Her soul contracted them with mine,

“ And both burned in one sacrifice.”

The ingenious trifle he had begun at her request, and so long laid aside, was renewed

and finished ; the Laplander, with his reindeer, formed the dearest ornament of Ellesif's cabinet ; and the present she had sportively given him in return, to adorn his study-table, was the sole witness of Theodore's solitary transports.

This present was a little basket of artificial flowers. Ellesif excelled in the elegant art of making them ; and having remarked the favourite flowers of Theodore, she had imitated them only, and given each flower its natural scent by perfuming it with its own essence.

On her presenting him with the basket, Theodore was hurried into the only personal compliment he had ever addressed to Ellesif. " How beautiful these violets are !" he exclaimed, looking with admiration on a cluster that were, indeed, of the brightest dye. " They are exactly the colour—" his sudden confusion, and hastily withdrawn glance, added as distinctly as his lips could have said, " of your eyes."

Ellesif blushed deeper than her own roses; and the eyes he praised, though now down-cast, looked lovelier than ever. At that moment Theodore thought her beauty as perfect as her character. Certain it is, that affection, like the sun, brightens the object upon which it shines; and that Ellesif never looked so charming as when animated by the consciousness of Theodore's admiration.

This dream of bliss was troubled for a while by the indisposition of the Count: he had a feverish complaint, which at first alarmed his family; but he soon lost every dangerous symptom, and the disorder seemed to have visited him only to shew Ellesif in a more endearing light.

Her tender assiduities in his sick room were unwearied, yet performed so easily and cheerfully, that the invalid was never pained by the recollection that he absorbed her whole time.

When Theodore saw her preparing with her own delicate hands the various little re-

storatives required in a sick chamber, and remarked that her father was thus beguiled into taking what he would have refused from servants, he learned to respect even that humble science which he had despised when studied by the Prince of ———.

Thus Ellesif vanquished his prejudices by actions rather than words; convincing him that there is no art, however insignificant in itself, that may not, by its particular application, rise to importance, and repay the trouble of acquirement.

The Count recovered his health, but not the serene equality of his spirits. Ellesif began to remark his frequent fits of abstraction, and was scarcely satisfied by his assurance, that he had more to think of in a situation where he was responsible for so many minor things, than when he had but one line of business to pursue in Denmark. She could not help fearing that he felt his fall with keener sensibility than she thought it deserved; and a circumstance which occurred not long after confirmed her in the

opinion. A badge and ribbon of the order of the Elephant were returned to the King, by the death of a knight : Count Lauvenheim was already decorated with the order of Dannebrog ; but he had a right to expect this superior decoration both from his services and rank, and by virtue of a distinct promise from the King.

The honour was, however, given to another : no apology or explanation was attempted ; and the Count's dignified expostulation at length received an evasive answer.

Wounded in the nicest point by this public affront, he wrote in respectful, yet indignant, terms to his sovereign, requesting leave to resign his employment.

Frederic hesitated to accept his resignation : he began to fear that he had shewn too marked a displeasure against a man, whose popularity and possessions might make a formidable enemy, were he to leave Norway and seek to traverse the measures of the new government.

Released from public duties, the Count would naturally retire to his own estates, and their situation would expose him to temptation. The possessions of Lauvenheim, as well as those of his eldest daughter, lay contiguous to Holstein; they comprised nearly the whole of the duchy of Sleswick; and with the power of a lord over his vassals, were he to enter into the intrigues of the Swedish regency, he might lop off that wealthy district from Denmark.

The late disasters of the Danish arms, and consequent success of the Swedes, together with the long delay of some troops promised by the Czar, rendered the present a very critical period. It was better, therefore, to amuse the Count with promises for the future, and apologies for the past, and so detain him where he was.

Count Lauvenheim was too experienced in political subterfuges to be deceived by these: but without the appearance of ingratitude and insolence, he could not per-

sist in tending his resignation. His sovereign had condescended to excuse his breach of promise, by lamenting the necessity he was under of obliging the Czar Peter in the person of his minister.

This provoking mask of graciousness compelled Count Lauenheim to pause; but a secret communication from the administrator of Holstein, recapitulating all his causes of resentment, and suggesting a dangerous revenge, after costing him many a struggle, finished by deciding him to retain the government.

From this moment Theodore saw no more abstraction, no more melancholy in his patron: a feverishness of soul appeared in all his actions. More assiduous than ever in business, he attended to its smallest details with solicitous exactness; saw, and heard, and investigated every thing himself; gave up nothing to inferior agents; and less surrounded by ceremonies than ever, made himself, nevertheless, more known

and more adored than in his days of magnificent display.

Theodore was convinced that by this activity the Count wished to leave himself no time to think of the wounds his pride or sensibility had received ; and that he sought to efface these painful feelings, by the noble consciousness of diffusing as much happiness as the vexatious counter-plans of a higher power would allow.

How little did he suspect the fatal reality ! How would he have shuddered, could he have known that this restless activity was produced by a dread of self-examination ; that it was at once the fruit and the parent of crime ; that Count Lauvenheim was now pledged to the enemies of his master ; and that he was to wait the favourable moment of Swedish success in one quarter, to throw off the mask of obedience, and place the fortresses of Norway in foreign hands.

A principality for himself, and the immediate union of Anastasia with the administrator, were to be the reward of his trea-

son. At present even the impatient lover was restrained from urging the completion of his happiness, by the certainty of its frustrating the most important part of their intrigue; and the dangerous malady of his young nephew, by holding out the prospect of the administrator's immediate succession to the duchy of Holstein, made him desirous of avoiding any private dispute with Denmark, till the preponderance of Swedish power should establish him firmly in the expected dignity.

Meanwhile Anastasia was ignorant of all that could afflict a virtuous, or shock a delicate, mind: she was far from imagining herself an article of barter; but assured of her lover's ardour, waited somewhat impatiently for the removal of certain political obstacles, and the consent of her sovereign.

Ellesif was the only one of the family trio that neither knew nor suspected any thing of the kind; and she was ignorant solely from the Count's principle of never making an useless confidence.

The completion of Anastasia's marriage depended on the secrecy with which the negotiations were carried on; and if Ellesif's tongue were discreet, her cheek and her eyes were notoriously otherwise. A direct challenge, nay even a surmise, made by a third person, would have been sure to bring the secret to her face. It was not want of love therefore, but prudence, that caused the reserve of her father.

At the end of May, a letter from Princess Ursini to her young kinswoman came through France, and threw a shade over Theodore's prospects. Ellesif reluctantly shewed it to him.

Although it was written before the arrival of those documents which might be said to ascertain the orphan's claims and identity, its purport certainly proved that the Condé Roncevalles was far from willing to believe the tale he was told.

He had testified the most complete incredulity, treated the affair as a specious imposture, and refused discussing the subject

again, unless the young man should appear himself, and bring with him positive proof of his authenticity.

Madame Ursini added, that it was impossible for her to urge the matter further in the present doubtful situation of her royal master; as it became all who wished him well, rather to conciliate than to brave the leading grandees. In addition to this, the ascendancy of a party hostile to herself had induced her to form the resolution of withdrawing from Spain; from which circumstance she could no longer be of service to Count Lauvenheim's young friend.

Some obliging details with which this accomplished woman concluded her letter, supplied the defects of De Roye's communication. From these Theodore learnt that his grandfather, though at the advanced age of seventy, was one of Philip's most active partizans; that he injured his fortune by his loyal contributions to the necessities of the state; and that Don Jasper, though

a young man of impetuous and headstrong passion, was his avowed idol.

Don Balthazar's wife, it seemed, had been related to the noble family of Montellano : her sister married, and educated the infant Elvira with her own daughters. At the age of eighteen Elvira became the wife, and soon after the widow, of Don Alvarez Haro, and was now residing alone, on a slender income, at a country-house in Aragon.

This assurance of his sister's existence banished every distressing thought for awhile, from the mind of Theodore. She had never been cordially owned by their grandfather, and it seemed as if sympathy in neglect must supply the place of intimate knowledge from childhood.

“ Whatever be my fate with my other relations,” he said to himself, “ by my sister at least I may be sure of being tenderly welcomed. With as little to hope from my unkind grandfather as myself,

she will have no jarring interest to make her unwilling to acknowledge me."

He paused on the dear image his imagination began to draw, and already gave it the features of his interesting mother. To be a widow at so early an age increased the desolateness of his sister's situation. Sorrow endeared her; and he who under his present circumstances would have hesitated seeking her in wealth and grandeur, now longed to hasten into her solitude, and to cheer her with a brother's sympathy.

Ellesif thought of Donna Elvira with equal tenderness; for she loved ~~any~~ one connected with Theodore; and she delighted in giving to the person and character of his sister, as much of his, as would be graceful in those of a woman.

After the first severe pang of disappointment, Theodore's crushed hopes began to revive. It is true, they sprung not up with the elasticity of the palm-tree, yet they did rise, and the judgment of others confirmed his own.

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It was probable that the Condé Roncevalles did in reality believe this a trick; and that were he to receive the written testimonials of what was then only barely asserted, and to see Theodore, his incredulity would vanish.

Don Balthazar's picture was indeed so like his son, that Ellesif could never separate the two images; and whenever she looked at the portrait, she gazed at it with the same tenderness as she felt when contemplating Theodore himself.

It was impossible that the Condé could resist such evidence as this internal one; yet, if he did, Count Lauvenheim believed the proofs of Theodore's right to the inheritance of Roncevalles were so strong, that, when strengthened by collateral ones, (which might be easily, though tediously, obtained from Spanish America and Madeira,) they would receive confirmation by the law courts at Madrid.

To this resort Theodore had the natural abhorrence of an amiable heart; even

rights, when extorted, appeared to him like robbery; but his reason assisted the arguments of his patron, who explained the sacredness of every man's obligation to maintain or regain what is legally his own, for the sake of his possible posterity.

Still, however, the period was not yet ripe for Theodore to appear on the contested ground. Never had the affairs of King Philip been so entirely at the mercy of a single throw.

When Princess Ursini wrote, the apparent or real lukewarmness of Louis XIV. threw his grandson entirely into the arms of his people; and they were so torn by factions, that little of vigour or concert was to be expected from their efforts. Since that period the accounts transmitted from the British troops in Catalonia had reached the north of Europe, and raised sanguine hopes of the Austrian party's final success.

In the midst of struggling parties at court, and contending armies in the field, it was not probable that either of the nominal

sovereigns would take time to investigate so intricate an affair as that which related to Theodore. It was therefore still expedient for him to keep his claims un-urged, till one of the rival princes should be settled on the throne.

With hopes crushed, yet not destroyed; happiness clouded, but not extinguished, Theodore was again to wait the uncertain results of war and time. Something of apprehension once more made him timid in his conversation with Ellesif. He feared to engage her generous heart too far, or to declare his own too openly, when perhaps he might never reach the station by which only he could hope to gain her.

Unlike his former self-restraint, this less necessary one frequently gave way before her generous tenderness; for eager to convince him that he did not owe any of her partiality to his illustrious lineage, she was more obviously occupied with him than ever, and this generous care of his feelings charmed him perpetually into a forgetful-

ness of the restrictions he had imposed upon his conduct.

A succeeding letter from Gaston de Roye, lamenting his incapacity of serving Theodore further, until the Archduke should have entered Madrid, gave effect to the advice of Princess Ursini.

The Chevalier coloured the distresses of Philip with too strong a pencil, and perhaps as extravagantly heightened the tone of his own party's success. Still it was evident, that the tide was flowing powerfully in favour of the latter.

Nothing could be more amusing than the caricature portraits of every thing and every body around him, which the felicitous De Roye drew in this descriptive letter. They revived the recollection of many past hours which his lively humour had embellished. Anastasia wished for him again, that she might be made to laugh, and to hear herself scolded; Ellesif, that she might then hear him praise Theodore; and Theodore, that he might shew him more dis-

tinctly than he had yet done, the warm regard his disinterested kindness had won.

Madame Sauveur now found every lady *si triste*, when she was not in company with her lover, that she also joined in regretting the Chevalier, whose unfailing spirits had given an impulse to the saddest or dullest evenings.

She was, however, a little unreasonable in her complaints. Used to the flatteries of a young officer, who lavished them with no sparing hand, she now invariably found every man *triste*, that seemed occupied with another woman; and every woman *triste*, that was making herself charming!

The time was fast approaching in which Madame Sauveur would become the centre of a circle. She was going to marry Baron Hoffendal.

This young man was one of the numerous sons of a very poor nobleman, and had literally to cut his way through life with his sword. Madame Sauveur had flirted herself into a passion for him; and being

really pretty, though fifteen years his senior, had just made him like her sufficiently to be content with owing his fortune to her interest.

Her remote relationship to Ellesif's mother, and the straitened circumstances in which she had been left at the death of a worthless husband, had first induced Count Lauvenheim to offer her the protection of his house; and after the loss of his Countess, to retain her there as a ~~chaperone~~ *chaperone* for his daughters.

Since then, her friends had obtained a handsome pension for her from France; and this pension, joined to the supposed power and will of Count Lauvenheim to advance the interests of any man she married, had determined young Hoffendal's inclination. Another reason insinuated itself with these prudential ones, namely, the gratification of superseding such an admired person as Señor Guevara.

As Baron Hoffendal professed a romantic passion for Madame la Marquise,

there was no talking to him about the probable failure of the expectations he might indulge from Count Lauvenheim's interest : so he was suffered to sigh, and vow, and propose, and be accepted.

In the ~~compositive~~ retirement of Christiana, the Count thought his daughters might be left without impropriety to their own discretion for at least a few months : he spoke of their going to pass the next winter in Copenhagen with Countess Gulderlieu ; and if neither of them married before their return, he would depute the Countess to furnish them with some well-connected woman to supply Madame Sauveur's place.

At the last suggestion, which was said in Theodore's presence, the blood rushed so violently to his face, that he was obliged to avert his head to escape observation ; and Ellesif was seized with such a trembling, that her work fell from her hand.

The supposition of her marrying in Copenhagen, marrying there another, was a death-pang to Theodore's fond hope that

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Count Lauvenheim saw, and did not disapprove of his attachment; and Ellesif sickened to think that a time might come when she might be pressed to give her hand to another.

Hitherto Count Lauvenheim had left his daughters free to refuse any proposal, however dazzling; for in truth none could exceed his proud expectations, few equal it. Yet this indulgence might not last: as his own views narrowed, he would most likely seek to circumscribe theirs; and if Theodore should go to Spain without explicitly declaring himself, what could Ellesif have to urge against the lover her father might favor.

But Ellesif was of a nature which almost believed sorrow impossible, while she was enjoying fervent felicity. She was miserable just as long as Theodore was taken from her by his morning avocations; when they met again in the evening, and had shared together their usual domestic pleasures, her heart throbbed with the joy of believing herself beloved.

It was only to Ellesif, in their casual *tete-a-tetes*, that Theodore ventured to speak often and unreservedly on the subject of his views in Spain. She lamented his parents with him; she deepened his tenderness for his sister; and she had the delight of remarking, that, with the anticipation of all his future years, her image was incorporated.

The world was now a world of roses to Ellesif; but Theodore's senses, though intoxicated with the same sweetness, was deeply sensible of the thorns she feared not. He looked beyond the present; and shrunk from the prospect of long-contested, perhaps eventually baffled rights.

Time passed: the month of August arrived: nothing of moment was heard from Spain, except that Princess Ursini's resignation had been refused with tears by the King and Queen, and that the conferences of Gertruydenberg, and the treaty of partition, were at an end.

This was again widening the lists, and

leaving the rival princes more ground to traverse.

Theodore began to think that unless he adventured his claims in the midst of a political hurricane, he might wait till youth were gone, before the anticipated calm should arrive. Count Lauvenheim came into his opinion; and unwilling as he was to lose his society and assistance, he proposed furnishing him with letters to Princess Ursini, and expediting him to Madrid, as soon as the event of the present campaign should be known.

That of course would be the end of the year; but so critical was the period, that it was likely another month or two would decide, whether Philip were to be found at the head of affairs, or Theodore be obliged to seek for justice from the Archduke Charles.

Theodore now looked forward to the conclusion of this happy year for a separation from Ellesif: a temporary one he hoped; for he meant to confess his attachment to

her father, ere he should bid them farewell; and learn from him whether, in the event of the establishment of his claims, he might pretend to the hand of his daughter. This resolution was worthy of his character, but it was destined never to take effect.

For some weeks Count Lauvenheim had, more frequently than before, communicated to Theodore the numberless vexations by which he was harassed from the court of Copenhagen. Such as were directed to mortify him in his own person, he affected to treat with philosophic indifference; those only seemed to give pain, which thwarted his benevolent views for the people of his government.

While making these confidences to Theodore, he glided, as if by accident, into details of the ruinously-ambitious plans of his sovereign, whose secret object had long been to make himself master of all Scandinavia.

Theodore had a just abhorrence of conquerors. He might have envied the hero

that fell, however obscurely, in defence of his country; but he would have rejected with horror the golden laurels of a successful invader. In his estimation, the single act of Leonidas darkened all the glories of all the Cæsars.

Count Lauvenheim well knew his sentiments upon this subject, and had calculated upon the effect his own would produce. Theodore was pleased to discover, that his patron was not only averse to the usurping projects of his King, but that his eyes were now opened to the rights of the young Duke of Holstein.

Having thus fathomed Theodore upon these points, the Count's next step was confiding in him the matrimonial treaty between the administrator of Holstein and his beautiful daughter. Theodore heard it with genuine pleasure, for he thought Anastasia exactly fitted to preside over a court; and in the character of Colonel Muller he had been much pleased with the Prince Bishop. Nothing in this communication gave alarm

to his veneration of his noble friend. Holstein being still treated as a neutral power by Denmark, a connection with its ruler could not be considered as a dereliction of duty in a subject of the latter.

Some time elapsed between this last confidence of the Count's and another conversation, in which, believing himself sure of the heart he sought to influence, he ceased to temporize, and poured out his whole soul.

After an early dinner, Count Lauenheim had retired to his own apartment, leaving Theodore with Madame Sauveur and his daughters. They were to have a party in the evening, in honour of Madame's intended nuptials on the ensuing morning; and Ellesif was employing Theodore to assist her in selecting music, while Madame la Marquise was volubly consulting Anastasia upon the most becoming wedding dress and subsequent dishabille.

Theodore observed, with delight, that Ellesif chose the songs and instrumental

music which he liked best. As he reached her the different music-books to look at, Madame's voice performing in alt, though in plain speech, was distinctly heard from the far end of the room.

“ Spangled tiffany, gold transparent, soufflé gauze, Lyons silk, English pins, agraffes of coloured stones ;” in short, all the rarities of apparel in those days were sounds that continually recurred.

Theodore looked often at Ellesif with a smile that said he was as much amused as surprised at this folly in a woman on the eve of a solemn engagement. Ellesif's smile had more of compassion in it.

“ And this poor woman fancies she is in love,” she whispered.

“ She is thinking how to look best for the sake of Baron Hoffendal,” replied Theodore, smiling still more.

“ Well, it shall be so, since you think so,” returned Ellesif gaily ; then casting up her lovely eyes with an expression of sensibility, added, “ I cannot understand

how any woman can think of dress at such a time. If she loves the person she is going to marry, she must be too happy; if she does not, too miserable." Her charming voice changed from the animated to the pathetic, and she sighed, unconsciously, as she concluded.

"May you never know the last feeling upon such an occasion!" exclaimed Theodore, with a look of piercing tenderness. Ellesif understood his emotion, and paused to command her own before she answered.

"I never will!" she said; "I give you my word that neither force nor persuasion shall ever make me marry a person I do not prefer to all the world."

The deepest blush followed her words. Theodore could not speak; his whole being was locked up in the sweet idea that he might consider this as a promise to belong only to him; and bending his head to her hand, as it rested upon the harp she was preparing to tune, he printed on it the first

kiss his lips had ever ventured to snatch from it.

How she received the bold action, or what were the words she faltered out, he knew not, for a servant entered at the very moment with a message from Count Lauenheim, requesting his attendance in the library.

Ellesif was gone, with the swiftness of a shooting star, to that part of the room where Anastasia and Madame Sauveur were seated; and having no longer the opportunity of apologizing for his freedom, Theodore retired with the servant.

He found the Count alone, walking to and fro, in great agitation. After Theodore entered, Count Lauenheim stood for some time, evidently waiting till the steps of the servant going back along the gallery should no more be heard; then hastily locking the door, advanced towards his surprized friend.

“I have sent for you, Guevara,” he said, “to tell you I am going a little jour-

ney to-morrow, and to tell you why I am going. The King has refused his consent to Anastasia's marriage. Her heart is to be broken, because my enemies would be mortified to see one of my blood exalted so high. Where is the recompence of fidelity, if it is thus *I* am treated? All this portends more than my ruin. My enemies aim at my life."

Theodore started, and turned pale. "Your life, my lord!" He was motionless with amazement and alarm.

"Yes, at my life, Guevara," replied the Count, encouraged by his emotion; "by private information from a source I may not doubt, I know that they are endeavouring to collect indiscreet words of mine, dropped in moments of chagrin; letters, that may be tortured into a different purport from the obvious one; in short, something to shape into an accusation against my fidelity. Villains will be suborned to swear to falsehoods — men that I have fostered and trusted — and this head I suppose must bleed on the block."

“ Great God ! ” exclaimed Theodore, shuddering. “ But, my Lord, my testimony — surely that of one who has spent twelve months with you ; who has been the witness of all your actions, the depository of all your sentiments — surely my testimony will outweigh the oaths of a hundred villains.”

The Count approached him, and locked one of his hands in both his. “ Guevara,” he said, “ you can do much — do all.” He stopped, and stood with his eyes fixed on him, in agitating silence.

Theodore’s face glowed like his heart : “ Can I, my Lord ! Then command my life.”

“ Ah, Guevara ! — if I may not command your prejudices also, it is in vain.”

“ I trust I have no prejudices, my Lord : in short, no selfish feelings that you may not over-rule,” replied Theodore ardently.

“ If I can serve you by any means ; if I can shew you by actions all that affection and gratitude which respect has hitherto

kept me from uttering in discourse, I shall think this the happiest moment of my life."

"I take you at your word, Guevara," replied the Count, sitting down by him with a brightened countenance. He threw a hurried glance round the room; then lowering his voice, began his fearful confidence.

From a recapitulation of all his services and injuries, he proceeded to unfold the magnificent offers that were held out to him by Sweden and Holstein; next to avow his acceptance of them; and lastly, to ask of Theodore one important service.

It was to go immediately to Copenhagen, vested with powers from the three conspiring parties, to purchase Mr. Coperstad's concurrence at any price. Through that gentleman's hands must pass papers of the first importance to the conspiracy: the one, which should order the arrest of the Count; and the other, which should give instructions to the troops in Sleswick to march into the country of Holstein.

If Mr. Coperstad were won to their in-

terests, it would be in his power to withhold these papers from their proper destination till copies could have reached the Count and the administrator: their arrival in Norway was to be the signal for the Count to deliver up the frontier fortresses to the Swedes, and of proclaiming this deed an act of self-defence.

He flattered himself that by the disinterestedness of his conduct, and the excellence of his administration while in Norway, he had sufficiently attached the people to his person, to reckon upon their co-operating even with the hated Swedes to save him from destruction; at any rate, Norway would become the prize of Sweden, the Danish arms would be diverted from Holstein, and the principality he aimed at be within his grasp.

What was the state of Theodore during this bold confidence? — Amazement, horror, agony!

Not all the impetuosity of the eloquent speaker could hurry Theodore out of his

reason: this treason was resorted to, he was told, to save the Count from the consequences of an arrest for high treason; but if he were innocent till now, why this desperate guilt? Would he not rather court a public trial? What did all this announce? Either the fearfullest ambition, or the deadliest revenge.

Theodore sat so long in stupified silence, that the Count had to rouse him by forcibly shaking his arm.

“What am I to understand by this silence, sir?” he asked sternly.

“That my heart’s blood is at your service: yes, every drop; but not my integrity.” Theodore fell at his feet almost frantic, as he pronounced these words. A horrid gulph — a gulph of crime, yawned between him and the man whom till this moment he had nearly worshipped.

“What! you will not do it!” exclaimed the Count in a voice of thunder: “you, that owe no allegiance to Denmark: you,

that so lately swore to follow me over the world in weal or woe; you will not risk one venial act to save the man whose——”

On the point of naming his own good deeds, Count Lauvenheim proudly stopped.

“Go on, my lord, for mercy’s sake!” cried Theodore, still at his feet: “go on; reproach me with your benefits, and even then I shall not cease to feel the agony of gratitude, hopeless gratitude, which at this moment weighs down my soul. What is there that I would not do for you, but load my conscience with guilt?”

At the awful tone of his voice, Theodore saw the paleness of death seize the Count’s cheek, and heard him shudder: that sign of virtuous sensibility encouraged him to pour forth an animated remonstrance against the moral ruin to which his patron was hurrying.

He arose from the ground, and approaching him with as much respect as tenderness, added intreaties to arguments to influence him to abandon these pernicious projects.

The Count heard him in silence ; and the working of his countenance had agony in it, but no repentance.

Theodore's unexpected resistance was inflaming him to madness : in Lauvenheim's rage, it was not the temper but the soul that was roused. He rose from his seat as Theodore ended his serious and pathetic appeal. His very figure seemed to dilate as he did so : the look, the voice, the whole man was changed.

A mask appeared to fall suddenly from his face : how fearful was the reality it discovered ! the war of shame, wrath, reproachful conscience, and determined crime !

" I have gone too far to recede," he said, in a hollow voice : " Theodore, you must be won — my reputation is in your power — you can blast me with a word. — While *you* live." — He paused, and his wild, wandering eyes rested on a pistol that was lying on the table, probably loaded for protection during his journey.

Hell was in the momentary glance. —

Theodore's blood froze, but he moved not ; his countenance only changed its expression of horror into that of pity.

The tender expression recalled the disordered senses of the Count : he took some hasty steps across the room to remove himself from the weapon.

“ Have I no bribe, Guevara,” he said, in a subdued tone, “ that may tempt you to serve a benefactor.”

“ None that can tempt me to destroy his soul.”

One haughty flash fired Count Lauvenheim's features for a moment, but it was quenched immediately.

“ What, Guevara, none ! recollect yourself.” He paused, and fixed his eyes almost kindly on him.

Theodore's sudden paleness at that question was a happy omen : the Count resumed all that persuasive sweetness of voice and countenance which had so often expanded the affectionate heart of his protégé.

“ I have long read your heart, Guevara,”

he said: "read it yourself." He broke off, and began again. "Now, tell me, if I have not that to bestow which would crown your fondest desires?"

The blood, that not a moment before had been centered in the heart of Theodore, now rushed in torrents of fire through his veins; then, with a convulsive shudder, returned there again to freeze.

A low agonized sound, like the cry of distress in a dream, was all he uttered, as, closing his eyes, he leaned his head against the wall.

The action, the sound, and his ghastly paleness, suggested the horrid idea of sudden death: and Count Lauvenheim was in that delirious state of passion, when the soul starts at her own phantoms. He stiffened where he stood, faintly articulating, "Guevara, have I destroyed you?"

Theodore slowly raised his eyelids, but without looking towards the Count, and replied, "Almost, my lord! but the shock, the struggle is over; that vast temptation!

We must part—I feel now that we must part for ever!”

And is it you that first talk of parting for ever?” asked Lauvenheim: “you that I once weakly trusted to for never-changing affection—do I tell you that we must part for ever?”

“You know I would never quit you, my lord: you know that all my heart holds precious is with you; yet, how to live on together after this!”

“Only one way,” replied Lauvenheim imperiously, stung by the consciousness of being contemned—“as the friend that will wed my wrongs, adopt my feelings, struggle for me, serve me, risk destruction for me.”—“But not dishonour,” interrupted Theodore. “Count, you cannot shake me: thank God, you cannot! Even that bright temptation cannot win me to an act that would make me unworthy of her. Do not look at me thus, my lord, as if your eyes expect to find something in my face less firm than my words: I tell you, it is my very soul you hear. Now, ere we part,

tell me, am I to lose the friend I have almost worshipped?"

"Yes, for life: for this life, and for that which is to come!" thundered the Count, his very reason lost in a storm of contending passions. Theodore shuddered: he saw the whirlwind was let loose, and that its fury could no longer be restrained.

"Go, sir," continued the Count with an inflamed countenance, "go and denounce me as a traitor; go and glut your ungrateful heart with the blood of your benefactor — of Ellesif's father!"

At the name of Ellesif a flood of sad delight softened the virtuous indignation of Theodore. He moved towards the door. "Time will answer for me," was his moderate, but tremulous reply: "farewell, sir!" He stopped to look at the Count: his heart was rent with the conviction that it was a last look. By a sudden impulse he sprung forwards, caught Lauvenheim's hand, kissed it, and without pronouncing even another farewell, disappeared.

Theodore reached his own apartment instinctively, like a man walking in his sleep : for neither did his senses take cognizance of any object, nor was his mind capable of a distinct intention : all was chaos in him ; a heap of confused, afflicting images.

He tried to think, and at every effort the object he believed himself on the point of seizing escaped, and was again lost in the mental disorder.

Nothing was clear, but the consciousness that Count Lauvenheim was unworthy, and that Ellesif was separated from him for ever.

Motionless as a statue, and with a gaze as sightless, he sat unconscious of the passing hours.

Repeated knockings at the door of his outer chamber at length roused him, and hastily trying to collect himself, he called to the person to enter. The call was answered by the door being opened, and a letter thrown into him : the door was immediately closed again.

On taking up the letter, and seeing the hand on the direction, he justly concluded

that it was the Count himself who had been its bearer : he sickened while he read it.

“ After the events of this evening we must, as you yourself have said, *part forever*. I now know the value of those lavish professions of enthusiastic attachment and ceaseless gratitude with which your looks, even more than your words, so long flattered me.

“ You have betrayed me into betraying myself ; and I avow my abhorrence of this treachery at the risk of being undone by it. Your resentment may lead you to reveal the secrets I have trusted you with. Yet no, — I will not suspect you of such damning ingratitude. Go, sir, and begin a new career in Spain : do not fear that my interest there shall be employed to traverse any of your plans — my revenge will be of a nobler nature.

“ Let our separation be effected with as little noise as possible : return to my daughters’ company, appear there as usual, and to-morrow you may give what orders you

please to my servants to expedite your departure.

“ Perhaps an hour’s reflection may have shewn you the romantic exaggeration of your notions; and taught you that your highest praise would be affection for the man that considered you and treated you like a son. If so, it is not too late to repair your fault; my heart will again open to you; and you know the reward you may claim.

“ I shall appear, at the close of the evening, in my daughters’ assembly, and shall take a pressure from your hand as the token of your regret for the past, and your wish of obliging me in future. If you do not give me that sign, I request you to spare me the pain of returning a letter from you unopened. I will not endure your censure.”

This letter was without signature. The erring, but not wholly-corrupted writer, might more truly have said, “ I *can* not endure your censure:” for in the midst

of all his wrath and self-exoneration, better thoughts whispered that he still loved and respected Theodore too much to live under his eye, while conscious of having fallen in his esteem.

But this softening circumstance was unknown to him that read the letter; and its cautious though angry stile, joined to its proud coldness, stung him to the quick.

“Am I to be always the victim of injustice!” he exclaimed; “accused of feigning affection because I will not plunge into guilt with the friend I have loved, God knows how sincerely!” Again he read the letter. “‘Return to my daughters’ company, appear there as usual.’ This is the cold-blooded mandate of the man that accuses me of having feigned sensibility: he believes the task easy, — and I shudder at it.”

In the midst of those thoughts the dear idea of being beloved by Ellesif soothed his pain, and still offered bliss, improbable bliss in the future. Yet his heart was not only pierced by her father’s unkindness,

but bleeding with the anguish of being obliged to think of him with horror: for all those sentiments and actions which had formerly exalted this extraordinary man into a god, he was now forced to consider as so many detestable artifices.

Benefits had been heaped on him then, only to purchase his partnership in the commission of a crime; and the unsolicited preferment bestowed upon his friend, had been in reality only a specious net to ensnare that friend's integrity also.

Perhaps there is no pang so acute as that which seizes us when we suspect that we have been as totally deceived in a person's worth as in his affection: in proportion as we have deified the object, our imagination aids reason in degrading him; and erring first by believing the object perfect, we err again in imagining it completely vile.

At first Theodore determined to leave the house without going through the pain of a second meeting with Count Lauven-

heim; but to quit the abode of Ellesif, whom perhaps he was destined never to see again, without even a parting look, was impossible.

The kiss he had printed on her trembling hand, the tender promise, the lovely blush that had transported him into the action, were yet thrilling through his heart; mixing their sweet remembrance with the frightful image of her father's turpitude. In thinking of them, he forgot time.

The hall clock striking the hour, alarmed him lest he should be too late in joining the party. Gaiety was dreadful to him, but in the midst of that only could he now see her. Having hastily arranged his disordered hair, with a wild look and feverish cheek he hurried to the receiving-rooms.

Count Lauvenheim was not there; but many persons were assembled; and Ellesif was employed in doing the honours of the music, her sister being engaged at cards.

As Theodore entered, "ten thousand blushing apparitions" starting into her face,

convinced him that his temerity was remembered and forgiven. She turned away towards the instrument, but the hasty glance she cast on him had remarked the more than usual brilliancy of his manly beauty. Alas! she suspected not the nature of those torturing feelings which fired his cheek and eyes with such transcendant brightness!

He advanced with a hurried step, but fancying that some of the persons near her were observing him with curiosity, he turned aside, and stood leaning at a little distance upon Ellesif's harp.

Never had he seen her so animated, so graceful, so enchanting. Her lovely shape displayed by a succession of careless and graceful movements, passed and repassed before him: a stationary blush was on her cheek,—and it was the blush of happy consciousness? Alas! their usual sympathy was suspended in this instance, for while his heart was breaking, her's was buoyant with joy.

A band of flowers with which Ellesif's hair was fastened, broke as she stooped for her fan, and her beautiful hair fell and mixed with the scattering roses : the tresses were quickly adjusted, but the wreath was destroyed ; and as one of the roses rolled to the foot of Theodore, she cast a glance to see if he would take it up.

But it lay there still, when she looked again ; and, disappointed more than she chose to confess to herself, she turned to an English lady who was going to play and sing.

The singer had a touching voice, and the song she chose was one of those simple, pathetic ballads peculiar to Scotland : it was the Lament of a rejected Lover.

Theodore's attention was roused by music till then unknown to him. Though too deeply absorbed in wretched thoughts to have observed the flower that had blushed amongst the raven locks of Ellesif, and which his foot now heedlessly crushed, his heart vibrated to the plaintive air and

words of the Scottish ballad. It echoed sentiment of this stanza :

Thou may'st be loved by many,
 Yet not with love by any
 One half so true as mine ;
 Some in their hearts may bear thee,
 One in his breast may wear thee,
 But ne'er with love like mine !

As the last notes of the sweet singer died on the ear, Ellesif turned to look at Theodore. He was still leaning against the harp, and his eyes, surcharged with tears, were fixed with a sad and fond gaze upon her.

Wild throbs of delight and alarm quickened the motion of her blood ; instead of averting her face she looked wistfully at him again, and as he closed his eyes to shut his feelings from observation, she saw the tears force their way through his eyelashes.

What would she not have given to have been free to join him at that moment, and have enquired (as their professed friendship

sanctioned) the cause of this powerful emotion! But polished society has a thousand trammels, and she could not break from the claimants that now challenged her promise of following the last singer with a song in return.

Her harp was wanted, and Theodore disturbed by the officious Baron Hoffendal. She sang, and she knew not what she did: her voice failed; her fingers wandered over the strings with wild incertitude: she disappointed every body and displeased herself; and rising at length, she pleaded nervousness, and prayed some one to take her place.

Theodore was gone to the back of Anastasia's chair, who was still at cards: she was dear to him as the sister of Ellesif, and his heart softened at the thought of now beholding her for the last time.

Ellesif had never before seen such an expression in his face as he looked at Anastasia; but without even a transient pang of jealousy, she was combating her

bashful fear, and trying to advance towards them, when her father entered.

His entrance intercepted her, and taking her arm through his, he went up to the very table Theodore was looking over.

The Count wore his usual air of graceful softness and composure; it made Theodore shudder. He said some elegant nothings in reply to the remarks of Anastasia's partner; but, as he did so, he fixed an earnest and searching look upon Theodore.

Never till now had Theodore met those eyes without receiving from them a gracious smile; they used to influence him like kindly stars; but now their fixture was horrible: he knew what they demanded, and he turned from them with a deep though stifled groan.

Evidently intent upon affording him an opportunity of giving the concerted signal, the Count addressed something to him, and said it with his usual freedom. In convulsive agitation Theodore answered something — nothing — and unable to controul

his feelings further, abruptly left the party.

Madame Sauveur's marriage was to be celebrated in the principal church at an early hour the next day, after which the bridal party, in which the sisters were included, were to go with her and partake of a banquet at the house of her husband's father.

Long ere their return Theodore would be gone. He had then indeed seen Ellesif for the last time; unless fortune should bless him with the means of honourably seeking her, and placing the disinterestedness of his conduct beyond suspicion: in short, till he had a fortune to offer her, that might make her father's approbation no longer necessary. At present he was a portionless wanderer, banished from the house of her father, and proscribed by his resentment: he would not therefore tempt her to dare the possible ruin of his destiny, though he could not bear to ~~know~~ ^{hear} her without declaring his attachment.

Count Lauvenheim had acknowledged his observation of their affection, and would have blessed it; had Theodore stooped to win her by dishonour: consequently there could be nothing clandestine in the confession he was about to make.

Something surely was due to the feelings of Ellesif, for Theodore had not been long enough in the world to learn, that although a woman's heart may break, or be for ever made suspicious by the unexplained desertion of him whose silent attentions have won her, yet if he preserves himself from that world's blame, he is considered unspotted.

Having tried to calm himself, Theodore wrote a letter to Ellesif.

It contained a declaration of his sentiments for her, a promise of constancy, and an humble request that she would allow him still to treasure the certainty of possessing her friendship till a happy moment might arrive, when he could sue for more.

He confessed that he had forfeited her father's regard; but he ventured to say he did not merit his displeasure, being confident that the Count could not deny him his esteem. He asked for no avowal of attachment in return from Ellesif; he dared not even ask for the common intercourse of friendship. If she would but allow him to believe that time and absence could not rob him of that precious sentiment, he would cheerfully encounter months, perhaps years of separation.

With the letter he enclosed a trinket of his mother's, that miniature guitar which Ellesif had greatly admired, and which timidity alone had always prevented him from offering to her. He now prayed her to accept of this in remembrance of him; adding, that he would venture to translate her detention of it into the answer he wished for; but if she returned it, he must believe himself forbidden to cherish any sentiment for her beyond respect.

“ That blow is not to overwhelm me, thank heaven !” he exclaimed, raising his heart with his eyes to the pitying power which had ordained him to win her affection ; in this wreck of every thing dear and precious, thy sweet love, my Ellesif, is spared to me.”

Having read and sealed this packet, Theodore carefully put aside every present received from Count Lauvenheim ; and, throwing into a trunk only those few articles of study and clothing, which his nicely-delicate spirit could pronounce his own, he placed on it a direction, with a written request for Count Lauvenheim’s steward, to send it after him to Aardal.

Since his arrival at Christiana he had held a decided situation under the government of Ager-huus ; consequently received that income from the public which he shrunk from receiving from a friend. A sum of tolerable magnitude was now happily in his hands ; he was therefore able to provide for the exigencies of his journey,

to reward the household of his patron, and yet retain a little hoard in case he should go to Spain.

The remainder of this hurried night he spent in arranging his papers, which indeed were always in order; after which, having locked the bureau they were in, he sealed up the key, and directed its envelope to Count Lauvenheim.

His powers were now quite exhausted; he threw himself on his bed, and found there a short oblivion from present suffering.

Theodore had been long up, ere any other person in the house was stirring. At length, he found the steward at leisure to receive his orders respecting what he had left behind. It was not necessary to tell this person that he was going, never to return; so, to avoid painful interrogations, he suffered him to suppose his journey was merely one of pleasure.

Having sent the key of his escritoire to the Count, he was proceeding, with the in-

tention of giving his letter for Ellesif into the charge of the first of her servants he might meet, when the sight of her boudoir door standing half open, made him suddenly resolve to leave it there himself. There she would be sure to find it, and by this method he would be relieved from the embarrassment and mystery of trusting it to a servant.

The windows of the boudoir were closed ; but through an aperture of the shutters, the morning sun streamed brightly. Its beams cast a line of light along the floor, and across the table where Ellesif had been reading the morning before. All the rest of the room was in deep shadow. Theodore laid down the letter ; and, seeing a glove which Ellesif had worn, lying near a book, he covered it with kisses and tears. When Ellesif wore that glove again, had she known that Theodore's tears were on it, how fondly would she have prized, how sadly cherished it !

Again Theodore fastened his lips to it,

and sighing from the depths of his heart, retired from the chamber.

In proud obedience to the Count, he had not informed any one but the steward that he was going a journey; and he did it when he left in his hands the money he wished to have distributed amongst the servants.

Several of the domestics passed him now, with a cheerful carelessness they would have been far from feeling, had they known he was leaving the house for ever; and the porter let him out for his supposed walk, with a good-natured reminder, that the family were that morning to breakfast early.

The next moment Theodore was in the street: the gates of the government-house were drawn to, and had shut him out from all that had hitherto promised him happiness, and incited him to excellence.

There was something frightful in thus being permitted to go without observation: but the night before, he had felt himself an

object of respect to all, and of tenderness to many of that house's inhabitants; yet now, "not a voice bade God bless him," not an eye followed his steps with a tear:— even she whose transporting looks had so often told him that he was her world, lay in peaceful slumber, and perhaps dreamt not of him.

A deathly chill shook all his limbs, and the momentary pang of indeed believing that he was cut off for ever from Ellesif and her father, (fallen though he was,) seemed to wither his heart.

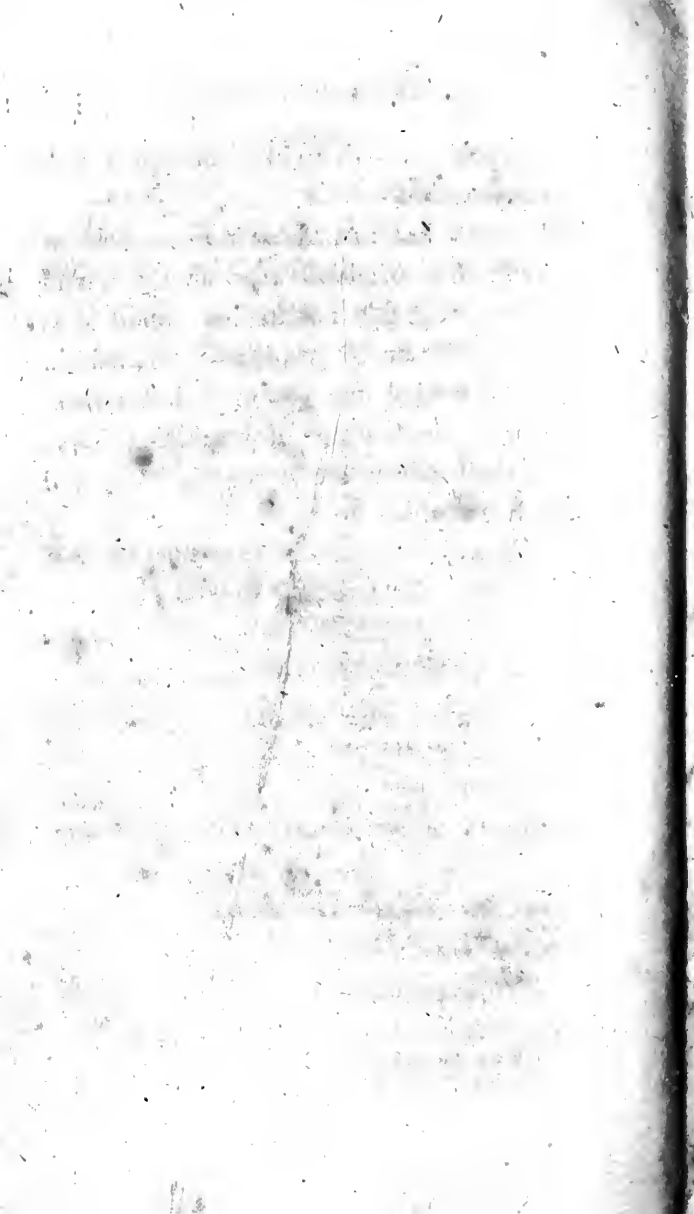
He lingered in front of the mansion. Half the inhabitants were still sleeping: Count Lauvenheim's shutters were entirely closed. "You sleep, cruel man!" he cried, in bitterness of spirit, "while I wake and wander like a guilty thing! Be it so! I have deserved this trial, by prizing you too highly. I am punished for having loved you better than a better man!"

He thought of the venerable Dofrestom

as he spoke, and thought was coupled with self-reproach.

His eyes last turned to the apartment of Ellesif: her windows were all open, and she was evidently not in her room. He gazed madly on the windows, — gazed till wildness settled into gloom; then repeating, in the hollow tone of prophetic misery, “I shall never see her again!” moved slowly away.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

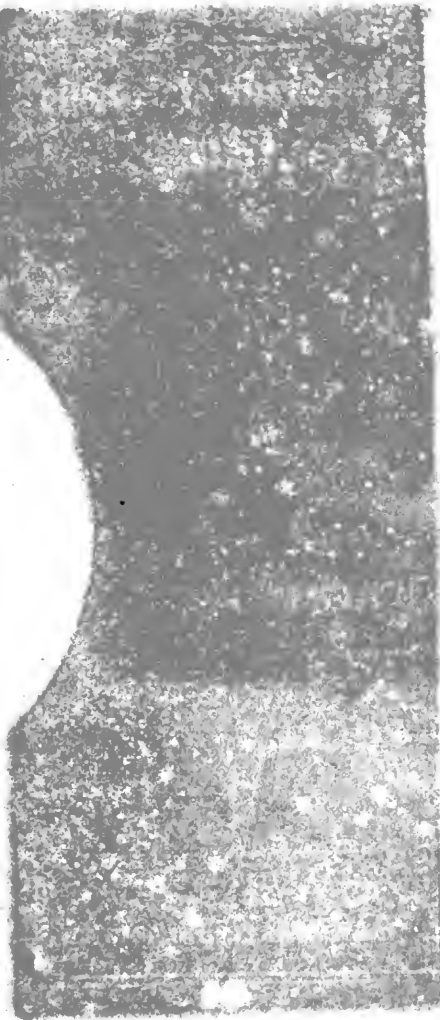


ERRATA.

- Page 2. For "novel tract" read "novel track."
18. For "grand yeux noir" read "grands yeux noir."
20. For "hjs d'aborb" read "son abord."
32. For "hand that is to do so" read "wand, &c."
38. For "Madame Ponacha" read "Madame Panache."
45. For "enjoined Ellesif" read "rejoined, &c."
61. For "any thing she did" read "every thing, &c."
64. For "faculties to serene restraint" read "faculties to severe restraint."
78. For "consent to take the lead" read "consent to take the bent."
85. For "Condé di Roncevalles, Marquis di Palman" read "Condé Roncevalles, Marquis Palmar."
88. For "Princess de Ursini" read "Princesse des Ursins."
90. For "warm I am about any thing" read "warm I am about every thing."
119. For "Lutin" read "Eutin."
133. For "Hurlu-Bushe head" read "Hurlu-Burlu head."
(See Sevigné's Letters.)
135. For "wasp in the shape" read "warp, &c."
145. For "even in extremes" read "ever, &c."
149. For "his passion was quite unexpected" read "his passion was quite unsuspected."
163. For "but they were lifeless. like him who slept under their shade: in the eye of man "they seemed to die;" read "but they were lifeless: like him who slept under their shade; in the eye of man, &c."
179. For "disparaged her dissention" read "disparaged her discretion."
214. For "Alps that lowered" read "Alps that towered."
247. For "Philip be unhinged" read "Phiiip be un-kinged."
270. For "she loved any one" read "she loved every one."
275. For "every lady si triste" read "every body, &c."
276. For "chaprone" read "chaperon."
277. For "the compositive retirement" read "comparative &c."
309. For "could not bear to know her" read "could not bear to leave her."

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Porter, Anna Maria
The recluse of Norway

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