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THE SECRET TRIBUNAL OR, THE COURT
OF WINCESLAUS A MYSTERIOUS TALE
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THE
SECRET TRIBUNAL
OR,
THE COURT
OF WINCESLAUS
A MYSTERIOUS TALE.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh' that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!
BLAIR.

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THE
SECRET TRIBUNAL.

THE marriage of the Emperor Wincelauus was celebrated during four days with great pomp and festivity. The three first days were dedicated to pleasure and the introduction of the fourth, when the nuptial ceremony was performed, and the blooming Sophia yielded her hand to her phlegmatic husband. Educated in the gloom of a convent, she readily quitted it to assume the dignity of Empress; but, that once obtained, she soon learned that crowns have thorns, and would willingly have retired to the peaceful abode she had not long before sighed to leave. The Emperor, although not yet forty years of age, was enfeebled in body and unadorned in mind; his manners were coarse and plebeian, and in the assembly which graced the nuptials, not one man appeared, except his friend the Duke of Ormsberg, who might not have been preferred to him. Sophia had wedded the Emperor from affection to her father, to whom she bore the strongest filial duty. He had placed his happiness on seeing her Empress, but Sophia saw the destiny that awaited her, without endeavouring to subvert his inclination. During the day of the ceremony she could not be persuaded to join in the tumultuous festivity of the occasion, and the Duke of Bavaria endeavoured to dissipate the cloud that weighed down her spirits, by representing that all regret was too late, and that she should turn her eyes to the advantages attached to her elevation. "Whatever way I turn them," said Sophia, "I see no comfort, no prospect of happiness, with such a man!"

Her father endeavoured to shew that she possessed the power of promoting the happiness of many nations, of restoring a depraved prince to virtue, and of rendering her father happy. Sophia listened with attention, and promised to rise superior to her dislikes; and indeed her subsequent conduct, during a long and afflicting marriage with this man, was a continued display of fidelity and attention. When the night had far advanced, the dancers withdrew, or seated themselves with the other guests, to take refreshments; some slept through fatigue, and others from intoxication; among the latter was the august spouse of Sophia, who had drunk of a large goblet of wine to the honour of beating his antagonist at draughts. Sophia and her father had been deeply engaged in conversation about half an hour, ignorant of the Emperor's situation, when they were interrupted by the sound of harmonious music approaching at a distance. The sounds were as soft and melodious as the chaunt of the nuns in the convent, and the recollection filled the eyes of Sophia with tears. The gates opened, and a troop of young damsels appeared, who advanced to the place where Sophia sat, in paces measured to the accompaniments of harps and flutes. They sung an ode, composed indeed according to the rude taste of that age, yet such was its effect; that it conveyed more pleasure to the feelings of Sophia than all the parade of the day. When the damsels had finished their congratulatory address, they strewed the sweetest flowers of spring at her feet, while she who was the conductress advanced with a timid air, and presented her with a coronet of flowers in a vase of gold. The Empress, unable to repress her feelings, held out her hand to the damsels around her, and, regardless of her rank, stooped to embrace them.

“What is your name?” said she to the one who had led the singers. “Mira,” replied the blushing maid. “I once knew a princess of that name,” said Sophia. “Perhaps your name is——” “Mira Lindolm is my name; I am the daughter of a statuary,” said the young woman, bowing. “So handsome, so noble in deportment, and only the daughter of a statuary!—You are a matchless girl!—Rise then, and let me, for your sake, distribute some tokens of my favour among your companions.” Instantly she began to disencumber herself of her magnificent ornaments and jewels, distributing them as remembrances of her good will, till the Princess of Ormberg whispered in her ear, that she must not dispose of the jewels about her person. “I am an Empress,” said Sophia, “without the liberty of disposing of my ornaments; but this, dear Mira, (taking a gold chain from her neck,) is a present from the Countess of Wirtemberg, my godmother, and no jewel of the crown. Take this.” With great humility Mira begged leave to substitute a lock of her hair as a more valuable present of the two. In a moment Sophia cut off the lock, and with so much eagerness as slightly to wound herself with the point of the scissors. The trembling Mira and her companions were now dismissed with severity by the Princess of Ormberg.

The bustle on the arrival of the damsels had somewhat aroused Wincellaus from the stupor of his intoxication, and the last incident being related to him, on seeing the company flock round the Empress, crying out “the Empress is wounded!” The Princess of Ormberg, who had been piqued by Sophia ordering her to retire while she and her father conversed, now lectured her on the conduct she ought to pursue in her new situation, which was repeated from the mouth of her husband, when she was conducted to her chamber. He censured her for attempting to give away the jewels of the crown, and doubted whether she would not have given away her wedding ring if the Princess of Ormberg had not interfered. Sophia replied by a repartee, which her husband did not feel the force of; but, fearful that she might have offended, she turned to the coronet of

flowers, and said, "I also have received a present that I value highly, and which I lay at the feet of my Emperor. Wincelau, contemptible as he was, was not insensible to the affecting manner of Sophia, and clasped her in his arms! but his attention was in a moment called off to the value of the golden vase, in which the flowers were presented. Sophia shed a few tears at his sordid disposition, and, after some other conversation, they were undressed, and went to bed. In a few days after, Sophia sent for Mira, who had interested her fancy more than any one during the whole nuptial entertainment. Mira being indisposed, some of her companions were sent for and rewarded, but not one like Mira appeared among them. Sophia questioned them concerning Mira, and learned that she was an only child, that her parents were rich and loved her tenderly; that she loved solitude, and her pride seldom suffered her to be familiar with the young companions who had accompanied her. Not only Sophia, but the whole court had become enraptured with Mira; her father's house was besieged with visitors, in the shape of lovers. Among them was Lipstolf of Baden, who pursued a conduct the reverse of this: he sought for her without uttering her name, and had discovered the church where she heard mass, before his rivals scarcely knew where she lived.

Lipstolf was eighteen years of age, and being early admitted to the licentious court of Wincelau, and an agent in a variety of his coarse intrigues, it may be supposed that he had not formed any very high notions of honor in love. Notwithstanding every attempt of the young courtier, he could not gain admission to the house of old Lindolm; and it was only on Sundays, when accompanied by her father, that he could see her face unveiled; and even then her eyes, fixed on the shrines of St. Ursula or the Virgin, never strayed from the object of her devotion. The strong presentiment in favour of Mira, from her absence, was seen forgotten at court, and even Sophia almost wholly lost the recollection of her in new objects and the increasing imperfections of her husband. Shortly after her marriage a lady appeared at court, who was presented to her under the name of Van Landen; her manners were coarse, and though at supper Sophia remarked great intimacy between the Emperor and this lady, yet she had not a suspicion of what every one knew. The lady's person and manners were adverse to any idea that she was a mistress, and such were the commendations the Emperor bestowed on her, that the Empress shewed her some marks of esteem. Not long after, however, she was made acquainted with the folly and sin of her husband; she wept in secret for his errors and her own situation; and the Princess of Ormberg having one day caught her in tears, the bursting heart of Sophia confided to her the secret cause of her unhappiness, and the contempt she felt for so unworthy a husband. From this moment the princess began to assume a despotic power over the Empress, and prescribed to her whom she should love or hate.

In the mean time Lipstolf never ceased to think of his beloved Mira. He invented a thousand schemes to remedy the obstacles which must impede his marriage; he either wished to raise her to his rank, or reduce himself to a level with her's: her birth was obscure, and the place he held of chamberlain was far from lucrative. His own family he knew would never consent to his union with one inferior to him in birth; he determined therefore to sacrifice rank, family, and preferment, and, by disguising himself, endeavour to enter the statuary's house as an apprentice. In this, however, he failed, and became at once dejected, and more attentive to his imperial master than ever. One day, the Emperor addressed him thus: "Lipstolf, you seem insensible to the melancholy that sits on my countenance, and do not ask me the cause. You have extricated me from difficulty before, and I am disposed to think you can serve me now."——Lipstolf

bowed his head to the ground.—“Know then that my wife’s dower has been all swallowed up by the nuptial expences; I was certainly very generous, as a prince should be. But, Lipstolf, do not suppose that my coffers are empty, while my subjects are rich: old Lindolm, for instance, who presented the golden vase on my wedding day: I am told he can portion his daughter with a sum equal to the Princess of Bavaria. It is his duty to assist his prince. Go to him, and ask him to lend me a thousand crowns; in consideration of which I grant him permission to wear on Sundays a golden chain round his neck, like one of the nobility.” Lipstolf was astonished and pleased. He set off on the errand, and on his way accounted for the prodigality of the Emperor in a better manner than he had done. The Emperor had named Madame Van Landen as a cause of part of his expence, and this led Lipstolf to suspect the truth, that her silence had been purchased with large sums of money, as she had threatened to disclose certain particulars to the Duke of Bavaria, which would have infallibly broken off the match.—Lipstolf knocked twice at the door before it was opened, for his figure was of that class which the father of Mira had forbidden to enter his house; and whether the domestic recollected that he had seen his face before, or misconceived his errand, is not certain, but he was told that Lindolm was not within, and the door was just being closed, when he demanded if he could speak to his lady. This was heard by the latter, who stepped to the door herself, and, bidding the merciless porter withdraw, she enquired with great courtesy the name of the knight. On informing her that he had a message from the Emperor, he was introduced into the parlour, where sat the object of his adoration, the lovely Mira, He stood motionless as a statue, gazing on the beauties of Mira, who was occupied at her spinning wheel, and, after the first glance, had not once raised her eyes to regard him. The old lady had desired him to sit down till her husband returned, and Mira had even repeated the request, without his altering his position. Mira accidentally let fall her distaff, but such was the admiration of Lipstolf and his want of recollection, that he did not make the least movement to recover it. In a moment after, Mira’s mother entered, and asked what intelligence he brought from the Emperor, at the same time obsequiously pressing him to be seated.

The mission of Lipstolf was well received by Mrs. Lindolm, who stepped to a large chest, which she opened without noise, and took out a small ebony casket. This she emptied on the table, and bid the knight take whatever he pleased, except a ring and a gold chain in it, and assure the Emperor of her profound respect for him, since he had given them so good an Empress, through whom, it was to be hoped, things would be better than what they had been.—Lipstolf then mentioned the dignity he was to confer on Lindolm, but she replied that her husband was not vain enough for that, but if his Majesty would grant her the liberty of wearing in public what ornaments she liked, her jewels need not then be hoarded up. Lipstolf immediately assured her of the Emperor’s permission, and the conversation turned upon her having seen the face of Lipstolf frequently at church, but never saw his neck adorned with the chain of honour, though he was a nobleman. Lipstolf blushed, and Mrs. Lindolm said, “What would you say, if I for once act the Emperor, and decorate you with this gold chain! Come, Mira, you shall place this chain about his neck, which I present him with at your expence.”—Mira was confused, placed the chain, and then retired to her distaff. Lipstolf was regarding her with delight, when Mrs. Lindolm asked him, if he were not the Chevalier Lipstolf of Baden. The latter was about to answer in the affirmative when the step of Lindolm was heard in the porch, and Lipstolf was desired to put the gold chain into his pocket. When the independent benign old gentleman made his appearance, the presence of the chamberlain excited his surprise: he ordered Mira to retire, and then asked the visitor’s business. When it was unfolded, he said, “My wife has done just what I should. When

the Emperor next wants me, and it may not be long first, it will be my turn. In his Majesty's dominions I have gathered what I possess, and he has a right to share it with me. Come, therefore, young man, on the part of your master as often as you please, but never on your own account." Lindolm then shewed the chamberlain out, and he bent his way to the palace, pleased in himself with the marks of favour received from the mother and daughter. Having delivered the money to the Emperor, he adjourned to embrace his golden chain, to which was appended a medallion, not of the charming Mira, but of an old Count of Wirtemberg. The next morning, full of the image of his mistress, he repaired as soon as it was light to the house of old Lindolm. He had forgotten the frowns of the father, and remembered only the smiles he had received. He was told that neither the master nor mistress was at home, and as the Emperor could not so soon have any more demands for money, he could have no business there. It was to no purpose that he persevered in his visits; and he began to wish that the Emperor might have occasion soon to apply again to the strong box of Lindolm; but the Emperor had found out a more lucrative and easy way of furnishing himself with money, by creating nobles and free judges, who paid handsomely for their dignities.

At this time came to the court of Wincelous, Victor of Milan, between whom and a prince of the house of Visconti had long subsisted a secret enmity. The former, prompted by ambition and a thirst of vengeance, offered the Emperor an enormous sum to make him a duke, which the latter, against the remonstrances of the princes of the empire, complied with. Victor requested also privately the establishment of a secret tribunal in his territories: this tyrannical and unjust right was also accorded, and the Duke of Milan, having paid the Emperor generously for his complaisance, took his leave. Nothing was thought of now at Prague but dissipation and festivity, and the preferment of the Duke of Milan was the pretext for the Emperor's extravagance. It happened about this time, while Lipstolf was dancing, and the Emperor with the Prince of Ormberg was getting inebriated, that a cry of fire resounded outside the palace. Lipstolf looked through the window which lay towards the quarter where Mira's father lived, and saw that part of the horizon in flames. His love of Mira suggested to him that she might be near the scene of desolation.—When he arrived there, what was his astonishment to see Lindolm standing beside his wife, both gazing at their house, which was in flames, and calling in frantic accents on their lost Mira. The father had rushed to his daughter's chamber, and not finding her there, was obliged to relinquish any further pursuit, after having been severely scorched.—“Mira in the house!” vociferated the desperate Lipstolf—“Let me perish or save her!” Thus saying, he instantly seized a ladder, planted it against her chamber, and entered the scorching window. Smoke and flame concealed him from their view; every one gave him over for lost; but he appeared at the window, and then flew back to explore other parts of the house; again he returned to the window, descended the ladder, and fell senseless into the arms of the bystanders. “She has perished!” exclaimed the mother; and while she raved uselessly, Lindolm endeavoured to recover the intrepid youth, who had narrowly escaped suffocation, and had felt the fury of the flames.

When day began to break, the fire subsided, and the parents of Mira retired to a small house they possessed at a short distance from the former, taking Lipstolf with them, who was carried by his servants. Scarcely had they gotten half way, when Mira broke through the crowd, and clasped the despondents in her arms. Her lover and mother fainted, but her father, with more compassion, asked her how she had been saved. Mira replied that she had never been in any danger, and

ejaculated a thanksgiving that he and her mother were safe. Lindolm now recollected, for the first time, that Mira, with her servant, had gone to a distant church to hear mattins, which were to begin at midnight, and last until day break; it was there she had heard of the calamity of her parents, and hastened with all speed to their assistance. When Lipstolf had quite recovered from his swoon, Mire was presented to him, and became his nurse, which contributed to feed a flame in the bosom of both more violent and lasting than that which had brought them together. When Lipstolf had quite recovered, he returned to court, where the Emperor bantered him on his exploits and love for Mira.

Sophia testified her respect for what he had done, and deputed him to give to the family a handsome present in her name for the sake of Mira, to which Lipstolf added some jewels of his own. He also recollected that the money borrowed by the Emperor would now be very acceptable, and hinted something about the repayment while the family were distressed; this freedom, however, was not approved of, and seemed to be the foundation of the Emperor's subsequent coolness to his favourite. Lipstolf immediately hastened to the father of Mira with Sophia's bounty, whose eyes overflowed with gratitude at her goodness, and when Lipstolf related the conversation relative to the borrowed money which had passed between him and the Emperor, he replied that he had never expected to be repaid. "But," said Lipstolf, "I consider myself as your debtor. Would it were in my power to make up your losses!—I would cheerfully resign my future prospects at your death!"——Lindolm bid him not to be so uneasy on that particular, as he could assure him, as a secret, that a great part of his property he had buried in the house he now inhabited, intending, if his Majesty's demands had extended too much, to have flown with his family to a more secure country. The conversation changed from this subject to Mira, and Lindolm, after a moment's pause, said, that he could not but see the love he bore to his daughter, and that he had given a sincere proof of it, yet there were circumstances which required that he must renounce every idea of being united to her; in short, that he must avoid seeing her, and conquer an unhappy passion, which might render Mira as miserable as himself. Lipstolf expressed his surprise in his looks, and his silence gave a farther opportunity to Lindolm to observe that his refusal did not proceed from any dislike; for he had conceived an affection for him when he was denied admittance to his house, and that he was now more than ever attached to him from gratitude. Lipstolf left the house of Lindolm with chagrin, yet, cruel as he thought him, there was an independence and frankness about his person, very adverse to the manners of the court, which he could not but love and respect. One day Lipstolf effected a secret interview with Mira's mother, and the result was the appointment of a time when he was to meet herself and Mira, during the absence of her father.——Lipstolf was punctual to his appointment, and he was admitted by a female servant, who placed him in a closet adjoining the parlour, as her master had not yet gone out. Here he overheard a dispute between the father and mother concerning himself and Mira; the father contended that Lipstolf was poor, that his family would never consent to the marriage, and that Mira ought not to emerge from obscure life by the instrumentality of Lipstolf: he then glanced at the consequences of her foolish whim in sending Mira to court on the nuptial day, which his wife warmly defended, and was proceeding, when Mira entered the room, and closed the conversation. Lindolm then declared his intention of remaining within that evening and Mira was directed to take her harp instead of the distaff, and sing to it. This afforded the closeted lover some gratification for not seeing her, and when the confidante came to liberate him, he quitted the place with regret, and slowly bent his way home.—Lipstolf after this did not obtain another interview with the mother or daughter during

his residence at Prague.—He saw that the Emperor treated him with coldness, and he formed the resolution of quitting the court—a resolution which Lindolm seconded very warmly; advising him to seek a more noble master among the neighbouring potentates and promising, when the Emperor had in reality made him a knight, to supply him with that which fortune had only parsimoniously bestowed. Lipstolf obtained the order of knighthood of the Emperor, and then repaired to his oracle Lindolm, who advised him to get admitted into some of the numerous orders of knights which then were common over all Europe. The young man chose the order of Constancy, and when he appeared before the honest statuary armed cap-à-pié, he could not refrain from laughter. The newly-dubbed hero made certain of seeing Mira on the day of his instalment; but this Lindolm deferred till the day of Lipstolf's departure, that he might hasten it, for he saw little use in suffering interviews between lovers who could never be united. On the evening preceding Lipstolf's departure, he asked him what was his inducement at so early an age for entering the court of Wincellaus? Lipstolf requested also the causes of his coming to Prague, which the statuary stated was merely to ornament the cathedral, and sorry he was that he had quitted Nuremberg, where he had acquired both riches and reputation. Lipstolf then opened his history in the following words:—“I am poor, and suffer for the faults of my ancestors.—My grandfather quarrelled with his eldest brother, the present reigning Count of Baden, and he and his elder brother still more increased his anger by the part they took against the Count of Wirtemberg in the war waged against him by the Knights of St. Martin.” As Lipstolf pronounced the name of Wirtemberg, Lindholm sighed profoundly. Lipstolf then continued; I know not whether you remember Count Everard of Wisbaden, but his adventures——.” “You need not repeat them,” said Lindolm. “I know Count Wirtemberg better than you; as well as the escape he made through the hollow mountain, when the Knights of St. Martin besieged him at Wisbaden.” “It was in that inglorious expedition my father and one of my brothers lost their lives, and involved themselves in the hatred of the chief of our house, who seized on our property with the Emperor's consent, and almost ruined our family. I was the youngest of several brothers and sisters, most of whom embraced a religious life, and when I was thirteen, a dispensation was obtained for me to enter the convent of Korf; but, seeing the sorrow with which two of my sisters took the veil, I escaped from the convent never to see it again. I was early fond of arms, and determined to fly to my present asylum, where I presented myself before his Majesty, and took him at one of those scarce moments when he was benevolently inclined. I was admitted among his pages, and became his favourite and confident. I formed high notions of his divine right, and thought he was infallible, while the people, disgusted with his tyranny and extravagance, were planning schemes to get rid of him. A conspiracy now burst out which obliged him to fly to the castle of Conradsbourg, which he had fortified as a retreat in case of danger. Soon after his arrival, the general discontent continuing to increase, he caused three of the chief malcontents to be executed, and my faithful instructor in chivalry, old Carlowitz, was soon after found assassinated; ←spelled with four Ss twice on p. 30 and a note was stuck with a dagger on him, signifying that he “was executed by the *free judges* for the crime of high treason,”—that dangerous and cruel court which Wincellaus had created.—My grief at the loss of this worthy man was very great, and when I mentioned it to the Emperor, he condescended to convince me that *he* was free from any concern in it, and I blindly believed all he said.

“I was walking the next day under an arched passage in the fortress, when I received a violent blow on my side, and heard the voice of Schoonen, Carlowitz' son, exclaim, “Cursed informer, must I also fly my country through thee!” The violence of the blow brought me to the ground,

but I saw not the hand that gave it. The next day I learned that Schoonen had flown, but I did not suspect my having spoken doubtingly of the fidelity of Schoonen would subject him to the Emperor's persecution. While Wincellaus remained at Conradsbourrg, he paid frequent visits to the convent of Braunau, where he was surrounded by his enemies, and carried prisoner to Prague. I was informed of this when I returned from a hunting match I had been engaged in, and immediately galloped towards the city, where I learned that he was imprisoned in the fortress. I ran through the streets, calling out to the people to liberate their Emperor. I soon found myself at the head of a determined rabble, who were too humble to feel the Emperor's tyranny, and who enjoyed cheap bread and other advantages at the expence of the rich. The attack ended in my being made prisoner, and, instead of the consolation of keeping company with my master, I was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, where I remained till the Emperor contrived to set himself at liberty by the means of Madame Van Landen, who suggested the idea of throwing himself into the river, and getting to shore. I was inwardly chagrined that this woman had had the honour of liberating him, and sunk into insignificance the attack in which I had been captured. My enlargement soon followed, and I hastened to Wincellaus at Conradsbourg, where I was very coldly received, and told it was disgraceful for me to have been outplanned by a woman. This raised my curiosity to see Madame Van Landen, but when I did, I found her person coarse and ordinary, and that all her merit in a perfect obsequiousness. A strong degree of contempt was excited in my mind, and my attachment to Wincellaus rapidly declined. I now spent whole days in hunting without being missed by him, in one of which he fell a second time into the hands of his enemies. I was not so eager now to liberate him by personal danger as formerly, and therefore tried every corruptive art to extricate him from the tower of Prague. Suddenly, however, he was removed to the fortress of Krumlau, where I succeeded, by bribing a fisherman, in making him hear my voice through the window of his prison, and persuading him to trust to the element which had saved him before.—He did so, and then had the narrowness of soul to refuse the fisherman the reward I had promised, which I afterwards furnished myself.

“I delivered him into the hands of Madame Van Landen, under whose cure he recovered in few days. It was then he first thought proper to acknowledge I had rendered him some service. In the mean time we had every day deserters, who informed us that it was intended to attack the castle of Conradsbourg, that the appointment of another Emperor was in contemplation, and a considerable reinforcement was expected from Sigismond, king of Hungary, to assist the people in recovering their rights, and limiting the imperial power. Sigismond was the brother of Wincellaus, and his heir to the throne if he died without issue; but he was too noble to act dishonourably. I had heard enough of his virtues to induce the Emperor to write to him for assistance, and let me be the bearer of the letter. I was then but a youth of seventeen, but such was my zeal and address, that I won over the good Sigismond to our interests, who immediately ordered a large body of troops to march into Prague. The inhabitants, unsuspecting the counter plan I had effected, supposed they were to side with them against the Emperor, and we were in the heart of the city before our enemies could oppose us. The castle of Wischerard was carried after an obstinate resistance, and the Emperor, at the first signal, took possession of the fortress, from the battlements of which he harangued the people, promised a redress of grievances, with a general amnesty, and was proclaimed sovereign anew. As the seal of this, he invited the principal inhabitants to a splendid feast, to be given in honour of the occasion; and I felt my heart dance with joy at the restoration of peace without bloodshed. At the feast his Majesty welcomed all the guests, listened to their proposed new regulations, and, taking his glass, drank to their eternal

good understanding. The guests all rose to pledge him; but, inhuman act! this was the signal for their massacre. A number of swords instantly glittered behind them, and the floor was deluged with streams of blood and wine. I stood in mute astonishment, till a venerable citizen of fourscore was murdered, and then I fell senseless on the ground. The Emperor called me a weak and cowardly wretch, and banished me from court for three days, because I expressed my horror at the proceedings.

“I imparted to the Hungarian general, the only person who visited me during my confinement, the desire I had to enter into his Majesty’s service, and quit the Emperor; but he advised me not to let the Emperor’s misconduct operate to my disadvantage, and by a precipitate retreat prevent the reward I had a right to expect for my services. I listened to his advice, and returned to court, where I was well received. Shortly after this, there seemed to be a change of principle in the Emperor for the better; neither his mistress nor bottle companions visited him, and a marriage with Sophia, the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, was spoken of. In fine, this event did take place, to the great joy of the nation; but the Emperor’s reformation was only feigned. On the very day of the nuptials, the Prince of Ormberg returned to court, and with him the worthless Van Landen, and all the former debaucheries. Hapless Sophia! in a visit to honour thee it was that I first saw the incomparable Mira. The rest, my good father, you well know!” “But,” said Lindolm, “what reward did you obtain for your services?” “I was promised, in a fit of drunken gratitude, the first vacant grand fief of the empire; but this situation being ridiculous for me to hold, I modestly declined it, and, after soliciting an honourable employment in the army, I was presented with the paltry place of chamberlain, and have been knighted, with permission to go where I please!”

Lipstolf now stated his intention of visiting the court of Sigismond, where the Hungarian General, his friend, resided, whom he then did not know to be one of the chiefs of the empire. Lindolm, who had been fond of arms in his youth, approved of his design, and appointed him for a squire an old and faithful domestic. The day at last arrived when with trembling steps he repaired to the family of Lindolm to take his leave of the good old citizen, and receive the first and perhaps the last embrace of Mira. When introduced, they regarded each other with pale and dejected looks; and old Lindolm seeing their sufferings, desired them to embrace quickly, and bid each other adieu. They pressed their panting bosoms together, and Lipstolf imprinted a trembling kiss on the cheek of Mira. When she had withdrawn, and Lipstolf had recovered himself, he solicited leave to take a farewell of her mother. Lindolm acquiesced, and the old lady took the advantage of his back being turned to the window to whisper that she had much to say to him. Before she could speak another word, Lindolm had turned round to make some remark, and the conversation was suspended.

Lipstolf, eager to prolong his stay, continued talking upon indifferent topics till the old gentleman was called out of the room, when his wife seized the opportunity to inform him she had paid a visit to the Emperor, on behalf of Mira, and that he must remind him that he owed her a favour which he had promised not to refuse. The husband returned, and for three hours did not stir, till Lipstolf reminded him of his faithful squire, and said he should be glad to see him: Lindolm withdrew to call old Jonas, and the wife failed not to embrace the opportunity: “Mira,” said she, “is not our daughter! The dread of leaving her to the care of a wicked mother-in-law, urged on by offended love, have caused me——.” The entrance of Lindolm and the Squire,

who swore fidelity to his new master, put an end to any further information, except when Lipstolf embraced the old lady in taking leave, who then whispered, "She is the daughter of the Count of——;" but the remainder was suppressed by the sudden frown and turn of her husband, who telling Lipstolf it was time to depart, he took a hurried leave, and disappeared. Lipstolf galloped full speed out of the city, followed by old Jonas. He travelled to some distance from Prague, occupied by the pleasing intelligence he had received of Mira's birth, before he thought of her mother's request to wait on the Emperor. Instantly turning his horse, he directed his way back with such expedition, that Jonas lost sight of him, and concluded that his master was certainly deranged, from which reason he determined, when once he came up with him, not to lose sight of him again. When Lipstolf reached Prague it was too late to go to court. In the morning he learnt the Emperor had gone to Conradsbourg, and from Conradsbourg he was sent to Kramlau, and other places, without success. At four days end he returned to Conradsbourg, which Wincelau had never quitted; but he could gain no admission to him; and when he trusted this commission to an ancient court friend, it produced no answer, because the courtier never troubled himself to deliver the message. Lipstolf now bent his way to Hungary, and being a little more reconciled to disappointment, he talked quite rationally with Jonas, who soon saw such virtue and goodness of heart in his master, that his life was even too little to sacrifice in his service; nor were the sentiments of the Knight less warm towards the Squire.—In their conversations, Lipstolf endeavoured to sound the Squire, if he knew aught of the birth of Mira, but he was too ignorant or too cautious to reveal any thing. In the house of Lindolm much uneasiness existed. The old man was sorry at parting with him, so was Mira; and her mother wondered much she did not hear from the Emperor: she was certain Lipstolf could not have neglected to urge her request at court, but weeks and months passed away, and she was not sent for.—At length she determined to go in person to Wincelau, and the better to ensure her success, she one day, in Lindolm's absence, took 200 crowns of gold, nearly half of the stock they possessed, and added fifty more, which she had herself hoarded up, and having put on her Sunday attire, she set out for court, where her present was accepted; and, whatever her suit was, there is reason to suppose she obtained a favourable answer, as Mira remarked the air of triumph that sat on her countenance when she returned.

Mira's countenance bore the marks of grief, and occasioned her mother to observe, that, if she were placed in a more lively and brilliant sphere, where she would bear the palm of excellence, it would chase away her melancholy, and weaken the recollection of Lipstolf:—Mira replied, that she only wished for solitude, and to be the ornament of her mother's house.—"What if the Empress should deign to admit you to be about her person, to be one of her maids of honour!" "To be beloved by her," said Mira, eagerly kissing the lock of her hair, "is more than I dare expect, and to serve her"—"Is what you desire," continued Mrs. Lindolm: "To-morrow you shall leave this life of obscurity for the company of the noblest females in the empire, and forget that you have been regarded as our daughter." "Never can I forget my duty, nor would I exchange even Sophia's favour for yours!" and she clasped her supposed mother in her arms, to seal the truth of her speech. The day following this conversation, Lindolm came home quite out of breath and agitated, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed that he had the most direful news to relate, for the Emperor had sent for him to desire that Mira should become one of the maids of honour to the Empress. Mrs. Lindolm replied, "that it was now time to restore her to the rank they had so long deprived her of." "Say not me," exclaimed Lindolm; "you did the deed; you snatched the infant from my arms when I would have carried her back to the Count Everard; you

vowed never to deliver her up to the new Countess, and I acquiesced from motives of tenderness and peace.” “Yet,” replied Mrs. Lindolm, “one day he must know that the child he supposed dead is alive; but I most own before that time arrives, I should wish to see her united to a fortune equal to her birth, without his assistance, or disclosing her name. Why do you then oppose my plans with regard to Sir Lipstolf of Baden?” “Wife,” replied Lindolm, “you forget the hatred that exists between Count Everard and his family, which is poor; no, let us pursue the line of truth. When the Count's disputes with the Imperial cities are terminated, he will retire to his country seat, and have leisure to enjoy the pleasing discovery I am preparing for him; he will excuse our fault, and, bless us for having taken away a sickly infant, in a melancholy situation, to restore her healthful, charming, and accomplished.” In the course of the conversation that followed, Lindolm learned that it was through his wife's activity Mira was to be removed to court, and this avowal occasioned a very serious quarrel; the conclusion produced an infinite deal of regret to Mrs. Lindolm, when her husband informed her, that the Emperor and Empress being about to make a tour to Westphalia, Mira would not remain long at Prague, but be exposed to all the vice profligacy of a licentious court. On the same evening of their dialogue, Mira was sent for by the Empress, and with the deepest regret took leave of her supposed parents, who gave her a variety of useful lessons, and bid her on all occasions either consult the pure dictates of her own heart, or consult them.

When Mira arrived at court, Sophia did not receive her with that warmth she had done on the nuptial day of All Saints. The princess of Ormberg had much effaced the natural affability of Sophia, and the peremptory order of Wincellaus to admit Mira among her maids of honour, because she was handsome and he willed it, operated much against her as a statuary's daughter, and one more assuming than became her humble station. The princess of Ormberg spoke with great freedom of her, as one who was intended to supplant Madame Van Landen. Mira was not long in perceiving that she had not changed her obscurity to experience greater kindness, yet her modesty led ascribe this to her want of birth, and the custom of the court. Though treated with coldness, yet the eyes men constantly announced what they thought of her beauty, and none among the ladies observed her more closely than the princess of Ormberg; but vain were her efforts to prove any defect in the character or duty of Mira, or a disposition in the Emperor to renounce his former mistress. Sophia, therefore, finding her equally irreproachable and dutiful, felt her affections for this admirable girl revive. The daughter of the Plebeian now became an object of hatred to her ignoble-minded companions, and increased her influence over Sophia's mind from the following circumstance: One day Sophia's time hung very heavily; she was then soon expected to bring Wincellaus an heir, and every object was removed from court, even Madame Van Landen, which might afford her uneasiness, or furnish anecdote. On the evening of this day, the Empress, to dispel the worrisome hours, summoned the ladies of her court, and proposed a prize for her who should succeed best in amusing the time. Singers, dancers, and actors, were all tried, and did not please. When the princess of Ormberg saw this, she sneeringly observed, that young Lindolm, who stood inactively looking on, could no doubt amuse her majesty. “I play on the harp,” replied Mira, “but I dare not intrude before ladies so much better skilled than myself.” The harp at that moment delighted the Empress, and Mira withdrew to fetch it. On her return, she placed herself directly opposite to the Empress, and then began in a most affecting style the Epithalamium song, which had made such an impression on the evening of her nuptials. Sophia was enraptured and overcome with the manner of Mira, when, conformably to the words of the song, she took from her head the coronet of flowers, and laid it at the Empress's

feet. "Rise, thou divine girl," said Sophia; "you have performed delightfully." Mira then kissed her hand, and retired to a distant part of the room. Sophia also withdrew to a window, and there shed tears at the recollection Mira's song and manner had excited, in which position she stood till the mistress of the robes came to inform her majesty it was late: the Empress then retired, and the ladies withdrew. The princess of Ormberg would have been highly pleased if Mira had been obliged to withdraw from the timidity generally incident to young performers before high personages; but, whether Mira was more assured in the presence of Sophia, or felt herself so completely a mistress of the instrument as not to be abashed, she certainly never played nor sang better. Mira next day was called into Sophia's chamber, and informed by the latter the delight she had felt in hearing her play had made her forget the promise prize. "I know," said she, "that you will not receive jewels; receive then this ribband, which places you more immediately in my service." The band was of blue velvet, and worn across the body from right to left, and only given to ladies of the first distinction at court. Young Lindolm's surprise and gratitude were equal to the vexation and disappointment of the princess of Ormberg. The eyes of all the maids of honour looked with displeasure on this badge of distinction, while Mira envied not them, but, full of the pleasure it might give to her mother, and perhaps her father, she waited impatiently for the evening, when she presented herself before them with her new decoration; but, as she had guessed, so it happened, Lindolm looked troubled and pensive, and renewed his exhortations to her always to be watchful over her conduct. Mira now became more and more the favourite of Sophia, but even this was counterbalanced by the calumny she experienced, which, however, never failed to increase the attachment of Sophia. The Princess of Ormberg finding that Mira remained a favourite, and no prospect of her sharing the common fate of court favourites, determined to introduce her daughter at court, whose perfections and abilities were soon to eclipse the sunshine of Mira, and supersede her in the empress's favour. The experiment, however, was tried: the young lady Alida was presented, and very well received; the blue ribband was bestowed, but as a mark of rank only, not of merit. Alida was thought handsome and amiable; but as these were common properties, and excited no uncommon interest, the princess felt little desire to continue her daughter in the service of the empress. One day Sophia, who had heard the princess boast of her daughter's unrivalled execution on the harp, proposed a trial of skill between Mira and her, and the young musicians were obliged to play in competition: the comparison was so infinitely to the advantage of young Lindolm, that it induced Alida and her mother to make no more exhibitions of this kind. It might have been expected after the arts the princess had used to injure Mira, that she would not have been friendly with her; but the very reverse was the case. She invited her to her house, requested her to instruct Alida on the harp, and reform in her the faults incidental to a confined convent education. Thus Mira spent much of her time at Ormberg house, and a close intimacy commenced between the statuary's daughter and the princess Alida. Mrs. Lindolm was highly pleased, but her husband muttered something about the earthen vessel and the brass pot, and bid Mira guard her secrets, and avoid too great familiarity with persons who could not mean her well. The necessity of this good advice was soon exemplified: a prince of the house of Cromati from Italy had lately arrived at Prague, and the princess of Ormberg had considered that the motive of his visit was to make proposals for an union with her daughter; he had been told of her beauty with the usual exaggerations; and the first interview took place by the side of Mira, very much to the disadvantage of Alida. The prince turned his eyes incessantly towards Mira, and scarcely could his intended obtain from him a single glance. From that moment Mira was no longer invited to Ormberg house, and Alida seemed at court to have forgotten her former friend. The Prince not finding her at her friend's,

length saw her at court, and took every opportunity of shewing how much he was devoted to her. The young Italian remained at Prague till he was convinced he had nothing to hope from her he adored, and then departed without taking leave of the Ormberg family, who had even received some congratulations on the approaching nuptials. This disgrace was laid on the innocent Mira, and the disappointed mother and daughter could scarcely conceal the rage with which they were inflamed. Lindolm felt considerably alarmed at this intelligence; both he and his wife agreed that the malice of the Prince of Ormberg caused several persons to disappear; and when they understood the Emperor's projected journey was soon to take place, they proposed to have home their supposed daughter, to which she readily consented. When the good statuary applied for leave to take his daughter home, the Empress stated that her company and musical skill would be now more dear to her than ever, and hoped that he would not deprive her of the honour of singing the first song to his future prince. This was Lindolm's weak side: he returned home, resolved if he did not hear from her every day to carry a certain resolution he had formed into practice, while his wife secretly took another. She unburied the 200 crowns, the remainder of their treasure, to effect a scheme she had formed, which she entered upon with her usual inconsideration. The day fixed upon for the Emperor's journey at length arrived, but from some affair of consequence he was obliged to remain after the Empress. The persons who were to accompany the Empress were assembled in the audience chamber, when the Emperor stepped forward, and having ordered Mira to approach, he placed in her hand a parchment, from which **hung (see p. 23 of text)** the imperial seal, observing, "that he was happy to grant protection to any of his subjects, without enquiring into their motives."—Mira retired to the Empress, to whom she presented the patent with a trembling hand. On the chamberlain reading it, it proved to be an instrument charging all persons to respect the person of Mira Lindolm, and declaring every one responsible for her life and honour on whom any suspicion might have fallen. The instrument also contained the following expression: "Moreover, we grant thee the privilege of not being condemned to death, but by ourself in person, and of not being arraigned for any crime, except before our own immediate tribunal, or those deputed to hold our place in the criminal court," &c. It will be easily supposed that this proceeding originated from the affectionate precaution of Mrs. Lindolm, and the Emperor, perhaps, half drunk with the purchase-money, ordered the immediate execution of this patent, which proved equally mysterious and detrimental to the object it was meant to serve. Young Lindolm was not the last to feel that this very protection implicated her in the commission of something wrong; and Mira would have returned it, urging that she sought no other protection than the equity of her conduct and the goodness of her royal mistress; but Sophia over-ruled, and said she would keep the parchment herself, merely to shew that she was an object worthy the particular protection of her prince. The affair arrived at the ears of Lindolm before Mira had an opportunity of acquainting him with it. He readily suspected the author of it, and had a very serious conversation with her on the subject: she admitted the request of protection, but insisted that she had never intended to obtain a written assurance of the Emperor's promise, much less a patent for that purpose, and as her husband had seldom found his wife in a falsity, he believed her. Mira went to take leave of her parents, and after bidding each other affectionately adieu, they parted. When the Empress had arrived at the end of her journey, the time of her delivery approached. The Emperor, from sickness, or some other cause, could not be present at this grand event; but a deputation of loyal Bohemians waited to assist at the delivery and baptism of their young sovereign, for such they hoped **←wondering if there is a comma here (see p. 24)** and fully expected, the infant to be. No person **beside ←this form, or "besides" (24)** was invited to the ceremony, except the Duke of Bavaria,

Sophia's father, and the Count of Wirtemberg, her godfather. These noblemen, and the loyal Bohemians, impatiently waited the Empress's delivery, which at length came and disappointed their fondest hopes, for she was delivered of a dead daughter!

The news of this sad accident threw the whole nation into the greatest distress, and every one set about presaging the portent of such an event, and investigating its cause.—The art of accounting for misfortunes of this and every other nature, by any other means than that which was natural, was then a prime article of faith. Those, who pretended to judge of the powers of sorcery and witchcraft, would have thought it criminal in any one to have ascribed the Empress's misfortune to a long journey in an advanced state of pregnancy, the unskilfulness of the physicians, of the last fit of rage into which the Empress was thrown, when she received a letter from Prague, stating, that Van Landen had filled her place, at a time when Wincelau had positively said she was dismissed, and had formed certain projects in case of her death, which she earnestly wished. Plain reasoning with these sages availed nothing—nothing but sorcery had effected the dire mishaps, and it was necessary the arm of justice should interpose, and now save the sacred person of the Empress, who was still between life and death. All the household were imprisoned, except Mira, who was left undisturbed in her apartment, but not permitted to visit her beloved mistress. The Duke of Bavaria and Count Wirtemberg took the examination, and all the ladies were soon dismissed, not excepting the Princess of Ormberg, who had permitted the fatal letter to be delivered which had thrown Sophia into a swoon, and was followed by strong convulsions till the moment of her delivery: all this was overlooked, and supernatural means were to be sought out as the source which had endangered the life of Sophia, and destroyed that of her infant.

One morning as Mira was dressing, one of her women rushed in with a look of horror, presented her a note, and then fell on the floor. Mira no sooner had read it, than she dropped by the side of the servant. The note accused her of being a sorceress, and cited her to appear in three days before the secret avengers of the Eternal at their tribunal. When the servant and her mistress had recovered, the former related, that she had found the parchment nailed to the door that led to Mira's apartment, and that the crowd assembled about the door had ordered her with threats to carry it to the person to whom it was addressed. After the first burst of grief had subsided, Mira dispatched her women to the princess of Ormberg, and to several other ladies of court, but the answer received was, that they knew no such person. She then recollected the Duke of Bavaria and the Count of Wirtemberg, who had always shewn a regard for her. They advised her to rely upon heaven if her conscience was pure, and charged her not to fail appearing, as her life was at stake. "Where, for what," exclaimed Mira, "am I to appear! Did you enquire where the secret tribunal was held?" The girl did not know. "Heavens! what is it I have done!" said Mira, in an agony of distress; "but did not the count bid me seek consolation from heaven! Be it so! I will go to church; the reverend father John will tell me what to do!" Against the remonstrance of her servant, Mira set off, and muffled herself up closely in her hood that she might not be known. As she went along, her name was coupled with imprecations, and she gathered from a company that she followed, that she was charged with the crime of sorcery against her dear and adored Sophia! Her knees tottered, and scarcely could she support herself to the church, where she expected counsel and consolation from the only friend she had left. Night was fast advancing, when she entered into the profound gloom of the holy cloisters, and waited father John's coming to confess. Having laid open her whole heart to him, she earnestly entreated his counsel; but for a

while he was silent, and then ventured to say, "Clear yourself first from your crime, and then I will give you absolution." "But, holy father," said Mira, "I am cited to appear at the bar of justice; but I know not where, nor who are my judges." "They are," replied the priest, those dreadful unknown mortals who render justice in secret, who assemble every where and no where!" Mira ceased to question the flinty-hearted priest, and he rose to go away; but she caught him by the gown, and entreated as it was night that he would give her an asylum till morning in the convent, or permit some one to conduct her home in safety. The churlish father then informed his distracted petitioner, that the holy sisters who dwelt there would not receive her, nor would any one accompany her: He now abruptly left her, and poor Mira, weeping, bent her solitary way home. Here, to add to her distress, she found her apartment abandoned by her women; no one remained to attend on her, and Mira, in a state of torpidity, sat herself down, almost persuaded that she was certainly a guilty wretch, since the world had all forsaken her, and Father John had refused her absolution. She was aroused from this state by hearing an indistinct noise in the antichamber; the door then opened, and, one in a voice of pity softly whispered, "Mira! my dear Mira!" Mira rose and advanced towards the figure, who, by means of the lantern it carried, appeared to totter. "Speak!" said Mira, "are you one of those secret, terrible, unknown beings who render justice in secret?" "Ah!" cried the person who had entered, "do you not know me—your father!" As he said this, he held up his lantern, threw off his cloke, and clasped her in his embrace. "My father! my guardian angel!" was all that Mira could articulate, before she fainted in his arms. When she had recovered, she again expressed her surprise at seeing her father there, and at such a moment. "My dear daughter," said Lindolm, "I set off from Prague at the same time with yourself: I followed you, to be your conductor, and to watch over you! I should have returned too with you, if it had not been for this unexpected stroke! But fear not, Mira; you shall live to cover your accusers with shame!" "Who are they?" said Mira. "I have been indefatigable," replied Lindholm, "in mixing with the crowd, and in going from place to place to ask questions. When the ladies of the Empress were interrogated, the Princess of Ormberg, to prove her innocence, accused you. She said that she had herself examined all the ladies, and would solemnly affirm their innocence, but if appearance could be trusted, the guilt must lie with Mira, the absent culprit. The motives of her suspicion were asked, but no one could tell what they were. The judges testified much indignation that you alone had been exempted from coming before them, and when the history of the letter of protection was mentioned, the judges looked at one another, and exclaimed, "Here is proof sufficient! Why is she not brought before the customary tribunals? why placed under an instrument that may encourage the commission of crimes? But on this account she will not go unpunished!" The judges then separated, first having pledged themselves to shew you no favour." Mira hid her face in her father's bosom, declared her innocence, and asked why, regardless of the letter of protection, she was cited before a court of justice. The father replied, that the court she was summoned to appear before was not a common court, but the grand tribunal of heaven, and was conformable to the expression in the patent, for this awful and secret court had been established by Wincellaus himself. But no doubt those men who have solemnly sworn to do justice will readily see your innocence. I will accompany you; but where I cannot tell; nor before whom you are to appear can I guess, so secret are the operations of this mysterious tribunal: all I know is, they exist in the midst of us, under a thousand different forms, walk by our sides, and attend us in our beds, without *a* knowledge of who they are. No doubt some way will be found of conveying you before them, and the two days which remain before the expiration of the summons I shall employ in learning their names." In this manner they conversed till morning. Lindolm perceived that his daughter

was very pale, and a violent fever consumed her; he was alarmed for her life, and before parting persuaded her to drink a small glass of wine, in which he had infused a suporific tincture: he then placed her gently on the couch, and departed before the dawn had quite broken. Mira awoke not till the following evening, when she found her father standing beside her, with some light food, of which he persuaded her to eat a little. Having seated himself beside her, he began the result of his day's enquiry. "We are in a country," said he, "which is the chief seat of the secret tribunal. Citations of the nature of yours are not so extraordinary here. I have been informed, in the course of my enquiries, of a strange adventure of a gentleman of this country, of the name of Conrad Langen, who has hitherto been pursued in vain by the secret tribunal, which has not been able to lay hold of him.

"On learning his story, I endeavoured to speak with one of his people; and, by unexpected good luck, I found that his *maitre d'hotel* was my ancient comrade in the army, the good Hoffman, of whom you have heard me speak, who at the surprise of Bern, had the misfortune to lose his hand, and was in consequence obliged to quit the profession of arms. From the broken and hesitating manner in which he spoke of the secret tribunal, I suspect he is connected with it. From him I gathered that it was rare for a culprit to appear at the first citation, and force was often resorted to compel them to attend: that an early appearance was a presumption of innocence; and that the only way to discover where the Tribunal assembled, was to repair at three quarters of an hour past midnight to that part of the town where four streets form a cross, where a person is always to be found that would conduct the accused blind-folded before the Judges; who order the party to be re-conducted to the same spot, with fresh instructions, according to the impression received of his or her innocence or guilt. I signified to Hoffman that I was determined to accompany you; but he looked at me with great earnestness, uttered some incoherent words, and after a pause, added—"She will reach the place of her destination in safety, but you will not accompany her."

When Lindolm had finished, Mira expressed herself much re-assured from what he had said, and the night so much dreaded arrived with less terror than she had conceived. They partook of a light supper, and at a quarter past twelve they set out for the appointed spot, Mira being closely enveloped in her hood. Not a person was in the streets: the night was very cold, and the knees of Mira trembled as she approached the great steeple of St. Bartholomew, where met the four large streets leading to the extremities of the city. The moon shone on the spot, while it deepened the shade of the avenues. Near them they soon saw a man, with a solemn pace approaching, whose lengthened shadow seemed like that of a giant. He was wrapped in a kind of mail, so that his eyes were only visible. He accosted them, and asked who they were. "Mira Lindolm and her father," was the reply. "It is the former I want," replied the stranger. "She must go with me, but you must not follow. You are not one of us: therefore be gone." Mira clung to her father, but the iron mask tore her away, and, in a tone of voice that ill accorded with the roughness of the action, he said—"You may safely trust your daughter to my care."

The stranger was soon out of sight, and Lindolm, as he seated himself under the portico of the church, said—"Surely that voice was familiar to me!" He sat ruminating on this idea, and what Hoffman had told him, that if his daughter were in any degree innocent, he would assuredly see her again reconducted in the way she had been taken, till he actually found the words of his friend true. Before the inhabitants of the surrounding houses were awake, his daughter rushed into his arms. "You are then acquitted, my child!" said Lindolm. "Indeed I am innocent!"

exclaimed Mira; “but I am not yet declared so: the avenging sword hangs but by a thread over my head. It is required that I should justify myself; but, O my father!——” Here her sobs prevented her proceeding any further, and in silence they walked on till they reached home.

When they were seated, and Lindolm had wiped away her tears, Mira said: “Alas! I am not to remain long with you. It is granted to me, as a particular favour, to take up residence at the Convent of the Ursulines, till my trial is finished, and I am again summoned before my judges. The man in the mask was neither harsh nor ill spoken: by the moonlight I even discovered a tear starting from his eye, and I particularly remarked that he had lost his left hand. Surely it was not your honest friend, Hoffman?” **(p. 30) missing quote mark →** It was—it must be!” exclaimed the old man, “for I now recollect the tone of his voice!” “This assurance,” continued Mira, “gave me some confidence, and I walked on more composedly for some time, till he suddenly threw over my head a thick veil, which rendered it impossible to discern the road we took. After passing over ruins and rough ground, intermixed with ascents and descents, I thought a sound of footsteps in a hollow vault struck my ears, and I counted a descent of thirty steps, down which I was conducted. Here my veil was taken off, and I was permitted to sit on a stone. As my eyes became familiarized to the obscurity, I found I was at the entrance of a large square: lofty vaults bounded my view on all sides, and over my head was the starry sky. At a distance, by feeble lights, I could perceive a number of human figures, dressed in black, some of whom came and joined my conductor, but they conversed only by signs and unintelligible words. Their number increased at last to several hundreds; and universal silence prevailed, till a doleful bell distinctly sounded three times. My guide now ushered me in to a circle composed of these persons in black and bid me be uncovered before my judges. A voice of terror then cried out in a tone of authority—“Mira Lindolm, sorceress! murderess! traitress! appear! We, the unseen avengers of the Invisible, call thee to answer at our awful bar! Hearken!”—I looked round with firmness on the assembly, while my heart panted within me, and said, **text uses single quote (p. 30) →** ‘My name is Mira Lindolm; but I am no criminal. I swear, by heaven, that I am free from the crimes coupled with my name, and I defy the testimony of false witnesses!’ **note single quote here too (p. 30) →** ‘Draw near,’ said the President, ‘and listen to the charges.’—O my father! could you believe these were made up of trifles, that even malice could scarcely wrest to my disadvantage. The first charge was the lock of the Empress’s hair, which I was forced to give up. I had worn it in my bosom, and this circumstance was turned against me. You remember that yesterday I scratched my cheek, and spotted my veil with blood: this was said to be the veil with which I had wiped the blood from the neck of the Empress on her wedding day, when she slightly wounded herself in cutting off the lock of her hair. I was asked for what purpose I carried this about me, and if I had not said that the Empress must continue to love me as long as that lock of hair remained next my heart. They also accused me of fascinating her with my harp, in such a manner, that since her illness she had been heard to say she could not even live or die without me. I was next asked whence came your riches, since you had lost by fire all you were known to possess; what were the supernatural means by which I had received intelligence of the conflagration; why I had hidden it from the people of the city and my parents; and lastly, what was become of the Chevalier Lipstolf, whom I had by spells compelled to fall in love with me, and had since deprived of his reason, making him to wander for three days about the country, and had then caused him to be assassinated! At the mention of L.ipstolf’s assassination, I fell senseless to the ground, and even now I feel the terrors which that idea filled me with.”

Lindolm saw the agitation of his daughter, and here interrupted her to say that he had lately received a letter from the Chevalier, and that he was well. Mira then continued.

“Among other things attributed to my secret spells, was the Italian Prince who had forsaken the daughter of the Princess of Ormberg; and the unfortunate labour of the Empress, with the dangerous state in which she still continues. I was silent to none of these charges, and though I spoke but little, I more than once put my accusers to silence. At the crowing of the cock, the assembly all arose, and the President spake us: “Mira, the sword is still suspended over your head; one and twenty days are granted you to bring incontestible proofs of your innocence. At present, you may depart to the Convent of the Ursulines; and, in consideration of your sex, youth, and readiness to appear before the tribunal, whose eyes and arms, like the Eternal’s, are present every where, extraordinary favour will be granted to you. Depart!”—**missing quote mark? (p. 31)** → I prostrated myself, and then was veiled as before, and conducted to the corner of the four streets, where my guide disappeared, and I joined you.”

“Be comforted, my dear Mira,” said old Lindolm: “all will be well yet. I will first conduct you to your Convent, and then go to the Count Wirtemberg, with whom I have an important step to take, that may be of infinite service to you.” Mira observed, that she feared it would be lost labour, for she had sent to him immediately on her being summoned before the Tribunal, but he had refused to come in her behalf. “I have heard you say,” said Lindolm, “that he always appeared attached to you: what proofs have you had of his friendship?” **missing quote mark? (p. 32)** → I remember,” said Mira, “that he noticed me particularly the first time of his seeing me in the Empress’s closet; and when the Empress told him my name, in order to let him know that I was not of noble birth, his attention to me was increased. “The name of Mira,” said he, “is dear to me, for it brings to mind a beloved wife, whom, alas! I have long lost.”—The Princess of Ormberg remarked, that it was a proof of the pride of my parents to give me the name of a Princess. But the Count did not appear to heed the reflection, for he came up to me, and said he did not like me the less because I was a citizen’s daughter. I kissed the hand of the respectable old peer, and received from him in return a salute on my forehead. From that time, he always called me his Mira, enquired after my parent, and told me that he had formerly a brave and worthy man of the name of Lindolm in his service, with many other flattering things: then indeed I thought him my friend; but adversity proves every one.”

Lindolm had no time to reply, for some one came to conduct Mira to the Convent. After promising soon to see each other, they separated. The next day Lindolm went to the Ursuline Convent, and told his daughter, a great number of copies of a paper were stuck up, which signified, that—“If any one dare undertake the defence of Mira Lindolm, in a state of accusation, he was to appear before the Secret Tribunal in twenty-one days!” “I immediately went with this paper,” continued Lindolm, “to my friend Hoffman, who assured me that such a proclamation was an extraordinary favour; but that your defender must be no relation; that even my oath would avail nothing unless I were a member of the Secret Tribunal, and that the person who undertook the task must be a stranger. On quitting him, I repaired to the house of Count Wirtemberg, where I was refused admittance, as you had said. But an expedient has occurred to me, by which I shall certainly gain access to him. You know the gold chain I gave you when you entered your tenth year: this will recall to his memory certain events, which will procure me admittance. Give me this, my dear. How! do I see you hesitate? Your mother said you had worn it since the fire.

Surely you cannot have lost it! Believe me, it is of very great importance!” “O my father!” exclaimed Mira, agitated, “I have it not! I—my mother—I gave it to Lipstolf, when——” “Enough!” cried her father: “Lipstolf possesses the jewel which at this juncture might have saved your life! Alas! where shall I find him—how recover this jewel?” Mira implored his forgiveness in vain, and offered the ring which she had received at the same time with the chain; but without the chain, the ring, he said, was useless. Mira then begged him to explain this mysterious affair; but he quitted her, for the first time, with evident marks of anger.

Mira attached no particular value to the ring or chain, but her father’s displeasure was a load she could not exist under. She looked for him all the next day, but he came not: two more followed, and to all the enquiries she made, no intelligence could be gained of him. In short, the three weeks respite passed away, all but the last day, in hopeless expectation; and in this day she was to produce a champion for her innocence, or be condemned to death. Dreadful was her situation! Every attempt of the friendly nuns to get access to Sophia failed, and all they could do for her was to send for old Hoffman, and request him to act as a father to the daughter of his friend. He came, but appeared greatly agitated at the proposal; and abruptly telling them not to tease him with an impossibility, he departed, leaving the nuns and Mira in the greatest consternation. At length midnight came, and Mira, accompanied by the prioress and some of the elder matrons, hooded, repaired to the church of St. Bartholomew. Her masked conductor was already there. He saluted the nuns with a profound bow, and seemed pleased with the mark of respect they had shewn her. He offered Mira his right arm, and at the same spot as before he threw the thick veil over her head, in doing which she again perceived that his left hand was wanting. “Why,” said she, “do you conceal that you are Hoffman? It would give me comfort to know I am in the hands of a brave and worthy man!” The stranger murmured a sound of disapprobation, and the rest of the way was passed in silence. Her walk now seemed to terminate in a wood: she felt the bushes, and trod on turf; and on being unveiled, she found herself in the midst of an assembly full as numerous as the first; but it was more obscure, and perhaps even more silent. The bell gave the accustomed signal, and the same voice which had before summoned Mira, now called on the defender of the accused Mira to appear! The scene became more luminous, and Mira was stepping forward without being called, when her conductor said to her in a low voice—“Remain where you are; you have nothing to-day to answer.”

The summons was repeated twice more, and at the last time, to the infinite joy of Mira, a figure stepped forward, masked like the others, but of such a majestic dignity, that the young prisoner could not help preferring him to all the assembly. The champion of innocence slowly advanced, and placing himself before the seat of the chief of the tribunal, “I am the defender of innocence!” said he; “sacrifice me, if Mira be guilty!”—The stranger answered all the questions one by one; but her judges were not easy to be convinced. The lock of hair, the words uttered on that subject to the young princess of Ormberg, the weak state of the Empress, and the assassination of Lipstolf, were suspicious circumstances not to be speedily removed. The champion of Mira demanded that they should wait the recovery of Sophia, and seek information from her on the subject; but this was rejected; he offered to bring *direct proof* that Lipstolf was not murdered; but silence was imposed on him, and he was told to reply to the charge of sorcery. Aware of the impossibility of refuting such a charge, for a short time he was silent, but recovering himself, he at length said, “I am aware of the danger of my situation, and that I am liable to share the punishment of the accused, if she be found guilty. Be it so;—but I call heaven and earth to

witness that she is not guilty. Tremble ye judges! her blood will find avengers, for she is not the daughter of an obscure citizen, but the daughter of a prince!" A murmur ran through the assembly; the greater part considered it as a feint to protract the trial, and he was ordered to be confined till he proved the assertion. "They will murder him!" exclaimed Mira; and as she uttered these words, confusion came over her senses, and she fell overpowered to the ground. By degrees Mira recovered from her swoon, and when she opened her eyes, she found herself under the portico of St. Bartholomew's. In one of the four streets a man approached, whom she perceived was Hoffman. He immediately accosted her, and asked her what brought her there, but Mira replied, "Why do you ask me, when you surely was present as myself." "Talk not thus," said Hoffman, "but let us be gone before we are observed." "Wretched that I am!" exclaimed Mira, "you can tell me what to do now my last hopes are destroyed! Your loss of the left hand, your voice, all tell me you are my conductor in the mask!" Hoffman combated all these vague notions till **she** ←**typo; changed "the" to "she" (p. 35)** arrived at the convent, where he left her. Now that Mira had returned to the convent without being honorably acquitted, the behaviour of the nuns was visibly altered, and she soon found old Hoffman who daily visited the parlour, was her only resource. One day Mira ventured to question old Hoffman if he thought it was her father who had appeared disguised as her champion, but he replied forbiddingly, and asked her if she knew her father. Mira looked at him with astonishment, and repeated her demand.

Seeing that she did not take the hint, but still conceived herself the daughter of Lindolm, he relapsed into his former mysterious silence, till Mira began to weep. Moved by her tears, he bid her not be alarmed, for he foresaw that her fate would undergo a change! "Behold my prophecy fulfilled!" exclaimed he, one morning, when he came earlier than usual to visit her; at the same time he placed a placard of the Secret Tribunal in her hand, he read it to her, and Mira fell transported to the floor. Had she not cause, reader, for it contained a solemn declaration of her innocence, and acquitted her of every charge.

The happy news soon spread, and she was immediately surrounded by the nuns, to congratulate her: she was replying to their civilities, when a servant brought word that a coach waited without to conduct her to the house of Count Wirtemberg. A thousand pleasing images rushed into her fancy on the way, and when she saw the old Count, he clasped her in his arms with an ardour beyond her expectations. "My Lord," said Mira, "such is your goodness, that I hope you will not refuse to carry it one degree further, to complete my happiness. I wish to see my deliverer, and the father whom I have lost!" "Thy deliverer and father!" replied the Count: "Behold them both in me! I am your father! This ornament has discovered the secret of your birth!" The Count held in his hand the chain Mira had formerly given to Lipstolf: he then rang the bell, a door opened, and Lindolm entered. Mira rushed into his arms. "Father," she exclaimed, **(p. 36) missing quote mark here →** do I live to see you again!"—"No, **←I inserted this comma (36)** Madam," answered Lindolm, leading her to the Count, **←I inserted this comma (36)** "you are the daughter of this prince: I was only your foster-father, or rather a ravisher, a robber. Your hand still bears the mark bestowed on it when first you saw the light, and this ring must bring to remembrance the amiable consort who gave birth to your daughter with the loss of her own life." The Count replied, that he was quite satisfied of the truth from the resemblance she bore to her mother, **←I inserted this comma (36)** and the instinct by which he had been attracted to her from the first. Mira now fell on the neck of the Count Everard and then turned again to Lindolm. When the first transports were over, Mira perceived with regret, that Lindolm was much less

esteemed by the Count than by herself jealous of the caresses she bestowed him. One desire yet strongly existed in the breast of Mira, and this was to see her saviour and defender, but the Count, as often as she mentioned it, assured her that she owed her safety solely to himself. This indeed she believed from the proofs that had been given her, but she could refrain from asking continually questions respecting the generous stranger who had been the first instrument in effecting her deliverance. Finding this theme was not pleasant, she changed the discourse, which continued on general subjects till she was conducted to her chamber, where she threw herself into a chair to reflect anew on the incidents that had happened in so short a space of time. A gentle noise at the door interrupted her meditations, and in a moment after Lipstolf rushed in, threw himself at her feet, and exclaimed "Princess, forgive my precipitation, but I must speak to you now, or forego the hope of it for ever." Mira in her first transports extended her arms to receive him, and the young knight clasped her to his breast; but, sensible of some impropriety, Mira ran to a door, which led she supposed to the apartment of her women. Lipstolf followed, and they found themselves in a balcony beyond which they could not pass. "Mira!" said Lipstolf, "you fly me, because your sentiments are changed now you are a princess!" "You know me not, Lipstolf!" said Mira, in the most impassioned manner: "regard to my honour requires your visit at this hour to be short, **so to the purpose it.**" **←is there an "of" missing here? (p. 37)** Having seated themselves in the balcony, which overlooked a retired garden, then enlightened by the moon, he thus began: "Mira, you saw what happened to me when I undertook your confidence at the tribunal." "O heavens!" exclaimed Mira, "were you my defender, when abandoned by all the world! and could I be capable of ingratitude! never!" "In this circumstance," continued Lipstolf, "I have plainly traced the character of the Count, and you see how little you,—that is, I have to expect from him. Your mother first intimated to me that you were the daughter of a prince, but the sudden entrance of Lindolm, when I last took leave of you, prevented her from telling me who was the happy parent of such a daughter. However exalted your birth might be, I yet had hopes by my valour and sword to render myself worthy of it. I was at some distance from Prague when I recollected the earnest request of your supposed mother, who had urged me to remain another day to second a step she meant to undertake in your favour with the Emperor: I have returned to Prague, and endeavoured to seek him, but he was no where to be found; this I have since learnt was a trick of the courtiers, to prevent his taking me into favour again; I became almost frantic with vexation at not being able to forward your mother's suit, while the Emperor was told, to prevent his enquiring for me, that I was assassinated; since you were accused by the secret tribunal of both my supposed lunacy and death. Finding all attempts to see the Emperor fruitless, I resumed my journey towards the court of king Sigismond. There I found my old friend the Hungarian General, who gladly received me. The court of Hungary was preparing for a war against the Turks, and I immediately offered my services, not doubting, with the encouragement of my friend, that I should rise rapidly to preferment. The war soon commenced; and we fought the Grand Signior with courage and vigour; we performed prodigies of valour; but, strange it appeared to me, we seldom reaped any advantage from our battles. Too soon I found out the reason; my general disclosed one day to me his hatred to the king, and attempted to detach me from his interest; he was the eldest son of old Nicolas Garda, whom Sigismond had formerly beheaded, and hence had arisen his secret hatred. Sigismond was open, magnanimous, and imprudent; a strong instance of which he gave in trusting the superior power over the army to one brother, while he appointed the other to be regent during his absence. The ill-intentions **←reading hyphen between these two words (p. 38)** of the general became every day more evident; **←can't tell if colon or semi-colon (38)** and, as I loved the king for his goodness and

generosity, I concealed not from Garda my opinion of his treachery.—Hence I received permission soon after to quit the army; I was stripped of the offices I held; but my attachment led me to continue my services, though in a capacity not better than a common soldier, and before my destiny separated me from him, I had the pleasure, at the head of twenty true Hungarians, to save the king from being made prisoner, after he had surrendered his sword, and was being carried off the field by the Turks. How did I regret that I was summoned by love to quit him! I would have unmasked the hypocrisy of those whom he had confided in, but it was now too late; his wounds had brought on a fever, which affected his brain; nor was mine scarcely less agitated, for my honest old squire Jonas had addressed me thus on that morning, while we were arming for battle:—“Sir,” said he, “it is possible I may fall in this fight, and in that case, it is but right that I should inform you of that which will much interest you. I have a certain foresight that things do not go so smooth as they ought in the house of my old master, and that the life of one much esteemed is in danger: return therefore when the battle is over.” I asked him his reasons for thinking so, but he refused to explain them; and thus the affair rested. The attack commenced, and Jonas was early carried from the field; the first news I learned after returning from the rescue of Sigismund was, that poor Jonas was dead. A comrade of his put into my hand a letter which he had charged him to give me, and which to my astonishment informed me that you were in danger of perishing by the secret tribunal, and so many days were yet allowed for a champion to appear. I immediately commenced my journey, and at every step became fully convinced that Jonas himself was a member of that secret tribunal, whose eyes and hands are every where. In every town and village I passed were stuck up papers of invitation to undertake your defence. I arrived two days before the day of your trial, and those I spent according to the directions of a man I by chance met, of the name of Hoffman: he informed me that your defender must not have seen or spoken to the party accused for a twelve-month; this prevented me from letting you know of my arrival, but I was present to protect you both times when you were conducted before the secret tribunal. When I stepped forth as your champion, you fainted, and were carried away. In my zeal I had informed them with a threat that you were the daughter of a prince, but I did not know how to support this, as I had not the **particulars (p. 39)** from Mrs. Lindolm. Then president then, greatly agitated, asked me some questions which I could not answer. I had been stripped, according to the custom of the place, and the chain received from you had been given to the president, which formed the subject of his questions. He asked me if I knew the Count Everard of Wirtemberg, whose portrait was fastened to the chain, if I knew the party accused, if I had ever observed a cross on her left hand, why I defended you with so much warmth, whether I loved you, had spoken to you lately, &c. I answered to these as well as I was able, and was at length set at liberty, and my clothes returned, but the precious jewel retrieved from your hand was retained. I was then ordered to retire, and be ready at the next summons; but I have just learnt, in a way which I am not at liberty to disclose, that last night the tribunal met, when the chief arose from his throne, and solemnly made oath of your innocence. On the other hand the Count of Wirtemberg sent for me this morning, and after offering me a handsome present for the service I had rendered his daughter, told me I must no more think of you, as you were a princess, and I was of the family of Baden, and consequently related to him who attacked Count Everard at Wisbaden. I felt enraged at this treatment, and we parted displeased with each other: I would not accept his present, since he would not accept me.”

“I thought,” said Mira, much embarrassed, “that you were going to tell me of some danger with which I was threatened.” “Is our separation, which must follow,” said Lipstolf, “of no

consequence? To me it is a subject of serious alarm. But let me proceed. Returning from your father's, I met old Lindolm, who took me home with him, and satisfied all my questions concerning you, as far as was in his power. His sole motive for quitting you so hastily at the convent was to go in search of me, to obtain the chain; but, reflecting again, this would occupy too much time, he endeavoured to get himself admitted among the associates of the secret tribunal, as he had heard that the oath of a free judge would acquit the person accused; but he could only arrive at this degree through several grades; and having once entered on his examinations, he was ordered into confinement till the tribunal had finished your trial. At this time I arrived, and my answers before the tribunal caused your father, who I am sure was the president, to send for him; his replies removed every doubt about your birth and innocence, and he instantly made himself responsible for it. This information I received from one I dare name, but from Lindolm I learned the principal news, that, as Duke Frederic would probably one day assume the throne of Bohemia, your father had chosen him for his son-in-law. Thus you are to supply the place of your sister, who was affianced to the Duke, but died from his neglect of her. O Mira! can you approve of this——” Redoubled knocks at the door of Ida's chamber alarmed the lovers. Mira acquitted the balcony, and ran to the door. Heavens! it was her father, “Dressed so early!” said he. Mira replied that she was accustomed to rise early. “But you were in the balcony,” said her father; “and I thought I heard voices. Are your women there?” and without waiting for an answer he flew to see if any one was there: finding no one, he returned perfectly satisfied, and remarking that she looked pale, advised her to go to bed again, as the sun had scarcely risen, and he meant to present her at court when her looks were amended.

Directly her father was gone, Mira ran to the balcony, and perceived that her lover had escaped by leaping down; but how he had avoided the centinel, she could not so easily resolve. She then returned to rest, and the next day received no visit from any one, except her father, who came to announce that he should present her to the Empress on the following day. This at length arrived, and Mira's heart palpitated with joy at again beholding and conversing with Sophia. The Princess of Ormberg was deputed to fetch the elegant and superbly attired Princess of Wirtemberg in Sophia's state-coach. Mira cast on her a glance of contempt for her infamous conduct; but the Count more plainly conveyed his opinion. Mira was received in the Empress's anti-chamber by the Duke of Bavaria; and being conducted to the further end, she rushed into the wide extended arms of her sovereign, who poured forth a torrent of tears and words, indicative of joy at her deliverance and their re-union. Mira's heart was too full to reply. The Empress then ordered all the ladies of the court to embrace Princess of Wirtemberg, among the foremost of whom was the Princess Ormberg and her envious daughter. This having passed, Sophia bid them retire, and shortly after the Duke of Bavaria and Count Everard withdrew. Then it was that the souls of Sophia and Mira became unbosomed to each other, and the latter disclosed her love for Lipstolf, and his nocturnal visit. Sophia promised to favour him with all her influence, for too well she knew herself what it was to be married for parental convenience.

Mira's ascendancy over the Empress every day increased. Lindolm was called to Court, and loaded with favours. At the request of the Empress he one day, when they were alone, gave the following history of the infancy of Mira Lindolm.

“Princess, you require a task of me that will perhaps ruin me in your esteem; but I obey.—My wife, at the age four-and-twenty, was extremely beautiful. I loved her; but the difference of our

conditions rendered my happiness next to impossible. I was one of the principal officers of the Count of Wirtemberg, and Elvina was a vassal. Being a widow at a very early age, which was followed by the death of an infant at the breast, her situation excited compassion, and she was taken into the service of the Countess as the nurse of her daughter. Mira was but a few weeks old when her mother died. Elvina, before the death of her mistress, had been promised her liberty; but, alas! the great think little of the happiness of their inferiors; Elvina did not recover her liberty, and I was sent to a distance from the place where the object of my affections resided. At the end of two years, the charming little Mira was adored by her nurse, and obtained a stepmother in the person of a young woman, whom the Count had married only for her beauty and rank. This lady soon effected the disposal of the Count's sons and daughters, either in the army or to inferior Princes. The youngest but one died for want of care, and Elvina very soon conceived the wish of the Countess was to dispose of Mira in the same way. The Count then resided at Wisbaden, with his Court, and thence Elvina found means to send a letter to me, informing me of what was passing at the Castle. I had positive orders from my master not to quit the ← deleted one "the" (p. 42) place where I was stationed; but I resolved to visit Elvina, and contrive with her the means of her escape and our union. I knew that I could only see her safely at night, for she was shut up in a high remote apartment of the Castle, with the little Mira, who, with her nurse, was sometimes in danger of perishing for want of necessaries, especially since the pregnancy of the Countess had taken place. When I effected an interview with Elvina, she would consent to our union on no other terms, than procuring her liberty, and saving the young Princess from the increasing malignity of her stepmother. I objected to this plan, and endeavoured to reason her out of it, but it was not long before a circumstance took place which made me think it my duty even to aid her. Afraid of being known, I had taken my residence at a league distance from Wisbaden. Every evening I set out at dark to visit Elvina, that I might avoid suspicion, and return before break of day. My shortest route lay through the bosom of a forest reported to be haunted. I thought I several times saw lights and objects at a distance, moving about; but as they never interrupted me, I never enquired who or what they were. One night, from the uncommon darkness, I lost my way, and stumbling against a tree, I fell. On rising, I found I had quite lost my track, and fearful I might fall into some of the holes of the forest, I resolved to remain where I was till dawn. I had scarcely been there half an hour, when I thought I heard at a distance the march and countermarch of a body of men clad in armour.—They came nearer, took different roads, and two of the party halted on the other side of the bush where I was secreted. They soon began a conversation on the badness of the weather, their hard masters, and the ghost that nightly passed through the forest, dressed in white with his neck bloody. I thought I should have bursted with laughing, for this was nothing more than my white coat with the red collar. Some other persons now came up, who ordered those to retire after they had spread their clokes for them to repose on. They began a conversation truly interesting, from which I learned that they had formed the design of surprising the Count of Wirtemberg at Wisbaden, where he believed himself in full security. The one who seemed to be the commander stated, that he was not tempted, like his followers, by the booty they should gain, but the hope of carrying off the beautiful wife of Count Everard, by whom he had formerly been beloved, and who in a fit of ill-nature had since given her hand to the Count. Among the Count's principal enemies he enumerated the father and brother of Lipstolf, of the house of Baden. In a few minutes after these persons were joined by several others, who held a kind of counsel, the result of which was that the castle of Count Everard should be carried by surprise the following evening. I resolved instantly to fly to the Count, and betray the plot; I availed myself of their superstition to pass

them uninterrupted, by turning the red lining of my coat outwards. In this manner I stalked majestically by; for a few moments they were struck dumb, and all I could distinguish afterwards, as I receded from them was, "There goes the spectre, though it is now almost dawn! It is clothed in blood! ah! that betokens a bloody day!" I was out of breath when I arrived at the castle, where my presence excited no small surprise, as I was supposed to be at a great distance from Wisbaden. When introduced to the Count, I told him, not of the real motive of my journey, but of the horrid plot of the knights of St. Martin, **←replaced period with comma (p.43)** as they stiled themselves; among the rest I simply related what the discarded lover of the Countess had said, when she was present. This turned the furious Countess against me, who informed the Count that she was not ignorant that I had been lurking about the castle night after night, and that my whole story was a fabrication to cover some design, which merited imprisonment. This was my reward! I was thrust into a dungeon, where I lay without being able to take an active part in defence of Elvina or Mira, and heard the attack commence, followed by the groans of the dying and the shouts of the victors. They next fired the castle, and my blood chilled with horror when I saw my dungeon illuminated by the advancing flames! In my agitation, despair furnished me with double powers; I wrenched out the bars of my window, and got through the aperture into the court yard.

After my own escape, the safety of Elvina and the Princess followed. I rushed up the hundred steps which led to the miserable apartment of my mistress. As I drew near, I heard the plaintive cries of the infant. Confusion! the door was fastened, but with the iron bars I still held, I wrenched it open. There lay Elvina senseless on the floor, and the window open, as though she had drawn back from the tremendous leap, and, finding no succour from the encircling flames, had fainted. What a sight! I threw Elvina across my shoulders, and snatching up the child, I passed unhurt through the volumes of flame and smoke, nor stopped till I had reached the spot where the banditti had met the night before. When Elvina came to, she informed me that, shut up from all conversation in her lofty room, she could only gather from observation that something was the cause of alarm. She saw the Count arming his servants, and the Countess depart with every thing worth carrying off, while a shepherd seemed to wait as a guide. Though ignorant of the real cause of this movement, she saw enough to induce a desire to get from her apartment, but the door being fastened, it was rendered impossible. She was at too great a distance to hear anything of the combat, and all being quiet, she lay down to sleep, till awakened by the cracking of the flames, when she opened the window and called out for assistance, till she had fallen senseless on the floor. In this dilemma I extricated her, without her knowing the danger she had run, and for which she was fully grateful. Our residence in the forest was not long, and the first place we repaired to was Nuremberg, where we were received as the alienated vassals of the Count Everard, while he, with his wife, had found an asylum with the bishop of Strasbourg, a relation of the Countess's. At Nuremberg I espoused my wife, who previously made me take a solemn oath not to restore Mira to her parents before she was ten years of age, and in the mean time to let her pass for my daughter. In this place, I resumed my business of a sculptor, to which I had been brought up, and succeeded in getting money and reputation. In the mean time I was invited to decorate the cathedral of Prague, which detained me so long that I became attached to that city, and determined to make it my future abode. In the mean time we educated Mira as a princess, and her beauty and acquirements rivalled each other. It was my determination to have kept her private till a proper opportunity of presenting her to the Count, but my anxious imprudent wife would introduce her at court on your Majesty's nuptials, and has since

encouraged the addresses of Lipstolf, though he never can be united to her. In short, the result of her imprudencies at last brought her before the Secret Tribunal, where, by discovering her birth to her Father, I took the only possible step to save her. His wife had been dead a twelvemonth, and having lately lost a daughter betrothed to the Duke of Brunswick, he was not displeased at thus unexpectedly finding another, whom he had abandoned and believed to be dead." Here Lindolm finished his narrative, and Sophia promised to be a parent to Mira, should the Count prove unkind, and in the mean time suggested that she should make her union with Lipstolf the object of her special consideration. Mira thanked her for her kindness, but entreated her not to attempt any thing at present, which Sophia promised, and as quickly forgot. Mira then took leave of the Empress and old Lindolm, more dear to her than ever since his narration, who conducted her to the Count's, where they spent some hours together in delightful conversation, in which, among other things, Mira spoke of the pleasure she should feel in having her foster mother always with her, and said she would speak to the Count about it, of whose ready compliance she made no doubt. Lindolm shook his head, and was about to assign his reasons, when Count Everard entered in visible agitation, and motioned to her worthy friend to withdraw. "I desire," said the Count, "that you keep no company with that plebeian, now you are the daughter of the Count of Wirtemberg." "What, my father," said Mira, "shun the man who has been a parent and protector to your daughter!" "I see," replied the Count, "that he has told you his tale, and, no doubt, glossed over his robbery, but for your sake I would gladly wave my power to punish him. I have suffered to day in more than one instance on your account, and this evening I have learnt to my confusion and astonishment, that the very first night you were under my roof, Lipstolf of Baden leaped from the balcony to avoid my presence; since which you have informed the Empress of the affair, who has importuned me with intreaties on the subject, and involved me in a dilemma almost inextricable; but this conduct will but hasten the doom I have assigned for you!"

The Count then left his daughter, first bidding her prepare for a journey, as he meant to quit the court with speed. In one moment Mira saw all her hopes of happiness vanish in being separated from Sophia, from Lindolm and Lipstolf! The next day Mira was conducted to court to take leave of the Empress, who folded her to her bosom and asked her if it was her inclination to go. Mira faintly bowed her head, and the Count pressed her hand to shew his approbation of her conduct, after which they withdrew, attended by all the ladies, whose looks betrayed the pleasure they inwardly felt at the departure of their companion. It was the Princess of Ormberg, whose vigilant and calumniating eye saw through her agents all the movements of the Princess of Wirtemberg, who had conveyed to the Count the circumstance of a young man having leaped from balcony, who was soon ascertained to be Lipstolf. Mira had remarked that the Princess of Ormberg seemed, at parting, on better terms than before with her father; she could not guess the reason, and much less that the Count had commissioned her, if Lipstolf was seen in the city, to secure his person, till he had, by a formal act, renounced all pretensions to his daughter. But a better power watched over the object of his designs. He had learned by extreme vigilance the departure of his mistress, just before she stepped into her carriage, and being resolved to follow her, he was soon removed from the dangers that awaited him in the city.

At the village where Mira and her father stopped the first night, as he was walking about disguised, in the hope of obtaining a glance from his mistress, he met his old friend Lindolm, who persuaded him not to pursue such a mad project; but immediately, if he wished to render

himself worthy of an union with the Princess of Wirtemberg, to resume the office he had quitted, and repair to Sigismond, whom he had left in evil hands. The arguments of Lindolm were not lost on the young hero: he vowed to ennoble himself, while Lindolm engaged to keep a watchful eye over the Princess for both their sakes. They separated, and Lipstolf advanced into Hungary. He arrived at Presburg on the very day the King made his public entry, to be present at an entertainment which was meant to feast away all animosity between the nobles and the monarch. Lipstolf was at a loss for an introducer, but he rather determined to abide the event by placing himself near Sigismond, than make any application to his former patron, General Garda. His face was of that important cast which always attracted notice, and when once seen is not easily forgotten. The King recollected him, enumerated to the guests the services received from him, and stretching forth his hand, said, "My loyal Lipstolf of Baden, by whom my life has been saved, receive the thanks of thy King, and assurance of his favour." The King then embraced him, and our hero, transported with joy, fell at his feet, and bathed his knees with tears. After this Lipstolf modestly retired among the gentlemen in waiting, while the nobles deigned not to pay the least compliment to the young warrior. Among the gentlemen, Lipstolf recognized several old comrades, and none received him with a more friendly welcome than Schoonen, whom we have mentioned before as ascribing to Lipstolf, when a page, the cause of his flight from the court of Winceslaus.

The king, engaged for some time in a serious conversation with the Gardas, had ceased to look after Lipstolf: the guests had drunk largely, and there seemed a general tendency to discord. The subject of the late campaign was discussed, of which the two brothers talked with insolence to the King, whose single voice was drowned in their vociferation. "What," said Lipstolf to Schoonen, "shall we suffer our master to be thus insulted?" All the guests now rose from their seats, here and there a sabre was drawn, and the ill designs harboured against the King being no longer doubtful, instantly Lipstolf, Schoonen, and the other young knights present, drew their swords, and drove off the assailants. Lipstolf seized Andrew Garda by the throat, and tore him off, while others did the same by the General; but this availed nothing, for almost immediately after a large body of cavaliers were introduced, who beat down and dispersed the defenders of Sigismond; the struggle ended in the King being loaded with chains, and, in company with his zealous adherents, conducted to the castle of Colkos, the family seat of the Gardas. Having the King now secure, that his sufferings might not excite compassion among the people, and counteract their pretensions to the crown of Hungary, his fetters were taken off, and he was allowed to occupy a handsome apartment, and be attended like a Prince. The care of the prisoner was now committed to the mother-in-law of the two Gardas, while they repaired to the capital on urgent business. It happened that this lady, the step-mother to the General and the Governor, and widow of the deceased old Nicolas Garda, whom Sigismond had formerly put to death, was a young and handsome woman of five and twenty. She had no antipathy to the king for having deprived her of a decrepid husband, and had views very different from those of her sons. She thought, that by civility and pity, aided by her youth and beauty, she might persuade the king to marry her while her sons were absent, endeavouring to place the crown on the head of young Ladislaus.—Schoonen acted as the negotiator between the amorous young widow and the king, and the scheme ended in being received to the king's embraces only as a mistress; he took advantage of this posture of affairs to escape secretly, with Lipstolf and Schoonen, from the castle of Colkos; and bent his way to Count Cyly, the brother of his sister's husband, where he soon lost the esteem of the loyal Lipstolf, of Baden.—Count Peter Cyly was a very weak man;

the handsome Barbe, his wife, had always kept him loyal, and this was the principal motive for Sigismond's preferring the castle of Count Peter.

Lipstolf easily and truly foresaw that the scenes of dissipation which had passed at the castle of Colcos would be here renewed, and that if any attempts were made to re-establish the king in his former power, the means employed would be only those of treachery and fraud; he therefore thought he was now engaged in an ignoble service, from which he meant to retire the first opportunity; especially as he saw the handsome Barbe had not only cast her lascivious eyes on Sigismond and Schoonen, but even on himself. His coldness very soon incurred the hatred of Barbe, who secretly meant to make herself the wife of Sigismond, and place him on the Imperial throne, by plotting away not only the life of Wincelaus, but the Duke of Brunswick's, Lipstolf's rival, and the other nobles who had pretensions to the Imperial sceptre. Convinced of these intentions, Lipstolf nobly determined to counteract them, but his resolution was for the present suspended by the high walls that surrounded the castle, and the guard, whose vigilance defied every attempt at escape. He was one evening sitting in the alcove, when he heard footsteps advance, and withdrew to a bush where he could stand concealed, and hear whatever might be said.—It was Barbe, who entered with her waiting maid, and, being seated, began a conversation on the Count of Cyly, whom she intended to have assassinated in the forest, when hunting, by the hands of Schoonen, that he might be no obstacle to her marriage with Sigismond.—After the evening had been fixed, on which the murder was to be done, Barbe glanced at the suspicion with which she beheld Lipstolf; while he, almost worked up to phrensy, was ready to plunge his sword into the bosom of this **Messadina (49)**, and inwardly resolved to attend, if possible, the Count, on the evening marked for his assassination. The conversation after this turned on the fate of Queen Mary, and Barbe confessed, that, while she remained secure in the convent, and did not offer any obstacles to her ambition, she should not wantonly spill her blood. The servant, however, seemed to drop some hints as if she apprehended that such either was, or would be her fate.—After this they withdrew from the alcove, and Lipstolf had liberty to give way to the indignation that filled his breast. The fatal evening at length came, when Count Cyly was to be assassinated by the treacherous hand of Schoonen; but before this event took place, all the good intentions of Lipstolf were effectually prevented, by his being put into prison, where, from his grille, he saw the victim depart, and in a few hours heard a conversation under his window, which led him to suppose the fatal deed was done; the speakers talked of the goodness of their master, one of whom attributed his death to the tusk of a boar; but the other asserted, that it was occasioned by the sabre of some assassin. They both joined in praising the sorrow and courage of Schoonen, who, it was agreed, must have defended his master valiantly, as he was covered with blood.—“O hypocrisy and villany!” exclaimed Lipstolf; he would have made a longer speech, but he was interrupted by the rumbling noise of a carriage, and the lamentations of the Countess, which informed him that the body was come. Lipstolf closed his window, and withdrew to indulge in a mournful reverie.

An hour had passed in this manner, when the bolts of his door suddenly gave way, and a female entered, who thus addressed him:—“Fly, Sir Lipstolf!—Fly before it be too late!—My mistress, Barbe, now rules alone in this castle: the king quitted it in haste an hour ago; she has contrived to persuade the king that you have made advances dishonourable to her.—Not on this account, however, has he left the castle, but in consequence of a courier arrived from Prague, where some extraordinary revolution is talked of. Away, therefore! escape before your absence can be

missed, for I have orders to shut you up in this tower, and let you perish with hunger!” Lipstolf urged that he would stay to punish the murderers of the Count, but his guide so plainly demonstrated the folly of such an intention, that he suffered himself to be conducted to a passage that led without the castle walls. Before parting with her, he learned, that Schoonen had been obliged by the king to accompany him, and that he no longer treated him with his wonted partiality.

During Lipstolf’s journey, which was long, he heard of various events. The Emperor Wincelau was all but deposed, and his wife, the incomparable Sophia, courageously shared his troubles. His mistress, Madame Van Landen, had fallen a sacrifice to inebriation, without being the least regretted by him. While Wincelau was shut up in his castle, the affairs of Sigismund in Hungary had taken a favourable turn; his enemies were humbled, and by the assistance of Count Cyly, brother to Peter the Weak, he had ascended the throne, and married Barbe, who deservedly chastised his former ill usage to Queen Mary, the Princess Helen, and many others, by her despotic rule over him.—The only point she could not obtain of Sigismund, was to keep Schoonen in his service, who quitted the court, and entered, under very suspicious circumstances, into the employ of the Elector of Mentz. The principal candidates for the Imperial crown were Robert Count Palatine, Everard of Wirtemberg, and Frederic, Duke of Brunswick. Lipstolf was at Fritzlar, when he heard the rumour that the Princes of Germany had rejected Frederic, who had quitted Nuremberg in disgust, and returned to his own country, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Rodolph, of Saxony.—The Duke was now no longer his rival with Mira, because Count Everard had intended that his daughter’s hand should be given only when he had obtained the Imperial dignity. Not jealous of him, Lipstolf determined, as the Prince was to pass by way of Fritzlar, to introduce himself to him, and inform him of the danger to which his life had been exposed. He therefore placed himself in a solitary part of the road, under a tree, and after waiting a considerable time he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw the Duke torn to pieces by a lion, and that he was enveloped in the skin of the murderer.

When he awoke, he found a pale and ghastly figure standing by him, who held a naked sabre in his hand. Lipstolf started. “What wouldst thou do with my sabre?” said he, perceiving it in the hands of the stranger. “Thy sabre!” said the man, throwing it into the thickest part of the wood; “look on the ground; there lies thy sabre, covered with blood, and suspecting thee for an assassin, I drew my own in order to defend myself if thou shouldst awake.” Lipstolf advanced, and seized the stranger by the throat, at the same time demanding what he meant by saying the reeking sabre was his. The stranger was Schoonen, the murderer of Count Peter! Lipstolf started from him with horror, and Schoonen took that opportunity to escape. In a moment after voices assailed the ear of Lipstolf, exclaiming the murderer cannot be far; he had his sabre in his hand, and Kurd, our Captain, at one time, had caught him by the hair, but the villain escaped him! Lipstolf was contemplating the bloody sword, when twenty voices exclaimed, “There is the assassin!” which was followed by the approach of the party to take him.

The only resemblance between Lipstolf and Schoonen lay in their armour, and a rose coloured sleeve, both of which were the same, as they belonged to one order of knighthood. Lipstolf resisted till he was severely wounded, and then would have fallen a sacrifice to the rage of his assailants, if Kurd had not interfered, to save his life, that his accomplices might also be brought to justice. Lipstolf’s wound being then bound up, he was conveyed to a neighboring village,

where Rudolph, inconsolable for the loss of his friend, had promised to repair. Towards evening, however, the Duke of Saxony not having arrived, Kurd undertook to examine Lipstolf himself, on his shewing signs of returning speech, and he and his comrades were astonished to hear him deny all knowledge of the murder, when, as Kurd stated, if they had been in a mistake as to his dress, the sword of the Duke of Brunswick, with which he had assassinated him, was found in his hand, and dispelled all doubt. Lipstolf admitted appearances were strong against him, but when he had clearly detailed how he had spent that day, and that his own sword had been thrown by the assassin into the wood, the accents of truth from the almost expiring youth made some impression in his favour; but this was farther increased by a circumstance which seemed irresistible. When Kurd pursued the murderer, he had at one time been so close as to seize him by the hair, part of which the fugitive had left in his hand, and he put it into his pocket. To confound Lipstolf he now drew it forth, and to his astonishment found it was black, while the ringlets of the accused were of a light colour. The landlord now, on a closer inspection of the wounded person, found it to be the young man who had lodged with him for three or four days past, and the servants all declared it was the good Sir Lipstolf of Baden, who, during his stay in the village, had given many proofs of his goodness of heart.—Kurd now acknowledged that these were strong evidences in his favour, but nevertheless justice required that the case should go before a competent tribunal, for which purpose he left him in the custody of a guard till he was recovered, and set off with the remainder of his party to aid the people of Count Rodolph, who had been made prisoner.

In the mean time Lipstolf recovered, **and ←corrected typo (52)** in spite of the remonstrance of his host, determined to repair to Nuremburg, to aver his innocence, and take for his judges the princes there assembled. He was accompanied part of his way by all the villagers, and when he parted from them, one of the oldest bid him beware of the Elector of Mentz of whom strange reports had been in circulation since the death of Duke Frederic, as it was well known they had never been friends. Arrived at Nuremburg, Lipstolf's first concern was to enquire for Mira, and he soon learned that Count Everard had just departed on a short journey, and that his daughter was never seen out of the house. Love supplied him with ingenuity; he presented himself at the door as a messenger with letters from the Count to Mira **←is there a comma here? (52)** and was admitted. They sprung into each other's arms, and for a few moments forgot the difficulties that surrounded them. Mira first took notice of his paleness, which he attributed to the joy of seeing her, that he might not damp her spirits by a too early recital of his real situation. As their conversation became more regular, Mira informed her lover, that she was placed under the rigid care of Dame Conegunda, who watched her every footstep, and would at that time effectually have prevented their interview if she had not been seized with a sudden fit of going to church, and whose return she expected almost directly. Time being now very precious, Lipstolf proceeded to relate the events which had drawn him to Nuremburg. They were subjects of deep anguish to Mira, who entreated him not to anticipate his accusation, and said that it was highly probable, in the engagement reported to have taken place between the ravishers of Count Rodolph and his people, not an accuser might be left alive. But Lipstolf replied to all her entreaties with a short argument, that the hand of him who aspired to the possession of the princess of Wirtemberg should be without stain or implication.

The lovers then separated, and Mira found herself supported by the reflection that the tribunal before which he was going to appear was one to be holden in the face of day, not like the one

from which she had escaped, clothed in eternal night. Soon after Lipstolf had departed, the Duenna returned, and Mira trembled lest she should be asked the name of the young cavalier who had visited her. For this time, however, her alarms were false, and her melancholy seemed even to have escaped observation till the following evening, when dame Cunegunda remarked, that it was useless for her to grieve for the loss of such a lover as the Duke of Brunswick; and that it might afford her some comfort to know, that the assassin had been seized, and on that morning, as she returned from mass, she had learned that the villain had nearly escaped through the clemency of all the princes who sat as his judges, except the Elector of Mentz, who had ordered him to be seized again, and sent to prison, in spite of the number of his partisans, the most foremost among whom were Robert Count Palatine, Duke Albert, and old Jadoc of Moravia, all rivals and secret enemies of her good master Count Everard, and no doubt concerned in the assassination of the Duke. The questions and manner of Mira could not but explain to the malevolent eye of the Duenna, that her charge took a particular interest in the fate of Lipstolf, and this tended much to increase the coolness which had long existed between the princess and her governante.

Lipstolf had presented himself before his judges, supported by the testimony of several of the villagers; by the interest of those friends to virtue, Robert, Albert, and Jadoc, the trial had been lengthened to the following day when Kurd, the commander of the guards, appeared, and was examined apart; he produced the lock of hair, and it was proved to the Elector of Mentz, that Schoonen had escaped from his service, as well as an accomplice that was with him. The innocence of Sir Lipstolf could not be resisted, and several suspicious hints were thrown out by the princes against John of Mentz. Our hero had the good fortune to please the worthy Duke Albert at first sight, and when the trial was ended, Lipstolf related, at the Duke's request, his adventures, and was directly admitted among the principal gentlemen of that prince, justly esteemed one of the most virtuous of his time.

Mira was kept in ignorance of the happy event of the trial, **←is there a comma here? (54)** but observation soon supplied her with the means of ascertaining his acquittal. From her window she had seen the princes assemble at the house of old Jadoc; the trial had lasted some hours, when fatigue compelled her to quit the window, and retire to bed, where she lay without sleeping. After some time, shouts of joy excited her attention; she awoke, and saw the people in crowds rushing from the house of Jadoc, and presently after Duke Albert appeared, with a young man by his side, whom he talked familiarly to.—As the cavalcade drew near, she perceived it was Lipstolf, by his coloured sleeve, and the moment the Knight of Constancy beheld his mistress, he kissed the badge of his order, and respectfully bowed to her. The shouts rent the air, and Mira, willing to join her effort, turned round, and clasping Cunegunda in her arms, exclaimed, “He is saved, he is saved!” and instantly fainted.

Days and weeks passed away, but no opportunity occurred of another interview with Lipstolf, and the arrival of her father now seemed to preclude every hope of seeing each other by stratagem. Indeed he informed her one day, after he had had a long conversation with her governante, that new charges were continually rising up against Lipstolf, which rendered his innocence extremely dubious. Not being able to obtain any farther explanation from her father, Mira judged rightly that the spleen of Cunegunda would not hesitate to relate any thing to the disadvantage of Sir Lipstolf, and she therefore asked her what new proofs had been alleged

against him. She gladly informed her that a sabre with his name on it had been found in the forest near where he was apprehended; and that Schoonen, who had been since apprehended, and received the reward of his crime, had confessed before he died, that Lipstolf was his accomplice; to this she added, that Lipstolf was in the service of King Sigismond, who, at the instigation of his wicked wife, hated Duke Frederic, and sought to take his and life; and whom could he so well employ as Sir Lipstolf, the Duke's rival with the princess of Wirtemberg?

The fears of Mira were again excited for the safety of her lover, and the only source of comfort she felt was in the declaration of a person, who had said that he could not be twice tried on the same charge, after the first acquittal.—The little comfort, however, she derived from this hope was soon dissipated by the intimacy which now began to take place between her father and John of Mentz, whose frequent visits she felt an anxiety to develope. This opportunity occurred one day when she was sitting reading behind the hangings in her father's closet. They spoke of Lipstolf as the murderer of Frederic, and enumerated the arguments before stated by Cunegunda to prove his guilt.—They finished their conversation by asserting that that the decision of the prince in his favour was of no avail, and that the crime was of a nature to come before the dreadful Invisibles!—that infernal tribunal Mira before had faced!—Mira, when they had departed, rose from her retreat more dead than alive, but the means of preserving Lipstolf soon agitated her bosom. After some days her father talked of a journey, and a number of strangers came to the house, among whom she observed Hoffman, the man with one hand. She guessed its object, and bribed one of the servants to let her take his place. Equipped in the black muffled dress which he brought her, the Count of Wirtemberg set off attended only by another domestic. They soon arrived at the ruinous building, north of the city. The Count and his principal servant entered without difficulty, but her figure, perhaps being new, the guard at the gate questioned her: ←am reading this as a colon (55) They asked her the four ways to hell; and she replied in the words told her by the servant whose place she filled; they next demanded, how many steps led to the judgment seat of the Eternal. Mira answered 30; for that was the number of steps she had with so much terror mounted on a former occasion. They then shook their heads, let her pass, and she wandered in the dark till she stumbled on the thirty steps, which she ascended, and then the way became level, and her eyes were uncovered. There sat the Court; the signal was given, and the session commenced. Immediately one of the judges rose, and swore that the prince who was challenged with the murder was innocent. Fresh witnesses and accusations succeeded; the name of Lipstolf was mentioned; but as no one would swear for him, he was condemned! The judge then pronounced the awful sentence, inviting and commanding all present, by their secret oath, to destroy Lipstolf of Baden, by sword, fire, poison, &c. secretly!

The one armed man all this time stood by and supported Mira, and when he found she had fainted at the sentence, he conveyed her out of this assembly of demons. He had discovered her notwithstanding her disguise, and when she came to, she found herself at her father's gate; he then left her, first reproaching her with imprudence, and enjoining her secrecy. Mira knocked, and was admitted before her father and his attendant arrived. Her first care was to write a letter to Lipstolf, conjuring him by every tie of love and safety to fly from the invisible avengers, since it was not in the power of Duke Albert or any earthly power to save him!—Lipstolf received the packet, and immediately shewed it to the Duke, who owned that his interest against that of the Secret Tribunal availed nothing, and advised him to remove immediately to his relation the old Count of Baden, one of the chiefs of the Secret Tribunal of Westphalia. Lipstolf replied, that he

was the avowed enemy of his family, which had been occasioned by the contention of the knights of St. Martin against the Count of Wirtemberg, and had continued ever since he was eight years old. Albert renewed his request, that he would throw himself on his protection, as he was a man of frankness and integrity, and, not having any offence to him, would defend him by his power in the Secret Tribunal. Lipstolf obeyed, and the next night set out for Westphalia, leaving the wretched Mira anxious for his fate, and regretting the humble happier days she had passed with Lindolm at Prague. Of the latter she had seen nothing for some years, ignorant that, since he had to serve her commenced his entry into the Secret Tribunal, he had become immediately under the power of the Count of Wirtemberg, who had kept him at Prague. Since the flight of Lipstolf, the heart of Count Everard had become quite alienated from his daughter, and he one day informed her that she had sacrificed her father to her lover; that he was now, with Lipstolf, soon to become the victim of appearances, for the Secret Tribunal accused him of having taken her to a place where she had no right to appear, and having acquainted Lipstolf with the sentence awarded against him. Mira fell on her knees, and declared that she would avow to the Secret Tribunal that the guilt alone was her's; but the Count pushed her from him, and said, "Farewell! it is now too late, and I must leave thee to thy fate!"—The Count immediately departed from his castle, and Cunegunda, now that Mira had become her mistress, was the most obliging creature imaginable. One night she announced a stranger who wished to speak with the Princess. When he had thrown off his disguise, Mira recognized the one-handed Hoffman. "Princess," said he, "your safety brings me hither. The Secret Tribunal hovers over you! O your fatal imprudence! Where is the presumptuous man who lent you his disguise? Where is your father? I am involved through my compassion; there are indeed no proofs against me, but I am suspected of favouring you and Lipstolf; and therefore, as well as on my master's account, they seek to get rid of me!"—Hoffman was the steward of Conrad of Langen, who had always escaped the endeavours of the Secret Tribunal to take him, and no one of their body could be suspected of conveying the information but Hoffman: this, indeed, was his true crime; the business of Mira was only a pretext to lead to the discovery of the other. Mira was deeply sensible of the goodness of Hoffman, but took no steps to enforce his advice till the next day, when the good Albert came: he had frequently visited her since the flight of her father, and now advised her not to be uneasy, either for the safety of his life, or that of Hoffman, but that of her own, which perhaps, ere then, was condemned, like that of Lipstolf, to secret assassination. Mira then turned her eyes for safety to the palace of Sophia, or the humble abode of Lindolm, but the Duke over-ruled this, and offered to convey her to the care of the daughter of Sigismond by his former Queen Mary, who lived in a retired convent, situated in a deep forest in the Carpathian mountains. "There," exclaimed the Duke with emotion, "will you become acquainted with the mind of my Elizabeth, a mind the counterpart of thy own. I have so arranged every thing that you may depart this very night, till which time I entreat you to bear me company, for I have many things to communicate which I wish my Elizabeth to learn only from your own mouth. You will, perhaps, be the means of our finding another whom we have supposed long dead, but who, I understand by Lipstolf, is alive."

The Duke after this imparted the plan he had formed for drawing the unfortunate Queen Mary from obscurity, and restoring her to the place now occupied by the worthless Barbe. The project appeared vast and difficult of accomplishment to Mira; she nevertheless promised to observe the directions given her, and then took leave of the Duke, whose attentions during their short acquaintance she thought had been rather too particular; yet, attributing this only to the warmth

of his friendship for her lover, and assured of the Duke's honour, as well of the necessity of flight, she disguised herself, and commenced her journey at midnight, Lipstolf's route was shorter and less hazardous; he arrived in the territories of the old Count of Baden, to whose mansion he repaired immediately, but found he was absent, settling some disputes between the Count of Tecklenberg and the bishop of Munster. This gave him less leisure to reflect on his situation, now once more in his native country, and about to ask succour of one against whom he had imbibed the strongest prejudices. Lipstolf, who as before stated had early flown from a monastic life, had occasionally heard from his brothers and sisters, who lived in the neighbourhood of his present residence; but he had seldom answered the letters written by his brother the Baron of Munstor, and his eldest sister the Abbess of Marienhagen. His brother John he found had entered the order of the Teutonic knights, but his sisters Agnes, Petronella, and Catharine, were in a convent. Lipstolf visited them, and was very affectionately received by the two first, but the behaviour of Catharine was morose, and she did not hesitate to say that they ought not to encourage one proscribed by the Secret Tribunal. He learned from Agnes, that his sister Catharine of Senden had preferred an indifferent match to taking the veil, and now with a large family suffered from the neglect and poverty of her husband; at the same time she had expectations from her eldest brother Bernard, the lord of Baden, as he was called, to whose presence she wished no one to be introduced that might weaken her prospects.

The conversation between Lipstolf and his sisters had continued some hours, when it was interrupted by the arrival of the Abbess of Marienhagen, who came to converse on the reports spread about Lipstolf. She recollected him the moment he entered, and gave him a cold welcome, after which she descanted on the difficulty of his obtaining an asylum among his relations, but opposed strongly the selfishness of Catharine, which would prevent Lipstolf from having an interview with Bernard.—When Lipstolf related the intention of his journey to the old Count of Baden, the Abbess was electrified. She opposed vehemently his placing himself under the protection of one whose hatred for their family continued unabated; and before the sisters and Lipstolf separated, she made him consent to be introduced the next day to his elder brother, who resided at Plettenburg. The next day he set off for Marienhagen, where, with the Abbess Ursula, he found his two friendly sisters, with **Catherine ←same woman? If so, it's spelled with an "e" here (59)** and her husband, Ulric of Senden, assembled, whose port and beauty instantly excited a favourable presentiment in the bosom of our hero.

The audience of Lipstolf with the Lord of Baden was by no means friendly; but the reserve of the elder brother was much compensated by the welcome of his beautiful young wife, the lady Alicia, who drew the sisters round her in the most familiar conversation. During this day's visit, Lipstolf observed a mystery in the behaviour of Ulric he could not decipher; to himself he was singularly morose, yet to a third person he spoke ardently in his praise.—To Madame Baden also he observed an indifference bordering on contempt when she addressed him; yet, when he thought himself unobserved, his eyes seemed doatingly fond of her. The guests had remained at the castle only a few days, when the Abbess and the nuns were obliged to retire, and none remained but Lipstolf and the family of Senden.

Catherine (59), when she found her mortal enemy, the Abbess, was gone, became more kind to her brother, and so far apologized for her previous cool behaviour, that she insisted, as a mark of his forgiveness, that he should accompany her home; and this gave her an opportunity of

convincing him of her friendship. Lipstolf could not withhold his consent, and when it was known that he intended to accompany his sister home, he was invited to stay a few days longer. A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Ulric as soon as this design was made known to him, and Lipstolf was petrified with astonishment at the advice which Alicia tenderly gave him. She spoke of Ulric as a man of honour, but cautioned Lipstolf, if he would avoid calamity, if he esteemed her, or loved Mira, never to be alone with him for a single moment! He could obtain no reasons for this advice, and all his questions were only answered by tears.

The day at length came when the chevalier departed with **Catherine (60)** and her children: on the road she entertained him with many ill-natured anecdotes of her relations, and among the rest of Alicia, who she stated was a poor dependent of the house of Langen.—When Lipstolf arrived at the house of **Catherine (60)**, he found more pleasure in the prattle of the children than in the conversation of his sister; and from the former he learned so many innocent tales of Ulric's goodness, that every suspicion thrown out by Alicia vanished, and he determined, in a private interview, to triumph over the efforts of his brother-in-law to avoid him. On the third day **Catherine (60)** shewed her brother a letter from Ulric, in which he desired her to inform him of his departure, as he should then quit Plettenburg, and return home. This determined Lipstolf to be gone the next day; and, as he knew the road to the old Count's was that by which Ulric must return, he determined to wait a whole day for him in the forest through which he was to pass and develop the mystery of his avoidance.

The day passed; the night came, and our hero had advanced so far to meet Ulric, that by the light of the moon **←should there be a comma here? (60)** he could perceive the tops of the turrets of Plettenburg castle. The night was far spent when the sound of horses approached the narrow valley where he stood. They drew so near, that he could distinguish the voice of Ulric directing the servants to ride on before to Senden-house, bring him word if the young knight was gone. He then alighted, and seated himself at the foot of a tree. Lipstolf immediately made himself known, and affectionately demanded why he so shunned him. "Heavens!" exclaimed Ulric, "how am I tortured with his presence! It whispered to me that I must murder him!"—"Murder thy brother!" said Lipstolf; "What has he done? What is his crime?"—"O Lipstolf," replied Ulric, "my heart is with thee; I love thee more than myself, and yet I must assassinate thee! Thou art the murderer of Prince Frederic!"—"I swear by every thing in heaven and earth," replied Lipstolf, "that I am innocent of the crime! **←missing quote mark (61)** —"It avails not!" said Ulric, trembling; "the judges have pronounced thy condemnation!" Thousands burn with the desire of shedding thy blood! Fate has decreed the task to me! I am bound by a horrible oath to spare none whom the Secret Tribunal condemn!—This then to thy heart—and this to my own!" They both staggered; they fell side by side, and Lipstolf embraced Ulric; "I forgive thee!" said the latter; "and still shall my soul see thine in the realms of peace and security, where the horrors of the Secret Tribunal can never come!"

In this wounded state these victims of the secret tribunal lay, till they were discovered by some peasants, who took them to the castle, where they immediately obtained relief. They were lodged in separate rooms, and it was not till after a lapse of some time, that they were enabled to quit their apartments. During the interval of Lipstolf's recovery, the benevolent Alicia related some parts of her private history. She informed him that she was sister to Conrad, of Langen, who had been obliged to fly from his castle on account of the persecution of the Secret Tribunal. In his

flight Conrad was attacked by Ulric, of Senden, at that time the lover of Alicia, who had conceived an affection for him during a short residence he had made at the castle, in consequence of being wounded by some banditti.—Directly Alicia learned from Ulric that he was the cause of her brother being wounded and taken to prison, she determined to banish him from her bosom; soon after which she was married to Bernard, and Ulric espoused **Catherine (61)**. When Lipstolf had perfectly recovered, he paid a visit to Ulric; he considered that his noble soul had been compelled by the secret oath to act against his better judgment, and he pitied him. Ulric confessed, when Lipstolf had related all the particulars of Duke Frederic's murder, that he saw no guilt in him, and but for the duty imposed upon him by the Secret Tribunal, he would have pressed him to his bosom, as one highly respected for his virtues and courage.

Alicia, fearful that Ulric and Lipstolf might again meet alone, and the same dreadful tragedy be renewed, requested the former to return home, after which Lipstolf set off to visit the old Count of Baden. On his arrival at the Count's palace, he was surprised to find Ulric had reached there before him. Lipstolf's interview with the old Count was not at first very flattering. He questioned him closely upon the circumstances of the murder, and the manner in which Ulric, of Senden, had been wounded; when our hero had satisfied him in these particulars, the Count affectionately took his hand, and informed him that his confession had saved Ulric from the vengeance of the tribunal, who had accused him of tampering with Lipstolf in saving his life. He also said that Ulric had defended him before the tribunal, which had accepted of the latter's resignation, and thus Ulric, no longer his enemy, could now safely embrace him, as a brother and a friend. Another circumstance which led to an exculpation of Lipstolf was, that several other accomplices were now known to have been concerned in the murder, whose capture had been designedly neglected. Shortly after this, Ulric and Lipstolf were made friends, and having remained a short time at the castle, by the old Count's desire Lipstolf departed from his protection, as he could no longer ensure his safety while under the proscription of the dreadful Invisibles!

Lipstolf's ultimate plan now was to join the Teutonic knights at Venice, but he first visited Duke Albert at Nuremberg, from whom he learned the afflicting news that Mira had been compelled to fly, as well as her father.—It will be remembered, that when we left Mira travelling with an escort to Hungary, the commander of which, at this juncture, returned to the Duke, and brought word that the Princess of Wirtemberg, in passing by Prague, had determined to stop there, and pay a visit to Sophia and Lindolm; in consequence of her being intimate with Sophia, who favoured the heresy of John Huss, she was considered as the seductress of the Queen, and by the Archbishop Subinko conveyed to a convent in Hungary. The officer also delivered a letter from the Queen, which he had received from Mira before leaving Prague. It contained a passage, which stated that one very near and dear to her was then suffering at Ratisbon and, requested Sophia to hint the same to the captain of the escort.

This hint was sufficient to induce the zealous Lipstolf to repair instantly to that city, where his unremitting investigation soon discovered that Count Everard was in prison. The Count, when he fled, intended to take refuge in Italy, but the little pains he took to conceal his rank easily discovered him to his enemies, and he was conducted a prisoner to Ratisbon, the citizens of which were his declared enemies. The gallant Lipstolf succeeded in giving liberty to the father of his Mira, who readily resigned all hopes of advancement to the Germanic throne, as the Imperial crown had been firmly fixed on the head of Robert Count Palatine. After Count Everard had

acknowledged his grateful sense of Lipstolf's generous conduct, he proposed their immediate journey to Italy.—Mira, after a tedious progress, arrived safely at the convent of St. Anne, and as she had obtained permission, if she disliked her convent, to change it, she was reconciled to her fate, since this would enable her to fulfil the commission of Duke Albert, in thoroughly searching for the Lost Queen Mary. Mira liked neither the Abbess nor the nuns, and learning that the convent of St. Nicolas was not far distant, she requested the Archbishop's leave to move thither, which was granted. Here she became acquainted with Princess Garda, formerly mistress of the household to Queen Elizabeth, of Hungary.—Mira's endeavour to gain the confidence of this lady was much facilitated by a circumstance which at first threatened to prevent it.

One day the Princess Garda manifested an uncommon coldness towards Mira, and upon the latter demanding the cause, a letter was put into her hand, written by the Princess Elizabeth to the Princess Garda, in which Mira was accused of having seduced the affections of Duke Albert from her, as she had formerly done those of the Italian Prince from the young Princess of Ormberg. Mira immediately did away the ill impression which this letter might have created, by relating the history of her acquaintance with the Duke, and she requested permission not only to end it for her satisfaction, but to clear Mira from the calumnies most probably thrown upon her by the means of the communication of the Princess of Ormberg with Elizabeth. From the preceding event the intimacy between the Princess Garda and Mira increased, and one day she gave her the following brief outline of Queen Mary's history:

“Mary, the daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, had no other attendants in her early years than myself, Mira, your mother, and little Barbe, of Tirnan. Being the only child of King Lewis, and heiress to the throne, she was at nine years of age betrothed to Sigismond, second son of the Emperor Charles IV. about two years older than herself. When Sigismond afterwards came to the convent see his future bride, he became much more attracted by the beauty of Barbe, who was then a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and shortly after, at the request of her relations, married Herwott, Governor of Croatia. When Lewis died, Mary ascended the throne, and was governed by the two Gardas, whose oppressions provoked the people to revolt; Herwott, at the desire of Barbe, then seized the Queen and her mother, upon which I acquainted Sigismond with their situation. Elizabeth died in prison, but Mary was released by the bravery of Sigismond, who killed Herwott, and reestablished Mary on the throne. His marriage with her followed, and Barbe in due time appeared at court, when the king commenced an intrigue with her; but the more effectually to conceal it, a match was made up for her with Count Peter Cyly, surnamed the Weak; soon after which the Queen, overcome with melancholy, and the preference given to her infamous rival, retired to a convent. She was at this time pregnant, and I determined to be present with her during her lying in, and to take care of the infant; but, before this event could take place, I was taken ill, and languished a considerable time, as I have since learned, under the influence of poison. The Countess of Cyly supplied my place, and removed the Queen to another convent, where she was delivered of a daughter, whose birth cost her her life.

“The child after this, by the king's order, was entrusted to my care, but, since that period to the present time, which is sixteen years, I have continued to make various researches without any affect; and it is most probable that the cruel Barbe sacrificed her rival, as she then had her completely in her power. Perhaps the Princess would not have been saved, if Sigismond had not interfered, from a reflection, that by marriage she might one day prop his shaking credit. At an

early age she was called to court, and betrothed to young Albert, of Austria. After the Queen's death, the hearts of the people were much alienated from Sigismund, and Barbe retired to her husband's country seat. The King's campaign against the Turks followed, and on his return, various events (already detailed) took place, which finally led to his marriage with Barbe, who thus became the stepmother of Elizabeth; hence the latter was closely confined at Klausenburg, where the Princess of Ormberg became acquainted with her, and with the assistance of her mother has endeavoured to poison the mind of Elizabeth against yourself!"

The Princess of Wirtemberg was not disconcerted by what she had heard, and determined to continue her search among the neighbouring convents. Her first choice fell on St. Emery, and not expecting to find any difficulty in quitting the convent of St. Nicolas, she was astonished to hear the prioress say, that she could not permit her to depart; but, as the Archbishop was expected in the district soon, application might be made to him. At length this personage arrived; he was a little disgusting old man, and did not seem at all insensible of the charms of Mira. When she urged her request to depart, he taxed her with fickleness, displayed the doom that awaited her from the Secret Tribunal, if not protected by him in some convent, and concluded with offering her his fortune and himself, if she would retire with him to the banks of the Danube, where he had a beautiful estate. It is almost needless to say, Mira spurned his offer, and they parted with contempt on one hand, and indignation on the other. Mira afterwards learned that this lustful prelate had carried matters so far against the new preacher Huss, that Wincellaus, persuaded by Sophia, had deprived him of his dignities in Bohemia, and the continuance of his power in Hungary was very uncertain.—Mira now determined to stay no longer at St. Nicolas, and informed the Prioress of her intention, who replied, that the Archbishop had given her permission, if she persisted, to depart.

Mira immediately procured a carriage to convey her to St. Emery, the way to which lay through a valley that separated it from St. Annés. **←wondering if this accent is meant to be an apostrophe, per below (66)** She had entered this lonely spot, when some cavaliers advanced, and said they had orders to conduct her to the convent of St. Anne, where, on being introduced to the Abbess, she sarcastically remarked, that Mira was come to make a longer stay than before, and she was to enter upon her noviciate previously to taking the vows. Mira replied only with her tears, and when she was conducted to her cell, found comfort in the certainty that a twelvemonth must expire before she could be forced to take the vows, and during that time some relief she hoped would be imparted. The first six months passed away without any particular circumstance occurring, and in the last six she was appointed to attend and console the sick, who were very numerous from the insalubrious air of **St. Anne's**. Mira loved this employment, and her care and physical knowledge soon reduced the patients to a very few. Among these one remained, whose disease seemed incurable, and whose manners and early decline, for she was then but in the meridian of life, particularly interested her. She thought the traits of former royalty appeared in her dignified manner, and the more readily to draw the truth from her, Mira related her own history, and placed in her hand the letter of Duke Albert, which desired herself and Elizabeth to trace out the unfortunate Queen Mary. The sick nun could no longer conceal her emotion; she fainted in the arms of Mira, as she faltered out, "Does my daughter Elizabeth then live!" When Queen Mary had recovered, (for such in reality was the nun Veronica, it was with difficulty she could be persuaded that her friend the princess Garda was not dead, and was then in the neighbouring convent of St. Nicolas. The princess now devoted all her time to the unfortunate

queen, and her thoughts were constantly employed on the means of procuring an interview between her and her daughter. As her noviciate now drew towards an end, all her hopes lay in the annual visits of the nuns of St. Nicolas to those of St. Anne, which was at hand, when she could entrust some one with a message to the princess Garda, In the mean time the Queen began to recover, and one day Mira asked her to relate that part of her story which did not come within the knowledge of the princess **Garda ←typo corrected (66)**. The queen replied, that her pen having been her only comfort, she had committed the said history to writing, and for security had deposited it in the garden of the cemetery, where with her own hands she had dug her grave, according to the custom of the convent, placing her name on a cross at the head. Mira, as it was midnight, hesitated not to repair to the cemetery, and having found the tomb dug by Veronica, she extracted the manuscript from the covering earth, and was retiring, when a noise of something leaping down drove her for concealment behind an alder tree. “This way,” said a figure that now came near the tree; “jump without fear, and you will light safely where I am.” The second man having descended, the first said, “the grated windows where you see the light is the infirmary; there she has for some time resided; they are not so high——.”—The man by this time had retired beyond the hearing of Mira; and she hesitated what to do. It was not long before they returned, and one of them remarked, that the safest way would be to acquaint her with their design, and this might perhaps be effected at the feast of St. Nicolas, which was to be held before her taking the veil. While they were thus talking, Mira recognised one of them to be a cavalier of the Archbishop’s, and concluding that it was a plan of the prelate’s to get her into his power, the next morning she told the Abbess what she had seen and heard, as she was religiously meditating among the tombs at midnight. The Abbess praised her piety and discretion, and took measures to secure those parts of the infirmary which appeared vulnerable. At length the festival of St. Nicolas arrived, and Mary, who heard the chaunt of the nuns, went to her window to see them enter, first dispatching Mira to join them, that no time might be lost in endeavoring to effect their emancipation. Mira soon discovered one of the nuns of St. Nicolas who had been a favourite, and to her she entrusted the journal of Mary to give to the princess Garda, and at the same time bidding her say, that Queen Mary was alive in the convent of St. Anne, but extremely weak from illness, and anxiously praying for some means of deliverance.—No other opportunity occurred to speak to the nuns of St. Nicolas, for the Abbess watched her during the whole festival, and very early ordered her to retire to her cell. After the usual routine of the convent had taken place, the minds of Mary and Mira were occupied with the effect that would be produced at St. Nicolas by the information they had sent thither.

A week passed away without the least gleam of hope appearing, at the end of which time the Abbess sent for Mira, and shewed her an order from the Archbishop Subinko, for removing the mother Veronica to the convent of St. Nicolas. Mira’s bosom was filled with joy and despair; joy at the removal of Mary, and despair at being left behind:—The Queen, who could scarcely contain her rapture, parted from Mira with many tears, and promised not to lose sight of their reunion, after which Mira retired to her cell, the more freely to indulge her sorrows.

Here for awhile we shall leave the unfortunate Princess of Wirtemberg, and review for the year past the adventures of her lover.—Count Everard and Lipstolf arrived safely at the camp of the Teutonic knights. The latter’s name was a sufficient recommendation, and ensured him a flattering reception. He was soon after introduced to his brother, John of Baden, who cordially welcomed him, and by whom he had been more loved than by his other brothers. A thousand

questions were put to Lipstolf concerning the family, and the recital of his adventures were reserved for a private conversation the next day. John enquired the motive of his leaving Germany, to which Lipstolf replied that misfortunes had occasioned his flight: he dreaded to say that he was pursued by the Secret Tribunal, and feared when he came to that part of his story his brother might receive an ill impression of him.—On the following day, however, his scruples on this head were laid at rest, for, on going to his brother's tent, he learned that he had just set off on business of great emergency, and all he had done before his departure was to recommend him to the Grand Cross. He met a very cordial reception from the Grand Master and supposing that he was desirous of wearing the cross, as a knight of the Teutonic order, he informed him of the conditions on which it might be obtained.

Among the knights who were candidates for this honour, Lipstolf became acquainted with one for whom he felt himself singularly interested. He was a hardy soldier, and seemed reserved to every one but Lipstolf, who had more than once saved his life in battle. At length, the confidence that existed between him and his friend induced the latter to reveal his real name, which was Conrad, of Langen, the brother of Alicia, who, pursued by the Secret Tribunal, here found a kind of asylum. They mutually imparted their histories to each other, and that of Conrad was briefly as follows:—"When the persecution of the free judges," said he, "constrained me to quit my castle, and leave an unfortunate sister without protection, fortune offered me a faithful friend in the person of John of Baden, who saved me from despair when anxiety and watching had exhausted my strength. I was scarcely three miles from the castle, when sleep began to overpower me, and I betook myself to a wood, where I sat down under a tree and fell asleep. When I awoke, the first object that met my eyes was a man with a sword drawn. I arose, and put myself in a posture of defence; but my antagonist proved too strong for me, and I was on the point of falling, when your brother rushed in to my assistance, and compelled the assailant to quit the field. I then embraced your brother as my guardian angel; we exchanged names, and, as he declared, tho' he was not persecuted by the secret tribunal like me, yet his relations wished to compel him to adopt a mode of life hateful to his feelings, we agreed to repair to Italy, and join the Teutonic knights. But while we formed our plans, the life of your brother was endangered through being seen with me. The foe he had beaten off returned with another, and commenced an attack on us before we had time to draw our sabres. The contest was unequal, though one of the party evidently seemed to fight with reluctance; no doubt he was Ulric of Senden, who was unwilling to murder his Alicia's brother. My second, seeing no chance of victory, fled, and I was taken prisoner to the castle of Osnabruck. From here, however, I found means to escape, and immediately bent my way to the Teutonic knights, where I found my friend John of Baden, who was already decorated with the cross of the Teutonic order. He persuaded me to change my name, as the Teutonic knights were little short of the secrecy of the tribunal, in their enquiries respecting the characters and circumstances of those who were candidates for the cross. Your excellent brother, who has led me into the paths of virtue, having been called away, you have fortunately come to supply his place, and while your name and adventures remain unknown, your reputation will secure my safety." When Conrad had finished, Lipstolf assured him of his friendship, and the rest of the night passed in laying down plans for their future conduct. The friends had no suspicion that a villain had overheard their conversation, and reported it to the Grand Master, who would have treated them with the greatest severity, but for the interference of the Count of Wirtemberg. The latter had seen so many instances of Lipstolf's courage and generosity, that his prejudices against him had subsided, and he might have been completely

justified, if the Count had not still laid under the ban of the tribunal, whose secret avengers now demanded and were thirsting for the blood of Conrad and Lipstolf. The Count therefore obtained permission of the grand Master to let him be escorted to his uncle the old Count of Baden, who would use every means to procure him justice. The hopes of Count Everard were not without foundation, for a report prevailed that Falkenberg, one of the murderers of Duke Frederic, had been taken, and that through him the rest of the accomplices would be found out and arrested. How great must have been the joy of Lipstolf, when the Count informed him, that if he discovered where his daughter had flown to; if the old Count of Baden would adopt him for his son; and if his innocence were established, that Mira should be his!—The sentiments of grandeur which Count Everard had formerly looked up to were now all vanished. The Emperor Robert was firmly fixed on the Germanic throne, and his daughter could not become either empress or duchess of Brunswick. Lipstolf having tenderly embraced the Count of Wirtemberg, was delivered, with Conrad, into the hands of their persecutors. The former was treated with much indulgence, as well as Conrad; but the latter, knowing better than those who were appointed to conduct him before his judges, the nature of the accusations against him, determined to seek safety in flight; one evening he embraced his friend with great emotion, and before the next morning he had effected his escape. This occasioned Lipstolf to be more strictly watched, but he made no attempt to remove. Indeed there was no reason for such a step, as his guards informed him that Falkenberg, the known assassin of the Duke of Brunswick, had denounced, as his accomplices, Werner of Hautstein, and Henry Count of Waldeck, both in the service of the Elector of Mentz: while the name of Lipstolf was not mentioned. When he entered the castle of the old Count of Baden, and was introduced to him, the latter folded him in his aged arms, and declared that the accomplices in the murder of Frederic had deposed that they had never known the name of Lipstolf, but from the mouth of Schoonen, who had declared that he was his enemy, and he would be revenged of him, if it cost him his happiness here and hereafter. Hence had arisen the dying accusation of Schoonen, which was now proved to be false. The next day the innocence of Lipstolf was solemnly adjudged by the Tribunal, and the Count publicly adopted him for his son and heir. Having obtained the old Count's leave to visit his relations, he set out to inform them of his new dignity, and thence journeyed to Prague in search of Mira, where he learned she was in the land of Subinko, who lived at the court of Sigismund, protected by Barbe. Hither, accompanied by Lindolm, our hero repaired, and was informed Duke Albert was gone to visit the Princess Elizabeth at the convent of Klausenburg, and the Princess Garda at that of St. Nicolas. The Princess Ormberg, being disgraced by Sophia, had passed through Presburg the day before on her way to the former convent.

Queen Mary, liberated from her captivity, once more enjoyed the company of the Princess Garda, who acquainted Elizabeth with it. Duke Albert instantly set off with her to ascertain the existence of Queen Mary. The only alloy now was the absence of the Princess of Wirtemberg, whose liberation could only be effected by the Archbishop. A letter was written from Duke Albert to Subinko, which received an equivocal answer. In a fortnight Mira was to pronounce her vows. In the mean time Lipstolf at Presburg, was revolving in his mind schemes for the discovery of Mira, when, one evening, accidentally meeting with Conrad, he informed him that he had been actively employed in endeavouring to rescue Mira from her cloistered fate in the convent of St. Anne, but that his courage and address had proved fruitless. While there he had discovered that Duke Albert was at the convent of St. Nicolas, and had been dispatched by him with a letter to the Archbishop at Presburg, who laid at the point of death. In the morning the two

friends heard with pleasure that Subinko was dead, and Albikus was his successor. Lipstolf dispatched Conrad back to the convent of St. Anne, to see that Mira was not secretly conveyed away, while he himself repaired to Prague, to the new prelate, where, seconded by the interest of Sophia and Count Everard, then at the court of Wincellaus, as well as a handsome douceur, he made no doubt of inducing Albikus to release the object of his affections.

During these events, the situation of the Princess was daily becoming worse.—Her delivery would have been effected, if Conrad had been less precipitate; Mira would then have known that the attempts to get her way did not originate with the Archbishop. The last effort of Conrad threw the convent into the most dreadful alarm; the nuns became vociferous, and in consequence of their remonstrance, the indignant Abbess, to gratify them, threw Mira into a dungeon, where she was to lie till instructions were received from the Archbishop respecting her doom.—Such was the dreadful state of Mira, when a letter arrived from the new Archbishop, announcing the death of Subinko, and his intention of visiting the Convent on the morrow, in company with the Count of Wirtemberg, Duke Albert, and the new Count of Baden, to liberate the nun in confinement. The joy of Maria at this intelligence was equal to her gratitude to Providence; but who the Court of Urma was, was at present beyond her comprehension. On the following day she beheld herself clasped alternately in the arms of her father and her lover!—What a moment was this for Mira and Lipstolf!—Their wishes were seconded by those of Count Everard and Duke Albert, and the next day the happy party were embraced by Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and the Princess Garda. Lindolm and Conrad shared the purest transports on the occasion. The marriage of the lovers soon after took place, and the Countess of Baden was introduced to all the relations of Lipstolf.—An union was effected between the old Carmo and John of Baden; and the new Count of Baden, to ensure the continuance of that happiness which he and Mira had procured by their virtues, soon after became a Member of the Secret Tribunal, by the advice of his father-in-law **←second hyphen missing; inserted (72)**, and uncle.

FINIS.

T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane.

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