

HOLGSON'S List of Pamphlets

KOENINGS

DREAMS and FORTUNES, 13 Sorts.

- 1 Everlasting Dreamer
- 2 Universal Dreamer
- 3 Fashionable Dreamer
- 4 London Dreamer
- 5 Golden Dreamer
- 6 Dreamer's Sure Guide
- 7 Circle of Fate
- 8 Gipsy's Present
- 9 Grecian Astrologer
- 10 Norwood Gipsy
- 11 Instructing Gipsy
- 12 Royal Fortune Teller
- 13 Napoleon's Book of Fate

VALENTINE WRITER, 13 Sorts.

- 14 Bower of Love
- 15 Court of Love
- 16 Cupid's Cabinet
- 17 Every Body's Valentine Writer
- 18 Gentleman's Own Valentine Writer
- 19 General Valentine Writer
- 20 Lady's Own Valentine Writer
- 21 Lady's and Gentleman's Valentine Writer
- 22 Momus' Scraps
- 23 Quizzical Valentine Writer
- 24 Satirical Valentine Writer
- 25 Tradesman's Valentine Writer
- 26 Valentine day

ARTS & PASTIMES, 10 Sorts. 6d. each.

- 27 Art of Angling
- 28 Art of Angling (Neil's)
- 29 Art of Boxing
- 30 Art of Cookery
- 31 Art of Conjuring
- 32 Art of Fencing
- 33 Art of Making Fireworks
- 34 Art of Swimming
- 35 Art of Skating
- 36 Broad Sword Exercise

MISCELLANEOUS ROBBERS, &c.

79 Sorts. 6d. each.

- 37 Bampfylde Moore Carew
- 38 Baron Munchausen
- 39 Baron Manfred
- 40 Burning of Hindoo Widows
- 41 Blood Stained Mantle
- 42 Capulet and Montague
- 43 Charles the Bold
- 44 Colonel Blood
- 45 Colonel Jack
- 46 Chevy Chase
- 47 David Hoggart, the Murderer
- 48 Daniel Dancer
- 49 Dean Swift's Advice to Servants
- 50 Doctor Faustus
- 51 Duche's C****
- 52 Elwes, the Miser
- 53 Eve of St. Agnes
- 54 Fair Rosamond
- 55 Fanny Bilson
- 56 Fish and the Ring
- 57 Fortress of Howlitz
- 58 Frauds of London
- 59 Fortunes of Nigel
- 60 George Barnwell

- 61 Giant Horse o
- 62 Hunt, the Murd
- 63 Hamlet, Prince o
- 64 Haunted Tower
- 65 Hermit of Windermere
- 66 Irish Freebooter
- 67 Infernal Secret
- 68 Jerry Abershaw
- 69 Jack Rann
- 70 Jane Shore.
- 71 Jonathan Wilde
- 72 Jack Sheppard
- 73 Kenilworth. Part 1
- 74 Kenilworth. Part 2
- 75 Koeningsmark, the Robber
- 76 Lorenzo and Elmira
- 77 Lancashire Dialect
- 78 Laws of Landlord and Tenant
- 79 Man with the Iron Mask
- 80 Mary the Maid of the Inn
- 81 Mother Brownrigg
- 82 Mother Shipton's Prophecies
- 83 Murder of Duncan
- 84 Murder of Madame Mazel
- 85 Maid and Magpie
- 86 Miller and his Men
- 87 Nixon's Prophecies
- 88 Oakcliffe Hall
- 89 Othello and Desdemona
- 90 Oddest of all Oddities
- 91 Planter's Daughter
- 92 Princess of Zell
- 93 Philip Quaril
- 94 Paul Jones, the Pirate
- 95 Powder Plot
- 96 Pastor's Fireside
- 97 Princess of Bagdad
- 98 Prophetic Nuptials
- 99 Peveril of the Peak
- 100 Quentin Durward
- 101 Richard Turpin
- 102 Robin Hood
- 103 Revenge
- 104 Rodomond and Zoa
- 105 Rugantino the Bravo of Venice
- 106 Sisters or Virtue Triumphant
- 107 Theresa the Orphan of Geneva
- 108 Toastmasters' Companion
- 109 Turret Clock
- 110 Undine the Spirit of the Waters
- 111 Woodcutter's Daughter
- 112 Wolfe, the Robber
- 113 White and Red Rose
- 114 Wonderful History of Friar Bacon
- 115 Yorkshire Dialect

SONG BOOKS, 6d. each.

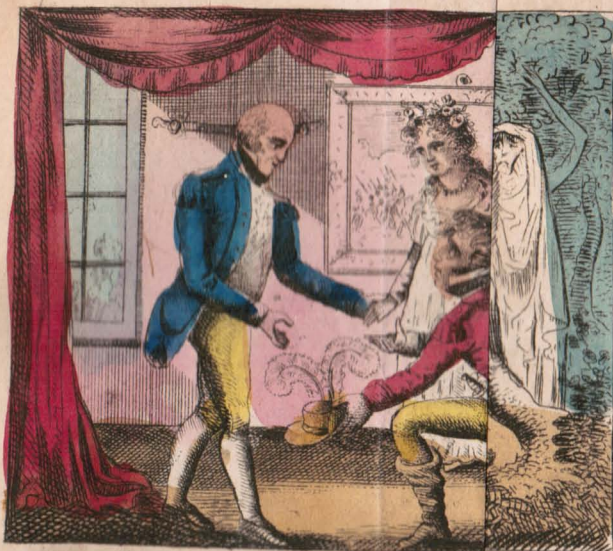
- 116 Singer's Budget
- 117 Imperial Songster
- 118 British Songster
- 119 London Songster
- 120 Select Songster
- 121 Scotch Songster
- 122 Choice Songster

FANCIERS, 5 Sorts. 6d each.

- 123 The Complete Bird Fancier
- 124 The Complete Dog Fancier
- 125 The Complete Pigeon Fancier
- 126 The Complete Poultry Fancier
- 127 The Complete Rabbit Fancier



KOENIGS



Rosenberg demanding Adelaide. of blood.



Sautfort vanquishing Kost

KOENIGSMARK,

THE ROBBER;

OR, THE

TERROR OF BOHEMIA.

INCLUDING THE

History of Rosenberg and Adelaide,

AND THEIR

ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Monk," "Raymond and Agnes," "Bravo of Venice,"

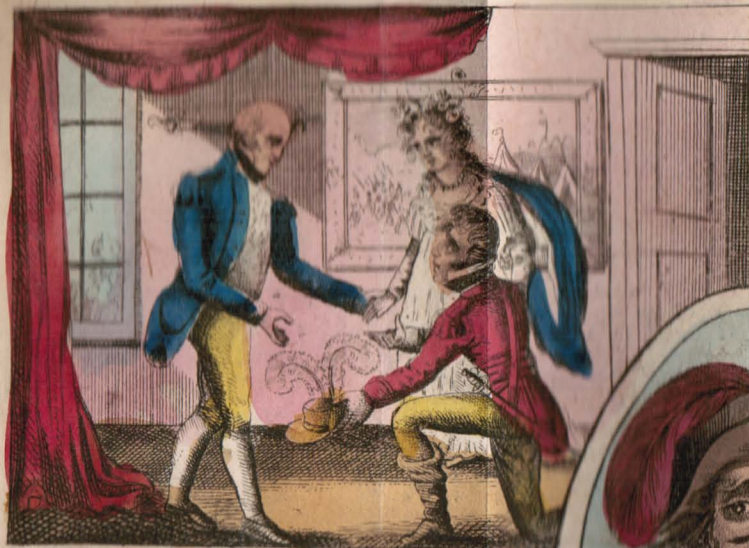
&c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM COLE,
10, NEWGATE STREET.

Sixpence.

KOENIGSMARK or the ROBBER of BOHEMIA.



Rosenberg demanding Adelaide.



In its hand it held a dagger, dropping of blood.



Steinfert, vanquishing Kosinski.



Combat between Theodore & Koenigsmark.

KOENIGSMARK THE ROBBER.

On a dark and stormy evening in September, Theodore and Herman, two very intimate friends, were going to spend a few hours at an inn on the borders of a forest in Bohemia. The inn was situated in a small village, consisting of a few straggling houses standing among the tall trees that skirted the forest. This village was at a trifling distance from the high road; and as no other place was to be found within twelve German miles, the inn was well frequented. The inhabitants of the village, and those within one or two miles of it, commonly met there to repose themselves after the toil of the fatiguing day; the evening passed agreeably; gaiety prevailed; smoking, relating legendary tales, or more modern adventures, formed their chief amusement. They had, besides, the pleasure of beholding frequently the arrival of travellers from distant parts, and hearing their adventures.

Theodore and Herman lamented as they passed along, the fate of an Austrian officer, who had been slain some time before, by some of the banditti that infested the forest. "Ill-fated Adolphus!" exclaimed Herman, "thou wilt never again behold thy Adelaide! Best of women, what will thy feelings be when thou hearest the fatal tidings! The time is elapsed, ere now he promised to be with thee; the sword of a ruffian has slain thy husband,—but he died wholly thine! Thy child too is fatherless!"

"Thou art much affected," said Theodore, "at the death of a stranger." "He was no stranger," replied Herman, "I knew him well; thou hast not long resided in this village, therefore art not acquainted with his history. We have yet more than a mile to walk, and I will relate it to you, with the reason that induced him to become a soldier."

"Adolphus Rosenberg was the son of an aged pastor, residing at Konigsal, about nine miles from this place; near that village Colonel Kaempfer had a seat, where he retired after bravely serving during forty-four years; his daughter was then seventeen years of age, tall, and extremely beautiful; her father by habit loved military men, and he had made a vow to bestow his child on no other, at the same time he intended his son-in-law to be of equal rank with himself."

"Adolphus was three years older; he saw the lovely maid, and vowed to adore her, and her only, while he had existence; he soon gained her heart. He flew to the Colonel, and with the glowing ardour of youth, intreated him to bless their mutual passion, and give him Adelaide. Kaempfer answered sternly, 'Young man, you are not a soldier, my daughter cannot be thine; I trust to thy honour to behold her no more till thou canst say,—I am an officer in the Austrian army; I obtained my commission by my valour;—then Adelaide may be thine; go, and remember my words.'

"Adolphus withdrew almost distracted, but love inspired him with courage; he heard that the celebrated Monteculi was at Prague. The general granted him an audience, and heard his artless tale with sym-

pathizing pity. He raised the youth by the hand; "Young man," said he, "you are an ensign; I shall depart to-morrow, you will follow me; and, if I am not deceived, you will soon be promoted."

"In every battle Adolphus distinguished himself so eminently, that he commanded a company before the year was expired. Monteculi made him his aid-de-camp, and he attended the General in all his excursions.

"A few months after, the General was informed that an old friend, whom he had not seen for many years, resided near the spot where the army was encamped. "Rosenberg," said he, "I find that my valued friend, Lindorf, resides at Mulda; the death of my opponent, the Marshal de Juvenc, gives us tranquillity. I shall set out this afternoon for Mulda, devote this night to friendship, and return to-morrow morning; you will accompany me; we shall take but one servant, we need no other escort."

"They accordingly departed for Lindorf's habitation. The meeting between the General and his old friend was very affecting. "Do you remember the last day we were together?" said Lindorf, "many were the heroes that fell; I lost an arm and an eye; but, blessed be God, we triumphed, and I did not shed my blood in vain." Monteculi then presented his aid-de-camp, and spoke of him so warmly, that Lindorf treated him as an intimate friend. Before the General and his companion had related half what had befallen them since their separation, a courier arrived from the camp with a letter for Monteculi; the officer who commanded during his absence had received intelligence of such importance, that he requested the General to return that evening. "My friend," said he to Lindorf, "duty calls me away; I intended to stay longer with you, but it cannot be; adieu, we shall meet again." The General and Adolphus mounted their horses and departed. A dreary common three miles in breadth lay in their way to the camp; it was dark when they crossed it; the servant knew the road, and proceeded first. On entering the high road, the servant's horse gave a start, and at the same time the hapless rider received a wound with a cutlass, and fell bathed in blood. Monteculi and Rosenberg drew their swords, and the latter, who was foremost, plunged his weapon into the throat of a villain who had seized his horse by the bridle; the ruffian sunk to rise no more. Rosenberg then turned round and beheld his protector struggling with a villain who was endeavouring to drag him off his horse; gratitude nerved the arm of Rosenberg; the blow was terrible, and the ruffian shared the fate of his companion. The General pressed Adolphus to his heart. "Thou hast saved my life," said he, "and I am not accustomed to be ungrateful." Rosenberg was hurt at seeing Monteculi bleeding. "Be not uneasy," said he, "it is only a slight wound in the arm, yet it prevented me using my sword, and that is the reason the villain was on the point of mastering me." Rosenberg bound a handkerchief over the wound, and then devoted his attention to the servant; he was desperately wounded. While they were considering how to get him conveyed to the camp, two labourers appeared; the General desired them to take care of his servant, and carry him to their abode, where he would send for him as soon as possible. He also requested them to get the bodies of the two ruffians interred. They arrived at the camp without experiencing any further adventure. The General's wound soon healed. As soon as he was quite well he ordered Adolphus to be sent for. "Rosenberg," said he, "to you I owe my life; the only recompense I can make you, is to enable you to pass your's

happily: You are a Colonel, and my Sovereign approves your rapid promotion. Fly to thy Adelaide, espouse her, and be happy." The warrior passed his hands over his eyes, and grateful tears flowed down Rosenberg's cheeks; he in vain attempted to speak, his emotions would not allow him,

"He never rested till he arrived at Konigsal; he flew to Colonel Kaempfer's; he rushed in and fell at his feet, exclaiming "I am your son; I claim your promise, I command a regiment. Where is my love, my Adelaide?"

"In thy arms, dear Rosenberg," replied the blushing girl.

"The Colonel blessed them both. "Rosenberg," said he, "I have kept my promise; I have heard of thy valor and promotion; every praise delighted me, and I exultingly said, What a husband my Adelaide will have! Heaven heard my prayers; thou art returned safe to us." The next day Rosenberg and Adelaide were united, and perfect bliss was theirs; a year after, she presented her loved lord with a little angel, the image of its fond mother. Who can describe their happiness! but, alas! it did not last long. Ten days ago Rosenberg received an order to join his regiment; he departed late at night. Adelaide in vain tried to persuade him to stay till the next day. "O stay, my love," said she, "for an unusual weight of sadness hangs on my mind." "Distress me not," my Adelaide, "tis Monteculi sends for me, but for him I had not been thy husband; can I refuse him?" "No, my husband, gratitude forbids thee; go my Rosenberg, and good angels guard thy precious life." He pressed his tender babe to his heart, and taking an affectionate leave of his wife and father, hurried away. Adelaide's sad presentiments were verified. He fell by the hands of assassins, and was found lifeless in the neighbouring wood. He was armed, and had a faithful servant with him, but they were overpowered; the servant's life was spared; he was so desperately wounded, that the ruffians concluded he was dead; he is recovering fast, but will always be a cripple."

By this time the two friends reached the inn, the night continued stormy, and they found many travellers who were unwilling to continue their journey in such horrid weather.

"Holfield," said Herman, addressing the landlord, "you will oblige me and my friend with giving us the particulars of Rosenberg's death, as you heard it from his servant."

"Herman," said the landlord, "since you request it, I will comply, though the subject distresses me. Konigsal, you know, lies about twelve miles from this place, across the forest. Rosenberg wished to cross the forest that night, not heeding the representations of his servant, but replied, 'that a soldier ought never know fear.' As they proceeded, a distant clock struck twelve; they heard the cries of Murder seemingly issuing from a clump of trees at a small distance from them. 'It is the cries of a female,' said Rosenberg, seizing his pistols, and galloping towards the spot; his faithful servant followed. As they approached, they perceived a figure in white, gliding through the trees, and four men following her, while the forest resounded with her cries; again the servant remonstrated; but Rosenberg spurred his courser, and continued the pursuit in hopes to save some wretched female from assassination.

"Alas! poor Rosenberg, you were flying to meet death! Two men sprung from a thicket; one seized his horse's bridle, and the other raised his arm and held a dagger to his breast. Rosenberg's pistol did not miss fire, both the ruffians fell bathed in blood; but at the

same instant another dastardly villain buried his poniard in his back; he fell lifeless from his horse; the rest of the banditti wounded the servant, and left him apparently dead. At day-break three woodmen past near the spot, and beheld the two persons stript and bleeding; they conveyed them to a cottage and tried to restore animation by every means in their power. With the servant they soon succeeded, but his master was gone for ever. The servant explained the fatal event, and the name and rank of Rosenberg. The news was sent to Colonel Kaempfer; he wisely resolved to conceal the truth from Adelaide, and in the course of time to impart to her forged letters from the camp, purporting the illness and death of her beloved, for which latter event he hopes gradually to prepare her; but he is determined that she shall not know that he was murdered in the forest, within six miles of his home.

"I saw the servant yesterday; he told me the Colonel will not long survive his Rosenberg; nor Adelaide her husband; and that the villain who slew Adolphus, at the same time murdered his wife and child."

Bolfield ended his narrative, and the tear of agony proclaimed he was a man. Theodore was much affected, the friends were silent for some time, and the company gradually recovered their spirits. More strangers entered, and demanded if they could sleep there that night, for the increasing violence of the storm rendered it next to impossible to cross the forest.

All those who were at the inn resolved to remain there, *except one*: even Theodore and Herman expressed their intention of sleeping at the inn; and Bolfield having agreed to accommodate his guests, they became more tranquil; at length Bolfield turned to the traveller who had not expressed a wish to stay at his house, "You are alone, sir," said he; "are you not afraid to cross the forest, at this hour especially?" "Afraid!" interrupted the stranger, "I have never been afraid." The manner in which he answered struck every one. He was a strong, well-made man, but his appearance created terror and disgust; and it was some time ere the company could resume their tranquillity.

It grew late, some of the guests retired to repose; Theodore, Herman, the landlord, and three or four friends remained; the dread unknown still retained his seat. Theodore wishing to hear more particulars about Rosenberg, addressed himself to Bolfield. "Landlord," said he, "in giving us an account of the death of Rosenberg, you said that he had beheld a female endeavouring to escape from four ruffians; did you ever hear what became of her, or the reason —"

"In what does that concern you?" said the stranger, starting from his chair. "I wished to know what became of her," replied Theodore; "and I did not think myself obliged to ask your leave." The stranger endeavoured to unknit his brows; but his dark scowling eyes betrayed the workings of his soul: at length he composed himself, and said to Theodore, "I meant not to offend you. But your mention of that circumstance reminded me of the death of one of my ancestors, which is connected with a tradition of this forest, that has something in it of the supernatural; the thought affected me, and made me furious."

"I should like to hear the story," said Theodore. "You will not like it," said the unknown, "however, I will oblige you. On the 20th of November, one of my ancestors was crossing the northern part of this forest; it was almost midnight; passing under a lofty bower which was formed by the tall branches of trees, his ears were assailed by piercing screams; he galloped to the spot from whence the sound

proceeded, and beheld a lovely female, writhing in agony, and uttering terrific yells. Romaldi asked her the cause of her terror, as he beheld no one near her.

"In the name of the holy virgin," said she, "destroy this terrible insect which is by my side!"

"Romaldi, half inclined to laugh, good-naturedly alighted, and approached with the intention of treading on the insect which appeared like a large spider, but he started back with horror, on perceiving the insect increase in size, and rolling two large yellow eyes, which glared dreadfully. The woman redoubled her cries: 'Destroy it,' she exclaimed, 'or we are both lost!' By this time the insect was increased to a tremendous size. Romaldi drew his falchion, and struck a violent blow; it failed of effect; the sword rebounded as if it had struck a rock, and the knight stood petrified with terror. The spider disappeared; the lady, unable to speak, was convulsed with agony. Unutterable horror seized Romaldi, when he beheld a hand grasping her throat. Thunder shook the sky, the hurricane was appalling, but the storm lasted but a few moments. Romaldi looked fearfully round, his unhappy companion was gone. He lifted his hands to heaven; a loud laugh made him turn: at that instant something hit him in the face, and a voice, which seemed close to him (though he could see no one) said, in a whisper, 'Thou shalt pay dearly for thy attempt.' Romaldi with difficulty remounted his horse, and endeavoured to reach an inn which was on the borders of the forest, but it was daylight before he succeeded, being severely bruised in the face from the blow he had received. As he went along he considered what could be done to avert the threat he had received. He examined his own conscience, and found it stained with many crimes, for which he feared he was now going to receive retribution. 'I will brave every thing,' said he, 'it shall never be said Romaldi is a coward.' When he had taken some refreshment at the inn, he called the landlord, 'Muther,' said he, 'can you procure me a sword? I broke mine last night in the forest.' 'It is now two years, my lord,' answered Muther, 'since a noble knight breathed his last at my house, on his return from Palestine, and had no attendant with him; his sword hangs in my chamber; I will fetch it down.'

"Romaldi found it an excellent sword, the blade was well tempered, and the mounting magnificent; he generously requited the landlord for it, and resolved to remain at the inn two or three days, and then proceed to Vienna.

"The next evening, Count Clodimer arrived at the inn, intending to hunt in the forest early the succeeding morning. Romaldi and Clodimer had already met at several tournaments, and were delighted at the unexpected encounter.

At five in the morning, the two friends, well armed, and a number of attendants, plunged into the thickest part of the forest; the dogs soon seized an immense bear, which Clodimer put to death with his spear; Romaldi was equally successful; and after a chase of six hours, they proposed returning to the inn; at that instant, a large wolf passed them; Romaldi pursued him, but Clodimer, whose horse was fatigued, called out he would wait there for his return; one of the servants called two of the finest dogs, and galloped after Romaldi. The wolf entered a long avenue, and sat down at the foot of a tree, without shewing any signs of fear. Romaldi spurred his courser; when he came up, the wolf disappeared; and instead of him there

rat a man dressed in a peasant's habit! Romaldi was thunderstruck, the servant crossed himself, and the dogs barked violently.

"Romaldi became furious; he sprang from his steed, and wounded the unknown severely in his breast. 'Thou diest,' exclaimed he, 'unless thou revealest how thou canst transform thyself into a wolf at pleasure.' 'Mercy, noble knight,' said the man, 'and I will tell you all; but help, help, I expire!' The servant, who was athletic, took the wounded man on his shoulders, and proceeded to the place where they had left their friends; and from thence to the inn. Clodimer and Romaldi entered the yard, and two servants followed, bearing the wounded man, who shewed little signs of life. At that instant a dreadful scream was heard, Clodimer turned round, his two servants lay extended on the ground, and the unknown had disappeared; he looked towards the spot where Romaldi stood, when he heard the scream, but no trace of the knight remained; something brushed by him, and exclaimed, 'Romaldi receives the punishment due to his crimes.' The servants were not much hurt; all they recollected was, that a strong sulphurous smell suddenly arose; their sight failed, and they were flung to the ground with a violent force. Clodimer, affected at this awful event, departed for Spain, to seek adventures that might dispel the gloom from his mind.—This is the tradition you demanded."

"I thank you," said Theodore, "but must confess, I see no resemblance between the adventures. Romaldi, 'tis true, heard the shrieks of a woman in the forest; but then the whole story is supernatural; quite different is that of Rosenberg: there is nothing supernatural in his: who knows if it was not a plan—"

"For what?" said the stranger, with a menacing attitude; "your suppositions displease me."

"You seem," said the youth, "to have a desire of quarrelling with me. If so, have the goodness to inform me of it; Theodore is as little acquainted with fear as you may be."

At that time a loud whistling was heard near the house. The unknown addressed Bolfield: "Landlord, some of my attendants had lost themselves in the forest; I hear the signal agreed on that they should make to find me out; receive them into your house, that they may take some refreshment, we shall then proceed on our journey."

Bolfield hesitated, he knew not what to say, but the stranger, without waiting an answer, walked to the door, and opening it with impatience, repeated the signal, and three men entered wrapt in close mantles. Theodore and Herman looked at them with distrust, and were convinced they were men of suspicious character. The stranger ordered Bolfield to give the men some brandy, but to bring him wine.

The unknown and his associates sat down to a table in one corner of the room. They spake low and with unfinished sentences. Theodore fancied that he heard them mention Rosenberg's name; he doubted not but they were his murderers, and he became so agitated, that every look betrayed his emotion. The stranger perceived it, and rose from the table; he made a sign to his companions, and having paid the landlord, he glanced a look of defiance at Theodore, and departed with his three followers.

"Thank heaven, he is gone," said Bolfield; "who can he be, at this late hour in the forest? it is strange."

"I can explain it," said Theodore; "they are assassins; he who was here so long, is their chief. I am deceived if Rosenberg fell not by their swords. I marked his confusion when I renewed the sub-

ject; the tale he related, I regard as a fabrication to make us think less of Rosenberg's murder. But I am fatigued: where is the chamber you design for Herman and myself?"

"Be not displeas'd," said Bolfield, "if I entreat you to pass the night in a place that was built last year in my garden; when the house is full, I sleep there myself; you will find a comfortable bed, and I lament my inability to provide for you better, but every chamber is occupied. These gentlemen and myself will endeavour to take some rest in our chairs before the fire."

Theodore and Herman retired to their new habitation; it was built at the extremity of the gardens adjoining the forest. Herman thought there might be danger in sleeping in this place, especially if there was a banditti in the forest, but his friend persuaded him to the contrary. "No one," said he, "will suppose there are any persons in this small building, and as to the inn, they will not attack it this night, as there are so many men in it."

The two friends soon fell asleep. About an hour after, Theodore was awakened by a shrill whistle at a short distance; he started from his bed, and went to the window, which being strongly barricadoed, crossed his view; he bent forward and beheld three men in close conversation; a large tree intercepted part of the moon's rays, but by the faint light that shone, he recognized them to be the same as belonged to the terrible stranger.

"Where can Koenigsmark tarry?" said one of them, "Hush!" replied a comrade, "he comes." A tall man made his appearance; on his head he wore a black waving plume, yet Theodore knew him to be the mysterious unknown. The men bowed to the ground. "Comrades," said he, "I have made you wait; I have been conferring with our lieutenant on our intended expedition; we must lose no time; you, Artenberg, must take three men besides these two, and depart immediately, conceal yourselves in the forest, as near as you can to the Colonel's house; Koesinski and I will join you before dark." Artenberg bowed and departed with his comrades; Koenigsmark disappeared among the trees.

Theodore awoke Herman, and told him what he had heard, and they agreed that most probably it was Colonel Kaempfer's house that they were going to attack. "Doubtlessly, affected by the murder of his Rosenberg, the Colonel has applied to justice, and determines to have the forest searched, so they would murder him also. Unhappy Adelaide," continued Theodore, "thou art a widow, and they wish to make thee fatherless; but I will defend thee with the last drop of my blood." As he pronounced these words, a pale and bloody figure was seen to glide across the chamber; it stopped opposite to Theodore—waved its hand, and disappeared.

"It is the shade of Rosenberg!" said the youth; "he approves my purpose of defending his wife and child, and comes to bless me." The two friends again retired to their couch, but rose at day-break; they imparted in confidence to Bolfield what they had heard and seen, and then they left the inn.

They also told their adventure to several friends, most of whom were desirous to accompany them, and offer their services to Colonel Kaempfer. They made choice of six brave young men. Steinfort, Herman's brother-in-law, was one; he had been some time in the army, but love had caused him to quit it. The eight brave associates, well armed with swords and daggers, departed for Konigsal, where they arrived about twelve in the day. Theodore desired his friends

to wait at some distance, while he got introduced to the Colonel, and told him the motive of their journey.

The porter told Theodore that his master was ill, and he could not admit a stranger; but the youth desired him tell the Colonel that he came on business of the utmost importance: in a few minutes Theodore was introduced to Kaempfer, who was sitting up in bed with the paleness of death imprinted on his countenance. The servant withdrew, and Theodore related to the Colonel the events of the preceding night, and the orders he had heard Koenigsmark give his men. To remove every doubt, he called Steinfort, who had served under one of Kaempfer's friends, to prove that it was a desire to serve the Colonel, that had made him travel above ten miles that morning. "Noble youths," said Kaempfer, "what recompense can I make you?" "We shall be amply rewarded, if we can save you and your hapless daughter from ruffians." Theodore then went out and returned with the rest of his friends, who were received in the most grateful manner.

After they had refreshed themselves, a servant conducted them into the gardens that surrounded the house, that they might judge where it was most likely for them to break in. They found it all so strong, that, excepting on the east side, they thought it would be difficult for them to penetrate into the house. Theodore repeated his observations to the Colonel, and told him, by what they had heard from Koenigsmark, the robbers would be but eight in number; and as the Colonel's two men servants were in the prime of life, there would be ten persons to receive them, there was an evident superiority. We must oppose them in the garden," continued the youth, "to prevent their breaking into the house, and alarming Adelaide, and her attendants." "Bravely spoken," said the Colonel, "but I too must fight; grief and old age have bowed me down, but I can still wield a sword." Theodore knelt, "By the memory of Rosenberg, I conjure you not to expose yourself; remember Adelaide, you are her only support." Steinfort and his companions joined in their friend's request. While they were thus expostulating with the brave Kaempfer, Adelaide entered (she had been distracted ever since her knowledge of Rosenberg's death, though of his murder she was ignorant) dressed in a loose white robe, her hair dishevelled, and her appearance denoting internal grief: closely pressed to her breast, she held her child, but seemed unconscious of every other object round her. "You see, my friends," said her venerable father, "what my Adelaide is come to—even me, her poor aged parent, is forgotten."

It was now near six in the evening; the western horizon gradually sunk in gloom; Theodore assembled his little troop: "It is probable the villains will not come till midnight, however, let us prepare in time." They drew their swords, and swore to defend the aged Colonel, and the distracted widow of Rosenberg, or perish in the attempt. "Are we sufficiently armed?" said Herman; "they, like us, have no fire-arms; they would not use them for fear of alarming the adjacent village, and they expect no such resistance, supposing they have only the aged Kaempfer, and two servants to conquer, and them taken unaware." They next examined their weapons, and busied themselves with putting every thing in proper order; they then sat down, and in some generous wine drank to the success of the Colonel and his children.

The great clock in the hall struck twelve, Steinfort reminded Theodore that Kaempfer had extorted a promise from him to awake him at that hour. "No," my friend, said he, "humanity obliges me to dis-

regard that promise; let the veteran enjoy a temporary oblivion to his woes; may he not awake till we have exterminated his enemies!" They entered the garden, and took their proposed stations. Theodore walked to some distance, and then returned, saying, that he was certain some distant voices had met his ear. Soon after, Steinfort beheld a man approach, he was presently followed by others, who appeared to be examining the place with caution. Theodore and his friends from their ambush heard the villains converse.

"It was needless," said one, "to come in such numbers on this business; it is degrading to our spirit; myself and two more would have sufficed." "Artenberg, you are rash," said another, "the servants may be courageous men, you ——" "Silence," said a voice, which Theodore recognized for Koenigsmark's. "One of my spies informed me that Kaempfer has many friends, and since we deprived him of his darling Rosenberg, some of them frequently sleep at his house; woe to them, if that is the case; this night they shall die, and Adelaide be mine: accursed Rosenberg! thy life was not a sufficient forfeit for the pang you caused me by marrying her; but Adelaide shall pay the debt; she shall be preat to the bosom of her husband's murderer."

"Damnable villain!" exclaimed Theodore with impetuosity, "I defy thee; dost thou recollect me? I overheard thy plans—I—but come, dastard, and face a man." "Kosinski, said the chief with the utmost coolness, "we are betrayed; follow your captain." Then turning to Theodore, he exclaimed, "As to thee, thou shalt soon feel whether Koenigsmark is a coward." A dire conflict began. Steinfort and Kosinski met; they appeared equal in strength and agility; Artenberg opposed Theodore at the moment when the youth's hand was lifted to strike Koenigsmark. He parried his blow, and darting his left hand forwards, buried the dagger in the villain's throat, who instantly fell to the earth. Albert, one of Theodore's associates, received Koenigsmark's dagger in his breast, and he fell at Steinfort's feet. Steinfort became furious, and closed with his opponent; they both fell; after a violent struggle, he buried his sword in Kosinski's heart. Steinfort was also wounded in the side, but he sprung up, eager to assist his friends. Heavens! what a sight met his view!—the clashing of swords had awakened Adelaide's maids, and their screams had the same effect upon Kaempfer: He seized his sword and rushed into the garden; he threw himself among the combatants, exclaiming, "My child, I will avenge thee, or perish." "Then perish!" said Koenigsmark; follow Rosenberg." The wretched warrior sunk beneath the blow. Theodore, frantic at this event, rushed on Koenigsmark, and, with a wonderful rapidity, knocked the dagger from the villain's hand; and of victory, he pressed on Koenigsmark, and aimed his dagger at his breast; it penetrated through the coat, but some unknown obstacle prevented its drinking his blood. Theodore doubted his senses, and retreated a few paces, to consider his antagonist. The chief calmly looked around him; he perceived Kosinski, Artenberg, and another, lying motionless; three more were badly wounded. Colonel Kaempfer's servants were unhurt, and conveyed their beloved master back to his chamber. Theodore was rooted to the spot, supposing Koenigsmark was a magician; Steinfort had performed prodigies, but was faint with loss of blood; Albert was mortally wounded, and Herman was the only one unhurt. The two servants returned, saying their master was dying, and wished to see Theodore. Koenigsmark took the advantage of the confusion; he and his comrades, who were un-

hurt, supported two of the wounded men, and retreated to the forest, leaving the other to his fate.

Theodore hastened to the Colonel's chamber, and tenderly enquired how he was. The Colonel had received a deep wound in his breast, and fearing it might be mortal, he wished to recommend Adelaide and her child to Theodore's protection. "Monteculi," said he, "will be a friend to them both; my child will not live long: should her sorrows end before you see Monteculi, I conjure thee, take charge of her infant, and deliver it safe to my noble friend; he will love and preserve it, for Rosenberg's sake. If any misfortune befalls Monteculi let not Adelaide's child want a friend: remember the sacred charge." Kaempfer had exerted himself too much, and he sunk into a state of insensibility. When the surgeon arrived, he examined the wound, and declared there were hopes of his recovery, if the agitation of his mind did not produce a fever. As soon as the Colonel's wound was dressed, Herman entered, and begged the surgeon might attend Steinfort, whose wounds were very painful; he added that Albert had that moment expired; and that the wounded ruffian, whom Koenigsmark had left, was in his last moments, and desired to see Theodore.

The surgeon dressed Steinfort's wounds with care, and declared them not dangerous, though painful; he then attended to the rest of the wounded friends. In the mean time Theodore attended the dying ruffian—"I am punished justly," said he, "Heaven forgive my crimes.—It was I who stabbed Rosenberg, by my chief's orders; be on your guard, Koenigsmark is invincible." The man was going to acquaint him with the place of that assassin's retreat, but death frustrated his intentions.

Theodore returned to the Colonel's apartment, much agitated with what the ruffian had said concerning Koenigsmark being invincible, for he trusted to avenge himself on that assassin.

The sun illumined the cloudless horizon, and Theodore, with Herman, retired, greatly fatigued, to a chamber, intending to rest the whole of the day. The Colonel sent one of his servants to the chief of the police, to acquaint him with the events that had happened the preceding night.

At noon the servant returned, accompanied by the chief of the police, and five hussars. The chief took down an account of the whole affair, saying he should write to the court of Vienna, and did not doubt but the minister would offer a large reward for Koenigsmark's apprehension. He then caused the hussars to bury the bodies of the ruffians in the forest; and having ordered intelligence to be sent him of any fresh attack, returned to Konigsal.

Adelaide's intellects remained in the same dreadful state; but the Colonel, by the evening, was much better. Theodore and Herman visited him as soon as they were risen.

"You have saved my life," said Kaempfer, "and the honour of my child: who, notwithstanding her melancholy state, would have been a victim to Koenigsmark's depravity."

"Colonel," said Theodore, "I shall not be satisfied till I have ended the existence of that assassin. All I ask is that my wounded friends may remain here till they are recovered." "While I live," said Kaempfer, "they may consider this house as their own; and I long to embrace the brave Steinfort; tell him to come to my chamber as soon as he can walk." The next day Albert's funeral took place, and, by the Colonel's order, was conducted with magnificence. He

also settled a considerable annuity on the widowed mother of the unfortunate youth.

Theodore would fain have set out in search of Koenigsmark; but Steinfort, who recovered rapidly, so earnestly pressed him to stay till he was able to accompany him, that he delayed his departure from time to time. After a fortnight spent at Colonel Kaempfer's, Steinfort, Herman, and Theodore, prepared for their enterprise; the rest of their friends were yet confined with their wounds. They agreed that each of them should take two daggers and a sword. While they were busied settling their plans, they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with a note to Theodore, and a packet for Steinfort.

Theodore opened his letter, and read the following words:

"I have this moment received a letter from Marshal Daun, with whom I formerly served; he promises to recommend you to Monteculi, and agrees with me that he has only to relate your heroic actions to effect that purpose. The father of Adelaide glories in the thought, that through his means you will become one of the brightest ornaments of the Austrian army. Once more accept my thanks. "KAEMPFER."

Steinfort's ran thus:—"Writing to Colonel Ingelheim, with whom you told me you had formerly served, he has given me such an account of your behaviour that I had no difficulty in procuring you the enclosed—a commission as lieutenant of cavalry in Ingelheim's regiment. Theodore will receive his commission from the hands of Marshal Daun in a day or two. Tell Herman I have procured him a situation that will enable him to pass his days in peace and contentment; as I know he is not so partial to the army as his two friends. The rest of the brave men who accompanied you, shall not be forgotten.—May you be happy, is the prayer of, "KAEMPFER."

The friends acknowledged that the Colonel merited their eternal gratitude. In the morning they heard, with sorrow, that he had had a bad night. "Let us hasten," said the afflicted Theodore, "to the destruction of Koenigsmark; Kaempfer draws near his end, let him have the satisfaction of knowing that the villain is no more, ere he expires." The friends agreed to meet in the garden, exactly at midnight; and leave a note for the Colonel, whom they did not think fit to acquaint with their design previous to their departure.

At seven in the evening a violent storm arose, the wind howled, and the rain fell in torrents: "Power Omnipotent!" exclaimed Theodore, "order the storm to abate; let me meet Koenigsmark, and avenge Rosenbergs." At that instant an ancient elm was torn from its roots, and was thrown with a horrid crash against the windows of the apartment where the youth was sitting; one of the casements was forced in, and he had just time to escape impending death; the servants rushed in, and were happy to find that he had received no injury; he eagerly enquired after the Colonel and his daughter, and was answered that Adelaide seemed unconscious of the fury of the elements, and sat nursing her child, the only being that now experienced the least attention from her, nor would she part with it a moment. The Colonel suffered excruciating pain. The servants then departed, and left Theodore to his reflections. After a time he threw himself on the bed, and gradually sunk into a slumber. When he awoke, the storm had subsided, the moon shone, and the sky wore a pleasing calm. He sprang from the bed, and taking his weapons, hastened to the place of rendezvous; his friends were there. "We are but just come," said they "thou hast not made us wait." "We shall not walk far into

the forest," said Herman, "without meeting with some of the banditti." "Grant Heaven," replied Theodore, "that their leader may be one." They leaped the garden pales, and proceeded across the forest, till they came to an avenue of lofty trees. Steinfort drew his sword. "Be on your guard—I thought I heard some noise." A pale light appeared amidst a clump of trees, at a short distance; they fearlessly proceeded to the spot, but no human being appeared; still a blue flame played amid the trees; slowly a figure, transparent as air, arose; a white mantle wrapped its form; in its hand it held a dagger, dropping with blood; and fixing its hollow eyes on Theodore, appeared agonized; speech seemed denied it. It waved its hand towards Kaempfer's house, and then was lost in air.

The friends were transfixed with amazement: Theodore was the first who recovered his speech. "Sacred shade! what means," said he, "can I pursue to give thee peace?" Steinfort observed that it pointed to Kaempfer's house. "It is the shade of Rosenberg," said Theodore, "our cause is just; come on my friends, our cause is just, we shall conquer."

At no great distance from the place where the spirit of Rosenberg vanished, they heard a terrific shriek; their daggers were instantly unsheathed: a tall figure in white glided through the trees; with almost incredible swiftness; four men of gigantic stature pursued her. "This is a signal for attack," said Theodore; they take us for benighted travellers, and the whole is a deception." Presently three men, finding the bait not succeed, advanced, and bid them stop. Theodore instantly saw that Koenigsmark was not one of them. "Thou shalt pay for my disappointment," said he to the villain who opposed him. The man fought bravely, but the youth presently slew him; Steinfort was equally successful; Herman also killed his antagonist, but received two deep wounds with a dagger. "My dear friend," said Steinfort, "I lament thy misfortune; Theodore and myself have escaped unhurt; hadst thou been equally successful, we might—" He started, "we will die nobly," said he, "here are more ruffians." Four men appeared; a warlike gait and commanding air proclaimed one of them to be Koenigsmark. "It is Rosenberg's murderer," said Theodore, and aimed a blow at the captain, which he parried with his sword. With undaunted valor the combat was continued on both sides. Steinfort fought bravely, but Herman, being wounded, could render little assistance. Theodore once more seemed to gain an advantage over his formidable adversary—he aimed at his heart—the blow was violent, but the dagger broke in his hand, and Koenigsmark remained unhurt. "Though all hell assist thee, I will not desist," said Theodore, grasping his other dagger.

"Seize this madman," said the captain to his men. They approached, and after a violent struggle disarmed Theodore. Koenigsmark addressed Steinfort, "I give thee thy life," he exclaimed, "for thou art brave; go and take care of thy wounded companion; but tell Adelaide, her new favourite dies ere to-morrow's sun." Koenigsmark ordered Theodore to be conveyed to his (the chief's) abode. The villains who had fought with Steinfort and Herman were dead, but Theodore's opponent still lived. He had succeeded Kosinki as lieutenant of the band, and was beloved by Koenigsmark, who ordered the greatest care to be taken of him.

Steinfort and his friend, whom he carefully led, were almost distracted at the thoughts of returning to Colonel Kaempfer's with such dire intelligence. "Wretch!" said the former, "he ordered me to

tell Adelaide—alas! he knows not that she cannot attend to the dismal tale."

After they had walked a considerable time, Koenigsmark entered the thickest part of the forest; one of the men removed the withered trunk of a tree, and shewed the opening of a cave; a trap-door was removed. Theodore, whose hands and feet were tied, was carried between two men, and he soon found himself in a spacious cave illuminated by three lamps; several robbers welcomed their chief. "I have met with an adventure," said he, "two of our men are slain, and the lieutenant badly wounded, our surgeon must dress his wounds; give me some wine, and when we are refreshed, this madman shall be put to the torture." Theodore betrayed no symptoms of fear. The surgeon dressed the lieutenant's wounds, and declared he was in no danger. A noise was heard above, and presently two men entered with a female, the picture of misery, the tears trickled down her wan cheeks, and she heaved the most piercing sighs. "Go to your cell," said one of her conductors, pushing her barbarously; "mind and obey me better another time, or I will cut you to pieces." The wretched woman withdrew. Theodore's heart was oppressed; this hapless female made him think of Adelaide. "Perhaps," said he mentally, "she now wants my assistance—perhaps Kaempfer is now dying, and I am detained here by a villain, and doomed to die by torture." At this instant the shade of Rosenberg glided by him—a blue flame played round his head—the dogs howled dreadfully, but the robbers did not appear to see any thing. It is come to comfort me, thought Theodore, or perhaps it was sent by heaven to admonish me not to arraign its decrees: I bow with respect.

Koenigsmark started from his seat. "How is the lieutenant?" asked he with a loud voice. One of the men replied that it was not mortal, and he was laid in bed. He then addressed Theodore, "in ten minutes, thou shalt be on the rack."

"Whenever I have met thee," said Theodore, "I have shewn some courage; my spirit shall not fail me now; murderer I defy thee." The chief became furious, he ordered some of his men to seize Theodore and inflict the torture on him. They stripped him, and then extended their victim on an iron cross; the youth surveyed the apparatus with undaunted fortitude.

"Prepare," said Koenigsmark, "the red hot pincers; extract his nails one by one, and pour molten lead into the wounds: let him languish thus for an hour, and then come to me for further orders." A confused murmur was heard; the lieutenant rushed in pale and bloody, he knelt to Koenigsmark. "Captain," said he, "do you remember the battle of Pandours, and that there I saved your life when you were felled to the ground?" "I remember it," said Koenigsmark; "I told you then I would recompense you, nor have I a wish to forfeit my word."

"I may not live long," replied Frederic, "and I ask my reward." "I grant it," said the captain, "be it what it may."

"Then I recommend you to unbind that warrior," and he, turning to the men who were to torture Theodore, said, "His life is granted me for saving our leader from the sword of a pandour." The men hesitated, and looked at their captain, who addressed Frederic, "I am astonished," said he, "that you should wish that presumptuous youth, who has inflicted that deadly wound in your breast, to live."

"That is the very reason—his sword had brought me to the ground, and he might have slain me; he disdained to strike a prostrate foe, and I wish to repay the obligation."

"Obey your lieutenant's orders," said Koenigsmark to the men. Theo-

adore was instantly unbound. "His life is granted, but he shall ever remain a prisoner in this cave; he loves Adelaide, and his liberty might disturb my plans." The youth took Frederic's hand, "my gratitude to you shall ever remain in my heart, you have nobly saved me from the torture." "I have done my duty," said Frederic, and retired to have his wound dressed again, for in his haste to save Theodore he had loosened his bandages.

Koenigsmark withdrew, frowningly, and the robbers followed, except one, who remained with Theodore. "If you are fatigued," said he, "you may lie down on that bed," shewing him one that stood in a kind of recess.

Theodore, much fatigued, threw himself on it, and notwithstanding the agony of his mind, fell asleep. He was awakened by a great noise, and starting from his melancholy bed, he beheld the captain and twenty of his comrades sitting round a large table, drinking. Koenigsmark perceived him and bade him approach; Theodore slowly advanced. "Though I have doomed thee to be a prisoner, I intend you shall live well; at Frederic's desire, you are not to be treated as a servant, therefore you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself as you can." "You have no right to detain me here; give me liberty." "It is useless to ask it," said Koenigsmark: "shew him to his apartment."

It was a cell hung round with black. On a table lay some books; the men gave Theodore a lamp, and withdrew. The youth laid down on the bed, and again relapsed into melancholy reflections; eternal captivity seemed dreadful to his active mind, and he began to entertain thoughts of that most horrid crime, self-murder! Rosenberg's shade again appeared, and with his hand pointed to a corner of the room; the youth's eyes followed the direction—a bloody scroll appeared on the hangings—"Live, Adelaide's child has need of thee." A rumbling noise succeeded, and in a few moments all supernatural appearances vanished. A ray of hope illumined his mind: I am not doomed, thought he, to pass my life in this cave. A man entered with wine and provisions, saying, "My captain ordered me to bring you this, and I obeyed with pleasure, for I pity you."

"I thank you kindly," said Theodore, "tell me, may I sleep here in safety?" "You may; your life is safe, since Koenigsmark has granted it." He withdrew, and the youth having satisfied his hunger and thirst, retired to his couch, and enjoyed a profound repose. He awoke some hours after; he was in complete darkness, he was at first agitated, but soon fell into another slumber, from which he was suddenly awakened by some one shaking him by the shoulder; he started up, extended his arm, and seized a man by the throat, but loosed his hold on hearing these words, "I am thy friend, do not hurt me; I am Frederic." "My noble preserver," said Theodore. "Listen to me," interrupted the youth, "the captain and his comrades, except two, are roving about the forest; I come to tell thee that to-morrow night they are going on a dangerous expedition; if they succeed, as I think they will, they do not return till the next night, as they go disguised like merchants, to dispose of their booty at the next nearest town. I then mean to save thee myself. I joined the band in a state of desperation; I have long repented it, but have had no opportunity of returning to the paths of virtue. The man who brought your supper will remain, but I have reason to suppose he will assist us. I will bring thee a sword and a dagger. I must now quit thee for fear I should be seen coming from thy apartment, a circumstance that might awake suspicion;" he pressed Theodore's hand and retired.

He had not been long gone when Koenigsmark and the gang re-

turned; they appeared very gay, and made the cave resound with bursts of laughter. In the morning his attendant brought him a good breakfast. Theodore wished to avoid the sight of Koenigsmark, who was hateful to him; he pleaded a head-ach, as an excuse, and resolved to remain in his cell the whole day.

Evening at length arrived. Theodore's attendant told him that the banditti were gone out earlier than usual, as they had to journey above twenty miles from their cave, to a place where there had been a fair, and they meant to attack the merchants, as they returned loaded with money, or the commodities for which they had changed away their goods. Theodore retired to bed, as the man might not suspect any adventure to be on foot. Frederic was punctual; Theodore dressed himself, and girt on the weapons his friend had brought him. "Now, Theodore," said his friend, "we must wake the man; he must join with us, or we shall be obliged to take his life." "Would it not be better," replied the youth, "to quit the cave without waking him?" "You are in error," said Frederic, "when Koenigsmark returns, he will torture him for falling asleep, and suffering us to escape; we at least, if obliged to take his life, shall do it in our own defence, and with as little cruelty as possible."

"Stop," said Theodore, "could we not take that hapless female with us?" "She is not here," said Frederic; "she is obliged to be out in the forest every night with the four men, whose province it is to lure the traveller to their toils."

Frederic then waked the man: "Joseph," said he, "this young warrior and myself are going to leave this hellish cave for ever—you must go with us or die." Oh! I will follow you any where," replied Joseph, "I shall be glad to see the sun again." "Take a dagger then," said the lieutenant, "and let us depart." In a few minutes they were out of the cavern. "My friend," said Theodore, "let us direct our course to Colonel Kaempfer's." "Kaempfer's!" said Frederic, "that is the house which Koenigsmark attacked: I was not in that business."

"Yes," replied Theodore, "it was I who fought against him, but my dagger would not enter his breast, though it was well aimed." Frederic pressed his hand with agitation, "I know not the reason, but I have heard Koenigsmark say that no dagger could wound him there. It has made me shudder when I reflected on it: I have sometimes thought that he wore secret armour which blunted every weapon." "But my weapon was not blunted," said Theodore. "Can any other conjecture then be true," said Frederic, "than that he is under the protection of some fiend?" Frederic was weak from his wound; Joseph and Theodore by turns supported him, and they arrived safe at Colonel Kaempfer's, just at break of day. The servant was overjoyed at beholding Theodore, who enquired how Adelaide was. "Much weaker, but her senses are not returned; yet she still retains her infant with her." He next asked for Steinfort and Herman. "They are in the same apartments," said the man, "as they always occupied; the latter is very ill with his wounds, which are much inflamed, from the grief your absence occasioned." Theodore hastened to their chambers; his presence diffused great joy. Frederic was introduced to them. "Receive," said the youth, "a penitent to your friendship; my crimes make me ashamed to appear before you." They kindly encouraged him, declaring that his generous act in regard to Theodore cancelled his errors, and entitled him to esteem.

"Dear Theodore," said the youth, "before I tell you the name of

my father, and get you to intercede for me, I must achieve some deed that may entitle me to it. When I can say, 'father I have restored tranquillity to Bohemia, Koenigsmark is no more, I shall hope that pardon will not be denied me.' Theodore was informed that Colonel Kaempfer had been acquainted with his return, and wished to see him. He repaired to his apartment. "Welcome, brave Theodore," said the Colonel, "thank heaven, you have not lost your life in my cause;" his emotions overcame him, and he fainted. "This is what I expected," said the surgeon; "I must entreat you to retire."

Theodore and Frederic then repaired to the village, and imparted all they knew to the chief of the police, "Sir," said Frederic, "the gang consists of fifty-four men, well armed, and courageous." The chief proposed that Koenigsmark and his followers should be attacked that very evening, on their return from the expedition of plundering the merchants. Frederic remarked that, as the enterprize was dangerous, they had taken fire arms. "If we succeed," said the officer, "the emperor will, I am certain, reward you nobly." Frederic bowed, "my friend and myself are returning to Konigsal—we will be ready to attend you at the appointed time." "I cannot let you go," said the officer; "the intelligence you have communicated is of that consequence, that I am obliged by my office to detain you, till we proceed to Koenigsmark's cave, and verify your deposition; but you shall be treated in my family as friends." Theodore said, that "a message must be sent then to Colonel Kaempfer, to acquaint him with that circumstance, and tell Lieutenant Steinfort what time we set off, as he will accompany us." At nine in the evening, Steinfort arrived; he said that Kaempfer was much worse, and Adelaide very ill; at which information Theodore was much affected.

When they were ready to set out, the officer told them he had not been able to collect more than seventy of his men. Theodore assured them that horses would be no use to them, as the cave was so situated no cavalry could approach it.

The officer gave the word, and they departed; after marching three miles, Frederic said, "Order your troops to strike into the path on the right; that will take them into the thickest part of the forest." The officer obeyed. Frederic took the hands of his two friends. "Theodore," said he, "I saved your life; if I fall, I conjure you, take this ring to Dresden, enquire for Baron Adelstan; he is my father; tell him I died penitent." "Grant heaven, you may survive," said Steinfort; if not, I will also go and bear testimony of thy virtues." The officer approached impatiently; "we have travelled a long five miles, and yet see no vestige of the cave." "Order some of your men to follow me," said Frederic. He entered a long narrow avenue, and ascended an eminence, on the descent of the other side stood the withered trunk that concealed the trap-door. Theodore examined it and found it in the same state they had left it. "It is useless," said Frederic; "be assured there is none of the gang returned—they are too careful to leave the door open. Order your men to conceal themselves round the eminence; my friends and I will keep watch." About ten minutes after, a shrill whistle was heard. "It is the signal," said Frederic; we must go and meet them, we shall have more advantage on level ground than on this eminence." The officer divided the men into four divisions, one of them he commanded himself, the others were adjudged to Theodore, Steinfort, and Frederic. Three of the divisions fled off between the trees. The officer and twelve men advanced towards the spot from whence they had heard the whistle.

When they were met by Koenigsmark, he said to his men, contemptuously, "See you that little army, yet not one fourth of our number, and they mean to attack us."—He advanced about twenty paces, and then ordered his men who were in front to fire. Two of the hussars fell, the rest fired when they were close to Koenigsmark, and many of the ruffians were killed and wounded; the whole of the banditti now rushed furiously forward, but the two divisions, headed by the three friends, closed in their rear. "We are surrounded," said Koenigsmark; "let us not be taken alive; every man to his duty." He perceived Theodore bravely fighting in the midst of the banditti. "Perdition overtake thee," he cried, "how hast thou escaped?" "By my assistance," said Frederic, advancing, and firing a pistol; it escaped the captain, and shot one of the ruffians. "Damnable traitor!" said Koenigsmark, "thus I punish thee," and shot him in the breast as he was rushing on him with a drawn sword. He fell at Theodore's feet—he tried to press his hand—uttered a few words about his father, and expired. The conflict had withdrawn some paces distant—Theodore rushed on towards them—"Where is Koenigsmark?" said he, madly, "I must find him." "I fear," said Steinfort, "he has escaped." "I have received a pistol shot in the shoulder. Art thou wounded?" The youth answered not, but rushed into the midst of the forest in hopes of finding the chief.

The officer now mustered his men, thirteen had fallen in the battle, and three were missing. Of the banditti, twenty-one were killed and twenty-three were prisoners; the rest had escaped, among whom, unfortunately, was Koenigsmark. "Who are the three missing?" said Steinfort, dreading the answer. "Your two friends and one hussar; but calm yourself; recollect we have seen Theodore since the combat was ended; he is in search of the chief, and perhaps Frederic is engaged in the same pursuit." As they were conversing, Theodore slowly advanced: he led the officer and Steinfort to a clump of trees at some distance from the field of battle. He pointed to the corpse of Frederic. "There lies my noble preserver; he fell by the hands of Koenigsmark: I have in vain sought the murderer, but he shall not escape; I will seek him even in hell." "Unfortunate young man," said the officer, "I pity him, but we must retire to the nearest inn, and give succour to the wounded men. To-morrow we must send and bury the dead ruffians in the forest, and fetch away those brave men that have fallen in our cause, and bestow on them military honours." "I will not leave the corpse of my friend here," said Theodore, clapping his hand on the sword. "I respect your feelings," said the officer; some of the hussars shall bear it along with us." The youth pressed his hand, but could not speak.

When they arrived at the inn Theodore was surprised to find it the same where they first saw Koenigsmark. The officer ordered the prisoners into some stabling, and a strong detachment to guard them.

Frederic's body was placed in one of the best apartments. Theodore sat by it, and gave way to his grief. Steinfort's wound was not dangerous; being only in the flesh, the ball was easily extracted, and he retired to a chamber. In the morning the officer, having taken a kind leave of Steinfort and the unhappy Theodore, withdrew with the hussars and their prisoners. At six in the evening, the body of Frederic was buried in the village church-yard. The officer ordered military honours to be paid it—an attention that greatly pleased Theodore. As soon as the grave was closed, a mist arose, and the form of a venerable old man was gradually perceived. Theodore and his friend viewed

it with silent woe. A hollow voice pronounced "Adelstan is no more! but he forgave Frederic on his death-bed." It then vanished.

"Thank God," said Theodore, "my friend was forgiven; his shade will be at rest." When they returned to the inn the officer accompanied them. Bolfield looked dejected. They enquired the cause, he replied, that Stella, the maniac of the wood, was here, and that she came frequently to his house after wandering whole days in the forest.

The officer and the two friends followed Bolfield. Stella was seated by the fire; she noticed not their entrance. They contemplated her. She had some remains of beauty; her dark eyes sparkled through her matted hair, her cheeks were livid, and her form emaciated, and exhibited symptoms of despair; her legs and feet were bare, and full of scars, and they now bled from recent wounds in her wanderings. Of a sudden she started and said, "Hark! I hear his bones rattle; the winds whistle through them—it is cold to my bosom. O Raymond, thou did not love poor Stella!" With these words she hurried away, and soon disappeared in the forest.

They besought Bolfield to acquaint them with her story. "It is a dismal one," said he; "my heart is always oppressed when I behold her. Among the youths who strove to win her love was Raymond, the son of an honest carpenter; he was the handsomest youth in the village, and had a noble mind. I soon perceived that he had made an impression on the damsel's heart. At my entreaties she reposed in me, and owned her love, and told me that Raymond wished to appoint a day for their nuptials. I thought it singular he should conceal his sentiments from me; however, I determined, if he meant honourable, to make them happy. I went to his father, and revealed all to him, and asked him if Raymond deserved Stella. 'Dear Bolfield,' he replied, 'he behaves well to me, but he seldom sleeps at home; that makes me uneasy; I often ask him which of his friends he goes to, but he only gives evasive answers; and when he returns in the morning he does not appear to have slept.' When I heard this, I lamented that Stella loved him, for I suspected he kept company, and was addicted to gaming, as he drest better than any other youth in the village. I told the damsel on my return that she would oblige me by deferring her nuptials for a few weeks; she pressed so much for a reason that I was obliged to tell what my friend had said. Her eyes filled with tears. 'I will obey you,' said she, and hurried away to conceal her emotion. Before a week had elapsed she grew pale, her spirits fled; and I perceived how fatally dear Raymond was to her. Trusting her virtues would reclaim her husband, if he was really a gamester, I resolved to forward their nuptials, and imparted my intentions to Stella. She was overjoyed. I sent for Raymond, and told him their marriage should take place in two days; I observed him keenly, he endeavoured to express his love with warmth; but ah! how unlike the genuine fondness of Stella! I felt distressed, but it was too late to recede. In the evening I presented him to all my friends as the intended husband of my adopted child. They congratulated the young couple, and offered to assist them with money, if they wished to set up in business. The next day an Hungarian nobleman arrived at my house; he told me that he expected his servant in the evening with a considerable sum of money, and asked if there was any danger. I answered that there was certainly a banditti infested the forest, but that if he came the direct road from Malda, he was safe. The nobleman said he ordered him to come that way, and appeared satisfied. Raymond dined with us, but left the house soon after, pretending

business, in consequence of his approaching nuptials, but said he would return in the evening. At sun-set the sky was overcast with clouds; the rain fell in torrents, and the howling wind added horror to the scene. An Austrian officer, who spent almost every evening at my house, entered into conversation with the nobleman. 'This is a dreary evening,' remarked he. 'Yes,' replied the Hungarian, 'I wish my servant was arrived; I should not like to travel the forest at this hour; it must be dangerous.' 'Is it robbers or apparitions that you fear?' said the officer. The nobleman hesitated. 'I see,' continued the Austrian, 'that, in common with many others, you believe in supernatural visitations.'

"The nobleman did not deny what the officer said, but appeared confused.

"The Austrian said, 'you have seen the handsome girl who lives at the inn; her strength of mind is great, she neither fears ghosts nor hobgoblins; I would lay any wager that she would not be afraid to go this moment to the old church, that you see by the light of the moon yonder: the church-yard is on the other side of it—at the extremity of which is a large elder tree. I am convinced that if I ask her she will go fearlessly over the new-made graves, and return with a bough of that tree, as a proof of her courage.' 'I am of opinion that you would loose,' said the Hungarian; 'I do not think there exists a female who would venture through the cloisters of that old church at this dismal hour.'

"The sum agreed on was instantly deposited. 'Bolfield,' said the Austrian, 'speak to Stella, and ask her if she would make me win a wager.' I mentioned it to her; she good-naturedly consented. Gay and happy at the thoughts of soon being Raymond's wife, she ran with a light heart to the cloisters; she traversed the church-yard, and with a steady hand, plucked a bough from the elder tree. As she returned through the cloisters, she thought she heard a groan; and an undescrivable horror took possession of her soul when she heard footsteps approaching; almost fainting, she concealed herself behind one of the arches. By the moon's beam she perceived two men bearing a wounded wretch, from whose dying lips had issued the groan which met her ear. Stella believed that moment was her last,—she thought of Raymond! Love and terror filled her bosom.

"As the assassins approached, a sudden gust of wind blew off the hat of one of them; it fell at Stella's feet. 'I must pick it up,' said the ruffian, with an oath. 'Let us conceal the body,' said his companion, 'you can then search for your hat.' They passed close to the trembling Stella, but the arch concealed her. When they were gone on some way, she felt her courage revive; she snatched up the hat, and flew back to the inn—she rushed into the room where the nobleman and the officer were waiting her return. 'There is the bough,' said she faintly, without knowing what she did; she looked at the hat which she held. She uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless. It was Raymond's hat! When I saw his name in it, I partly guessed what had happened; I ordered the servants to take care of the unfortunate Stella, and I ran to Raymond's father, but he had not seen his son since the morning. I rushed out of the house, determined to know what was become of the youth: alas! I had not far to go—I met a detachment of hussars conducting two prisoners. I approached and beheld Raymond and another in fetters; before them some hussars carried a dead body. I was more shocked than surprised. The serjeant who commanded, told me that the body must be left at my house,

as it might be recognized by some travellers. When we approached, several gentlemen came out of the inn to learn the reason of the crowd that was assembled. As soon as the Hungarian officer saw the corpse, he exclaimed, 'O God! this is my servant, whom I expected to bring me my money!' The serjeant said he had been searched, but no money was found on him. The nobleman desired the ruffians' pockets might be examined; the whole of the money was found on Raymond. The nobleman regarded him attentively. 'Heaven!' said he, 'this is the youth who was to marry poor Stella; how I pity her!' I hastened into the house to enquire after the damsel; the servants told me that she was in a violent fever; the surgeon had bled her, but did not think she would recover. Judge of the agony of my feelings. In the morning the murderers were put to the torture, but Raymond bore it with astonishing fortitude, and would make no confession; his companion, less courageous, owned that they joined almost every night with a banditti in the forest; that in the preceding evening Raymond had informed him that an Hungarian nobleman expected his servant with a considerable sum of money, and proposed that they two should attack him (and keep the circumstance concealed from the banditti, as they might share the booty between them) as he entered the village; and that they stabbed him and dragged his body to the old church, where he uttered his last groan.

"An order was issued for the execution of Raymond and his accomplice. They were hanged in the forest about a quarter of a mile from this place. One of Stella's attendants, who did not know the attachment the unfortunate girl had for him, told her that Raymond and another murderer was to be executed that morning. A few minutes after, she rose from her bed and ran into the forest, calling loudly for Raymond. She arrived at the dreadful place the moment he was launched into eternity. She fixed her eyes on the fatal scene, and never smiled more. She has been insane ever since; she wanders in the forest, sleeps on the cold ground, subsists on roots and vegetables, and every day sits some hours beneath the corpse of Raymond. His flesh is become food for ravens and vultures, his skeleton remains an awful lesson to murderers; the wind sighs between his bones, and carries that sound which Stella fancies she constantly hears. I have tried to detain her, but she is so much more wretched when confined, that I have deemed it a melancholy duty to let her go perfectly unconstrained, but her miseries cannot endure much longer." Bolfield concluded, and the friends sat reflecting on the pathetic tale, when a messenger entered and gave a letter to Theodore. "Read it," said he to Steinfort; "I have not courage, my heart forebodes some melancholy tidings." Steinfort glanced over the contents and turned pale. "Kaempfer is no more," said he, "he wished to see us in his last moments, but that consolation was denied him. Herman wishes to see us immediately." The officer offered to accompany them with a small party of hussars which had just arrived at the inn for orders. Arrived at Konigsal, they were met by Herman, who exclaimed, "Adelaide escaped just now with her infant, from one of her attendants; I fear she is wandering in the forest." Theodore rushed through among the trees, and his friends followed him; for an hour his searches were fruitless. Theodore stumbled over something that the darkness of the night had prevented him from observing. It was Adelaide's body! he started with horror, but on examination he discovered that she was not dead, but in a swoon; her infant was no where to be found. He committed Adelaide to the care of Herman,

and frantic with rage explored every avenue. Steinfort followed his example; it fortunately happened that a little dog belonging to Herman pursued the tract of the latter.

By the advice of a hussar, they put the animal on the scent. They carefully followed the dog, and proceeded in various directions upwards of three miles, at length he wagged his tail, fawned on Steinfort, and entered a thicket. "Be on your guard," said the hussar, "some one is near." Theodore and Steinfort drew their swords, and proceeded with caution. They heard a rustling noise among the branches, and the dog barked violently. Theodore darted among the trees and beheld Koenigsmark with a drawn sword in his hand. The youth hastened to attack him, but at that instant two men glided along at some little distance, and the cries of an infant were heard; "it is Rosenberg's child," said he, and was flying towards the place, when Koenigsmark, desirous to prevent him from rescuing the infant, exclaimed, "Coward, dost thou fear to attack me?" "Coward!" repeated Theodore; "Steinfort, save the child. Now Koenigsmark, we meet for the last time. Touch him not," said he to the hussars who were preparing to seize him—"he is my foe." He aimed a blow at his adversary, but his sword met his and glanced aside. The combat became furious, but the hussars dared not disobey Theodore's orders, yet they thought it madness to suffer him to expose himself in that manner, as Koenigsmark evinced equal resolution with himself. "I have rescued the child," cried Steinfort, loudly, and passed with it in his arms. "Heaven be praised," said Theodore. He could not repress a look, and turned hastily round. Koenigsmark took advantage to wound him in the left arm; he aimed at his heart, but Theodore fortunately saw the light of the steel, and parried the thrust. Furious with his wound, he plunged upon him, and brought him to the ground. "Do not kill him, Theodore," said Steinfort, "thou hast conquered, let that suffice thee; and the villain must not die so honourable a death." Theodore reluctantly obeyed. The hussars bound Koenigsmark, and compelled him to walk between two of them.

Theodore then took the infant and clasped it to his breast. Steinfort related that the villains made no resistance, but when they saw themselves pursued, flung down the child, which happily fell on a heap of dried leaves.

When they arrived at Adelaide's abode, Theodore ordered that Koenigsmark might be brought. When they entered the room, Adelaide was laid on a bed in the most hopeless state. Just at this instant the child cried—Adelaide started and shrieked wildly; her every nerve seemed to receive tenfold vigour; she threw herself from the couch, and fell senseless on the floor. A flash of lightning illuminated the chamber, and a tremendous peal of thunder succeeded. In the midst of the apartment stood the awful shade of Rosenberg; it approached Koenigsmark, and shook a dagger over him; three drops of boiling blood fell on the murderer. The apparition turned to Adelaide, who still laid on the ground. It waved its hand; her senses returned at that dread signal; she raised herself, contemplated the shade without terror, and gently said, "I follow thee;" she turned a fond eye on her infant, and her spirit fled its terrestrial abode!

Theodore, much affected, delivered Koenigsmark to the officer, and then wrote to Monteculi, and related recent events, requesting his orders concerning the funeral of Kaempfer and Adelaide, and the disposal of the dear little orphan. At day-break the officer entered, and requested Theodore, Steinfort, and Herman to accompany him to the

village. Theodore called Adelaide's attendants, and besought them to be tenderly careful of the babe.

Before they arrived at the village a great crowd followed, every one was anxious to behold the terror of Bohemia, as he was justly called. When they arrived at the officer's house, he despatched an express to Vienna, respecting Koenigsmark, and requested their commands. He then proceeded to examine the fallen chief. "Who art thou?" "Thou knowest I am Koenigsmark," said he, haughtily. "Is all thy band destroyed?" "No." "Where are they, and their number?" "I am not dastard enough to tell thee."

"I shall find means to compel thee to speak," said the officer. He ordered the rack to be prepared in that part of the village where criminals were usually executed. Thither was Koenigsmark conveyed; his countenance underwent not the least change. Notwithstanding his crimes, Theodore and his friends almost pitied him. The orders were given to extend him on the rack; the soldiers went to strip him. Suddenly a man with a mask passed close to him, and with an awe-inspiring voice, said, "Thus I perform my promise," and sheathed a dagger in the heart of Koenigsmark, who with a loud laugh fell, and instantly expired. The stranger had disappeared, and though every one had their eye on him, none could tell which way he went.

"It was certainly an evil spirit," said Steinfort. Theodore was lost in thought. The officer feared he should be called in question by the court of Vienna, for suffering Koenigsmark's death; but the three friends consoled him by the assurance that they would bear witness of the mysterious event, and that he was not to blame.

Monteculi arrived in the evening accompanied by Marshall Daun and Colonel Ingelheim; they immediately called for Theodore and Steinfort, and assured them of their united friendship, promised them speedy promotions in the army, and Theodore was appointed Monteculi's aide-de-camp, in the room of the unfortunate Rosenberg.

Colonel Kaempfer and Adelaide had magnificent funerals, by the order of the venerable Monteculi; he adopted Rosenberg's child for his own, and in case of his death, Theodore and Steinfort were appointed her guardians and protectors. After taking an affectionate leave of Herman, the brave youths departed with their patrons for the army, where they met with brilliant success, and gained the love of every one.

THE END.