

**THE ROYAL WANDERER,
OR THE EXILE OF
ENGLAND. A TALE; IN
THREE VOLUMES; VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649365722

The royal wanderer, or The exile of England. A tale; In three volumes; Vol. III by Algernon

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ALGERNON

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THE
ROYAL WANDERER,

OR THE
Exile of England.

A TALE.

BY ALGERNON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

'TIS THE SIMPLE TALE OF AN EXILE'S
WANDERINGS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSTON, 98, CHEAPSIDE.

1815.

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THE
ROYAL WANDERER.



CHAPTER V.

Conclusion of the Life of Gregorio.—Sequel of the affair between Crownest and Elvine . Removal from Berne to Geneva.—Some account of the place.—Pursuits of the party.—Interview of Cerulea with the Empress Maria Louisa.—Adventures which befel Lady Lucy Glengarry, the Honourable Pipkill Crownest, and Sir Anthony Leg.—Journey to Milan.—State of the country.—Masquerade, and occurrences which ensued thereon.—What befel Cerulea.—Departure for Naples.

RA SH as was the oath which Adela had taken, it was not confined to herself. The wild enthusiasm which dictated it to her,

had infected numbers of the youth of Russia, who had been fired by the most odious representations of the character of the French Emperor, and of the relentless designs which he had meditated against the Russian empire.

To follow the march of the French army, in their retreat, from one misery to another, would be unavailing: it will be sufficient to advert to the share which Gregorio bore in this aggregate of wretchedness. His personal sorrows in some measure diverted his thoughts from dwelling upon his beloved Adela, yet still her image would frequently obtain the ascendancy over every other impression, and wean him from even the most pressing wants. He was one of the guard of chosen officers to whose protection and fidelity Buonaparte entrusted his personal security, when he began to entertain apprehensions,

lest some desperate hand, from amongst the soldiers, who had suffered so much in this dreadful campaign, should arm itself against his life.

One night it was Gregorio's turn to watch at the entrance of the Emperor's tent; the Russian forces were at too great a distance to give any annoyance to the retreating army; and the wearied and worn-out fugitives had sunk into sweet repose. Gregorio was alone; the darkness and silence of the night were essentially favourable to contemplation and reflection. The long train of alternate joys and sorrows which had chequered his life, presented themselves to his view—the few happy weeks he spent at Smolensko seemed like brilliant sunbeams in the midst of a sepulchre of clouds—beams, perhaps, which would anon return, and, by their lustre, gild the evening of his

days.—The thought was animating, it gave him new existence; he seemed to live again to happiness. Suddenly, a slight footstep disturbed his cogitations—it approached the tent—through the dusk of the night Gregorio distinguished a slim form of a soldier: to Gregorio's challenge the intruder made no reply, but by a sudden rush to pass by him into the tent, at the same instant menacing him with a dagger—Gregorio felt that a decisive effort was necessary; drawing a pistol from his girdle, he aimed it at the soldier, and fired: the stranger fell; the report instantly brought out the officers from the tent. The story was briefly told, the body was removed for recognition—Gregorio exultingly cast his eyes on the deceased—but, great God! what horror froze his soul, when he beheld the countenance of ADELA! She still breathed, her last glance caught the countenance

of her husband; in death she remembered the well-known object of her love, and softly murmuring his name, she breathed out her soul.

But Gregorio was unconscious of what passed. He had discovered too much—the terrible act which he had innocently committed was irremediable, and its effects were not to be conquered. He recovered, but reason had forsaken her seat; force was necessary to restrain him—some letters on the person of Adela and himself explained the fatal mystery—the Emperor was touched with pity at his misfortunes, and ordered him to be conducted home with every possible attention. Ah! what a sight for a father and a sister, who doated on him! Time, however, which softened down the ravings of Gregorio to a settled and gloomy melancholy, alleviated the sorrows of his distressed re-

latives, and rendered them able to endure the sight of his grief with less poignancy than at the moment of his return. Such was the situation of the family of St. Valune, when Cerulea and her attendants broke in upon their solitude.

The sorrowful narrative which Elvine had put into his hands, Crownest read aloud to all his companions, who deeply participated in his sympathy for the afflictions of this melancholy family. The ardor which characterized Crownest, as he spoke of Elvine, could not but attract the notice of Cerulea in a most particular manner; she began to suspect what had long been evident to all around her, that he was more than ordinarily touched by the charms of the young recluse, and this discovery caused her much uneasiness, for she held herself to be responsible to his family for his safe return; and