

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS  
VOLUME I

CHAPTER I

In a steep recess of the Carpathian mountains, at the foot of which glides the waters of the Tareza, stands the castle of Leopoldstat. Its deserted towers were formerly but dimly seen by the traveller, through woods of pine and larch that were suffered to grow rankly around; and if he approached the edifice, its mournful solitariness at once excited his surprise and his curiosity. His eye vainly sought for martial groups peopling the mossy ramparts, and harmonising with the scene; and his ear fruitlessly waited to catch the sound of arms, and of watchwords, the steps of sentinels, the clang of cymbals, and all the terrific accompaniments of spirit stirring war. Massy, magnificent, and entire, reflection could not account for this abandonment of Leopoldstat; but every peasant in Hungary could solve the mystery. The family of Leopoldstat were fallen into decay: the virtues of some of its individuals, and the vices of others, had dissipated its once rich revenues, leaving to the remaining heirs, only that respect which the good, delight in bestowing upon such as suffer undeservedly. Udislaus, the last count, wasted the advantages of eminent talents and a commanding exterior, in a life of profligacy. He married a beautiful orphan of no rank, at an age when neither his character nor hers were formed; and shortly afterwards, growing to hate her for the very virtue which forced him to surrender his liberty, ceased to treat her even with common consideration. He spent his riotous hours in Vienna; she, her blameless ones in Hungary; and while he revelled away his soul and his fortune at the gaming table, or drowned recollection of both in the embraces of courtesans; she walked on the moonlit battlements with her little son, extracting from the silvered scene below, and the splendid light above, lessons of knowledge and piety. After five years total estrangement, the count returned to Hungary, in consequence of a disorder, for which the air of his native place was recommended. The countess having sincerely loved him, felt all her tenderness revive, as she fixed her tearful eyes upon the decaying ruins of his once admirable figure; sickness had silenced awhile licentious passions; and something like the father and the husband rising in his breast as he beheld his wife and child, gave a thoughtfulness to his appearance, which indicated remorse. Flattering herself with the hope of reclaiming and attaching him, she sought every method devised by duteous affection, to soothe his wayward spirits, and restore his health. Such sweetness with such beauty, could not pass quite unheeded by the man to whom they had once been inordinately dear; they rekindled a short-lived passion, which soon terminated in indifference; and his heart hardening, as the fear of death receded, he set out for Germany, leaving his credulous wife to mourn over that fond delusion, which had left her nothing but the prospect of giving birth to another child, destined to neglect and ruin. While her youngest son was yet in arms, the countess heard the afflicting intelligence of her husband's flight with a married woman, and received at the same time a proof of his complete depravity, by finding herself and children reduced almost to poverty. Udislaus

had alienated and mortgaged nearly the whole of his paternal inheritance, had left, in short, nothing but the ancient castle, and a small belt of ground encircling it, barely capable of producing annually, one thousand rixdollars. To inhabit the castle upon: such an income was impossible; the countess, therefore, quitted it, and took refuge in a lodge which had formerly been the abode of Leopoldstat's chief huntsman. There, forgotten by that world, (which indeed knew her only by name) in the very May Day of life, did she devote every thought to her children; and there, under the observing eye of maternal solicitude, did their infant hearts gradually unfold from innocence into principle. The prior of a neighbouring convent supplied the place of a tutor to these deserted boys: he found in the youngest, genius and docility; in the eldest, the application of a comprehensive, vigorous intellect; and won to love, as much as at first he pitied them, this excellent man soon enriched their minds with the mingled treasures of history and philosophy. Accustomed to the hardest sports, chasing the chamois and the boar, amongst trackless woods, and over tremendous heights; sometimes on foot, joining the perilous toils of the gold-hunters, and leaping from cliff to cliff with the agility of a young antelope; sometimes mounted on a horse fleetier than wind, and borne along through sudden storms of thunder or of snow; with a dauntless heart, and a complexion glowing like the heath flowers that sprung up under his steps, Charles grew enamoured of danger, and became habituated to fatigue. At sixteen he panted for military renown, and at sixteen, his anxious mother procured for him the patronage of Prince de E——, through whose friendship he obtained a commission in the Austrian service. Only four years had elapsed after his departure from Hungary, when he was recalled to receive the last sigh of his mother. Without energy to contend against disappointed affection; and with an apprehensive tenderness for her children, which continually presented the most melancholy presages, the bitterest regrets, this too-susceptible woman sunk under the weight of unshared sorrow, and fell a victim at once to maternal and connubial love. In her dying moments she adjured Charles, by his hopes here and hereafter, to watch over the rectitude and prosperity of his brother; she joined their trembling hands as they knelt before her deathbed and listened to the tone of holy awe and subdued anguish, in which Charles swore to obey her.

After having paid the last duties to the remains of his mother, the young count entrusted Demetrius to the care of their mutual benefactor the prior, purposing to take on himself the charge of his future conduct, whenever Demetrius should arrive at an age fitted to encounter the world.

As his mournful gaze hung on the sweet boy, retiring from the parlour of the convent, he drew a profound sigh, pressed his hand for a moment upon his forehead, and then said, "I have perhaps, already wearied you, good father, with instructions about my brother; but you must pardon the weakness of an overcharged, overflowing heart, as full of fondness as of grief."

He stopped awhile, and resumed in a firmer tone —

"Suffer me to add one more to my many requests — when you answer the questions concerning our family affairs, which the ripening reason of Demetrius

will probably soon prompt, do not inform him fully of our destiny; do not tell him he is absolutely dependent upon such a poor fellow as I am; for that would be to substitute obligation for affection, apprehension instead of confidence between us. I should abhor the thought of owing his regard to mere gratitude: he must entrust me with his future errors or difficulties, free from every sordid fear, or I shall shrink at the task of censuring them.

“There is another motive too, stronger even than this (for this, is but a whim of over-strained delicacy perhaps), it is my passionate desire, to let him *enjoy* the brightest part of life. Our youth, good father, is the only delightful portion of our sojourn here; it is the blessed period in which we may safely surrender our selves to innocent cheerfulness. With guileless thoughts, a guiltless soul, unchastised hopes, unbroken health, and warm affections, could I bear to see that dear boy, withered, blighted, crushed as it were, by a perfect knowledge of all that his mother suffered, and all that his brother has yet to contend with?”

“The springing spirit of youth, is not so easily crushed” observed the prior.

“Ah! but it is,” cried Charles hastily (and the conviction of how it had been overpowered in his young bosom, blanched his healthful cheek); “am not I a proof that the most thoughtless gaiety is to be speedily vanquished by anxiety for beloved objects? Ever since I could reflect, my liveliest moments have been embittered by cares. Often have dismaying anticipations, and vehement indignation chased away the remembrance of enchanting pleasures, and driven sleep and peace from my pillow, while I thought alternately of my mother, my brother, and my own ravished rights. I am not proof against the certainty that I was born to a splendid fortune, and that a father robbed me of it: that his barbarity has left me only an empty title; debarred me from the gratification of honourable desires; deprived me of all hope of blessing a race of my own; and entailed on me the additional misery of seeing a beloved brother, doomed to a life equally joyless. I am a man, Father! a very young one; and I feel keenly, too keenly perhaps, the bondage of broken fortunes. Let me then interpose between my brother and premature cares: let my breast be his shield. Demetrius shall be happy — at least awhile, if I can keep him so — the world will soon enough make him otherwise.”

To this distempered reasoning, the prior had nothing to oppose: and too ignorant of life, to foresee the evils which might accrue from following the plan proposed, assured Charles of his acquiescence, and instructed his pupil accordingly.

A commerce with mankind, of nearly five more years, did not materially alter the character of the young count. It is true, that passion and example had essayed to overwhelm him in vice; but like the eternal oak, whose roots are said to strike deeper, as the storm rages fiercer among its tortured branches, his virtue strengthened by contests with his own frailties, and every fresh struggle, but confirmed its stability. Though devoted to his profession, and employed in actual service, he found means to reconcile war with the graces; even in camps, he pursued the track of useful science, into which the prior had conducted him:

he studied intently; relieving his severer pursuits, by music and drawing. The commencement of hostilities between France and Austria, gave him an opportunity of applying military speculations to practice. In his very first campaign, he astonished the veteran officers by a display of promptitude, judgment, and skill, almost miraculous at his age; by an intrepidity which never varied; and a presence of mind equal to every emergency. His gallant defence of an obscure post, which circumstances, unexpectedly rendered very important, attracted universal admiration, to one hitherto unobserved; so that it soon became common for the generals to prophesy that the young Hungarian, who studied the principles of war, so assiduously in his tent, and illustrated them so bravely in the field, would one day rival the fame of Saxe and Montecuculi.

The peace which closed the year 1797, afforded Charles an opportunity of re-visiting Hungary the ensuing spring; at which time, this narrative commences.

He set out for his native place, with a crowd of sweet and bitter feelings, thronging round his heart; and came in sight of the stupendous castle (of which, his father's death had long since made him lord) just as the evening sun was empurpling its moss-grown battlements. What gushing tenderness, what manly indignation, by turns dimmed and lightened his eyes at the view! What affecting remembrances of his mother and brother, were revived by every familiar object! How many hopes and fears, and painful anxieties, throbbed in his brave bosom, as he thought of that dear brother, so inexpressibly interesting, so tenderly beloved, so impressively confided! He had left him a child, he was now to find him a young man: he was about to bear him from the warm shelter of religious retirement, and to plunge him amid the boisterous element of war. For, alas Demetrius was even more destitute than Charles; and in Germany, the army alone, opens a path to preferment.

The tenderness predominant in the character of Demetrius, joined to a peculiar delicacy of constitution, tended to deepen the interest with which his desolate childhood, had ever inspired his amiable brother. The latter could now contemplate his own blighted fate with serenity; but to imagine the life of that precious object, devoted to struggling with the mortifications entailed on indigent nobility, was still to dwell on a prospect at once agonising and abhorrent. Absorbed in multitudinous reflections, he turned his horse towards the valley, in which the convent of St. Xavier, was situated; stopping at its entrance, (scarcely conscious that he did so) to look at a figure on an opposite acclivity. It was a young man of eighteen, standing with careless gracefulness near a marble quarry, as if momentarily observing the labours of the workmen; he wore the Hungarian habit, which, from its grand simplicity, is so well calculated to heighten the beauty of manly proportions: At his feet lay a couple of wolf dogs, and in his hand, he held a light hunting spear.

At so short a distance, Count Leopoldstat could distinctly note his figure and face; the former was of admirable stature, and buoyant with animation; the latter announced a heart, that as yet knew not sin nor sorrow. It was a countenance bright with all the hopes, and all the benevolence of youth; warm with the carnation tints of that sweet season of life, when our very fluids seem

as pure as our wishes, as vivid as our expectations. In a tumult of doubt and eagerness, Charles threw himself from his horse, while some indistinct sounds, escaped his lips: the young man started, darted forwards a joyful glance, and precipitating down the height, flung himself into his brother's arms. "Charles!" he exclaimed, in a thrilling tone of lively affection. His brother pressed him to his breast without speaking; for the remembrance of their dying mother, suddenly came over him, and tears blinded him as it did so.

Never before, were two such brothers, clasped in the fraternal embrace. At that instant, they might have been taken for models of moral and material beauty: they were indeed, perfect specimens of the loveliness of youth, and the magnificence of manhood.

The superior stature of Charles; the determined form, and martial character of his limbs; his complexion embrowned, by many campaigns; and his features, touched with that gentle sadness, to which thought and experience, invariably give birth, were finely contrasted by the youth, the bloom, the spirit of Demetrius. Thus would have looked the noble warhorse, sublime in conscious strength and "proud submission;" when compared, with the young Arabian, yet free and unbroken, and sparkling in all the graces of his original wildness.

The eyes of Demetrius met the soft scrutiny of his brother's, with a sweet fearlessness; his unspotted soul was to be seen in their bright azure, and all its properties immediately defined: but the expression of Charles's (though they were blue also) was not so easily comprehended: it was an expression made up of mingled feelings. His eyes were not to be read in a single glance; they were a volume of noble matter, and the observer developed gradually, in them, all the signs of great and amiable qualities.

When the transport of surprise had subsided, Leopold gave his horse to a peasant, and proceeded with his brother towards St. Xavier's. Mutual embarrassment, now caused mutual silence. It is ever thus, between persons who love each other, meeting after a long separation; the fear of jarring in opinion, taste, or manner; the dread of displeasing or being displeased, when it is so important to be congenial, generally produces a reserve which makes the first interview, of all others the least satisfying to the heart. Charles often looked wistfully on the beaming countenance of Demetrius; and as often, affectionately pressed his hand. They were entering the vineyards belonging to the convent, when Demetrius, meeting one of those anxious glances, said, smiling —

"I am *sure* we shall like each other!"

Entertained with the *naïveté* of this remark, his brother smiled too, and replied

"I have no doubt of that, my only fear is, that I shall like you too well."

The prior of St. Xavier's had been apprised by Charles, of his intended visit; he was therefore prepared to see and to welcome him. Every inhabitant of the

convent was forward in demonstrations of that genuine esteem which is the purchase of goodness only: they all knew that he had voluntarily resigned to his mother (and since her death, to the charges of his brother's military education) that slender income which was his, independent of his profession; and though themselves shut out from the world's temptations, they still had judgment to appreciate the self-denial of a young man, who thus persisted in abjuring all pleasures, for the sake of a duty not allowed to be one, by our modern moralists.

At five and twenty, Charles was more cheerful than he had been at nineteen; for at that age, he was suffering from the shock of disappointed hopes; and the complete knowledge of those evils, attendant on rank, united with poverty at that age, experience showed him, that he could not hew out a path to fortune and honour, by his sword alone; that envy and intrigue, obscures the brightest actions, robs them of their reward, and too often gives to them, the colour of crimes.

Astonished and indignant, at beholding the elevation of the contemptible, while modest virtue was pushed rudely down; finding no additional respect paid to his nobility, from his misfortunes (an expectation so natural to youth), he renounced with disgust and despair, all views of comfort; he mixed in scenes of gaiety, without enjoyment, and became for a while, gloomy and misanthropic; but this misanthropy was a transitory fever; an immoderate passion, in which his amiable nature exhausted its small portion of bitterness. As he learnt more of life, and came nearer to his fellow creatures, this asperity wore off; he saw so much good, where at first there appeared so little; so many failings, where he once expected to find greatness only, that he soon became reconciled to the destinies of mankind; and reason and religion teaching him to comprehend such of the plans of providence, as are permitted us to scan, brought his mind to a cheerful and admiring acquiescence with them all.

After a fortnight spent among the brotherhood of St. Xavier's, Leopoldstat announced his intention of returning to Germany. In this short time, he ascertained nearly the whole of his brother's character; he observed all its tendencies; and convinced, from such observation, that Demetrius would long require a monitor, solicitously sought to secure his future confidence.

The night before their journey, the brothers, unconscious of each other's purpose, met at the grave of their mother. Demetrius was stretched upon it, mingling sobs and tears with his kisses, when Charles entered the little cemetery in which it was. Lost in his own grief, Demetrius heard not the steps of his brother, who advanced slowly; but a deep sigh suddenly rousing him, he started up, ashamed of the tears then flooding his disordered features, and trying to escape, stammered out some indistinct words. Charles, gently detaining him (while his eyes rivetted themselves with sad earnestness upon the grave), said, "Why should you go, my brother? Ought not we both to lament here?" He then threw himself upon the ground.

Under the melancholy light of shrouded moon, while the cypress trees by which the burying ground was shaded, groaned in the gusty wind, did Charles once more renew his oath of protecting and guiding Demetrius; and Demetrius, leaning on his brother's breast, internally vowed to emulate the excellence he loved in Charles. This scene passed in silence; and it was not till they were far from the cemetery, that Charles, looking back and seeing the dark trees still rustling in the chill night air, shivered with strong emotion, and observed that it was piercing cold. They parted immediately afterwards, sad and thoughtful.

A sunny morning had revived the spirits of the brothers, when they met to commence their long journey; and then affectionate adieus and grateful acknowledgments passed between them and the holy brotherhood. Demetrius entered the capital of Austria with eager steps; the palaces and public buildings certainly faded before the magnificence of his imagination; but the warlike appearances presenting themselves at every gate; the carriages filled with handsome and ornamented women; the buzz of pleasure; the tumult of business; the groups of young men in military uniforms that stood discussing political questions in the libraries and squares; the cordial welcome given *en passant*, to Charles, excited in him new and delightful sensations. He longed to be enrolled amongst these spirited young men, and to find himself of some consequence in society, by having, like them, a profession.

A visit to a camp just formed near Vienna, and an introduction to several distinguished officers, completed the intoxication of Demetrius; he was never wearied with asking questions, and making observations; not a single sentinel escaped him. Charles smiled at the zeal with which he prosecuted these inquiries, and the swiftness with which he noticed every minute peculiarity; but he was observing also, and he hailed with pleasure, these signs of an enthusiastic temper.

The third day after their arrival, Demetrius was presented to the Archduke, who now graciously acknowledged the services of Charles, by giving his brother a commission; Demetrius dined the same day with the officers of his regiment, and the next morning Charles thus addressed him.

"I am not going to preach a long lecture to you, my dear brother, for I believe the thorough knowledge you must have of my anxiety for your temporal good, and eternal happiness, will render it unnecessary. I depend upon the warm affection you are daily showing me — an affection my heart gratefully acknowledges, for your honourable conduct through life; I am certain you will never rush wilfully into any immorality, because you are convinced that my peace would be embittered incurably by it; and I trust you will always have such a dependence on my indulgent tenderness as never to withhold from me any circumstance perilous to your tranquillity or rectitude. Though I have lived seven years longer in the world than you have done, they have not been spent in making me austere; I should have lived then to little purpose had they not rendered me compassionate to all that err, and doubled my reverence for such as continue upright.

“At your age I had to struggle with the temptations that will naturally assail you also; under some I sunk; over the most serious I triumphed; but I did so, Demetrius, through the divine assistance; believe me the source of moral strength does not lie on earth, it must be sought for, above”

Charles paused, and his eyes resting upon the beautiful face of his brother, gradually softened from the expression of adoration into that of fondness. “To make a discourse to a young man, upon the hazard of having a handsome person,” he resumed “seems laughable; and a century or two, ago, would have been a work of supererogation, but the free manners of the present day, render it indispensable.

“Trust me, there is nothing which a youth is so intoxicated by, nothing for which he is so little prepared (and therefore, so likely to be taken, *à la coup de main*) as admiration from women. He enters the world, expecting perhaps, to fall in love, but the thought of being beloved in return, upon any other grounds than a series of worth and constancy, never passes over the threshold of his imagination: he is consequently, in danger of being overset, the very first time in which he receives proofs of unsought tenderness. Let me urge you then, to remember (whenever such a thing happens to you), that the affection of the estimable, is alone worthy of esteem; and that the woman who displays unsolicited liking, forfeits her most respectable claim to the heart of man.

“Be careful therefore, to stifle the earliest spark of vanity; for that is a passion which is as powerful as love itself; and many persons, seeking only what they thought a harmless indulgence of it, have been entangled in snares, from which they never afterwards, could escape.

“I can conceive no situation more desperate than that of a man, otherwise well-principled, who has suffered himself to be inebriated with the admiration of a woman, whom he does not sufficiently respect, to marry; and who, having sacrificed both her virtue and reputation, to his heartless frenzy, finds himself imperiously commanded by honour and compassion, not to abandon her.

“Always ask yourself, what is likely to be the consequence of such and such actions, and your own pure soul will instinctively recoil from any track that seems leading towards guilt. Above all things, teach yourself to refer every action and every motive, to the commandments of your Creator. Never, my brother, never for a moment, lose sight of the important truth, that you are an accountable creature; that virtue, consists in a series of sacrifices; happiness, in the consciousness: of a lifewell used!

“Continue to love me as you now do, and I can fear nothing. Let us henceforth, have but one soul: let us impart our weaknesses, our faults, our griefs, our joys, to each other: — let us candidly reprove, or affectionately applaud, whatever we may observe wrong, or praiseworthy: let us, in short, never forget the deathbed of our mother!”



Charles took his brother's hand as he spoke, and pressed it to his heart: that excellent heart, was big with many emotions. — "God bless you, my Demetrius!" he added — "you know not how extremely dear you are to me."

The expressive colour in his attentive hearer's cheeks, had varied rapidly during this address; he now bent his head over the hand of Leopoldstat, to hide the sensibility, which boyishly he blushed at; but soon after raising his eyes, he said —

"My future conduct must entitle me to this excess of goodness. At present Charles, I can only offer you the sole possession and guidance, of my inexperienced heart: such as it is, you see it completely; and ever shall see it."

Answering this, with an eloquent smile Charles proceeded. "It is proper to tell you, how much money will be at your disposal for the time to come: added to the pay of your commission, you will have a thousand rixdollars annually: can you contrive to live upon so modest an income, in this gay capital?"

"A child cannot be more ignorant of money than I am," returned Demetrius; "but I dare say some obliging acquaintance will soon teach me how to dispose of it. Yet tell me; am I indebted for this to your generosity?"

A graceful embarrassment made Charles hesitate, while he ambiguously answered, "My father put it out of my power to be *generous*, even to my brother: this, was our dear mother's income; and of course it becomes the property of her younger son." Demetrius believed this assertion, implicitly; the thing appeared so natural; and it was so unlikely that a Count of Leopoldstat should possess only an estate of a thousand rixdollars, yet be able to resign it to his brother. A cheerful smile brightened his eyes, and he was about to reply, when a party of young men, self-invited to breakfast, entered the apartment.

With some of these, the brothers attended parade, and afterwards visited the magic gardens at Schonbrunn: they went in the evening to the opera, where their inexperienced companion was enchanted with all he heard and all he saw. Exquisitely susceptible of every thing that ministered delight to the taste and the heart, Demetrius might be said, from this night to have literally fallen in love with Harmony; of which he had hitherto, received only a faint impression.

When the entertainment terminated, the party dispersed; and Charles took his brother to the house of Baron Ingersdorf; where they made part of a large and brilliant assembly.

At the assemblies of the Baron, foreigners of distinction, men of learning, the bravest officers, and the most eminent of the nobility, were always to be found: the Baroness, was a votary of the fine arts, consequently honoured their professors; and the political power and integrity of her husband, surrounded them with the great and excellent. It was in this house that Charles wished to see his brother familiarised; for it was here, he knew, that reason and decorum guided the unsteady steps of pleasure.

Demetrius was too young and too happy, not to seek crowds with avidity: he was of an age to be attracted by amusement and splendour: he was of a temperament to take a strong bent, either towards the highest self-control, or the wildest licentiousness: he was to be moved by lively emotions only; and Charles wisely thought that to bring him into contact with a character like Baron Ingersdorf's (which forced admiration, by its unshaken rectitude; while it endeared, by its amiable sociability) was to impress on him the conviction, that contemporary applause and internal satisfaction, would be the fruit of imitating his virtues. The princely magnificence, and agreeable mixture of rank, science, and beauty, which prevailed in the assemblies at Ingersdorf's house, would also give an additional charm, to the lesson that was there to be studied.

In their way from the opera, Charles had given his brother a portrait of his patron's mind; so that Demetrius saw no other object but him, in the superb salon in to which they were ushered. The baron was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life; with a serene, yet somewhat thoughtful countenance; which whenever he smiled, had a divinity in it, that

"Would he begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
"Of all professors else; make proselytes  
"Of who he but bid follow!"

No lover was ever more agitated by the first sigh of his mistress, than Demetrius when the baron bestowed upon him, one of these benign smiles; when he cordially grasped his hand, and turning to Charles, said "I heartily congratulate you, upon having got your brother under your own eye; and I wish him, as much public gratitude, as much private esteem, as it has been your happy destiny, to deserve, and to acquire — his countenance assures me, I do not wish in vain."

The grateful blush that now enriched the cheeks of the brothers, was reflected by one of a brighter vermilion, which at this instant overspread that of a beautiful brunette who was engaged in conversation near them. She was by far the handsomest woman in the room; and from a pair of dazzling dark eyes (that outshone the blaze of jewellery about her person) Demetrius observed her darting frequently an anxious look towards where they stood. Charles immediately approached, and presented his brother. It was to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

Demetrius had been received with so much cordiality by the Baron, and so much graceful familiarity by the Baroness, that he was now somewhat mortified to observe an air of bashful restraint in their lovely niece; it was a bashfulness, that, as he was yet fettered by the same chain, placed an obstacle between their mutual freedom. He was however, shortly drawn away from the contemplation of it, by the sound of music in a distant apartment, where a few amateurs, were practising one of Mozart's most admirable compositions. In its ravishing expressions, he lost all thought of Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

From this period, the brothers were inseparable. They were always to be seen together on duty, at the tables of the generals, at the private parties of men of talent, and the public assemblies of women of character; where they were as much admired for their fraternal love, as for their fine persons.

Charles knew exactly, how far to go; and how much better it was, to let his brother drink temperately of the cup of pleasure, than by forbidding it wholly, to provoke a thirst never to be allayed. Without becoming a spy upon his actions, he was enabled to judge of their propriety; being constantly his companion; but he was so, only at the desire of Demetrius himself; who indeed, relished no amusement unshared.

The discretion and rigid frugality of the young count, prevented any one from suspecting that he lived solely on the income arising from his military employments; for no man was better habited; no man freer from debt; or so often known to assist others. But the secret was, that Charles had long since ascertained his income; and having a lively abhorrence of dishonesty (however disguised under the convenient terms of thoughtlessness, liberality, spirit, *etc. etc.*); and having the good sense to allow that appearances discreetly kept up, are necessary to obtain, even the best men, consideration — lived a life of rigid temperance. Everybody knew that he was not rich, but no one guessed that he was poor; and the young nobles in whose expensive revels he refused to join, always placed his refusal to the account of principle.

Charles really preferred the evening parties of Baroness Ingersdorf, which amused, and cost him nothing, to a destructive acquaintance with dissolute or light women, whose good humour was to be heightened, and favours purchased by extravagant gifts — He detested gaming; he despised drinking; so that excepting a little delicacy in dress, and a compliance with his love of collecting fine drawings, he lived, without expending unprofitably, a single ducat.

Poor Demetrius was not so expert in balancing between parsimony and profusion. He was occasionally asked for forty or fifty rixdollars by some of his associates, and to deny them, was impossible: he was also, petitioned in the streets by beggars, whose claim on assistance he would not hear questioned; no one could do the slightest service for him, without tasting his bounty; and if he were jested on an unfashionable boot or hat (not having presence of mind to, defend the old servant), he cashiered, it instantly. For to become ridiculous, even in a trifle, was more frightful to him, than to be accused of crimes.

No two men could have less resemblance than these brothers; and yet nothing could be more nicely equal, than the number of their admirers. Demetrius, had exuberant spirits; but they were more than the common spirits attendant on youth and health. They were part of a vivid character, which was energetic in everything, and were therefore, always proportioned to the gaiety of the occasion.

Charles, was thoughtful and serious; but his seriousness had a sweetness in it, which excited tenderness; and whenever he became lively, his playfulness

was the more valued, on account of its rarity. Demetrius, was frank to indiscretion; inconsiderate, impassioned; loving, and hating, to all appearance with equal violence: still, he never carried his hatred beyond the bounds of simple disgust at sight of its object; for to injure or to mortify, never entered his imagination.

Charles was somewhat reserved; not from an uncandid or unsocial spirit; he was discreet from delicacy. Too tender for extravagant emotions of any kind, love melted, rather than fired him; and where Demetrius hated, he pitied or despised.

A talent for poetry, gave Demetrius an acute relish of whatever was beautiful, either in animate, or inanimate nature; and so coupled were the ideas of moral and physical perfection, in his visionary fancy, that he could never separate them.

Charles, on the contrary, distinctly perceived every grace, and every deficiency; his genius for drawing, gave him a habit of accurate observation. He was never to be pleased by an agreeable error: truth, and truth only, satisfied him.

Demetrius thought every pretty woman, faultless, because his imagination completed, what nature had left unfinished.

Charles, was not to be so taken in; his correct taste, instantly feeling, and his acknowledging, all that was imperfect.

Those who liked to have their interest excited by the changeful conduct, and careless graces of youth, preferred Demetrius: such as found pleasure in contemplating the mild dignity and tried integrity of manhood, decided for Charles. But everyone concurred in admiring their mutual affection.