

CHAPTER II

A tedious journey was performed by Demetrius, without noticing either its length or its discomforts; he moved mechanically from carriage to carriage, for his spirit was still with Constantia: but as he entered Swabia, thought of as dear an object, called back the wandering soul.

Charles was hurrying over military dispatches in his own quarters at Donaueschingen when his brother arrived there: not having heard the wheels of the carriage, he was unconscious of its approach, till he saw him by his side.

At sight of him, joy flushed over his face: he rose hastily from his seat, and wrapped him in his arms. "My brother! My dear brother! My beloved Demetrius! —"

Pressed to this best of human hearts, Demetrius felt as if he had reached a shelter from every coming storm: the bosom of his brother, seemed his home: and accustomed from infancy, to find comfort and tenderness there, he retained the memory of past security, and the hope of future peace.

Apprised of the Duchess's death, Charles was prepared to see his brother dejected; but there was an expression in his features, that announced a heart completely desolate. He pushed aside his still-beautiful hair, and gazed with bursting grief on that altered complexion, over which it once played like sunbeams among flowers.

He looked awhile, till the tears gathering fast in his own eyes, obscured their sight; he then turned away, shook the hand grasping his, exclaiming in a tone of piercing tenderness, " My poor Demetrius! —"

Demetrius moved to a window, and stood there in silence till their mutual agitation subsided.

Noone is completely wretched, unless they are abandoned of virtue. While that angel remains with the human soul, springs of comfort arise, even in the stony desert.

Demetrius was speedily sensible of much consolation: he was conscious of having sacrificed his fondest wishes a second time at the altar of duty; and, while praised and pitied by his brother, while blessing Heaven for preserving to him that faithful friend, was able to curb rebellious regret, and look with gladness on the brilliant destiny of Charles.

Yet, the perusal of a letter from de Liancour, caused him much emotion. It affectingly described the sensibility with which his daughter heard the death of M. de Fontainville, and the constancy of Demetrius: professed his own satisfaction at an event, which however solemn, was not to be lamented; and concluded by saying, that the moment Zaire left her chamber (where she had

been confined with a fever, in consequence of her late surprise) they would return to Germany.

It was not in the nature of our young hussar, to read this testimony of an attachment so faithful and so ardent, without finding some portion of his former fondness revive for its seducing object. He suffered his thoughts to wander back over many an hour of trancing delight; while his eyes, floating in tears, were fixed upon her miniature, which he had once given to Charles, and which the latter now restored.

The recollection of the moment in which he gave it; the sight of its faultless love kindling beauty; the memory of her looks and words, long since banished from his mind, grew tenderer every instant. He threw himself on a seat, and smiting his breast with one hand, while with the other he pressed the picture to his lipsexclaimed, "O Charles, how is this heart rent and divided!"

By the gentle reasoning, and still more persuasive endearments of his brother, he was at length brought to composure: a secret pleasure at this revival of a long buried attachment, spread healing through his breast, and after a day spent in calmer discourse, he was capable of visiting Balzac, and being introduced to Marshal Ingersdorf.

Adelaide received Demetrius with the affection of a sister: her susceptible heart had entered too much into the feelings of her friend, and of her lover, not to throb with pain at thus meeting the unfortunate cause of distress to both.

She now lavished on him, those soft attentions which her bashfulness still deterred her from freely bestowing on Charles; and without appearing to forget that the absent Constantia was mourning uncomforted, exerted all her powers to animate and to soothe.

Marshal Ingersdorf cordially welcomed the brother of his favourite: and, as he was enthusiastic in "the human face divine", contemplated Demetrius with undisguised pleasure. He had heard of his personal advantages; but associating the idea of boyishness with a splendid complexion, was agreeably surprised to find the expression of a matured mind, and youthful sensibility united in him. He had yet to discover the eloquence of that luminous complexion, when health and animation should again speak through it.

The good canon and his sister supposing Demetrius an invalid (from some occasional glows of colour, which proved his paleness to be accidental) were lavish in their recipes and condolences; their guest lent a grateful ear to them; as if desirous to quiet the solicitude of his brother, by appearing to extract amusement from everything.

Charles loved him the more for this amiable consideration; and his own heart grew even heavier than his.

It is not to be imagined, however, that Count Leopold was so super-excellent as to be indifferent about the completion of his own peculiar wishes: far from it. Till Adelaide should be his wife, he dreaded some fantastic improbability might start up, and snatch her from him. He had therefore used part of this evening (when the rest of the company were otherwise engaged) in winning her to name the day of his happiness. Blushingly she named it: and blushing still more, she broke away from the indiscreet rapture, with which, forgetting the presence of every other person, he attempted to catch her in his arms.

None but the Marshal saw the hasty action: he guessed its cause from the treat of his daughter, and immediately glided round to Charles. The latter was severely chiding himself for what he had done, when the old officer joined him. The Marshal was easily mollified by his pathetic apologies, though he called him an indiscreet vagabond. He heard with pleasure, that in a week's time, his Adelaide would resign herself to a husband's protection: upon which, he warned Charles to prepare himself with some trifling present for her; as it had been the custom of all the Ingersdorf's from the flood, to exchange gifts on the morning of their union.

In the interval between this evening, and the morning of the nuptials, Demetrius addressed Zaire. He resolved to think of nothing but her, while he wrote the letter, and consequently, it breathed only tenderness.

From a few lines of de Liancour, he learned that they were to sail for Hamburg by the next Packet. A breeze could not breathe now, without agitating him: so strongly mingled were his feelings of love and pity, so blended were the images of the past, with visions of the future, that he scarcely knew what were the unbiased wishes of his heart.

The wind blew adverse to vessels from England; and the day of his brother's marriage, found Demetrius still in a state of suspense.

The Baron and Baroness of Ingersdorf, were the only additions made to the party at Balzac. Count Forsheim had been invited, but he was enjoying a short leave of absence, in the society of Lorenza Soldini, and contented himself with sending a letter of congratulation.

Resolving not to cloud a day of joy by one melancholy look, Demetrius accompanied his brother to Balzac. Blameless transport sparkled in the eyes of Charles: he looked the happy man he was. Adelaide met his grateful glances, with one of modest delight. A short ceremony united them; giving to the agitated Marshal, a son in whom he had a right to glory.

Obedient to his father-in-law, Charles now presented Adelaide with an ornament for her arm; and she in return, put into his hand a roll of paper. Upon opening it, what was, his surprise to find it an instrument that restored to him, the chief part of his Hungarian estates.

He had been scrupulously firm, in requiring every particle of Mam'selle Ingersdorf's fortune to be settled on herself, and entirely at her disposal; how then, was he overwhelmed, when he perceived that the dowry he already thought so large, was but a small division of what must have been her portion!

Distressed, yet thrilling with tender admiration, he turned to seek Adelaide, but she was gone: the Marshal too, was hastily retreating. —

“Stay, stay, dear Sir!” cried Charles, eagerly detaining him, “Let me not be quite lost in this excess of benefits “for heaven's sake, take back a gift which can only proceed from *you*.”

“ Hold your tongue, puppy, hold your tongue!” cried the Marshal, striving to break away, “It was the girl's proposal: she exchanged her own property, to reclaim yours, and I have nothing to do with it. Take back! What the deuce, you would not have me turn robber in my old age, and snatch what don't belong to me? And you would not have had me leave the foolish child as dependent as she had made herself, would you ? — I have given you nothing; I have parted with nothing for you, but her —”.

“ And she! — O Sir,” cried the glowing Charles, “how could you believe me capable of delighting in any other possession!”

“Well, well! It's no business of mine, “ repeated the Marshal, “settle it between you: I only know, the estates were hers an hour ago, and now they are her husband's; and when that prating fellow comes to be a father like me, he will rejoice to think, that his virtues restored to his son, what a misguided grandfather would have deprived him of.”

The Marshal now got away, without effort; for a crowd of tumultuous feelings, painted the manly features of Charles, and loosened his ardent grasp. Delighted, disordered, entranced, he sought his bride, at whose feet he poured forth his gratitude and love.

It was in scenes like this, that Demetrius soberised his own regrets. Resigned to his lot, and resolutely endeavouring to meet it with cheerfulness, he waited the arrival of Zaire, with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

But never was the image of Constantia absent from his mind: she was with him, thought itself. Only in his prayers did he permit himself to dwell on so dangerous a theme ; and then, his soul sprung eagerly to recount, and bless her virtues.

Constantia was now in his neighbourhood; she was at Munich.

After the departure of Demetrius from Felieri, the Prince of Nuremberg informed his niece, that she must prepare to return into Bavaria: Constantia made no opposition; for though she wished to remain in the scene of past

happiness, she was desirous of convincing her uncle, that she would cheerfully make every reasonable sacrifice to his convenience or gratification.

Life, as it now lay before her, presented a dreary blank; but she reflected, that it was still in her power to fill up that blank, with beneficial actions; and therefore resolved to seek occasions for using her wealth worthily, and exercising the social affections.

The love she bore Demetrius had been too long indulged, too closely coupled with the belief of becoming his wife, too much sanctified by the approval of her parent, to admit the probability of its ever being transferred.

She had resigned herself with such passionate tenderness, to the contemplation of spending life with him, that delicacy would have revolted from realising the fond dream with any other.

To suffer a long period of silent regret; and then, to find a new interest spring up in her heart, for his offspring, was now the sole object of her hopes: she dwelt with thrilling pensiveness on the last idea; anticipating the moment in which she might be able to behold a child of his, without envying its happy mother.

Many, were then, the romantic anticipations of her warm and pure heart! — In the bloom of youth and beauty, she contemplated with satisfaction the years that were to steal that youth and beauty away; and while her whole being, was but love for Demetrius, ardently prayed that Madame de Fontainville might render him a happy husband, and a still happier father.

To the religion of Constantia (which was not a religion of mere forms), she was indebted for these consoling thoughts. She had early learned to seek occasions for pious thankfulness; and now, so far from determining to be wretched the remainder of her time, endeavoured to discover the best method for comforting her desolate heart.

Desolate that heart was, beyond all expression: from that of the happy Adelaide, it generously shrunk; fearful of blighting her enjoyments, by its sadness : it was eternally exiled from the hope of uniting with the one so fondly chosen ; and had now no tender relatives to lean on for support under oppressive unkindness.

Tears trickled over the clasped hands of Constantia, as she sat pondering on these things. “No dearest Saint!” she said softly to herself (addressing the shade of the Duchess), “Never shall this hand, which yours joined with that of Demetrius, be given to another! My days shall henceforth be devoted to blessing my fellow creatures, without thought of myself. The poor and the forlorn, shall become my children: O may I find some solace in such sacred duties!”

She then gazed on the picture of Demetrius which lay on her bosom, till its lineaments floated before her swimming eyes. Sighs thronged after each other;

and a fear of impropriety checked the kiss she was just going to give it: but her pure conscience dispelled the momentary doubt. "There can be no harm in a love like mine" she cried, "which wants nothing but his happiness." Angels might have sanctioned this disinterested assertion.

Upon leaving Felieri, she ordered every domestic to be retained; every pension to be continued; and the almoner of the late Duchess to distribute, as formerly, unlimited assistance to the sick and poor. She promised to make Felieri her residence whenever her guardian would permit, until the day that, terminating his power, should enable her to restore it to the young Count Leopoldstat.

This avowal, made in the Prince's presence, threw him into a fit of silent gloom which lasted many hours during their journey. At length he broke it himself, by making a bitter observation on the distribution of his illustrious aunt's fortune.

"Uncle!" said Constantia, "Let us not grow into enemies. I promise to avoid occasions of displeasing you, and I entreat you will do the same by me. To reflect upon the memory of our dear relation, is to rouse all the indignant feelings of my nature. You have no reason to accuse her of injustice: she has shared the greatest part of her property, it is true, between me, and Count Leopoldstat; but, I had been her companion for two years: I had devoted myself to the task of enlivening her solitary old age; and I was portionless: Count Demetrius, at the hazard of his own life, preserved both hers and mine; and he too, was poor. Where, then, was the injustice of giving to the objects of her love and gratitude, what they wanted so much?"

"Remember, Sir, that such censures will provoke two questions — Did you wish for a larger legacy, from interested motives? Or was it merely because it would have proved much love in the giver?"

Constantia's penetrating eyes, seconded these questions as she uttered them: the Prince reddened, while he stammered out an affirmative to the latter.

"Urge that no more, Sir — urge that no more." she cried with great agitation — "Your Highness's own heart will tell you how often and how unkindly you chilled the affectionate breast that was ever open to receive you. No one can expect to be loved, without they love in return : and the remonstrances you made so often against mygrandmamma's mode of spending her income, the haughtiness with which you treated the noble youth that preserved her from a dreadful death, were, I know, considered by her, as proofs of your indifference."

"You are admirably dexterous, Madam, at discovering excuses for a conduct by which you are so much the gainer;" said Nuremberg, "no wonder you plead the cause thus ably. But I query whether the shade of our relative, would accept this spirit of temporal interest, as any great proof of *your* disinterested affection."

“As the greatest,” exclaimed Constantia vehemently, yet bursting into tears: “If I could sit tamely by, even to weep, while she was cruelly traduced, I should be unworthy of her goodness. —

“You know not my soul, uncle, if you really think what you say: wealth can have few charms for a young creature like me whose whole existence, must henceforth be endured, not enjoyed; and who would far rather bury herself and her wretchedness in the cells of a convent, than be thus forced to mingle in a world where she has no longer any source of happiness.”

The Princess of Nuremberg now, kindly pressed the weeping Constantia in her arms: “Nay, you must not speak thus;” she said, “the good Duchess was indeed more than a parent to you; but all happiness is not buried with her!”

“Your Highness’s consolation on that topic, is a work of supererogation” observed the sarcastic Prince. “This young Lady, had no such extravagant notion in her head. She has already given me to understand, that disappointment in love, not regret at the death of a doting grandmother, is the mighty affliction, which makes the world so hateful to her.”

Constantia trembled through every fibre, with a mixture of shame and indignation. Resentment gave her courage, and raising her face from the bosom of her aunt, she said, with modest steadiness, “I ought not to blush at avowing an attachment which grew from gratitude and esteem, into a preference that must for ever exclude another: and I will not deny, that the disappointment of its hopes, is the dark cloud which rests eternally on all my prospects. — Sorrows for which we are not prepared, Prince, fall heavier than those for which we are: reflections on the course of nature, and observation of my beloved parent’s gradual decay, had warned me that I must soon lose her; but for the disappointment —”. Constantia could not proceed further; her tender spirit yielded at the thought of Demetrius ; and she leaned sobbing against the side of the carriage.

“Had your affections been placed upon a proper object,” returned the Prince after a long silence; “I should have been extremely sorry for you: but you must not wonder at my being irritated, exasperated beyond all measure, at this union of meanness with folly. — To become attached to a boy, a beggar, a fellow that prefers some obscure woman to a Princess of Nuremberg! — Gracious heaven! That one should ever have been offered to him! — The Duchess must have been deprived of her senses, thus to disgrace our house and name!”

Constantia’s eyes sparkled with resentment, “I repeat to you, Sir,” she said, “that unless you mean to alienate my heart from you for ever, you must no longer speak of its two dearest objects in such unworthy terms. You are my uncle; as such I am desirous to love and honour you: but I can do neither, if you thus continue wantonly to afflict, cruelly to insult me.

“You know not how much may be done with me, by kindness: treat me tenderly, and you shall have no cause to complain of my inattention even to your Highness’s prejudices.”

The Prince sternly surveyed her. “I find my guardianship will be no easy task, since I have so absurd, and rebellious a spirit, to manage. Do you forget that you are a child? That you have lived little more than eighteen years in the world? Or what is it that makes you presume to dictate terms to your uncle? I am not to be talked with in sentences out of romance: I will hear no more of this *loving for ever*, this devotedness to a boy (as silly and romantic as yourself) only because he has a handsome face, and performed to admiration, the office of a fireman.”

Constantia darted on him another lightening glance, without speaking: he went on. “And as to the preposterous resolution of returning him the Felieri property (unless, indeed, it be a thing colleagued between you, for the sake of giving him an opportunity of *acting* generosity), I have no terms strong enough to call it by. However, I sincerely believe, that in six weeks you will learn the value of property; and in six weeks more, most likely, transfer yourself and your power of doing ridiculous acts, to some other man entitled to demand your hand.”

“When I do, Sir,” answered the young Princess, “I give you leave to lavish on me all those conciliatory epithets with which you have now honoured me.”

As she spoke, she wrapped herself round in her mantle, and leaned back in the carriage, with a look that seemed to say “I shall speak no more on this subject.” The Prince understood it; and his wife remained silent also.

Constantia’s soul was resolute, but her delicate frame ill-seconded its strength: she now shook through every limb; and her heart palpitated to sickness. To this momentary exertion of spirit, languor succeeded, which for the remainder of the journey preserved her in dejected silence.

At Munich, she was plunged into a vortex of company. The Prince scrupulously attended to etiquette in suspending his public days; but under the name of friendly parties, crowded his house as usual.

Nothing could be more disagreeable to his niece, than the sight of strangers at such a period; yet she strove to conciliate where she wished to esteem, and constraining her heart, appeared at all his assemblies.

The youth and beauty of the Princess, were now almost unnoticed: though she was formed to charm a fine taste, under every humour, her present melancholy was far from attracting the multitude; and she herself had no motive for pleasing. Those eyes, which by exciting sweet emotions, embellished the very beauty they gazed on, were far away: Constantia had no one to be charming for; and her soul, careless of display, dwelt inward.

From the gaze of curiosity, or momentary admiration, she turned mournfully away, seeking her only pleasure in the sports of her little cousin (a boy of five years old), to whose endearing gaiety, she often owed a respite from painful musings.

The countenance of this child reminded her of Demetrius. — Amadeus, indeed, resembled his fair cousin, and she was something like her lover; yet none but a lover's eye, would have discovered any similitude between Demetrius and the little Nuremberg. — We are apt to think those objects strictly alike, which produce in us the same emotions; and turning from the sight of angry frowns or pert simpers, to the contemplation of bloom, candour, and intelligence, Constantia delighted to fancy that she found in features so animated, a sketch of her Leopoldstat's.

She was one evening hearing the little fellow say his prayers, before he should be taken to bed, when the door of the room opened, and she beheld Adelaide.

“Dear, unkind Constantia!” cried the latter, advancing, and folding her arms round her, “Why have you left us to learn by chance of your arrival here?”

“I wished to be in better health and spirits:” replied the Princess. “I knew your affectionate heart too well, not to believe that my unavoidable sadness would afflict it.”

She then rose from the embrace of Adelaide, and beheld Charles standing near them.

At sight of him, the brother of Demetrius, her cheeks completely faded: but quickly the blush of innocent shame made them glow again. Charles was penetrated with regret. To see so sweet a creature thus blighted in the very bud of existence; to observe her charming countenance, announcing every qualification requisite to render that existence honourable and happy, now dimmed with disappointment; to recall what she had been so lately, while beholding what she was now, gave an expression of tenderness to his looks, equal to that with which he was accustomed to regard Demetrius.

Constantia comprehended his thoughts, and tears started into her eyes. She tried to smile — “Have I the satisfaction,” she said, “of seeing my friend's husband, in Count Leopoldstat?”

The blush of Adelaide, and smile of Charles, answered this question.

Constantia was magnificently dressed for a supper party of her aunt's; but regardless of every ornament, had lifted her nephew from the ground, and now held him on her bosom sheltered by the train of her velvet robe. The disturbance of her fine hair (part of which braided with jet, fell over her fair shoulders), and the destruction of a beautiful bouquet, never excited a moment's consideration: she kept sheltering the almost-undressed Amadeus in her arms; and

unconsciously looked far more graceful than ever she did in all the precision of the toilette.

The errand of Adelaide was to invite her friend to Marshal Ingersdorf's house; or if that were denied, to offer herself as her visitor.

"And did you believe me capable of tearing you from such a companion as that?" asked the Princess, directing her eyes to Charles, who had purposely taken the pretty Amadeus from its fair nurse, and was now caressing him at a remote end of the apartment. "Happy Adelaide," she added, "how do I delight in the fate that has given you such a husband!"

The brilliant eyes of Adelaide were at the same time fixed on the same graceful object: in sweet tumult, her heart was repeating to itself, "He is mine! He is mine!" while memory rapidly recalled his various excellencies. But the very fulness of her own felicity, made her friend's cup appear more bitter; and she embraced her with redoubled tenderness, protesting, that to comfort one so dear, would turn a painful sacrifice, into a gratification.

"I am sure it would;" replied Constantia, "and I reject so kind an offer, for powerful reasons. For awhile, it will be better that I should not see even your Charles — he is too like — his voice — his smile — that expression of noble sincerity." Her faltering accents lost themselves in sighs, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

Adelaide pressed her hand, while she whispered, "But you shall not see him again till you wish it, if you will but go with me to my father's, or suffer me to come to you. —"

"Alas I cannot:" replied the Princess, "I should be lost, if I were to have any one near me so tender as yourself: my grief must not be indulged: and besides, the Prince of Nuremberg is not likely to bear the name of Leopoldstat, without emotions that would render him an ungracious host to my best friend. Visit me then in this way — comfort me with your occasional society, and you will soon see me as gay as ever."

"As gay as ever! — Ah, my dear Constantia!" — while Adelaide repeated these words, her eyes filled with tears.

Constantia then ventured to ask after Demetrius: and learned that he was still in expectation of his friends from England. When the flutter with which she listened to this, was over, she rang the bell, and desired a servant to inform her uncle and aunt, that the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat were then with her. This message was answered by another, purporting that the Prince would be happy to see them in the drawing room.

The uniform of Charles, was acknowledged dress; and his lovely bride, merely laying aside her pelisse and hat, was habited for an evening: Constantia gave the child to its attendants, and led the way to the drawing room.

A brilliant assembly filled the spacious saloon, at the top of which, Count Leopoldstat recognised the Princess of Nuremberg. She met his graceful salute with a cordiality restrained by fear: her husband coldly bowed.

The majestic manhood of Charles, his unembarrassed nay almost commanding mien, his high military station, and his established fame, somewhat awed the Prince. It was not now, a rash, indiscreet youth, undervaluing his own qualities, and forgetting his own services, that stood before him: it was a man conscious of deserts, as well as birth; one, that was not to be insulted, without bringing upon his insulter, universal opprobrium.

Meanly influenced by public opinion, Nuremberg assumed the Prince, mingled a little courtesy with his loftiness, and condescended to receive Count Leopoldstat with the respect due to his reputation.

Constantia's soft heart melted at this unexpected graciousness. Without suffering herself to see its motive, she strove to evince her gratification by a vivacity which helped to enliven her uncle's visitors while it saddened her own. They were too much in her bosom's secret, to be deceived by externals.

When supper was over, the chamberlain informed the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat, that apartments were prepared for them in the palace. They did not therefore leave Munich till the next morning.

It required all the tenderness of Charles to sooth the grief of his wife, after parting for the night from Princess Constantia. — The pain of seeing her youthful person so altered, overcame Adelaide, and sinking upon a seat, the tears she had restrained before her, fell uncontrolled on the bosom of her husband. But even tears thus shed, had their sweetness: Adelaide remembered the time, when she wept alone and uncomforted for his sake; and as his arms now fondly encircled her, almost wondered at herself for ever weeping at anything.

“We should be too happy,” she said with naïveté, “far too happy, if it were not for our dear Demetrius and Constantia.”

Never to Charles, did the voice of Adelaide sound so delightful, as when she spoke affectionately of his brother. His eyes now filled with more than their usual tenderness; he covered her hand with kisses, and uttered over it, an exclamation of grateful pleasure.

When we love excellent persons, their conduct under misfortune, never fails to solace the pain with which we participate in their calamity: Leopoldstat drew from the fortitude of Constantia, solid consolation for his wife. She was too susceptible of whatever is admirable in human character, not to confess that Constantia's evident endeavour to stifle regret, and to fulfil the duties of her important station, was a cordial to her own distress.

Before the family assembled at breakfast the next morning, the friends passed two hours together. In this interview Adelaide found fresh reasons for lamenting the trials of a young creature, whose tender heart embracing all the sufferers of earth, already began to occupy itself with numberless plans for their succour.

Constantia had none of that selfish weakness, which delights in extracting the commiseration of friendship by an unnecessary display of irremediable misery: she therefore did not dwell on the subject heaviest in her breast, nor express her determination of never marrying. But Adelaide guessed this resolution. The Princess chalked out a scheme of her future life, which spread so wide in munificent expense, and was so remote from all idea of control, that she unawares betrayed her secret. The Countess sighed as she perceived it, inwardly repining at the destiny which prevented them from being sisters.

As they were about to join the family, Constantia said, hesitatingly — “Remember me to Demetrius; but how, I know not: — as his friend, his unchangeable friend!” — she cast down her eyes, sighed deeply, and then resumed — “Whatever may befall him, Adelaide, let me always know it: I could not live, without permitting myself to share in every one of his joys or sorrows. You misunderstand me sadly, if you suppose me capable of forgetting him — ah no — the hope of living to hear he is quite happy — perhaps of witnessing that happiness — alone animates my soul.”

The appearance of the Princess of Nuremberg at an opposite door opening into the same gallery, checked the reply of Adelaide.

Glad of an opportunity to show attention where it was due, and removed from the petrific glance of her husband, the Princess approached Madame Leopolstat, and made her usual enquiries about her accommodations and rest, which though nothing in themselves, are transmuted into precious things by a gracious manner.

Adelaide answered this courteousness with a smile that invited further kindness, and by several remarks on the young Amadeus, made her way instantly to the heart of his mother.

The ladies then entered the breakfast room, and found Count Leopolstat and the Prince already there. In the long conversation which these gentlemen had held, upon books, politics, and persons, the former sounded without difficulty, the intellect of the latter: he found it miserably shallow; and consequently pitied those, otherwise, detestable prejudices, which were the joint product of a defective education and a feeble mind.

Had a man of sense acted as the Prince of Nuremberg did, Leopolstat would have treated him with austere indignation: but convinced that his conduct resulted from an ill-humoured temperament which knew not the restraint of reason, he looked at him with compassion, and behaved to him with civility.

As they had both avoided a discussion of the transactions at Felieri, they sat down to breakfast with more appearance of cordiality, than they had met the evening before.

Charles caressed the little Amadeus with so much sweetness (allowing him to twist his hair into a thousand fantastic forms), that he thawed some of the ice on the heart of the Prince; who must have been a monster, had he not felt like a father, while his child was yet of that happy age, from which nothing can spring to jar parental affection.

He condescended to say, that when Count Leopolstat should be released from service and resident in Vienna, he should have the honour of returning this visit, and that till then, he hoped to have the pleasure of receiving him and his Countess occasionally at Munich.

Charles bowed; but took care to shew that he accepted so haughty an invitation, principally from a wish of facilitating the interviews of his wife and the young Princess.

Soon after breakfast, the carriage was announced, and Adelaide bade adieu to her friend.

CHAPTER III

On the road to Tuttlingen, they encountered Demetrius, who was galloping home after having executed some orders given him by the General. As he leaned from his horse against the opened window of the carriage, his excessive paleness alarmed the Count and Countess.

Charles observed such a tremor in his voice, that he hastily asked if anything extraordinary had happened? His brother alternately changing colour, said, "I have received a letter from Madame de Fontainville: she is at Hamburg very ill and I cannot obtain leave to go to her." — The extreme agitation of his manner, rendered these few sentences almost unintelligible.

Adelaide laid her hand affectionately on his, beseeching him not to alarm himself, as she doubted not but Madame de Fontainville's sickness was the consequence of a long protracted voyage.

"I hope so," replied Demetrius, still trembling in his speech — "but to know she is in the same country with me — and so ill! — I would give the world to go to her — she will think me ungrateful — cold-hearted — you know not how this intelligence has affected me."

"I see how much it has," observed Charles; "but my dear brother you agitate yourself without cause. Madame de Fontainville is acquainted with the restraints laid on a soldier during war; she will not, she cannot expect you. — A letter is the only proof of anxiety which duty leaves in your power. — What is her complaint?"

"Here are the few lines she has written," said Demetrius, holding them out, with an unsteady hand; they were meant to save me from apprehension: but instead of that, they make me fear." — His lips refused to utter what he feared: for in the probability of losing Zaire by death, he lost all consciousness of preferring another.

Upon reading the letter, Charles found that Madame de Fontainville's disorder was a violent fever, in consequence of a boisterous voyage: Seeing no grounds for encouraging premature alarm, he suggested so many cheering circumstances, that Demetrius became composed.

"Ah that apprehensive heart of his!" cried Charles (as he drew up the carriage window, and his brother kissed his hand to them with a tearful smile), "When will he be able to allay its restless sensibility?" He spoke this with the air of a man engrossed by one object; and Adelaide forbore to disturb the current of his reflections. He fell into a deep reverie about Demetrius; while her thoughts roved from supposition to supposition, from Hamburg to Munich, from Zaire living, to Zaire dead, with an agitation that made fancy painful.

On reaching home (for Charles had hired a house *pro tempore*) they found the Field Marshal impatient for their return.

“So you vagrants!” he cried, “You have found the way back at last. I have had a precious dismal time of it since you left me what with the want of my breakfast maker, and what with your brother, Charles! (Who by the way, is at once one of the most agreeable and disagreeable puppies in existence) I am both hungry and miserable. I foresee he’ll cost me as many sighs as might fill the sails of a navy. What the plague did you bring him from Italy for? Had I not had enough of torment with you? I have been trying to get him ten days leave; but it can’t be done: and so, doubtless, I must set off myself for Hamburg, and learn what’s the matter with the foolish woman.”

The sincerest concern struggled through the jocularly of the Marshal. Ignorant of young Leopold’s later attachment to Princess Constantia, and well acquainted with the violence of his former passion, he was earnest in the wish of obtaining for him, certain accounts of Madame de Fontainville’s situation.

Adelaide warmly seconded this benevolent intention, and Charles accepted the service with gratitude.

When Demetrius joined them, and learnt that the Marshal only waited for a letter of introduction to the Marquis de Liancour, his thankfulness expressed itself in his eyes; he wrote a few agitated lines to Zaire, and then Ingersdorf departed.

This agitation of Demetrius’s was far from assumed, or wilfully fomented. Constantia, indeed, was the object of his tenderest preference; but having once loved the interesting Zaire, having uniformly received from her the liveliest testimonies of exclusive and faithful passion, he would have been lost to the common sensibilities of youth, had he not contemplated with anguish, the prospect of her death. Before his brother and sister, he concealed part of his anxiety; and as they never talked more of Constantia than circumstances rendered unavoidable, he was not distracted with solicitude about her.

The third day of the Marshal’s absence, Adelaide was sitting alone, expecting the return of her husband and brother, when she was startled by the sound of her father’s voice: She rose, and hastening to the room door, saw him and the Marquis de Liancour, slowly leading Madame de Fontainville along the gallery.

Transfixed into painful surprise, she stood for a moment motionless; but dismissing the sudden emotion, hurried forward, and took the place of the Marshal. This was no time for questions; Madame de Fontainville with difficulty reached the supper room, where she sunk on a sofa without speaking. Softly instructing her companions how best to support her, Adelaide would not crowd the place with attendants, but brought and administered restoratives herself. She had then leisure to look at the poor invalid.

Where was that beauty which seemed capable of defying time and decay? Under the grasp of death, it hath withered. No crimson blood now flowed through the finely-rounded cheek, and smiling mouth; no sparkling fluid floated over the rayless eyes; that skin which once dazzled with animated whiteness was turned to lifeless marble; and the shape, which a statuary might have selected for a Phryne, was wasted nearly away.

Still, to the gaze of pitying remembrance, there remained some touches of exquisite loveliness. Adelaide's tender heart melted within her; and gently putting her arms round the panting Zaire, she supported her fainting head on her bosom! She then besought both gentlemen to withdraw, in order to prevent the abrupt entrance of Leopoldstat, whom she whispered them to prepare for the extreme indisposition of Madame de Fontainville.

When strength and speech returned to Zaire, she expressed her gratitude with all the energy of unsubdued sensibility. "I shall not live to be your sister, sweet Adelaide!" she faintly said, "But this goodness makes me feel as if I were so. — I am much better now; where is Demetrius? — Surely the sight of him, will give me back my life!"

Tears gushed to her eyes, as she pronounced this hopeless wish: they started in those of her pitying attendant. — Adelaide hastened to change the subject, by inquiring how they had met thus soon? With a gasping breath, Madame de Fontainville related, that having overcome the crisis of her fever, and being impatient to see Demetrius, she had prevailed upon her father to proceed; and had reached a stage fifty miles distant, when completely overcome, they stopped for the night Marshal Ingersdorf happened to hear their names mentioned as he was changing horses at the same inn, and immediately presented himself. He would have persuaded her to remain where she was (her fever having returned), but she foreboded too sad a termination, to follow his judicious counsel: she persisted in proceeding; and the dejected de Liancour had nothing left but to accept the services of the Marshal, and permit him to become their companion onwards.

Unintentionally deceived by the worthy Ingersdorf, who painted the anxiety of Demetrius in the most vivid colours, Madame de Fontainville never for an instant suspected that the heart of her lover, had yielded up its passion at the command of virtue. Adelaide perceived this; and thought it no crime to indulge so soothing an error.

When her patient was sufficiently recovered, she ceded to her impatience, and went in search of Demetrius: he was now with de Liancour and the Marshal, listening to the unexpected confession of Zaire's danger.

Never before, had Adelaide beheld such anguish in the countenance of any human creature. He was shocked past all expression: for the very consciousness of preferring another, to a woman so devoted, and once so beloved, added stings to the barb of grief.

He now eagerly obeyed his sister's summons. At the door of Zaire's apartment, he turned to Adelaide, and said hastily "Leave me here." He entered; and Adelaide lingered a moment, fearful of the effect which his presence might have on Madame de Fontainville. His passionate exclamation of tenderness and sorrow, was lost in sighs: but she distinctly heard Zaire say, "Yes — yours; — yours still, even in death."

Adelaide then moved lightly away, and meeting Charles, was led by him into a neighbouring apartment: there they mourned together, in silence.

On the arrival of a physician, for whom Count Leopoldstat had sent, Adelaide went to procure Madame de Fontainville's permission, for his admittance: the appearance of her gentle figure at the room door, roused Demetrius: he folded the still dear Zaire, ardently in his arms, and whispering a benediction for the night, broke from her. —

Adelaide approached the invalid. — "Whatever becomes of me," cried the latter, with wild enthusiasm, "I am happy, completely happy! — I have seen him! — I have again felt the throbbing of that faithful heart! — I shall see him tomorrow too! O gracious, too indulgent Heaven!" At these words, she fell back in a fit, occasioned by excess of grief, and excess of joy.

The aid of the physician was now found indispensable: his utmost efforts to calm her convulsive agitation were a long time fruitless: at length she sunk into a dull trance, during which, she was conveyed to bed; and from which she awoke, deprived of reason.

The spirits of Charles and Adelaide were now severely tasked: as this delirium was the consequence of hurried feelings, and might be dated from the hour in which she heard of her husband's death, and as it was accompanied by a raging fever, no hopes were entertained of her recovery. To comfort the father, to quiet the irritable sensibility of the Marshal, to prepare the mind of Demetrius, and to write a short detail of their situation to Princess Constantia, sadly occupied the before-happy hours of the young Countess.

Benevolence is nearly omnipotent: for the delicate Adelaide found not only mental but bodily strength for all these exertions.

During a whole week, never once did a ray of reason penetrate the darkened intellect of Zaire: yet its visions were delightfully bright; and she seemed to preserve in madness, the transporting emotion by which it had been produced.

While gazing on the rapturous smile dimpling her hectic cheek, while listening to the ecstatic fondness with which she addressed the object of her fatal attachment, Demetrius no longer regretted that she had been innocently deceived. He sat night and day by her side, though she knew him not; and perpetually spoke to others of him, as if he were absent.

In answer to her friend's letter, Constantia wrote a reply fraught with sympathy. She accompanied it with a variety of such presents as are sometimes acceptable to the sick, and which cannot always be procured; entrusting them to the care of the celebrated Dr. —, the first physician in Swabia, for whom she had sent express to Ulm.

A greater proof of love and humanity, Constantia could not have given: Adelaide burned to tell Demetrius to whom he was indebted for such tender consideration: but a moment's reflection showed her the indiscretion of reviving ideas that must clash with his present feelings.

The prescriptions of Dr. — were as unavailing as those of the Bavarian physician: yet it was consolatory to have the best possible advice. Zaire's senses were gone past recall; and her life, was therefore no longer the subject of her father's prayers!

Foreseeing the hour of her dissolution, the medical men recommended Charles to detain his brother from her apartment. For this purpose an excuse was devised, which betrayed Demetrius into the belief that her slumbers ought to be watched only by Adelaide. He left her unwillingly; and went with his brother to breathe the air, in an avenue leading from the house.

Here Count Leopoldstat tenderly sought to prepare and fortify his mind for the shock that awaited him. Demetrius heard in silence: but his spirits so lately saddened by the death of the Duchess di Felieri, were incapable of receiving any other than mournful impressions. To their distempered view, one universal pall seemed to cover the whole living world: he brooded over death and the grave with a terrible composure, which resulted from the complete despair of future comfort.

On reaching the house again, this calmness ended. They met Marshal Ingersdorf at the hall door: he was pale and agitated. Shocked by the expression of his features, Demetrius would have rushed past him, had he not forcibly pulled him back, exclaiming in a tone that would not suffer him to be mistaken — "You must not go in there."

The worthy veteran hastily drew out his handkerchief and covered his face.

Rooted to the spot, Demetrius gazed at him with wild fixedness, for a moment, that seemed an age to his afflicted brother — "My God! For what am I reserved — he said, and turned away. —

Charles walked silently by his side till they reached their quarters: there, tenderly embracing, they parted, without having exchanged a single word.

Leaving his brother to the salutary indulgence of a sorrow in which he participated, Count Leopoldstat, retraced the path towards Tuttlingen: he was anxious to be with Adelaide, whose spirit was likely to fail under the present shock.

As he swiftly traversed the skirts of the forest, his thoughts unavoidably dwelt on the awful lesson which this untimely death of Madame de Fontainville, presented to the young and susceptible.

To a sensibility perniciously indulged, and blind to everything beyond present enjoyment, she evidently owed the loss of her life. Had she submitted to a short delay of promised blessings, and consulted not her own gratification, but the peace of her father, by sacrificing impetuous eagerness, to his parental fears, she might have lived and been happy. Instead of that she had given reins to the wildest agitation; destroyed her frame by impatient agonies at their protracted voyage; and when seized with sickness, thought only of beholding Demetrius, without reflecting on the grief she was causing a tender parent, or that which must overwhelm her lover, should she die in his presence.

Charles deeply ruminated on these things. He tenderly pitied where he was forced to censure; and though convinced that this mournful event would eventually produce a greater share of comfort to his brother than could otherwise have been his lot, he sorrowed most sincerely that any circumstance should have rendered it desirable.

As he expected, Adelaide was hardly able to go through with the pious offices remaining to be fulfilled. Zaire had expired in her arms: happily without struggle or consciousness; but an event so affecting at any other time, was doubly dreadful at this period, when the heart of Adelaide, warm with love and felicity, and just united eternally to the object of its fondest choice, shrunk from the recollection of decay and mortality.

She had not been above three weeks a wife, and almost every hour of that short space, had been filled with sharing in other's sufferings. But Charles praised her; Charles repeated the endearing expressions of tenderness exulting in its object, and she forgot regret.

A brief yet severe illness, confined Demetrius to his chamber, during the interval that elapsed between the death of Madame de Fontainville, and the interment of her remains: Charles fulfilled every requisite duty for him; and saw the beautiful corpse laid in its last bed, with the same solemnities and honours, that he would have paid to that of a sister.

The Marquis de Liancour, left Swabia for England, unable to take leave of Demetrius; and resolving to spend the remnant of existence, far from the scene of his misfortunes.

No attempts at premature consolation were attempted by Leopoldstat and his Countess, when their sorrowing brother came again into their circle. Acquainted with the former inclinations of his heart, as well as with its too-tumultuous sensibility, they deemed it best to trust every thing to time: they foresaw the hour, when the deep gloom now resting over his wishes, would

gradually clear away before reviving hope, and show him the appointed land of domestic bliss.

In Constantia of Nuremberg, they contemplated a future sister; and to the faithful attachment of that amiable Princess committed the task of consolation,

Marshal Ingersdorf being completely ignorant of this cheering expectation (which consideration for female delicacy induced his daughter still to conceal), was next to Demetrius, the most melancholy person at Tuttlingen. Strangely compounded of whimsical roughness and romantic softness, he was peculiarly susceptible of that pity which Zaire's excessive passion, was calculated to excite: and judging from his own destiny (which had given him the object of his first affection), rather than from his own nature, he believed it impossible for the young man ever to love again.

Influenced into livelier compassion by this belief, he benevolently devoted himself to the endeavour of alleviating his distress. Demetrius gratefully registered every act of the Marshal's kindness, and repaid them, by striving to overcome the weakness they were meant to soothe.

He was afflicted, but not inconsolable: for a bright angel invited him forward on the track of life. The cup of happiness, it is true, no longer offered him a draught unmingled with bitterness: but, though remembrance of Zaire might taint its sweetness, that would not destroy it wholly. He yielded, therefore, to the pensive hope; and often did a fond sigh for Constantia and a sad tear for Madame de Fontainville spring from his heart at the same instant.

In no bosom did the late event produce such a sudden revolution as in that of Constantia. Awestruck as she was, and moved by sympathy with the grief of the man she loved, she could not repress that delightful hope which palpitated within her. — Demetrius unhappy, was still dearer than Demetrius devoid of care: she longed to pour balm on his wounded spirit; and to assure him, that existence spent with him (though saddened, perhaps, by his regretting another) would be transport to her.

Certain of being yet more to him than all the world, her thoughts hurried irresistibly forward to the future: there, instead of an undeviating life of solitary retirement, and barren duties, prospects of social pleasure, active employments, and all the sweet relations of wife, parent, and friend, presented themselves in cheerful tumult. It was for a life like this, that Constantia was formed and her youthful heart now sprang with eager anticipation to meet its favourite destiny.

To break unseasonably upon the sadness of Demetrius even with the only good he now coveted, entered not the mind of the Princess: she was satisfied with being at liberty to indulge a sentiment which she had found it so hard to control; and trusted to the arrival of Adelaide, (who was about to leave Tuttlingen) for the confirmation of her lover's constancy.

Preparations for the ensuing campaign, were now commencing on the Frontiers; which of course was no longer a place for women.

The month of January was over; and Charles beginning to feel the bitterness of a soldier's fate, in the prospect of a long separation from Adelaide. She however, refused to ratify the promise made to her aunt and uncle, of joining them at Vienna, persisting in a resolution of remaining at least in the neighbourhood of the army.

The house of Marshal Ingersdorf, being only three miles from Munich, was fixed for her residence, as she could there receive accounts from the Black Forest several times a week, and enjoy the society of her friend Constantia.

Painful, at the best, is the fate of the woman who loves a soldier. Never did Adelaide endure such anguish as when she parted from Charles; never before, did she yield herself up to so many ungoverned fears! — Nay, it seemed impossible to her that she should live, and know him exposed to dangers of which she did not partake. At this moment, the fond despair of a wife thought it would be bliss to perish by the same ball that carried death to her husband.

By what standard then, shall we measure happiness, since it shapes itself so variously?

Leopolstat had made no small sacrifice in procuring leave for Demetrius, instead of himself, to escort Adelaide and the Marshal on their journey. He saw them depart, with a heart that, for the first time, trembled at the uncertainty of war his eyes ached with gazing after them, and when he moved from the place where he had bidden them farewell, he found that in the energy of domestic affection, even patriotism itself, loses half its force.

During their almost silent journey, Adelaide frequently fixed her eyes upon the face of Demetrius, hoping to read something there, which might direct her future conduct: but her extreme anxiety to gratify his wishes, prevented her from discovering what those wishes were; and sometimes she thought he would internally accuse her of unkindness if she suffered him to depart without seeing Constantia, and sometimes she suspected that he would rather avoid the interview.

The name of the Princess was not mentioned till the carriage stopped at the gates of Ingersdorf; the Marshal then expressed a hope that Constantia might be there to receive them. At that name, Demetrius turned pale; and throwing himself out of the chaise, laid his hand on a horse, which he had previously ordered his servant to lead forwards from the last stage.

"I shall return immediately to Charles" he faintly articulated. Adelaide repeated his words, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret.

The Marshal loudly expostulated. "Why, you disagreeable puppy!" he exclaimed, "Don't you know 'tis past midnight? And don't you see, that you can't

see? The night's as dark as Erebus ; and yet nothing will serve you but going to have your throat cut in the Black Forest."

"I shall ride only one stage tonight," replied Demetrius, mounting as he spoke; "indeed, Sir, I can have no rest till I am so far on my way back to Charles. I am very unfit for society at present. Surely my dear sister will confess I ought not to stop at Ingersdorf."

Adelaide understood him and while her heart glowed with approbation, she wondered at herself for having doubted how he would act. She napproached him, " I do not press your stay, she whispered, "you feel exactly as I would have you — return to myCharles; — and O! Whenever he is nobly prodigal of his safety, be near, to remind him of *me*."

Demetrius promised her this; while agitated with a sudden burst of tears, she hurried into the house

Princess Constantia, apprised of her friend's coming, was indeed ready to receive her: they met in each other's arms.

After the first hurry of joy, Adelaide looked at Constantia: the sight of her, acted like a charm on her perturbed spirits. Again she beheld spring in that Aurora-like countenance which had lost its animating freshness, when she last saw it.

"I hope you do not think me unfeeling, said the Princess in answer to one of her friend's congratulatory remarks, "indeed, indeed, I am not. Heaven knows how sincere were the tears that fell from my eyes, upon first hearing of Madame de Fontainville's death. But she was personally unknown to me; and the last interview I had had with Demetrius in that — O Adelaide, how much love for me did it not reveal! Will you blame me then; am I pitiless, in thus forgetting all things but happiness and him?"

The young Countess affectionately gazed on the tearful apprehensiveness, which now clouded the Princess: "Far from it, my sweet Constantia," she said, "a hard struggle between pity for another, and hopes for ourselves, has been allotted to us all: Charles and I have shared your emotions too often, for us to be harsh judges."

She then proceeded to recapitulate everything interesting to the woman who loved Demetrius: and though while she related past events, silent drops trickled down the cheeks of Constantia, it was a sweet sorrow which made them flow.

Affection delights to behold its object in every admirable point of view; and Demetrius thus displayed to her in the midst of jarring wishes and opposite duties; suffering agonies intolerable, yet suffering them without complaint, became exalted above humanity.

As the Marshal had retired to rest, the moment after saluting the Princess, the friends were left free to spend the night in conversation: but Constantia would not gratify herself at the expense of another's comfort; she therefore reminded Adelaide of her fatigue, and they separated.

Completely wretched, meanwhile, was the heart of Demetrius. Cruel circumstances had so associated the idea of Zaire, with that of Constantia, that as he now involuntarily thought strongly of the one, the other pressed upon him with additional force. Memory presented to him at the same moment, those epochs in his different attachments, which constituted the misery of their remembrance: Zaire alive, fond, beautiful, adored; Zaire, half lost in his impassioned embrace; Zaire in the grave; were images too wild for softer recollections to overcome. The innocent endearments of Constantia, at the hour of his first departure from Felieri; her anguish in the death scene of the Duchess; nay, even her tender vows when they were about to part for ever, gave way before those remembrances which death had sanctified.

"Thy ashes are yet warm, my Zaire!" he groaned inwardly; and the blood froze in his veins, as a momentary vision, warm with bliss and Constantia, fled from his shuddering mind. The reins fell from his hand on the neck of his horse: and smiting his breast, he gazed wildly round, almost expecting to see the afflicted spirit of Zaire, embodied to reproach him.

His horse stopped; and the heart of its rider, throbbed quickly. A hollow wind muttering among innumerable branches overhanging the road, was the only sound that came to his ear: everything else was still; and all things were steeped in unfathomable darkness. He remained awhile listening to the heavy murmur of the trees, though their dreary sound increased the oppression of his soul.

"O time!" he exclaimed at length, "O heart! (Of which everyday discovers to me new feelings, either to lament or to dread.) What am I to become at last? Is this the same being which once believed Zaire a part of itself, yet which now survives her? Can it indeed be, that I should love another, while she lies buried in the earth? I, that but for Constantia, must have clung to her grave, till life had ended. — Will the hour ever arrive, when I shall think of Zaire without regret, or behold her grave without agony? O never, never! Rather let me die, Constantia, rather let me die! Than outlive the bitter grief I owe to thy too tender rival."

Tenacious of its affections, the young and virtuous heart, shudders at change and death, which dissolves the union of common souls, seems but to cement more closely, that which once riveted the good.

In the full strength of renewed grief, Demetrius suddenly saw the apparently frightful end, to which time would inevitably conduct him the object now, was shocking to his infirm sensibility; but every succeeding day, and hour, would gradually diminish the vividness of those recollections, which rendered it so abhorrent; and new impressions made by another passion, other hopes, other

anxieties, would prevent him from recurring to the past, by fixing all his regards upon the future.

There are periods in the lives of all men, when external circumstances and inward, weakness, fortuitously meet, and take from them the power of mental resistance. With the same motives to abandon themselves to wretchedness today as they had yesterday, they will yet feel and appear far more wretched. Demetrius at this moment, could not reason himself into composure, or find in the possibility of future happiness, anything but an occasion for self-abhorrence.

For the first time since Zaire's death, his tears poured in torrents; and a frantic wish to die (so to escape from anguish, which, while it lasted, seemed as if it would be eternal) alone possessed his breast.

He would have pursued his journey unconsciously through the blackness of midnight, had not his servant made a more accurate calculation of the discomforts and dangers of such a progress: his voice gave timely notice of the posthouse ; at which Demetrius alighted: where instantly retiring to a chamber, he cast himself on the bed, hopeless of sleep.