

CHAPTER VIII

In total ignorance of that painful circumstance, which rendered the murder of Demetrius almost certain, Adelaide quitted Vienna, warm with the hopes which Constantia had awakened.

Yielding to a sweet superstition, she believed that her friend's expectations had something of prophecy in them; and frequently, when the thought of his brother's irreparable loss, blanched the cheek of Leopoldstat, she urged her own fond fancy with all the earnestness of conviction.

He heard her in silence: but the iron grasp of despair, was at his heart.

In consequence of that feebleness which still incapacitated the Count from enduring much exertion, their journey was the work of many days. It was evening when they reached Leopoldstat.

The sun was just setting behind the castle, in the same splendour with which Charles had seen it, when he last visited his home; the convent bell was tolling for vespers; the marble quarry shone with reflected light. As he beheld it, the beautiful vision of the past, the picturesque objects he had remarked there, the blooming youth of Demetrius, made, for an instant, a frightful impression of reality: he leaned forwards from the window, suddenly recollected himself, and throwing his head back in the carriage, gave way to tears.

How do the gay bubbles of hope and expectation, burst under the noiseless foot of Time! — Charles had always promised his soul, a kind of holiday of delight, whenever peace should enable him to take possession of this inheritance, endeared to him as the place of his birth, and the gift of Adelaide: he now came to it, without one emotion of pleasure.

That sentiment of desolation, which the heart, bereaved of a dear object, spreads over all creation, seemed in his imagination to have fixed its eternal throne at Leopoldstat. It "breathed a browner horror o'er the woods"; it chilled him in the thundering torrent, and the sweeping storm; it pervaded every sound, and every view; and rendered the expected birth of his child, only an important event, that would for ever calendar the date of his direst calamity.

But he refused indulgence to a sentiment, which, if suffered to increase, palsies the firmest souls, and takes from them, both the power and the will, to fulfil their appointed duties. He sought society: he directed all the tenderness of his nature, towards his wife; he strove to surround her with that tempered cheerfulness, so agreeable to elegant minds; and often in the fond attempt at making her happy, nearly rendered himself so.

In the company of Madame Forsheim, and the occasional visits of the prior from St. Xavier's, two months past away: at the expiration of that time, he became father. What a multitude of strange, delightful emotions, pervaded him,

when he took his child, for the first time, into his arms! They effaced every former impression; they spread bliss throughout his soul; as if he were suddenly endued with a new and more exquisite sense, than any hitherto known: or as if he waked in heaven, and found himself etherialised amidst beatitude.

He stood long wrapped in this trance, without moving his eyes from the infant's face, and scarcely breathing: at last, some other person's action, disturbed the babe; it waked, and it cried. The dream now ended: the father's mind was instantly crowded with images of care and sorrow; and the idea of Demetrius, like a piercing pain momentarily lulled, returned with apparently tenfold strength.

It was different with Adelaide. The birth of their child, was to her a circumstance that still further abstracted her from other considerations: it had long been dearly familiar to all her thoughts; it was ever blended with some solicitude about herself, and far more about her husband. His disappointment if the babe should be born dead, and his grief if she should perish, occupied her incessantly. She could never forget that an hour of trial and anxiety awaited her; and therefore dwelling so much on one object, weakened her perception of another.

When first, she pressed the infant to her bosom, the emotion she felt, was not like Charles's, new and bewildering; it was but the same bliss, perfected and secured, which had often before, thrilled transiently, through her frame. — She saw in it, an innocent creature, to love and to protect; one that was henceforth to be entirely dependent upon her tenderness; and full of a conviction, at once so sacred and so sweet, she surrendered herself to happiness: half believing, that since so much was already given, Providence would not deny the rest.

The birth of this babe, therefore, was to her, a good omen; but to Charles a sad memorial.

It was now, December, and the dying year had been as fatal to the hopes of Germany, as to the domestic peace of Count Leopold.

Fluctuating and weak, the councils of the Austrian cabinet, while they changed their measures, only varied their methods of being contemptible: given up to petty jealousies, party cabals, and female influence, they had planned without judgment, and acted without concert. In giving the command of the armies to the Archduke Charles, they had ever contrived to neutralise the wisdom of such a choice, by referring his operations to the Aulic council; which deciding at a distance, upon plans that he formed where they were to be executed, and of which promptness was the very life, seldom judged rightly, or decided with sufficient dispatch.

The grand army, during this campaign, had been committed to another General, as brave, but not so penetrating; one, who was equally fettered by

useless restrictions, and who consequently could not be expected to emulate his predecessor's glory.

After the conclusion of a second armistice, Prince Charles was solicited to accept again the important post of Commander in Chief. He stipulated for full powers ; and they could no longer be withheld.

Austria had sought her protector too late. On repairing to headquarters, the Archduke found an ill-provided army, dispirited, and broken to pieces: he had not time to seek those resources which his inventive genius instantly suggested, for the enemy swept forwards like a resistless sea, and to wait their approach was to court inevitable destruction.

Their tide of success still rolled terribly on: he was driven back towards Vienna; from which the affrighted inhabitants fled with the precipitation of despair.

The Prince now saw, that peace only could save his country: stifling, therefore, all those selfish sensibilities to popular or particular opinion (which often stimulate men to the prosecution of an object that they know will fail them at last); he abandoned a vain attempt; signing a truce at Steyr, which was but the prelude to a final termination of the war in the ensuing year.

As the news of every defeat reached the retirement of Count Leopolstat, he reflected with more embittered regret, on his inability to share in those exertions and disasters, which, made and suffered with an unsubdued heart, in a good cause, are so many crowns of glory to a patriot soldier. He contemplated the growing power of France with dreadful forebodings: and when a pacification was finally concluded, while others gave themselves up to careless joy, he saw in this delusive peace only that horrid calm which precedes an earthquake: he saw that France would gather accumulated force from this temporary restraint, and would at length burst over the whole Continent, in one wide war of extermination.

It was perhaps fortunate for Count Leopolstat, that public affairs so often wrested his thoughts from their usual subject: for the days, the weeks, the months passed, and nothing transpired about Demetrius.

Pierre seemed to have vanished; — Colonel Wurtzburg was quietly going through the routine of his duty in garrison; and the Prince of Nuremberg remained shut up with his family in Venice. All those glimmering lights, which in newspapers and mistaken intelligence, had successively started up and disappeared, served only to deepen the gloom which enveloped the mystery.

Charles began to relinquish even the dreary hope of discovering the destroyer of his brother: but with the hope, he would not abandon the attempt. No sooner was the safety of Vienna ascertained, by the peace of Luneville, than he quitted Hungary, taking with him his wife and child, and the amiable Madame Forsheim. It was his intention to leave them under the care of his uncle and

father-in-law, while he seized the opportunity of passing into France, and trying to find out the abode of Pierre. For that he had returned to his native country, he now no longer doubted; and that he was the criminal, he had never scrupled to believe.

The advice of Count Forsheim awhile delayed this plan. Forsheim had lately heard from the agent on his estate in Gorizia, of a stranger (a Frenchman too) who had engaged one of his houses; and who, though vulgar in his mien and manners, lived in great wealth: the unwillingness with which this man spoke of himself, or his affairs, together with some mistake which had arisen from persons inquiring after him by different names, made Forsheim suspect that their search was now ready to end. He communicated the matter to Leopold; and as he was then going to this estate with his wife, he offered either to prosecute the inquiry alone, or to make him his companion.

Charles determined upon the latter; and they set out immediately.

After a few days journey, the travellers did not reach Count Forsheim's house, till midnight: at such an hour no excuse could be formed for invading the privacy of a stranger, and therefore the friends were obliged to make a merit of necessity, and defer their visit till the morning.

Anxiety amounting to torture; feelings which had just enough of hope in them, to rack and to agonise (and compared with which, the death of desperate certainty would have been blessedness), kept the eyes of Charles from closing during the night. He left his restless bed at the dawn of day, and impatiently waited for the appearance of Forsheim, who seemed to sleep as if he had taken an opiate.

In consequence of the war in Italy, Soldini had accepted for himself and niece, the asylum offered by Count Forsheim: they had long been established in Gorizia, and were now introduced to the brother of their lost favourite, Demetrius. Lorenza made breakfast with trembling hands; for she partook warmly in the general anxiety, and inwardly breathed a prayer for their success, as they took the path towards the stranger's.

When they reached the house door, Charles (although wrapped in a large cloak) drew back that he might not be known: Forsheim advanced. What was their mortification, to find the man they sought, was already out! On questioning the servant, they learnt that he was gone with some guests, to see the mines at Idrija. They resolved to follow him: the place to which the servant directed them was not half a league off; and the answers he gave to some questions of Leopold's, stimulating them with fresh hope, they proceeded forwards.

At the mouth of the principal shaft, they were told that Monsieur Bernadotte (such was the stranger's name) had descended into the mine with two other foreigners. Eager in the pursuit, and fearful of losing his prey, Charles proposed going down after him: Forsheim consented.

At any other period than this, in which the thoughts of both, were too much occupied to regard outward circumstances, neither Forsheim nor Charles, would have seated themselves without shuddering, in the dismal machine, which precipitated them, above a hundred fathoms below the surface of a steep mountain.

They descended in complete silence, and total darkness: no sound broke the hideous stillness, but the whirring noise of the ropes and pulleys by which they were let down; and when they alighted, only a pale lamp, glimmering here and there among caverns as black as Erebus, served to mark with greater precision, the horror and vastness of the place.

At first, nothing was discernible by Charles, except a wide expanse of blackness, on which, these lamps were mere specks of light by degrees the darkness seemed to diminish; and he discovered on all sides, ghastly figures flitting through it, like condemned souls. A continued sound as of the pealing of distant thunder, was heard to roll among the caverns: it was the echo of their footsteps.

“Ought we not to find that fiend, in such a hell as this?” whispered Forsheim; his companion shuddered, and sighed profoundly.

A man now approached, and hearing their errand, offered to conduct them to that part of the mine, where Monsieur Bernadotte was resting: they followed him. On advancing to a group of persons who were curiously watching the labours of the wretched miners, Charles felt his heart beat with uncontrollable agitation; his limbs failed under him for a moment, and he grasped Forsheim’s arm for support: but quickly recovering, he sprang forwards.

At the sound of his own name, Bernadotte turned hastily round: he lifted up his head, and showed Charles the face of a stranger.

Had the restoration of his brother’s life depended upon identifying Pierre, in this Frenchman, the disappointment could hardly have been more acute. “It is not the man!” he exclaimed, while leaving Forsheim to apologise, he hurried into another division of the mine.

The dismal emotions excited by the sight of multitudes, doomed to drink in the poisonous vapour, which they know contains their death; now heightened the wild disappointment of Leopoldstat: as these unhappy wretches lingered along the vaulted cells, he felt something like madness seize upon his brain; and he caught the arm of Forsheim with alarming wildness.

“Let us quit this horrid place!” he cried, “I am no longer myself!”

Without a conductor, they entered the first opening that offered; it led them along a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit one at a time. Forsheim went first:

“I think we are right,” he observed, “come on.”

Charles followed the passage, till it suddenly spread out into a lofty cavern, where, by the lurid glare of one lamp, he descried a solitary figure, leaning faintly against his mattock and the rock. The man did not alter his position when they entered; but his breathing, quick and labouring, announced the struggles of approaching death.

“Why have you brought me here, Forsheim?” exclaimed Charles, turning hastily away.

While he spoke, the wretched creature he was viewing, started up; and as if suddenly endued with supernatural strength, rushed forwards, uttering a loud and fearful cry.

At that sound, the blood froze in the veins of Charles: darkness spread before him; all his senses were locked up in horror: he saw not the wild gleam of distracted joy, lighting the features of despair; he heard not the well-known voice, which now convulsively repeated — “O bliss, past hope! I die in these arms, at last! —”

When Forsheim beheld the emaciated figure, sink towards the ground, he believed that the unhappy youth had indeed found his deathbed on the bosom so beloved. He tried to catch him as he fell; but Charles, roused by the action, suddenly clasped the body of his brother, exclaiming, “Hold off! never shall he leave these arms again!”

Leopolstat knew not what he said: yet his nerves turned to steel, grasped the object he held, with a force that seemed to make the grasp eternal: his amazed and haggard eyes, were riveted upon the breathless Demetrius: his own breath came quick and short: at length large drops of moisture burst out from every pore of his body, and then rapidly melting into softness, he exclaimed, “Thou that wast the pride of my heart, the delight of my eyes, is it thus that I find thee!” Tears gushed forth with the words; and then he wept long and violently.

For many years after this moment, did the memory of his brother’s dreadful cry, distemper the soul of Charles: in the midst of camps, or brilliant assemblies; even by the hearth of domestic peace, it would suddenly wither his heart, and blanch his cheek. Often since, has he started from sweet sleep, fancying the thrilling sound repeated, and dispersing the slumbers of Adelaide, by his own terrifying exclamation.

As Demetrius slowly recovered, his brother eagerly besought Forsheim to bring the governor of the mine to the spot. “We must bear him from this killing place;” he cried, “these noxious vapours — O Heaven, by what miracle is he preserved to me!” —Demetrius opened his eyes, and a languid smile, but full of happiness, illumined his features. Again Charles clasped him to his heart; and again melted into tenderness.

The governor of the mine now entered with Count Forsheim: he expressed the utmost regret at his inability to give Demetrius even one day's liberty; but offered every comfort and assistance within his power.

Leopolstat promised to be answerable for his brother's reappearance, with his own life; assured him, that whatever might be his imputed crime, he was certain of his innocence; and that from his influence at Court, he reckoned confidently upon an order for his immediate release.

The governor remained firm; and his second denial, informed his astonished hearers, that the young Count was condemned on the plea of holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy.

This charge so preposterous, and apparently so false, re-animated the efforts of Leopolstat: he denounced it in terms of vehement indignation; which, with his known character of loyalty and patriotism, softened the severity of the governor's judgment: but he still adhered strictly to his duty; tempering it, however, by granting Demetrius a cessation from toil, and allowing his brother to remain with him alone.

While this arrangement was making, Forsheim hastened to quit the mine, in order to obtain all that was necessary for the renovation and temporary comfort of Demetrius. Zealous in every thing good, he rapidly drew together a multitude of comforts, which he dispatched by Soldini, with a note to Charles, purporting, that he was then setting off for Vienna, to throw himself in his name, at the feet of the Archduke, from whose interference he expected to obtain an order for the removal, if not the complete enlargement of his friend.

"I know you will not leave him;" he wrote, "and I must: no time should be lost, in applying for his release. The very secrecy with which this affair has been conducted, proves its iniquity. — Be assured, I will not cease my importunities to the Prince, to the ministers, to the Emperor himself, till I have wrung from them, a promise of thorough investigation."

This billet, found Charles seated in an excavation of the mine; holding one hand of his brother's in his, as he lay stretched along the bed which he had formed for him out of his pelisse.

Brought to the verge of the grave, by those pestilential vapours, which continually exhale from quicksilver, and wearied "with hope deferred", Demetrius was nearly deprived of life, by the suddenness and excess of his present felicity. He had not been able to answer one of the questions, which the impatient affection of Charles frequently prompted; but he had gathered strength enough to ask whether Constantia survived his loss. The assurance of her renovated spirit, and the delight with which Charles spoke of Adelaide and his child, were so many cordials to the other's sick heart.

In his youth, Soldini had studied the art of medicine, with a benevolent intention of uniting it, with his duties as a spiritual physician: He was therefore competent to judge of young Leopold's case; and he now prescribed for him, with equal tenderness and skill.

It was in vain that he besought Charles to transfer his charge: nothing could prevail on that fond brother, to lose sight of Demetrius for a moment. He consented to take every precaution for himself, against the mercurial fumes of the mine, but resolutely refused to quit it.

As Demetrius had suffered far more from the complete extinction of hope, than even from the unwholesome air of this subterraneous prison, he was renovated in proportion to the glow of his happiness. His little playfellow, Simmonetta, braved the terrors of a descent, and often visited him: her pretty endearments beguiled his thoughts from subjects of keener agitation, yet communicated to them all a secret assurance, that love and affection still existed for his recompense.

He lay almost in a trance of weakness, for several days; but it was a trance of delicious feelings, which spread its healing balm throughout his frame. When Charles ventured to disturb him with questions, he learnt by degrees all that Demetrius knew of his own situation.

It amounted to no more than, that on the night he had quitted home, with an intention of seeing Princess Constantia, he had been suddenly arrested in the Emperor's name and borne off to the state prison: — that he was there examined on the charge of corresponding with the enemy; — shown a casket which he had received from Constantia, and which was found to contain several letters from a French officer, of whose name he was profoundly ignorant. That a forged letter was then produced, and sworn to, by Pierre, as one which his master had entrusted to him, for the purpose of forwarding, and which containing several state secrets, was admitted to be a full proof of his guilt: that, as he refused saying who gave him the casket in, which these treasonable papers were found; and as he was taken in a disguise which must have been assumed for some unlawful purpose, he was summarily condemned as a traitor, and sentenced for life, to the mines.

“It is now, nearly six months;” he added, “since I entered this living grave. O Charles, if you could guess what I have suffered! — Every moment of that tedious time, has been marked to me by some hope, some expectation, or some bitter disappointment. How could I imagine that my fate should have been thus concealed from you? — I rested at first securely on a speedy release; — I believed, that every instant was then seized by my friends to disprove my accusers, and restore my liberty: but this security changed to anxiety, to doubt, to fear, to despondence, at last to despair! There were moments, I confess — infirm, unworthy moments — when I fancied myself forgotten! — Yet I loved you all, still: and my last sigh should have mingled your name and Constantia's together.”

A blush crossed the face of Charles, but it was not for himself he blushed. Demetrius who had saved his life at Messkirk, who had been the object of his solicitous tenderness, for so many years, ought to have founded his reliance on him, as upon a rock. A momentary pang wrung his heart but he looked at his brother's enfeebled form, and found in it an immediate excuse for this distrust.

“You were not yourself, Demetrius,” he replied, kindly, “when you doubted any of us. Sickness, and these surrounding glooms, had distempered your healthful convictions.”

Demetrius answered with ardent sensibility, and a mutual embrace sealed the oblivion of his fault.

CHAPTER IX

To elucidate that mystery, with which Demetrius himself, was but imperfectly acquainted it will be necessary to go back to the period in which he and Colonel Wurtzburg parted at Ulm.

Never had this cold-blooded villain lost sight of his grand aim, the destruction of Count Leopold's peace. But more and more convinced that Charles was guarded round, by too potent a circle of discretion, self-command, and approved integrity, to be vulnerable in his own person, he watched the erratic course of Demetrius, with the hope of seizing upon him, in some fortunate maze of imprudent passion.

As he advanced on his tract of deceit, new views opened before him, and new plans suggested themselves.

At first, he directed his efforts to inflame the Prince of Nuremberg's animosity; to stimulate the love of Demetrius; and to render the life of Princess Constantia so miserable, as might force her into precipitate flight: in that case whether Demetrius escaped with her to another country, or was seized in Austria, his end would be accomplished. Charles would be bereaved of a brother, who must either preserve his safety by perpetual exile, or suffer the punishment of his audacity, in endless imprisonment.

Wurtzburg's secret correspondence with the Prince, enabled him to push his scheme with admirable effect. He beguiled many circumstances from Demetrius, which he communicated to Nuremberg; and at the same time so adroitly mixed the basest falsehoods with this small portion of truth, that the Prince learnt to consider the young Leopold, as a deadly enemy, who waited but for the moment of power, to rise and crush him.

This apprehension of future vengeance, joined to Nuremberg's preposterous notion of their vast inequality, to his rancour at the remembrance of their duel, and the rich inheritance which he had taken from him, altogether worked on the Prince's heart, like some corrosive poison: he became every day less just, and more ferocious; and no longer examining the details of Wurtzburg, drank them in, with greedy wilfulness. The hatred which he could not vent in torture upon Demetrius, he poured without mercy over Constantia; little imagining that he was the dupe of a deeper villain than himself, who was thus prompting him to the conduct, that probably led to the very event he deprecated.

The liking which young Leopold took to Pierre, the Colonel's servant, opened a new train for his Satanic master. This fellow had long been his confidant on other matters, and he had therefore no hesitation in confiding in him.

Whenever Pierre should be taken into the vicinity of Princess Constantia, he was to make himself needful to his future master; was to force out his secret,

and become, if possible, the adviser and agent of the lovers' flight. By this means Wurtzburg knew he should always have a key to their retreat; and might apprise Nuremberg, when the crime of Demetrius was sealed by his union with the Princess.

Constantia's determination against elopement was the first obstacle to these expectations; but her subsequent appeal to the Canoness, became a fatal engine, in the hands of Wurtzburg.

Pierre went not to Bohemia, but turned his horse towards an obscure countryhouse, where the Prince of Nuremberg and his former master were to meet. The Colonel was not long in determining upon a new scheme: he tempted Pierre with an enormous bribe; and Pierre could not resist.

With Constantia's catalogue of Nuremberg's cruelties, in his hand, he returned to the Prince. He showed him what he had to expect; and then professed to have received a hint from Pierre, which might be improved to the ruin of Demetrius.

The Prince alternately blazing with resentment, and trembling with fear, was in no mood to scrutinize very severely: Wurtzburg told him a fabricated tale of young Leopold's disloyalty; he believed it, because he wished it true: Pierre was then introduced: he affirmed that his master had frequently, during the campaign, sent intelligence to the enemy, and received great rewards for it; and that he meant to fly into France with the Princess, should she consent to be his companion.

The proofs of this correspondence, he asserted, were lodged in a small casket of which his master took the utmost care: and he then offered to acquaint the Prince with the period in which Demetrius might be seized with least noise.

The Prince accepted this offer; gave him his purse as an earnest of further recompense; and after fabricating an answer to Constantia's letter, dismissed him, and began again to canvass the subject with Wurtzburg.

The Colonel was aware, that his success depended on secrecy. He foresaw that if the accusation of Demetrius were made public, his brave unsullied brother, would investigate every atom of it: he therefore urged the Prince to use his influence for a private examination; to exert himself in biassing the minds of the council; and above all things to demand complete silence; or else the influence of Count Leopold would defeat his own. Demetrius though condemned, might be pardoned.

This subtle advice was taken: Nuremberg after revisiting his home, purposely absented himself again: Pierre succeeded in getting his master to assume a disguise, for which he knew he would not assign any reason to the council: and Demetrius thus surrounded by many toils, was taken in them all.

The casket he had received from Constantia, and out of which he had removed the letters for the Canoness: the casket he prized and cherished, was brought from his lodgings by Pierre, and two persons in office, and found to contain a private drawer, filled with mysterious notes, evidently answers to such as had conveyed treasonable intelligence.

Unawed by his master's steady eye, and fearless questions, Pierre persisted in a strain of falsehoods, the enormity of which, could only be equalled by the ingenuity with which they were separately fitted. His confession was accepted as an atonement, for the share he acknowledged having taken in this act of treachery; and he was therefore permitted to return into France without delay.

As the members of this council were most of them creatures of Nuremberg's, or foes to Baron Ingersdorf, with whom any connection was sufficient to render them severe judges of a criminal, Demetrius was found guilty. The Emperor's seal was then put to the order for his close confinement in the mines at Idrija.

Very plausible arguments, were afterwards urged by Nuremberg, to persuade every person present, of the necessity of secrecy. He spoke in high commendation of the elder Count Leopoldstat, representing the injurious suspicion which might fall upon him, were the treason of so beloved a brother, to become the public talk: distrusted by the soldiery, his talents would then be rendered useless; and the great expectations now resting on his future services, would be for ever destroyed. He then urged the delicacy of his niece's situation, whose attachment to Demetrius, having been known generally, would subject her also, to the most mortifying animadversions.

These arguments prevailed: secrecy was promised; secrecy was enjoined to all the inferior agents; and in a few weeks, the whole business was almost forgotten.

Nuremberg departed for Venice, avoiding any scrutiny of the past; for there was a monitor within, that daily charged him with scarce crediting the evidence on which Demetrius had been condemned.

Wurtzburg returned to his regiment with the greatest privacy; from whence, he occasionally transmitted to Pierre, presents and money, both from himself and the Prince.

Wurtzburg had achieved his work; was he happy? No! — Remorse, indeed, never knocked at his rocky heart, but the fury, Terror, reigned there, without control. As he daily read the advertisements of reward and pardon (which the advice of Constantia caused to be increased and continued), he trembled for the security of his crime: avarice had made Pierre an accomplice in it, avarice, therefore, might tempt him to reveal it.

His fiendlike joy, was now withered: in the acuteness of his own sufferings, he soon lost all remembrance of Count Leopoldstat's; till at length nothing

remained, but the consciousness of an atrocious crime, and the hideous prospect of ample retribution.

Pierre, meanwhile, read the different advertisements with sullen discontent; he wished to reap the golden harvest they held out; yet preserved that last spark of virtue, which makes guilt blush to avow itself before integrity. In his letters to Wurtzburg, he frequently reverted to these temptations, and was never to be silenced except by a liberal remittance.

Wurtzburg knew himself to be completely in his power. Not only was he obnoxious to discovery respecting Demetrius ; but he was liable to a heavier charge: the guilt he had imputed to that innocent young man, was his own. Not to gratify cupidity, but to satiate hatred, he had, during the campaign, entered into correspondence with a French officer, to whom he revealed every military operation, of which he gained intelligence, when it was either planned by Count Leopoldstat, or entrusted to his care. His annoyance, had long been his pleasure; his ruin, his felicity.

Conscious of the sword which thus hung suspended over him by a single hair, Wurtzburg obtained rest neither night nor day. Pierre denouncing him, Leopoldstat thirsting for his blood, the horrid death of a traitor, were images that haunted him eternally. Under the influence of such impressions, existence was no longer bearable; and he took the desperate resolution of ending all his fears, with the life of their prime object.

Immediately after the peace, he passed into Franconia, and sent to Pierre, (who was then with the Gallo-Batavian army near Bamberg) to meet him in a sequestered spot, where they might confer unmolested, and where he might deliver to him a valuable jewel from the Prince of Nuremberg.

Stupidly secure, Pierre met him alone: they conferred some minutes together; when Wurtzburg having insensibly drawn him towards a dusky thicket, hastily drew out a pistol, and fired it off at his breast. Pierre fell: but at the pistol's report, two Austrian officers broke through the thicket where they were accidentally loitering, and seized Wurtzburg.

The voices of these officers, soon brought further aid: possessed with the frenzy of despair, Wurtzburg raved and struggled, but struggled in vain; both he and Pierre were removed to the Austrian headquarters, where Pierre's deposition was taken down in writing before several witnesses; and a parcel of papers received from his pocketbook, sufficiently testifying the veracity of his confessions.

This wonderful incident excited the strongest interest throughout the Imperial army: to their gallant companions in war, both the Hungarian brothers, had always been objects of love and admiration: these sentiments now roused up the spirit of vengeance for their sakes; and Wurtzburg owed the general abhorrence, perhaps, less to public feeling, than to private regard.

Precisely at the period in which Count Forsheim alighted at the gate of Baron Ingersdorf, one of the officers who had seized the traitor Wurtzburg, was within, detailing the whole transaction. The rapturous scene which followed; the boundless gratitude expressed towards that Almighty Ruler, who had thus willed the fortunate concurrence of two such miraculous discoveries; the pious ejaculations of the Field Marshal; the glistening eyes of the Baron; and the weeping, sobbing transport of Adelaide, are not to be learned from description: every tender heart, can draw a picture sufficiently animated, to render an attempt here, unnecessary.

Tears embellished the rough features of the officer, who witnessed this affecting scene: he had warm feelings, though his exterior promised only that apathy which is too often contracted by familiarity with the miseries of war; and as he requested permission to bear the order for Demetrius's release (which was not withheld a single moment after the discovery of Wurtzburg's villainy), Forsheim would not deny him.

Though in the service of Austria, this officer was one of that nation, so famous for tongues always blundering, and hearts always right: "I burn to see these brave young gentlemen," said he, "or I would not make so bold a request their very names are as holy and familiar to me, as my Paternoster. By the good of my soul, I'd rather shake hands with one of them, than see any dead *Haro* that lives!"

"Tis impossible to doubt such an assertion," replied Forsheim, "well, I'll have the pleasure of presenting you; so allons!"

Again Forsheim was on the road to Gorizia, and again the posthorses, seemed to mock the ardour of his impatience.

He stayed scarcely a moment at his own home, where he exchanged a hasty embrace with Lorenza, while he stammered out the joyful news, and then rode off alone to the mines. He would have taken his companion with him, but the honest Irishman changing colour, said with great emotion,

"Count, I must decline that civility; if these eyes were but *wonst* to look on such noble creatures, in a dirty hole of a mine, this arm would wither, the first time it struck a stroke for Austria. I'll never see such a sight, Count, and so I'll forget it, *clare* out of hand."

On reaching the mine, Forsheim found Soldini with the brothers: he told his tale like a soldier, without preface; and as there was much of the painful in it (at least, to, benevolent tempers), neither of his auditors had their joy unmixed.

The immediate removal of Demetrius, followed; Soldini's care provided against any danger from too sudden a shock of pure air, and he reached Forsheim's house, much exhausted in body, but exhilarated in spirit.

The gratitude with which Leopoldstat opened his arms to his brother officer, was increased by the pleasure of beholding in him, the identical Irishman whom he remembered in the Archducal library: Murphy recognised his person instantly, and the adventure was then reverted to, with a gaiety, in which, both Forsheim and his wife largely partook.

The health of Demetrius being inadequate to so long a journey, as that from Idrija to Vienna, obliged the whole party to remain banished from the scene of their warmest wishes. Charles felt his happiness incomplete till he shared it with Adelaide; and Demetrius scarcely trusted the continuance of his, while absent from Constantia.

An official mandate, had recalled the Prince of Nuremberg and his family to the Capital. There, confounded with the crimes of his former associate, and disgraced by universal suspicion, the Prince found himself all at once precipitated from the height of dignity and influence into an abyss of shame. Unable to endure this outward contempt, and inward hatred, he made a merit of necessity; pleaded the deception which had been practised on himself; and as a proof that he was actuated by patriotism rather than private pique, gave his consent unasked, to the marriage of his niece. He then committed her to the protection of Adelaide, and hastened to bury his disgrace in the retirement of the country.

Pierre had died of his wound. Wurtzburg was publicly arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed as a traitor. The fearful sentence always passed upon such criminals, was tremendously fulfilled on him, before multitudes of soldiers and citizens: his death was shocking, but it excited no pity.

Impatient to behold the objects of his tenderest affection, Demetrius absolutely wrested Soldini's permission to travel: no sooner was it obtained, than he hastened to commence this passionately desired journey. His soul was on the wing; and ere the tardy carriage had borne him three leagues from Idrija, he had a thousand times embraced in idea, every member of the dear circle at Baron Ingersdorf's.

While he was lost in transporting anticipations, Charles, desirous to indulge him in them, took the weight of conversation upon himself; and delicately drew from the worthy Murphy, a history of his disappointments and cares. Murphy was a subaltern, without interest or fortune, with a wife and children, and had long been hopeless of the promotion his services merited: Charles had the power to make him happy; and Murphy was soon afterwards raised to the rank he wished.

When Demetrius first entered the room which contained the friends he loved, a mist covered his eyes; he turned from Adelaide to the Marshal, from the Baron to Madame Reusmark, embracing each, in such wild tumult, as to be hardly sensible who it was that pressed him in their arms. Yet his heart, was full of nothing but Constantia: his sight began to clear, and then he looked round for her.

Unable to endure her joy, before so many witnesses, she had rushed into an adjoining room, the moment his voice reached her from the hall: Adelaide whispered this to him, and the next instant he was alone with Constantia; clasping her again and again to his bosom, even as he had found her, kneeling upon the ground, in the act of hasty thanksgiving.

The dark velvet dress of Constantia, and the black fur about the uniform and cap of Demetrius, rendered their mutual paleness peculiarly visible: but what was personal alteration to them, who doted on each other's hearts; who seemed to drink each other's souls, in the pure kiss of virtuous and happy Love! — What was it to them, who saw in each other, the fountain of life, of health, and of joy? —

At that blissful hour, every thing sad, was obliterated from the memory of Demetrius; he felt as if entering on a new being; and while his eyes fondly wandered over every lineament of his once blooming Constantia, while gratitude sweetly suggested the cause of her changed person, he murmured out — “Dearer — O heaven! how much dearer!” — Constantia's heart echoed the sentiment, and her glowing eyes revealed it.

Charles first ventured to invade their retirement: while he was speaking to the blushing Princess, and claiming the name of brother, the rest of the exiled party stole in, and Adelaide appeared with her infant. At that sight, Demetrius drew away the arm with which he encircled the waist of his beloved, and starting up, snatched the babe from its mother: he covered its face with kisses, he held it to his breast with an emotion that surprised himself; “The child of my brother!” he said in thought, over and over again; and as he repeated the magic phrase, a thrill of tenderness ran through his veins.

It was long ere he would part with it: when he did so, Adelaide delivered the smiling boy to its father.

Charles held it awhile in his arms, with unutterable emotion: the spell which had hitherto been laid on its innocent endearments, was broken, for Demetrius was restored. “Now then, my child!” he exclaimed, and pressed it to his lips, “For the first time, I kiss thee, with all the joy, and all the fondness of a father.”

His eyes turned from his son to Demetrius, rested on him for an instant, then floating in tears, raised themselves towards heaven.—

It was in the Castle of Leopoldstat, when every object sparkled with the gay light of summer, that Demetrius received the hand of Constantia.

Blooming as May herself, the Princess had regained all those charms which genuine Love prizes while they are in being, but laments not, when they

disappear; and the polished cheek of her Demetrius, glowed again, with the lustre of health.

United inseparably to the women they loved; bound to their various friends by the sweetest ties of obligation; and gifted with immense wealth; — the Hungarian Brothers were deeply impressed with this conviction, that superior blessings, demand superior virtues: they now study how to combine magnificence with utility; and happiness with religious awe: their duties are their enjoyments; and their riches, “making to themselves wings,” hourly “fly away, as an eagle towards heaven; in their flight beautiful; and celestial in their end.”

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