

CHAPTER VI

During the course of a month, from this period, many changes took place in the hearts and situations of the brothers. They associated occasionally with Colonel Wurtzburg; and perceiving in him nothing but kindness, soon forgot that he had ever been the object of their dislike.

Wurtzburg was neither philosophical, nor poetical; nor skilled in any of those delightful arts which, embellishing our leisure hours, add a polish to virtue; the most ordinary man in creation, was his equal in all these things; but he had discovered the important secret of supplying his own defects, by the qualities of others; and he therefore invited to his house only such as excelled in society. The brothers hearing round his table, the sallies of wit, and the observations of wisdom; always receiving there, extreme pleasure, imperceptibly associated every thing that was agreeable with his image. Nothing, alas, is so common as this error, and nothing is more dangerous.

As the colonel had discretion enough never to mention his mistress, Charles saw her only on the stage; from the distance of which, even Demetrius himself, unwillingly acknowledged her resemblance to Madame de Fontainville. Sometimes Charles doubted the truth of the Signora's assertion; and sometimes he indulged the agreeable belief, that Wurtzburg's evident attention to what he said upon the subject of such degrading connections, produced the fruit of reformation.

The Colonel did indeed win on his esteem, by a silent relinquishment of many habits which he censured; and as this was done without boast, even while he appeared zealous to evince the high rate at which he valued his good opinion, Charles could no longer refuse it to him.

Wurtzburg had long sought an opportunity to oblige the brothers; and a method shortly presented itself. There happened a vacancy in his regiment, which he immediately imparted to Demetrius, who had earnestly wished to quit the infantry, and who was therefore easily persuaded to accept a commission, which gave him rank, and removed him into the light cavalry.

For some time, Charles dissuaded his brother from incurring such obligation, and attaining promotion, ere his services had entitled him to it.

“Wait till you have made one campaign, my dear fellow,” he added: “ every one predicts that we are on the verge of a war, and therefore you will not have long to wait: be able to show an honourable title to rapid advancement; and do not *you* add to the idle race that are content to be elevated by the exertions of others.

“I hate the system of interest altogether; and protest that I think not even a Prince has any claim to military rank, unless he can urge the plea of long or great services. You can urge neither, my Demetrius. You have not yet been five

months a soldier, and all that time your regiment has been in Vienna. Do not then blast the bright fame, which I fondly foresee, by forestalling its rewards: if you refuse promotion till you have earned it, every new commission will be a new register of your glory; but if you thus push prematurely forward, through friendly interest, no one will take the trouble to inquire why you are, hereafter, a major-general or field marshal.

“I would have you ambitious of deserving honours, not of obtaining them. Ever fix your eye upon desert, rather than reward; and believe me, reward will follow of course; at least, that of inward approbation. Rewards which sacrifice either to pride or vanity, are below a soldier’s wishes. I do assure you, my dear brother, that I have never received such exquisite pleasure from the flattering eulogiums bestowed upon my public actions (because it cost me nothing to brave death in a just cause), as I did at your age, when I made a conquest over vanity, either from principle, or for the sake of compassion. You know not what a hero I used to feel myself, after having given up the folly of a new cap, or sabretache, when an unfortunate soldier’s wife happened provokingly to lie in, upon a march. For to say the truth, I commenced my career with a dash of the coxcomb in me; and piqued myself then as much upon my good figure and good taste, as you may now do upon yours.

“From what has been said, you will discover that I have very peculiar notions on the subject of promotion; but you see they have not injured me: nay, their very rigidity, by leaving me no other resource, has obliged me to make efforts to be distinguished.”

“You are quite right say no more, dear Charles,” cried Demetrius, all in a glow with virtuous shame; “I blush at being so inconsiderate as to have wished for this promotion; and I promise you, that if there be awar, I will show a score of scars for every fresh commission.”

Charles looked at his brother’s animated countenance with the purest delight.

“I know it is your wish to get into the horse,” he said; “and if Colonel Wurtzburg will procure the Archduke’s permission for your translation from the infantry to the cavalry, I see no possible reason why you should not accept of a cornetcy in his regiment.”

Demetrius was in such ecstasies at this suggestion, that he would not allow his brother time to reconsider it; but hurried him away to Colonel Wurtzburg’s, where the plan was immediately arranged, and in a few days completed.

Charles would not so readily have promoted this alteration, had he not secretly hoped it would remove Demetrius from the metropolis, where the most serious dangers began to threaten his peace and his integrity. Madame de Fontainville, too much pleased with the beauty and spirit of Demetrius, to relinquish the wish of adding him to her train of slaves, accidentally encountered him, as he was coming alone out of the opera house. A vast

concourse of people and carriages rendered it difficult for her father (who was her sole companion) to get his coach near the door, and as he left her, for a moment, to seek one of his servants, Demetrius passed her.

At the sound of a female voice, timidly pronouncing his name, he turned hastily round, and beheld the beautiful object of his former admiration and pique, standing amid a current of air, in a solitary waiting room, totally unguarded. Forgetting every thing, except the delightful emotion her first notice had excited in him, he sprang forwards, exclaiming —

“ Alone! Unprotected! and I so fortunate as to see you!”

While he spoke, he seized her hand, without any consciousness of having done so, till its soft yielding texture made him sensible of the most exquisite pleasure.

“I ought to be very angry with you,” said the lovely Fontainville (faintly trying to withdraw her hand, which indeed only emboldened him to press it more fervently), “and ought to refuse your assistance; but my anger is always as short-lived as it is violent; and never violent, except when created by some one I like very much.”

The last words were almost lost, from the low, sighing tone, in which she said them; but the heart of Demetrius was in his ear, and he heard them too clearly.

The smothered fire now burst forth: he murmured apologies, thanks, protestation, and passion, over the hand which he alternately pressed to his breast and to his lips; and Madame de Fontainville (too fearful of losing the lover she had wished, so earnestly to gain; too tender to be discrete; too innocent to imagine that forbearance might licence him in the most irregular hopes) suffered him to sigh and vow unreprieved.

The Marquis de Liancour, her father, terminated this scene: and Demetrius saw them seated in the carriage, after pleading a pre-engagement as an excuse for declining their joint invitation to supper.

What did it not cost him to do so? He was wild with an imperious passion, which had its origin in vanity and the senses; a passion which was now assuming a tenderer cast, from the evident sensibility of Madame de Fontainville: he was suddenly translated from mortification into transport; and in place of cold words or averted looks, was permitted to breathe the breath of love, over the fairest hand in the universe; to gaze unchastised, (except by kindling blushes) on eyes which met his with melting forgiveness; and to hear himself named as the object of her peculiar partiality: great was the sacrifice, yet he made it to fraternal affection.

Politeness required that Demetrius should call the next morning to inquire after the Marquis and his daughter. Charles foreboded the event of such an acquiescence with the forms of society; but how could he hurt the feelings of

his brother by any strong expression of uneasiness, when that brother had so recently given proofs of his self-control! Demetrius went therefore.

Alas! From that fatal morning, was to be dated the end of his self-command. Madame de Fontainville was irresistible, not only in beauty, but accomplishments: she possessed talents for every art which captivates the taste or the senses; and though without a single solid acquirement, had a sensibility so tender as to become infectious. Educated in the dissolute court of France, she knew no fixed principles; yet her propensities being all inclined to good, and no object having till now excited one lawless wish, she had reached the age of three and twenty with perfect innocence. Her habits of life relieved her from the necessity of reflection; and conscious of no glaring evil in her heart, she yielded, without scrutinizing them, to all its impulses.

Monsieur de Fontainville had been the choice of her father — he deserted the court party, to which she was passionately attached; and from that hour she disliked him. When he voted for the death of the virtuous Louis, she separated from him with horror. Without a friend to direct it, the very amiableness of Madame de Fontainville's nature, led her into error: she wished to please, not merely from vanity, yet was too ill-instructed to know of any other method, than that of looking handsome, and being good tempered; her triumphs consequently, were devoid of insolence, her rivalry, without malice.

Destitute of children, she felt a void in her heart which indeed had never been filled, but which ceased to be, the instant she beheld Demetrius: Hurried away by a sudden desire to please, to charm, to rivet him, she did not ask herself why she wished it, or how such a conquest might terminate. Till now, she had never observed in others, and never had occasion to observe in herself, that Love advances from wish to wish, till nothing is left it to desire: that each separate gratification, till attained, is falsely thought the boundary of our views; and that even the most upright, having once suffered themselves to respire the killing air of unsanctioned passion, lose all just notions of vice and virtue.

Madame de Fontainville had certainly seen many handsome men, before she saw Demetrius; but never any whose countenance was so love-inspiring a compound of beauty, spirit, and sensibility: these graces, captivated her, without being analysed by her reason; and yet had they not all shone upon her at once, she would still have remained free.

After one visit at the Marquis de Liancour's, Demetrius found himself unable to resolve upon never making a second: his senses were soon bound in hopeless slavery by the various charms of Madame de Fontainville; his heart was melted by her softness; and from often listening to the animated story of her husband's political apostacy, and her enthusiastic fondness, for the unfortunate Antoinette, he grew into an impatient longing for that husband's death.

How rapid, yet how undiscernable, are the encroachments of vicious desires! These two persons who had so lately loved without forming a wish, beyond a kind look or word; who had satisfied their uneasy consciences by the solemn

assurance, that to know they were beloved, to pass their lives only in seeing and sympathising with each other, would for ever limit their thoughts; — these two persons, were now agitated with restless anticipations, occasionally lost in wild probabilities, or striving to extenuate the guiltiness of future guilt — Demetrius, had reached that fatal period, when passion puts out the eyes of reason, religion, and shame; weakens the energy of domestic ties; confuses every moral perception; and leaves the amazed soul, like the wretched Phaeton, driving furiously towards that very ruin, she has no longer strength to avoid. Madame de Fontainville, was sunk in a destructive tenderness, which left her neither power to struggle against her own weakness, nor to reproach that of her lover: he was now, dearer to her than life, reputation, or happiness, and he could have exacted no sacrifice which she would have hesitated to make.

O wretched pair! Where were the Guardian Angels, that were to step in and save ye from yourselves!

What a different train of feelings, were at this time, awakening in the heart of Charles!

In the contemplation of beauty veiled by bashfulness and love; shrinking from its own modest glance, he was losing his peace, without diminishing his virtue. Nothing is more certain than that a genuine passion, takes its character from the character of the object: Charles therefore, loved with purity.

Having never suffered himself to be seduced by his imagination, he had never been in danger from an attack made upon the fancy through the eyes: he admired external graces without being agitated by them; till the knowledge of rarer charms, those of the heart and understanding, threw a bright light over beauties, hitherto faintly noticed; and soon added to the sentiments of esteem, tenderness, admiration, and respect, all that was wanting to complete the compound passion of love.

When Leopolstat was first introduced to the friendship of Baron Ingersdorf, the recent loss of Signora Berghi, and the information of Adelaide's engagement, rendered him fearless of any painful consequences resulting from his intimate acquaintance with her: he had so long armed himself against the attack of mere beauty, that he justly believed it would be more difficult for a handsome woman to win his affections, than one, apparently less dangerous. Adelaide, was indeed the very woman to disarm him of caution, and the very woman against whom all his caution ought to have been exerted.

Her character, was the lovely result of that perfect symmetry, that harmonious arrangement of propriety and grace, where every excellence appears in its fairest order, and every grace has its use: finely constructed throughout, it offered no eccentric ornament, for description to seize and distinguish; but like Grecian Architecture, uniting the sublime with the beautiful, rose in the observers estimation, from every fresh survey.

After Charles became intimate enough, to have familiar access to the house of Baron Ingersdorf, he gradually ceased to consider Adelaide as merely amiable; and began to view her character with equal surprise and interest. It was indeed a novelty to find a young beauty absolutely incredulous of her conquests; to see her cultivating her thinking powers with the liveliest assiduity; and performing every action of life with a careful humbleness which evidently flowed from a deep sense of religious and moral duties: how then, were these virtues embellished by a temper of unvarying sweetness, a cheerfulness which gladdened the soul like summer suns, and a sensibility infinitely diffused yet ever proportionate to its objects!

Dispositions so congenial, could not long remain indifferent to each other: yet their progress from dispassionate approbation, to the most exclusive preference, was so gentle, that neither of them were conscious of the change.

At first, Adelaide beheld Count Leopoldstat with admiration exactly adequate to his well-earned reputation: but as she became intimate with him, the tenderness of his heart (which was indeed its prime quality) imperceptibly won upon the tenderness of her own; and she loved to contemplate that sweetness accompanying his magnanimity, which seemed to be at once its cause and its reward.

Many men, perform meritorious actions and therefore demand our esteem: unless these actions appear to flow without constraint, and delight them in the performance, they fail to conciliate affection. Nothing which Charles did for his brother, or the unfortunate, had any merit in his own eyes, because he had early banished such inclinations as weaken benevolence; he was therefore, unaffectedly astonished at being praised for what cost him nothing; and *New Philosophers* might perhaps have denied his claim to praise: Adelaide was wiser than these philosophers; she knew that at some former period he must have made great sacrifices to preserve himself from selfish sensibility, and she formed a just estimate of his deserts.

Whenever she was touched by the display of any excellence hitherto concealed, she used to wish that the young Count intended for her husband, might also possess it: but quickly this wish ceased to arise; till at length, she dwelt on the noble and endearing qualities of Charles, without once thinking of another. Forsheim, was indeed little more than a phantom to her: they had not met, since they were children; and now that she every day every hour beheld, or contemplated the most admirable reality, her engagements became dreamlike; she forgot their steadfastness, or remembered it only as a dissolute man does the certainty of death, with a momentary shoot of terror.

The education of Adelaide had been such as qualified her for appreciating the richly stored mind of Charles: he always found her eager to listen, whenever he discussed with Baron Ingersdorf, the topics which women are deemed unable to comprehend: He never felt restrained in his conversation, or forced to lower its strain to the pitch of an inferior capacity, but was accustomed to commune as freely with her intellect, as with his own. This intimacy so propitious to the

growth of a well-grounded affection, authorized an animated friendship, which for a long time lulled them into fatal security. A trifling incident removed the veil from Leopold's eyes.

He was one morning drawing by the side of Adelaide, who was beginning to attempt the art, under his instructions, when the Baron appearing for an instant at the door of the apartment, said, in a pleased tone, "Your Father is come, my dear, and Count Forsheim." The next moment Adelaide was in the arms of her father, who presented her hand to Forsheim with great emotion.

As the Count respectfully put it to his lips, and the crimson suddenly fled the cheek of Adelaide, Charles found new light break in upon his heart. Forsheim was then, the happy man whom Baron Ingersdorf had spoken of as the future husband of his niece, but whose name, till this day, had never been mentioned. Like one awaking from a frightful dream, bewildered and distracted, all his faculties were absorbed in the conviction of being henceforth doomed to the tortures of imprudent affection. He was indeed thrown so entirely off his guard, that the expression of his eyes (as he unconsciously fixed them upon Adelaide) attracted the attention of her father.

"You are not well, Sir, I think," said the veteran (in a voice which united roughness and gentleness) Charles started — a deep suffusion covered his face, while bowing, he stammered out a hesitating affirmative.

The person he addressed, seemed scarcely to hear the answer, for he was lost in earnest contemplation of Leopold's mild yet manly beauty: the Field Marshal's war-worn countenance was not indeed adapted to the expression of so youthful a feeling as admiration, but Charles could not mistake its meaning, and glanced in return with equal pleasure on the veteran's martial aspect and silver hairs.

"I am an abominably rude old fellow," cried the latter (suddenly recovering himself) "but Sir, if you knew how much I respect brave men; and how happy I am, thus to shake hands in my brother's house, with the ablest officer of his time, you would forgive a little staring. — You look like an excellent soldier, Count! I hate white and red ones"

"Not without they have had an opportunity of becoming otherwise, I hope?" returned Charles, trying to smile.

The Marshal nodded assent, then resumed. "You made the campaigns of ninety six and seven, in Italy I think; I should like to hear you speak of them. Though age and infirmities have cruelly disabled me from serving my dear country, yet I listen with interest to the narrations of those who do serve her. What is your opinion of General Argenteau? Do you think his disasters were all blunders?"

Charles hesitated an instant, and then said. —

“This is a subject, Sir, upon which I would not volunteer an opinion perhaps erroneous, particularly as it is decidedly against that General; but since you ask it, I cannot refrain from giving my reasons for pronouncing every one of his disasters, either atrocious follies, or flagitious crimes. I run the risk of committing myself, I know (he added, modestly colouring) there is almost unpardonable temerity, in a young soldier thus hazarding crude speculations before the ripened judgment of Field Marshal Ingersdorf.”

“Your crude speculations, have produced excellent fruit, however,” cried the Marshal, “so don’t withhold them: besides, I see you will furnish me additional excuses for my contempt of Argenteau. Why the deuce did ye not all, gag and chain him, before he issued his blundering orders, and used his infernal legs so ably in running? — Defend him! — If any man were to attempt such an act of rascality in my presence, I’d exterminate him. — Was he a fool or a rogue, I want to know? — Did he sell his brains to the enemy, or had he none to sell? ”

“ He had none to sell, I verily believe;” returned Leopoldstat, “ a very few objects were sufficient to overwhelm his small capacity; he was in the field, like a booby in a dance, who seems suddenly bereft both of eyes and ears, turns incessantly wrong, skips eternally out of time, and growing more confused the more he is bawled to, at last stands death-still, and puts everybody in the same state of immobility”

“Ha! Ha! Ha! A charming simile go on Count, pray.”

Charles now entered upon a serious investigation of the military causes in which the misfortunes of that campaign had their origin: and while so doing, displayed so much warlike talent, such accurate observation, such a lucid arrangement of events and their remotest consequences, that the old officer’s eyes sparkled with approbation. From the discussion of an individual’s actions, he drew Charles into a detail of the whole campaign. Too well-bred to refuse satisfying the Marshal’s curiosity, and too modest to bring forward his own merits, he related its different circumstances with simplicity and faithfulness, but without a particle of vanity. Sometimes he checked the current of his subject, to pay the tribute of admiration to the abilities of an enemy, or to rescue the character of the Republicans, from some undeserved obloquy. There was the more generosity in this, because he was an ardent foe to their destructive system, and their thirst of universal dominion.

From the eccentric, yet agreeable commendations of the veteran, Charles longed to break; he longed to remove from the sight of Forsheim and Adelaide. They were standing together, at the end of the apartment, conversing in low tones; and though Count Forsheim might have moved there to examine a picture, it was more probable that the removal proceeded from a tenderer motive.

“At such a time as this, sir” said Leopoldstat (averting his agitated countenance from the steady gaze of his companion) “I feel myself an intruder. Have I your permission to withdraw?”

“ You are in a great hurry, young man!” replied the Marshal somewhat peevishly, yet grasping him cordially by the hand; “what the deuce is there in Adelaide Ingersdorf’s father, to make you believe him a whit less sensible of your merits, than any other man?”

“You overrate them, so much Sir,” answered Charles, “that it is my interest, perhaps, to leave you without means of discovering your error”

“Tis well you put in a ‘perhaps’ you agreeable puppy!” returned the veteran, “ or by my Cross, I’d have knocked you down.

Come — throw away your hat — I am not a weeping and wailing father; I don’t visit my daughter for the mere purpose of wetting a score of pocket handkerchiefs, or of sitting opposite her at dinner, with a face like a skull and crossbones: (what do you cast up your lackadaisical eyes at, Forsheim? —) I rejoice to see the worthless baggage happy in the midst of enlivening company. So, do you hear, put away your hat; stay and make one of our domestic party ; and remember, that Maximilian Ingersdorf never could endure to see a face for two minutes, which he would not love to look on, all the rest of his life.”

At these words (pronounced with the greatest sensibility), the old officer beckoned to his daughter, apologised for a short absence, and disappeared: leaving Charles, to recover as he could, from the pleasing astonishment into which they had thrown him.

“ If you have never heard the Field Marshal, particularly described,” Count Forsheim, approaching Leopoldstat, “his manner must exceedingly surprise you. It is certainly strange, unceremonious — but I assure you, he is the most amiable man breathing. I have had the happiness of knowing him, ever since my memory could retain anything; I therefore, speak upon certainties.”

Never before, was Charles at such a loss for conversation: his mind was wholly employed in anxious scrutiny of the young Count, to which a suspicion, that he was not perfectly agreeable to Adelaide, gave the keenest interest. Yet Forsheim was formed to please: his appearance was strikingly elegant, his countenance spirited though not handsome, and his address characteristic of a noble frankness. Charles had served with him in Alsace; but as they were in different brigades and seldom quartered in the same neighbourhood, they knew little more of each other than what report furnished. Report however, had spoken highly of each.

A few minutes, were sufficient to restore the balance of Leopoldstat’s mind: he resumed his self-possession, and replied to the Count with equal amenity. Charles now learnt from Forsheim, that the Marshal’s visit to Vienna, was a mere visit of business. He was come to consult his brother, upon the subject of a vexatious law-suit, long since instituted against him at Munich; on the event of which, rested the prime part of a fortune inherited from his wife. This suit was the more vexatious, as it had not the shadow of right, and was so artfully

embroiled, so intricately confused, by the adverse party (a distant relation of the late Madame Ingersdorf's), that it was likely to hang suspended, many more months. Forsheim added to this account the information of his purpose to return with the Marshal, the next day to Munich.

Just as Leopoldstat was secretly congratulating himself upon the latter circumstance, the family joined them.

Rapidly flew the day, to all but Charles. The Marshal communicated his own hilarity; the Baron smiled with fraternal pleasure at his brother's strange sallies; and the Baroness had the delight of talking on her favourite topic, sculpture, to a young man profoundly ignorant of any one of its principles; Forsheim, listened and learned, and professed himself enlightened: Adelaide was at once gay and sad, happy and miserable; she was placed between the man she loved, and the man she was to marry; she heard the tender sighs of the one, and marked the cheerful indifference of the other; she saw her father's eyes dwell with equal satisfaction on each, and she hoped — improbabilities!

In the Baroness's zeal to secure her new disciple Count Forsheim, all her store of drawings, and models, were produced; among which, the masterly sketches of Charles, bore a distinguished part: this led to the production of the Marshal's miniature, which he had painted for Adelaide. The Marshal was in ecstasies with the present, the compliment, and the artist; Adelaide kissed it, with a crowd of emotions at her heart, and then calling on Leopoldstat to accompany her, sat down to the pianoforte.

The chords she struck, were the first notes of a wild, soul-rousing march, composed by Charles; at her request he accompanied her on the harp, and drew forth such animating sounds that the Marshal enchanted out of all reflection, caught him in his arms.

Everybody laughed at this flight: and the Marshal himself, allowed that he was "an old fool" but when they parted for the night, he shook Charles's hand several times, saying in a low, energetic voice —

"I wish, I had another Adelaide for you!"

Leopoldstat bowed upon the hand then grasping his, with an agitation which locked up all the powers of speech; his disorder became visible to everyone; but they attributed it to sudden indisposition.

No sooner was he at home, than he took a rigid survey of his heart; and alarmed at the wild wishes, and still wilder hopes which were agitating it, resolved to overcome them, by a course of inflexible self-denial.

Let it not be thought, that this resolution cost Charles no anguish: it cost him much. Sleep never visited his fevered eyelids; and his heavy sighs, resounded through the long, long night.

CHAPTER VII

THE plea of illness, which privileged Charles in avoiding the sight of Adelaide, scarcely served his cause; for the affectionate visits of her uncle, and the little delicacies (prepared by her own hand) which she daily sent him, recalled her image under the tenderest of lights: he soon emigrated therefore from his useless retirement. On the day previous to this he received a basket of exquisite flowers, from 'Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, with the following billet.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

The Baron gives us such good accounts of your various employments, that my aunt and I, begin to suspect your illness, to be no other than an idle fraud, invented either to enhance the value of your society, when you shall return to us; or else to save yourself from teaching drawing, to the stupidest of all stupid girls.

It does not argue much in favour of your talent for deceit, that you thus allow folks to see you studying maps and fortifications, while you give out, that you are ill: therefore, we hope you will soon abandon an attempt, for which nature has evidently denied you ability.

Seriously; we want our reader. Every book we have had since your absence, has been pronounced execrable; and so now we find out, that it is good reading which makes good books. —If you have any charity, come and enliven us; for everybody has left Vienna: your brother amuses himself, somewhere else than at Ingersdorf house. Princess Constantia is still in Italy; Madame de Fontainville has grown so low spirited, that I never see her; my uncle is plunged in vexatious cares for the public; and were it not for the sight of frightful, busy streets, I might as well be in my convent.

By way of bribe, I send you some charming exotics which my father has sent me: he charged me to tell you, that you are one of his chief favourites: indeed, the moment I heard him lavish on you, his usual *endearing, flattering* epithets, I knew how it was. Of course you know he left Vienna the morning after you saw him at my uncle's.

Adieu, dear Count! Pray come, and tell me what degree of friendship, I may say you cherish for him, in return.

ADELAIDE

The style of this note, was not calculated to stifle unavailing hopes; Charles felt them revive, with every line.

On renewing his former familiar habits at Ingersdorf house, he found it more dangerous than ever: the Marshal and Forsheim had of course left it; the Baroness was so enwrapped in the composition of a new group, that she

banished everyone from her study, leaving orders for all her guests to be entertained by her niece; the Baron was absorbed in politics; Princess Constantia was still detained by the pious care of her venerable relation, who it was feared would never more recover the use of her limbs ; and no one appeared to break the long tête-à-têtes which Charles and Adelaide were thus doomed to enjoy.

Charles had no other resource than a system of perpetual restraint: he made frequent absences of a morning, prosecuted his professional studies with new ardour, expressed a growing distaste to the exercise of minor accomplishments, sought no longer to persuade Adelaide that she had a genius for drawing, and finally estranged himself from her society whenever he could do so without ill-manners.

At first, Mam'selle de Ingersdorf received these excuses with facility: but it was not possible for her long to remain blind. She every day beheld the sensible decline of his once affectionate friend; and from trying to search out the cause in her own conduct, and finding none there, yielded herself up to the most piercing regret. With reserve and coldness, they now constantly met, only to part still more estranged: her reserve one day, made him more reserved the next; this again, acted upon her; and so their coldness kept increasing, as if it might have done so, adinfinitum.

Charles, now vainly sought a comforter for his sick heart, in his brother: alas! He found it not. Demetrius was no longer himself.

Frantic with a lawless passion, which tyrannised over his whole soul, he was become gloomy and violent: when away from Madame de Fontainville (with whom indeed, he spent nearly all his time, her father being absent from Vienna), he would shut himself up in his own apartment, and there give loose to all the extravagance of distempered wishes. This infatuated boy well knew, that Madame de Fontainville's fate now depended solely upon him; he was convinced that he had only to ask all he desired, and that she would from that instant, neither have the power nor inclination to deny him. But to what would this criminal tenderness reduce her! How could he devote to shame and guilt, the woman for whose sake he would have laid down his life? How could he hope to retain his own esteem, after such base ingratitude? Or how meet the virtuous eyes of a brother who had so early warned him of his danger ?

The sense of right, was not yet utterly lost by the soul of Demetrius, though it ceased to be an object of his love; religious feeling, still retained some authority over his raging passions, though they execrated their bonds, and writhed under their restraint: He could not resolve upon the commission of a crime, yet had not strength to rush away from the flowery precipice from which it tempted him.

Charles had fearfully anticipated his brother's thralldom, and had often and earnestly exhorted him to quit Vienna: Demetrius at first treated the subject lightly; then listened in agitated silence; and at last, unable to hide the

distraction of his soul, suffered its smothered agony to burst forth like a torrent. He strove not to disguise the excess of that passion with which Madame de Fontainville had inspired him, contenting himself with solemnly assuring Charles, that it should never betray him into any criminal act.

When Charles would have convinced him, that the mere indulgence of a guilty desire, is in itself, an act of guilt Demetrius confounded him with the eloquent sophistry of impracticable virtue; expatiated on the involuntary nature of affection; and the peculiarity of Madame Fontainville's situation; protested their mutual innocence, mutual misery, mutual resolutions of never forgetting the sacred barrier by which they were divided. Baffled in his expectation of conquering with the gentle arms of Truth and Tenderness, Charles, was forced to seek assistance from authority: he reminded his brother of the awful power vested in him by their mother, and beseeching him to pardon his seeming cruelty, for her dear sake, *commanded him to join his regiment, under his care, the next morning.*

Demetrius refused to obey: yet he acknowledged his subjection. First, he threw himself on his brother's compassion for one short week longer; then he threatened rebellion. Charles saw that all was lost, if a single point were conceded — he was resolute: Demetrius became exasperated and peremptorily refused; leaving his brother, for the first time in their lives, with open hostility.

Nothing could exceed the anguish and consternation of Leopoldstat, at this moment: the world wrecking around him, could scarcely have caused him an astonishment more replete with horror. His generous heart seemed devoted to sorrows the more poignant, because totally unexpected: it was to be pierced, not merely by love for Adelaide, but by the estrangement of her esteem; and lacerated by the unkindness of a brother, still more than by his misfortunes.

What a life of misery was summed up to him, in the solitary hour which he passed after the hasty departure of Demetrius! He spent it in plans for saving him; and in striving to banish the remembrance of that cruel tone of defiance, which rung the knell of their mutual happiness.

All the sacrifices he had made to gratify this thankless brother, now rose to his memory, uncalled. How often had he denied himself the possession of things which his elegant taste peculiarly valued — how often stifled a longing desire to indulge a munificent or charitable spirit, that Demetrius might have added means to enjoy them both! How had he laid aside those quiet habits, so dear to him, so necessary to his system of honourable economy, only to watch over the heedless steps of one, who now rudely pushed him away!

All hope of comfort in this world, would have vanished from the eyes of Charles, had he not remembered that Demetrius knew not how much he owed to him. — Demetrius erroneously believed, that what he enjoyed, was his own by right; and that Charles had fortune ample enough for any demand of his generous but prudent nature — how then was he to guess, that when his little extravagancies forced him to ask the assistance of his brother, he was robbing

him, with every ducat, of some innocent gratification! — Consoled by this consideration, Charles determined on seeking the advice of Baron Ingersdorf; and for that purpose immediately sought his house.

The Baron was engaged with a foreign minister, and could not admit Leopoldstat till he was gone; the Baroness was attending a sale of pictures; and Adelaide alone, received him in the study.

Her observing glance discovered the traces of past and present suffering, in the features of Charles; they still trembled at moments, and his eyes clouded occasionally with tears: never before had she seen him thus profoundly sad; and never before did such an excess of tenderness overcome herself.

He sat down, conversed little, bent his head over her work, often drawing heavy sighs which he conquered with difficulty. This wretchedness, whatever it proceeded from, was too interesting to Adelaide, not to call forth her gentlest sympathy: her beautiful countenance assumed an expression of angelic pity, and the tone of her voice grew so touching, that Charles longed to cast his aching head on her pitying bosom, there to weep away the oppression of his heart. Adelaide too, the modest Adelaide, could have pressed him to that bosom, with the fondest compassion; for she thought at that instant, she loved him like a brother; and like a sister would have caressed and consoled him.

“You are not well, to day?” she said apprehensively, as if afraid that the very sound of her voice might hurt him.

“Indifferent.” he replied, forcing a languid smile.

He got up, walked once or twice across the room, looked, wistfully at the door, listened to hear if the Baron were coming, then sat down again, but not near Adelaide.

There was no coldness in this, and therefore Mam’selle de Ingersdorf was not chilled by it: unconscious that her kindness redoubled his agitation (by tempting him to avow how very a wretch he was) she again made some anxious remark: he replied to it, only by resuming the seat next her’s.

“Is company, irksome to you?” at length she asked, laying down her work, and preparing to leave him.

“Not yours! — never, never yours!” he exclaimed with a sudden burst of violent emotion.

Her hand was now on the table where she had laid her work; he bent his head hastily down to it, and fixed his lips there in a delirium of love and pain. The repeated kisses and tears which he mingled over that little hand, had something in them which would not suffer Adelaide to mistake their character: her head swam her heart melted within her, and she had not power left to move or to speak.

Meanwhile a spell seemed to bind the unhappy Charles; yet he spoke not; he only sighed often and deeply. For once he had given way to impetuous sorrow, and no longer had strength to control its force.

Adelaide recovered first: she withdrew her hand, in great disorder, and tottering to the door, faltered out some words which intimated she was going in search of her uncle. As she departed, Charles, whose love was increased by a vague suspicion that he was dearer to her than she imagined, gazed after her with a swelling heart. "O!" he exclaimed, "While Demetrius knows himself beloved, if he loves as I do, how can I wonder at any madness to which it may transport him!"

The reflections which Adelaide's passive softness, had thus excited, were silenced by the entrance of her uncle. His undisturbed countenance, ever the transcript of a serene and contemplative mind, calmed the turbulent feelings of Charles: the latter briefly apologised for his own emotion, and then stated his brother's perilous situation.

Baron Ingersdorf heard the narrative with unaffected concern: Demetrius had always possessed a large portion of his affectionate solicitude, and though lately a stranger at his house, was not the less dear to him, from what he deemed a mere freak of youthful caprice. Leopold's delicacy not permitting him to urge the extent of his fears, (and they were grounded on a certainty of Madame de Fontainville's rash attachment) the Baron did not see the affair in so dangerous a light, as to induce him to give very urgent advice: he merely recommended unceasing watchfulness, increasing tenderness, change of scene, and active employment. To obtain the two latter, it was necessary for the leave of absence, which Demetrius had long ago procured, to be revoked; and the Baron therefore, strenuously advised Charles to request Colonel Wurtzburg would devise some plausible excuse for so doing: a thousand reasons for this request might be given by Leopold, without betraying his brother's secret: he saw there might, and instantly determined not to lose any time in following the Baron's counsel. :

As he hastily traversed the streets leading to Wurtzburg's house, he repeated to himself again and again, the last words of Ingersdorf. "Take comfort, my dear Charles, your brother will come to himself, as soon as he is removed from the sight of this dangerous beauty. He has a heart habitually upright, and it cannot long bear its own reproaches: be assured it cannot." Fain would Charles have believed this prediction implicitly, fain would he have hoped that Demetrius had the heroism to tear himself from every wish at the very instant they might be realised.

Wurtzburg was from home, and being gone some miles off, was not expected till the ensuing day: Charles turned from his door with saddened feelings.

When Demetrius returned from evening parade, to adjust his dress for the opera, his features expressed all the contrition of his heart: yet dreading that a

confession of error, would tempt Charles to urge his giving him a proof of it, by instant obedience, he stifled the expression of what he felt, and merely ventured to utter a few unimportant words.

Charles was sitting at a table, which distinctly showed the uneasy state of his mind; for it was crowded with books, drawings, maps, mathematical instruments, military models, all of which he had separately tried to station and occupy his restless thoughts. His eyes were now as heavy with indisposition, as trouble: the presence of Demetrius had excited remembrance of his momentary ingratitude, and caused a slight throb of resentment to beat in his bosom. He would not look at him: but keeping his eyes fixed on a book which he had just opened, answered his few questions.

Demetrius fluctuated between remorse and apprehension —

“Will you not go out with me, this evening Charles?” he said hesitating as he moved towards the door.

“No — I am not quite well, and you are going to the opera — I shall go to bed.”

“What, now? —”

“Yes: I don’t feel myself — good night!” — Charles rose as he spoke, and taking up one of the candles; opened the door of his chamber, and without even turning to look at Demetrius, hastily shut himself in.

Charles had his moments of weakness; and this, was one: the contrast between what he supposed his brother’s feelings to be, and what he knew to be his own, pierced him to the soul; wounded tenderness got the better of reason, and he forgot in its keen pangs, that he had resolved to conciliate and to soothe.

Hour after hour, found him sleepless. Every reflection which he unavoidably revolved, was pregnant with misery: his own fate was likely to be a cheerless one; and if it were to be embittered by the loss of that dear brother’s affection, in which he had treasured up his soul, if they were to sever in anger, how was it to be endured? — The pain of these thoughts was heightened by a consciousness of error in himself. He had too surely betrayed his passion, to Adelaide, and by so doing, tacitly supplicated a return; and, even to wish for a return, much more to ask it, was to prove him self capable of violating the Baron’s generous confidence ; it was to break the sacred bond of obligation by which he had consented to be held; and was to rob the absent Forsheim of what a father had made his. To Demetrius also, he had acted wrong: influenced for the only time in his life, by indignation more than sorrow, he had abruptly quitted him at the very moment in which his faltering voice announced a softened heart: at the very moment in which, he felt certain that, had he raised his eyes, he would have seen those of Demetrius filled with penitent tears, and might perhaps have drawn him, by one forgiving look, into his opened arms.

Bitter regret, and want of sleep, increased the fever of Leopold; and the night was far spent, when he found himself so devoured by thirst, as to be under the necessity of ringing for a servant.

The instant his bell rang, some one entered the room: it was Demetrius. Charles expressed surprise, and asked if he had just come in:

“I have never been out.” was the reply. —

“Never been out!” repeated Charles in a tone of inexpressible affection — “And was it upon my account — O my brother!”

Demetrius threw himself into his eager arms, without speaking, for his heart was full: and so gratefully did he love his brother, so distractedly adore Madame de Fontainville, so deeply abhor himself, that at that moment he would willingly have resigned his wretched breath.

In this agitation, Charles saw the return of virtue: he pressed the youthful Demetrius closely to his breast, while he entreated pardon for past harshness, calling heaven to witness that his own soul was not more precious to him than he was. — Demetrius could not articulate: he was almost suffocated with perpetual sighs, and every nerve in his body shook with convulsive agony. Alas! He was about to pass upon himself, the dreadful sentence, of banishment from her he loved. Charles redoubled his tenderness; and at length, his unhappy brother faintly gasped out,

“Forgive me — and I will leave Vienna whenever you bid me!” —

The instant he pronounced these fatal words, his head fell back upon Charles’s bed, and he remained there a long time insensible to everything.

How fervent was the short prayer which Charles inwardly addressed in his behalf, to the God of pity, as he gazed on the deathly face of his brother. At that moment, could the sacrifice of his own life, nay, of what was dearer than life, his temporal hopes; could that, have saved Demetrius from the necessity of thus tearing his heart in pieces, he would cheerfully have made it.

A fault acknowledged with such sensibility, and forgiven with so much tenderness, served only to bind the brothers in closer union — Demetrius, confessed the dangers to which his own passion and the trusting fondness of Madame de Fontainville, daily subjected him: and Charles, related in return, the agitating discovery”so lately made to him by his heart. — Thus reposing on each other, and mutually exhorting themselves to follow the path prescribed by honour, they saw the morning, dawn. —

As Demetrius dared not trust himself with seeing Madame de Fontainville, he wrote her a letter, explanatory of his situation; in which, he conjured her to believe, that this cruel banishment was the surest proof he could give her, of his love; that in condemning himself to it, he was consigning all the rest of his

life to wretchedness, excepting those moments only, which would be sweetened by the consciousness of deserving her esteem.

Charles contented himself with taking leave of the Ingersdorf family, in a note to the Baron; and then, set off with his brother, for Bolzano in the Tyrol.

CHAPTER VIII

When a heart is sadly occupied in revolving the happiness of the past, and in contemplating the gloom of the future, not even the charms of nature — bewitching nature! — can rouse it from such abstraction. Demetrius, who used to look on this beauteous earth with the eyes of a lover, and who never saw the wildest scene, or simplest flower, without emotions of pleasure, now passed over the most romantic of countries, and saw it not.

The magnificent mountains of Tyrol, its fertile valleys, and picturesque inhabitants, rose in succession before him, without displacing for a single instant the little boudoir of Madame de Fontainville; where, unconscious that they were so soon to part for ever, he had ventured, for the first time, to kiss off her falling tears.

The remembrance of the fond delirium which succeeded this touch of her balmy cheek, the sighing tenderness with which she had suffered him to fold her repeatedly in his trembling arms, all raged with an agony amounting to madness. Often was he on the point of recalling his hasty promise, and confessing his frenzy, and hastening back to fling himself at her feet; but then the sound of his brother's voice, and the sight of his countenance (on which tenderness and apprehension were touchingly blended), calmed the storm of passion.

Charles had his ownsorrows; and perhaps they were the mightier for being concealed: but he was accustomed to contend with, and vanquish himself; while Demetrius, he knew, was now, for the first time, learning the hard lesson of sacrificing inclination to duty.

From the hour in which they reached Bolzano, it became his study, how best to sooth, yet strengthen his brother's mind. Frequently he called his attention to the changeful scenery amongst which they rambled, pressed him into the discussion of interesting speculations, and, though often repulsed, as often renewed the attempt!

Demetrius was weary of the whole world; and felt as if he did indeed "cumber the fair earth." Life, for him, had lost its strongest motive; and therefore he abandoned every minor one without hesitation.

Refraining from useless expostulations, Charles trusted to his brother's grateful nature for that exertion which was necessary to prove his sense of such unwearied kindness: and success would have crowned his forbearance, had not the unshakeable attachment of Madame de Fontainville forever traversed his views.

She wrote to Demetrius in all the distraction of an ill-governed but fond heart; reproached him for abandoning the woman he had taken such pains to win, whose principles he injured, when he imagined them likely to be overthrown

even by the wildest gust of passion; recalled to his memory how often they had mutually vowed to confine their attachment within such bounds as Religion's self would not condemn; how often she had professed herself ready to appear the guilty wretch she was not; incurring, for his sake, every reproach, except that of her own conscience. She beseeched him to return, and renew their sad compact of hopeless constancy; or at once to acknowledge that he no longer loved her.

This last was the trying argument with Demetrius. To be suspected of not loving the fatal beauty for whom his heart was rent asunder, for whom he could have renounced everything dear to man, was to shake his best resolutions to their foundation.

Charles witnessed the baneful effect of Madame de Fontainville's letter with dreadful forebodings: he would have convinced his brother that such a correspondence was dangerously imprudent; but Demetrius seemed deprived of reason, and argument was lost on him. As, however, he still remained faithful to his promise of not revisiting Vienna, Charles was forced to satisfy himself with a sacrifice, rather springing out of fraternal gratitude, than from any conviction of its necessity.

In one of Madame de Fontainville's letters, she urged the chance of her future freedom: which, as her husband was a man of a rash, fiery, turbulent spirit, was an event by no means unlikely. On this hope Demetrius seized; and, as if he had only wanted an excuse for again indulging his infatuation, became more infatuated than before.

Yet, alas! What were his sufferings to those of his brother! To Charles, who thus saw the innocent companion of his childhood, the endearing charge of his riper years — him whose sweet gaiety and amiable virtues had twined themselves round his heart, plunging from misery into guilt, and hastening to lose, in the indulgence of a criminal hope, all that remained of his "original brightness!"

No splendid visions fraught with extravagant transports yet to come — no bewitching recollections (which, while they lasted, transported the deluded soul into the fond belief, that past things were present) visited the waking dreams of Charles: he saw guilt approaching in all its horrors, and remembered the former excellence of Demetrius only to mourn the more over his change.

While under the influence of these painful feelings, he was suddenly summoned to Vienna upon regimental business, and obliged to commit his brother to the guidance of his own powers.

Had Charles felt any solid reliance upon the friendship or principles of Colonel Wurtzburg (who was just arrived at Bolzano), he would secretly have commissioned him to watch over his brother: but Wurtzburg had made no way in his affections; and, spite of appearances, he could not help sometimes suspecting that the Colonel sought his good word rather than his real esteem,

since there was, indeed, no point of perfect union between them. Contenting himself, therefore, with conjuring Wurtzburg to send him frequent news of his brother's health, (the plea urged for their sudden journey), he took an affecting leave of Demetrius, who listened with speechless emotion to his pathetic exhortations and encouraging praises.

No sooner was Charles gone, than Demetrius felt as if an oppressive weight were removed from his soul; a sensation almost amounting to gladness succeeded to his late wretchedness; and though he still loved his brother most tenderly, that imperious passion, upon which his pitying yet repressing eyes had so long laid a restraint, made separation from him a blessing. He could now plunge from despondence to despair, or soar from hope to certainty; alternately resolve to regain, and to relinquish her; abandon himself to regret, or waste his days in fruitless musing — without dreading the sight of that mild, reproachful look, which so often forced him back to the most painful sense of shame.

Two days after the departure of Charles, Colonel Wurtzburg called upon Demetrius.

As the latter had not yet risen, in consequence of a sleepless night, the Colonel sat down in his little study, and amused himself with looking over some plans of fortresses. While he carelessly turned the different sheets, his eye fell on a fragment of paper containing verses; which, supposing to be an extract, he read: how was he surprised to peruse the following lines, signed with the name of Demetrius —

Vain are my struggles, fruitless my resolves!
Before her image, every vow dissolves.
I see no world where Zaire must not live:
I know no transport but what she can give:
Frantic I turn from Reason's cold debate,
And yield my burning heart to Love and Fate.
O precious Fate! If thou indeed hast giv'n,
In her I dote on, a foretaste of heav'n;
If thou hast destined her to bless my arms,
To lend my youthful days their sweetest charms,
To warm my kindling soul with glowing life,
And be at once my friend, my guide, my wife!
Away, ye icy doubts, ye coward fears!
Ye calculating thoughts of future years!
Grief, censure, shame, no more this mind shall move,
For what are all their ills to boundless Love?
A sweet delirium now my soul confounds,
With passion's voice my echoing breast resounds;
Each pulse with rapture throbs; I see, I hear,
I clasp — transporting bliss! my fond Zaire.
Before my swimming sight again she comes,
Warm with celestial beauty's brightest blooms;
A faint reproach beams thro' her moonlight eyes;
She moves with trembling, and she speaks in sighs:
Our senses float; she sinks upon my breast;
To her soft cheek my falt'ring lips are pressed;
Earth vanishes from each, and every care
Melts in that ardent chaste embrace to air.

O dear delusion, gone 'ere half believed!
Of every vision, every hope bereav'd,
My spirit droops; Reality's sad glass
Reflects life's coming sorrows as they pass.
There, bound in tyrant chains, my Love appears,
Wasting her prime away in useless tears:
While I, (the slave of custom and of shame),
No longer dare assert our guiltless aim;
No longer strive to banish vain desire,
(Bidding love's flame ascend with purer fire);
But fly the sweet temptation — basely fly;
And leave her truer heart to break and die!"

There was so much more passion than poetry in this extravagant effusion, that Colonel Wurtzburg hesitated not a moment in believing it to be the production of his friend's feelings, rather than a passage selected by his judgment from the works of another.

Scarcely had he time to recover from the reflections into which it threw him, and to push it among the leaves of a book, when its unconscious writer appeared. The wasted figure and colourless complexion of the young Count, were presumptive proofs that Wurtzburg had not misjudged him.

After discussing the usual topics of the metropolis they had so lately quitted, Wurtzburg carelessly observed, that Vienna was very near losing its fairest ornament; the beautiful De Fontainville having been on the brink of the grave, and only pronounced out of danger a week ago: that this was the more distressing, as her father was still with Louis XVIII.

What became of Demetrius during this brief detail? His heart smote his breast with a force which made it audible, while his parched lips vainly endeavoured to utter some articulate sounds. The Colonel kindly took his hand:

"My dear fellow, she is better — on my soul she is better!" he said, "—If I could have guessed how this would agitate you! But you slight my friendship; you conceal all your feelings from a man who would cordially participate in every one of them; and it is accident alone to which I am indebted for your confidence. Why do you not speak? This excessive agitation terrifies me; indeed, she is out of danger: she suffered me to see her."

"You saw her! O heaven!" exclaimed Demetrius (forgetting caution in surprise and anguish), "and how did she — what did — *you* saw her, and I —". The broken sentences here dissolved away in sighs.

Wurtzburg again pressed his hand, again assured him of Madame de Fontainville's safety, and repeated his protestations of sympathy: he then told Demetrius, that Madame de Fontainville had admitted him to her dressing room, merely to inquire about the road to Bolzano, as she was ordered to change the air, and meant, for that purpose, to visit a friend whose house was in its neighbourhood.

The blood gushed into the cheeks of Demetrius with as much impetuosity as he felt it rushing through his heart. The motive of Madame de Fontainville's visit to a place so distant, and the cause of her illness, he could not mistake: it was for him then, that she had been dying; it was to seek him that she was thus about to undertake a laborious journey, while her shattered frame was scarcely able to retain its wounded spirit! There needed not this fatal testimony of tenderness to distract him. He forgot his vow, and his brother; he thought only of Zaire, and saw in Wurtzburg only an affectionate, judicious friend.

Compassion and indulgence, indeed, breathed from the mouth of the Colonel. He was far from lessening the abhorrence with which Demetrius considered the possibility of ever betraying Madame de Fontainville's honour; but he saw no guilt in suffering a powerful sentiment to reign undisturbed in their bosoms.

Madame de Fontainville, he observed, was surely placed in peculiar circumstances: her husband had long ago dissolved every tie between them, by taking a mistress, whom he suffered to bear his name; how could she be considered still his wife, the wife of an apostate, a traitor to his God and king? Was her disconsolate spirit to be interdicted even the enjoyment of a pure, unfortunate attachment? Was she, without children, or other relatives (except a father, whom she might soon lose), to be forbidden all hope of securing to herself a faithful friend? Wurtzburg saw the case under this light; but he scrupled not to pronounce that man a wretch, who could deliberately ruin the peace, or by an impulse of passion destroy the innocence of a woman so circumstanced. With such various motives to pure affection, he wondered at the irresolution of Demetrius, whom he had believed capable of the most refined tenderness.

That ill-starred young man listened with too much attention to this hollow reasoning: at every fresh remark, his resolution became weaker and weaker; he thought, if Charles were there, that he too would admit the solidity of Wurtzburg's judgment: yet he forgot, that Charles had anticipated even more than these arguments, and one by one, had disproved them all.

The contest ended in the Colonel's triumph; who, in return for his friend's confidence, conjured him to avoid Zaire eternally, unless he could resolve upon never wishing for more than the possession of her heart. Demetrius had just proved the weakness of his own resolutions, yet he now avowed another, with as much self-applause, as if certain of keeping it inviolate.

The terrific visions of guilt, remorse, and shame, which a brother's faithful voice had conjured up to stop him in his mad career, now vanished into air: all seemed serene again; and Wurtzburg appeared the angel of peace, whose tenderness, while it indulged him in weakness, would preserve him from crime, Demetrius was, in short, reconciled to himself; and entreated Wurtzburg's advice: falsely believing, that he would acquiesce in any decision; while, in reality, he asked counsel only from knowing it would be conformable to his own wishes.

The arrival of Madame de Fontainville, a few days after this interview, sealed the fate of the young Count. It was not in the heart of man to behold her fading beauty, her eyes for ever swimming in tears, her neglected attire, and agitating tenderness, without losing all self-command. Demetrius could find safety only in flight; but how could he fly again from the fond creature, who thus sought him at the risk of her character and her life?

Had Madame de Fontainville been the object of a respectful, disinterested, intellectual affection; had she herself shrunk affrighted from the passionate bursts of her lover; had her charms, in short, affected the heart more and the senses less, Demetrius would not have had to struggle with opposing desires. But she possessed no mental grandeur to spiritualise the transports of a frantic passion: her accomplishments were those of a Circassian slave; she was accustomed to consider her matchless person as her strongest attraction, and wishing to be loved by Demetrius, saw in his bold freedoms only the proofs of true attachment.

The house at which Madame de Fontainville now resided, was the abode of a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Tyrolean nobleman; as the lovers imprudently confided their situation to this lady (whose principles were — no principles at all! That is, she never stepped aside from virtue herself, but cared very little about the conduct of others), every indulgence was granted to Demetrius; and to complete his happiness (by making Madame de Fontainville's residence there, almost a secret), no visitors were admitted.

Wurtzburg and the thoughtless Baroness de Mariental, Demetrius and Zaire, passed their days and evenings together. Yet, wretched were these days and evenings to the misguided Demetrius! He had concealed Madame de Fontainville's arrival from Charles, and was now, therefore, without a single restraining friend, who might have renewed in his mind, the fading images of right.

Every object by which he was surrounded in the Chateau de Mariental; every conversation in which he bore a part; every expression of Zaire's subduing eyes, was calculated to inflame and disorder his senses: a devouring fever preyed incessantly upon his heart and his nerves; and sometimes he denied himself the sight of Madame de Fontainville for whole days together.

It was then, that wrestling with a giant passion, whose terrors he had so rashly contemned, he longed for Charles, and almost wished that he would come and tear him from the scene; yet had he not resolution enough to write and ask his aid.

Desperately pressing forward to the ruin which he saw awaited him, and losing all other considerations in that one, he began to contract new habits, less alluring, but equally pernicious. Madame de Mariental loved play; and as she had closed her doors on her usual associates, for the sake of Demetrius and Zaire, it was but gratitude in them to assist in her amusement. Demetrius played therefore; lost, played again; resolved to do so no more; broke his

resolution; and then sought to drown by floods of wine, his sense of misery and of shame.

Three weeks after the elder Count Leopoldstat left Bolzano, a change took place into the cantonments of the Austrian regiments ; and Wurtzburg's hussars were removed into the Bellunese.

This circumstance did not alter the situation of Demetrius: he implored for leave of absence; and the sympathising Colonel, (renewing his exhortations to the practice of that virtuous self-denial, which he was thus rendering every day more difficult), weakly granted: he too remained at Bolzano, continuing to share and promote the destructive pleasures of Marienthal.

It was now the beginning of autumn: the rich country of Tyrol bloomed with the ripened vineyards and mulberry grounds; cloudless skies and balmy airs infused tender joy, and the loveliness of nature melted the human heart. Demetrius grew every day sadder and more enamoured; and Madame de Fontainville seemed to partake in his feelings.

One evening, a delightful sunset made Colonel Wurtzburg propose a ramble to the Baroness. Zaire was somewhat indisposed, and Demetrius, of course, remained in the chateau with her. Never before had he appeared so hurried away by his unhappy passion, and yet his friend persuaded the Baroness to take fruit in a remote cottage, where they loitered away the time, and returned not to Marienthal till long after the moon had risen. The hills and valleys were bright with her steady lustre; a holy serenity pervaded every thing but man's stormy soul, when Wurtzburg and the Baroness saw a figure glittering in the light, as it hastily emerged from some trees, and as rapidly disappeared. The waving feather convinced them it was Demetrius; nor were they mistaken.

On reaching the chateau, they found he had just left it, in great agitation, and that Madame de Fontainville had retired to her own chamber. Wurtzburg declined supping at Marienthal; hastening to seek Leopoldstat, whose fatal infatuation had now touched its dreaded point.

After an unsuccessful search among the woods into which he had seen him plunge, the Colonel repaired to their hotel where he heard with unfeigned astonishment, that the young officer had been there for his horse, and had left only these few words addressed to him.

I must stay here no longer why did you leave us? — Farewell — I return to my regiment.—

DEMETRIUS.

Wurtzburg now anticipated the confession, his friend would soon make to him, and avoiding the sight of Madame de Fontainville, took leave of her and the Baroness, in a well-worded billet; after which, he set off for the Bellunese.

END OF VOLUME I