

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS
VOLUME II

CHAPTER I

Meanwhile, disappointment and distress met Charles at Vienna. The attempt to recover part of his inheritance, which Baron Ingersdorf had made for him, proved abortive. That this property had been fraudulently, because usuriously obtained from the late Count Leopoldstat, was evident to every person; but such proof as can alone sanction important decisions was wanting; and, therefore, the affair ended in mortification.

After Madame de Fontainville's illness, she had caused it to be understood, that she was going to join her father: Charles was by this means completely deceived; and when he learned her departure, trusted she at length saw the impropriety of that persecuting constancy with which she had so long traversed his views for Demetrius. In the circle at Ingersdorf House he would have sought relief from the many cares which oppressed him, had he not painfully found that the amiable Adelaide grew every day more interesting to his heart; that she frequently betrayed a solicitude so tender, as to banish for the time all remembrance of her engagement and his own poverty. He absented himself from the Baroness's workroom, where formerly he passed every morning with Adelaide, and he would have abandoned the Baron's dinners, also, could he have done so without apparent ingratitude.

It is not possible for two people to love each other excessively, to converse with perfect intimacy, to see each other everyday, to receive and pay those little attentions which naturally flow from domestic intercourse, and not discover their mutual attachment. Leopoldstat could not but observe, that the fine eyes and colour of Adelaide always became brighter when he appeared; that she unconsciously made his comfort the first object of her care; and if he entered fatigued after a toilsome field day, she hastened to bring him refreshments; she scattered over him reviving perfumes, or opened the windows to admit the cooling air: in short, Adelaide was always ready, when anything was to be done for him.

Yet Adelaide scarcely suffered her thoughts to glance for a moment upon the possible cause of this soft anxiety. Why should she seek a cause? — Was he not the peculiar favourite of her dear uncle, and the object of general esteem! Did not every eye sparkle, every cheek glow, when the name of Count Leopoldstat prefaced his entrance? — And was not every one desirous to place themselves within the delightful influence of his smile, and to serve him even in trifles? — Why then, should she alone, be alarmed at the warmth of that friendship, which he seemed born to excite in every human breast?

Adelaide deceived herself. A secret presage, that she should one day be the possessor of his matchless heart, was the real cause of her animated attentions

and fitful vivacity. Too soon, this vivacity died away; and a sheer affection deepened into love, she lost sight of the hope which had first awakened it. No longer did she hover round the young Count, with smiles and services, but examined with torturing anxiety all his looks and words; no longer did she feel sure even of his common regard, seeing in the struggles of his stronger passion, only symptoms of disgust. While similar thoughts fluctuated through the minds of both; while one moment they fancied themselves beloved, and the next contemned, the incidents of a single evening terminated their inquietude without altering their destinies.

It was at the assembly of a mutual acquaintance, where the thoughtless discourse of a silly, forward woman, occasioned them infinite embarrassment.

This lady was not absolutely in love with Charles, but she tried to be so, and wished him to understand that she was so in reality: for this purpose she never failed attacking him, wherever they met, with conversations about himself; endeavouring by this system to make him comprehend, that a woman who learns every action of a man's days, and who perpetually imagines him on the point of union with another, has a *flattering reason* for her solicitude.

Approaching the recess of a circular window, where Charles and Adelaide were benevolently conversing with a blind gentleman, she tapped the shoulder of the former, with her fan, exclaiming "What! Is it you that I see — but I suppose you are on the point of flying off to the Russian Ambassador's?"

"And why should you suppose that, Madam?" asked Charles carelessly, as he returned her strange salute with a good-humoured salute of his own hand.

"Why! Come, come, my dear Count, this well-acted naiveté won't serve your turn. Don't I know that your fair Countess appears there for the first time since her mourning. — Ha! Ha! Ha! — How he blushes! My dear Mam'selle Ingersdorf, did you ever see a man look so guilty, in all your life?"

"I am at a loss to understand the subject of your raillery!" returned Charles (really blushing at the fervour of his gay accuser's glances). "Pray explain yourself?"

"What a provoking creature thou art!" exclaimed the lady, fixing her eyes momentarily upon his. "Does not the whole world give you to the Countess Reusmark? — Is it not notorious that you pass all your time at her melancholy villa? Don't I see you perpetually wandering with her, about her gardens, smothering her child with kisses, caressing her dog, collecting her bouquets? My dressing room tells sad tales. Everybody knows it was your interest that obtained her that enormous pension. Come, come, confess at once, that you are to be rewarded for all this benevolence, by the white hand of the pensive widow? Your eyes confess it. Don't they Mam'selle? Surely you will be an auxiliary to me, for I know he has been a woeful truant from your Aunt's morning conversation's."

Adelaide turned her head, as if to look at Charles, but her eyes refused to meet his. Rising in agonising emotion, she began searching among some music-books which were near, for she knew not what, while she faintly replied — “I know no thing of this affair; I — I am not in Count Leopoldstat’s confidence.”

“We shall all be in his confidence soon:” pursued the annoying intruder. “A sylph whispered me this morning, that the Count’s happy day is positively fixed. Your Uncle is to give the bride away — Lord, my dear, how dull you must be to have these things transacting under your very eyes, without seeing them. Well — adieu! Joy, joy be your’s, my dear Count, though you break half a score hearts in gaining it.” Away tripped this inconsiderate woman, with a sigh and a languish, which perfectly performed their mission, by convincing Charles that she wished herself in the Countess Reusmark’s place. Baffled by her hasty retreat, the Count remained where she left him, in painful silence. — Adelaide, unable to stand, had reseated herself, and was now trembling through every fibre with a sudden emotion, which she found it impossible to conquer.

The cruel assertions of their late companion, hastily opened before her the view of a misfortune, which nothing hitherto taught her to expect. She could not forget that of late, Charles had indeed deserted the house of her Uncle, that he had strenuously exerted himself in the service of Madam Reusmark, and that all who knew this youthful widow, spoke of her in the most interesting manner. Where then, was the wonder of such an attachment? Nay, so far from being wonderful, was it not probable? To Adelaide (whose heart knew no other obstacle than her own engagement, which still she hoped to break through), to her, the suspicion of Leopoldstat’s choosing another, came like the stroke of death. It seized on her soul with frightful violence; and she now sat beneath the gaze of Charles, shaking convulsively, and devoid of utterance.

His situation was miserable. The transport of suspecting himself to be beloved (for how could he mistake the cause of such agitation?) was lost in excess of anguish for her sufferings: delicacy and respect constrained him to preserve that very silence which afflicted her; and he therefore stood some moments as if observing the company through the perspective of an opposite suite of rooms: then suddenly turning round, he exclaimed “I perceive this heat overcomes you; you have looked pale the whole evening; let me open a window?”

Adelaide answered by immediately rising and tottering to the window, which he threw open with onehand, while with the other, he supported her trembling form. Her emotion now gushed out in a violent burst of tears, which he suffered to fall unobserved.

After weeping sometime, Adelaide said, in a broken voice, “I am wretchedly nervous, Count; and this room was so hot; indeed the day has been suffocating; you would scarcely believe what a trifling increase of heat makes me ill.”

Till I opened the window, the heat here was not trifling,” replied Charles, “I am not astonished at your being overpowered by it; I only wonder how so many delicate women can endure such perpetual changes of climate as they do, when

going from party to party: a soldier has scarcely more need for an iron constitution, than a modern fine lady.”

Adelaide assented with a languid smile, and then another long pause followed. By degrees her apparent emotion subsided; but she studiously averted her face, and often stifled repeated sighs. Charles tenderly enquired how she found herself, and being told she was much recovered, he said, timidly, “It seems unfeeling to think of myself, while you are thus indisposed; but as you assure me you are better, perhaps you will now suffer me to defend my character from the aspersion thrown on it, by Madame Griefenswald?”

“Defend yourself! And to me, Sir!” exclaimed Adelaide, starting with astonishment at the apparent indelicacy of his conduct; “I neither claim, nor wish a right, to sway any of your actions.”

“I had not the presumptuous folly to mean that;” replied Charles, mildly, “but I have long flattered myself with the idea, that as you honoured me with your good opinion, it would be painful to find it ill-placed; were Madame Griefenswald’s assertions true, I should no longer dare to claim the friendship of your family; a friendship, which is at once the joy and the pride of my heart.”

“I know not,” interrupted Adelaide, faintly, “how your attachment to an amiable woman, is to interfere with the pleasure we have always found in your society; or why you think it necessary to defend yourself from such a charge, as if it were a crime.”

“The attachment itself, would not be a crime;” replied Leopoldstat, gazing at her fluctuating complexion, with a beating heart, “but my supposed conduct while under its influence, is a crime against every honourable and manly sentiment. What did Madame Griefenswald produce as the strongest proof of my engagement with the Countess Reusmarck? The fact of my having obtained a pension for that lady! I then, who submitted to the most mortifying obstacles and refusals, wearied half my friends for their interest, neglected no honest means whatever, to procure that pension, gained it at last by mere importunity; I then, am publicly accused of having thus sought it for *myself*! I having *wooed* repulse, which borne for my own interest would have been degradation! I, that would perish, ere I would demand even the reward my services might have fairly earned! Gracious Heaven! To be so insulted in the dearest part of my character, and before you too! But for this insinuation, the subject were not of the least consequence, and I should not have intruded it upon your attention.”

“It is of consequence, Count!” replied Adelaide, melting into the most bewitching softness.” If the softness shadow is but momentarily thrown over the brightness of a friend’s character, what anguish does it not occasion? Till this moment, however, I did not perceive the possibility of any odium being the result of your devotion to Madame Reusmark.”

“I should despise myself if I deserved it!” exclaimed Charles, vehemently — “The Count of Reusmark was a brave man, whose gallant services during five

campaigns I was qualified to attest: — he died in my arms, on the bloody field of Tarvisio. His widow and child, have since then become objects of my sincerest esteem and nearest interest: they were left wholly unprovided, and it was surely a soldier's duty to plead in their behalf. The attentions I have paid Madame Reusmark, were such as respectful compassion alone prompted; she received them with the eagerness of a heart which knew itself in want of consolation; a heart, religiously devoted to the memory of a brave fellow whom she truly loved, and whose child is now the sum of all her worldly hopes. She too, is outraged by this gross report: her meritorious seclusion, her profound but uncomplaining grief, is turned by it into the most abominable levity and deceit. I conjure you to believe that Madame Reusmark sees in me, only the friend of that husband in whose life was bound up all the charms of hers ; and that I behold in her, only a forlorn widow and respectable mother, for whose honour and happiness I would brave the bitterest mortifications, spill every drop of my blood, make every sacrifice, but that of your esteem!"

The agitation of Charles when he pronounced the last words, was so extreme, that had he thrown himself at the feet of Mam'selle Ingersdorf, and there avowed his passion, she could not have received a more gratifying conviction of its existence. The jealous honour which dictated the explanation itself, penetrated her soul: thrilling with a confusion of increased pain and pleasure, she could no longer resist the softness which melted her again into tears, and incapable of speaking, she sunk upon a seat without reply.

The eyes of Charles now fixed themselves upon her, with fond solicitude: hers were cast down; but her bosom palpitated beneath its covering, with unusual quickness. Anxious to break the distressing silence, Adelaide attempted to speak, and while doing so, raised her eyes; they were full of what was passing in her heart, and the moment they encountered those of Charles, she felt all that they had uttered. At the same moment each blushed, each sighed, and averting their heads, moved from the recess.

What needed there more, to develop their feelings ? — Words could not have added to their mutual certainty of being: at this instant the beloved cause of each other's agitation: — Words would but poorly have explained love so animated yet so timid; so eternal, yet so capable of sacrificing all its wishes on the altar of duty.

The globe seemed to whirl round with Charles, when the conviction of all he desired, thus struck upon his heart; for a while he stood bewildered, delightfully bewildered, not venturing to direct another glance towards Adelaide, lest that glance should break the spell: when he did look at her again, a succession of deep blushes confirmed his hopes. The appearance of Baron Ingersdorf now announced the dispersion of the assembly. The Baroness accepting the arm of her husband, desired Adelaide would take that of Count Leopoldstat. Only a few hours before, Adelaide would have obeyed without scruple, and Charles would have approached her without embarrassment: now they both hesitated, were silent, confused, and dared not encounter each other's looks. The Baroness again spoke; and Charles fearfully took the hand of his blushing

companion. While they walked to the carriage, it trembled as much as his; yet he let it go again, without having once ventured to press it. — Are not true love and respect inseparable?

From this evening the passion of Charles was as intense as that of Demetrius: it shone for ever in his eyes; and he might as well have forbidden his soul to illuminate their expressions, as have resolved to banish it from all his actions. But, unlike Demetrius, he controlled what he could not annihilate; and in proportion as he became sensible to the tenderness of Adelaide, imposed new sacrifices upon his own.

Fate however, seemed to delight in adding to the difficulty of this self-command: for scarcely a day passed, in which circumstances honourable to Adelaide, did not spring up to oppose it.

Anxious to dissipate uneasy reflections, the Count went one morning to lounge away an hour of stubborn depression at the Archducal Library.

While he was dipping into several volumes, an Irish officer seated himself near him, and began laboriously to adjust the tie of a sword knot, which in defiance of all his efforts, remained resolutely ungraceful. As the Hibernian was absorbed in this momentous employment, a thin, straggling young fellow entered, and making eagerly up to him, exclaimed in a whiffling voice, which retained only the faintest scent of his country's brogue, "My dear friend, how are you? I have just left such an interesting scene! — Pen and pencil are both inadequate to describe it!"

"I hope the tongue ain't," drily observed his auditor, "so let me *hare* your *new* romance:"

The young man, now threw himself into an oratorical attitude. — "I was sauntering," said he, "along the horse which leads to Schonbrunn, admiring some groups of lovely women whom the refreshing shade of the trees, and the accidental performance of an admirable band of music, had collected together, when I observed a celestial creature that might have stood for a Madonna, watching the sports of a playful Cupid (her son, as it afterwards proved), who was bounding before her. Suddenly the child flung a ball out of its hand, darted from the footpath across the road, and fell! — At that instant a party of riotous horsemen coming full speed, threatened the babe with immediate annihilation: the shriek of its mother rent the skies. The horsemen were in the very act of destruction — when lo! A beautiful girl, sprung like a flash of lightning over the ground, caught up the boy in her arms, and escaping from the very hooves of the plunging steeds, brought it in safety to the walk!"

"And what the divil were you about all the whil?" cried the officer, roughly (letting fall his heavy sabre with a force which made the other man jump away), "in the name of St. Patrick, were you dead!"

"I was bereft of all my faculties, Mr. Murphy," returned the sentimentalist.

“Not of your sight, *haring*, and memory; said his companion, “or by my *shoul*, they civilly left you, only to bring back *complate* intelligence”

“Shut your *potato-trap*, man, shut your potato-trap;” continued he, with a look of ineffable contempt, seeing the jack-a-napes about to interrupt him; “you may be a very harmless *fellow*, and a poor *cratur*, but you’re no *haro*. — Was there ever another Irishman besides yourself, that would have seen a child run down by a troop of cowardly *spalpeens*, without flying to prevent a beautiful angel of a girl from throwing her *swate* person among the horses? — May Whisky be my poison, if I wouldn’t have twitched every mother’s son of them off the back of their *bastes*, and dragged ‘em by the nose three times through the Danube and back again, and after all kicked them with a pair of good brogues on, till they were the consistence of horn. — Och! Botheration, but you’re not fit to *convurse* with !”

So saying, the honest Hibernian at once turned his back upon the other, with all the rudeness of coarse but laudable disgust: scarcely sensible to the insult, his companion skipped briskly round, and fronting him, exclaimed — “Not fit to converse with Mr. Murphy! Give me leave to say, you know nothing of fine feelings. Was I not overcome with excess of sympathy in the immensity of the lovely infant’s danger? “

“Oh yes, I dare say, you sympathized heartily in that;” muttered the contemptuous officer.

Did not sight, sense, hearing, and motion, fail me all at once?” continued his associate. “Did not the acuteness of tender perception, palsy all my faculties? However, the very moment they returned to me, I flew to the promenade, where having brought the beauteous boy in her arms, the heroic girl fainted at the feet of its scarce-breathing, horror-transfixed mother.”

As the vapid speaker paused momentarily in his discourse, Charles, who perfectly understood the language of England, raised his eyes with an air of interest in the story thus publicly related: — the orator caught the glance and resumed.

“Who think you was this intrepid beauty? No other than Mam’selle de Ingersdorf.” Charles hastily repeated that beloved name, and ere it could pass his lips, the loquacious puppy triumphantly proceeded.

“Yes, Sir! — Mam’selle Ingersdorf, daughter of the celebrated Field Marshal Ingersdorf, and niece to the First Minister of Finance. I had the felicity of bearing the seraphic creature to the house of the child’s mama, the Countess Reusmark; in my arms, Sir, I bore her!”

“In your arms, coward!” exclaimed Charles, transported out of himself with angry disdain:— he was already at the door of the room; when recollecting what

had burst from him, he hastily threw his card upon the ground, and rushed into the street.

Alternately burning with indignation at the boaster he had left, and thrilling with tenderness as he thought of Adelaide, he hurried, half-incredulous, to the villa of Madame Reusmark. There, the incident, he just detailed, was amply confirmed. Trembling at the remembrance of her darling's danger, as well as her own frightful immobility, the Countess bore the most agitated testimony to that courageous presence of mind which saved the life of her son: but she did not recollect the Irishman, assuring Leopoldstat that Mam'selle Ingersdorf speedily recovered, and had very calmly walked home with her to the villa. While she spoke, Adelaide entered. To the partial eye of Charles, her very beauty seemed to have acquired a sensible addition by the active humanity of her heart: he approached her ardently; but incapable of utterance, could only kiss her hand with an air of the most passionate tenderness.

Adelaide read her eulogium on his beaming countenance. In extricating the child, she had simply followed the immediate impulse of a benevolent soul, which, waiting not for calculations on its own safety or danger, makes an instant effort to assist the sufferer; to have preserved the last treasure of an unfortunate widow, was an increase of satisfaction; but to find that she had thus elevated the admiration of the man she loved, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, was an exquisite rapture of which few can conceive the force.

From the evening, rendered memorable to Adelaide, by the idle accusations of Madame Griefenswald, it had been her earnest wish to know the Countess of Reusmark: nothing appeared so easy to accomplish as this wish, yet that was precisely the reason why it was to her impracticable. Madame Reusmark was in humbled circumstances, had lately been an object of royal bounty, was desolate and afflicted, and deserted by half her summer friends; she was afraid, therefore, of appearing to presume on her own fortunate situation, or of seeming to demand acknowledgements by an ostentatious profession of pity, which the Countess never sought. Adelaide's reason for wishing this acquaintance might have been, "shrined in crystal"; it was not connected with a single idea of self; it flowed from the purest spring of benevolence, and aimed at no other object than that of reviving Madame Reusmark's social feelings; of softly extracting the poison from that heart's wound, which neither love nor friendship could hope entirely to heal. She now rejoiced in the accident which had thrown open the gate to intimacy, and purposed to avail herself of it, with a respectful yet glowing eagerness.

Madame Reusmark, young and gentle, was still accessible to every affection, except that which lay buried in the grave of her husband: she received the kindness of Mam'selle Ingersdorf with a grateful sensibility, which far from repelling, softly invited more. From that day they became sincere friends; and from that day Count Leopoldstat surrendered up to Adelaide, his self-imposed charge of consolation.

To have met often at the villa of Madame Reusmarck, would have been too delicious an enjoyment, for Charles and Adelaide; such an indulgence would also have been indiscreet; as it must have subjected them to censure, and have taken from Adelaide the noble consciousness of being completely disinterested in her friendship.

They gained, however, little by this sacrifice. They each saw Madame Reusmark at different periods; and each hearing from her details which mutually did them honour, retired from the villa only to remember new reasons for mutual preference.

Nothing could be more dangerous than the situation of Charles. The eyes of Mam'selle Ingersdorf always filling with tears as they met his, her perpetual blushes, and tremulous agitation; the haste with which she retreated from him, whenever they were casually left alone; and the sickness which seemed to overcome her at the mention of Count Forsheim, were all calculated to undermine his resolutions. — They indicated the very feeling necessary to make him blessed; but how blessed, when he was not only *poor*, but linked to her generous uncle by the most important benefits? — Charles loved Adelaide, not himself; and for her sake was nicely jealous of that honour which a suspicion of mercenary views, might have disgracefully sullied: he therefore resolved, frankly to unbosom his secret to the Baron, convince him he was unfortunate, not ungrateful, and then banish himself from Ingersdorf. While he was revolving how to make this disclosure with the least pain to himself and others, he received the following letters: —The first, was from his incognita.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

Are you not aware of your brother's danger? Why do you not force him from his present infatuation? — This is not war time, and military duty might relax itself in his favour, if you would urge pressing motives to your General.

Madame de Fontainville is with your brother at Bolzano; at least she sees him everyday, every hour; and the price he pays for this fatal enjoyment is likely to infect him with the most pernicious of all evil propensities: the house where she resides, is the resort of gamblers. Do not disregard this warning: be assured that on your account, I am affectionately interested in your brother's honour; and that whenever I am enabled to make myself thoroughly known, you shall find me at least, *the warmest of your friends*.

The second letter, ran thus:

I am too distracted to tremble at addressing the brother of Demetrius; yet, oh, believe me not lost to the most poignant sense of shame. For heaven's sake, hasten directly to the Bellunese, to Agoro, or my rash father will have sacrificed your brother to his furious vengeance.

I, I only, am guilty; — I call the saints to witness that Demetrius voluntarily renounced our unhappy intercourse. He is not culpable then: — O fly and save him. For God's sake, lose not a moment. I swear, on my knees I swear, to abandon him for ever, if you will but preserve his life.

Bolzano,

ZAIRE DE FONTAINVILLE.

Every faculty of the unfortunate Charles, was stunned by this unexpected blow. He stood for several minutes deprived of motion, and devoid of all sensation: his eyes remained fixed upon the characters, but took no cognizance of them. At length a hollow sound seemed to ring in his ears; a dreadful chill crept through all his veins; and he recovered, to the belief of no longer having a brother. Something like a cry escaped him, as smiting his forehead with his hand, he rushed into the air.

To mount his horse, and commence a long journey with the utmost speed, were instinctive actions: he thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the corpse of his beloved Demetrius; and rode from post to post, without once remembering that he had duties to fulfil in Vienna.

Though Count Leopoldstat was the next day to have had an audience of the Archduke, and to have been appointed to the rank of his Aid-de-camp, he would have proceeded without thinking of the circumstance, had not a casual delay at an inn, where he saw the print of that Prince, recalled it to his memory, and given him time to dispatch a courier to Baron Ingersdorf.

Charles could at this moment have beheld, unmoved, the wreck of all his temporal prospects; but he was still jealous of his reputation as a soldier, and unwilling to appear ungrateful in the eyes of that admirable prince who had advanced him to rank and influence: he therefore, confided the motive of his sudden departure to his friend Ingersdorf, trusting that from his representations, the Archduke would overlook his absence.

CHAPTER II

It was late at night, when the Count reached the quarters of his brother. As he threw himself off his horse, he could scarcely speak to the servant that waited to know his commands. — “My brother, Count Leopoldstat, is he here?” — at last, he gasped out. The servant replied in the affirmative, and, preceding his agitated steps, threw open the door of a small apartment.

Demetrius, who was leaning his head upon a table, on which lay his sword and pistols, started up; and seeing a field officer of Hussars (for he did not immediately recognise his brother in the dim light), was abruptly retiring, when Charles closed the door, and staggering towards a seat, pronounced his name. — The suffocated tone in which he said it, his extreme paleness and agitation, banished from the mind of Demetrius every thought of himself: — he hastened forward, eagerly inquiring what had happened to him.

“You are safe. I see you alive, Demetrius; — and I —.” Charles was so completely overcome, that he could not proceed further: a violent trembling shook all his joints; and, averting his head, his brave heart yielded to this strange mixture of the bitterest grief with the keenest joy.

As he swallowed some wine, which his brother now hastily offered him, his eye ran eagerly over that brother’s altered features. Care and self-reproach, shame and anguish, were all there; and no smiles, no bloom, no virtuous serenity, met his anxious gaze.

“O Demetrius!” he exclaimed, after a long silence, “how do we meet? — How have you wrung my heart!” At these words, Demetrius, comprehending the cause of his appearance, cast himself at his feet, and besought him once more to pardon his apostacy, to receive him again to his bosom, to hear his vow of abjuring Madame de Fontainville for ever.

“I am not yet, quite unworthy of your love.” he added, bedewing Leopoldstat’s hands with tears, “if you knew what a struggle it was, to tear myself from her — to fly her, at the very instant in which she was on the point of completing my criminal wishes. — ”

“And did you?” exclaimed the Count, starting wildly from his seat.

“I did — Zaire is still innocent.”

Charles snatched him to his arms in silence, and for the first time, the big tears rolled down his manly cheek.

Let not the dissolute or thoughtless smile contemptuously on the emotion of this upright brother! To him, who had so heavily felt the consequences of licentious passions, in the wreck of his fortunes, and the desertion of his father, and who had therefore learned to consider them with proper horror; — to him,

who knew that the first step in vice, is but the prelude of many others, and the first conquest by virtue, the bright earnest of future victories; — to him, this moment was fraught with importance, and seemed the blessed crisis of his brother's fate. He folded him repeatedly to his breast, unconsciously whispering to himself, the last words of their mother. "Let nothing in this world, except your religious principles, be dearer to you, than his honour." Demetrius caught the sounds, and his divided heart put up a prayer to heaven, for strength to continue what he resolved to become.

As the turbulence of their feelings subsided, Demetrius dreaded the confession he had yet to make: it was necessary that his brother should be told of his debts to Colonel Wurtzburg, from whom he had borrowed the sums lost at play, to the Baroness Mariental, but he hesitated to avow such an aggravation of his offences. Charles observed his wandering and abstracted manner: guessing much of what he had to hear, he urged him to confide implicitly in a brother's affection; and at length prevailed on him to give a full avowal.

No bodily torment could equal the mental suffering of Demetrius, while he repeated the progress of his weak passion; his frequent good resolutions, broken as soon as formed; his desperate acquiescence in an amusement which he detested, and which his narrow income rendered criminal. The severest moralist could not have upbraided and denounced him more vehemently, than was done by his own conscience. Frequently he broke off in the midst of the narrative, wildly exclaiming that he was not fit to behold his deceived brother. Charles tenderly reassured him, and then he resumed.

The account of his last interview with Madame de Fontainville, caused too much agitation to be given distinctly: Leopold's heart bled for him, as he rapidly related the dangerous scene; it had indeed, been a moment of sharp trial, from which he had forcibly torn himself: and struck with horror at the wretchedness to which they were then on the point of reducing themselves, had hastened to a distance where it was his intention to have remained till he should have acquired some command over his headstrong passions.

Scarcely had he been four days at Agoro, when the Marquis de Liancour arrived at it: he came to wash out the supposed stain of his daughter, in the blood of her wretched lover: and had Demetrius been less susceptible of honourable shame; — had he rashly braved that resentment which he was conscious of deserving; — had he in short, instead of baring his defenceless breast to the sword of his enemy, raised an arm against him, he would most probably, have expiated every error with his life.

The Marquis de Liancour, meeting respect and contrition, where he expected only to find shameless defiance; receiving ingenuous confessions instead of mean palliation; was soon made sensible of his impetuosity: he discovered that Demetrius was not a seducer; that his daughter, though faulty, was not abandoned, and that he might yet preserve her to his declining years in peace and honour. — They parted friends. The Marquis promising to treat his

unhappy child with lenity; and Demetrius consenting (though at the expense of all his future hopes), never to see Zaire again, without his permission.

When Demetrius concluded the whole of this detail, his brother wrung his hand without speaking, and then paced the apartment in great emotion.

His troubled countenance expressed a mind absorbed in revolving some painful duty which it shrunk from performing: several times he stopped; and repeated sighs, seemingly fetched from the very depths of his heart, supplied the place of words. At length he approached Demetrius, who was resting his burning temples against the side of the room. "Demetrius! my dear Demetrius!" he said, gently. — At that moment their swimming eyes met, and Demetrius read in those of Charles's so much compassion, that he could not help snatching his hand to his lips.

They then sat down together; their hands locked in each others.

"What you have just told me, my beloved brother," continued the elder, "forces, me to make you a painful confession in return. I call heaven to witness, that nothing short of an absolute conviction that I have pursued a wrong system with you, should have compelled me to afflict you, as I must now do. If it were not obvious, that a complete knowledge of our situation, is the only means of preserving you from future suffering, I would manage to overcome every difficulty, and still leave you in ignorance.

"My conduct has always led you to suppose your annual allowance, was the wreck of a younger son's inheritance; and that mine consequently, was much larger; that the pay of my commission, and the pension attached to my order, were but minor parts of my income: you had a right, therefore, to calculate on my power and will, to assist you in any pecuniary emergency; seeing how prudently I regulated my own expenses. But I must now undeceive you, Demetrius, and confess that what you enjoy, is all my father left between us."

"All! Gracious God! — and have you resigned — wretch that I am!"

Demetrius uttered these broken sentences, with the most frightful wildness: Charles besought him to be calm. — "Hear me, my dear brother," he cried, "it is I, that have now to sorrow for the effects of mistaken affection: it is I, that ought to intreat pardon, and deprecate reproach."

Demetrius fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, with a wild smile, then turned them suddenly away, and sighed profoundly. — Charles resumed. —

"It was a serious fault on my part, to let you enter life, under such an error. I had forgotten how often I owed my own indifference to dangerous pleasures, my own power of resisting soft temptations, to the occupation of a careful heart; to thoughts chastised by early reflection; to a sense of having nothing to be distinguished by, except strict integrity. I had felt the pains and the profit of adversity; yet forgetting the latter, and remembering only the former, falsely

hoped to ensure your happiness by concealing from you every circumstance, likely to damp your enjoyment of trifles.

“The sacrifice of a scanty income, was, of course, nothing for a man accustomed to cheap pleasures; but I ought to have considered, that ignorant of our true situation, you would be tempted to exceed it, from a belief of my larger means. It is I, therefore, who am blameable throughout. Had I consented to see you take your share in that salutary suffering, which is wisely diffused over all creation, your character would have been strengthened, and one severe trial would not thus have upset you.

“My unvarying system (a selfish one, certainly, because I could not bear to lose the delight of seeing you cheerful), has always been to keep from your knowledge whatever was painful. It is I, that have made you a hothouse plant, my Demetrius, and I must not censure you, for being unable to stand the fierce sunshine and the blighting storm.”

Here, he paused: but Demetrius spoke not; he groaned and smote his breast.

“O Charles!” he exclaimed, after a long pause — “O too generous brother how is it that I live — and know myself the cause of such affliction to you? To you, that have given me everything, made me everything, endured all things for my sake!

“If the remainder of a worthless life, spent in obedience, can atone for the ingratitude of my past conduct —”

“Speak not thus;” interrupted Leopoldstat, “unconscious of the few services I tried to render you, how can it be said you are ungrateful?”

“I should have considered your conduct more attentively;” said Demetrius, “I should have guessed that such a brother could be reserved about his own affairs, only from the noblest motive — I *have* been thoughtless indeed! — O Charles, Charles, what disgrace shall I not bring upon your unblemished name, by *my* ruin!”

“Dismiss that fear,” returned his brother. “your honour shall not suffer with Colonel Wurtzburg. Thank heaven! We still have the means of faithfully repaying him. We must mortgage that little estate for the precise sum, and, till the mortgage be cancelled, must share the same fortune. Come, come, banish this excess of sensibility my dearest Demetrius; what merit is there, in two brothers loving each other and consenting to have but one purse, and one soul? Could I see you restored to peace of mind; could I hope to find you determine upon the only measure likely to reconcile you to yourself, I should look back without grief, and forward with the sweetest security.”

Demetrius shook in every limb, as he heard these words: a deadly paleness succeeded his glow of enthusiastic gratitude: Zaire, the fond beloved Zaire, rose to his thoughts, and palsied the resolutions he was just going to form — He

now pressed his hand on his forehead, in a tumult of contending feelings, tore open his uniform, and snatching the picture of Zaire from his bosom, gazed at it wildly; kissed it again and again; held it to his heart, his lips, his eyes; mingled tears and sobs with these sad caresses; then hastily pushing it into his brother's hand, exclaimed — "I will never see her more." He hurried immediately after this, into his own room, where he spent the night in conflicts, which Charles respected too much, to invade.

When a man resolves not to be influenced in his decisions, by his wishes, he is certain of deciding right. Charles steadily considered the late behaviour of Demetrius, with this resolution, and he came convinced that he might rely upon his stability. Till this evening, Demetrius seemed insensible to the criminality of a passion for Madame de Fontainville: now, the proof of what that passion led to, of the other vices into which it betrayed him, had relumed his soul, and though still in bondage, he could no longer be termed a willing slave.

The dread of offending a purer Being, a higher Judge than that brother whom he ardently loved, visibly expressed itself in his manner: Charles blessed heaven for so momentous a change; convinced that the first step towards virtue, is a complete knowledge of our depravity.

Remaining wholly unmindful of his own concerns, would have been to increase the self-reproach of Demetrius: Leopoldstat therefore anxiously revolved the best means of reconciling such opposite interests as his, and his brother's. He could not long absent himself from Vienna, without forfeiting the favour of the Archduke; and to transact the business necessary to be gone through, ere he could discharge the debt to Colonel Wurtzburg, he must visit the capital. Would it then, be prudent in him to leave Demetrius at so critical a period, when his good resolutions were but just unfolded? — Would it be kind? Prudence and Kindness, answered in the affirmative. Demetrius left to his own exertions, would be roused to greater efforts, by the very absence of that soft supporting heart, on which he was accustomed to lean, and melt away in weakness: he would be left to the uneffaced impression of this affecting interview; to the remembrance of his unequivocal promises; to the conviction that Charles implicitly trusted those promises; to the contemplation of all he owed, and all from which he was rescued. — These considerations decided Leopoldstat: conscious that unlimited confidence, is to a generous nature, but a stronger motive to deserve it.

While his brother slept (for Demetrius slept; and it was the first time he had done so, since he quitted the Tyrol) — the Count was engrossed by committing to paper every argument required by affection and religion, which might assist in dispersing the mists of passion, and confirming virtuous inclinations.

After recapitulating the obvious reasons for shunning so unhallowed a connection, he placed the filial obligation of Madame de Fontainville, in a broad light, proved how culpably she must have broken it, had she dishonoured the name and destroyed the peace of her father; — delineated the beauty of a blameless attachment, the purity of its desires, the sublime heights to which it

often conducted men, the ignoble feelings from which it preserved them: faithfully estimated the mental powers of Demetrius ; and then commented on the oblivion into which they had sunk, during his devotion, to a woman, whose ill-directed tenderness valued nothing in her lover but his love; and who, satisfied with being all the world to him, was content to see him become nothing to all the world.

Warm commendations, and perfect reliance, closed this long letter: — indeed, it was a transcript of the writer's heart, where pity and admiration had nearly silenced censure.

Long after day dawned, he threw him self upon a sofa, where his overtaken spirit, enjoyed a short respite from its many anxieties.

When the brothers met the next morning, there was a settled seriousness in the younger's looks, which spoke peace to Charles. He had dreaded the sight of ever varying anguish in a countenance which nature seemed to have destined for the abode of the most blissful and endearing expressions: he therefore saw with satisfaction, that the eyes of Demetrius were still and mournful.

It was not from turbulent emotions, or paroxysms of remorse (the more violent, perhaps, from a consciousness of wanting will, to render that remorse repentance): that he could look for this renovation of his brother: he was to be saved only by an attentive survey of his own situation, and a rigid resolution of renouncing its dangers. His present composure, though sad beyond description, was the best proof of a resolute mind.

When Leopoldstat announced the necessity he was under, of returning immediately to Vienna, he gave his brother, the letter of the preceding night; telling him to seek there, for his advice upon a subject too painful to discuss. He then entered into a minuter detail of his own affairs, in which the name of Adelaide Ingersdorf, was but too often mentioned.

During the few hours they remained together, Charles could not entirely think of his brother: frequently thought carried him back to Adelaide; his fixed eyes were then filled with tears; and Demetrius hearing his profound, unconscious sighs, noting the change in his once complete figure, observing the sudden force with which he wrested back his mind, blushed at his own comparative imbecility. If Charles could thus meditate the sacrifice, and attempt the cure of a virtuous affection, even while believing himself beloved, should he, the victim of a lawless one, dare to shrink from a similar task? The spark of honourable emulation was smothered, not extinguished, in this youthful bosom; it now spread into a blaze.

While Charles went to visit Colonel Wurtzburg, Demetrius wrote a letter to Madame de Fontainville; a farewell letter! — Let those who have loved as he had done; who have, like him, suffered, passion to assault without overcoming principle, imagine his anguish during this forced conquest of the former! No longer did he write to vow eternal constancy, :o cheat himself and her, by

swearing to love on, yet never to see her more, he wrote to confess his sense of their mutual weakness; relating all that had passed between her father, his brother, and himself; exhorting her to resolve as he did to master the passion which religion condemned, and solemnly assuring her, that though she was still, dearer to him than the vital blood which swelled his heart, he steadfastly resolved to make this dreaded conquest, the business of his future life.

When he would have besought her, never more to distract him by the slightest testimony of an affection, once so fondly sought, so dearly prized, his heart gave way; he threw himself upon the paper, and blotted it, with his tears. Memory, that curse and blessing of our existence, presented him with such fatal charms of tenderness and beauty, in the image of Zaire, that for a while he believed his passion unconquerable: — like a repressed torrent, it rolled back upon his soul, sweeping away all power, all will to renounce her.

This frenzy was long, but not endless: its tempestuous waves gradually subsided; and again he beheld the bright summits of virtue and peace.

On the return of Charles, Demetrius put this letter into his hand, with visible emotion: he would have told him to read it, had not his quivering lips denied him utterance. His brother eagerly ran through it, and often were the tremulous characters, undistinguishable to his floated eyes.

After completely perusing it, he pressed the unhappy writer's hand, saying, softly, "I will give it her, myself." — Demetrius motioned his acquiescence, for he could not speak; a long time he remained silent, while his pale, and suddenly disturbed countenance, alone evinced the internal conflict which again began to agitate him. At last, a convulsive groan burst from his heart. Charles, who had been contemplating him, with the most harrowing commiseration, started from his seat, and throwing his arms round him, exclaimed — "Oh, my brother, have I exacted too much?"

"Spare me a while, Charles, spare me! Allow me but a few moments of miserable weakness!" replied Demetrius, in a suffocated voice, "if you could guess how I love her! — How I shudder at the thought of never, never seeing her more; of becoming to her, as if I were not — of seeking to forget that love and that beauty which were in my eyes, the sole charm of this world — O God! O God! Can the separation of soul and body be more dreadful than this?"

At the last words, his eyes rolled so wildly, that his brother began to be alarmed for his intellects; and sitting down by him, strove to soothe him into composure.

The gust of ungovernable agony again passed away, and Charles was able to leave him at the expiration of an hour, without apprehension.