

CHAPTER III

It will now, be necessary to revert to what passed between Leopoldstat and Colonel Wurtzburg: and in order to make the separate feelings of these gentlemen, perfectly intelligible, I must explain the secret motives of the Colonel's conduct. It may be remembered, that during the first part of this officer's military career, he was constantly outdone by the superior talents and bravery of Charles. Thus suddenly eclipsed by the happier star of another; and painfully beholding his own deformity, in the bright mirror of that other's excellence; he grew to hate him for his virtues: he brooded over his meritorious actions, as if they had been so many personal injuries; and then formed the resolution of devoting his whole soul, to the task of embittering his rival's days.

The first of his efforts was directed to wards mortifying and disgracing Charles: it proved abortive: to mortify, was an act out of the power of his contemptuous insolence; and the attempt at disgracing, invariably terminated in rousing some latent fine quality, or in displaying, under a more decided light, some brilliant service of his rival's, which had lain hitherto, unobserved.

After parting at Mantua, Wurtzburg Every did not lose sight of his object. body spoke of the gallant Count Leopoldstat, and by so doing, contributed to feed the fire which smouldered unsuspected, in the bosom of the other. — At length, Wurtzburg became master of a splendid fortune; he obtained the command of a regiment; was surrounded with flatterers and dependents, with power and wealth, yet still he continued to detest the man who could no longer obstruct his advancement.

This Hatred, monstrous, powerful, and unconquerable, was now, the very twin of his soul. He suffered it to rule and impel all his actions so long, that he was become its slave: to satiate its inordinate appetite, he meditated the temporary sacrifice of all his dearest gratifications; he resolved to cast off old habits, dress his manners in the garb most likely to impose on Charles, and by insinuating himself into his confidence, learn where to strike the unfailing death blow of his peace.

For this purpose he visited Leopoldstat in Vienna; and by a bold confession of his former moroseness, linked to an appearance of generous reliance, paved the way to intimacy.

A few interviews were sufficient for settling the plan of this perfidious wretch. — Easily did he perceive that Charles was to be pierced only through the heart of his brother; and that consequently whenever he could plunge him, into guilt or misery, his views would be accomplished.

The inconsiderate vivacity and glowing temperament of Demetrius; his romantic credulity and rash sincerity; the tenacity of his affections; the quickness with which they were conceived, and the pain with which they were abandoned; his sensibility to beauty; his dread of ridicule; and, above all, a slight tincture of vanity, encouraged Wurtzburg's most sanguine hopes. Nature

seemed to have created the poor youth with all these properties (and with a face and figure which were destined to cost him many trials): as if merely to be the instrument of this man's vengeance.

Fixing his whole aim upon him, therefore, he became reconciled to the guarded reserve with which Charles instinctively repelled his advances towards confidence: it was now enough for his scheme if he could but retain a good name, and be permitted to enter with apparent zeal into the interests of Demetrius.

Charles never dreamed of opposing a zeal so conducive to his brother's advancement: he saw nothing reprehensible in the conduct of Wurtzburg, though he met with little in it which conciliated affection. He was no gamester, no drunkard, he associated with respectable men, and, except in the single instance of keeping a mistress, appeared perfectly correct: even this, might have been but a temporary deviation from better principles.

Contenting himself with advising Demetrius not to accept too much kindness; nor to let mere habitual intercourse produce that intimate confidence which ought to spring only from an accordance of taste, principles, and feelings, Charles continued to receive and to visit Wurtzburg without suspicion. Meanwhile, the growing passion of Demetrius for Madame de Fontainville, had been attentively watched by this pretended friend. — Appearing completely ignorant of it, he was enabled to increase it in a thousand ways. Sometimes he discussed the perils and sorrows of her desolate lot; sometimes he related encomiums which he had heard her pass upon Demetrius; then he counted the number of her admirers, jested about the eclat of exiling them all; or perhaps said more seriously, that the preference of such an idolised woman, was a million of times superior in value to that of one less admired.

No sooner was Demetrius fixed in the Tyrol, and Madame de Fontainville able to receive visitors than Wurtzburg hastened to send up his name, and inquire if she had any commands for him to obey in Bolzano. At that magic name, he was sure her doors would open; they did so. He found her ill and irresolute; meditating a journey to Bolzano, which he (seeming unsuspecting of its object) vehemently seconded. His fatal representations, and perpetual allusions to their young friend, fixed her before wandering purposes. — She repaired to the Tyrol. — There, it is needless to say how ardently the Colonel devoted himself to the task of ruining two artless people, by indulging their censurable attachment; by dissipating their sober thoughts, in worthless amusements; and by striving to make Demetrius yield himself up in despair, to complete depravity.

The abrupt departure of this deceived young man, together with his incoherent note, satisfied Wurtzburg that one part of his scheme had taken effect: the other he immediately put into a train of success. In an elaborate letter (as if written by an inhabitant of Bolzano, jealous of a parent's honour) he gave the Marquis de Liancour the most positive assurance of his daughter's seduction; and then stimulated him to revenge it. De Liancour was a man of quick passions. No sooner did he receive this vile forgery, than he hastened to

Bolzano; where, finding Zaire (whom he had hitherto believed in Vienna), terrifying her into wild expressions which his prejudice ever took for confessions of guilt, he proceeded in search of Demetrius. He then learned to repent his credulity.

No suspicion could light upon Colonel Wurtzburg during all this transaction. Charles when he visited him, was incapable of harbouring an idea that he had wilfully accelerated the wretchedness of his brother; but he spoke of his indiscreet indulgence, with serious displeasure. It was in vain that the artful Colonel deprecated resentment, by bewailing the romantic friendship which had prompted him to rely upon his favourite's virtue, and to grant him some latitude; he protested, that he had imagined the passion of both to be of too pure a cast, to warrant a single doubt of its ultimate innocence; and then appealed to Demetrius himself, for a corroboration of the repeated exhortations he had given him on that subject.

For the losses at hazard, the Colonel urged, that he was no farther culpable, than in not being able to endure the sight of a friend's pecuniary distress: nay, he was a professed detester of such games, was himself a sufferer by Madame de Mariental's skill, and never had played but from a mistaken wish of engaging the lovers in something capable of drawing away their thoughts from each other. He further added, that had he not been profoundly ignorant of the young Count's finances (the limits of which he now heard for the first time), he would not, even though thus urged, have countenanced the youth in risking what appeared to him then, an inconsiderable sum.

Charles admitted the force of these palliations: but he reminded Wurtzburg, that he was of an age when friendship shows itself in steady acts of kindness, authorised by reason and rectitude; in tender restraint and wholesome censure; not in boyish indulgence of pernicious inclinations. He then admonished him, to consult in future, the honour of a friend, rather than his gratification. Wurtzburg assumed an air of contrition, professed to be struck with a sense of his error, to see the whole affair under a new light; in short to be so penetrated with the conviction of his own faultiness, as to find no other way of silencing his conscience than by cancelling the pecuniary obligations between him and Demetrius.

This proposal was crushed by the spirited Charles. His soul abhorred the very thought of accepting favours from any persons but such as he loved; from them, obligation was delight; for he never yet could determine which was the sweetest pleasure, *to give*, or *to receive*.

Firmly, yet courteously did he reject all the Colonel's importunities; leaving him rebuked into a rancour so poisonous, as to be with difficulty concealed.

As Charles pursued his solitary journey towards Austria, the clangour of martial music, swelling louder at every strain, warned him of the approach of troops. He drew up his horse (for he was in a narrow defile among the mountains), and suffered the regiment to pass.

The meridian sun glittering to excess upon their arms, prevented him from distinguishing the face of a group of officers who were riding in the rear; but through the confusion of their gay clamour he thought he recognised the voice of Count Forsheim; at the same moment, Forsheim rode out of the ranks, and saluted him.

There was such a genuine glow of pleasure in the manner of this young man, that Charles stretched out his hand to him, and while they with difficulty reined in their proudly prancing chargers, exchanged hearty assurances of continued esteem.

Suddenly an idea struck Leopold, upon which he mused for a few moments, then telling the Count he would turn back with him awhile, walked his horse beside him.

The other officers bowed, and galloped forwards. Forsheim had said he was going into quarters near Agordo, and Charles knew that in Forsheim, Demetrius would find a companion better suited to the present state of his mind, than any one of the men, composing Colonel Wurtzburg's corps: — to be sure, it was a galling thing thus to bind himself by obligation, to the happy lover of Adelaide; but ought so selfish a consideration deter him from adopting a mode of comforting his brother? — such weakness, was impossible to Charles.

Briefly apologizing, therefore, for the liberty he was about to take, he sketched the situation of Demetrius; merely disclosing as much as was necessary to inform his auditor, that Demetrius was unhappy. Forsheim entered zealously into his concern: promised to seek and cultivate the friendship of a young man whose excellent character came doubly recommended from the affection borne him by such a brother; and finally engaged to send faithful accounts of his spirits, health, and occupations.

After this, they parted: Forsheim charged with communicating Charles's respects to Marshal Ingersdorf, who was then at Munich; and Charles with a heart, which in spite of himself, was the heavier for having met the Count.

He was now commencing a correspondence with the only amiable man in creation, with whom such intimacy would be painful; should it lead to unlimited confidence, should he become the depository of Forsheim's tenderest secret, should he write to him of Adelaide (and when were happy lovers reserved! —how was it to be borne?

"It must be borne, however" was the answer which burst with a sigh from his aching heart, as he unconsciously spurred his horse forward.

On reaching Vienna, he hastened to Baron Ingersdorf, for he was anxious to tell him how well his brother had acted, to palliate his past errors, and to consult with him on the best means of raising the money requisite to pay Wurtzburg.

The Baron heard him with undisguised pleasure; nay he caught part of his enthusiasm, and protested he longed to embrace and applaud the young Demetrius. Ingersdorf was not one of those friends who freeze the ardours of rejoicing affection — he had no cold doubts to urge, no fear-awakening queries to put, no hope-nipping cautions with which to deaden honest reliance. He believed implicitly, that Charles was satisfied upon just grounds.

After arranging the money business, the Baron said, with great kindness, “I have forborne to offer you this sum, my dear Leopoldstat, even as a loan, because I know it is your principle never to accept any thing from another, which you could procure for yourself. I love the independence of such a spirit too much to thwart it by importunity; but since I know you will alienate for awhile, all your means of answering exigencies, I must insist upon your promising to apply to me as to a father, should any accident, render your income inadequate to your own or your brother’s wants”

A friendly pressure of Ingersdorf’s hand, enforced his words.

The before-pale cheek of Charles took a momentary glow, as he answered —

“Willingly do I promise: indeed, Sir, it is not a sullen thanks-hating spirit which makes me so rigid about obligation: ’tis downright honesty. Dishonest, I cannot help thinking it, for a man to let another pay his debts, while he has the power of doing it himself; even though he reduce himself to a crust and water; but that done, and misfortune, not extravagance, bringing him into pecuniary difficulties, I give him leave to accept assistance from his friend.”

“No, no —” replied the Baron, “it must be before he begins to quaff Adam’s beverage. When you call upon me, for a little idle gold, you shall prove that you had drank my health not an hour previous, in a bumper of excellent Rhenish.”

“Thus it must be under your roof,” returned Charles, smiling, “for I never drank it, or any other wine, under my own — my blood has quite fire enough in itself: too much I fear.”

“ I know not where all this fiery blood is gone then, of late (observed the Baron; regarding him with an air of concern,) I know not what is the matter with you Charles, but you are strangely altered. One is forced to remember that you were some time ago, healthful, cheerful, and handsome; for I protest your present appearance, puts it out of a man’s power to call you so, now. I remarked it the other day to my niece, who —”

The vivid colours which now spread over the face of Charles, and the disorder with which he turned away his eyes, arrested the current of his friend’s speech. The Baron stopped a moment, then said apprehensively “Are you, also, in love? —”

Leopolstat's agitation increased; he moved hastily to a window, and stood there in silence.

Ingersdorf suffered this suspense for some time: at length approaching him, and kindly taking his hand, he resumed —

“And may I ask the name of your mistress?”

Charles turned round, his manly face all in a glow of painful feelings.

“Oh Sir,” he cried, “ I know not what to say in extenuation of my folly.”

A deep sigh closed this short sentence. The Baron stood appalled. This was a discovery for which he was wholly unprepared, and he could not speedily overcome the astonishment and perplexity it caused him.

His youngfriend resumed.

“ It is impossible for me to justify myself, after the generous warning you once gave me upon this very subject. I acknowledge myself guilty of a fault, for which I must pay the price of — a life perhaps, of regret! — no matter — I, only, shall suffer; Mam'selle Ingersdorf will remain ignorant, even of the claim I have on her compassion. It was my intention long ago, to have made this avowal, and so have explained inconsistencies, which otherwise, were unpardonable; I might then have obtained your permission to absent myself wholly: but I know not how it is — such a girlish bashfulness ever restrains me, whenever I have to talk of my softer feelings, that I could not summon up courage to brave it.”

“ Excellent Leopolstat ! upright, can did young man!”-exclaimed the Baron, “Would to heaven that Adelaide were my daughter! The next hour should make you my son. And so, Adelaide is ignorant of this attachment?”

“Some confusion appeared in the eyes of Charles, while he stammered out — “I would wish her to be so: and I have never wilfully tried to make her otherwise; but mine is a telltale face, I fear at all times; and when the heart is hurried out of itself with admiration, and unexpected hope, it —it —”

“I understand you.” interrupted the Baron. “Our poor Adelaide! Then she is not indifferent to your merit? This unexpected hope that you speak of —”

Charles was hastily going to recall what he thought injurious to the delicacy of his mistress, but the Baron silenced him. “Come, come, you must not be sincere by halves. You need not fear being called either silly or presumptuous: the latter, no-one could term you, did you aspire to a Queen's heart; and the former, I must say nothing about, having myself loved most tenderly. During the reign of my passion, be assured I heartily subscribed to the illustrious Englishman's remark, that “ it is not given to the wisest of men, to love, and to be wise.”

Encouraged by this indulgence, Charles confessed the momentary convictions of Adelaide's preference, with which his fond heart had frequently been surprised; declared his resolution of avoiding further intercourse with one so dangerous to his peace, Fortune having put it out of his power to hope any thing from that preference, even should some unforeseen event, prevent her union with Count Forsheim. Baron Ingersdorf looked at him with an approving smile. — "I wish you were less heroic!" he cried, "Yet you would not delight me as you do, if you were so. Had you but slumbered over this self-examination, a month or two longer, and made the dear girl so in love with you, as to hate this Forsheim, her father must have given her to you, perforce.

"On my soul, I do believe, that want of fortune, would not be an atom in the scale against you, if the other man were out of the way."

"Oh Sir! Why do you call up such seducing and vain ideas!" — Charles mournfully exclaimed. "I see my fate, and will meet it with honour. The partiality of Marshal Ingersdorf, and the fine qualities of Count Forsheim, were additional motives to the self-examination you sportively censure. When Mam'selle Ingersdorf is forever removed from me, and I engaged in active employment, you shall see me recover myself. Mine is a heart very refractory to the tyrannical god; and possibly it is for that reason he rules it so cruelly."

The levity of Leopold's concluding words, and the smile he dressed them in, were wretchedly suited to his quivering lip and agitated voice. He waited not for reply, but abruptly left the place.

The Baron remained lost in thought.

The result of this thought, was a letter to his brother, in which he roundly reprobated him for restraining the freedom of a daughter's choice, trusted him with the conversation which had just passed between him and Leopold (upon whom he lavished many encomiums) paid a few forced compliments to Forsheim, averring at the same time, that as he had never seen Adelaide since she was a child till the day they passed together in Vienna, his heart could not be affected by a change in her father's resolutions. He then besought him to weigh the importance of the subject, and be decided, not by superior fortune, but by the prospect of happiness for his child.

Our good Baron was so anxious to learn the real strength of his production, that he could scarcely forbear reading it to his wife and niece: that, however, prudence forbade. He contented himself therefore, with sending for the Baroness, and unburdening his mind of all the late events relative to Charles; his attachment alone excepted.

It would be vain to conceal, that Baron Ingersdorf's weak point, was an inability to keep admiration shut up within his own heart. When he knew any thing highly honourable to a friend, even though the particulars were given in confidence, he burned to impart them to the persons he most loved. It was not in his nature to enjoy singly, the pleasure of contemplating human excellence.

Deriving the most sensible delight, from reaping for the praiseworthy, their full harvest of praise, he was often led into trifling breaches of confidence: but they were seldom hurtful, being chiefly confined to his own domestic circle. He now detailed the whole of Charles's troubles about Demetrius: amplified, and swelled, and particularised, and commented upon every one of them; and finally dismissed the Baroness with a strict charge of secrecy. A charge, which she observed precisely after his own fashion, by retailing the whole conversation to her niece.

Ah, poor Adelaide! How did thy tender heart throb, thy downcast eyes fill with tears of boundless love, while the virtues of thy Charles, were thus brought closer to thee than ever! How did filial duty, and devoted preference, struggle for the mastery of a soul, which, till now, was ignorant of such conflicts ! How deeply wast thou convinced, that neither time nor absence, could eradicate a passion, growing out of the very root of virtue, twining itself with every noble and amiable sentiment: a passion, which required not the presence of its object to be refreshed and invigorated; but having for its vital principle, conviction of that object's excellence; would bid defiance to decay, and flourish as long as his excellence should endure!

Hard is the task, when we enjoin reason to, destroy, what reason herself has fostered! Adelaide sickened at the command; and, though conscious that her destiny; was already fixed by a father's decree, she could not help casting "many a longing, lingering look behind" upon those moments in which she had flattered herself with being dear to Charles.

So well had Baron Ingersdorf managed for his young friend, that no censure whatever, was passed upon him by the Archduke. Nay, when Charles presented himself at his gate, he was admitted to his Royal Highness's lonely breakfast, and received with so much graciousness, that we fear our good Baron's tongue had not failed there, of its usual friendly indiscretion.

The appointment of Aid-de-camp, which the Prince now ratified, facilitated Leopold's endeavour of avoiding Adelaide. The symptoms of an approaching war, roused the activity of military speculation : often employed for whole days together in consulting with his illustrious namesake about the opening of the first campaign, and in studying with him, the topography of the hitherto peaceful country where it was likely to be made, Charles contrived to absent himself from Madame Ingersdorf's, without appearing chargeable with caprice.

The Baron meanwhile, received the following laconic epistle, from his whimsical brother : —

My dear brother!

At this moment I give you the heartiest shake of the hand, that ever you had in your life.

I love the friendly zeal, and plain speaking of your letter: in return for which, I say Adelaide must marry the man I have brought her up for. As soon as this cursed lawsuit comes to an end, she shall.

He has not his fellow upon earth ; whatever you may think: and after she knows all the good of him, that I can tell her, I have no fear of her not loving him.

Her approbation of that excellent varlet, Count Leopoldstat (which you would scare me out of my wits at, if you could; but you can't), is the best proof I can have of her heart's being winnable only by a brave and upright man. That's just what I hoped it would be.

However, as I don't want to make that abominable young puppy, at all unhappy, you may send Adelaide home, as soon as possible.— The sooner the better.

Your loving brother,
MAXAMILIAN INGERSDORF

The Baron was not a little disappointed at this obstinate decision: he saw with concern, that Adelaide's health and cheerfulness daily declined; that their once rich roses never visited her cheeks, except when Charles was mentioned. — To delay her departure, under such circumstances, would have been but cruel mercy: hoping something from the effect her altered spirits would have upon her father, he prepared to give up his charge, and commissioned his wife to tell her so.

Charles had just entered the drawing room at Ingersdorf house, after a tedious Review, when the Baroness thus commissioned, made her appearance. Adelaide was mixing him a refreshing liquid, and trying to overcome her agitation, as she falteringly remarked his fading strength, and suggested the propriety of asking medical advice.

Tossing over some papers she held, the Baroness said abruptly, "I am so angry with that father of yours, my dear! — From whom here is a letter for you; he has written to the Baron to send you home immediately. I am quite amazed. —"

A faint sound from Adelaide, interrupted her: at this hasty communication, which seemed to convey her sentence to this unhappy girl, she turned sick; what she held fell from her slackened grasp; and she herself, sunk in silence at the feet of Count Leopoldstat.

Scarcely could his trembling arms lift her from the ground, or sustain her there, while the affrighted Baroness ran backwards and forwards, seeking hartshorn and smelling salts.

As she hurried into her dressing room, for Eau de Cologne, Charles, finding him self alone, could not forbear momentarily pressing to his heart, the motionless figure of Mam'selle Ingersdorf. Her sudden swoon had confirmed the dangerous delight of thinking himself beloved; and in the fullness of that conviction, he repeated softly to himself "*My Adelaide, my Adelaide!*"

Whether the pressure, or the sound of his voice, operated to awaken Adelaide, is uncertain, but she did revive, and tears trickled through her still closed eyelashes.

A deep sigh which she heaved, as he fearfully slackened his hold round her waist, weakened his best resolves: at that moment, he would have sacrificed the remainder of his life, could it have procured for him the privilege of pouring out all the tenderness and devotedness of his heart. But Forsheim was now his friend; Adelaide going to become that friend's wife. He rose hastily from the ground on which he had been kneeling, and had already laid her on a sofa, when the Baroness reentered with the Baron.

Extreme distress was painted on the face of the latter; who required only a glimpse of Charles to understand all his feelings.

After swallowing the mixture prepared for her, Adelaide threw herself again on the sofa, unable to repress the tears, with which her floating hair was soon profusely wetted. Every sigh that came from her breast, pierced that of Charles, who remained gazing in complete abstraction on her beloved figure, till the Baron roused him into recollection. He then took his leave hastily.

Adelaide's fortitude was over for that day: She was even sensible of a little resentment at Charles, for preserving in flexible silence upon the only subject important to her happiness.

In the certainty, that the confession of that attachment (which his eyes manifested), would give her a strong plea for urging her own wishes to her father; she almost forgot to admire the heroic uprightness of his reserve: but Adelaide was in love, and upon the point of losing the deserving object of her preference!

After this interval of weakness, both Charles and Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, schooled themselves into just as much self-command, as enabled them a few days subsequent, to part forever, without betraying their mutual suffering. But so unsuccessful had been the efforts of the former, to recover his tranquillity, that when his eyes followed the carriage which bore her into Bavaria, he exclaimed, inwardly, "Now have I nothing to live for, except my brother."

CHAPTER IV

No sooner did Colonel Wurtzburg recover from the fit of spleen, into which Leopold's gentle reproofs had thrown him; no sooner did he dress his dissembling face in false sorrow; than he proceeded to the quarters of his young associate. There he complained of the harshness with which he had been treated, for a mere error of judgment; and protested, that nothing short of conscious integrity could have supported him under the unmerited censure of a man whom he esteemed above all mankind.

Demetrius pleaded the ardour of a brother's affection; which, to lessen the fault of its object, became unknowingly, unjust. For himself, he professed to be convinced of the Colonel's good intentions and sincerely grieved therefore, that his brother should have doubted them.

In the conversation which ensued, Wurtzburg saw that to retain any influence over Demetrius, he must assume the tone of Charles: — This he did, so admirably, as to make Demetrius regret the lurking prejudice of his almost faultless brother.

The resolutions of virtue formed by Demetrius, did not end with the strong emotion that produced them. He requested Wurtzburg never to speak of Madame de Fontainville; but trusting to his firm determination of conquering the pernicious passion she had inspired, leave him in silence to struggle, in silence to suffer.

The Colonel promised: yet not without indulging a secret hope, of soon being able to bring about another meeting: — An event, which in his opinion was alone wanting, to revive the extravagant wishes of Demetrius: on this event he vainly reckoned. The Marquis de Liancour having received an invitation from one of the French Princes, to accompany him into England, had gladly consented; taking with him, his unhappy, and too charming daughter.

Unable to comprehend how Demetrius could resign, if he loved her; and still insensible to the criminality of indulging such an attachment while irrevocably bound to another; Zaire answered her lover's last letter, by indiscreet reproaches.

Nothing could have injured her cause so much as this conduct.

The heart of Demetrius awakened to a consciousness of guilt, now anxiously sought for some answering sentiment in that of the woman he still idolised. It secretly recoiled from the evidence before him, that her soul was incapable of catching the enthusiasm of his.

Fain, fain, would he have thought her, as he had once done, the perfection of female worth!

The discourses of Charles, had infused new ideas of feminine character, into his mind; and when he compared them with that of his too dear Zaire, he turned away from the comparison with painful disquiet.

Count Forsheim's society, and a temporary absence of Colonel Wurtzburg, fortunately ripened these good fruits of reflection.

Demetrius, every day grew more composed; steadily pursued the severest studies with intense application; and though his new friend would often see his features agitated by sudden recollections, or behold him start away, and bury a violent burst of anguish in solitude, still he knew him resolute in the endeavour of regaining his brother's esteem.

Forsheim was so skilled in his profession, and so accomplished in every manly exercise, that he was never at a loss for methods to vary the occupations of Demetrius; and there was so much constant happiness in his sunburnt countenance, that he might be said to carry about with him such a care-ending atmosphere, as dwells upon lofty mountains.

From admiring this happiness, young Leopolstat at length proceeded to feel its amiable contagion; and though his lonely nights were passed but too often in weak regret, in all the excess of wildly remembered passion; his days were given to interesting employment, during which, he was able to repel the seducing image of Zaire, whenever it intruded.

The warm applause with which all Charles's letters were filled, contributed in no small degree, to animate the despairing heart of Demetrius. Judicious praise is the aliment of virtue: Demetrius found it so; and now looked to that brother with increased fondness; as if his tender nature could not exist without lavishing on another object what it was forced to take from Madame de Fontainville.

As those that have been sick, best know how to estimate health: so, it is only the penitent sinner, who can tell the unspeakable joys of a reconciled conscience. Demetrius felt these joys: and frequently after the pang of sudden regret had quivered through every nerve, became sensible to an exulting glow, which repaid him for all his sufferings.

Count Forsheim won upon his affection, without endeavouring to penetrate his melancholy secret: so that by the time Colonel Wurtzburg returned to the regiment, he found a monitor near his victim, little inferior to the hated Charles.

In vain he urged his young friend to seek comfort in social pleasures: Demetrius had lost his relish for them. He was now much better pleased in a solitary ride with Forsheim (opposing his genius to the other's experience; while they solved military problems) than when he had been the enlivening principle of a whole assembly.

The young men, were at this time deeply engaged in trying to discover the materials which composed the celebrated Greek Fire*. Many, were the ridiculous results of their wild experiments ; producing all the effect Forsheim intended, that of making Demetrius laugh. His heart was too humane, seriously to seek a discovery, which applied again to its former use, might add another to the many tremendous engines invented for human destruction: — yet he would not lose such an opportunity of diverting the thoughts of his friend into new channels.

In their wanderings over the Bellunese, they saw the ground with soldiers' eyes; and frequently Demetrius forgot to remark its beauties, in the ardour with which he canvassed the advantages and disadvantages it presented, for attack or defence.

Forsheim encouraged this growing taste; and suffered nothing to escape, which could assist his benevolent endeavours: in short, he turned everything into lessons of that science, which it was now patriotism to study.

They were one evening returning from a long ride, and the shadows were deepening fast, as they entered a precipitous defile; when Demetrius stopped to reconnoitre what he called an admirable situation for two pieces of ordnance, with which he engaged to defend the pass against a prodigious number of enemies. Forsheim laughing outrageously at the adroitness with which, like all other system makers he had pushed away every invincible obstacle, forgot he was on horseback; and his horse suddenly starting, he was thrown off.

The mischief to himself was trifling: but the accident had caused such alarm to an old ecclesiastic and his niece, who were crossing the valley, that Forsheim could do no less than apologise. The young lady was in a tremor of benevolent apprehension: however, she soon recovered on being led into a neighbouring cottage, where not only he runcle, but Demetrius, and the unlucky Count, assisted in quieting her nerves.

Mutual railleries upon their separate enthusiasm, awkwardness, and weakness, succeeded to their momentary confusion the old gentleman laid the blame of the accident entirely to the account of a huge umbrella, which he had unfortunately extended in the energy of discourse, before the startled horse; and the younger ones scrupled not to felicitate themselves, upon the prospect of having made an agreeable acquaintance, merely at the cost of a bruised shoulder.

At parting, they exchanged names. The old cottager, who had hitherto seen little more of the friends than their shining uniforms, no sooner heard the name of Leopolstat, than hastily putting down a flagon of wine she held, and fitting on a pair of spectacles, exclaimed, "Blessed virgin! Is it your lordship?"

* This terrible composition, was invented by an Egyptian in the eighth century, and was first used at the memorable siege of Constantinople. It maybe necessary perhaps, to inform some readers, that it was a bituminous mixture (the secret of which, has not come down to later ages) propelled from metal tubes, and producing an unquenchable fire.

Demetrius, who was just stooping under her vine covered porch, turned back at the fluttered voice, and restraining grasp his benign smile, confirmed her error.

She dropped upon her knees; “ Oh, this is a blessing, to see your Lordship under my humble roof — Sure you cannot forget old Natalie — ’Tis full five years since I met your Lordship at my poor Gasper’s deathbed, and yet —” Here she broke off, and the tears fell over her clasped hands.

“You mistake me for someone else;” said Demetrius, raising her from the ground, “I never was in this country before.”

“O! That was always your honour’s way I’m told — you wouldn’t have your good deeds known: but I tell ’em every day to the blessed saints — Your Lordship knows it was in Alsace.”

“Most likely you mean my brother,” interrupted Demetrius. The cottager looked at him a few moments while he smilingly took off his Hussar cap. — He shook back his luxuriant hair, which parted like clouds rolling away from the soft brightness of the moon. Forsheim, at that instant thought he had never before seen so charming a countenance; and the poor woman hesitated, as if unwilling to resign her delightful error.

“Yes — it must have been your brother, Sir,” she said at length — “five years ago, he was the model of what you are now. — But to be sure, fighting, and sleeping among snows without a bed, and being shut up in towns as were besieged, and so starving like, must have taken away all his nice fresh colour; but still he must be the handsomest gentleman that ever these eyes shall see.”

The clergyman and his niece who had returned into the cottage, with the young man, now joined old Natalie’s anxiety to know if the Count Leopoldstat they were then addressing, was her benefactor Count Charles. Demetrius quickly satisfied them, and learned in return, the following circumstances.

During each campaign, it had always been the benevolent custom of Charles to visit his sick soldiers, after every engagement. In one of these visits, he had been greatly affected by the situation of a very brave sergeant, who, though wounded in curably, expressed no solicitude about life, except for the sake of an aged parent, then on her way to receive his last farewell.

Natalie arrived time enough to soothe the dying hour of her only child; and to see him yield his breath in peace, relying on a promise of protection for her, which was given him by his Captain. — From that period she lived on a small pension from Charles; which, together with a collection he made for her amongst his brother officers, sufficed to restore her to her own country, where she now shared the cottage of a surviving sister.

These circumstances, were not uncommon; but Natalie's gratitude made her eloquent, young Leopold's delighted attention rendered him interesting, and therefore the rest of the party could not listen to the recital without glistening eyes.

"What a brother I have!" exclaimed Demetrius (following Forsheim from the cottage, after having left in Natalie's hand as he shook it, a piece of gold.) "That is a charming old woman too — so much ardour in her praises! — Taking me for Charles, has absolutely won my heart We'll visit her everyday, Ferdinand."

"I certainly cannot pay any compliment to your gallantry," observed the Count, "for you stood gazing enamoured at this aged fair one, without appearing to remember that there was a young and a pretty one, listening to your mutual raptures. But if your taste really runs in the same channel with Charles's, preferring the sight of old age made happy, to youth with all its attractions, I'm at your service for a daily lounge"

The next morning, their visit was duly paid to Natalie; after which our Hussars proceeded to the house of Soldini, the good ecclesiastic.

It was a humble mansion sunk among bowers of orange and myrtle trees; delightfully sheltered by steep hills, clothed with vineyards and mulberry grounds, from which, every sweeping breeze came laden with sweets. Domestic comfort reigned throughout the little domain: peace and cheerfulness, sat on the countenance of its master.

He led his guests from the house into the garden, where his orphan nieces were gathering flowers: at sight of him, Lorenza, the eldest (for the other was a child), relinquished her employment, and advanced lightly forward.

Both the friends were agreeably surprised at the graces of her little person, and wondered they had not admired it more in the cottage. But Lorenza's was a figure which owed its greatest charm to a sylph-like airiness, that was the more striking when seen from a distance: her complexion lost much of its brightness when she was not in exercise; and such as saw her when she was otherwise than gay, saw her not. Freshness, frankness, and youth, were her only beauties; yet these, formed a face, which every one felt handsome, and called otherwise.

Our Hussars, were so pleased with Lorenza's enchanting vivacity, and her uncle's good sense; and found the fruits and ices of which they partook under the shade of an acacia, so very refreshing, that for the first time since they had been together, they forgot the very name of war.

The clock of an adjoining monastery struck four separate hours, before they thought of departing. Mutual expressions of pleasure, mutual assurances of cultivating mutual intimacy; smiles, bows, nods, and shakes of the hand, were then exchanged over the little gate, that let the young men into the foot road.

"I have heard my father observe," said Forsheim, "that great spirits, make great fools; but I beg leave to dissent, since I have seen Lorenza Soldini. We have made a most agreeable acquaintance, Leopolstat; don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," returned the other, "if the good pastor will not be afraid of admitting us too often, we may find his house a relief after hard study. There is just a due mixture of ease and modesty, in the manners of his niece; and she has such an animating countenance!"

"Tis a very odd one, faith!" exclaimed Forsheim, "it reminded me in five minutes, of every agreeable face I had ever seen in my life: men's, and women's, the handsome, and the plain, the amiable, and the sublime. Surely, such a delightful variety in expression, atones for the absence of critical beauty."

"Oh, beauty, siren beauty!" said Demetrius in a tone of deep sadness "why do we prize it so, when it bewitches away our guardian angel, reason? — Lorenza is much better without it."

He then sunk into sudden silence, from which not all the friendly efforts of Forsheim could effectually rouse him. His heart was full of Madame de Fontainville: some evanescent expression of Lorenza Soldini's changeful eyes, had forcibly recalled the most seducing looks of hers; and all the tenderness that inspired them, now pressed upon his memory.

These reflections no longer maddened his brain; but they created a melancholy, far more oppressive. Certain that he had parted from Zaire for ever, he thought that with her, he relinquished the animating sentiment in which his nature could alone find happiness. The thrilling pleasures of mutual love, seemed to have vanished from his youthful sight, and a dreary void alone stretched before him.

For that day, Forsheim ceased to disturb his friend's reveries; but on the next, he beguiled him into writing to his brother, an occupation which was of all others best calculated to refresh his fainting spirit.

The correspondence between Charles and Forsheim, though regular and various, never once verged towards those topics in which young men with engaged hearts, are apt to indulge: it was so wholly made up of remarks on men, books, and accidental occurrences, that a third person reading their separate letters, would have pronounced them absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Count now detailed at length, their visit to the pastor of — believing he should not stand acquitted of his promise, without thus enabling Charles to watch over every new connection of his brother's.

With Wurtzburg, Forsheim associated because Demetrius still styled him friend: but he did it without one particle of esteem: the Colonel in return eyed him with secret vexation. He saw in him a strong barrier opposed to his

sanguine prospect of converting the desperate state of young Leopold's mind, into the means of his ultimate destruction, and he therefore postponed his views, without relinquishing them.

Assuming the habits of the friends, he frequently joined their rides, and walks to the worthy pastor's; nay, old Natalie had her share of attention, and was once or twice presented by him with a silk gown and hood, for festival days. Demetrius could not help inwardly acknowledging the general superiority of Forsheim; yet at those moments he would say to himself "Wurtzburg is a worthy fellow!" — and he said this the oftener for thinking it the less.

When he wrote to Charles, his heart prompted the warmest eulogium of their mutual friend: for he rightly judged that to the noble nature of his brother, such praises would be consoling, as it was only in the excellence of his rival that he could find consolation for resigning Adelaide.

Charles in return, did not suffer Demetrius to employ his thoughts about conjecturing the fate of Madame de Fontainville: he was conscious that the woman who has once been loved, must ever be interesting; and therefore when he heard occasionally from her father, he spoke of them in his letters. This conduct was equally humane and judicious: it lulled the anxious fears, while it awakened the still livelier thankfulness of Demetrius; whose tears now and then stealing down upon these letters, flowed as much from gratitude as from regret.

The society at the pastor's, contributed in no slight degree to efface the impressions of unhallowed passion. Soldini had the happy art of never losing sight of his sacred function, even in the most social hours: his conversation always led to reflections which bettered the heart, and elevated the mind. In his life, you read the beauty of his doctrines; in his countenance you saw the blessedness of his soul.

Demetrius daily gathered from him, new stores of principle, which insensibly left no room for selfish and inordinate desire. He became reconciled to the blow which had severed him from Zaire: and while playing with the little Simmonetta, (Soldini's youngest niece) lost every painful remembrance in genuine gaiety.

The pretty sportiveness of this child, the whimsical archness of her sister, the contagious cheerfulness were so many salutary medicines which brought back the health and spirits of Demetrius: and though a loud sigh would often arrest a loud laugh, yet he laughed again the very next moment.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the young men's introduction to the worthy pastor, when the clashing interests of the congress at Rastadt, and the rapid changes in military dispositions, announced another war. The brigade in which they were, was ordered to proceed further into the Venetian states; after which it was probable their regiments would be separated. This was a severe mortification to both.

They took leave of the pastor's family, with an emotion which was only excelled by that of the once-gay Lorenza, who now sat bathed in tears by the side of Forsheim; while her little sister clung round the neck of Demetrius, repeating the unrestrained kiss of childhood, and sobbing out an entreaty that he would not leave them.

Demetrius loved this endearing child, with such unaffected warmth, that he could scarcely call up a single smile to soothe her grief. Soldini regarded him with a painful excess of pity; for he thought less of their present separation than their eternal one, which the fate of war, rendered so probable.

After this removal, the regiment of Wurtzburg, was cantoned in Treviso; that to which Forsheim belonged, in Vicenza: Wurtzburg now had his destined prey within his grasp, and only waited for an opportunity (which he trusted young Leopold's character would soon furnish) to overwhelm him in irrevocable ruin.

Scarcely had the reviving Demetrius begun to indulge in dreams of future fame, upon the romantic banks of the Livenza, when an incident occurred, which promised a recompense for his past sufferings.

The winter had set in, with peculiar severity; yet he frequently braved its piercing air, wrapped up in his pelisse, musing on times gone, and times to come.

The absence of his friend Forsheim; and the new light in which his altered habits made him behold Wurtzburg; some tender recollections of scenes long since over, never to be renewed, conspired with a dark tempestuous night, about the end of December, to depress his spirits more than usual. As he passed the sentinels, their cheerful songs, or careless whistle, called up a train of thoughts upon the miseries of that superior cultivation, which serves only to render our moral sense, more exquisite to pain: — He contrasted his blighted feeling with their jovial thoughtlessness; and pondering on the brevity of that existence, of which so great a part had passed with him, solely in procuring himself sorrow, his reflections clothed themselves in the following dress.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

O! as I wander thus, and think how
 Time Passeth away, and sweeps with mighty hand,
 Our loves and comforts from us, I am sad;
 And, my heart aching, while my eyes o'erflow,
 Beats to this mournful truth, That life is pain.
 Why is it that with eager zeal we search
 The volumes of philosophy, and build
 The lofty dome of knowledge? — Wherefore seek
 To cherish subtle feeling, that will soon
 Turn like a nurtured viper on the soul,
 And sting the breast that warm'd it? — O, to gain
 All Wisdom's wealth, to be soft Feeling's child,
 Is but to barb and speed those venom'd darts
 Of disappointment, which unerring Time

The Hungarian Brothers

Will finally cast at us! — As we rove
Thro' this sad place of tears, we daily see
Friends falling from us; death, or fickle change,
Wasting our dearest blessings: Every hour
Convinceth us, that all the pomp of rank,
The painted shadow, Pleasure, the gay cup
Which Dissipation offers; one and all
Contain but honeyed poison: — Not a joy
Lives, save in quiet scenes of home-delight.
And even there — yes there, where we might hope
Peace would be for ever found; piercing thoughts
Torture remembrance: Ghosts of blissful days
Long since departed, never to return,
Haunt the wild heart; while oft with sudden force
Crime, or cold interest, from its present store
Will snatch its fondest treasure. — Could I then,
Yield up this restless feeling; and wipe out
All memory of the past, all useless lore,
That only teaches me to be a wretch,
O! I would do it gladly; would kneel down
And thank that God who granted me the power,
For I am weary of this troubled life,
Tho' I have just but enter'd it; and tho'
Youth with its earliest currents fills my veins,
Alas! Alas! This is a heavy world;
But for a better hope, its various ills
Could ne'er be borne! —

Abstracted from everything outward, he had wandered to a great distance; when starting into recollection at the sound of repeated shrieks, he beheld one wing of a large building (which from its extent and magnificence, appeared to be the palace of some nobleman), enveloped in flames.

It was evident that the wretched inhabitants were but just awakened to a sense of their situation: for he saw only a few unclothed domestics, issuing from the lower apartments, and using frantic endeavours to rouse the sleepers at the other wing. Without a moment's consideration he rushed into the hall, flew up the lofty staircase, and, forcing through the smoke and flames (which a strong current of air from several uniting galleries, rendered tremendous), burst into a room, where he beheld a sight that animated his exertions.

It was a lovely girl, wrap[ed] only in the covering of her bed, and kneeling on the ground. Simple as was this drapery, yet it concealed her so carefully, that the most apprehensive delicacy would have chosen it. Demetrius caught only a glimpse of her terrified face, from the quantity of auburn hair, which escaping from its confinement, had fallen half-braided half-loose, over her neck: he saw no more of her figure than the hand grasping its covering, and two pretty little feet, whiter than ivory. I must do him the justice to say, that he never once thought of prettiness, while he sprang forward.

“Save her! Save her!” cried the distracted girl, pushing away the hand he stretched out, and pointing to the floor, upon which lay a venerable lady devoid of sense.

“I can save ye both,” was his impetuous, answer: — but, alas! When he came to lift the lady from the ground, he found her single weight as much as he could support.

He then hastily asked the trembling girl, if she had courage to follow him, and receiving a quicker affirmative, burst through the gathering fire. It was not till he reached the outside of the portico, that he found himself unaccompanied: Casting his still senseless charge into the arms of strangers, while the flames spread over the whole face of the building, he hurried back in search of the younger lady.

The staircase had fallen in: but the distracted cries of the poor girl, becoming every moment fainter, forbade him to relinquish his enterprise. He flew again to the front; incoherently upbraiding the amazed bystanders, for seeking only to save the edifice, while a fellow creature’s life was at stake.

Several voices now suddenly called out “The Princess! — The Princess!” — They were unheard by Demetrius; who, mounting on the falling fragments of a colonnade and climbing from point to point, reached an open window, where the object of his search appeared. At the hazard of both their lives, he bore her down in his arms, through the gathering flames (which, happily, the wind blew off the colonnade), and at length reached the ground in safety.

The fire had destroyed half that beautiful hair, which had so often delighted the partial eyes of Charles, and had scorched one arm so much, as to render it impossible for him to conceal his bodily anguish; yet Demetrius did not remember having crushed the flame upon his head as he dashed through the palace, and scarcely felt the torment of a burnt shoulder, while witnessing the joy of the rescued ladies.

“How shall I ever repay you, Sir?” asked the elder, rising from the arms of her companion. “My life was of no consequence except to this beloved child, for whose sake I do indeed value it: and you have saved hers too!”

“The satisfaction of this moment, would o’erpay a much more hazardous action;” replied Demetrius, “I would not part with my present feelings, for an empire!”

The younger lady caught his enthusiasm, exclaiming “Whoever you are, Sir, I shall love you all my days.”

Demetrius turned at the sound of her thrilling voice; and as the broad light blazed over a highly animated countenance, thought he had never before, seen one so delightful.

Half the palace was yet untouched: the party now took shelter there; while the servants, and military, by this time assembled, were employed in stifling the fire. Demetrius returned to assist in these needful exertions; and after a

short absence, brought back the agreeable intelligence, of all danger having terminated.

Mutual enquiries and answers, now followed: from which Demetrius learned, that the interesting young creature whose delicate form shivered before him, under a single miserable covering, was that admired Princess of Nuremberg, whom he had so often heard described: — and that the old lady was her invalid grandmother, the Duchess di Felieri.

After exchanging expressions of sincere pleasure at this singular rencontre, the ladies retired to their devotions; and he took his station in the hall of the ruined wing, where a party of his own soldiers were placed to secure the palace from plunder.

“If it be so sweet to save life,” he exclaimed, inwardly, rolling himself round in his cloak and laying down upon the floor, “how dreadful must it be, to take it!” This unlucky suggestion of a too tender heart, banished the sleep he was about to court; and he spent the few remaining hours of night, in canvassing every objection to a profession, the horrors of which, he had never before brought so close to his mental eye.