

## CHAPTER V

So soon as decorum would permit, our young soldier went to the other wing, to inquire after its illustrious inhabitants: — he would have excused himself from seeing them on account of his disordered dress; but the excuse was not accepted. He was forced to appear.

The Duchess held out her hand to him.

“So, you have been up all night, to protect what this cruel fire has spared! — Why my dear Count, you absolutely revive the age of chivalry. I am almost tempted to rejoice at an event, which by bringing me acquainted with so much gallantry and intrepidity, has opportunely put me into good humour with the world, just before I have to quit it: for I would not willingly part in enmity, even with that. Come, sit you down, and don’t let me hear any more of your appearance: — On my life, I believe you have studied how to make it peculiarly becoming! — I see a barbarous attack meditated in that careless cluster of hair, that arm slung in a military sash, that look of affecting languor! Confess now, have you not tried all night to be pale and fatigued today, that you might excite interest?”

This lively sally would have disconcerted Charles, but Demetrius only momentarily blushing, said gaily, — “If I could have had the most distant idea of so delightful a consequence resulting from such a plan, I should certainly have pursued it. But, so far from divining that, I candidly acknowledge that my vanity was not a little piqued this morning, by the image reflected on me by one of your Highness’s immense mirrors.”

“Well! Well!” resumed the Duchess, laughing, “that opportune blush, shows me how much more advantageous, colour is to your features, so I believe you must be acquitted of having endeavoured to rob them of it.”

A more serious conversation now ensued; in which the venerable lady expressed herself, with a sensibility as uncommon at her age, as was her former extreme vivacity. While she was still speaking, Constantia entered.

Recovered from the terror of the preceding night, and bright with delight, she appeared to Demetrius like the morning star. No longer obscured, her lovely shape was attired in a habit that suited its airiness. This delicately slender shape, her slight foot, and finely turned ankle, her colour like the bloom of almond trees, her speaking eyes, and skin transparently fair, not dazzlingly white, formed a decided contrast to the remembrance of Madame de Fontainville.

The latter, was like an alabaster copy of that “beauteous statue which enchants the world”, animated into motion, and breathing only love: while the person of the other, seemed but the spiritualised dress of an ethereal nature, through every part of which, the living principle, glowed vividly.

This very contrast, recalled Zaire, but the more forcibly to the mind of Demetrius. He gazed on the Princess with an expression too poignant to be unobserved: yet the Duchess attributed it to mere admiration.

The animation with which Demetrius had entered the Felieri Palace, was completely banished by this fatal remembrance. It pressed upon him with a force that seemed to reproach him for ever being happy. He forbade himself to think Constantia delightful: as if some mysterious power that had presided over his former passion, was foreseeing its extinction, and thus endeavouring to keep that passion alive.

How often during the reign of his wild infatuation, had he turned impatiently from the praises of this very Constantia, whose character, both Charles and Baron Ingersdorf, took pleasure in covertly opposing to that of Madame de Fontainville! How often had he vowed almost to hate her!

Memory, in recalling these circumstances, recalled a multitude of ecstatic moments, which now, could never return: — for the charm was broken; and in becoming sensible to the guilt of their attachment, he had lost that rapturous belief of Zaire's perfection, which made those moments so exquisite: Yet he loved her still; — painfully loved her !

The young Princess observing his sadness, checked her own vivacity, and turned the conversation immediately towards his brother.

Nothing could be so well adapted to allure back the cheerfulness of Demetrius: "It was his music, to speak the praise of Charles." And now, encouraged by the sweet smiles of the Princess, and the repeated questions of the Duchess, he made his panegyric in the most animated terms. Sometimes he illustrated his remarks by sketches of the conduct which excited them; and sometimes (where his own feelings forbade explanation), he paused awhile, only to renew with greater energy the assurance of that brother's unequalled goodness.

Demetrius was not aware that in thus making Charles's eulogium, he was literally making his own. For both ladies admired a nature which thus proved itself incapable of envy, and alive to the most sacred of sentiments.

In the common intercourse of life, we have so many circumvallations of ceremony, to pierce through; so many out works of awe and reserve, to carry, ere we can get to the heart, that it is seldom we have time enough to discover in another, or to display in ourselves, that congeniality which turns acquaintance into friendship. All these obstacles however, were cleared away, before the little party now assembled: Terror, joy, and gratitude, had at once thrown open the gates of each bosom; rank and etiquette were no more remembered; and they now saw in one another, only the preserver and the preserved.

Under the influence of such feelings, no wonder they were all equally pleased.

By degrees the melancholy clouds on the face of Demetrius, were displaced by serenity, and then the Duchess observed that resemblance between him and her granddaughter, which had been remarked by Charles and others. This was the resemblance of colouring and expression, rather than of feature; but it was very striking; arguing a similarity both in temperament and mind.

During this visit Demetrius learned that Mam'selle de Ingersdorf was still with her father near Munich, and that she was well in health.

Willingly would Demetrius have known more of one, in whom he was interested from her endearing qualities, as much as from the certainty of her power over his brother's peace; but the Princess evidently shunned the subject; though the sudden sigh she drew, while lamenting her friend's departure from Vienna, convinced her watchful auditor, that she knew the extent of Adelaide's situation.

The Duchess had determined upon removing to a neighbouring lodge while the burned wing should be rebuilt; for which purpose the domestics were employed in transferring part of the furniture. Demetrius was now invited to join the family there at supper, that evening; and he then left the palace with a trophy of Constantia's favour; having had his inconvenient sling replaced by one, which her own delicate hands adjusted.

Power and wealth, are the only magicians: they can create fairyland out of deserts, and turn a dull pile, into a scene of splendour!

When Demetrius entered the lodge, he was surprised to see it as rich in ornament and comfort, as if it had always been the residence of princes. The situation itself was highly romantic: hanging over the Livenza river, and surrounded by gigantic evergreens. Beautiful exotics bloomed in every salon; and the genial temperature of an air, artificially produced, made him forget that all was winter without.

As he trod the matted galleries, anticipating the partial reception he was sure to meet with, his heart seemed to whisper that here it had found its home. He felt a sort of property in the charming women whose lives he had saved, and almost longed to greet their kindness with a cordial embrace.

As he approached the Princess (after having kissed the outstretched hand of the Duchess,) she said with her usual innocent frankness,

"We have thought you so long! — I believe we shall never feel safe again without you."

"And I am sure," rejoined the old lady, "we shall never thoroughly enjoy any future pleasure, unless our deliverer has his full share of it. We have not many

pleasures here, 'tis true ; but I can add to them, for the sake of a young man to whom I owe so much.

“Are you fond of music, Count? — Do you love dancing? Or hunting? Or reading? Or social quiet? Or what do you like? Before we can get quite as sociable as I mean we shall be, we must understand each others tastes. Though my Constantia cheerfully quits the gay world, to enliven the retirement of an infirm old woman, I will not insist upon your doing the same; and yet I must see you very often — So choose how it is to be: — in assemblies, or at that little supper table?”

Overpowered with gratitude and gratification, Demetrius, of course, poured out a most eloquent rhapsody about the delight of social intercourse, the improving calm of seclusion, the inexhaustible riches of study; sprinkling his discourse very plentifully with allusions to the contemplative walk between avenues of awe inspiring cedars; the distant roar of the Adriatic, and the beauties of moonlight: in short, Demetrius wished to retain the favour of the Duchess, and with a harmless deceit, kept back his taste for hunting and dancing, avowing only his real predilection for the other pursuits.

The Duchess smiled:

“This philosophic indifference to common pleasures,” she said, “ lifts you so above our level, that I see you must be corrupted a little, to make you companionable: we'll have a ball here very soon; and then you shall have an opportunity of trying whether Constantia hangs as heavy on your hands, as she did last night on your arms.”

A hearty laugh at this play upon words, spared Demetrius from replying. The Princess though blushing, eyed him still more archly than her grandmother.

“ Your wish to please my grandmama,” she said, “ is so agreeable to me, Count, that I will not quarrel with you for put ing a negative upon balls and concerts; but just let me hint to you, that you may safely recall that negative, and honestly own, you love to sing and dance, and be happy now and then among crowds. If you are as like me incharacter as in countenance, you can be happy any where: alone or in company; in a ballroom, or in a wood; reading or talking; playing the philosopher, or playing he fool; and so you may as well consent to be happy a fortnight hence, dancing with me, as resolve upon awkwardly masquerading in your present garb of a Nestor: — it don't become you, upon my honour.”

Such good-humoured raillery produced no worse effect upon Demetrius, than rendering him completely ingenuous. He confessed guilty to the charge of dissimulation, owned that dancing was one of his favourite amusements, music his passion; and finally engaged himself for the enviable distinction of waltzing at the coming ball, with his fair accuser.

Hours now flew like minutes — lively imaginations and warmhearts, never permitted the conversation to cease, or become languid: they were like friends meeting after long absence: each, had a profusion of things to say, and each listened with animated interest to the details of the other.

Constantia, who would not allow any one to attend the Duchess but herself, glided airily about her, performing all those little offices of attentive affection, which are so endearing when cheerfully executed: and Demetrius, after a short contest, was permitted to dismiss, and take the place of the male attendant, whose business it was, to lift his Lady from one station to another.

When they were seated at supper, the business of the repast gave fresh vivacity to their conversation and had a painter wished for models of youthful delight, he might have found them in Princess Constantia and our young Hussar.

Ah; unhappy Zaire! at this very moment, wast thou, in a distant country, gazing with swimming eyes, upon the miniature of that beautiful face which thy tenderness had so often lighted up, with all the charm of transport! At this very moment, was thy too faithful heart, beating with an incurable passion, and silently petitioning the God of pity, to forgive its criminal constancy!

When Colonel Wurtzburg first heard of his young Lieutenant's introduction to the Duchess di Felieri, he was seized with such an acute fit of his old disease, envy, that with difficulty he concealed it: but recovering after a short struggle, he consoled himself with hoping that in so unequal an intimacy might be sown the seeds of that misery for the brothers, which his demoniac genius was so well qualified to ripen. He therefore congratulated Demetrius, liberally praised the Duchess, and her charming granddaughter, and begged earnestly to obtain an introduction also.

This was easily accomplished. The Duchess grateful for the services of Wurtzburg's regiment, had already ordered money to be distributed among the soldiers; and she now gave a magnificent entertainment to the officers, at which some of the finest performers from the Venetian Opera House, exerted their bewitching talents. A ball followed the concert, composed of the nobility, and neighbouring military.

At this gala, Constantia's uncle was present. He came to congratulate their venerable relative upon her providential escape; and personally to present the young Count Leopoldstat, with a sword superbly hilted with diamonds.

In the company of the Prince of Nuremberg, it was impossible to forget that he was a Prince: his air warned even his intimates never to lose sight of that. If he smiled, it was a smile which awed, not invited the gaiety of others; if he conversed, his cold stateliness checked the current of conversation, confining it solely to his questions and their replies.

Demetrius could not help perceiving in this Prince's ostentatious acknowledgments, the want of gratitude's best ingredient, a delight at having been obliged. No sooner had he given him the glittering sword, and delivered it with a formal speech of future patronage, before an assemblage of company, than he seemed to think that his involuntary debt was completely acquitted; and that he might henceforth consider the young subaltern as a creature entitled to no more than the usual share of illustrious condescension.

Had not the eyes of Constantia pleaded for her uncle's ungraciousness, and by their kindness atoned for it, the high spirited Demetrius, would have been tempted to risk Nuremberg's eternal displeasure, by refusing the bauble, to which he now affixed no value. He checked the resentful swell of his proud heart, simply bowed a reply, and politely fastened it at his side.

This momentary mortification was fully compensated by the pointed attentions of the Duchess; she was not to be frowned out of laudable feeling by a petulant nephew. Conscious that Demetrius deserved the warmest gratitude, and held that rank in society, which privileged her openly to show it, she evidently made his gratification, her sole aim, in the amusements of the evening!

Unaccustomed to the opposition of any of her wishes, and unused to consult either private or public opinion; habituated to follow every benevolent impulse without considering the inconveniences to which it might lead, she now secretly resolved to adopt this engaging youth, and to bequeath him at her death, that part of her fortune which she had formerly destined for her nephew. The icy reserve of the Prince, disgusted her: perhaps she was unconsciously piqued at the indifference about her life, and his niece's, which cold conduct to their preserver certainly implied. Whatever was the motive, from that night she conceived as immoderate a dislike to him, as she had taken an affection for Demetrius, and saw the former depart, a few days afterwards, without offering at a single attempt to detain him.

The incident of the ball, had shown her the heartlessness of costly presents. To have given the young soldier any more diamonds, would she thought taste of her nephew's repaying principle: she therefore merely presented him with a rich pelisse, embroidered in gold, by herself.

The kindness with which Demetrius was uniformly received at the lodge, and his aptitude to forget every distinction, in affection, soon produced a complete familiarity, which showed all their minds in that negligent undress that is so becoming, when worn by sense and virtue.

Dividing the day between exercise, employment, and elegant recreation, was so much the habit of Constantia and her grandmother, that they seemed ignorant of the merit attached to so laudable a use of time.

Demetrius never saw with them, any of that lassitude, or those capricious humours, springing out of indolence: they had no occasion to rack their friend's

inventions for new amusements, being satisfied with such as they had enjoyed together for many months.

Though unable to move without assistance; the Duchess did not suffer her mind to become the slave of her body: society of the enlightened and the good, and the works of genius were glorious resources, which never failed her. She continued also, to hold a stated court; and had days of audience, at which her numerous tenantry attended with complaints or petitions, every one of which, she heard and examined.

Each hour of the day was dedicated by her, to some laudable purpose, or some innocent recreation: every domestic under her roof had his determined use: and though constant employment occupied all the members of her vast household, the mind of its mistress, communicated its own serene character to them, producing that placid steadiness which is the beauty of order. "Such an order the heavenly bodies keep, which so move that they ever seem to stand still, and never disturb one another."

While the Duchess thus reigned within, a domestic deity, Constantia visited the sick and aged in the environs of the palace; often administering with her own hands, the medicines prescribed by their physician. It was then, that Demetrius (being now permitted to accompany her walks), felt the full power of Constantia: the loveliness of her person, faded before the brightness of her soul; her benevolent actions perpetually awakened that tender admiration which neither mere beauty nor love can ever arouse: he would then think of Madame de Fontainville with a sigh of bitter concern.

What a maturity, did a youth so employed appear to promise! — it was impossible for him to see her as he often did, stooping to caress the peasant children, condescending to tell them little tales, and to give them short instructions, without imagining the period in which she would probably be surrounded, by a race of her own. At those moments he could not forbear wishing that she had been born of less splendid parents, and that it had been his brother's lot, to seek and to obtain her congenial heart.

It was impossible for Demetrius not to love virtues so blended with graces and accomplishments, and so enlivened by spirits, blooming in perpetual spring. — He gave way to the delight with which the contemplation of them, inspired him, believing it a harmless, nay a praiseworthy sentiment. Alas! He knew not, under how many different garbs the tyrant passion obtains entrance through the breast!

The painful tenderness which he still retained for Madame de Fontainville, assisted yet more in deceiving him. He had so long believed it impossible for him, entirely to conquer that unfortunate attachment, that he was insensible to its gradual decline. In nothing was the diminution of this passion so evident, as in the decay of its hopes: for in proportion as his desire to possess Madame de Fontainville, lost its earnestness, the death of her husband, appeared an event, less and less probable.

Sometimes a casual remark, by rousing long forgotten scenes, would for awhile revive all the impetuosity of forbidden wishes: and then pity, the strongest feeling he now cherished for the once-adored Zaire, would rise to such an agony as to impose on him for love.

These occasional fits of grief served only to render his character more interesting to his illustrious friends, and to cheat himself into a belief that he was still a martyr to self-imposed despair.

Leopolstat's letters were always sure to banish this false idea of his own unequalled sufferings: they were so fraught with restrained but profound sadness, that Demetrius acknowledged his superior claim on compassion and respect.

His answer to that, in which Demetrius related his introduction to the Felieri family, and his vain endeavour to hear something particular of Adelaide, contained in one part, these words —

“I sincerely thank you, my dearest brother, for your tender solicitude about my happiness; and do assure you, it is an additional motive to me, for contending with a weakness at which I ought to blush.

“I will not attempt to conceal from you, that my heart *has* received a deep and dreadful wound: it will take many years to cure — and then, your brother can have no other hope in life than to see you happy.

“You will pardon this excess of regret, when you recollect, that men at my age (at least such as are susceptible of the softer feelings), have more causes for lamenting the disappointment of a strong attachment, than such as are younger. — With the woman they love, is associated the sweet expectation of a home and a family; an estimation in society, which no single man feels himself justly entitled to claim; a domestic haven, after years of extravagant hopes, fantastic wishes, and merely selfish toil; a new and more powerful incentive to honourable action; a certainty, in short, of those substantial blessings which are never to be found except in a union of duties and sentiments: they renounce, therefore, the whole aim of life, even in the very noonday of it (for an attachment, endeared by such associations, is not often subdued): while the views of younger men, being bounded by the mere possession of one beloved object, after a temporary disappointment may stretch forward to another.”

When perusing such letters as these, Demetrius could not help confessing the superior nature of an affection like this, so connected with rational desires: nor forbear wishing, that he could forget for ever, a passion which had so differently affected his disordered heart

Never till now, had he felt to anguish, one of the consequences of that passion.

Resolute in condemning himself to rigid economy, and depriving himself even of benevolent indulgences, till his play debts should be liquidated, he had refused the generous assistance of Charles; who finding him pained by importunity, unwillingly relinquished it, on condition that they should afterwards share the income which the former had originally enjoyed.

Demetrius was now living entirely upon his pay, and often sighed in vain for the means of sharing in Princess Constantia's liberality.

They were one day loitering together in some woods remote from the Lodge, when a man and his wife, who appeared exhausted with sickness and poverty, begged for charity. The Princess immediately put money into their hands: Demetrius had that very morning parted with his last ducat to procure some comforts for a soldier's wife, who had just lain in of twins; and he was now forced to be a passive hearer of a very affecting story.

Constantia directed the poor travellers to the palace: after she turned back, he was silent for some time; at length he said, with great emotion—

“I would rather have you know me to be anything, than think me unfeeling; so now I honestly confess, that at this moment, I could give those miserable people, nothing but sighs.”

The blush of ingenuous shame which mantled on his cheek, was pale to the glow of painful surprise, spreading over that of the young Princess: she hastily stopped; and her eager eyes asked an explanation.

Demetrius gave it her, impetuously.

Though there was a good deal to censure him for, in the circumstances of this narrative, there was much to applaud — and had Constantia known, how powerful a sentiment precipitated him into the fault, she would have censured him still less. The poverty thus candidly acknowledged, the independent principle, which his ardour prompted him to avow, and the grateful fondness with which he expatiated on his brother's goodness, were new stimulants to her esteem: secretly resolving to avoid with great address, every motive for expense, whenever he was with her, she took his hand as a sister might have done, and said sweetly —

“So: we are to resemble each other in every way. If it were not, for my deargrandmama's generosity, I should be much poorer than yourself. Relying on her partiality to provide for me (she loving me with an affection double as our relationship; for she was not only the mother of my mother, but my great-aunt, having been the sister of my grandfather the famous Prince of Nuremberg), my father, in memory of my grandfather's greatness, was fond of extending the family territories, and therefore, left all his personal estates to his brother, the present Prince of Nuremberg. Hence you see, that being totally dependent on the bounty of my grandmother, I have no merit in being generous: you have.” She then proceeded to comment on the confession of error which he

had just made; and Demetrius while he listened, thought he had never before heard such conclusive arguments against gaming.

It would be useless to trace the progress of that well-grounded affection, which a constant intercourse of three months from this period, produced between Constantia and Demetrius.

It is easy to conceive how imperceptibly, yet how surely, a guilty passion in an otherwise pure heart, would fade before the charm of innocence ; and how naturally Constantia would seek to imbibe favourable sentiments for the preserver of her life.

So equal was the growth of their attachment, that neither of them had yet wished for more regard than the other testified; and Demetrius, who remembered Love, even in its happiest hours, only as a season of storms, would have been astonished had any one given that name to the delightful emotion with which he now gazed after the steps of his gay Constantia, met her bright eyes, or touched her soft hand.

The sunshine of a virtuous affection, pervaded his whole soul: but as neither jealousy nor apprehension had as yet clouded its brightness, he suffered himself to enjoy the genial effect, without scrutinising its cause.

Had accident prompted him to put the question to himself, he would have negatived it, upon these grounds. During the despotic reign of his first love, every other sentiment had withered in his bosom ; even fraternal affection was then a weak feeling: the hope of distinction, honourable distinction, ceased to actuate him; life, lost its best and most powerful motive, the desire of discharging its duties with fidelity; and an inglorious wish of devoting his existence to Madame de Fontainville, was substituted in its stead. Certain that he was loved to all the excess he panted for, he forsook every study necessary to make him more estimable; indulging a trance of fond idleness, for which Madame de Fontainville doted on him too much, to condemn.

Now, his thoughts were perpetually stirred with visions of future renown, and schemes of splendid utility; his heart expanded to new objects, and glowed with greater warmth for objects already dear; he pursued, not only elegant studies, but severer ones, with energetic perseverance: and felt as if some radiant prize were to be his reward. He knew not, that the heart of Constantia was the only prize his labours sought. Constantia also, encouraged in her breast, the partiality which spread so serenely throughout his. It is true, she enjoyed nothing without he was present; and every morning wasted near an hour in loitering at a window fronting the horse-road, watching his appearance. But, for this impatience she had always an excellent reason: some ridiculous event to tell him, some new book to show him, some flower to give, or some neglect to scold him for. At any rate, she always found a reason that satisfied herself.

She would repeatedly entreat the Duchess to tell her that she was like Demetrius; gaily urging his personal advantages, as the only motive: she would

frequently compare the similarity of their propensities and talents (for both rhymed with facility, and sang charmingly), and ever ended with protesting that Providence ought to have made them brother and sister.

Too long blind to this prepossession, the Duchess at length opened her eyes on it. At first she was painfully startled, but a short consultation with her own eccentric spirit, more than reconciled her.

Demetrius though a younger brother without patrimony, was of the noblest Hungarian family: his fine qualities graced his high descent; and the brilliant reputation of his brother reflected lustre upon him. Could this young man be enriched, all objections would vanish: to be sure, the rank of Constantia might entitle her to the hand of a reigning Prince; and were she solely to inherit the immense wealth of Felieri, might obtain it. But need she a principality to be happy? Would she be more indebted to her anxious parent, for placing her beyond the reach of a man she loved, than for raising him to her level?

The Duchess answered these propositions, agreeable to her own wishes; and resolved to let their affection take its course.

They were both, too young to marry; and to give the connection respectability it was requisite for Demetrius to come forwarder on the stage of life, than he had hitherto found opportunities of doing. So attached as he was to her, she had little doubt of hearing from his letters (should the expected war proceed), the state of his feelings: and whenever those should amount to excessive pain, she meant to calm them, by avowing her intentions.

Opposition from the Prince of Nuremberg, she foresaw and contemned: it might afflict Constantia for a while, but it could not destroy her happiness. If the Duchess should die before the completion of her plan, and the Prince refuse to bestow his niece on the gallant youth to whom she owed her life; his power of denial would cease when Constantia attained the age of twenty. She might then dispose of herself as she chose.

Thus reconciled to her own contempt: of worldly wisdom, the Duchess redoubled her kindness for Demetrius, styled him her child, and whenever they were rid of Pomp's heaviest trappings, its long train of attendants, loved to hear her favourites address each other, by their familiar names.

Colonel Wurtzburg meanwhile, was no dull witness of all this planning. He had seen the repelling demeanour with which Prince Nuremberg, discharged his debt of gratitude; and had overheard him say, sternly, to the Duchess (as they eyed Constantia flying though a dance with her preserver), " That young man, seems too familiar here, Madam — You know how I detest the levelling system "

Wurtzburg treasured up this speech: it augured a violent and resolute opposition to any extravagant proposal of the old lady's in favour of this ill-starred young man: and being ignorant of the influence which her vast

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disposable wealth gave the Duchess over her ungracious nephew, he suffered Demetrius to drink in the honey of this new attachment; sure, of eventually acquiring an alchemy that would turn it into poison.

## CHAPTER VI

Leaving Demetrius to enjoy almost perfect happiness in the society of Felieri, and to describe it in his letters to the friendly Forsheim, we will revert to Charles.

The distinguished post he held under the Archduke, and the great share he enjoyed of that Prince's confidence, gave a salutary occupation to his hours.

Consoled by the tranquillity of a brother (still the first object of his care), employed in considering plans which might hereafter benefit his country, Leopold's philanthropic heart scarcely suffered itself to throb with one selfish grief: yet there were times, when it mastered all his strength.

As often as he tried to rouse up the decaying interest (formerly so lively); which the correspondence of his incognita created, he sighed at the vain attempt; convinced that the endearing qualities of Adelaide had placed an eternal barrier between him, and domestic ties. He now looked forward to the explanation of that fantastic mystery, with pain; foreseeing in its conclusion, only new sources of suffering for himself and for others.

With Count Forsheim his friendship had ripened into such intimacy, that he was often tempted to end by a single question, the strange conjectures and wild fancies which forced themselves on his mind, whenever he thought of his protracted nuptials. It was possible, that Forsheim, unacquainted with more than the exterior of Adelaide, or prepossessed in favour of some other woman, might not wish to ratify the engagement made for him in childhood: it was possible that she might have refused his hand, and be now free. If this were the case, why should he hesitate to take advantage of the partiality so ill concealed by Mam'selle de Ingersdorf? — Was not her father peculiarly encouraging to him? — Did not his own civil and military rank, entitle him to seek her hand? — Yes: but he was still, comparatively, a beggar.

When the pending lawsuit should terminate favourably, Adelaide would be the mistress of a very large fortune: yet if that should end otherwise, she would be nearly portionless.

How rapidly did the blood run through the veins of Charles, as he fancied this improbable possibility. For a moment, he beheld Adelaide his own, content to share a humble fortune, and to find in domestic retirement, and the calm of an undecorated sufficiency, that happiness. for which she seemed expressly formed.

The simplified dress, the pleasing cares of elegant economy, the sports of children, and the delights of a home unapproached by fashion's senseless tribe, all produced an instantaneous picture, upon which he gazed with tender transport: but it vanished! — At the voice of reason, it vanished for ever.

Forsheim, was of too noble a nature, thus to desert the woman who had long been isolated from every other prospect, by his avowed engagement; Marshal Ingersdorf still proclaimed his intention of bestowing Adelaide on his ward; and she herself, had written to her aunt, that her fate was fixed. Nothing, therefore, was left to Charles, but the conviction of having acted with uniform integrity. This, became a solid consolation, and enabled him to stem the torrent of passionate regret.

The well-principled abhorrence with which he had taught himself to consider selfishness, even under its most seducing form (complete abandonment to despair, at the loss of virtuous hopes); now proved his best auxiliary. He believed himself born to the performance of those active virtues, which the indulgence of extreme sorrow, renders us unfit to execute; and he sought to banish the pain of his own sufferings, by alleviating the distress of others.

To some persons, so manageable a grief as this, may appear no grief at all: and to them it may seem as if maturity, had blunted the edge of exquisite feeling. in our hero's breast. Let such persons remember, that the apparent decrease of sensibility as men advance in life, is to be attributed to its real increase: what was once selfish solicitude, spreads into generous concern for their fellow beings; and even this is balanced by a new power of equal weight, *reason*.

In military duties and studies, joined to the enjoyments of benevolence and friendship, did the autumn and the winter pass away with Count Leopoldstat: a new scene then opened.

Reviving her frustrated scheme of universal aggrandisement, France dissolved the engagements of Campo Formio; and put her armies on the Rhine and in Italy, into a threatening posture.

The Austrian troops hastened to oppose this bold movement, by advancing to the Lech; where they lay in readiness to cross that river, whenever she should openly declare war, by passing the acknowledged boundary.

In the beginning of March, General Jourdan, threw down the expected gauntlet, and Prince Charles rushed forward to seize it.

Sheltering themselves under their threadbare mantle of falsehood, the French Directory proclaimed this hostile act, but an authorised precaution; and assured of the Emperor's willingness to plunge again into war, impudently seized upon every important position, between the Rhine and the Danube.

Disappointed in his views of driving the Austrian General, Hotze, from the Tyrol, or of interposing his army between that of this General's and Prince Charles's, Jourdan was driven back towards the Black Forest; and having thrown off the useless mask of pacific precaution daringly invited the attack of the Imperialists.

The grand object of the Archduke, was to prevent the junction of Jourdan's and Massena's armies: the latter of which, now occupied Switzerland and the Grisons. For this purpose, he made a sudden and irresistible effort against the enemy, driving them from the disputed post of Ostrach, to a position on the Lake of Constance.

In the brilliant action of this first general engagement, Leopoldstat distinguished himself with his usual bravery. The French Generals foiled in their attempts to unite their forces (for Masséna had been beaten back from the Voralberg, through which he had tried to pierce; and Jourdan was held in check by the Archduke); determined to risk a battle.

Jourdan's position was highly favourable to success; the Archduke's was full peril.

The French commenced the attack at the break of day, upon each of the Austrian wings at the same moment: their object being to cause a diversion from the centre, which by weakening it irreparably, might afford them a mean of breaking through the line, and securing the lake of Constance. The suddenness and vigour of this attack; the advantages of Jourdan's position; and the disadvantageous ground unavoidably occupied by the Austrians, at first inclined the balance to the enemy: they penetrated with great slaughter through the right wing, and confidently proceeded to dislodge some remaining troops, posted on the heights beyond.

The battle was then deemed lost: some of the bravest officers urged the Prince to retreat. Leopoldstat alone, eagerly seconded the indignation with which his illustrious General repelled this ignoble counsel. He suggested a new movement, which the Archduke adopted. Dismounting from his horse, Charles offered to rally and lead forward the scattered infantry: the offer was hastily accepted: several other officers caught his gallant enthusiasm, and the charge was renewed with a vigour which ensured success to the able dispositions of the Prince.

Dreadful was the carnage, but complete the victory. The noble and the lowly strewed the earth in mingled heaps: Charles saw his brave companions fall rapidly around, and thought not of himself but of his brother, who was then far away, and perhaps combating like them, only to die.

A severe flesh wound was of too little consequence to the ardent Leopoldstat to confine him for a single hour: After this glorious day at Stockach, he bore his full share in the minor engagements that followed; and had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy driven once more beyond the Rhine.

Jourdan's defeated army was consolidated with that of Masséna's, in Switzerland, where it had sought a sanctuary from pursuit; and they were now menaced by the victorious troops of Austria.

In the memorable combat at Schaffhausen, Prince Charles had again been conqueror; and now, waiting for the destined moment of entering Switzerland, he reposed his valiant soldiers upon the banks of the Lake of Constance.

It is the province of politicians to account for the five weeks inaction of this admirable young General, at so critical a period; but candour will readily admit the probability of its arising from causes over which he had no power: causes, that trammelled a great and a benevolent spirit, and have diffused pernicious effects through the whole mass of German operations.

Leaving Leopoldstat crowned with fresh laurels, and enjoying the secret councils of his august commander: leaving him to sigh amidst all his fame, and to think how empty were honours, unshared by Adelaide; I return to Demetrius in the Trevisane.