

CHAPTER VII

As that part of the Austrian force, to which the younger Leopoldstat belonged, was considered as a body of reserve for the army of observation, lining the bank of the Adige, it was still in its former cantonments, when hostilities commenced in Italy: Demetrius therefore, was yet reposing among the sweets of hospitable friendship.

It was now the month of March; in that enchanting climate, Spring's magic touch had already transformed the icy trees, and snowy hills, into green bowers, and fragrant beds. The song of the nightingale, the smell of violets and fruit blossoms, greeted the wanderer in his walks: the blue arch of heaven, was cloudless; and the star of evening, rose upon nights of warm serenity.

The Duchess di Felieri eager to promote the innocent cheerfulness of her granddaughter, proposed a moonlight water party, which the mild season rendered by no means imprudent. She had a tincture of the romantic, in her character, and it showed itself in this selection of a pleasure.

Her plan was zealously embraced, not only by Wurtzburg and Demetrius, but also by some Venetian ladies then visiting Constantia. The party was arranged at dinner; and the gentlemen leaving the rest of the company to take their siesta, repaired to their quarters to execute some trivial professional business, and collect a few more officers.

In searching among his papers for some flute music, with which he meant to refresh his memory, Demetrius accidentally encountered a sonnet, which he had written in the very meridian of his passion for Madame de Fontainville: he seized it with trembling hands, and a pang of exquisite regret quivered through his heart, while he involuntarily read these lines.

TO ZAIRE.

In thought of thee run all my days to waste! —
 I seek no more, to win the wreath of fame,
 But sunk in dreams of love, forget the taste
 Of bookish study, or of glory's aim:
 Each foregone purpose of my soul, defac'd,
 I strive no longer Valour's meed to claim;
 I shun the social train by Science grac'd,
 Reckless of who may praise, or who may blame.
 Past is the wish to be for aught renown'd:
 Like a vain shadow has it fled away —
 Gone is the vacant mind, which lately found
 Delight, in converse with the wise or gay:
 Thou, thou alone, my mind's companion art;
 My books, thy letters; my soul's prize, thy heart!

Demetrius held the sonnet some time after he had read it, gazing on the lines without seeing them: without seeing anything in short, but a long train of former

feelings which had been too fatally transporting, to be remembered without emotion.

From recollection of the past, his thoughts turned to the present ; roving over distressing conjectures about the ill-fated Zaire. He knew she lived and was in England, surrounded by friends: but upon the state of her heart, Charles had hitherto preserved an impenetrable silence. His own, throbbed an agonizing assurance that she was more faithful than he.

Man is a mass of contradictions! For Demetrius now became profoundly sad, only because he was no longer miserable.

With a countenance as changed as his spirits, he rejoined Wurtzburg: complaining of an excessive headache which plea he was again forced to urge at the Lodge.

The Duchess would have put an end to the expected entertainment, had he not declared that air and gaiety were always specifics with him, and at the same time professed to have found benefit from a cooling essence, which the Princess herself had held on his forehead.

The boat was announced soon after. The little party took some refreshments on board, and unanimously voting against attendants, commenced their aquatic tour. It was on a narrow, deep stream, which originating among some mountains, flowed across Belluno, and mingled its waters with the Livenza near Felieri.

The boat gliding rapidly along, bore them through dark romantic banks, rich with the foliage of the willow, and the light forms of the poplar and laburnum. The moonlight tracked their path through the rippling water; the balmy air was filled with the breathings of flowers; and a solitary nightingale warbled its melancholy lay among the peach blossoms of a neighbouring garden.

Constantia was seated beside Demetrius. She caught some of his pensiveness; and while the rest of the group were laughing and talking, they only, sat buried in contemplation.

The Princess sighed —

“Does this beautiful scene, make you melancholy?” asked Demetrius, withdrawing his eyes from the moon upon which they were before fixed. —

“Yes it does:” she replied, sighing again; “and I know not why. Perhaps the secret influence of the idea that all these things are passing away; that this glorious world, yon beautiful planet, must all, one day, perish. — How mournful is the thought of decay!”

“Mournful indeed!” returned Demetrius. “This idea embitters every pleasure which does not flow from the admiration of a virtue, or the indulgence of an

affection: but these, are things which decay not — these are things over which, time and death will have no power!”

Constantia turned rapidly round at the ardent tone of his voice; and their eyes, equally flashing with enthusiasm, met and retreated.

She then sank into silence; which was only interrupted by the low, frequent sighs of her companion. His enthusiasm was over: for he remembered that affection could decay, as well as material objects.

The Duchess was sitting at a distance, wrapped up in a mantle of fur and velvet, which defended her even from the refreshing breeze: she was in such high spirits, and so pleased with the witty sallies of her Venetian friends and their military cicesbeos, that she suffered the romantic pair, to poetise, as she conjectured, on the nightingale.

At the first agreeable spot adapted for their purpose, they landed. It was a little green recess formed into an amphitheatre by tall trees: there the young men spread their pelisses for carpets, produced fruit, cakes and wine; and this simple supper, seasoned with mirth and graced by beauty, seemed more delightful to the fair Venetians, than all the pageantries of their native carnival.

One of these ladies, separated Demetrius from Constantia, and by the vivacity of her conversation, enlivened his. Strong colouring, and sprightly expression, were the charms of the Signora Marinelli. — The blushes of innocence and the illumination of sensibility, were the graces of Constantia. Though trifling with the Signora, Demetrius constantly found his eyes and thoughts wandering to the Princess.

Songs followed supper. The Italian ladies sang together, some enchanting harmonies, which their finished taste and skill rendered perfect. Constantia timidly yielded to the entreaty of her grandmother and sang alone.

The sweet stillness of the night, and the tender expression of every surrounding object, was in unison with her voice: its tones, ever low and melodious, flexible as her graceful form, and various as her character, were now doubly melodious from that complacent melancholy with which she was penetrated. She sang with less skill than the Venetians, but her singing had a genius in it, that knew how to touch every chord of the human soul.

When she concluded, Demetrius alone spoke not: he could not join in the loud applause of the livelier party; but his eyes half-veiled by their long lashes, were more than ever riveted on her.

He was roused by a request from a brother officer, that he would atone for the absence of his flute.

His rich mellow voice then gave exquisite expression to the recitative with which he prefaced an Italian melody. It was like the far-off sound of a hautboy winding through rocks, or over water.

The effect was magical; and commendations, such as had often been lavished on him by his brother, proceeded from every tongue: Wurtzburg hastily proposed returning; and the party unwillingly reentered the boat.

The trees now rustled thickly above them, as they sailed along the moon became thinly shaded by clouds, and a brisker current hurried them towards the Lodge. When its dome appeared in sight, Demetrius bent to the ear of Constantia: "Do you not think me insensible, cold-hearted, and tasteless?" said he.

"Insensible!" she repeated, "to what?"

"To that voice, which I should injure if I were to attempt its praise."

"O! You are vastly gallant!" she exclaimed, with one of her sweetest smiles: before she could proceed, a general scream from the other end of the boat, called their attention to one of the party that had fallen overboard.

The instant Demetrius saw it was Wurtzburg, who could not swim, he hastily threw off his pelisse, and jumped into the river. The next moment they were both safe on the opposite bank.

There had not been time for a single fainting fit, or doubtless some one of the ladies, would have paid that compliment to the young Hussar. When the boat gained the place where they were, every voice was eager in congratulations. — "You were certainly born under a saving star, my friend!" whispered Constantia.

"If I am," returned Demetrius, gaily, I hope it will never prove its influence by making me *take to my heels*, when the enemy *take to their arms*."

The Duchess after putting a civil enquiry to the dripping Colonel, turned to Demetrius —

"You have frightened me dreadfully, my dear Leopold. For heaven's sake don't stand shivering there; walk home; run home, both of you! — to the Lodge I mean — you will catch your deaths."

"Allons then, for a race!" cried Demetrius, and followed by the heavier Wurtzburg, was the next moment seen entering the Lodge gates.

Wurtzburg was so stunned by the terror of drowning, and the sense of what he owed Demetrius, that he could not endure his own feelings. He was a man, whom benefits only exasperated. In answer to the friendly ardour of his young companion, he wrung his hand, and muttered a few words, which the others fancy translated into gratitude.

A change in their dress, was speedily effected: the Colonel was first equipped in a superb suit of the Prince of Nuremberg's, and Demetrius less solicitous about his looks than his comfort, assumed the robes of a venetian senator, that had accidentally been left in the Felieri wardrobe, by a relation. There were plenty of other habits to choose from; but Demetrius had a superstitious reverence for the dead, and revolted both from needlessly wearing the clothes of a departed person, and from exciting, by such indiscretion, painful recollections in the mind of the Duchess.

Much mirth was the consequence of this whimsical selection. Wurtzburg was rallied as unmercifully upon his foppery, as he had been upon his awkwardness; and spite of uncouth garments, perhaps the youth and beauty of Demetrius, were never more praised and admired, than on this eventful evening.

Though he thought nothing of an action to which he never affixed the idea of danger, being an admirable swimmer, the consciousness of having saved a life, even without personal risk, gave a quicker flow to his spirits; and so charming did this exhilaration make him appear in the eyes of the partial Constantia and her grandmother, that they parted from him (after he had resumed his own attire) with evident unwillingness.

As they separated in the hall, Demetrius lingered behind his party, to kiss the hand of the Princess. He accompanied this action with a speech so sportive, that Constantia lightly pushing away his head from her hand, said archly.

“Water intoxicates you, I find my friend! While the poor Colonel seems to have bathed in liquified lead: his rueful face all the night has quite amused me. Didn't he rol about his baleful eyes, as if my uncle's fine dress were the preparatory robe for an *Auto da Fé*?”

“Why to be sure, he *did* look

Grim as Don Quixote in the shades,
And grisly as the Knave of Spades:”

replied Demetrius; “but misfortune ought to be sacred. So with that wise saw, and my impromptu couplet, I leave you, sweet Princess; good night! May your dreams be as delightful as yourself.”

“May yours too — ” Constantia softly repeated, as she followed his flying figure with her eyes. She saw him join the other officers; and while their glittering uniforms sparkled in the moonlight, and the sound of Leopoldstat's lively voice, reached her ear, she exclaimed,

“My dear Demetrius!”

No sooner had the words escaped, than blushing, she looked hastily round, to see if any one witnessed this proof of regard: no one was there; and she rejoined the ladies with a light heart.

Demetrius was in a soundsleep the next morning, when Colonel Wurtzburg drew back the curtains of his bed, and abruptly waking him, said, "Rise Leopold! The order of march is come, and we shall be off in an hour."

These words, and the buzz of troops without, the trampling of their horses feet, the noise of men running to and fro, with all the other accompaniments of military removals, was such a sudden transition from the peaceful dreams of Demetrius, that at first he could scarcely comprehend what they meant.

A few moments dispersed the vapours of sleep: he leaped out of bed, hastily threw on his clothes (which his eager feelings, half joy and half pain, made him fasten with difficulty), called to his servant, gave him a few indispensable orders, and then ran off, to the Lodge.

By the time he reached Felieri, the tumultuous images of battles and sieges, the dazzling ones of martial renown, had given place to the probability of never more beholding the kind friends he was about to leave: before duty would again permit him to visit Treviso, the Duchess might be dead, Constantia, married or he might not live to see that time: he might "fall in his first field."

Saddened by such unavoidable anticipations; he entered the gallery leading to a breakfast parlour, where he found Constantia duly posted at her accustomed window. As if it were possible for him to know why she was standing there, the artless Princess blushed, and stammered out an excuse: Demetrius was far from suspecting himself to be the object she watched; and readily believed the attraction to lie in a beautiful group of trees, which the morning mist gradually clearing away, now partially developed.

They entered the room together: the Duchess and her visitors were still in their own chambers; and Constantia seemed so peculiarly animated, that poor Leopold knew not how to announce his departure. She had a multitude of ludicrous questions to ask about the plunging Colonel, as many new recreations to propose, and rallied him upon the conquest she declared his gallantry had made of the Signora Marinelli, with such sportive grace, that he threw himself silently on a seat, unable to share in, or to check her vivacity.

At length she perceived his depression: approaching him, she innocently lifted aside his hair, and looking earnestly in his eyes, said, "What is the matter, my dear Demetrius?"

The affectionate epithet which she now for the first time gave to him, joined to her former gaiety (for gaiety has some thing emboldening in it) produced a sudden impulse in Demetrius: he threw his arms hastily round her slender waist, and pressed her to him. "My dear Constantia, —" he repeated, and his full heart gave unutterable expression to the words.

Constantia as quickly withdrew her fingers from the rings of his fine hair, and gently chiding him, disengaged herself. There was nothing in her manner that reminded Leopoldstat of the Princess, but it was full of modest reproof.

“Forgive me” he cried, “amiable Constantia! I know you will, when I shall have told you that our regiment is to join the main army immediately. We march, in half an hour.”

The Princess turning frightfully pale, hastened back to him. “Oh! Heaven,” she exclaimed, “and we are to lose you! — You are going into battle!”

Her fair face sunk on his shoulder as she spoke, and wetted it with tears. At this instant, the Duchess carried by her servant, entered the apartment.

A brief explanation was given by Demetrius: the Duchess wept, and repeatedly embraced her young preserver, as he knelt before her.

“When I suffer in this way,” said she, “I am tempted to rejoice at having few beloved connections left: many friends, are but a quiver full of poisoned arrows, destined to give us more pain than pleasure. Now, shall we pay dearly, for all the happy hours we have passed together! — Never ceasing anxiety, prayers, and tears, must occupy us, till we see you again.”

Demetrius pressed his lips on her hand, with a devotion of gratitude that made silence eloquent. Constantia tried to smile, to comfort her grandmother: but at every effort, tears gathered afresh in her eyes, and the unfinished sentence of consolation, faltered on her tongue.

The Duchess opened a casket near her. “Here is a present for you, my dear boy! When these pictures were painted, at the time I made you sit for yours, I intended them for this moment. Look at them often, and think of us.”

This present, was a circle of diamonds, framing in the opposite miniatures of the Duchess and her grandchild. Demetrius seized it with transport, and eagerly kissed them.

“Oh! How often I shall look at your picture:” cried the Princess, directing a glance to where it hung; “look now and then on mine: and don’t forget me!”

Demetrius without speaking, turned his glowing eyes upon her, as she pronounced the last words.

The sound of voices in the gallery, announced someone’s approach: the Duchess folded Demetrius to her breast. — Immediately after, Constantia threw herself into his trembling arms, with all the unsuspectingness of pure affection. The old lady then hastily said “Continue to love each other, my equally dear children, and at my death, you shall find I have provided for your happiness.”

Neither of them had time to conjecture the meaning of this speech; for the Venetian ladies and Colonel Wurtzburg entered.

While the sound of bugle horns and the neighing of horses, proclaimed the march of the regiment, expressions of more than common regret, proceeded from the lips of the fair Venetians: Demetrius had a bow and a languid smile for every one of their cordial benedictions, but his heart was too full of sorrow to let them rest a moment on his mind.

Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he hurried through the apartments, and mounted his horse in the midst of a crowd of the domestics, whose unbought partiality, showed itself in fervent blessings. As he shook hands with them all, his gracious but tearful smiles, destroyed the effect of Wurtzburg's showering gold.

Every officer now joined the line of march; and Demetrius was for the first hour, wildly gay: his thoughts absolutely ran away from their own scrutiny; and sought refuge from it, in this wretched vivacity.

The new situation of Wurtzburg's regiment, which was brigaded with others, and encamped in the neighbourhood of Verona, opened a scene of pleasing novelty to Demetrius.

The activity of a camp, and the interest of actual service, contributed to restore his mind to its former tone: he was still so near his illustrious friends as to hear from them frequently, he was certain of their stability; and he began to pant for an opportunity of increasing his claims on their esteem.

This opportunity was on the eve of occurring.

The French troops lining the bank of the Mincio, feeling themselves securely flanked by the important fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, were eager for battle: the Austrians upon the Adige, necessarily forced to defend it by a longer line, imperfectly sustained by mere entrenchments, were aware of their disadvantageous position; yet not despondent.

To obtain the pillage of Verona, was the object of the Republicans: to defend that city, the hope of the Imperialists.

A vigorous attempt was soon made on this point, by the enemy; and they succeeded in forcing every post before Verona and Pastrengo. Demetrius was in the column at Bevilaqua, that rapidly advancing, turned the tide of success.

He fought with ardour; and distinguished himself as much, by the rapidity with which he comprehended and executed every new order, as by his undaunted intrepidity.

Wurtzburg, in giving him a post of danger, had given him the post of honour: for at the termination of the action, General Kray publicly complimented his young countryman, upon his conduct.

From this period, his talents and courage (though somewhat sullied by rashness) procured him the attention of his General: and after the renowned battle of the fifth of April (in which, our young Hussar had two horses killed under him), Wurtzburg saw another Charles in the person of Demetrius.

While he was coldly thanked, in the usual routine of business, or angrily passed by; his lieutenant was warmly applauded, and promoted with peculiar marks of favour.

Elated as Demetrius really was, with the universal approbation of his companions, nothing touched his heart so much, as a letter from his brother at Schaffhausen.

It contained a relation of his own military career in Swabia and the confines of Switzerland, and breathed the most affectionate solicitude for his safety: charging him to remember that he was now, the only source of his brother's happiness.

Demetrius caught new fire from the brilliant track of Charles; and with difficulty reined in an ardour which precipitated him but too often into needless danger.

After his first engagement, he thought no more of gloomy forebodings. He now wrote to the Duchess di Felieri, in high spirits; eloquently described the different scenes in which he had acted; predicted fresh successes (springing from the influence of her affectionate patronage); and dwelt with rapture on the hour of peace or of truce, which would enable him to bring his early laurels into the sunshine of Princess Constantia's smiles.

To that secretly cherished object, were all his views directed, Yet he would not allow himself to think so: though he kissed her picture at every solitary instant dwelt with tumultuous but sweet confusion of thought, on the last words of his protectress; and often while thinking, that the countenance which this picture represented, was lovelier than the Goddess of Spring, repeated to himself "but it is her heart that I love; it is her heart."

An attachment like this, so pure and so delightful; an attachment that gave fresh energy to every virtue, had nothing in it to terrify Demetrius.

When so eminently favoured by her nearest relative, he was too young and inexperienced to calculate upon possible causes of misery: and he believed that to be permitted to love her, and think himself beloved, would make him fully blessed.

The bright dawn of a spotless affection, rose upon his soul, after a stormy and burning day of passion, agloom night of despair and remorse: how then, was it to be expected that he should avoid its cheering influence?

After the battle of Magnano, the Austrian Generals, pursued the French forces successively beyond the Tartaro, and the Chiese: the Russian army, now joined that of the Germanic empire, and the whole command devolved upon the iron-hearted, but ever victorious Suvorov.

Demetrius, still in the army of General Kray, went with the detachment which under this able commander, invested the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. He was present at the reduction of both places; and with him, joined the main army time enough to share in the decision of the bloody field of Novi.

It is well known, that to the rapid march of the Hungarian General upon that illustrious day, is to be attributed its happy event. In the daring charge, up the steep, wooded heights of Novi, Demetrius nobly distinguished himself. The cavalry being dismounted, he rushed forwards on foot, at the head of his squadron, under a plunging fire that showered balls upon them, like hail. Just as the fate of the day was fixed, a shot struck him, and he fell

Count Forsheim, whose regiment also was engaged, had his friend immediately conveyed into the rear, where he soon after followed; and found to his inexpressible satisfaction that the wound was not mortal.

Universal concern surrounded the sick chamber of Demetrius: but he did not regret his wound, when he blushing listened to the commendations of his General, though they were mixed with some reproof of his rashness.

“’Tis a noble fault, however, young man,” said the veteran shaking hands with him, and rising to depart. “But as I won’t have it repeated; you must henceforth come under my immediate eye. The death of poor Mecronfeldt, gives me an opportunity of appointing you to be one of my Aides-de-Camp: Good morning! I shall now visit your surgeon, and see if he can find out a medicine for cooling a valour that has rather too much inflammation in it, for its owner’s safety: not that I should be sorry if your disease were somewhat catching.”

General Kray left the room while speaking, and Count Forsheim entered. “I have brought you, one charming restorative at least,” said he, “here are letters for you: this is from your brother.”

The blood rushed into the before-pale face of our young hussar: he raised himself eagerly, and snatched the letters; for he saw the hands of Constantia and the Duchess.

Unconsciously afraid of Forsheim’s raillery, he laid those letters down, and opened that from Charles. As it contained an account of all that had occurred to him, from the period in which this narrative left him at Schaffhausen, it will be best to transcribe the letter.

CHAPTER VIII

Valley of the Reuss, Aug. 1799.

My dear brother!

I have been now, above four months in Switzerland, and have written to you only once: had you not been engaged in active service, I would not have been so bad a correspondent. Sometimes, we were expecting great events; at other times, so occupied in following up the advantages they produced, that to sit calmly down, and take a pen, was impossible.

I have, however, kept a sort of flying journal for you, which (when the campaign ends, and leaves me leisure to translate from shorthand, into more intelligible characters) may furnish you and me, with subjects to discuss, for many a peaceful evening.

How often have I wished, that fortune had destined us to make the campaign of Switzerland together! A campaign, so rich in stores of military knowledge! A campaign, upon which Europe rivets her eyes, and which posterity will retrace with emotions of awe! A campaign where each action is but a bold experiment; and commanders, no longer the passive instruments of acknowledged rules, find in every victory, an honour peculiarly their own!

To military men, Switzerland has hitherto been an unknown world; and now, every step they take in it is a discovery.

The war of plains and of rivers, and of fortified towns (which till now, bounded my information) is I find, but the initiatory principle of our art: it is in the war of mountains, that we learn its sublime mysteries.

There, what before was the result of calculation, is the production of genius; what experience could once ascertain, grows unfixed and speculative; a wide range is left for every power, and the soul seems to find new powers for new objects. Combinations of attack, defence, and retreat, are varied as infinitely as the forms of ground upon which they are tried: everything becomes novelty, and enterprise.

Certainly, man delights in strong emotion, and loves to contend with difficulties. Action, losing its dubiousness, to him loses its vivacity; and when the success of an operation maybe pronounced on, by certain established data, his plans are finished ere they are begun. Obstacles therefore, only act as stimulants: and the tameness of regular marches, leisure approaches, long foreseen battles (which attends ordinary campaigns) vanishes before the watchful apprehension and active *prévoyance* exacted by this species of warfare.

It is then that war loses half its horror, by losing all its gloom: and in proportion as the game grows interesting, we almost forget the tremendous stake for which we throw — the lives of human beings!

Let us not, however, quite forget it, my brother! Though Providence hath graciously given us the faculty of extracting pleasure even from horrors; and by a multitude of opposite feelings, hath counterbalanced our instinctive abhorrence at the sight of destruction, let us not suffer this abhorrence to sink.

The man that studies the military art, for any other purpose than that of saving lives, is unworthy the name of man. We must never get enamoured of what we ought to detest: for war should be our aversion; though the study of it is our duty, and the glory attached to it our reward.

Ours, is a profession destined to protect in peace and industry, our fellow citizens: a profession which, substituting skill and experience in the place of mere courage, spares the needless effusion of blood. For, were there no established armies, were the inhabitants of a country to arm upon the irruption of an enemy (setting aside the folly of not remembering that a spirited offensive, is often the only method of defence); every loss or gain, would then be the event of sheer fighting; and those that made the most slaughter would be the victors.

Now, under the present system of organized troops, a single manoeuvre, ably conceived and promptly executed, frequently produces the bloodless conquest of whole battalions.

When the subject is thus contemplated, I am astonished at the odium which our profession incurs from many enlightened classes of society. If they believe, preposterously believe, that there would be no wars, if there were no disciplined soldiers, of course they are justified in denouncing us: but I think they might as well go to prove that there would be no diseases if there were no physicians. The roots of war are in the rank passions of the human heart; and as we can never eradicate them, this baleful tree must remain: while all that is left us, is the attempt at confining its poisonous droppings, within as small a circle as possible.

If that man is deemed a benefactor of his species, who studies surgery, habituating his eyes to sights of horror, his hand to painful operations, for the sake of preventing greater suffering; I know not how the candid can inveigh against the members of a profession, in which, a comparatively small body of men, from similar motives, take the whole portion of humanity's worst affliction upon themselves.

Are we to seek for the reason of this inconsistency, in the envy of our fellow creatures? — Do they begrudge us the praise of patriotism? — or is it to be found in the prevalent opinion, that whenever an action can only

spring from the best or the worst motives, it is invariably to be attributed to the latter.

Leaving you Demetrius, to settle this point or not, just as you please, I will return to my subject

Without an eye for embracing at one glance, a vast coup d'oeil, and retaining a distinct map of it, in his memory, a soldier here, might as well have no eyes at all: I have found my habit of exercising this sense, so essentially serviceable, that I earnestly recommend you to pursue the same plan, wherever you go, and however insipid the country may appear. Believe me, if a soldier has not every sense alert, as well as every mental faculty, he will never shine in practice, whatever he may do in theory.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, than my having been in Switzerland eight years ago. How little did I then think, that this majestic temple of liberty, which I entered with so much devotion; and which, for near three centuries, had stood like a holy thing, unapproached by the fiend of war; that this sanctuary of peace and virtue, should be profaned by the impious apostates of France! Even now, I feel guilty of sacrilege, as I tread its sacred precincts; and can hardly be reconciled to myself, for unsheathing the defensive sword, among such consecrated scenes.

Switzerland was the modern Arcadia. It was an exquisite fragment, preserved to show us, what this world *had been*.

There, the philanthropist went from the frightful images of crime and animosity, presented by every other land, to console himself with the spectacle of a moral phenomenon; a people brave, yet peaceful; poor, yet content; ignorant, yet susceptible of every tender and social feeling.

Good God! And was such a people to be annihilated? — Were they to be torn from their tranquil enjoyments, and sacrificed to the demon Cruelty, by his fierce ministers Fire, Famine, and the Sword? — Was their hitherto adamantine zone (that gigantic chain of Alps which had so long bound in their happiness) to be burst asunder by the storm of war, and turned into one vast engine for their destruction! Where the Glaciers rose in sacred stillness, protecting vallies that resounded the cheerful songs of industry, was the steely glare of armed multitudes to blind their startled sight; and the din of sanguinary rage, to awaken those echoes, that had slept in an unbroken trance from the creation of the world?

Forgive me this rhapsody, Demetrius —

Public report will have given you so brilliant an account of our progress here, that it is not necessary for me to do more than entreat that you will not fall into the vulgar error of censuring Prince Charles for having halted, as it were, on the threshold of Switzerland, after his early successes at Stockach and Schaffhausen.

You know not how he is fettered and circumscribed by councils and court intrigues; how his judicious projects are traversed by an ungrateful faction, that would thus drive their good angel from them. To penetrate further into a country already exhausted of the means for supporting troops, before provisions were brought from other places, and magazines formed, would have been madness: these were delayed from day to day; and the most scandalous neglect was suffered to prevail amongst a set of men, over whom the Prince had no authority. It was necessary also, that the plans chalked out for Generals Bellegarde and Hotze, should have succeeded, before any progress could be safely attempted here. No sooner had they put us in possession of the Grisons and the sources of the Rhine, than the Archduke struck the meditated blow.

Our conquest of the entrenched camp that defended Zurich; and the defeat of Masséna, will for ever silence the clamours of ignorant impatience. Prince Charles, in that attack, displayed all the qualities of a consummate General. Never shall I forget his energy, his intrepidity, his undisturbed presence of mind!

Immediately after this important event, I was generously rewarded for my poor services, with the command of a regiment, and sent to join the troops in Uri. There, my topographical knowledge was thought more needful, than in the less intricate canton of Zurich.

The engagements that have taken place since, though uniformly successful, might have been so, at such an inferior rate, that I cannot help noticing the evils of our present system, and lamenting our obstinate adherence to what may be called a splendid error.

In a region of rocks and torrents, ice and clouds, none but the Archduke could extract success from an army organised like ours: certainly Marshal Lacy did Austria an irreparable injury, when he sacrificed her light troops, to his passion for uniformity. We now experience the ill effects of such a change.

The French seem to have foreseen how often they would have to contend in mountainous countries, and have perfected this part of their force; have multiplied their sharpshooters and chasseurs, without number; whilst we remain just what we were fifty years ago.

In spite of our victories here, and in Italy, I cannot forbear thinking, that the imposing grandeur of our army, is an unsolid magnificence: at least it is a magnificence which cumbers its usefulness. The heavy strength of our long lines of troops, our extended chains of posts, our enormous pieces of ordnance, our saturnine coolness, and never-to-be-displaced attention to rule, will at last be found an insufficient opposition to the deep columns of the French (which pierce our line like so many battering rams), their sudden attack upon twenty different points at the same instant, their

flying artillery, and that enviable facility with which their unrestricted Generals pass from one mode of warfare to another.

Our habits ought to be changed, to frustrate this novel practice of our enemy.

Let us give our commanders more power, and more responsibility at the same time, and I think affairs would be better conducted.

Pondering upon this subject makes me wonder that no able person has yet thought of writing (what would be a very useful work for us young soldiers) a History of War as a Science: commencing at the time of Epaminondas, when it first ceased to be blind slaughter, and advanced towards an art; pursuing it through all its changes, in every age, down to our own period; in which a new system has suddenly risen above the military sphere, like a lawless comet, dimming every star, with its amazing and portentous brightness.

You will perhaps marvel at my filling a letter with professional remarks, instead of describing the scenery by which I am surrounded.

Believe me I am so far from insensible to it, that it presses upon my heart as well as my eyes: but every new discovered charm, only makes me witness with greater horror, the seas of blood which even now deluge its majestic beauties.

The frightful discordance of armies and battles, with pastures so lovely, mountains so sublime, forces me to divert my thoughts from what they dwelt on eight years ago, with holy transport. It is not however, always in my power to do this: I was a fortnight ago charmed into complete forgetfulness of destruction.

It was as my regiment was going to occupy a new position in Glarus.

Our march, led over some of the dreariest mountains in that canton, where forests of gloomy pine impervious to day, and naked rocks unclothed even by mosses, were rendered doubly drear, by the stillness of midnight.

Not a sound, save that of our own measured steps, was heard in this fearful solitude.

The troops traversed it in silence, and with haste: we then climbed over still wilder heights, and winding down a precipitous defile (whose enormous trees met over our heads) suddenly entered a valley, where the most glorious spectacle I ever beheld, presented itself.

The moon was shining brightly upon a range of stupendous but verdant mountains; above which, towered the glaciers of Schwyz, and Glarus, like

ramparts of glittering steel. Three mighty waterfalls fell without a single interruption, from the tops the highest steeps, prone at once to their feet; where sweeping over huge trees and masses of rock, they poured their united torrents through the valley, with a din like thunder.

The splendid light of the moon upon the cataracts and the glaciers (for never did she seem so bright to me before); the emerald greenness of the woods, and the vivid colours of the Alpine plants blooming among their roots; the intense blue of the sky; and the sublime, unmixed "sound of rushing waters" (the troops having halted); rendered this scene one of the noblest that imagination can conceive.

So magnificent a sight, seemed to have been created for none but Gods to look on: I stood awestruck; and almost feared to proceed.

Even at this moment, Demetrius, I am surrounded by a region of enchantment.

While all beneath lies dark and shadowy (the forests, the lakes, and the valleys): empurpled clouds, floating above the wood tops, serve for the base of aerial structures, that rise in gorgeous beauty towards heaven.

Palaces and castles, islands and seas of transparent ice, endless in their fantastic forms, and glowing colours, seem creating themselves before me. The sun setting opposite to the glaciers, produces this magic pageant: the tints of the rose and the violet, succeed each other on their inaccessible summits. These hues, shift from pinnacle to pinnacle, alternately transforming them into vast blocks of sapphire, amethyst, and ruby.

It is here, that imagination finds materials for her world. Sometimes she fancies the triple row of snow covered Alps (between which, spread broad green lakes), the encampment of the giants when they threatened heaven: sometimes she sees in the Glaciers, ranks of embattled angels, whose beamy helmets shine among the stars: and sometimes at the break of day, when grey mists slowly roll from their dripping sides, partially unveiling an indistinct outline, she takes them for spirits of the waters, vapoury genii; of cataracts and lakes, standing in silent grief, over their desolated land.

Beholding all this grandeur and misery, even such a sober fellow as I, cannot help exclaiming — O Switzerland, beautiful Switzerland! And hast thou at last been violated by the brutal demon Ambition!

Your exclamation, doubtless, would be in poetry: mine, alas, must for ever remain prose. Every express we receive from the army of Italy, brings me fresh reason to exult in my brother: Sweeter to me is this early incense, than all the gales of Arabia. I know you victorious over deadlier enemies than any to be encountered in the field of war; and I listen, consequently, with the fullest satisfaction, to the fame which you have more than earned.

Since my last letter — nay, only ten days ago, I was surprised with a present from my incognita: a charger, of uncommon beauty. It was delivered to my servant at headquarters, with a letter, by a Swiss peasant, who went off without waiting to be interrogated.

I could easily have had this fellow brought back: nay, the horse itself, and my ring, might by proper enquiries, ascertain the generous giver; were it not, that delicacy makes it a point of conscience not to, penetrate a mystery which can never have a serious influence over my destiny. I wait the amiable lady's time: though I confess, the assurance she gives me in this last epistle of soon removing her obscuring veil, excites some little emotion.

Whoever she be, her goodness and munificence, entitle her to my warmest gratitude! She has it. More, I fear she will never have.

This acceptable present having rendered my former charger useless, I sold him two days since to the General. His good looks and good conduct, made him sell for twice what I paid for him; and as you had the principal trouble of his education, I send you half the sum.

Let me have no unkind refusal, or sending back of this enclosure. Hasty marches always produce unavoidable expenses, which you will painfully feel, unless you borrow of your brother. At any rate, I presume Italy is not barren of objects for charity, and if you refuse to employ this trifle in getting yourself a bottle of tolerable wine after hours of exhaustion, you cannot with decency decline using it for others.

I have just heard from our friends in England: they are well.

Adieu, my dear Demetrius; my thoughts are always with you. — Ah no! not always; I have not yet quite subdued the folly of unavailing thoughts about another.

When you write to your illustrious Patroness, present my offering of respect to Princess Constantia. What a happy evening was that, on which I first saw her! — But it is not in character for a soldier, surrounded by death, to sigh over the remembrance of delicate assemblies,

Farewell.

Your affectionate
CHARLES”

Folding down the last paragraph, Demetrius put this letter into Forshiem's hand, bidding him read it: the Count's prompt obedience then gave him an opportunity of perusing those from Felieri.

They were such, as the tenderest mother, and fondest sister would have written: they were full of praises; and entreaties that he would expose himself less to danger. In one part Constantia wrote —

“I could hate myself for being gratified with the eulogiums bestowed on you, when I remember, that to deserve these eulogiums, you are perpetually risking a life, precious to everyone.

“Ah! You know not how dear you are, to my beloved grandmamma! She talks of you incessantly; and had not the courier from my brother, who brought us the news of the victory, brought a letter from you also, I believe she would not have survived the shock we sustained in hearing of your wound. Certainly she likes you more than she does me: and yet, I am not in the least jealous; for I would rather have you loved by the whole world, than be loved myself. And that is very natural, you know, because it is to you I owe both my own life, and that of my grandmamma.”

In these few last lines, the artless Princess unknowingly displayed the force and nature of her affection. Her sentiment found an answering one in the heart of Demetrius, where a secret suspicion of the truth was now softly kindling.

Sighing from excess of delight, he fell into a reverie; and his eyes swimming in tenderness, remained fixed on the letter. Count Forsheim made it a point of conscience never to extract the secrets of his nearest friends, either by entreaty or raillery: nay, he now carried this delicacy so far, as to avoid looking at the expression of young Leopoldstat's features. Apparently absorbed in Charles's letter, he appeared unconscious of his companion's emotion, and as soon as he had read it through, hastily uttered a friendly comment, and retired.

A few days after this, the young Aide-de-camp was well enough to enter upon his new and honourable post: his brother officers greeted his recovery with demonstrations of cordial goodwill; and the Prince of Nuremberg, whose regiment had signalized itself at Novi, did him the favour of paying him a cold compliment.

After the reduction of Tortona, and subsequent departure of the Russian army for Switzerland; nothing particular occurred to Demetrius until the end of autumn. His squadron was then engaged in the valley of the Bormida; where he providentially rescued a French officer from being butchered in cold blood, by a Croat.

The officer gashed, and weltering, faintly trying to avert a weapon already at his breast, presented the most frightful spectacle. Demetrius commanded the soldier to desist, and had the fainting prisoner borne to his own quarters.

There this unhappy person was found so dreadfully wounded, as to be incapable of speech. Part of his jaw, had been carried off by a musket ball, and his body was mangled with sabres.

Painfully susceptible of compassion, Demetrius forgot the lawless Republican, in the dying man, and attended him as assiduously as he would have done a friend. During this attendance he received another letter from Felieri; after which he was surprised by a visit from the Prince of Nuremberg.

“I come Sir” said the Prince haughtily seating himself, while the other was standing, “I come to satisfy myself on a point which it is of the utmost consequence to my honour to ascertain.

“ In the packets of letters which I find my courier to and from Felieri, has also brought for you, pray do you ever receive any from the Princess Constantia of Nuremberg.”

Demetrius had some difficulty in moderating his voice, as he replied to the tone of defiance with which this question was put:

“Never but once, Sir, had I that honour.”

“Show me the letter!”

At this hasty command, Demetrius surveyed the Prince from head to foot, and then turned calmly away. Surprised into the keenest contempt, he forgot his relationship to Constantia.

“ Show me the letter Sir” repeated the Prince.

Demetrius had then recovered himself. “I would not willingly deny the Prince of Nuremberg any favour in my poor power to grant; but a letter is in my opinion too sacred a deposit to be thus shown at the mere voice of authority. To the amiable writer of the one in question, I refer your Highness; confident that she will not hesitate to avow the merely benevolent interest which she takes in the life of a man, who once had the happy fortune of preserving hers.”

“You know how to overrate yourself, I perceive Sir;” rejoined the Prince, “surely that *vast* debt was paid long ago? I offered you my patronage and protection, neither of which, you chose to accept. No — it was more for your interest to flatter a rich old woman already in a convenient state of dotage, and an indiscreet girl not yet out of her childhood, into —”

“Hold Sir!” exclaimed Demetrius, darting on him a look of indignation; “not even your rank shall authorise you to treat with scorn, in my presence, names so sacred to me.”

“And do you presume to place your self on a level with the Prince of Nuremberg.”

“No!” retorted Demetrius, with imprudent bitterness, “for the Prince of Nuremberg when he forgets that a high station demands higher virtues, and condescends to insult and brave an inferior, sinks below him!”

At this cutting reproof, the Prince became choked with rage: he grasped the hilt of his sword, passionately advancing with an enflamed countenance towards the young Count; then, suddenly exclaiming "Scoundrel!" struck him a blow on the face.

Demetrius retreated a few steps, as if to prevent himself from annihilating the despicable Nuremberg; all his body shook with a passion tenfold in magnitude to that of his opponent's; momentarily giving the reins to it, he returned the blow with a force, which brought this insulter to the ground.

At that juncture, the entrance of Forsheim, gave a check to their mutual rage. Breathing nothing but vengeance, the Prince hastily rose, and left the place.

On his departure Forsheim questioned Demetrius upon the cause of so extraordinary a scene: he excused himself from motives of delicacy.

"The affair," he said, "is completely that of the Prince of Nuremberg, and as such it should remain secret with me, unless he be candid enough, to acknowledge it himself. He struck me; I struck him: my honour is now satisfied."

"I tremble for the consequence," exclaimed the Count, "my dear Leopoldstat if you have erred through a too inflammable spirit, one small concession —"

"Would be infamous!" cried Demetrius. "No Forshiem, by heaven! — If to hear the woman most venerated, and the woman most loved, named with derision; if to be accused of the basest meanness, and imperiously commanded — but hold! — I have almost lost myself again — suffice it, I received ample provocation; and though it should cost me the possession of all I hold precious on earth, never shall my coward tongue pronounce an apology to which my conscience would give the lie."

Demetrius traversed the room as he spoke, with hasty steps: his cheeks burned. — Forshiem seriously regarded him.

"You may carry delicacy too far;" he observed, "without I know the real state of this case, it will be impossible for me to serve you as I wish. Would you tell me the circumstances, I might avail myself of the consideration with which the Prince always treats me, and urge *him* to apologize"

"Urge a Greenland bear!" exclaimed Demetrius, "The one stupid and ferocious beast, is just as accessible as the other. But I promise you this, Ferdinand, if he challenge me, and you consent to be my second, I will then state the whole affair to you"

Forshiem was proceeding to speak, when a nobleman in the suite of Nuremberg, was announced.

This gentleman brought a fiery challenge from the latter. Forshiem used every argument to dissuade his friend from meeting this rash man, but Demetrius was too jealous of his reputation and too keenly stung by the unmanly accusation of the Prince, to listen to any compromise. He dismissed the nobleman with his ready acquiescence to the proposal of their meeting an hour after, at the skirt of a wood, some distance from the lines.

When the parties met, and the usual preliminaries were settled, the advantage of a first fire, fell by lot to Demetrius: he discharged his pistol in the air.

“What do you mean, Sir?” exclaimed the impatient Prince.

“I mean to show you, Sir,” replied the other, firmly, “that I abhor the idea of deliberate murder. The disgrace of having received a blow, is, in my opinion, cancelled by having returned it: I therefore am satisfied: and if you are not, I stand here to let you take satisfaction “

“ Then, thus, I take it, coward!” exclaimed the Prince, hastily firing off his pistol: the ball took effect, and Demetrius fell.

Every drop of blood, now deserted the horror-struck features of Nuremberg; by this rash act, he had endangered, if not his life, his military rank and reputation. Disdaining however to quit the scene, he advanced to Demetrius who was now supported on the bosom of Forshiem, and sinking with loss of blood. I am heartily sorry for this!” burst involuntarily from Nuremberg. Demetrius unclosed his heavy eyes, and stretched out his hand to him with a smile of amity: the Prince took it.

“Fear nothing! “ said Demetrius, in a low, gasping voice; “the circumstances of this affair are known only to ourselves; if I die, Forsheim will let them die with me.”

Overpowered with this generous conduct, but not softened, the Prince remained silent. Demetrius was then conveyed to the nearest house, where a surgeon was sent for to dress his wound.

The report of this gentleman was favourable; the ball had only penetrated the thigh, without injuring a vital part. This business had been so rapidly concluded, that few persons suspected the truth, when they were told next morning that young Count Leopoldstat was confined with a fever. His General (to whom Forsheim upon being questioned had confessed every particular) was so well satisfied with the conduct of Demetrius, and so shocked at the fierce animosity of Nuremberg, that he would have passed a public censure, had not Forsheim by his friend’s desire, requested he would lay aside such a design, and affect ignorance of the transaction. The General reluctantly consented; nominating the Prince of Nuremberg, to the command of an advanced post, in order to have him removed from the sight of his young Aide-de-camp.

In the pain of his own wound, Demetrius did not forget to inquire after his prisoner, who still lived, but whose frequent convulsions predicted a speedy dissolution. As he was delirious, no one had as yet learnt his name; though his dress bespoke him an officer of rank.

Just as Demetrius was sending to ask after him, a week subsequent to the duel, he received the following letter from the Duchess de Felieri. —

“ I have received so strange and obscure a letter from my nephew, that I must apply to you for an explanation of it. — What has happened between you? It seems as if he had been questioning you upon the degree of regard which my Constantia bears towards you: She will not shrink from avowing that regard believe me, my dear boy. I think I know both your hearts, and shall not act wrong in requesting you to visit us immediately after the army go into winter-quarters. If it is necessary, I will write to obtain the General’s promise for that purpose: I will then cheat my nephew into meeting you; when, if I don’t make you friends, at least I shall hope to place your conduct in the most honourable light, and to insure your future happiness.

“The courier waits: leaving me only time to assure you of the unalterable gratitude and friendship of the Princess and

COLOMBA FELIERI.”

The emotion of Demetrius upon reading this letter, was so great, as to make him feel sick and faint. He could not mistake the generous intention of the Duchess, nor refuse to believe himself sufficiently dear to the Princess, to authorize him in hoping she might resist any wish of her uncle’s, to unite her with another.

At this ecstatic thought, his heart throbbed wildly. He held the insensible paper to his lips, and forgot in the bright views of the future, all his past sorrows.

The abrupt entrance of Colonel Wurtzburg, put a period to these raptures.

Wurtzburg and he, were still associates, though their excessive intimacy had much abated: Demetrius no longer confided anything to him, and the dissembling Colonel appeared to fancy he had nothing to confide.

The face of Wurtzburg was at this period “full of strange matter”; the first communication of which nearly overpowered his unfortunate auditor.

Some prisoners lately brought, into camp, had recognised the hitherto unknown Republican, as General de Fontainville, the husband of Zaire. The wretched man, was now breathing his last, in an adjoining tent.

For a few moments, Demetrius could not speak: The name of Madame de Fontainville, and the certainty of her husband’s death, gave a mortal blow to every hope, and palsied even thought.

The Colonel meanwhile, maliciously ran on with congratulations, and descriptions of his friend's future felicity; with rejoicings for the exiled Zaire, and a multitude of other expressions equally cruel, yet equally specious.

At last Demetrius besought him to be left alone "My spirits are very weak to-day," he said, "or I would not ask this. For either the shock of grief or the shock of joy, I was quite unprepared. — Leave me to my own reflections."

The Colonel seeing the sting he had planted, withdrew exultingly.

Demetrius sat motionless after he was gone, in the attitude of profound meditation: his eyes were fixed; and a frightful calm, stilled the very pulsation of his heart. Yet he was incapable of reasoning: his thoughts stretched in vain to grasp even a single object — they retained nothing — all was illusive — all was fleeting!

A confused notion of being for ever severed from Constantia, and for ever bound to Madame de Fontainville, was the only stationary idea. He muttered now and then to himself, as if in a delirium; and frequently he smiled: but it was the smile of despair.

Many hours passed away, before he could be said to reflect: till then, his mind was only a passive mirror, reflecting a succession of imperfect images.

The punishment of his former fault now fell upon him, in the completion of that very wish which had once been the reigning subject of all his desires. Madame de Fontainville most likely was still faithful to the passion she had never promised to destroy, and had a right, therefore, to the fulfillment of those vows which he had voluntarily made, but a few months back: nay, was it not his duty thus to sacrifice every thing to repair the injury done her peace? Did not honour and gratitude, in the person of her afflicted father, imperiously demand this sacrifice?

Demetrius put another question to himself, which terminated his hesitation. Granting that he had conquered his passion for Zaire, by the mere force of principle, without the intervention of a purer attachment, would he have debated about offering her his hand! — No! Then he ought to debate no longer.

Though assured of Princess Constantia's preference, and suspecting the intentions of her illustrious relative, he had never urged his pretensions beyond their friendship, and had never wilfully directed a glance towards Constantia that could imply a wish for more.

Consoled by the integrity of his conduct there, he now looked with a steadier eye upon his fate: that it was fixed by the late event he believed; but ere he wrote to Madamede Fontainville, he resolved to unbosom himself to his brother.

Hitherto, Demetrius had never mentioned the inhabitants of Felieri, in any way to alarm the fraternal fears of Charles: for a long time he had himself been ignorant of the peculiar influence Constantia acquired over him; and after that ignorance was displaced by unexpected hope, was withheld by the bashful irresolution inseparable from virtuous love.

He now made a candid avowal of all these circumstances; beseeching his brother to weigh impartially the different arguments he urged for the step he meditated; requesting him to make the communication of General de Fontainville's death immediately to the Marquis de Liancour, and to learn from him, whether Zaire retained her former sentiments of a man, who could still offer her the share of a very circumscribed fortune. Suffering had taught Demetrius to bear disappointment with dignity; for he had studied the self-command and graceful restraint of Charles, till he had learned how to practise it. He no longer yielded himself up to desperate agony, but struggled with nature's infirmity, and resolved to endure.

His wound being healed, he was now able to leave his tent: and, supported on the arm of Forshiem, was permitted to breathe the fresh air.

Forshiem observed an alteration in his companion's spirits, for which he could not account; his friendly eye frequently traced the effects of a sleepless night in the total absence of that peachiness, which usually enriched his cheek; but he ventured not to intrude with a question. The only remark his delicacy allowed, was couched in an avowal of the pain he felt on seeing him thus altered; and an urgent request that he would confide to his brother, any care by which he might be harassed.

"My brother," replied Demetrius, "is indeed the only man, to whom I should entrust my present difficulties : they are of a very delicate kind, believe me, Ferdinand. If the disclosure did not involve many more besides myself, you should be fully trusted. What grave is this? —" he asked, abruptly breaking off, as his eye fell on a new-raised mound.

"The French General's," answered Forsheim, your prisoner. As you were disabled at the time, I filled your place, and was with him in his last moments."

Demetrius turned very pale, and hastily drew his friend away: but he pressed his arm gratefully, as he did so, repeating with much emotion — "I thank you!"

The answer from Charles, was such as Demetrius expected. It was in favour of Madame de Fontainville: but ah! How unwillingly was that sentence pronounced! How many tender expressions of love and pity, how many consolations and praises were mingled with it! He conjured his brother to be sincere with the Duchess di Felieri; and without disclosing the past indiscretion of Zaire, without appearing to have imbibed any presumptuous hopes from the graciousness of Princess Constantia, completely to explain his present engagement, with Madame de Fontainville.

The last dependence of Demetrius, was destroyed by this letter. He had secretly hoped, that Charles might, from various motives, have concealed what could now produce no pain, a change in Zaire's heart; and he was, therefore, completely overcome when he read this assurance of her constancy.

"Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, was she not dearer to me, alas! Than my ownsoul? — did I not swear to love her, even in the agonies of death? was I not ready to relinquish, for her sake, the person who ought to have been dearest to me on earth, my brother, my benefactor! — and do I now shudder at the prospect of possessing her for ever?"

He thought of Constantia; in spite of every resolve, he thought of her: and when he pictured the shock this discovery would give to her reverend relative, the deeper wound it would, inflict upon her innocent heart, he was not master of his feelings.

The campaign now drew to a close: and Demetrius, released from active service, and deprived of Forsheim (whose regiment was ordered into different cantonments), had leisure to muse even to madness.

He was waiting for the reply of De Liancour, to his brother's letter, before he could bring himself to write the one, so much dreaded, to Felieri, when an express from thence reached the camp, in the middle of an inclement night.

The Duchess had been struck with a paralytic affection, from which it was likely she would never recover; and her distracted grandchild now sent for Demetrius, at her particular request.

Upon such an occasion the usual military rules were dispensed with; the General allowed his Aide-de-camp, ten days' leave; and the latter, still weak and feeble, commenced his sad journey to the Trevisane.