

THE  
HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

BY  
MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

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IN THREE VOLS.

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"What so sweet  
So beautiful on earth, and Ah! so rare,  
As kindred love and family repose?"

Young.

~~VOL. I.~~

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PREFACE.\*

*Sir John Royle. 1830*

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SINCE the Revolution in Germany has displaced the House of Austria from its ancient supremacy; and caused such changes in the states of Princes, that we hardly can trace the names of countries which were once familiar to most men, and particularly dear to soldiers; it seems necessary to premise that this Romance was begun, and had proceeded as far as the mid-

\* In consequence of the Author's sudden indisposition, the preface is written by a friend.



dle of the third volume, long before the disastrous events took place which overturned the Germanic empire.

The Author of *The Hungarian Brothers*, when she selected the triumphant field of the Archduke Charles, as the theatre for the actions of her hero, had no presage how its glories would be extinguished by the overwhelming infamy of General Mack. Her scene was Vienna, in honour; Vienna, filled with laurelled veterans, and young warriors panting for the field.—All is now changed: Vienna and her boast are no more: Germany has passed under the yoke of the usurper;—and the country of Charles of Leopoldstadt and his virtuous Commander, is like a tale of other times,—a story, of what once was Carthage, once was Rome.

After a cessation of eighteen months, occasioned by circumstances much at variance with the prosecution of a work of fancy, this Romance was completed in the month of January 1807. The Author in re-perusing it, regarded several of its features with an apprehensive eye.—The difference between Foreign manners and those of England, might in these pages, at first sight, be mistaken for a dereliction from nature ; and the strong painting of some of the characters, be deemed as inappropriate and preposterous.

In the first place, all who have travelled over the Continent, will recollect the animated salutations, which pass between relations and friends of either sex. Whether such (to us, extraordinary) expressions of tenderness, arise from a peculiar sen-

sibility, or is only compliance with custom, cannot easily be determined; but so it is:—and while two Englishmen meet and shake hands, two Foreigners embrace with the fondness of brothers.—These shades of national character being attended to in these pages, neither the affectionate endearments of the Counts of Leopoldstat, the romantic whims of the Barons of Ingersdorf, nor the overbearing haughtiness of the Prince Nuremberg, are in the least out of place.

The character of this Prince is the second cause of anxiety to the Author; for there is a probability that some readers may not believe the union of so much pride, with so much meanness; may not give credit to such harsh and ill-mannered violence being in the conduct of a man.

PREFACE.

of his illustrious birth and breeding.

There is, to the middle orders of society, something almost impossible, in the idea of a *Prince* being vulgar, even in a rage. But when we consider that ungoverned passion has no reason to remind it, either of the decencies of politeness, or even of humanity, we cannot wonder at hearing the same malignant spirit utter its foul language as roundly from the lips of a Prince as from a peasant.—We may judge of one rank by another; and what we find in Earls and Dukes, we need not be surprised to discover some trace of, amongst Princes. There are many worthy and noble families in England, who, if they were to set a notary behind the arras, might shew minutes from the mouth of his Lordship or his Grace, very different from those which fell

from the tongue of Sir Charles Grandison. How many trembling wives, with coronets round their brows, will silently assent to this?—How many daughters, will shudderingly whisper—“It is true!”

To draw nature as accurately as her acquaintance with it would allow, was the intention of the Author; and to produce from the circumstances of the story some useful moral, was her aim.—She has placed her heroes in various situations, because the destinies of man are various.—His temptations are shifting every hour:—and to warn youth from those quicksands, which gem the ocean of life like the Happy Isles of the poets, now appearing in all the bloom of spring, now vanishing into vapour, and now sinking with the anchored vessel into the bosom of the deep;—



to set up beacons where danger lies ; —to shew youth the destructive tendency of uncontrolled passions, and the safety and loveliness of the affections which belong wholly to the heart ; to present all this in one view, a development has been attempted to be made in these pages, of the usual causes which seduce and precipitate men into error ; and much has been said to prove the happy effects of those generous sensibilities which, put a bridle on the passions, while they enlarge and entender the heart.

*March, 1807.*



THE  
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CHAP. I.

IN a steep recess of the Carpathian mountains, at the foot of which glides the waters of the Tareza, stands the castle of Leopoldstat. Its deserted towers were formerly but dimly seen by the traveller, through woods of pine and larch that were suffered to grow rankly around; and if he approached the edifice, its mournful solitariness at once excited his surprise and his curiosity. His eye vainly sought for martial groupings peopling the mossy ramparts, and harmonising with the scene;

and his ear fruitlessly waited to catch the sound of arms, and of watch-words, the steps of sentinels, the clang of cymbals, and all the terrific accompaniments of spirit-stirring war. Massy, magnificent, and entire, reflection could not account for this abandonment of Leopoldstat; but every peasant in Hungary could solve the mystery.

The family of Leopoldstat were fallen into decay: the virtues of some of its individuals, and the vices of others, had dissipated its once rich revenues, leaving to the remaining heirs, only that respect which the good, delight in bestowing upon such as suffer undeservedly. Udislaus, the last count, wasted the advantages of eminent talents and a commanding exterior, in a life of profligacy. He married a beautiful orphan of no rank, at an age when neither his character nor her's were formed; and shortly afterwards, growing to hate her for the very virtue which forced him to surrender his liberty, ceased

to treat her even with common consideration. He spent his riotous hours in Vienna; she, her blameless ones in Hungary; and while he revelled away his soul and his fortune at the gaming-table, or drowned recollection of both in the embraces of courtezans; she walked on the moon-lighted battlements with her little son, extracting from the silvered scene below, and the splendid light above, lessons of knowledge and piety.

After five years total estrangement, the count returned to Hungary, in consequence of a disorder, for which the air of his native place was recommended. The countess having sincerely loved him, felt all her tenderness revive, as she fixed her tearful eyes upon the decaying ruins of his once admirable figure; sickness had silenced awhile licentious passions; and something like the father and the husband rising in his breast as he beheld his wife and child, gave a thoughtfulness to his appearance, which indicated remorse.

Flattering herself with the hope of reclaiming and attaching him, she sought every method devised by duteous affection, to soothe his wayward spirits, and restore his health. Such sweetness with such beauty, could not pass quite unheeded by the man to whom they had once been inordinately dear; they rekindled a short-lived passion, which soon terminated in indifference; and his heart hardening, as the fear of death receded, he set out for Germany, leaving his credulous wife to mourn over that fond delusion, which had left her nothing but the prospect of giving birth to another child, destined to neglect and ruin.

While her youngest son was yet in arms, the countess heard the afflicting intelligence of her husband's flight with a married woman, and received at the same time a proof of his complete depravity, by finding herself and children reduced almost to poverty. Udislaus had alienated and mortgaged nearly the whole of his

paternal inheritance, had left, in short, nothing but the ancient castle, and a small belt of ground encircling it, barely capable of producing annually, one thousand rix-dollars. To inhabit the castle upon such an income was impossible; the countess, therefore, quitted it, and took refuge in a lodge which had formerly been the abode of Leopold's chief huntsman.

There, forgotten by that world, (which indeed knew her only by name) in the very may-day of life, did she devote every thought to her children; and there, under the observing eye of maternal solicitude, did their infant hearts gradually unfold from innocence into principle. The prior of a neighbouring convent supplied the place of a tutor to these deserted boys: he found in the youngest, genius and docility; in the eldest, the application of a comprehensive, vigorous intellect; and won to love, as much as at first he pitied them, this excellent man soon enriched



their minds with the mingled treasures of history and philosophy.

Accustomed to the hardest sports, chasing the chamois and the boar, amongst trackless woods, and over tremendous heights; sometimes on foot, joining the perilous toils of the gold-hunters, and leaping from cliff to cliff with the agility of a young antelope; sometimes mounted on a horse fleetier than wind, and borne along through sudden storms of thunder or of snow; with a dauntless heart, and a complexion glowing like the heath-flowers that sprung up under his steps, Charles grew enamoured of danger, and became habituated to fatigue. At sixteen he panted for military renown, and at sixteen, his anxious mother procured for him the patronage of Prince de E——, through whose friendship he obtained a commission in the Austrian service.

Only four years had elapsed after his departure from Hungary, when he was



recalled to receive the last sigh of his mother. Without energy to contend against disappointed affection ; and with an apprehensive tenderness for her children, which continually presented the most melancholy presages, the bitterest regrets, this too-susceptible woman sunk under the weight of unshared sorrow, and fell a victim at once to maternal and connubial love. In her dying moments she adjured Charles, by his hopes here and hereafter, to watch over the rectitude and prosperity of his brother ; she joined their trembling hands as they knelt before her death-bed, and listened to the tone of holy awe and subdued anguish, in which Charles swore to obey her.

After having paid the last duties to the remains of his mother, the young count entrusted Demetrius to the care of their mutual benefactor the prior, purposing to take on himself the charge of his future conduct, whenever Demetrius should ar-

rive at an age fitted to encounter the world.

As his mournful gaze hung on the sweet boy, retiring from the parlour of the convent, he drew a profound sigh, pressed his hand for a moment upon his forehead, and then said, -

“ I have perhaps, already wearied you, good father, with instructions about my brother; but you must pardon the weakness of an overcharged, overflowing heart, as full of fondness as of grief.”

He stopped awhile, and resumed in a firmer tone—

“ Suffer me to add one more to my many requests.—When you answer the questions concerning our family affairs, which the ripening reason of Demetrius will probably soon prompt, do not inform him fully of our destiny; do not tell him he is absolutely dependent upon such a poor fellow as I am; for that would be to substitute obligation for affection, apprehension instead of confidence between us.

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I should abhor the thought of owing him regard to mere gratitude: he must entrust me with his future errors or difficulties, free from every sordid fear, or I shall shrink at the task of censuring them.

“There is another motive too, stronger even than this, (for this, is but a whim of over-strained delicacy perhaps;) it is my passionate desire, to let him *enjoy* the brightest part of life. Our youth, good father, is the only delightful portion of our sojourn here; it is the blessed period in which we may safely surrender ourselves to innocent cheerfulness. With guileless thoughts, a guiltless soul, unchastised hopes, unbroken health, and warm affections, could I bear to see that dear boy, withered, blighted, crushed as it were, by a perfect knowledge of all that his mother suffered, and all that his brother has yet to contend with?”

“The springing spirit of youth, is not so easily crushed,” observed the prior.

“Ah! but it is, cried Charles hastily

(and the conviction of how it had been overpowered in *his* young bosom, blanched his healthful cheek;) am not I a proof that the most thoughtless gaiety is to be speedily vanquished by anxiety for beloved objects? Ever since I could reflect, my liveliest moments have been embittered by cares. Often have dismay and anticipations, and vehement indignation chased away the remembrance of enchanting pleasures, and driven sleep and peace from my pillow, while I thought alternately of my mother, my brother, and my own ravished rights. I am not proof against the certainty that I was born to a splendid fortune, and that a father robbed me of it: that his barbarity has left me only an empty title; debarred me from the gratification of honourable desires; deprived me of all hope of blessing a race of my own; and entailed on me the additional misery of seeing a beloved brother, doomed to a life equally joyless. I am a man, Father! a very young

one; and I feel keenly, too keenly perhaps, the bondage of broken fortunes. Let me then interpose between my brother and premature cares: let my breast be his shield. Demetrius shall be happy—at least awhile, if I can keep him so—the world will soon enough make him otherwise.”

To this distempered reasoning, the prior had nothing to oppose: and too ignorant of life, to foresee the evils which might accrue from following the plan proposed, assured Charles of his acquiescence, and instructed his pupil accordingly.

A commerce with mankind, of nearly five more years, did not materially alter the character of the young count. It is true, that passion and example had essayed to overwhelm him in vice; but like the eternal oak, whose roots are said to strike deeper, as the storm rages fiercer among its tortured branches, his virtue strengthened by contests with his own frailties,



and every fresh struggle, but confirmed its stability.

Though devoted to his profession, and employed in actual service, he found means to reconcile war with the graces; even in camps he pursued the track of useful science, into which the prior had conducted him: he studied intently; relieving his severer pursuits, by music and drawing.

The commencement of hostilities between France and Austria, gave him an opportunity of applying military speculations to practice. In his very first campaign, he astonished the veteran officers by a display of promptitude, judgment, and skill, almost miraculous at his age; by an intrepidity which never varied; and a presence of mind equal to every emergency. His gallant defence of an obscure post, which circumstances, unexpectedly rendered very important, attracted universal admiration, to one hitherto unobserved; so that it soon became



common for the generals to prophesy, that the young Hungarian, who studied the principles of war, so assiduously in his tent, and illustrated them so bravely in the field, would one day rival the fame of Saxe and Montecuculi.

The peace which closed the year 1797, afforded Charles an opportunity of revisiting Hungary the ensuing spring; at which time, this narrative commences.

He set out for his native place, with a crowd of sweet and bitter feelings, thronging round his heart; and came in sight of the stupendous castle, (of which, his father's death had long since made him lord,) just as the evening sun was em-  
purpling its moss-grown battlements. What gushing tenderness, what manly indignation, by turns dimmed and lightened his eyes at the view! What affecting remembrances of his mother and brother, were revived by every familiar object! How many hopes and fears, and painful anxieties, throbbed in his brave bosom,

as he thought of that dear brother, so inexpressibly interesting, so tenderly beloved, so impressively confided ! He had left him a child, he was now to find him a young man : he was about to bear him from the warm shelter of religious retirement, and to plunge him amid the boisterous element of war. For, alas ! Demetrius was even more destitute than Charles ; and in Germany, the army alone, opens a path to preferment.

The tenderness predominant in the character of Demetrius, joined to a peculiar delicacy of constitution, tended to deepen the interest with which his desolate childhood, had ever inspired his amiable brother. The latter could now contemplate his own blighted fate with serenity ; but to imagine the life of that precious object, devoted to struggling with the mortifications entailed on indigent nobility, was still to dwell on a prospect at once agonizing and abhorrent.

Absorbed in multitudinous reflections,

He turned his horse towards the valley, in which the convent of St. Xavier, was situated; stopping at its entrance, (scarcely conscious that he did so,) to look at a figure on an opposite acclivity. It was a young man of eighteen, standing with careless gracefulness near a marble quarry, as if momentarily observing the labours of the workmen; he wore the Hungarian habit, which, from its grand simplicity, is so well calculated to heighten the beauty of manly proportions: At his feet lay a couple of wolf-dogs, and in his hand, he held a light hunting-spear.

At so short a distance, Count Leopoldstat could distinctly note his figure and face; the former was of admirable stature, and buoyant with animation; the latter announced a heart, that as yet knew nor sin nor sorrow. It was a countenance bright with all the hopes, and all the benevolence of youth; warm with the carnation tints of that sweet season of life,

when our very fluids seem as pure as our wishes, as vivid as our expectations.

In a tumult of doubt and eagerness, Charles threw himself from his horse while some indistinct sounds, escaped his lips: the young man started, darted forwards a joyful glance, and precipitating down the height, flung himself into his brother's arms. "Charles!" he exclaimed, in a thrilling tone of lively affection. His brother pressed him to his breast without speaking; for the remembrance of their dying mother, suddenly came over him, and tears blinded him as it did so.

Never before, were two such brothers, clasped in the fraternal embrace. At that instant, they might have been taken for models of moral and material beauty: they were indeed, perfect specimens of the loveliness of youth, and the magnificence of manhood.

The superior stature of Charles; the determined form, and martial character of his limbs; his complexion embrowned,



by many campaigns; and his features, touched with that gentle sadness, to which thought and experience, invariably give birth, were finely contrasted by the youth, the bloom, the spirit of Demetrius. Thus would have looked the noble war-horse, sublime in conscious strength and "proud submission;" when contrasted, with the young Arabian, yet free and unbroken, and sparkling in all the graces of his original wildness.

The eyes of Demetrius met the soft scrutiny of his brother's, with a sweet fearlessness; his unspotted soul was to be seen in their bright azure, and all its properties immediately defined: but the expression of Charles's, (though they were blue also,) was not so easily comprehended: it was an expression made up of mingled feelings. His eyes were not to be read in a single glance; they were a volume of noble matter, and the observer developed gradually, in them, all the signs of great and amiable qualities.

When the transport of surprize had subsided, Leopoldstat gave his horse to a peasant, and proceeded with his brother towards St. Xavier's. Mutual embarrassment, now caused mutual silence. It is ever thus, between persons who love each other, meeting after a long separation; the fear of jarring in opinion, taste, or manner; the dread of displeasing or being displeased, when it is so important to be congenial, generally produces a reserve which makes the first interview, of all others the least satisfying to the heart. Charles often looked wistfully on the beaming countenance of Demetrius; and as often, affectionately pressed his hand. They were entering the vineyards belonging to the convent, when Demetrius, meeting one of those anxious glances, said, smiling,—

“I am sure we shall like each other!”

Entertained with the *naïveté* of this remark, his brother smiled too, and replied,



"I have no doubt of that; my only fear is, that I shall like you too well."

The prior of St. Xavier's had been apprized by Charles, of his intended visit; he was therefore prepared to see and to welcome him. Every inhabitant of the convent was forward in demonstrations of that genuine esteem which is the purchase of goodness only: they all knew that he had voluntarily resigned to his mother, (and since her death, to the charges of his brother's military education,) that slender income which was his, independent of his profession; and though themselves shut out from the world's temptations, they still had judgment to appreciate the self-denial of a young man, who thus persisted in abjuring all pleasures, for the sake of a duty not allowed to be one, by our modern moralists.

At five and twenty, Charles was more cheerful than he had been at nineteen; for at that age, he was suffering from the

shock of disappointed hopes; and the complete knowledge of those evils, attendant on rank, united with poverty—at that age, experience shewed him, that he could not hew out a path to fortune and honour, by his sword alone; that envy and intrigue, obscures the brightest actions, robs them of their reward, and too often gives to them, the colour of crimes.

Astonished and indignant, at beholding the elevation of the contemptible, while modest virtue was pushed rudely down; finding no additional respect paid to his nobility, from his misfortunes, (an expectation so natural to youth,) he renounced with disgust and despair, all views of comfort; he mixed in scenes of gaiety, without enjoyment, and became for awhile, gloomy and misanthropic; but this misanthropy was a transitory fever; an immoderate passion, in which his amiable nature exhausted its small portion of bitterness. As he learnt more

of life, and came nearer to his fellow-creatures, this asperity wore off; he saw so much good, where at first there appeared so little; so many failings, where he once expected to find greatness only, that he soon became reconciled to the destinies of mankind; and reason and religion teaching him to comprehend such of the plans of providence, as are permitted us to scan, brought his mind to a chearful and admiring acquiescence with them all.

After a fortnight spent among the brotherhood of St. Xavier's, Leopoldstat announced his intention of returning to Germany. In this short time, he ascertained nearly the whole of his brother's character; he observed all its tendencies; and convinced, from such observation, that Demetrius would long require a monitor, solicitously sought to secure his future confidence.

The night before their journey, the brothers, unconscious of each other's purpose,

met at the grave of their mother. Demetrius was stretched upon it, mingling sobs and tears with his kisses, when Charles entered the little cemetery in which it was. Lost in his own grief, Demetrius heard not the steps of his brother, who advanced slowly; but a deep sigh suddenly rousing him, he started up, ashamed of the tears then flooding his disordered features, and trying to escape, stammered out some indistinct words. Charles, gently detaining him, (while his eyes rivetted themselves with sad earnestness upon the grave) said, "Why should you go, my brother? ought not we both to lament here?" He then threw himself upon the ground.

Under the melancholy light of a shrouded moon, while the cypress trees, by which the burying-ground was shaded, groaned in the gusty wind, did Charles once more renew his oath of protecting and guiding Demetrius; and Demetrius, leaning on his brother's breast, internally



vowed to emulate the excellence he loved in Charles. This scene passed in silence ; and it was not till they were far from the cemetery, that Charles, looking back and seeing the dark trees still rustling in the chill night air, shivered with strong emotion, and observed that it was piercing cold. They parted immediately afterwards, sad and thoughtful.

A sunny morning had revived the spirits of the brothers, when they met to commence their long journey ; and then affectionate adieus and grateful acknowledgments passed between them and the holy brotherhood.

Demetrius entered the capital of Austria with eager steps ; the palaces and public buildings certainly faded before the magnificence of his imagination ; but the warlike appearances presenting themselves at every gate ; the carriages filled with handsome and ornamented women ; the buzz of pleasure ; the tumult of business ; the groupes of young men in mili-



tary uniforms that stood discussing political questions in the libraries and squares; the cordial welcome given *en passant*, to Charles, excited in him new and delightful sensations. He longed to be enroled amongst these spirited young men, and to find himself of some consequence in society, by having, like them, a profession.

A visit to a camp just formed near Vienna, and an introduction to several distinguished officers, completed the intoxication of Demetrius; he was never wearied with asking questions, and making observations; not a single sentinel escaped him. Charles smiled at the zeal with which he prosecuted these inquiries, and the swiftness with which he noticed every minute peculiarity; but he was observing also, and he hailed with pleasure, these signs of an enthusiastic temper.

The third day after their arrival, Demetrius was presented to the Arch-Duke, who now graciously acknowledged the services of Charles, by giving his brother

a commission; Demetrius dined the same day with the officers of his regiment, and the next morning Charles thus addressed him.

“I am not going to preach a long lecture to you, my dear brother, for I believe the thorough knowledge you must have of my anxiety for your temporal good, and eternal happiness, will render it unnecessary. I depend upon the warm affection you are daily shewing me—an affection my heart gratefully acknowledges, for your honourable conduct through life; I am certain you will never rush wilfully into any immorality, because you are convinced that my peace would be embittered incurably by it; and I trust you will always have such a dependance on my indulgent tenderness as never to withhold from me any circumstance perilous to your tranquillity or rectitude. Though I have lived seven years longer in the world than you have done, they have not been spent in making me austere; I should

have lived then to little purpose had they not rendered me compassionate to all that err, and doubled my reverence for such as continue upright.

“At your age I had to struggle with the temptations that will naturally assail you also; under some I sunk; over the most serious I triumphed; but I did so, Demetrius, through the divine assistance; believe me the source of moral strength does not lie in earth, it must be sought for, above.”

Charles paused, and his eyes resting upon the beautiful face of his brother, gradually softened from the expression of adoration into that of fondness. “To make a discourse to a young man, upon the hazard of having a handsome person,” he resumed, “seems laughable; and a century or two, ago, would have been a work of supererogation, but the free manners of the present day, render it indispensable.

“Furst me, there is nothing which a

youth is so intoxicated by, nothing for which he is so little prepared, (and therefore, so likely to be taken, *à la coup de main*;) as admiration from women. He enters the world, expecting perhaps, to fall in love, but the thought of being beloved in return, upon any other grounds than a series of worth and constancy, never passes over the threshold of his imagination: he is consequently, in danger of being overset, the very first time in which he receives proofs of unsought tenderness. Let me urge you then, to remember, (whenever such a thing happens to you;) that the affection of the estimable, is alone worthy of esteem; and that the woman who displays unsolicited liking, forfeits her most respectable claim to the heart of man.

“Be careful therefore, to stifle the earliest spark of vanity; for that is a passion which is as powerful as love itself; and many persons, seeking only what they thought a harmless indulgence of it, have

been entangled in snares, from which they never afterwards, could escape.

“ I can conceive no situation more desperate than that of a man, otherwise well-principled, who has suffered himself to be inebriated with the admiration of a woman, whom he does not sufficiently respect, to marry; and who, having sacrificed both her virtue and reputation, to his heartless phrensy, finds himself imperiously commanded by honour and compassion, not to abandon her.

“ Always ask yourself, what is likely to be the consequence of such and such actions, and your own pure soul will instinctively recoil from any track that seems leading towards guilt. Above all things, teach yourself to refer every action and every motive, to the commandments of your Creator. Never, my brother, never for a moment, lose sight of the important truth, that you are an accountable creature; that virtue, consists in a series of



sacrifices; happiness, in the consciousness of a life well used!

“Continue to love me as you now do, and I can fear nothing. Let us henceforth, have but one soul: let us impart our weaknesses, our faults, our griefs, our joys, to each other:—let us candidly reprove, or affectionately applaud, whatever we may observe wrong, or praise-worthy: let us, in short, never forget the death-bed of our mother!”

Charles took his brother's hand as he spoke, and pressed it to his heart: that excellent heart, was big with many emotions.—“God bless you, my Demetrius!” he added—“you know not how extremely dear you are to me.”

The expressive colour in his attentive hearer's cheeks, had varied rapidly during this address; he now bent his head over the hand of Leopoldstat, to hide the sensibility, which boyishly he blushed at; but soon after raising his eyes, he said—  
“My future conduct must entitle me

to this excess of goodness. At present Charles, I can only offer you the sole possession and guidance, of my inexperienced heart: such as it is, you see it completely; and ever shall see it."

Answering this, with an eloquent smile Charles proceeded. "It is proper to tell you, how much money will be at your disposal for the time to come: added to the pay of your commission, you will have a thousand rix-dollars annually: can you contrive to live upon so modest an income, in this gay capital?"

"A child cannot be more ignorant of money than I am, returned Demetrius; but I dare say some obliging acquaintance will soon teach me how to dispose of it. Yet tell me; am I indebted for this to your generosity?"

A graceful embarrassment made Charles hesitate, while he ambiguously answered, "My father put it out of my power to be generous, even to my brother: this, was our dear mother's income; and of

course it becomes the property of her younger son."

Demetrius believed this assertion, implicitly; the thing appeared so natural; and it was so unlikely that a Count of Leopoldstat should possess only an estate of a thousand rix-dollars, yet be able to resign it to his brother. A cheerful smile brightened his eyes, and he was about to reply, when a party of young men, self-invited to breakfast, entered the apartment.

With some of these, the brothers attended parade, and afterwards visited the magic gardens at Schonbrunn: they went in the evening to the opera, where their inexperienced companion was enchanted with all he heard and all he saw. Exquisitely susceptible of every thing that ministered delight to the taste and the heart, Demetrius might be said, from this night to have literally fallen in love with Harmony; of which he had hitherto, received only a faint impression.

When the entertainment terminated, the party dispersed; and Charles took his brother to the house of Baron Ingersdorf; where they made part of a large and brilliant assembly.

At the assemblies of the Baron, foreigners of distinction, men of learning, the bravest officers, and the most eminent of the nobility, were always to be found: the baroness, was a votary of the fine arts, consequently honoured their professors; and the political power and integrity of her husband, surrounded them with the great and excellent. It was in this house that Charles wished to see his brother familiarized; for it was here, he knew, that reason and decorum guided the unsteady steps of pleasure.

Demetrius was too young and too happy, not to seek crowds with avidity: he was of an age to be attracted by amusement and splendour: he was of a temperament to take a strong bent, either towards the highest self-controul, or the wildest licen-



tiousness: he was to be moved by lively emotions only; and Charles wisely thought that to bring him into contact with a character like Baron Ingersdorf's (which forced admiration, by its unshaken rectitude; while it endeared, by its amiable sociability;) was to impress on him the conviction, that contemporary applause and internal satisfaction, would be the fruit of imitating his virtues. The princely magnificence, and agreeable mixture of rank, science, and beauty, which prevailed in the assemblies at Ingersdorf's house, would also give an additional charm, to the lesson that was there to be studied.

In their way from the opera, Charles had given his brother a portrait of his patron's mind; so that Demetrius saw no other object but him, in the superb saloon into which they were ushered.

The baron was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life; with a serene, yet somewhat thoughtful countenance; which



whenever he smiled, had a divinity in it, that

“ Would he begin a sect, might quench the zeal

“ Of all professors else ; make proselytes

“ Of who he but bid follow !”—

No lover was ever more agitated by the first sigh of his mistress, than Demetrius when the baron bestowed upon him, one of these benign smiles; when he cordially grasped his hand, and turning to Charles, said—“ I heartily congratulate you, upon having got your brother under your own eye; and I wish him, as much public gratitude, as much private esteem, as it has been your happy destiny, to deserve, and to acquire!—his countenance assures me, I do not wish in vain.”

The grateful blush that now enriched the cheeks of the brothers, was reflected by one of a brighter vermilion, which at this instant overspread that of a beautiful brunette who was engaged in conversation near them. She was by far the hand-

somest woman in the room; and from a pair of dazzling dark eyes (that outshone the blaze of jewellery about her person;) Demetrius observed her darting frequently an anxious look towards where they stood. Charles immediately approached, and presented his brother. It was to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

Demetrius had been received with so much cordiality by the baron, and so much graceful familiarity by the baroness, that he was now somewhat mortified to observe an air of bashful restraint in their lovely niece: it was a bashfulness, that, as he was yet fettered by the same chain, placed an obstacle between their mutual freedom. He was however, shortly drawn away from the contemplation of it, by the sound of music in a distant apartment, where a few amateurs, were practising one of Mozart's most admirable compositions. In its ravishing expressions, he lost all thought of Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

From this period, the brothers were inseparable. They were always to be seen together on duty, at the tables of the generals, at the private parties of men of talent, and the public assemblies of women of character; where they were as much admired for their fraternal love, as for their fine persons.

Charles knew exactly, how far to go; and how much better it was, to let his brother drink temperately of the cup of pleasure, than by forbidding it wholly, to provoke a thirst never to be allayed. Without becoming a spy upon his actions, he was enabled to judge of their propriety; being constantly his companion; but he was so, only at the desire of Demetrius himself; who indeed, relished no amusement unshared.

The discretion and rigid frugality of the young count, prevented any one from suspecting that he lived solely on the income arising from his military employments; for no man was better habited;

no man freer from debt; or so often known to assist others. But the secret was, that Charles had long since ascertained his income; and having a lively abhorrence of dishonesty; (however disguised under the convenient terms of thoughtlessness, liberality, spirit, &c. &c.) and having the good sense to allow that appearances discreetly kept up, are necessary to obtain, even the best men, consideration,—lived a life of rigid temperance. Every body knew that he was not rich, but no one guessed that he was poor; and the young nobles in whose expensive revels he refused to join, always placed his refusal to the account of principle.

Charles really preferred the evening parties of Baroness Ingersdorf, which amused, and cost him nothing, to a destructive acquaintance with dissolute or light women, whose good-humour was to be heightened, and favours purchased by extravagant gifts.—He detested gam-



ing; he despised drinking; so that excepting a little delicacy in dress, and a compliance with his love of collecting fine drawings, he lived, without expending unprofitably, a single ducat.

Poor Demetrius was not so expert in balancing between parsimony and profusion. He was occasionally asked for forty or fifty rix-dollars by some of his associates, and to deny them, was impossible: he was also, petitioned in the streets by beggars, whose claim on assistance he would not hear questioned; no one could do the slightest service for him, without tasting his bounty; and if he were jested on an unfashionable boot or hat, (not having presence of mind to defend the old servant;) he cashiered it instantly. For to become ridiculous, even in a trifle, was more frightful to him, than to be accused of crimes.

No two men could have less resemblance than these brothers; and yet



nothing could be more nicely equal, than the number of their admirers.

Demetrius, had exuberant spirits; but they were more than the common spirits attendant on youth and health. They were part of a vivid character, which was energetic in every thing, and were therefore, always proportioned to the gaiety of the occasion.

Charles, was thoughtful and serious; but his seriousness had a sweetness in it, which excited tenderness; and whenever he became lively, his playfulness was the more valued, on account of its rarity.

Demetrius, was frank to indiscretion; inconsiderate, impassioned; loving, and hating, to all appearance with equal violence: still, he never carried his hatred beyond the bounds of simple disgust at sight of its object; for to injure or to mortify, never entered his imagination.

Charles was somewhat reserved; not from an uncandid or unsocial spirit; he

was discreet from delicacy. Too tender for extravagant emotions of any kind, love melted, rather than fired him; and where Demetrius hated, he pitied or despised.—

A talent for poetry, gave Demetrius an acute relish of whatever was beautiful, either in animate, or inanimate nature; and so coupled were the ideas of moral and physical perfection, in his visionary fancy, that he could never separate them.

Charles, on the contrary, distinctly perceived every grace, and every deficiency; his genius for drawing, gave him a habit of accurate observation. He was never to be pleased by an agreeable error: truth, and truth only, satisfied him.

Demetrius thought every pretty woman, faultless, because his imagination completed, what nature had left unfinished.

Charles, was not to be so taken in; his correct taste, instantly feeling, and his

judgment acknowledging, all that was imperfect.

Those who liked to have their interest excited by the changeful conduct, and careless graces of youth, preferred Demetrius: such as found pleasure in contemplating the mild dignity and tried integrity of manhood, decided for Charles. But every one concurred in admiring their mutual affection.

## CHAP. II.

THE brothers were one morning together, when a letter was brought to Charles, which as he opened with some confusion Demetrius quitted his seat, and facing towards the glass, began to settle part of his dress.

“Thou wilt certainly grow a coxcomb, my good fellow!” said Charles, (at last rising and laying his hand upon his brother’s fine hair.)

Demetrius, with a look of alarm, exclaimed—“Do you really think so?”

Charles laughed—“No, on my honour or I should not have told you of it, so lightly; but to say the truth, you are no indifferent worshiper of your own image: if I may hazard a conjecture on

the usual length of your devoirs, from the present specimen."

"Attribute all the blame, to your confounded letter, Charles! I saw you were forced to spell it, and charitably tender of such dullness, removed myself out of your way."

"One must not read love-letters before you, I find," observed Charles.

"Is it a love-letter?—my dear brother, do let me see it."

"I did not say it was—indeed it is not: and whether it comes from man, woman, or boy, I am completely ignorant:—there it is, when you have read it, I will tell you, all the little I conjecture of its writer."

Demetrius nearly forgot that he had just thought himself in peculiar good looks that day, and that he meant therefore, to sally forth immediately; he snatched the billet, which was written delicately, in a small hand, without a signature, and read as follows.



“I am more than ever, pleased with you:—your virtues are indeed sterling, since they bear the test of universal admiration. How sincere is the tribute my heart pays you, when I reflect upon the disinterested affection with which you are now guiding the unsteady steps of your brother: I foresee he will one day reward, by resembling his youthful Mentor.

“Continue what you now are; suffer no praise, no consciousness of desert, to banish from your mind the solemn conviction, that all human goodness, stops far short of our divine pattern. It is only by forgetting this, that you can become arrogant.

“I hear of you everywhere; and always with honour: let it be your study to preserve this universal esteem. Believe me, you are not the less amiable for being rigidly upright: and receive this assurance from me, that your fine qualities,

have secured to you one of the tenderest of hearts.—

Adieu !”

“What I would give, to have such a letter written to me!” exclaimed Demetrius,—“she must be the dearest creature in the whole world,--I havn’t a doubt but that she is as beautiful as an angel.”

“But can’t you conceive the possibility of this ‘dearest creature,’ having whiskers and a bald head,” said Charles smiling, “don’t you think you may have made a trifling mistake in the pronoun?”

“What!—is it a man after all?—pshaw!—I should not care a rush for the best letter that ever was penned, if it came from a stupid old object of a man.”

“Demetrius!”

There was a tender severity in the voice of Charles as he pronounced his brother’s name, which brought the other, instantly.

to recollection: he blushed, and ingenuously protested against the levity with which he had spoken. "To be sure," he added, "praise is sweet, from all good people, whether they be young or old; but you must allow that it is much sweeter when it proceeds from female lips? now don't interrupt me Charles; I perceive you are going to say, such praise ought not to be half so valuable, because men, are generally, better qualified to give just reasons for their approbation—true—so they are; but then one is so grateful for a regard that out-runs one's desert!—at least I am—'tis that, makes me love you so well. But come; tell me who this worthy old gentleman is?"

"So now, it is positively an old gentleman."

"Why have you not expressly said so?"—

"No.—I only hinted it as a probability; you may recollect my having

said I was ignorant of the writer's sex or age. So now, if your curiosity can be rekindled by the *chance* of my correspondent's turning out 'a dear creature, as beautiful as an angel,' I will tell you how, and when, and where I received her first favour. But to do that satisfactorily, I must recapitulate the events of many years."

"My dear brother!"—exclaimed the grateful Demetrius, and eagerly seizing a chair, prepared to listen.

Charles was very modest: and the colour deepened in his cheek, as he thus began a regular account of his short, and meritorious existence.

"You know that I was so unfortunate as very early in my career, to lose the prince de E——, from whose friendship I had reason to expect so much; he fell in a duel; just after having taken me a most improving tour through Switzerland and Italy, and obtained for me the first commission I held under the Emperor.—"

I was then thrown completely upon my own resources; and forced to content myself with the prospect of remaining an obscure individual, all my life.

It would be frivolous to fatigue you now, with a narrative of my petty adventures, during the four following years; they were precisely like other young men's. Sometimes I fancied myself in love, or beloved; sometimes I was persecuted by the advances of other men's mistresses; or was occupied, by finding enemies in friends, and friends in enemies. Doubtless, had I not had the blessing of a virtuous education, under the eye of a tender mother, I should have yielded to the temptations around me, and made my desperate prospects, an excuse for rendering them worse. As it was, I had discretion enough to prefer occupation before idleness; sound sleep, before nights of revelry; so I studied, when others sought pleasure; and when our regiment was ordered into service, I made



my first campaign in ninety-three, with several advantages.

Books were my recreation; and reflection was the only physician I ever needed; (for, thank heaven, all my indispositions were but the effects of an extravagant sensibility,) my life was not so full of felicity as to make me very careful of it; and so I rode into action, with some speculative acquaintance with war, a body capable of enduring fatigue, and a heart that feared not death. After one of the severest engagements in which our regiment had shared, so many of the principal officers were killed or wounded, that it became my lot, to head a squadron. By this fortunate chance—(having dauntless Hungarians to command, and happily succeeding in a hazardous attempt, which dislodged the enemy from a very important position,) I attracted the favour of Marshal Wurmsér; and the bravery of my gallant coun-

trymen, thus obtained for me the command of a troop."

"No disqualifying, Charles!" interrupted Demetrius. "If your hazardous attempt had not been well-planned, and likely to succeed, even success would not have saved you from censure. I have learnt enough of military rules, to know that in these cases, a man must never act but upon probabilities. The courage of soldiers, is only a powerful machine, which depends for its usefulness on the hand that directs it: and for this reason public opinion is not unjust, when it decrees superior glory, to commanders."

"Bravo!"—cried Charles—"your remark is right, and its application so flattering to your brother, that he will not endeavour to disprove it. To proceed, therefore. From this period I was frequently entrusted with the execution of partial attacks, observations, &c. &c. which good fortune enabled me to ac-

comply fully: and having been so lucky as to propose and effect the recapture of a lieutenant-general, who had been surprized by a roving party of French chasseurs, I secured him my friend, and in the year ninety-five, went with him to join the imperial army in Italy.

It was at the close of the foregoing year, when I was lying ill of a flesh-wound, got in the skirmish with the chasseurs, and which for some days, I had not been able to attend to, that I first received a letter from my unknown. Here it is—you may read it,—

## TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“WHILE a whole army are loud in the praises of a young man, not yet one-and-twenty; while the consciousness of desert, intoxicates his senses, and perhaps threatens to make him an arrogant character for life; will he condescend to reflect on the anonymous tribute of mingled

caution and eulogium, presented in this letter, by an obscure individual?

“It was my fortune to hear of you, continually, during the last campaigns; I heard of you, not merely as a gallant soldier, but as one, who in spite of misfortune, nobly supported his nobility; and extorted that consideration by his virtues, which does not often fall to the share of any but the fortunate.

“Your character delighted me—your situation interested me—and I have ever since, followed all your actions, with the most watchful solicitude. In the late exploit, (where with a handful of men, you so completely routed a strong detachment, and not only restored an experienced officer to the service, but preserved the plans of attack which he had about him, from falling into the power of the enemy), you added a new motive for that admiration, which I am romantic enough, thus to acknowledge.

“So anxious am I, to see you persevere

in the magnanimous course of strict integrity which you now tread, that I cannot forbear from thus telling you, that even the most dissolute breathes your name with respect, the most virtuous with enthusiasm: and should you lay aside your self-denial with your obscurity, your modesty with your neglect, believe me, you may fight like a lion, and you will only

“Light a torch to shew your shame the more.”

“Apostates from propriety, like apostates from religion, are ever more abhorred than such as never made a profession of either. Continue then, to think and act as you now do; new virtues will, in that case, spring up from new circumstances; and you will remain a memorable instance of sensibility without weakness, valour without rashness, success without insolence, youth without error, graces without vanity, and excellence without enemies.

“Farewel.”



“With this epistle,” resumed Charles, “came a valuable collection of books and maps; all that you see there, bound so gaily in crimson and gold: they are, indeed, a complete library for a soldier; some very scarce, all very useful.

“I should dissemble unwarrantably,” he added, (as his brother eagerly asked what impression the letter made upon his feelings); “I should falsify truth most notoriously, if I did not own, that it conjured up a good deal of vanity in me. I read it over and over again, and always with the hope of finding some new reason for concluding it to be the production of a woman. To be sure, there was not a single woman whom I wished it to come from; yet was I puppy enough to desire that there might be some charming creature vastly in love with me, whom I might discover, and love in return, with my whole heart.”

“Nothing could be so natural—nothing could be so natural,” repeated Demetrius,

with an ardent sigh. "If it had been me, I should have died of impatience to discover her. What a soul! what sensibility to excellence! what judicious admonitions!"

"Ah! it was they," answered Charles, "that first taught me to suspect that I was deluding myself: the chances were three to four against any young woman in love dictating such a rational epistle. Few persons in love have the sanity to believe, and the courage to tell its object, that they imagine it possible for him to fall short of perfection. I therefore abandoned the solitary post of 'I am romantic enough' (in which I had, at first, most obstinately entrenched this vain opinion), and betook myself to take the writer's counsel, instead of agitating my heart with unavailing conjectures.

"Immediately after this incident, I went to Italy, where I became acquainted with a Saxon officer, who was destined to traverse most of my views."

“ Joseph Wurtzburg was two or three years my senior; and, without talents of any kind, burnt to be distinguished. As this desire of distinction had its source in a grasping churlishness, which would willingly have admitted no sharer in the distribution of worldly honours, so was it totally incapable of comprehending the real value of actions; learning to estimate them solely by public praise or public blame. He lived, wishing to be everything, yet becoming nothing.

“ By turns, you saw him consumed with a gnawing desire of supplanting a man in the heart of his mistress, or being pronounced a finer figure than his companions, a better dancer, deeper thinker, more active officer; in short, there was nothing too high, nor too low, for his covetous temper to think above, or beneath its reach.

“ Envy, like a canker-worm, eat into his very heart: those who knew him slightly, called him a gay, good kind of.

fellow; such as observed him closely, perceived in him the forced levity of a man, in continual ill-humour with himself. I do verily believe, that for himself he united the two extremes of love and hatred, and preposterously wishing for superiority in all points over others, (for which nature had completely unfitted him), neglected the only point in which perhaps he might have shined—yet, heaven knows, what that was!

“ Being thrown much together in our military stations, he and I became acquainted; and from the very first moment, I saw he eyed me with dislike. So little did I then dream of the existence of such a character as Wurtzburg’s, that I imputed this dislike to something amiss in myself; and the next time we met, endeavoured to appear as sociable as I felt. Nothing altered him; he constantly looked at me with detestation, and spoke to me with bitterness: yet so, that without

drawing upon myself the charge of irritability, I could not notice his conduct.

“The fact was, that as the veteran officers on the Rhine, (thinking a little exaggerated praise might urge me forward to really meritorious achievements), had said far more of me than I deserved. Wurtzburg hated before he saw me: the happy auspices under which I joined the troops in Italy completed this aversion.

“Fortune still favoured me. I continued to obtain the approbation of my generals, and saw myself approaching that promotion for which I panted, simply, because from that alone I could expect opportunities of trying those speculative experiments, from which I hoped my country might reap solid advantage. But here Wurtzburg stepped in, like my evil genius, and for awhile darkened my prospects.

“The general, whose liberty I had preserved, and upon whose friendship I had



been taught to reckon so confidently, was a relation of Wurtzburg's. He was a well-meaning, weak-headed man ; and I quickly perceived that his commendations of me grew every day cooler, his zeal for my advancement slackened ; till, at length, he ceased to distinguish me from any other person.

“ You are well acquainted with the disasters which befel the Austrian army in the campaign of ninety-six. My brain maddens, when I remember the thousands of gallant soldiers that were absolutely sacrificed by the insanity of General A---g---u : but, thank Heaven, though I shared in the misfortunes of the battle of Montelezoni, I escaped its disgrace.

“ I was in the division commanded by Lieutenant-general Provera ; that brave division which, forgotten by the flying A---g---u, was left in the midst of a victorious enemy, without a chance of succour, relying solely upon its own energy.

“ During two nights after the engage-

ment of the main armies, the intrepid Provera endeavoured to effect a retreat by crossing the Bormida; but that river was so swoln by heavy rains, that its passage was impossible; and he therefore came to the resolution of fortifying his little army among the ruins of an old fortress, on a neighbouring mountain. There, for two days and nights, completely encircled by the republicans, without provisions of any kind, nay, even without water, and almost hopeless of assistance, we repulsed the assailants. They had insolently summoned us to surrender at discretion; but after having been thrice beaten back with horrid slaughter, and lost three of their generals, they allowed us terms; and we surrendered prisoners of war.

“ This removal of me, was, I am certain, a sincere pleasure to Wurtzburg; but he was not long suffered to enjoy it: we were exchanged, and as every individual of the brave Provera's brigade partook of the honour due chiefly to himself, I was

again congratulated by my brother officers.

“ You wonder, perhaps, at my using the word congratulated ; yet I have not misused it. Success is not the test of honourable exertion ; and a handful of troops, abandoned, isolated in the midst of an army surrounding them on all sides, like the waves of the sea—an army which they baffled, in spite of famine and despair, was, in the eyes of all Europe, an object of respect and admiration. No, Demetrius, I would not give one leaf from the hard-earned laurels of that memorable time, for all the blood-stained wreaths that may hereafter cover the shame of rebels and usurpers.

“ No sooner had I rejoined the army, than Wurtzburg came again in contact with me, by his being placed in the same brigade, which was sent to strengthen the garrison of Mantua. About this period, I received a second letter from my unknown ; together with the fine ruby, now

upon my finger: it is exquisitely cut, and would be inestimable to me, were it only for its representing the great Gonsalvo.

LETTER TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“ I hasten to send you a trifling testimony of the increasing esteem with which I consider you; though I have been so long silent, I have not thought of you the less. Accept this ring, for the sake of one to whom your virtues have endeared you; not your graceful person, nor still more graceful accomplishments: these can have no weight with me, (though I confess myself so silly as to set some value upon a pleasing exterior), since I never have seen you.

“ Whenever you look on the head which enriches this gem, let the noble character which made it thus admirable, refresh and animate your present virtues. Like his, your gallant acquirements have already obtained for you, the title of ‘ Prince

of the Youth ;' and like his, your continued magnanimity will ensure to you the name of a hero.\*

\* Gonsalvo di Cordova, justly denominated the Great, was one of the most celebrated generals of his time. Nature, while forming him, employed so many magnanimous qualities in his composition, that she left no room for weakness. In the midst of a brilliant military career, during which he had achieved the important conquest of Naples, he was suddenly recalled to Spain by an ungrateful master, who envied him that love and admiration, which he suspected might one day be employed for the purposes of traiterous ambition. Disappointed in a long-promised honour, and cruelly neglected, Gonsalvo retired to Loxa, where he devoted himself to the study of elegant literature, and the practice of every domestic virtue. At this period, he was consulted by Cardinal Ximenes, upon an expedition to Africa against the Moors. It was then that Gonsalvo proved himself a hero: forgetting private wrongs, in zeal for public good, he roused every power of his soul to produce a plan which was to crown another with glory; he recommended the only general likely to rival his own fame; and when success had consummated the dazzling enterprize, from the depths\*



“Your course in Italy has been uniformly as bright as my heart predicted. I have many military connections; and from them have heard instances of your humanity, far more affecting than all the exploits of valour.

“Amiable Leopold! ever be true to your own principles, and you will carry with you into every situation, the prayers and blessings of such as love goodness. Adieu.”

“Say what you please, my dear Charles,” exclaimed Demetrius, “yet I’ll maintain this sweet, sermonizing epistolarian to be a woman; and if you ever fall in love with any one else, I shall think you have a heart like a bullet.”

“That would be passing a terribly unjust sentence upon my character,” returned his brother: “my heart is indeed

of solitude he listened with patriotic joy to the shouts of popular applause, greeting his fortunate competitor.

touched with very tender gratitude towards this supposed fair; but as I really cannot persuade myself to become certain that my anonymous is a woman—a young, amiable, delightful woman, I may, perchance, dispose of my affections, after all, in favour of some charming reality. However, to satisfy you, my dear boy, I will own, that always after receiving these letters, I thought for many weeks of nothing but their writer; wearied my brain with conjectures of who it was, and where they were; and never met a pair of fine eyes looking at me, without momentarily believing that they belonged to my correspondent.

“ In Mantua, where I was shut up for eight months, I thought I had at last discovered my incognita. This lady was a young widow, the niece of the chief ecclesiastic there, and having been early married to a Neapolitan officer, who soon died, had returned to live with her family.

“ She was at this time about five-and-twenty, elegant rather than handsome, and exquisitely accomplished. From the moment she distinguished me by particular notice, Wurtzburg fell *enormously* in love with her: it was amusing to see the little contemptible tricks which he used to supplant me, and the arts he essayed to prepossess me against her. Had I been attached to Signora Berghi, such conduct would have exasperated me; as it was, I laughed at him.

“ The uncommon information and delightful conversational talent of this charming woman, beguiled most of the tedious hours, which made up the days, and weeks, and months, wasted in Mantua. I felt a sort of home-like affection for her, and was accustomed to talk with her as with a sister.

“ Hitherto, I had never attributed her unequalled kindness to any other account than a sympathy in our tastes and opinions; but one evening, after an interest-

ing discussion of military events, (for she was surprisingly skilled on this subject), I was accompanying her voice in a favourite song, when finding her hesitate, I looked up, and met her eye, as it rested upon my ring with a very agitated expression; she blushed excessively, and stammering out an excuse, retreated from the instrument.

“ At that instant, I scarcely knew whether I was rejoiced or disappointed: to say the truth, I believe I was the latter; for Signora Berghi, with all her excellencies, was not precisely such as a young man of two-and-twenty would wish to find an incognita. This blush, however, was convincing. Without taking time to deliberate, and in such a hurry of spirits that I forgot all caution, I followed her to a sofa, respectfully took her hand in mine, exclaiming—

‘ Have I then learned from that amiable blush, what you have hitherto so cruelly concealed from me?—what I have so long panted to discover! And may I now dare

to assure you, that your goodness—your approbation—’

“Here I lost myself, for I felt as if I ought to have been rather more ardent in my gratitude to a charming woman.

“Signora Berghi, who could only understand from this that I was in love with her, and had interpreted her blush into a mutual passion, became really beautiful with various emotions, that, embellishing her cheeks and eyes, gave to her whole figure an air of the most touching sensibility: she trembled, sighed, averted her face, and withdrawing her hand, said, softly—‘And have you indeed wished for this discovery? Till now, I feared that you set no value on my esteem.’

‘How could you wrong me so? Was it possible for me to read such pure and admirable sentiments; to know myself so partially considered; to wear this sweet remembrancer, and yet not languish to discover the sex and character of my invisible friend, my guardian angel?’



"I stopped, but received no answer. A deadly paleness succeeded those rich colours which but the instant before had animated her countenance. She pushed me from her, faintly exclaiming, 'Ah, there is some fatal mistake!' While she spoke, she fell senseless on the ground."

Here Count Leopoldstat sighed repeatedly; and Demetrius, observing his brother's eyes swimming in tears, cast down his. Charles then proceeded.

"When she recovered, she earnestly demanded an explanation; and as indeed I had already gone too far to recede, I frankly told her the history of my ring. At its conclusion she wept some time without speaking; at length, still keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, she said, with the most affecting gentleness, 'Surely you will be generous enough to acquit me of a forward affection, (even though I have thus explicitly shewn how dear you are to me), when I solemnly protest I am not that happy person, so deservedly inte-

resting; and that, consequently, I could find in your first address only the declaration of a mutual preference. Oh, Count Leopoldstat, when we are separated for ever, think of me, not as an indelicate, but too ingenuous woman, whose heart had yielded to your virtues, and now tears itself from them eternally, with the agonies of death !'

" The agonies of death did indeed sit on her pale face, as breaking through my now clasping arms, and gasping convulsively, she rushed out of the apartment. I could not suffer her to leave me thus; but following, and conjuring her to hear me a single instant, at length almost carried her back.

" It would have been criminal in me to have deceived her: I therefore candidly explained what my feelings had been towards her; what they now were, (for they were tender beyond all expression, and my looks must have been faithless to my soul, if they did not express that ten-

derness) : but it was in vain that I talked to her of love ; she answered, that I mistook pity for preference ; that though she believed my pity was ever accompanied with respect, and far tenderer than the love of most other men ; though it might make her happy, it would not render myself so. She therefore resigned me to the mysterious and, she hoped, fortunate lot, which seemed destined for me.

“ I will not weary your attention, my brother, with all the arguments which, during several interviews, I used to this eccentric, admirable woman, but proceed to tell you, that as every interview displayed more accurately the delicacy and sweetness of her character, I became so truly attached to her, so grieved at her incredulity, that I fell ill ; and the physician pronouncing the disorder to be on my mind, she was induced to credit my protestations, and blessed me by saying

“ Of course, my recovery was immediate.”

“But how came she to blush, when you caught her eyeing the ring?” said Demetrius. “I do suspect, in spite of all her assertions—”

“You are mistaken then,” interrupted his brother. “Wurtzburg, who found out her preference for me, long ere I suspected it myself, desirous, I presume, to have me considered as under engagements to some other woman, had censured my reserve, and instanced its folly, by my making a mystery of such a trifle as a ring. Of this ring, he said, he had often asked me in vain; adding, that it was most likely the gift of some fair favourite, which solved the riddle of my extreme coldness in praising all other women. During my indisposition, this silly fellow made a passionate declaration to Signora Berghi, which she silenced by declaring our engagements: from that instant, his animosity knew no bounds.”

“Well, but, proceed, Charles tell me,

me, how it happens that you have not married this amiable creature?"

Charles now turned very pale; he averted his head, and said, in a suffocated voice, "She was taken from me by death." He then rose, walked to a window, and remained there a long time in silence: when he quitted it, his eyes were heavy and swoln, and the smile which he forced to his lips, parted them but for an instant.

"I'll finish my story another time," he said, hastily, (brushing off with his hand the tears that gathered afresh in his eyes); "let us have a walk."

Demetrius, without trusting his voice to reply, (for sorrow is contagious), rose quickly, and tossing his hair into a thicker shade over his brow, as he put on his hat, followed his brother into the street.



## CHAP. III.

THE next time in which the brothers breakfasted alone, Charles resumed his narrative.

“ When I was first suffered to avow myself the lover of Signora Berghi, the situation of Mantua, grew every day more critical: Marshal Wurmser having imprudently thrown himself into that half-famished city, with twenty thousand fresh troops, was now, after four months defence, reduced to extremities: each attempt made by the allies, to raise the blockade, had failed: we saw ourselves on the point of either perishing with hunger, or disgracefully capitulating. A dreadful fever raged in the garrison; we were obliged constantly to break

formidable cordon of the enemy, merely to obtain a few provisions, which the environs soon ceased to afford us; and we were fast sinking into despair, when General Provera with a small force, arrived before the French lines.

“As the command of foraging parties had often been entrusted to me, and as I was therefore, thought capable of executing a difficult enterprize, with some presence of mind, it fell to my share, to convey intelligence from the Marshal, to General Provera. At some risk, this was effected: and the service being deemed important, both generals promised, unsolicited, that their representations to the Emperor, should obtain for me, the grand cross of Maria Theresa.

“During this short absence from Mantua, my poor Leonora, (whom I had left ill of the fatal fever; and from whom I departed with a foreboding heart:) grew rapidly worse; and living only to hear that I had succeeded; that the relief of

Mantua was almost certain; that her Charles was about to receive an honourable testimony of his zeal for the service, expired in my arms.

“The day was just dawning, Demetrius! when the tumult of musquetry, shouts, and shrieks, announced the hour of the sortie. What were all the emotions of my life, to that which I felt then?—my character, my honour, my duty, my future peace, were all at stake! If I were absent, I should be disgraced for ever—if I joined my regiment, the woman I loved, would die deserted!—

“This distracting conflict, did not continue long: her last sigh struck my ear, and her cold hand suddenly dropt mine. What I felt, what I did at that agonizing moment, I know not: I remember nothing, till a loud burst of artillery, succeeded by cries of frightful surprize, recalled me to the consciousness of holding her dear body, fast locked in my arms: I pressed it several times to my

overcharged heart; motioned for her wretched uncle to receive the precious burthen; and then hurried like a madman into the thick of the engagement.

“Conceive my horror, when I found that I had been repeatedly called for, by my commanding officer; that my squadron was already engaged; and that our cause was desperate!

“During the night, General Buona-  
parte, (receiving intelligence of Provera’s destination :) had followed him with the utmost celerity, and was now united with the blockading army. What a scene of slaughter ensued! we were in despair,—the enemy, confident: and it was not till the unfortunate, astonished Provera, (obliged to submit to an unforeseen superiority;) had surrendered his remaining soldiers, that we relinquished the contest.

“We were again shut up in Mantua; before which, a victorious and immense force, was now consolidated.

“No sooner did I lay down my arms, and thought to have had a short interval that I might dedicate to the memory of one, whom I shall never forget—O never, never!—than I was summoned to a court martial, and charged with desertion from my post, on the morning of the 14th. My enemies, (who seized this occasion) were indefatigable in exciting suspicions of my fidelity; and they so artfully had weaved truth with falsehood in their accusations, that for many hours, my very life seemed at the hazard.—But my defence was so simple and sincere; the circumstances of my case, were so affecting and peculiar; my attachment to the general cause, so well ascertained, (by the eminent risks I had run to prosper it, the day before;) that the sentence passed, was comparatively lenient. I was suspended from all rank, for six ensuing months, and my claim to the Order of Merit, no longer allowed.”—

“O Heavens!”—exclaimed Demetrius;



"How were you able to bear this?—did you not shut yourself up from every living creature, and almost break your heart, with grief and shame?"

"No Demetrius!—had I deserved censure, I should have sunk under it:—but I knew that every honest heart would acquit me of an intentional breach of duty. Even my judges, pronounced sentence with regret, upon a man, faint with fatigue and anguish, and covered with wounds got in the very scene he was accused of having wilfully deserted.—Commiseration from every auditor followed my sentence: and perhaps your persecuted brother was never so praised, so pitied, so esteemed, as at the instant in which his enemies hoped to have effected his ruin.

"Before I left the court, I requested permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, which was granted me, with great emotion, by the venerable Field Marshal. Since then, he has assured me,

that my colonel would have feigned ignorance of my temporary absence, had he not been vehemently pressed with the charge of partiality, by two or three officers; who at length forced him to demand a court martial. The names of these officers, I could never learn: but my suspicions, perhaps unjustly, fell principally upon Wurtzburgh.

“The surrender of Mantua shortly after this period, separated me entirely, from this cold-blooded fellow. The terms of our capitulation were such as ought to have been demanded by a veteran like Marshal Wurmser; and indeed, his gallant defence and venerable character, wrested admiration from the enemy.—

“Deprived of all military rank, I joined the army of the Archduke Charles. That young Prince was now come from fields of immortal glory in Germany, to repair, if possible, the errors or misfortunes of the commanders in Italy. Alas! this was not to be done: even by him.

The French, (under a man, who has all the talents but none of the virtues of a general, who violates treaties and neutralities without regard to the law of nations,) were in possession of every important fortress; and nothing was left the Archduke but a resolution to defend the passes into Germany, with obstinate bravery.—His line for this purpose, was drawn from the Grisons to the sea; it was linked together by a chain of posts, which formed a barrier between the enemy, and the remainder of our army, then cantoned in Friuli and Carinthia. I had always languished to serve under the Archduke, and I was now insensible to every other desire in this world, save that of gloriously effacing hard disgrace.

“In the sanguinary action of Tarvis I was so fortunate as to find myself in the heat of battle, by the side of my General, at the very moment in which his horse was shot under him; I instantly threw myself from mine; and while he mount-

ed, disabled a French dragoon, whose sabre was raised to cut him down. The Prince saw the action; and exclaiming—'My brave fellow, I will not forget you.'—charged furiously through the field.

"He kept his word. When the engagement was over, he enquired for the hussar, to whom he generously declared himself indebted for life; and recognizing him in me, promised to promote me to a majority, so soon as the period of my suspension from military rank should be rigidly fulfilled.

"The decrees of courts martial, are never to be reversed; and I know that severe justice demanded some expiation of my offence. At the end of the time I speak of, I was restored to my former station; and immediately afterwards was presented by the Prince with a major's commission, and the Order which I now wear. Ah! how did the sight of it, wring my heart! when it was first pro-



inised me—Leonora, the tender Leonora—but why do I thus recal her!—

“When our troops were in the neighbourhood of Hundsmarck, the wife and niece of Baron Ingersdorf were on the point of falling into the enemy’s hands. A dangerous illness had confined the Baroness some weeks to her country-house; and the march of both armies was too rapid, to allow her attendants time to learn the necessity of removal. Prince Charles, anxious to preserve these ladies from the horror of captivity, strenuously urged the Baroness to quit the place in a litter, and to trust herself to the protection of a troop of hussars, which I offered to conduct.—His advice was gratefully accepted: and after a swift journey, during which we had a sharp contest with a party of French horse, we had the happiness of delivering our fair charges, into the hands of the Baron himself. From that hour, he became my sincerest friend.”



"I hear nothing of your anonymous, all this while!" cried the impatient Demetrius.

"True," replied Charles, "I neglected to tell you, that when I was in Mantua, and immediately after quitting it, I received two letters: it will be as well not to read the last now. The subject is a sad one: yet the manner in which it is alluded to, does honour to the writer's heart, and soothed mine.—I was too unhappy a man, at that time, to require caution against folly; and the Unknown tenderly forbore from saying any thing that was foreign to my grief. However, I was strengthened under mortification and sorrow, by receiving an assurance in this letter, that my extraordinary situation, and the sentence of the court martial, were the talk of all Vienna; and that so far from suffering by such discussion, I became interesting to every one.—

"Here is the singular epistle which

reached me in Mantua just before my heavy loss."

Demetrius perused its contents with surprize.

### TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

'ONLY a few weeks ago, it was my intention to have made myself known, at this period; but an unforeseen, perplexing circumstance, delays this discovery, and you are now on the point perhaps of destroying my dearest views.

'I hear you are going to marry.—If it be true, and if the happy woman, be as deserving of your heart, as report says she is, I will stifle that selfish regret which I am too honest to deny feeling.—

'Disappointed as I am, I promise to disclose myself hereafter: and ever, ever to remain your friend, though deprived of all hope of becoming your's.

“A most singular letter indeed!” he exclaimed—“what did you think of it Charles?”—

“I scarcely know what,” returned his brother; “it seemed to me, as if the fair writer had designed me the honour of her hand; and yet I could hardly reconcile such an explicit declaration, with my ideas of female delicacy.

“I certainly revolved the subject over, many times, with great anxiety, and I fear, also, with some regret, that this discovery had been so long delayed. I will not dissemble with you Demetrius—(though at the time, I certainly deceived myself) Signora Berghi, amiable, accomplished, as she was, did not warm my heart, to that delightful excess, I knew it capable of.

“My nature is, I think, inaccessible to vanity; but it is weakly tender; and no virtuous woman ever loved me yet, without creating in me so much gratitude, as to make me a little in love with her.

“Had Providence destined me to be the husband of Leonora, I should have spent my life happily with her; yet not so happily as I might have done with some other woman—this incognita perhaps.”

“This incognita, I hope,” said Demetrius, “she must, she shall reward you, at last. If she prove of great rank, extraordinary rank, as I suspect, you may easily account for her romantic frankness.

“You smile—well—go on with your narration.”

“I have little more to say of the campaign,” resumed Charles: “while the commissioners were treating for peace at Leoben, the armies lay nearly inactive; and before the end of the year ninety-seven, the definitive treaty released us from severe discipline: after which, I repaired to Vienna.

“Attracted by every thing estimable and delightful, I had often visited Baron Rogersdorf’s house, when one morning after breakfast, he thus addressed me.

‘ You and I, my dear count, are now sufficiently acquainted to wave all ceremony; I therefore freely tell you, that I am peculiarly interested in your future fortune; and having some influence, pledge myself, from this hour, to serve you in any one way which you can point out, or I accomplish. My wife and niece owe you everlasting thanks; and it must now be my task to prove that we all think so; though never with the hope of liquidating our debt.’

“ I was going to protest against this exaggeration of a simple act of military duty, when he interrupted me.

‘ Come, come, you must allow me to be a fairer judge of your merits and demerits than yourself. I have canvassed the latter for some weeks, and do not find them so very frightful as to prevent me from saying, henceforth use this house as if it were the house of your nearest relative; make it your home, whenever such a home seems agreeable; and rely upon



a friendship, which, having gratitude and esteem for its basis, will never fail you, unless they perish.'

"What was said by me, in reply to ~~such~~ undeserved goodness, I know not; but I did stammer out a heap of tumultuous expressions, proving that oratory, at least, was not among my qualifications.

"The baron re-assured me, by cordially pressing my hand.

'There is one thing more I have to add,' he continued: 'you are young, and probably susceptible; my niece, good and beautiful; if you see her often, and discover those endearing virtues which are too much obscured by invincible diffidence, you may perchance fall in love with her: it is this I would warn you against.'

"Here my indignant features became scarlet; the Baron, without allowing me time to speak, hastened on.

'I see you misunderstand me. Believe me, there is not a man in the world to

whom *I* would so joyfully give Adelaide as yourself; but she is not mine to give.

‘ When Adelaide was quite a child, her mother died; after which event, my poor brother, who is one of the best men in life, and one of the strangest, found consolation in nothing but his affection for this girl. She was educated in the convent of which our sister is abbess; and never quitted that retirement till a month before you saw her. My brother, whose estate in Bavaria joins the lands of the convent, had been so accustomed to the society of his daughter, that it was with difficulty she obtained his leave to become my wife’s nurse, when the physician ordered her to Hundsmarck, and with still greater difficulty obtained permission to winter it with us here. This concession was made by him, after having premised several restrictions; the principal of which is—a careful watch over her heart. Adelaide has been engaged, from the age of fifteen, to the son of a man, from whom

my brother professes to have received the most signal service. Of course, we should not interfere with a parent's views; and Adelaide is herself too warmly attached to her father, and too strict in her notions of duty and delicacy, to make me afraid of trusting her, even with you, after my having thus appealed to your honour.

‘Perhaps this may be a useless, and therefore tedious, detail to you, my dear Leopoldstat; yet my conscience would not have been quiet, had I not made it. I have uniformly reprobated those parents and guardians, who permit complete intimacy between amiable young people, and then are enraged at finding mutual good qualities have produced mutual affection; and I am consequently bound to avoid the conduct which I censure.’

‘How just are your conclusions! how admirable your sentiments, my dear lord!’ I exclaimed, charmed with his generous frankness, ‘this is the strongest proof you

have yet given me of your friendship. Be assured, that even were I not what I am—a poor soldier of fortune; such benevolent anxiety for my peace would not be lost on me. As it is: my peculiar destiny renders presumption impossible—yet Mam'selle de Ingersdorf is not to be beheld with indifference.'

"At the latter part of my speech, the Baron laughed so heartily, that he uttered a concerted me—I see you are to be trusted! he cried with his usual gaiety, that grave cold compliment, so awkwardly delivered, convinces me, that my poor Adelaide would have stood no chance at any rate;—that, if she gives her heart to you, after all, it will be unsought even by a single civil sigh. Well! 'tis all as it should be: learn now to treat her as a sister; and her attentive kindness (being no longer liable to misinterpretation) will soon prove to you that her uncle is not partial.'—here ended our discourse.—

“From this period Baron Ingersdorf constantly treated me with the most flattering regard, consulted me on his own private concerns; and learnt from me in return, the history of my life. He is now engaged in an endeavour to restore us part of our lost inheritance, which he suspects to be reclaimable: and it is to him, that we are indebted for almost every valuable connection we possess in Vienna.”—

“And pray what has become of that vile wretch Wurtzbürgh?” asked, Demetrius.

Charles smiled: “I hope he is undeserving of such a decisive epithet as that. You must remember, Demetrius, that all the malice I have perhaps too hastily laid to his charge, was never proved: the evidence was merely presumptive. Possibly a year may have wrought wonderful alteration in him; for I met him unexpectedly, two days



ago, as I was passing Prince Eugene's palace, and he returned my salutation with such politeness that it amazed me. Some person told me since, that he has got the command of a regiment."—

"A regiment! such a churl have a regiment?"—vehemently interrupted Demetrius—"but hang him! what is it to us?—do let me read that letter again—the last I mean:—my dear Charles, I'll keep a look-out for you! it will be impossible for me to see your incognita without knowing her by instinct. 'The tenderest of hearts,'—Ah! that is her's of course,—what a sweet woman!"

"It is not my intention to fall in love as monarchs marry, by proxy," said his brother, "therefore my good boy, let me beseech you not to volunteer so very useless a service.

"Come—we have talked away half the morning, and have not yet paid our respects at M. de Ingersdorf's."

Demetrius snatched up his hat, seized Charles by the arm, and hurried him along the streets with as much rapidity as he harangued.

## CHAP. IV.

THE Baroness Ingersdorf was a passionate admirer of the arts; and her mornings were usually passed in a magnificent saloon, which communicated her work-room, to which she admitted only select friends, while she plied the modelling-sticks or, the chissel, with equal vileness.

Nothing could be more surprizing, than to see her there, surrounded by antique statues of infinite beauty; to hear her descant upon proportion, grace, expression, form; to observe her judging accurately of others performances, even at the time in which she was shaping some hideous mass, out of clay or marble, calling it a bust, and looking at it, with exultation.

Charles pretended to no skill in modelling; but he drew like a master; and his spirited sketches, were often made in the work-room of the Baroness. It was her passion to have him drawing near her, while she was engaged on some piece of sculpture, and Demetrius singing or reading by snatches, as the momentary humour dictated.

It is notorious, that a fine artist, speaks to a man of his person with the greatest freedom: the Baroness therefore had assured Charles a thousand times, that he had indisputably "The finest head in the world."—"The most noble contour;" she had modelled his bust, alternately for an Apollo, a Scipio, a Cyrus; and was now condemning him again to fresh torture, having just discovered that he, his brother, and her niece, would make a glorious groupe, of Hector, Andromache, and Paris.

"I had rather sit on your knee for Astyanax," muttered Demetrius to Ade-

laide, in a tone of mingled mirth and pique: Demetrius had a bitter contempt for poor Paris: the Baroness overheard him—laughed, and persevered.—

Whenever the brothers were not on duty, or engaged in study, they went to Baron Ingersdorf's: perfect liberty was allowed to every one thus domesticated; and if one of them, would but "sit" to the piano, the other might converse with Adelaide, while she worked or practised the harp.

So familiarized, Demetrius saw a multitude of charms in Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, which her first impression, had not led him to expect. She was indeed made up of all the gentle elements; and naturally cheerful, displayed a sportive ease in her discourses with him, which she never ventured with Charles. Demetrius admired her so much, that Charles at length felt strangely alarmed and warned him of her engagements: the



other, jested him on this fear; for he was heart-whole.

The birth-day of Adelaide was celebrated by her relations, with great splendour. On the day which made her twenty, all the beauty and fashion of Vienna, were collected to offer congratulations.

The Hungarian brothers, were among the first who entered these gay saloons, which were laid out, to represent the gardens of Armida.

Bowers of rose and almond trees, groves of orange and myrtle, sheets of mirror so contrived as to appear like water flowing through woody banks and at last lost among their windings, marble fountains, mossy glades, starry lights twinkling through thick foliage, music breathing from the flutes of unseen performers, distracted admiration, till the Ball-room absorbed every sense.

It was formed into one stupendous grotto, almost blinding the gazer, with

its glittering spars, crystals, corals, and alabaster: a choir like that which mortal feeble imagination supposes in Heaven, sang beneath its lofty arch; while perfumes sweet and refreshing, alternately grew and faded upon the air.

For some days before, the brothers had taken no inconsiderable share in assisting the lovely Adelaide to create this scene of enchantment; they consequently, contemplated its effect, with peculiar pleasure: but it was annihilated to Charles, when advancing to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, he saw on her bosom a miniature of her father, which he had recently copied from a large portrait, and surprized her with, in the morning. This compliment was the more flattering, as it was the only ornament out of many with which she had been then presented, that she chose to wear. For a long time, after entering the ball-room nothing was to be heard, save bursts of admiration from the company, which began

to crowd the apartments: at length Charles and Demetrius, (who were talking together among some thick laurels;) unintentionally overheard the following sentences.

“ And—pray tell me, my dear girl who the young officer is, that was disentangling your dress, from a bush, just as I entered?—I never saw so handsome a creature in my life—what love-lighted eyes !”—

“ Yes, he is very handsome: but surely not so much so as his brother?—It was Count Demetrius of Leopoldstat.”

The brothers were equally confused at these remarks: each, wandered in his discourse; each, grew scarlet; and each with an agitated heart, moved abruptly away. As Charles did not turn round to discover the speakers, Demetrius dared not: but Charles, knew the voice that had praised him, too well, to require the aid of his eyes; and the first strong pulse of vanity, beating violently in the

breast of Demetrius, made him fearful that Charles would discover it, and despise him.

It happened, that as they emerged from the shade, they met the fair speakers. Mam'selle de Ingersdorf introduced Demetrius to Madame de Fontainville, in a manner which shewed her unconscious of what she was doing: for certain that she must have been overheard, she now talked as much incoherent nonsense, as the brothers had done, a moment before.

Charles was so absorbed in wondering at, and detesting the vanity, to which he attributed his present delirium, that he neglected to observe Demetrius, when he first beheld the Beauty of Vienna; and poor Demetrius, was already "Gone ages in love."—

A mussulman might have been excused, had he taken Madame de Fontainville for one of the Houries.—Her skin was of a dazzling whiteness, which gradually

kindled into a rich crimson upon her cheek: her large, soft, black eyes, were half closed beneath brows of the finest arch; and her small, vermilion mouth, lost itself in dimples. To this was added a figure, which had attained that luxuriant perfection of shape and fullness, scarcely desirable at three and twenty; for even the admirers of dimpled hands and shoulders, must foresee, that such beauty, (like a rose prematurely blown which scatters its leaves, as quickly as it expanded them;) will shortly lose its exquisiteness. A robe of black velvet, and a profusion of very rich pearls amongst her silken hair, seemed purposely chosen, as if the wearer meant at once to contrast and match her own delicate whiteness.

While every gazer did homage to such a world of perfection, the heart of Charles secretly worshipped that very bashfulness which obscured the lovely Adelaide. Her soft olive complexion, though warm with



native bloom, was less dazzling than if it had been fair; and her uncommonly brilliant eyes, timidly cast upon the ground, lost the advantage of their brightness. A gentle confusion closed those lips, which never parted but to reveal snow-white teeth; and wearing nothing peculiar, drapery simple, yet graceful, she moved under a thin floating veil, without many persons observing that her figure was admirable. Her's were the touching charms of twilight; Madame de Fontainville's, the blaze of day.

It would be vain to describe all the enchanting pleasures which were this night varied to infinity, under the roof of Baron Ingersdorf: every one seemed to have put on their best humour with their best attire; and smiling eyes, dimpling cheeks, cheerful voices, united with taste and wealth to leave nothing imperfect.

The supper consisted solely of rare wines, fruits, and delicacies, so shaded by flowers, or formed into such deceptive

shapes by moulds of jelly, that nothing gross enough for mortals, was discoverable by the eye: the crystal dishes were made to represent icicles; and the table was spread in a circular room carpetted with green velvet, and transformed by the magic pencil of Charles, into the panorama of an extensive landscape.

During the time of waltzing, Count Leopoldstat saw, with some disquiet, that Demetrius had Madame de Fontainville for a partner, and that the countenances of each were lighted up with unusual animation. When others changed partners, they still danced together: this was observed to him, with great levity, by a young foreigner, and it prompted him to whisper his brother, that it was improper to dance the whole evening with the same lady. Demetrius soon afterwards selected another.

Mam'selle de Ingersdorf had danced only twice; first with one of the Archdukes, and then with Charles: the latter

now sat down beside her, to make observations on the company.

"Though I have seen the beautiful De Fontainville, as she is termed, a hundred times," said he, "I have never asked whether she be wife or widow, German or French: pray, which is she?"

"All of them, I think," replied Adelaide: "her father is a Frenchman; he was envoy at this court many years, during which he married a Saxon lady, who died in giving birth to their daughter."

"Well?"

"Well!" re-echoed Adelaide, turning her brilliant eyes with a little archness on him; "so, you can find me nothing better to do, in a ball-room, than to give you a history of the prettiest woman in it? However, I'll satisfy you.

"When her father returned to France, Zaire de Liancour married Monsieur de Fontainville, who, I fear, was never very agreeable to her; for he was a man of violent passions and a narrow mind: he

took an active share in the Revolution, and the murder of its august victim ; after which, she immediately parted from him. She and her father emigrated in ninety-two, and now live here in very good style, upon an estate of her mother's."

Charles would scarcely allow Mam'selle de Ingersdorf to finish this detail; he pleaded her implied rebuke of his want of gallantry, as a reason why she should give him her hand in another dance ; protesting that if she had not attributed his forbearance to respectful timidity, she had wronged him so grievously, as to be compelled by justice to make him reparation.

" Well, well," she replied, (blushing at his earnestness, yet with an increasing gaiety, which spoke increasing pleasure), " if you'll suffer me to rest awhile, I will repair my fault."

She then proceeded to inquire the Count's opinion of Madame de Fontainville's person.

“ I should have admired it a vast deal more,” he said, “ had I seen less of it. You smile incredulously—believe me, I don’t say this to compliment you upon a style of dress so opposite ; though if I were to say all that I think upon that subject—”

“ You shall say nothing about me,” interrupted Adelaide.

Charles smiled and bowed.

“ Well then—I think Madame de Fontainville *perfectly beautiful* : but though I confess she does not in the least look as if she were destitute of sense and sensibility, still she does not appear as if she had much of either quality ; beauty, faultless beauty, is all that she impresses on one’s mind. I long to see those melting eyes sometimes change their character—to see them look as if she were thinking ; to observe her complexion vary a little, awakening that tender interest which bloom, assailable by sickness and sadness, rouses in the breast of man. I am not to



be captivated by mere externals : I prefer eyes that make one forget their brightness in the brighter intellect transmitted through them ; cheeks, that grow lovelier while gazed on ; and a shape, whose chief graces are displayed by accident. In fact, I am grown so old I believe, as to prefer moral beauty before every other species ; and to think no woman lovely, whose countenance does not appear to me, ' the transparent covering ' of amiable and admirable qualities."

" Ah, then, you would be pleased with Princess Constantia," exclaimed Adelaide. " I hope she will be here to night ! So youthful, so pretty, so playful, so endearing, yet so intelligent ! Had it not been my fortunate lot to possess her friendship from infancy, I should have desired it passionately, the very first moment I beheld her."

" I have often heard you speak of this charming Princess," observed Charles, " and with such enthusiasm as to thaw a

little of my usual indifference to strangers. You expect her to night, then? I thought she was still in Italy."

"She arrived this morning. But, come!" Adelaide added, (with a persuasive smile), "I must not suffer you to retain an unjust opinion of Madame de Fontainville: it is true, I know very little of her; but quite enough to authorize me in chiding your severity. By the way, let me tell you, my worthy friend, that your determined hostility to beauty is a very heinous fault; and that if you continue thus to look at pretty women, with a resolution to find them disagreeable, you will frighten them into being so."

"No such thing, sweet Adelaide," replied Charles, apprehensively hesitating, "the most charming woman I know, is also the most beautiful."

There was an expression in his voice and countenance, as he timidly uttered this heart-felt compliment, which forced Adelaide to apply it properly: she af-

fectured to treat it with levity, laughed, and cried, "Excellent!" while her cheeks burnt, and her eyes sunk under his.

"Since I came to Vienna," she hastily resumed, "Madame de Fontainville sat to my aunt for a head of Cleopatra, (that unfortunate bust which your laughter-loving brother quizzed so violently); and in these quiet visits displayed a very great portion of sensibility: almost too much, I fear, for her own comfort. Excessive tenderness, unaccustomed to restraint, unused to leave the choice of its objects to reason, is, in my opinion, the heaviest misfortune, that——" Adelaide stopped abruptly, exclaiming—"Here comes Constantia!"

Leopolstat now turned his observation upon a fair creature of seventeen, who entered from the gardens. She was delicately attired in white satin, which, by its soft folds, faintly shadowed out the form of her finely-rounded limbs: except a white Provence rose that was scarcely

to be distinguished from the panting bosom on which it rested, and a garland of the same flowers, binding up her auburn hair, she was destitute of ornament.

Advancing with the apprehensive lightness of a fawn, she addressed Adelaïdè; and her sweet youthful voice convinced Charles she was destined to be beloved.

Princess Constantia was not perfectly beautiful; but her lovely shape was a promise of future excellence, and its thousand graces prevented all criticism. She had blue eyes that alternately expressed the tenderest of hearts, and the most intelligent of minds; and an ingenuous smile which changed admiration into affection.

When the friends had exhausted congratulations, Charles was presented to the Princess. At the sound of his name, her cheeks took a brighter red, she darted on him a quick glance of inquiry and pleasure, repeating in a delighted tone, "Count Leopoldstat!—I am very happy to see you at last, after so long wishing—"

She stopped abruptly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and a sweet fearfulness banished her gaiety.

For a single instant, Charles lost himself in the suspicion that she was his incognita. Captivated by her unaffected loveliness, his brain grew giddy, and he had not power to dissemble the feeling which suddenly animated all his features; but while his eye devoured every expression of her face, he met an amazed look from Adelaide, which recalled his senses, and the illusion vanished. Constantia was a girl of seventeen, and his incognita had written to him during five years: the thing, therefore, was impossible.

He smiled at his own folly; resumed his tranquillity; and marvelled how he could have embraced the error with such warmth.

The princess having been lately ill, was not suffered by her aunt to dance; so that Adelaide excused herself to Charles, at the same time inviting him to be of their party in a walk through the saloons.



During this promenade, his graceful gentleness so entirely restored Constantia to ease and sprightliness, that she turned every object they passed, into subjects for pleasantry : yet this was done with such innocent mirth, that no one could find in it a particle of ill-nature.

The young Princess of Nuremberg was indeed a rare creature. There was a little girlish simplicity in her manner, which preventing fools from being awed by the occasional penetration of her look, made her equally amiable to the wise and unwise : without intending it, she always charmed, by her desire to make others do so ; for, possessing an instinct, as it were, of whatever would be most consonant to the tastes or feelings of her associates, she immediately fell in with their humour, and made it her aim to draw forth their best endowments. Naturally playful, but never excessively lively, she amused unceasingly, and delighted instead of fatiguing ; it was her happy destiny to endear,

even while she entertained : indeed, her archness had ever a softness in it, which flattered the person to whom it was directed, with this idea, that she had their pleasure for her object, rather than her own gratification.

Leopolstat, as he slowly turned his admiring eyes from her to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, and remembered Madame de Fontainville, (for she was in another part of the assembly), secretly commented on the whimsical chance which had thus shewed to him in one evening, three specimens of beauty, so perfect, yet so different. He then thought of Demetrius, whom he had not seen for some time, and sincerely wished that he might not be still with Madame de Fontainville.

Princess Constantia retired before supper with her aunt. Just as she was giving Charles her hand to conduct her to her carriage, a smile moved her blooming cheeks, "like roses, when their leaves are gently stirred with the wind,"

and she whispered him—"I know young men are apt to be abominably vain, and to construe every silly action into an offering to their conceit; so I must explain to you, Count, why I longed to see you, (which confession, to be sure, slipped out of my lips without my intending it); why I blushed when I *did* see you, and looked so prodigiously silly. I longed to see you, first, because my brother has told me as many wonders of your achieving, as were ever done by the English Guy of Warwick; and secondly, because numbers of folks told me, I was as like Count Leopold as a sister. Now I always colour whenever I am taken by a pleasant surprise; no wonder then, that I should do so when you were introduced to me."

A graceful bow prefaced Charles's answer.

"I am afraid your Highness has chosen the worst way imaginable for laying my vanity. This flattering solicitude to be understood, makes me believe—I hope not

presumptuously—that Princess Constantia is willing I should respect and admire her.”

“ She would willingly *deserve* to be respected and admired by all men like Count Leopoldstat,” was her gracious reply.

Charles bowed again, and a deeper colour glowed through his brown cheek: yet was there no undue explanation given by his thoughts to Princess Constantia’s ingenuous speech.

“ I suppose it is my brother, who has the honour of being considered like your Highness,” said Charles, as they approached the grand staircase.

“ I hope so,” was her gay answer; “ for I do protest, that though your complexion is vastly becoming for a soldier, it would not be quite so *apropos* in a court lady.”

Charles laughed; so did she; and her aunt, inviting him to the Nuremberg Palace, they were hastening down stairs, when their steps were arrested by the sound of

a voice, sweeter than those gales, which flowing over Arabia Felix, waft the perfume of the rose, and the song of the nightingale, mingled together. Princess Constantia's bright eyes, flashing with sudden delight, were rivetted on the half-open door, from whence these sounds proceeded: she did not therefore observe the burning glow which gradually spread over the face of Leopoldstat, as he listened with a disturbed heart, to the impassioned voice of his brother. That voice, evidently addressing its seductive language to Madame de Fontainville, seemed breathing the very soul of love into the air which bore it towards Charles. Blushing at its contagious influence, he stood silently attentive to the following stanzas.

## I.

Turn, turn those eyes, whose dewy light  
Spreads tender languor o'er my soul;  
Whose orbs, like evening Vesper bright,  
Thro' mists of melting softness roll.



Ah! turn those eyes, for low they dart  
Resistless light'ning thro' my heart.

## II.

Hide, hide those lips, that smiling meet,  
Vermeil and warm as sunny fruit;  
Thro' which thy breath, ambrosial sweet,  
Coldly denies my ardent suit:  
Hide, hide those lips, for pity's sake!  
They tempt the kiss I dare not take.

Fortunately, both ladies retired from the door, at the song's conclusion, without speaking; for how could they venture to admire a performance, which united passionate tones with passionate words?

Charles saw them into their carriage; and returning up stairs, was about to enter the room where Demetrius was, when an unseasonable commission from the Baroness, (who hastily passed him), carried him back to the dancing-room. How would his mortification at this have been increased, had he guessed that Demetrius

had not merely applied his glowing song to the bewitching Zaire, but rapidly composed it, while another person was singing.

## CHAP. V.

WHEN the brothers met the next morning, at breakfast Charles inquired what Demetrius thought of Princess Constantia of Nuremberg.

"I never saw her."

"You must have seen her: it is impossible for any one to overlook so sweet a creature."

"Well then, I saw, without knowing her. Was it that fine woman in the Turkish dress? or that Spanish-looking girl that danced with Stzarray?"

"Neither. She was in white sattin, with flowers through her hair: and came into the ball room two hours before supper, but she did not sup."

“O then, I never saw her; for I was not among the dancers all that time.”

“Where were you then?”—

“With Madame de Fontainville.—Charles! she sings more exquisitely than you can conceive; and upon my saying how much I loved music, some one proposed a singing party; so we went into that little cabinet, which leads off the grand staircase towards the back of the palace, and then she sang me all Signora——’s songs in the last opera.”

“So then, you were the whole evening with Madame de Fontainville! and pray what sort of a companion did you find her? Agreeable?”—

Thrown off his guard by the assumed carelessness with which Charles asked this question, Demetrius, burst forth into such a rhapsody of praise and transport, as completely appalled him: Charles was silent awhile; at length regarding the animated Demetrius, with a look

made up of pity and fear, he said gently—

“Demetrius! you have more dependence upon your own heart, than I should have on mine, if ever you trust yourself again in so dangerous a situation.”

“How do you mean?”—

“I mean, that Madame de Fontainville’s beauty is enchanting enough to make a man forget she has a husband; she has French manners also, which too often awaken hopes that ought to be impossible. Take my advice then, avoid her society, as I sincerely believe I should have done, had her avowed admiration, fallen to my share.”

“What! avoid a virtuous woman, merely because she is married and charming?—why Charles, your virtue is rather that of a monk than a soldier, if it consists in flying from danger instead of resisting it.”

“No bad virtue either my dear boy. I know what the passions are at nineteen;



I know that you must be superior to all human weakness, if you are not at this very instant delirious with gratitude, admiration and expectation. (Charles as he spoke, averted his head, that he might not see the blood plead guilty through the cheek of Demetrius.) Madame de Fontainville has decidedly expressed the liveliest praise of your figure; and she has tacitly avowed as much of your manners, by devoting herself to you, the whole of yesterday evening: you think her the loveliest woman in the world: now, if you can stand this first attack, made at once upon your vanity and your senses; if you can drink long draughts of beauty and admiration, without becoming intoxicated; and can drive your warmest passions to the very edge of ruin, and yet there stop them, I pronounce you a greater hero, than Scipio."

"Heavens! my dear Charles, what frightful phantoms do you conjure up, about my talking five or six hours, to a

most delightful woman, who probably does not care whether I am at this instant, above or below ground."

"You don't suspect her of such indifference; I'll be sworn you do not:" returned Charles, (an encouraging smile tempering the seriousness of his eyes;) "come, be sincere with your brother; own to him that you think she distinguished you very particularly; and that it would not terrify you, if she were free at this moment, and doomed to become your wife?"

"I should be shockingly ungallant if it did:" exclaimed Demetrius laughing, "however, I'll not dissemble with you Charles: I am certainly abominably vain, for I was last night elevated out of myself, by Madame de Fontainville's attentions; and thought a heap of silly things: but none, none on my honour, that had the slightest criminality in them.—You must allow me a little harmless indulgence of my vanity."—

“What! at the expense of her peace, perhaps?”—interrupted the Count, “after your flatteries, or frequent society, have alienated her heart from its nuptial vow; in short, when you have made her in love with you, you will end your sport, and call it harmless. Fie, fie, Demetrius!”

Demetrius strove to disguise his vexation under the mask of levity; “pshaw!” he cried, “in love with a boy like me! ridiculous!”

“Possibly I am too serious,” rejoined Charles, after a pause, “but you must pardon me, brother, in consideration of the experience I have had of what vanity may lead to. You may think these cautions very premature; but I profess myself one of those physicians who deal more in preventives than cures.”

—“Yes; but my dear fellow, you would not flay a man alive, with blisters and cataplasms, or physic him to death with pills and boluses, when he is in sound health?—You would not deny me my din-

ner, because I *might* eat myself into an apoplexy ; would you ?”

“ You are excellent I know, at the ridiculous, Demetrius, and I never dare enter its lists with you. All I shall now venture to add, is this: keep a watch over your heart: never forget that Madame de Fontainville is married; and that situated as she is, her reputation is more delicate than that of a single girl. Recollect also, that though to make a woman guilty, is the most heinous of crimes, to make her unhappy is a crime also ; and that no plea of indulging ‘ harmless vanity,’ will silence your conscience, when it has to reproach you, either with the loss of her peace, or of her character.”

“ Ah!—you are so completely master of yourself,” cried Demetrius, with a loud sigh, “ so nice a weigher of possibilities and improprieties, and such matters, that I fear—I shall never be like you. Consider my dear, dear Charles, this is the very first time I was ever admired !”

“Not the *first* time, I am confident,” replied Charles, kindly taking the hand that was stretched forth to him, “other women have admired you as much as Madame de Fontainville, I dare say, but were too discreet to express it.”

“O! if it’s only a ‘dare say,’” cried Demetrius, shrugging up his shoulders; “but you shall be satisfied. I was to have met Madame de Fontainville at the opera to-night, and I will not go.”

The smallest concession from a beloved person, was always sufficient to endanger the wisdom of Charles: his tender heart, overflowing with the belief of this sacrifice, being greater to Demetrius than it really was, would have annihilated all the foregone admonition, had not the fortunate entrance of a servant with a note, put an end to their dialogue. The billet presented, contained these words.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

‘If the brave Charles, will be this night,



as the clock strikes twelve, at the great gate of the church of St. Josephine, he will there meet a veiled woman who will conduct him to one, *long interested in his happiness*; one, who has a discovery to make, which she trusts will prove far from unwelcome.'

"Now is your time to impose mortification upon me!" said Charles, holding out the note to his brother; "retort if it seem right to you, my dear boy, and be assured that I will stifle both vanity and curiosity, the instant you bid me."

"I would not bid you, for the universe!" exclaimed Demetrius (when he had run over the letter) "It is from your Unknown!—Surely, you make no hesitation about going?"

"If I thought it were indeed my Unknown!" answered the other, half breathless with eagerness; but no—no—I deceive myself:—yet stay; though the hand is not the same—the seal."—

He stopped, and examined the wax at-

tentively. Some impression had evidently been made upon it, which seemed to have been afterwards pressed on, with the finger; yet parts remained, out of which, either Charles's eye, or his fancy formed fragments of a seal that had always been complete on the letters from his Incognita.—He communicated this to his brother, whose sight being spectaclled by credulity, soon discovered a whole eagle where Charles only saw the beak of one; and every word of a motto, of which no other human being could have described a single letter.

No sooner had this conjecture ripened by degrees from possibility to probability, and thence, to certainty, than Demetrius began guessing about the lady's rank, age, beauty, and merit; drew a portrait of her person, as confidently as if he had seen her; and betted boldly, that Charles would be her husband in a month.

“Nay, my dear fellow!” he gaily added,

“ I’d have you take notable care of yourself; for it would not surprize me at all, if this sweet romantic fair, were to have a Divine in the house, and make sure of you this very evening. Now don’t be too sublime, Charles, forgive a little eccentricity for the sake of much affection; and don’t insist upon the poor girl, loving you with and without reason at the same moment. For my part, Love like ‘ Charity covers a multitude of sins;’ and I only wish, some good kind of body, would take pity upon me, and pick my pocket, of my heart: for I’m confoundedly tired of its heaviness, and desire nothing more fervently, than to get it agreeably off my hands.”—

“ What a fund of mischief, and misery perhaps, lies under this rattle of yours !” observed Charles. “ Ah, Demetrius, Demetrius ! you know nothing of what you wish—However, if you are really under such a pressing necessity to disburthen yourself of your heart, come with me, and

I'll shew you an object precisely formed to captivate you: the young Princess of Nuremberg."

"A Princess!—Good, i'faith!—I venerate your prudent recommendation, Charles!"—

"O thou giddy boy!—you know very well, I would neither have you wretched nor culpable; and of course Princess Constantia is as far removed from you, by the customs of society, as Madame de Fontainville by the law of heaven: I merely wish to mend your taste, by shewing you a better species of magic."—

"O your humble servant, sage brother!" cried Demetrius—"I now perceive from what quarter of the globe, your foregone, woeful cautions have been wafted! From the Paphos of sighs and dreams, and wishes, and alarms!—only two hours in your company, and in that short time to bewitch away such a soul as your's! a soul so guarded round by

triple chains of adamantine prudence! Mercy upon us! what would have become of me then, whose heart, (it seems,) wants nothing but the invitation of a few songs sung after a ball, to lure it for ever and aye, into the first fair bosom, willing to cage it!—Ah well! Chance stood my friend, and by depriving me of the sight of this mortal Venus, saved me from hopeless slavery. As to you, my dear fellow, I haven't a doubt but that this evening will unrol a romance the length of a furlong, and as marvelous as the Legend of St. Dennis.—So allons! for a peep at its Heroine.”

Demetrius was all spirits at this moment; he laughed at his brother's serious defence, forgot the preceding lecture; remembered only that Madame de Fontainville had sigh'd when they parted; that his feelings were ecstatic; and Charles's Incognita interesting. He therefore set out for the Nuremberg pa-



place with no sensation which was not pleasurable.

The amiable Princess whom the brothers sought, having been early deprived of her mother, was educated in Bavaria at the same convent with Mam'selle de Ingersdorf; where, the tenderest friendships grew between them.—

Upon the death of her father, Constantia willingly hastened to relinquish even her friend for the task of soothing the forlorn hours of her maternal grandmother; who now childless, and enfeebled rather by sickness than age, earnestly longed for her society. After a residence of two years in Italy, with this venerated relative, Constantia was prevailed upon to visit Germany with her uncle's wife; but a paralytic stroke suddenly seizing the duchess, induced her physician to recal the Princess long ere her intended short absence should have terminated.

Inclination led the brothers to make their first call at Baron Ingersdorf's, where they learned the mortifying tidings of Princess Constantia's departure. A courier had that morning summoned her back to Italy, and she had hurried from the Capital with all the expedition of terrified affection.

How heavily to Charles, passed the hours of this day! Fluctuating between the hope of finding his Incognita amiable, and the fear that she would be otherwise; now dreading that he was deluded, and now scrutinizing with uneasiness the strange character which prompted such strange conduct; alternately suspecting her blameably imprudent, or constructing for her a marvellous romance capable of solving every mystery, and sanctioning the most erratic actions;—he nearly agitated himself into a fever. But for all this, he certainly wished more fervently to find her an old woman, than a young one; one, who would adopt him

for a son, instead of seeking to make him her husband.—His chief restlessness, arose from a dislike to be thus left wandering in conjecture: for he had no ambition like Demetrius (who secretly indulged the most extravagant expectations:) and no heart like him to give away to a phantom.

It had been determined by the brothers, that they should appear together at the opera, (for Charles would not suffer Demetrius to break a promise made even to Madame de Fontainville,) and then repair to the church of St. Josephine, where Demetrius was to stay with him till the veiled lady should arrive. This plan was followed.

Madame de Fontainville piqued at the late entrance of her young admirer, received him with extreme coldness, bestowed all her attention, for a short time, on a party of Englishmen who were with her, and then suddenly left the theatre. Demetrius shewed such visible mortifi-

cation and resentment at this, that Charles refrained from overpowering him by any observation; he hoped to see him disgusted by her seeming caprice, and suffering him therefore, to gnaw the corner of his hat, staid the conclusion of the piece, and then as the clock approached twelve, trod the road to St. Josephine's.

Charles took the precaution to arm himself; and he was not sorry that he had done so, when Demetrius accidentally suggested the possibility of this note being a contrivance of Wurtzburgh's to entrap and perhaps murder him.—Leopoldstat smiled at the latter surmise; but admitted the likelihood of Wurtzburgh's malice having prompted the poor trick of cheating a sensible man into the folly of thus traversing the suburbs to meet nobody. Impressed with this idea, he heard the clock chime a quarter after the hour, and was just leaving the place, when a female figure in an ordinary dress, yet closely veiled, advanced from

behind the portico of the church, and softly pronounced his name: he started forward; caught a hasty benediction from Demetrius; then following the woman down a flight of steps, was soon lost amid the obscurity of the night.

Left thus alone, Demetrius thought of nothing but his brother.—While the adventure was in perspective, it appeared the gayest thing imaginable; it was all delightful mystery, animating interest; but now that he approached this specious pageant, he thrilled with vague apprehension; beheld visions of horror, where he had fancied elysiums of delight; and saw hatred and death, instead of tenderness and beauty.

Hour after hour, lingered by, and he counted the heavy strokes of the ponderous clock, with a far heavier heart. The moon that had awhile struggled through the gathering clouds, became now completely obscured; a fierce wind roared among the pillars and round the



angles of St. Josephine's; and the rising tempest seemed mocking the agonized watchfulness of Demetrius: No one was to be heard in the distant streets, but the patrols, whose dismal voices, mingling with the hoarse roar of the Danube, came on the blast like the cry of ill-omened birds. A violent shower of piercing sleet soon began to fall, and driven by the furious wind, beat in through the open colonnade; but Demetrius retreated not; his whole soul was with his brother, and he walked wildly to and fro, sometimes uttering a hasty prayer, sometimes execrating his own folly, for having suffered Charles to be thus entrapped.

Where to seek him he knew not: yet to seek him, to share his fate, whatever that might be, was now his resolution. The clock at that moment struck four, and rushing down the steps, he encountered a person advancing with as much rapidity as himself.

"Charles! Charles! is it you?" he ex-

claimed eagerly. His brother's voice, speaking in reply, came on his senses like the first gale of spring ; he could no longer support himself, but falling on his neck, overcome with joy, faintly uttered, " My dear brother !"

Charles did not see the grateful tear which sprang to the eyes of Demetrius, but he felt the agitated grasp of his hand, and clasping him for an instant to his heart, he took him by the arm, whispering, " Let us begone." Demetrius quickly recovering himself, obeyed in silence.

When the brothers found themselves safely enjoying the comforts of a warm room, in their own quarters, they were equally solicitous to converse about the events of the night. Charles was tempted to sum up his adventure in a very few words ; but knowing his brother's taste was averse to the laconic stile, he related it thus :

" When I parted from you, my conductress led me down a narrow street, at

the end of which, a small gate let us into a garden, which we traversed silently, then entered a tolerably fine house, where she shewed me into a room, and there left me. Nothing could be more elegant than the decorations of this apartment; luxury and wealth seemed to have exhausted themselves in the task of constructing it; but my expectations with regard to its fair possessor were considerably abated, when I observed the ceiling painted with designs and figures, which a modest woman would blush to remember having once seen: a canopy of purple silk, half shading a Grecian couch, was so impregnated with a languishing sort of perfume, that whenever the lightest air moved its curtains, the whole apartment became lusciously sweet; before this, stood a table covered with a sumptuous collation, imperfectly beheld, by reason of the lamps, which were so contrived as to produce the effect of moonlight.

“I was beginning to suspect the truth.”

and was in twenty minds whether or not to make good my retreat, when the door of an inner saloon opened, and a lady magnificently attired, appeared at the entrance. My eyes seemed to mock me, as they fixed on the figure and features of Madame de Fontainville."

"Madame de Fontainville!" repeated Demetrius, suddenly turning pale.

"It was not really Madame de Fontainville," resumed Charles, "but a woman so like her, dressed so precisely in her taste, that at the distance, and under the doubtful light I saw her by, even the most intimate of her friends would have been deceived. She approached me with the most alluring gracefulness, and addressed me in a voice sweeter than silver—never did I hear such a voice!

"For the honour of the sex, you must allow me to pass over all the pro's and con's of our dialogue: suffice it, the substance was this. She announced herself as the celebrated Signora Albertina, who



so long has been the melodious wonder of Europe, and is now engaged for the opera here. She professed a violent passion for your amazed brother; confessed that it was sufficiently strong to prevent her denying him any happiness in her power to bestow; and to avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, assured him, she was so far from having a mercenary end in view, that she vowed never to accept from him the humblest present: to this she added, a boast of being settled in complete affluence by the generosity of Colonel Wurtzburg, 'her present protector, by whom she was brought to Vienna.' "

"Astonishing! Well, Charles, and how did you act in such a perplexing dilemma?"

"As you, no doubt, would have done—awkwardly thanked the lady for her intended kindness; professed my inability to return so sudden a passion; hoped it would not be very injurious to her peace (having arisen merely from seeing me



two or three times on duty); bowed, moved towards the door, and tried to escape: but all this was vain; she flew to me, acted for two hours, I believe, a most pathetic scene of rage, tenderness, and intreaty; displayed to great advantage, beautiful arms, trembling with either real or feigned agitation, and the loveliest of mouths, breathing nothing but sighs.

“I was not to be wrought upon by conduct so gross: for if it were possible for me to become a libertine, I am sure no avowed wanton could disorder my brain. So inseparable in my mind are decent restraint and modesty from the character of women, that no one without them could affect even my senses.

“The Signora defeated in this attack, changed her plan; railed at me, ridiculed my ‘sanctity,’ contrasted me with other men; and exerted a wit so keen and biting, that if I had been of a temper to be bantered out of principle, she might have boasted the glory of doing it.

“As she had taken the keys out of the doors, I was forced to lean quietly against the hangings, during her alternate batteries of invective and supplication; but not a word did she extract from me. At length she snatched a lute, and touching it exquisitely, accompanied it with that seducing voice, which almost transported me into the madness of exclaiming—

“Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
“And with these warblings moves the vocal air,  
“To testify its hidden residence!”

“Nay, her very countenance assumed a divine expression, which pleaded for Wurtzburgh’s frailty. The rap’t attention with which I listened, inspired her with the hope of having overcome my stubborn virtue, (as she termed it); she redoubled her blandishments, invited me to partake of the collation before us; and, at last, saying she knew Wurtzburgh had formerly been my enemy, insinuated,

that she now gave me ample means of revenge.

“At this instant, the creature became hideous in my eyes; I said, I know not what; and, bursting from her arms, (in which she forcibly twined me), I sent the door through with my foot, took the flight of stairs at a leap, and was over the garden wall, and by your side, long ere the Signora, doubtless, had recovered from her astonishment.”

“And this profligate wretch is like Madame de Fontainville!” exclaimed Demetrius, indignantly: “impossible, Charles!”

“You will acknowledge the likeness when you see her on the stage,” returned his brother: “whether she has, in reality, further resemblance than shape and feature, I know not; but her complexion was either naturally or artificially, as celestial a compound of white and red.”

“I renounce Lavater,” said Demetrius, sullenly.

“And I hope, at the same time, you’ll renounce your skill in drawing my horoscope,” said Charles, laughing; “your trick of foreseeing, and knack at discovering the complete impression of seals. O brother, brother! what idiots do not men make of themselves, when they surrender up their reason to their imagination, as we lately did.”

The brothers now separated, to obtain an hour’s rest.

A few days after Count Leopoldstat’s interview with Signora Albertina, he was surprised by a visit from Colonel Wurtzburgh: not doubting but that his errand was an hostile one, originating in her misrepresentations, he advanced to meet him with the calmness of integrity. Wurtzburgh offered his hand; Charles took it, and introduced his brother: the usual common-place compliments were then succeeded by a silence, which was first broken by the Colonel.

“I know not what you will think of

the motives which have prompted this unrequested visit," said he, "when I acknowledge them to be a sincere desire to renew our former acquaintance, and a hearty wish to obtain your pardon for former incivility. Many men would shrink from such a confession; and I certainly should, if it were to make to any other man than Count Leopoldstat: but my days of competition and mortification are over, and have left me leisure to reflect upon the injustice and folly of such feelings."

He paused:—Charles eyed him steadily; and with so distinct an expression of incredulity, as to make Wurtzburgh reply to it.

"I have no right to be piqued at this doubtfulness," he observed, "you shall hear what excuse I have to offer, for past coldness, and may then decide."

Charles bowed.

"When you and I first met," resumed the Colonel, "I had just emerged from the house of a father, who educated me



in idleness, pampered all my passions, restrained none of my evil habits, indulged the most extravagant of my wishes, and perpetually prophesied that I should attain the heights of military glory. He died intestate just as I entered the army; leaving my fate in the hands of a rich severe uncle, who was too morose to reform my folly, by gentleness; and whose constant reproofs therefore, only exasperated me into rage. This uncle thought it well to let me remain some time a subaltern, and to limit my allowance: I had expected such rapid promotion (from the connexions of my family) and had been used to such unlimited expense, that I grew half frantic with resentment; saw every thing and every body in a hateful light; abhorred the whole world, and was in short, as you know, a very disagreeable fellow.

“Further than a little envying of your renown, and rude repulsing of your friendliness, my ill humour never went:

heaven is my witness, that it did not!—No, though you were destined at Mantua, to blight my tenderest hopes—forgive me,” he added, (seeing the colour fluctuate on the cheek of Charles) “I ought not to touch on so sad a subject.”

He cast down his eyes as he spoke, evidently much agitated, himself.

“To continue silent now,” said Leopold, after a pause, “would be ungrateful or stupid. I will be very candid with you, Colonel Wurtzburgh, and confess that not a month ago, I spoke of you, to my brother here, as the only man whom I felt certain, wished me ill. If I wronged you by saying so, accept my unfeigned regret.”

“You did wrong me, Count!” replied the other. “I own that my manners were ~~forbidding~~ enough to authorize such a belief! and I know very well that when once the mind takes up an unfavourable opinion of another, it is too apt to convert suspicions into certainties. You had ene-

mies in Italy, but they were smiling enemies; men you never suspected; while I, doubtless, appeared the person most likely to thwart your advancement. My sincerity may admit of this proof.

“If I were your enemy in Italy, because you were admired, praised, and promoted, why should I not continue so, (nay, increase in malice) since you are now far more praised, honoured, and promoted, than before? You are not yet powerful enough to assist me—nay, I am now removed from the possibility of wishing it. What interest can I have in humbling myself to one I am supposed to hate, when fate has placed me at the summit of my desires?—My uncle is no more; I have at last procured the military rank which I had a right to expect, and am master of an ample fortune. Does this statement seem fair to you?”

“So fair,” replied Charles, “that I blush to have pressed a man, capable of such a frank avowal, into so painful a

task. I am sure no one can have interested views in seeking my friendship; you, less than all men; and I therefore heartily exchange the olive; pledging myself not to suffer a single prejudice to interfere with our future intercourse.

“But remember this, Colonel, I am as nice in friendship as in love; and I may live in the constant interchange of good offices with you, or any other worthy man, for years, without finding him or you so intimately dear to me, as to privilege me in bestowing on you, the comprehensive title of friend. You see I am dreadfully blunt, Colonel: does it displease you?”

“Not in the least, Count; I accept your terms: confident that your nature is too generous not to repay me amply, for the little injustice you have mentally done me. When you shall find that I have really nothing so much at heart as acquiring a title to your esteem, I know you will add to that a more cordial sentiment: till then, I rest satisfied; and now request that



you and your brother will do me the honour of meeting Field Marshal —, at dinner at my house to-morrow."

This invitation was gracefully accepted; and a general conversation followed, in which Wurtzburgh bore his part with some degree of credit: the fluctuating measures of the Austrian cabinet, and the probability of renewed hostilities, were the theme of discourse; after amply discussing which, they separated with mutual assurances of good-will. So extraordinary an interview, gave rise to much speculation between the brothers. Demetrius gloried in such an honourable instance of self-imposed mortification; protested he hated himself, for having so heartily hated Wurtzburgh; and adverted with enthusiasm, to the honest confidence with which the Colonel had said, he relied on Leopold's generous nature for amply repaying the injustice he had mentally done him.

In this expression, Demetrius disco-



vered the sign of as generous a spirit; a spirit, which by conceiving the nobleness of another's, proved its own right to respect.

Charles was less certain, and therefore less voluble: the longer he reflected on the Colonel's character, and past conduct, the more reason did he find for doubting the reality of his disinterestedness, and the greater was the struggle in his breast, between reliance and caution. Yet he canvassed the subject again and again; viewed it in every light, and found nothing to warrant his suspicions.

"But this self-abasement, this frank avowal of unamiableness," he said to himself, "is so great, so magnanimous! it is so unlikely for such a disposition as"—

Here he stopped, glowing with shame to find a prejudice thus rooted, which he had so lately declared should be for ever annihilated.

"How can I be such a wretch," he exclaimed, "as to refuse belief to this man's

sincerity, for no other reason than because, if he be sincere, he is one of the noblest-minded of men!—away with such odious scepticism, such worldly-wisdom!”

Charles then reverted with pleasure to his escape from the allurements of Signora Albertina; to which if he had yielded, he would now have felt himself inferior in every way to Wurtzburgh; but while he thought of her, his ardour cooled again; and he could not help acknowledging to his brother, that although Wurtzburgh was most probably capable of much good, his character sullied by a gross attachment to a profligate woman, must have some points from which that of Charles would eternally revolt.

## CHAP. VI.

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

Wurtzburgh was neither philosophical, nor poetical; nor skilled in any of those delightful arts which, embellishing our leisure hours, add a polish to virtue; the most ordinary man in creation, was his equal in all these things; but he had discovered the important secret of supplying his own defects, by the qualities of others; and he therefore invited to his house,

only such as excelled in society. The brothers hearing round his table, the sallies of wit, and the observations of wisdom; always receiving there, extreme pleasure, imperceptibly associated every thing that was agreeable with his image. Nothing, alas! is so common as this error, and nothing is more dangerous.

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

The Colonel did indeed win on his esteem, by a silent relinquishment of many habits which he censured; and as this was done without boast, even while

he appeared zealous to evince the high rate at which he valued his good opinion, Charles could no longer refuse it to him.

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

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

“Wait till you have made one campaign, my dear fellow,” he added: “every one predicts that we are on the verge of a war, and therefore you will not have long to wait: be able to shew an honourable title to rapid advancement; and



do not *you* add to the idle race that are content to be elevated by the exertions of others.

“ I hate the system of interest altogether ; and protest that I think not even a Prince has any claim to military rank, unless he can urge the plea of long or great services. You can urge neither, my Demetrius. You have not yet been five months a soldier, and all that time your regiment has been in Vienna. Do not then blast the bright fame, which I fondly foresee, by forestalling its rewards : if you refuse promotion till you have earned it, every new commission will be a new register of your glory ; but if you thus push prematurely forward, through friendly interest, no one will take the trouble to inquire why you are, hereafter, a major-general or field-marshal.

“ I would have you ambitious of deserving honours, not of obtaining them. Ever fix your eye upon desert, rather than reward ; and believe me, reward will fol-

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

“ From what has been said, you will discover that I have very peculiar notions on the subject of promotion ; but you see

they have not injured me : nay, their very rigidity, by leaving me no other resource, has obliged me to make efforts to be distinguished."

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

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

" I know it is your wish to get into the horse," he said ; " and if Colonel Wurtzburgh will procure the Arch-duke's permission for your translation from the infantry to the cavalry, I see no possible reason why you should not accept of a cornetcy in his regiment."

Demetrius was in such ecstasies at this suggestion, that he would not allow his brother time to reconsider it ; but hur-

ried him away to Colonel Wurtzburgh's, where the plan was immediately arranged, and in a few days completed.

Charles would not so readily have promoted this alteration, had he not secretly hoped it would remove Demetrius from the metropolis, where the most serious dangers began to threaten his peace and his integrity. Madame de Fontainville, too much pleased with the beauty and spirit of Demetrius, to relinquish the wish of adding him to her train of slaves, accidentally encountered him, as he was coming alone out of the opera-house. A vast concourse of people and carriages rendered it difficult for her father, (who was her sole companion), to get his coach near the door, and as he left her, for a moment, to seek one of his servants, Demetrius passed her.

At the sound of a female voice, timidly pronouncing his name, he turned hastily round, and beheld the beautiful object of his former admiration and pique, stand-

ing amid a current of air, in a solitary waiting-room, totally unguarded. Forgetting every thing, except the delightful emotion her first notice had excited in him, he sprang forwards, exclaiming—  
“Alone! unprotected! and I so fortunate as to see you!”

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

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

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



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

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

What did it not cost him to do so? He was wild with an imperious passion, which had its origin in vanity and the senses; a passion which was now assuming a tenderer cast, from the evident sensibility of Madame de Fontainville: he was suddenly translated from mortification

into transport; and in place of cold words or averted looks, was permitted to breathe the breath of love, over the fairest hand in the universe; to gaze unchastized, (except by kindling blushes,) on eyes which met his with melting forgiveness; and to hear himself named as the object of her peculiar partiality: great was the sacrifice, yet he made it to fraternal affection.

Politeness required that Demetrius should call the next morning to inquire after the Marquis and his daughter. Charles foreboded the event of such an acquiescence with the forms of society; but how could he hurt the feelings of his brother by any strong expression of uneasiness, when that brother had so recently given proofs of his self-control! Demetrius went therefore.

Alas! from that fatal morning, was to be dated the end of his self-command. Madame de Fontainville was irresistible, not only in beauty, but accomplishments: she possessed talents for every art which

captivates the taste or the senses; and though without a single solid acquirement, had a sensibility so tender as to become infectious. Educated in the dissolute court of France, she knew no fixed principles; yet her propensities being all inclined to good, and no object having till now excited one lawless wish, she had reached the age of three and twenty with perfect innocence. Her habits of life relieved her from the necessity of reflection; and conscious of no glaring evil in her heart, she yielded, without scrutinizing them, to all its impulses.

Monsieur de Fontainville had been the choice of her father—he deserted the court party, to which she was passionately attached; and from that hour she disliked him. When he voted for the death of the virtuous Louis, she separated from him with horror. Without a friend to direct it, the very amiableness of Madame de Fontainville's nature, led her into error: she wished to please, not merely

from vanity, yet was too ill-instructed to know of any other method, than that of looking handsome, and being good-tempered; her triumphs consequently, were devoid of insolence, her rivalry, without malice.

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



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

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

How rapid, yet how undiscernable, are the encroachments of vicious desires! These two persons who had so lately loved



without forming a wish, beyond a kind look or word; who had satisfied their uneasy consciences by the solemn assurance, that to know they were beloved, to pass their lives only in seeing and sympathizing with each other, would for ever limit their thoughts;—these two persons, were now agitated with restless anticipations, occasionally lost in wild probabilities, or striving to extenuate the guiltiness of future guilt.—Demetrius, had reached that fatal period, when passion puts out the eyes of reason, religion, and shame; weakens the energy of domestic ties; confuses every moral perception; and leaves the amazed soul, like the wretched Phaeton, driving furiously towards that very ruin, she has no longer strength to avoid. Madame de Fontainville, was sunk in a destructive tenderness, which left her neither power to struggle against her own weakness, nor to reproach that of her lover: he was now, dearer to her than life, repu-

tation, or happiness, and he could have exacted no sacrifice which she would have hesitated to make.

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

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

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

Having never suffered himself to be seduced by his imagination, he had never been in danger from an attack made upon the fancy through the eyes: he admired external graces without being agitated by them; till the knowledge of rarer charms, those of the heart and under-

standing, threw a bright light over beauties, hitherto faintly noticed; and soon added to the sentiments of esteem, tenderness, admiration, and respect, all that was wanting to complete the compound passion of love.

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

Her character, was the lovely result of that perfect symmetry, that harmonious arrangement of propriety and grace.

where every excellence appears in its fairest order, and every grace has its use : finely-constructed throughout, it offered no eccentric ornament, for description to seize and distinguish ; but like Grecian Architecture, uniting the sublime with the beautiful, rose in the observer's estimation, from every fresh survey.

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

soul like summer suns, and a sensibility infinitely diffused yet ever proportionate to its objects!—

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

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

Many men, perform meritorious actions and therefore demand our esteem: unless these actions appear to flow without constraint, and delight them in the performance, they fail to conciliate af-



fection. Nothing which Charles did for his brother, or the unfortunate, had any merit in his own eyes, because he had early banished such inclinations as weaken benevolence; he was therefore, unaffectedly astonished at being praised for what cost him nothing; and *New Philosophers* might perhaps have denied his claim to praise: Adelaide was wiser than these philosophers; she knew that at some former period he must have made great sacrifices to preserve himself from selfish sensibility, and she formed a just estimate of his deserts.

Whenever she was touched by the display of any excellence hitherto concealed, she used to wish that the young Count intended for her husband, might also possess it: but quickly this wish ceased to arise; till at length, she dwelt on the noble and endearing qualities of Charles, without once thinking of another. Forshiem, was indeed little more than a phantom to her: they had not

met, since they were children; and now that she every day every hour beheld, or contemplated the most admirable reality, her engagements became dream-like; she forgot their steadfastness, or remembered it only as a dissolute man does the certainty of death, with a momentary shoot of terror.

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

security. A trifling incident removed the veil from Leopoldstat's eyes.

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

As the Count respectfully put it to his lips, and the crimson suddenly fled the cheek of Adelaide, Charles found new light break in upon his heart. Forshiem was then, the happy man whom Baron Ingersdorf had spoken of as the future husband of his niece, but whose name, till this day, had never been mentioned. Like one awaking from a frightful dream, bewildered and distracted, all his faculties were absorbed in the conviction of being

henceforth doomed to the tortures of imprudent affection. He was indeed thrown so entirely off his guard, that the expression of his eyes, (as he unconsciously fixed them upon Adelaide,) attracted the attention of her father.

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

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

“I am an abominably rude old fellow,”

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

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

The Marshal nodded assent, then resumed.

“You made the campaigns of Ninety-six and Seven, in Italy I think; I should like to hear you speak of them. Though age and infirmities have cruelly disabled *me* from serving my dear country, yet I listen with interest to the narrations of those who *do* serve her. What is your opinion of General A——? Do you think his disasters were all blunders?”

Charles hesitated an instant, and then said—



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

“Your crude speculations, have produced excellent fruit, however,” cried the Marshal, “so don’t withhold them: besides, I see you will furnish me additional excuses for my contempt of A——. Why the deuce did ye not all, gag and chain him, before he issued his blundering orders, and used his infernal legs scabily in running?—Defend him!—if any man were to attempt such an act of rascality in my presence, I’d exterminate

him.—Was he a fool or a rogue, I want to know?—did he sell his brains to the enemy, or had he none to sell?”—

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

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

Charles now entered upon a serious investigation of the military causes in which the misfortunes of that campaign had their origin: and while so doing, displayed so much warlike talent, such accurate observation, such a lucid arrangement of events and their remotest consequences, that the old officer's eye

sparkled with approbation. From the discussion of an individual's actions, he drew Charles into a detail of the whole campaign. Too well-bred to refuse satisfying the Marshal's curiosity, and too modest to bring forward his own merits, he related its different circumstances with simplicity and faithfulness, but without a particle of vanity. Sometimes he checked the current of his subject, to pay the tribute of admiration to the abilities of an enemy, or to rescue the character of the Republicans, from some undeserved obloquy. There was the more generosity in this, because he was an ardent foe to their destructive system, and their thirst of universal dominion.

From the eccentric, yet agreeable commendations of the veteran, Charles longed to break ; he longed to remove from the sight of Forshiem and Adelaide. They were standing together, at the end of the apartment, conversing in low tones ; and though Count Forshiem might have

moved there to examine a picture, it was more probable that the removal proceeded from a tenderer motive.

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

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

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

“’Tis well you put in a ‘perhaps,’ you agreeable puppy!” returned the veteran, “or by my Cross, I’d have knocked you down. Come—throw away your hat—I am not a weeping and wailing



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

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

“If you have never heard the Field-marshal, particularly described,” said



Count Forshiem, approaching Leopoldstat, "his manner must exceedingly surprize you. It is certainly strange, unceremonious—but I assure you, he is the most amiable man breathing. I have had the happiness of knowing him, ever since my memory could retain anything; I therefore, speak upon certainties."

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

port furnished. Report however, had spoken highly of each.—

A few minutes, were sufficient to restore the balance of Leopoldstat's mind: he resumed his self-possession, and replied to the Count with equal amenity.

Charles now learnt from Forshiem, that the Marshal's visit to Vienna, was a mere visit of business. He was come to consult his brother, upon the subject of a vexatious law-suit, long since instituted against him at Munich; on the event of which, rested the prime part of a fortune inherited from his wife. This suit was the more vexatious, as it had not the shadow of right, and was so artfully embroiled, so intricately confused, by the adverse party, (a distant relation of the late Madame Ingersdorf's,) that it was likely to hang suspended, many more months. Forshiem added to this account the information of his purpose to return with the Marshal, the next day to Munich.

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

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

In the Baroness's zeal to secure her new disciple Count Forshiem, all her store of drawings, and models, were produced;

among which, the masterly sketches of Charles, bore a distinguished part: this led to the production of the Marshal's miniature, which he had painted for Adelaide. The Marshal was in ecstasies with the present, the compliment, and the artist; Adelaide kissed it, with a crowd of emotions at her heart, and then calling on Leopoldstat to accompany her, sat down to the Piano Forte.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## CHAP. VII.

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

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

"THE Baron gives us such good ac-

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

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

“Seriously; we want our reader. Every book we have had since your absence, has been pronounced execrable; and so now we find out, that it is good reading which makes good books.—If you have any charity, come and enliven us; for every body has left Vienna: your brother amuses himself, somewhere else than at Ingersdorf house. Princess Con-

stantia is still in Italy; Madame de Fontainville has grown so low spirited, that I never see her; my uncle is plunged in vexatious cares for the public; and were it not for the sight of frightful, busy streets, I might as well be in my convent.

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

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

ADELAIDE.”

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

On renewing his former familiar habits

at Ingersdorf house, he found it more dangerous than ever: the Marshal and Forshiem had of course left it; the Baroness was so enwrapt in the composition of a new groupe, that she banished every one from her study, leaving orders for all her guests to be entertained by her niece; the Baron was absorbed in politics; Princess Constantia was still detained by the pious care of her venerable relation, who it was feared would never more recover the use of her limbs; and no one appeared to break the long tete-a-tete's which Charles and Adelaide were thus doomed to enjoy.

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

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

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

Frantic with a lawless passion, which tyrannized over his whole soul, he was become gloomy and violent: when away from Madame de Fontainville (with whom indeed, he spent nearly all his time, hee



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

The sense of right, was not yet utterly lost by the soul of Demetrius, though it ceased to be an object of his love; religious feeling, still retained some authority over his raging passions, though they execrated their bonds, and writhed under

their restraint : He could not resolve upon the commission of a crime, yet had not strength to rush away from the flowery precipice from which it tempted him.

Charles had fearfully anticipated his brother's thralldom, and had often and earnestly exhorted him to quit Vienna : Demetrius at first treated the subject lightly ; then listened in agitated silence ; and at last, unable to hide the distraction of his soul, suffered its smothered agony to burst forth like a torrent.—He strove not to disguise the excess of that passion with which Madame de Fontainville had inspired him, contenting himself with solemnly assuring Charles, that it should never betray him into any criminal act.

When Charles would have convinced him, that the mere indulgence of a guilty desire, is in itself, an act of guilt Demetrius confounded him with the eloquent sophistry of impracticable virtue ; expatiated on the involuntary nature of affection ; and the peculiarity of Madame de

Fontainville's situation; protested their mutual innocence, mutual misery, mutual resolutions of never forgetting the sacred barrier by which they were divided. Baffled in his expectation of conquering with the gentle arms of Truth and Tenderness, Charles, was forced to seek assistance from authority: he reminded his brother of the awful power vested in him by their mother, and beseeching him to pardon his seeming cruelty, for her dear sake, *commanded him to join his regiment, under his care, the next morning.*

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

Nothing could exceed the anguish and

consternation of Leopoldstat, at this moment: the world wrecking around him, could scarcely have caused him an astonishment more replete with horror. His generous heart seemed devoted to sorrows the more poignant, because totally unexpected: it was to be pierced, not merely by love for Adelaide, but by the estrangement of her esteem; and lacerated by the unkindness of a brother, still more than by his misfortunes.

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

All the sacrifices he had made to gratify this thankless brother, now rose to his memory, uncalled. How often had he denied himself the possession of things which his elegant taste peculiarly valued—

How often stifled a longing desire to indulge a munificent or charitable spirit, that Demetrius might have added means to enjoy them both ! How had he laid aside those quiet habits, so dear to him, so necessary to his system of honourable economy, only to watch over the heedless steps of one, who now rudely pushed him away !

All hope of comfort in this world, would have vanished from the eyes of Charles, had he not remembered that Demetrius knew not how much he owed to him.—Demetrius erroneously believed, that what he enjoyed, was his own by right ; and that Charles had fortune ample enough for any demand of his generous but prudent nature—how then was he to guess, that when his little extravagancies forced him to ask the assistance of his brother, he was robbing him, with every ducat, of some innocent gratification !—Consoled by this consideration, Charles determined on seeking the advice of Baron In-



gersdorf; and for that purpose immediately sought his house.

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

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

He sat down, conversed little, bent his head over her work, often drawing heavy sighs which he conquered with difficulty. This wretchedness, whatever it proceeded from, was too interesting to Adelaide, not to call forth her gentlest sympathy: her beautiful countenance assumed an expression of angelic pity, and the tone of her voice grew so touching, that Charles

longed to cast his aching head on her pitying bosom, there to weep away the expression of his heart. Adelaide too, the modest Adelaide, could have pressed him to that bosom, with the fondest compassion; for she thought at that instant, she loved him like a brother; and like a sister would have caressed and consoled him.

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

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

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

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

replied to it, only by resuming the seat next her's.

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

"Not your's!—never, never your's!" he exclaimed with a sudden burst of violent emotion.

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

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

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

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

Baron Ingersdorf heard the narrative with unaffected concern: Demetrius had always possessed a large portion of his

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



determined not to lose any time in following the Baron's counsel.

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

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

When Demetrius returned from evening parade, to adjust his dress for the opera, his features expressed all the contrition of

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

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

Demetrius fluctuated between remorse and apprehension—

“Will you not go out with me, this

evening Charles?" he said hesitating as he moved towards the door.

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

"What, now?"—

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

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

Hour after hour, found him sleepless. Every reflection which he unavoidably revolved, was pregnant with misery: his own fate was likely to be a cheerless one; and if it were to be embittered by

the loss of that dear brother's affection, in which he had treasured up his soul, if they were to sever in anger, how was it to be endured?—The pain of these thoughts was heightened by a consciousness of error in himself. He had too surely betrayed his passion, to Adelaide, and by so doing, tacitly supplicated a return; and, even to wish for a return, much more to ask it, was to prove himself capable of violating the Baron's generous confidence; it was to break the sacred bond of obligation by which he had consented to be held; and was to rob the absent Forshiem of what a father had made his. To Demetrius also, he had acted wrong: influenced for the only time in his life, by indignation more than sorrow, he had abruptly quitted him at the very moment in which his faltering voice announced a softened heart: at the very moment in which, he felt certain, that had he raised his eyes, he would have seen those of Demetrius filled with penitent



tears, and might perhaps have drawn him, by one forgiving look, into his opened arms.

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

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

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

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

Demetrius threw himself into his eager arms, without speaking, for his heart was full: and so gratefully did he love his brother, so distractedly adore Madame de Fontainville, so deeply abhor himself, that



at that moment he would willingly have resigned his wretched breath.

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

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

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

How fervent was the short prayer which

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

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

As Demetrius dared not trust himself with seeing Madame de Fontainville, he

wrote her a letter, explanatory of his situation; in which, he conjured her to believe, that this cruel banishment was the surest proof he could give her, of his love; that in condemning himself to it, he was consigning all the rest of his life to wretchedness, excepting those moments only, which would be sweetened by the consciousness of deserving her esteem.—

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

## CHAP. VI.

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

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

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

Charles had his own sorrows; and per-



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

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

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

Refraining from useless expostulations, Charles trusted to his brother's grateful nature for that exertion which was neces-

sary to prove his sense of such unwearied kindness : and success would have crowned his forbearance, had not the unshakable attachment of Madame de Fontainville for ever traversed his views.

She wrote to Demetrius in all the distraction of an ill-governed but fond heart; reproached him for abandoning the woman he had taken such pains to win, whose principles he injured, when he imagined them likely to be overthrown even by the wildest gust of passion; recalled to his memory how often they had mutually vowed to confine their attachment within such bounds as Religion's self would not condemn; how often she had professed herself ready to appear the guilty wretch she was not; incurring, for his sake, every reproach, except that of her own conscience. She beseeched him to return, and renew their sad compact of hopeless constancy; or at once to acknowledge that he no longer loved her.

This last was the trying argument with

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

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

In one of Madame de Fontainville's letters, she urged the chance of her future freedom: which, as her husband was a man of a rash, fiery, turbulent spirit, was an event by no means unlikely. On this hope Demetrius seized; and, as if he had

only wanted an excuse for again indulging his infatuation, became more infatuated than before.

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

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

While under the influence of these

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

Had Charles felt any solid reliance upon the friendship or principles of Colonel Wurtzburgh (who was just arrived at Bolzano), he would secretly have commissioned him to watch over his brother: but Wurtzburgh had made no way in his affections; and, spite of appearances, he could not help sometimes suspecting that the Colonel sought his good word rather than his real esteem, since there was, indeed, no point of perfect union between them. Contenting himself, therefore, with conjuring Wurtzburgh to send him frequent news of his brother's health, (the plea urged for their sudden journey), he took an affecting leave of Demetrius, who listened with speechless emotion to his pathetic exhortations and encouraging praises.

No sooner was Charles gone, than De-



metrius felt as if an oppressive weight were removed from his soul; a sensation almost amounting to gladness succeeded to his late wretchedness; and though he still loved his brother most tenderly, that imperious passion, upon which his pitying yet repressing eyes had so long laid a restraint, made separation from him a blessing. He could now plunge from despondence to despair, or soar from hope to certainty; alternately resolve to regain, and to relinquish her; abandon himself to regret, or waste his days in fruitless musing—without dreading the sight of that mild, reproachful look, which so often forced him back to the most painful sense of shame.

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

As the latter had not yet risen, in consequence of a sleepless night, the Colonel sat down in his little study, and amused himself with looking over some plans of

fortresses. While he carelessly turned the different sheets, his eye fell on a fragment of paper containing verses; which, supposing to be an extract, he read: how was he surprised to peruse the following lines, signed with the name of Demetrius—

“ Vain are my struggles, fruitless my resolves !  
Before her image, every vow dissolves.

I see no world where Zaire must not live :

I know no transport but what she can give :

Frantic I turn from Reason's cold debate,

And yield my burning heart to Love and Fate.

O precious Fate ! if thou indeed hast giv'n,

In her I dote on, a foretaste of heav'n ;

If thou hast destined her to bless my arms,

To lend my youthful days their sweetest charms,

To warm my kindling soul with glowing life,

And be at once my friend, my guide, my wife !

Away, ye icy doubts, ye coward fears !

Ye calculating thoughts of future years !

Grief, censure, shame, no more this mind shall  
move,

For what are all their ills to boundless Love ?

A sweet delirium now my soul confounds,

With passion's voice my echoing breast resounds ;

Each pulse with rapture throbs ; I see, I hear,  
 I clasp—transporting bliss ! my fond Zaire.  
 Before my swimming sight again she comes,  
 Warm with celestial beauty's brightest blooms ;  
 A faint reproach beams thro' her moonlight eyes ;  
 She moves with trembling, and she speaks in sighs :  
 Our senses float ; she sinks upon my breast ;  
 To her soft cheek my falt'ring lips are prest ;  
 Earth vanishes from each, and every care  
 Melts in that ardent chaste embrace to air.  
 O dear delusion, gone 'ere half believed !  
 Of every vision, every hope bereav'd,  
 My spirit droops ; Reality's sad glass  
 Reflects life's coming sorrows as they pass.  
 There, bound in tyrant chains, my Love appears,  
 Wasting her prime away in useless tears :  
 While I, (the slave of custom and of shame),  
 No longer dare assert our guiltless aim ;  
 No longer strive to banish vain desire,  
 (Bidding love's flame ascend with purer fire) ;  
 But fly the sweet temptation—basely fly ;  
 And leave her truer heart to break and die !”

There was so much more passion than  
 poetry in this extravagant effusion, that  
 Colonel Wurtzburgh hesitated not a mo-  
 ment in believing it to be the production

of his friend's feelings, rather than a passage selected by his judgment from the works of another.

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

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

What became of Demetrius during this brief detail? His heart smote his breast with a force which made it audible, while

his parched lips vainly endeavoured to utter some articulate sounds. The Colonel kindly took his hand :

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

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

Wurtzburgh again pressed his hand, again assured him of Madame de Fontainville’s safety, and repeated his protestations of sympathy : he then told Deme-



trius, that Madame de Fontainville had admitted him to her dressing-room, merely to inquire about the road to Bolzano, as she was ordered to change the air, and meant, for that purpose, to visit a friend whose house was in its neighbourhood.

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

Compassion and indulgence, indeed, breathed from the mouth of the Colonel.

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

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

destroy the innocence of a woman so circumstanced. With such various motives to pure affection, he wondered at the irresolution of Demetrius, whom he had believed capable of the most refined tenderness.

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

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

as much self-applause, as if certain of keeping it inviolate.

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

The arrival of Madame de Fontainville, a few days after this interview, sealed the fate of the young Count. It was not in the heart of man to behold her fading beauty, her eyes for ever swimming in tears, her neglected attire, and agitating tenderness, without losing all self-command. Demetrius could find safety only

in flight; but how could he fly again from the fond creature, who thus sought him at the risk of her character and her life?

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

The house at which Madame de Fontainville now resided, was the abode of a French woman, the widow of a Tyrolian nobleman; as the lovers imprudently con-



fided their situation to this lady, (whose principles were—no principles at all! that is, she never stepped aside from virtue herself, but cared very little about the conduct of others), every indulgence was granted to Demetrius; and to complete his happiness, (by making Madame de Fontainville's residence there, almost a secret), no visitors were admitted.

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

Every object by which he was surrounded in the Chateau de Marienthal; every conversation in which he bore a part; every expression of Zaire's subduing eyes, was calculated to inflame and

disorder his senses: a devouring fever preyed incessantly upon his heart and his nerves; and sometimes he denied himself the sight of Madame de Fontainville for whole days together.

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

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

drown by floods of wine, his sense of misery and of shame.

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

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

It was now the beginning of autumn in the rich country of Tyrol bloomed with the ripened vineyards and mulberry grounds; cloudless skies and balmy airs infused tender joy, and the loveliness of nature melted the human heart. Deme-

trius grew every day sadder and more enamoured; and Madame de Fontainville seemed to partake in his feelings.

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

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

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

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

DEMETRIUS.”

Wurtzburgh now anticipated the confession, his friend would soon make to



him, and avoiding the sight of Madame de Fontainville, took leave of her and the Baroness, in a well-worded billet; after which, he set off for the Bohemians.

## END OF VOL. I.

## CORRIGENDA.

- Page 17, line 8, *for*, when contrasted, *read*, when compared.  
 26, 11, *for*, lie in earth, *read*, lie on earth.  
 55, 6, *for*, Ah, it was they, *read*, Ah, it was those.  
 85, *first from the bottom, for*, hope of becoming your's, *read*,  
 hope of becoming your--  
 213, 6, *for*, when, unconscious, *read*, where unconscious.  
 217, 8, *for*, he whose sweet, *read*, him whose sweet.