



The top half of the image features a decorative marbled paper background with swirling patterns in shades of red, teal, and cream. In the center of this pattern is a dark red, ornate label with a gold border. The text on the label is in gold, serif, all-caps font.

ALFRED
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HIS
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THE
HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

BY
MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

IN THREE VOLS.

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

Young.

VOL. III.

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THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

CHAP. I.

OPPRESSED with grief, Demetrius obeyed the summons of Princess Constantia.

He travelled with the utmost speed, yet did not reach Felieri, till the close of the third day.

The stillness of the Palace, and the deep gloom of the winter foliage, blackened by night, struck a chill to his heart; faint lamps glimmered only here and there among the once brilliant collonades; and

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the very breeze that moaned through them, appeared to lower its breath, for fear of disturbing their sepulchral solemnity.

Demetrius could not see the little mountain stream, that here mingled with the Livenza, because of the darkness, and its over-hanging bushes; but the well-known sound of its impetuous current, brought to his recollection the last evening he had spent with the Duchess. It was the gay night of her moon-light party; which he justly believed to have been the happiest of his life: she was then, all spirit and energy; and she was now, perhaps, cold and insensible!

His heart turned sick at the thought; for he loved her with the enthusiasm of gratitude.

Alighting from the carriage, he advanced on foot, to the gate of entrance: a venerable servant answered his gentle knock; the aspect of this old man, and the sorrowful exclamation he uttered, were frightful omens.

Demetrius feared to advance: "Does she live?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, my Lord, our good Duchess lives; but there is no hope."

"Then I may once more see her!" exclaimed Demetrius. "Where is the Princess? let her be told of my arrival—but tell her gently, good Giorolamo."

The old servant now softly called a young woman who appeared at one of the doors, and commissioned her with the communication. In a few moments she re-appeared, and bade the young Count follow.

The arched passages through which they went, scarcely returned the sound of their swift but light steps: they crossed several halls, and ascended a high flight of stairs, till they reached that side of the Palace occupied by the Duchess.

"This is my Lady's room;" said the girl, stopping before a door, "your Lordship is to go in."—

Demetrius entered.

A single light, dimly shewed him the death-bed of his patroness, over which stood his dear Constantia, pale and distracted. No other persons, but the physician and the confessor, were in the apartment. Unused to such scenes, anguish and awe nearly paralyzed him: he moved gently forward, and as he reached the bed, the Princess turned round.

At sight of him, the flood-gates of her grief, were burst asunder. No longer able to command her feelings, she threw herself into his arms, with a distraction, to which tears and sobs, gave no relief. The emotion of Demetrius shewed its excess by a convulsive tremor: he trembled so violently, that he could not articulate; nor support himself without the aid of the physician.

For some hours, the Duchess had lost the power of speech: she now attempted to address her cherished Demetrius, but her quivering lips moved only for an instant: she raised her eyes to heaven, with

a celestial expression of christian submission, and then stretched out her hand to him.

Demetrius and Constantia, at the same moment sunk on their knees before her. The Duchess regarded them awhile with a gaze of tender wistfulness; regret and joy, mingled in her countenance. She raised herself with difficulty from the pillow, and took them alternately in her arms; then joining their hands together, sunk back.

The hand uniting those of the unhappy lovers, soon slackened its grasp: Constantia wildly raised her head; and beholding the features of her grandmother, fixed in eternal peace, uttered a piercing shriek. She was conveyed motionless from the room.

The eyes of Demetrius mournfully followed her, as the physician carried her into the air; but they turned again, to the death-bed of the Duchess. There, religious awe, and fond regret, absorbed his

dearest cares. He rose not from the ground, still kneeling, to join in the solemn rites of the confessor.—Where is the pen, that can faithfully describe the feelings which are roused by the death of a beloved person?—those new, and mingled feelings, which only belong to the chamber of death, and which can never be recalled without reviving the anguish that would baffle any attempt!—The heart that has once felt them, will but too well know how to estimate their force. With a fearful hand, therefore, I leave the veil undrawn, which now covers the affliction of Constantia.

When Demetrius was retiring, to indulge his regret in solitude, the monk, took a packet of papers from his breast, and presenting one to him, said

“ This letter, was intrusted to me, by my late benefactress, with a strict charge to deliver it into your hands at this awful period. These others, are the will, and some documents of consequence, to shew

the Prince of Nuremberg. You, my Lord, are I believe, master here. May the Almighty bless you, and make you a worthy successor to the most pious and beneficent Princess that ever lived !”

The confessor then retired, to hide his rising emotion ; and Demetrius, merely answering by an inclination of the head, retired to his chamber.

So many events had followed each other, with such whirling rapidity, that the overtasked spirit of Demetrius, could no longer keep up with them : he now threw himself upon a couch, with that sensation of exhaustion and stupor, which often follows great mental exertion ; and his senses were immediately steeped in total oblivion.

After the salutary sleep of a few hours, he awoke ; and finding it still night, he rose, trimmed his fading lamp, and sat down by the remains of a wood-fire, to think and to grieve.

An involuntary idea that the departed spirit was then hovering over him, created

a sacred awe, which checked his gathering tears: he frequently raised his surcharged eyes with an ineffable emotion, as if expecting to behold the visible beatification of that soul, which had used the blessings of her own lot, only to bless that of others.

The letter given him by the monk, now demanded his attention: he softly separated the wax, and read the following:

“ If I should not live to see and speak with you, my dearest Demetrius, you must consider these lines as my dying words.

“ Accept my blessing: and with it, the half of my fortune.

“ If, as I hope, inclination should hereafter lead you to offer my beloved grandchild, a husband's protection, be assured, that such an inclination has my fullest sanction. It had always been my intention to learn your wishes on that subject whenever we should meet again; but I scarcely doubt them: your ingenuous heart speaks

too plainly in your countenance, to be misinterpreted.

“Should you really love my Constantia, do not stifle the expression of so natural a sentiment, from any erroneous notions of her character: she is not the slave of such narrow opinions, as generally bound the intellects of high-born women. You are already very dear to her: it therefore, rests with yourself, to make her love you with the energy necessary to your mutual happiness.

“Opposition from her imperious uncle, is, of course, to be expected: but even that has its limits: two years of constancy, and patient submission to his authority, will release you both from restraint.

“I may perhaps appear blameable, for thus preparing a cause of family dissension: willingly would I avoid it: but the substantial good of my Constantia must not be sacrificed to the blind prejudice of her uncle. Where nothing can be urged against the man of her choice, but ine-

quality of nominal rank, the objection grows contemptible.

“ I make you rich ; noble by descent, you are already ; nobler still, by your virtues : why then, should the Prince of Nuremberg’s pernicious worldliness, be submitted to ?

“ However, should my fond belief, prove the vain chimera of a heart anxious to unite its two dearest objects : should you be otherwise attached, or simply indifferent to the merits of my Constantia, recollect that the bequest of half my property, is not made to the lover of my grandchild, but to the preserver of her life. Take it freely, therefore, bestow it, and yourself, on whomever you chuse, and may God grant you that solid happiness which has been the daily subject of all my prayers !

“ Farewel ! I embrace you with the affection of a mother.

“ COLOMEA DI FELIERI.”

It was now that tears fell from the eyes of Demetrius. Gratitude, admiration, regret, and love, all swelled the womanish tide. He contemplated what he might have possessed, and what he was about to refuse, with a softness that unnerved his mental strength: and as he held the blistered paper to his lips, he breathed the name of Zaire, with bitterness of soul.

Let the object of a guilty passion, tremble at the frail tenure by which she holds the affections of a man, not wholly depraved! The first ray of light that breaks in on his before-benighted soul, shews him the deformity of a passion, which she grows distasteful, for having inspired: while the recollections which virtuous love delights to cherish, are by him banished with affrighted quickness.

Demetrius still retained a tender regard for Madame de Fontainville, but he shrunk from the thought of making her his wife. That full consent of every faculty of his mind, every sentiment of his heart,

(which always accompanied the contemplation of Constantia), was there, painfully wanting: he could not steadily gaze, with growing admiration, upon her character, as he did on that of his Princess.— Ah! no!—he glanced rapturously for a moment upon a feature of bewitching beauty, and then hastily avoided the sight of its neighbouring imperfection.

While reading his departed friend's letter, Demetrius had been thrilled to agony, at the single expression,—“a husband's protection.” How much interdicted felicity, did these three little words, present to his warm fancy! and how firmly did he believe, for the moment, that it would be impious in him to give that hand to Madame de Fontainville, which had been joined with Constantia's by her dying parent!—

Lost in a fluctuation of resolutions, to which not even virtue herself knew how to give the palm, he saw the morning light spread its rosy glow over the new

wing of the palace; now, nearly rebuilt: Father Pietro visited him soon after; and from him he learned that the Princess was unable to see any one that day.—

Whilst Constantia's hours were spent in her devotions, he sat alone by the corpse of his benefactress; laying to heart the salutary lesson of mortality; wondering at the tumultuous feelings which still agitated him, even while witnessing the brevity of human joy, or human suffering.

He then retired to another apartment, where he devoted himself to the task of candidly detailing his past faults, and present involvement, in a letter to the young Princess.

What a task was this!—to disclose the very part of his life, which he wished struck out for ever from the records of memory! to sketch, even with a trembling hand, the portrait of a lawless passion, and present it before the eyes of her whom he loved to devotion!—to breathe out assurances of this devoted love, yet volun-

tarily renounce its permitted hopes! how was he capable of so mastering himself?

The task, however, was accomplished; and on the third day, he saw Constantia.

The anguish of disappointed affection was visible in her youthful countenance; but gentle courage, and innocent candour, were there also. She stretched out her hand to him as he entered the room, and pressing his softly, said—"Demetrius!—my dear brother!"—

At this last epithet, the resolution of Demetrius forsook him: he fell at her feet, and incoherently bewailed his errors and his misfortunes.

She raised him with great emotion. "Repress this grief, I beseech you," she cried—"Oh, you know not how it tears my heart!—perhaps I am wrong in now confessing that you are dearer to me, than the whole world, and that the thought of passing my life with you, was the only consolation of these last sad days; but I cannot hide it: I thought it praise-worthy to love one so good, and one to whom I

owed so much: I never dreamt of a blow like this!—But it must be borne;” she added, trying to smile away her tears, “it shall be borne: I will think you are my brother, so shall we all be happy at last.”

“Never! never!” exclaimed Demetrius wildly, “there is no happiness for me!—my peace is lost, wrecked for ever. Never, in this world, can any thing repay me for such a sacrifice to virtue, such an atonement for error!”

“Then in another world”—the Princess whispered, and bent her gushing eyes over the hand she still held.

The silenced, but not comforted spirit of her impetuous lover, answered with a heavy groan. He was again the impassioned, stormy Demetrius, whose terrifying sensibility, so often swept away all the boundaries of reason.

Alternately melted and alarmed, Constantia wept as much with pity as with love.

“O Demetrius!” she exclaimed, gaz-

ing tenderly on his convulsed features; “why this extravagant indulgence of a sorrow, that cannot exceed mine?—What is it you expect from it?—Can I change our lot?—Alas, no!—I have no cheering prospect left, but the hope of one day seeing you happy, and of adding to that happiness, by striving to forget that I ever wished for more.—With this hope remaining, I am still ready to call existence a blessing—you will live to think so too, when your former attachment shall have revived, and the sacred feelings of a parent—when children perhaps”—Here she broke off abruptly, concealing her gushing tears with her hands.

Demetrius suddenly clasped her in his arms; but instantly pushing her from him, exclaimed—“No—no—I must see you no more, hear you no more, if I would retain my senses and be just.”—

He was then quitting the room in distracted haste, when she followed, and detained him. “Not thus, Demetrius—not

thus you ought to leave me. Do you believe that I too, have no feelings to spare, or to be pitied?—Oh, could you see my heart!”—

The melting tones, and tender reproof of Constantia checked his phrensy—he turned quickly round, caught her hands in both his, covered them with kisses, and suffered her to lead him to a seat.

The Princess then stifling the expression of her own sorrow, exerted herself to moderate his: She was calculated to persuade and to sooth; and the agitated passions of Demetrius, gradually subsided under every fall of her touching voice.

She pleaded with tearful earnestness, for Madame de Fontainville, whose situation she truly compassionated; striving to revive in Demetrius some portion of that partiality which could alone reconcile him to his fate.

The too-wakeful sensibility of her auditor, took alarm at her zeal: he hastily said—“ Say not that I am dear to you—

mock me not, with so false a comfort— for if it were so, how could you urge the claims of another?”

At this injurious charge, Constantia's colour forsook her; tears forced themselves through her quivering eye-lids.— “My life shall answer you,” was her reply.

Demetrius felt the whole of what these words conveyed: he was pierced with remorse—Constantia saw it.

“I can pardon many things, now;” she resumed, “Demetrius is not himself: but he is not the less dear to me for that. Alas, alas, how much dearer!”

She then talked of her departed relative, and that with a tender resolution which bore the most honourable testimony to her heart.

Constantia was never deterred from what she believed her duty, by any selfish consideration; and though every question she now asked, pierced her bleeding bosom, like so many daggers; she persisted

in mentioning all that was necessary, for the solemn interment of the Duchess.

Tears trickled silently down her cheeks, while Demetrius assured her, that since the first evening, he had himself watched nightly by the remains of his Patroness; and had suffered no rite to be omitted, that was used to express regret and respect.

Constantia wept awhile over a little ivory crucifix, which was the last thing her grandmother touched, and which now hung at her own breast; then struggling against this weakness, rose to depart.

“Let us separate,” she said, averting her streaming eyes—“we will meet again, to-morrow.—If my uncle arrive in the interim, he shall be conducted to me immediately: my simple assurance that you are engaged to another, will prevent any misunderstanding between you. I would not have you endure insult as well as sorrow for my sake.”—Breathless with an emotion that was now increasing beyond

her utmost efforts to conceal, she hastily returned the pressure of his hand, and left the apartment.

At that moment, Demetrius believed his soul must have burst the bonds that tied it to a hateful life. He rushed away to his own chamber, where for awhile, he refused to think of any thing but Constantia.

The next morning, better feelings resumed their influence: he saw the necessity of yielding to the consequences of his own culpable conduct; and now sorrowed more for the Princess, than for himself. A glimpse of one of the Prince of Nuremberg's avant-couriers, changed the current of his thoughts; and other cares, besides those of love, then occupied him.

Two hours afterwards, he was told that his Highness requested the honour of seeing him in the library.

A glow of self-respect dignified the youthful beauty of Demetrius, as he fol-

lowed the servant. At his entrance, the Prince turned pale, and lowered his eyes: his features were strongly expressive of anger and pride; for Constantia, when declaring the engagements of Demetrius, had nobly confessed her preference, and disappointment.

“ I understand Sir,” said the Prince abruptly, (yet with an air of mortified restraint) “ that I am henceforth to consider myself your guest. This palace, and these domains, I hear with astonishment, are now the property of a stranger.”

Constantia advanced trembling: Demetrius instantly calmed her fear.

“ I know not whether your Highness be rightly informed,” he answered, “ but if so, be assured I am incapable of using the power such unexpected munificence has given me, in any other way, than that of immediately renouncing it.”

“ I do not comprehend you, Sir?”

“ Can I do otherwise,” said Demetrius, “ than restore it to Princess Constantia?”

I had no claim on the generosity of my illustrious Patroness: enough for me to cherish the respected remembrance of her friendship."

"Indeed!"—and the Prince eyed him with a mixture of incredulity and envy.

Constantia turned aside to conceal her agitation.

"The Will is to be opened this evening," resumed the unfeeling Prince, "of course, Sir, we shall have the honour of dining together, after which, you can have no objection to hear it read. I believe you will then find my niece amply provided for—all the domestics provided for—no one, in short, overlooked, but the only person entitled to expect the bulk of this unwieldy fortune."

An exclamation of horror, at her uncle's savage coldness, escaped the Princess; she wildly passed him, repelling his outstretched hand; and then flew into another room.

Demetrius looked at Nuremberg with aversion, and at that instant saw in him, only the man that once sought his life.

“As the Princess has left us;” he said with some austerity, “I may explicitly tell your Highness, that whatever testimony of over-wrought gratitude and unmerited regard, the will of the late Duchess may contain, I shall resign it to her acknowledged heiress; in whose hands I am certain, it will become an instrument of blessing to thousands. After which, I can have no other wish, than to be permitted the indulgence of that respectful friendship, which the Duchess di Felieri suffered me to avow for the Princess.”

“With her friendships,” returned Nuremberg, “I do not interfere; but I profess myself no advocate for such a sentiment between persons of different sex, and far different rank. Pardon my frankness, Sir!—I have no intention to offend you; on the contrary, I beg you to accept my thanks, for the very handsome

manner in which you withdraw your claim on the Duchess di Felieri's fortune. Should you ever visit Nuremberg or Munich, I shall have pleasure in shewing you any civility in my power. But I must intreat you to remember, Sir, that an indiscreet friendship may injure the establishment of my niece: I have great views for her, with which this would never assimilate. As I am sure, her husband will not see the thing in the false light, I am inclined to do."

At this painful hint, the blood fled from the cheeks of Demetrius, and his heart died within him: afraid of betraying himself, he faltered out,—“ I shall meet your Highness at dinner;” and abruptly retired.

The Prince, wishing to believe he had awed the usurper of his rights into restitution, yet feeling that he was himself awed by his disinterestedness, eyed the furniture of the library, a few moments, in dissatisfied silence, and then sought his wife. She had retired from the breakfast

room, with Constantia, leaving him time to reflect back, all his suspicions of Demetrius.

During the short period in which their regiments were encamped together, after the battle of Novi, Colonel Würtzburgh had artfully insinuated so many proofs of his young officer's familiarity at Felieri, that the Prince in great alarm, interrogated him further. -

Wurtzburgh then acknowledged his fear that a silly attachment had taken place between the young people, for which, the Duchess could alone be censured. He besought the Prince not to mention his name in the affair, as he sincerely regarded the imprudent boy, for whose sake he should rejoice to hear that the intercourse was interrupted: and having cunningly irritated, while he appeared striving to appease, roused the Prince into a fury which took the murderous direction he wished.

These past insinuations now came with double force to the remembrance of Nuremberg. This liberal renunciation of the Felieri estates, might be a pantomime trick, played off between Constantia and her lover, in order to cheat him into countenancing their acquaintance, which they would at last conclude by a marriage.

No sooner had his contemptible spirit suggested this idea, than he became as sure of its reality, as of his own existence, and though not an hour before, he had reviled Demetrius for daring to decline the hand of a Princess of Nuremberg, from any other motive than a sense of her superiority, (so inconsistent is malice), he now burst into Constantia's retirement, fulminating reproaches, and denouncing Demetrius as a presumptuous hypocrite.

The Princess made a spirited defence of her lover's sincerity, ending it thus:

“ It is not to himself, Sir, that you dare utter these unmanly threats.—No! the man that could insult and terrify a woman,

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would not have the courage to brave, even the frown of an honourable man.”—

With these words she shut herself into another apartment.

The spirit of Constantia was not to be intimidated: injustice and tyranny, roused her otherwise lamb-like nature, into that of the lion; and she would have despised herself, for yielding to terror, what she could not have denied to kindness.

Egregiously had the Prince mistaken the character of his niece, when he believed himself able to sway her actions by a few horrid-sounding words. He was thunder-struck at the flash of her undaunted eyes, as she pronounced the last sentence; and still more amazed at the declaration she made, of devoting the remainder of her life, to a single state.

Could it be possible, that this figure which suddenly seemed to dart forth rays of majesty, was the timid, girlish Constantia? Were these commanding eyes the eyes he had always seen smiling in

delight? this intrepid spirit, the one that had hitherto been all balmy gentleness?— He paused on these questions: for the Prince of Nuremberg, had never known how to separate softness from imbecility; and had yet to learn, that the meekness of a heart which can never be moved to virtuous indignation, is a meekness without worth.—He stood an instant motionless; then disregarding the fearful upbraiding of his wife, hurried from the place.

The sound of the door which he pulled furiously after him, and a sobbing apology of his Princess, brought Constantia forth again. Tenderness once more beamed from her lovely face, and spoke in her voice: she soothed the distress of her well-meaning aunt; assuring her, she was grieved for her sake, at having been forced to forget the respect due to her guardian.

It had not been Constantia's intention to appear at dinner; but perceiving a necessity for her presence, she submitted to

the pain of again sitting at the table, where her dear grandmother had so amiably presided.

When the small party assembled, grief was on every face, except that of Nuremberg's. Constantia and Demetrius forgot every thing but their irreparable loss; and frequently during the mournful meal, the sight of some domestic, or some view from the windows, brought a flood of tears, to the relief of the Princess.

The settled and manly sorrow that was fixed on the brow of Demetrius, awed the base suspicions of Nuremberg into temporary silence.

Before the will was opened, Constantia left the room. She hastened to throw herself on her knees by the corpse of her only friend, there to pour out the repressed anguish of a heart overpowered with its first and heaviest affliction. Meanwhile, the chief persons of the Duchess's household, were assembled, and the important will, was produced.

As Father Pietro presented it to the professional man, appointed to make known its contents, Demetrius addressed the Prince. "Before I learn the contents of a will, in which I am said to be particularly noticed, I here solemnly renounce any donation which may be made to me in it. Whatever has been there bequeathed to me, I promise (in the presence of these witnesses) to restore to Princess Constantia; and that, not from disrespectful ingratitude to the illustrious memory of the best of women, but in justice to my own character, which such unheard-of bounty, might hereafter render suspected: also, as a testimony of admiration and reverence for her most-beloved granddaughter."

He spoke this with a steady voice, though an agitated heart; and bowed in sign of having concluded.

The will was then opened.

Nothing could exceed the rage and resentment of the Prince, when he found,

that after liberal annuities to all her servants, legacies to her confessor, physician, and secretary, and a valuable one to himself, as the son of her brother, the Duchess had appointed the vast remains of her fortune to be divided between Demetrius and Constantia: leaving Felleri to the former, and a much finer mansion in Venice, to the young Princess.

The bequest to each, was prefaced by so affecting an avowal of her anxiety for them; so many prayers for their happiness, which Demetrius well knew how to interpret, that hastily covering his face with his handkerchief, he was rising to withdraw, when the Prince mistaking his agitation, said bitterly, "Do you repent your rash resolution?"—Without answering, Demetrius turned round, and advancing to where a gentleman of the law was seated, seized a pen, and signed the deed (which he had before ordered to be prepared,) and which now transferred to Con-

stantia, an additional property of countless thousands—he then retired.

What was this sacrifice to Demetrius, compared with that which he had lately made of his tenderest wishes!—Certain that he owed much of the Duchess di Felieri's fondness, to her belief of his future union with her grandchild; and shuddering at the thought of sharing the wealth given under such a belief, with any other woman, conscience would have prompted the act, even had inclination been against it.

The funeral took place the next day. Sad and solemn was the magnificence with which the lamented clay of the Duchess, was carried to its last abode—the tears of the poor that she had made rich, the wretched that she had made happy, watered the path to her tomb: these were inaudible prayers for her virtuous soul, which if prayers could then avail, might well have found favour from the *Most High*.

Demetrius easily obtained permission to supply the Prince's absence; (whose duty it was, to see the earth closed over her grave,) he retreated almost overcome with the scene, and his heart melted, as his eyes fell on the darkened window of the room, where Constantia was weeping.

Unexpected comfort met him in the palace. It was that letter from Charles, in which he mentioned the desired exchange; detailing the events that had changed his destiny, and summoning him back to Germany to witness his union with Adelaide.

The joy of Demetrius was ardent, though chastised by a sense of his own disappointments: he pondered on this interesting letter, exclaiming with a sigh—"Blessed, ever blessed, be this best and dearest of brothers! O may the bitterness of disappointment, be known only to me! may his heart be as happy as it is blameless! mine has erred widely, and mine ought to suffer."

Several salutary reflections now flowed from a contemplation of their different situations: he became convinced that it is the character which shapes the destiny; and that when he first lost sight of virtue, his own hand opened a gate for all the future miseries of his life. Humbled and reconciled, he then bowed before the chastisement which he was conscious of having merited.

To leave Felieri, and take an eternal farewell, perhaps, of Constantia, was the hardest trial remaining: yet he roused himself to meet it. The next day, he sent to ask permission to see her alone, and was admitted to her study.

Her fair eyes were swelled with weeping, and the languor of indisposition, was now added to the mournfulness of grief. When he told her for what purpose he was come, she was unable to repel her tears. "I seek not to detain you, my dear Demetrius," she said, "it is better that we should part awhile. Though I

should never see you more, my heart would not cease to beat more warmly for you, than for any other: alas! what have I in the world besides you and Adelaide? But do not imagine I give way to useless regret at the necessity which severs us: no! in many things I shall find consolation; in none more, than in the knowledge of your retaining for me, no other sentiment than that of friendship."

Demetrius only answered with a sigh: but such a sigh! long, long after, did the remembrance of it, chill every vein of Constantia.

She pressed his hand: "You are going to your brother; with him I hope you will find comfort. I shall hear of you from Adelaide: to write to you myself, would be folly; for until our mutual weakness is conquered, what would it avail?—The romantic generosity with which you have destroyed my dear grandmamma's affectionate intentions, surprises every one but me: I expected it, and yet I blame it.

While under my uncle's guardianship, I understand, no deed of mine can be valid; but assure yourself, that until the period of my liberty arrives, I retain the estates only in trust—it will then be my business to convince you, that annulling the will of a departed friend, is a species of impiety."

Demetrius combatted this assertion, by arguments drawn from his peculiar situation:—Constantia shook her head; without proceeding to reprove him, she said, "Tell Adelaide, that I cannot answer the letter she has just sent me; but my heart truly participates in her prospects: we shall soon meet perhaps, for I leave Felieri with my aunt in a few days. Farewel Demetrius! Farewel!"—

She rose trembling, as she spoke, and the paleness of death spread over her face: a thick mist gathered before the eyes of Demetrius: he wrapped his arms round her as she stood beside him, and their cold cheeks rested against each other. Grief

locked up the power of speech, and he embraced her for the last time, in mute despair.

Constantia plucked from her neck the ivory crucifix of the Duchess, and at the same moment, wildly kissing his picture which she wore there also, put the little cross into his hand, and tore herself away.

Demetrius fell to the ground, deprived of sense.

As no one entered the chamber where he lay, it was long ere he revived: when he did so, the full sense of his misery burst on him like the light. But phrensy was over: he committed the ivory relic to his bosom; after which, he went to take a ceremonial farewell of the Prince and Princess of Nuremberg.

Professions of good-will, and a cold compliment to his just notion of the Duchess's injustice, were made him by the Prince. Demetrius hastily interrupted them.

“Your highness must pardon me, if I avow myself actuated by very different sentiments, and call the Will surprising, but not unjust. The bounty of the Duchess was proportioned to her affection for me, not indeed to my deserts; yet her fortune was as much her own to bestow, as her friendship. I therefore protest against such an ungrateful inference, and beg leave to state my real motives.”—

“Well Sir, state them, if you please.”

And the Prince bit his lips as he spoke.

“I believed, that when the Duchess executed that noble deed, she did it under the impression that I would hereafter aspire to a felicity, from which my presumptuous eyes, are now averted for ever.”

A sigh burst forth with these words, and Demetrius paused for a moment: Nuremberg's blood crimsoned his face.

The former resumed. “It would have been dishonesty, therefore, to preserve what was given me, by a deed so ex-

ecuted. I was certain, also, that without the knowledge of circumstances which never can be promulgated, the world might suspect my integrity, and accuse my disinterestedness: this, for my own part, I could front serenely; conscious honour, being an unpierceable shield—but, distinguished by the favour of Princess Constantia, it becomes the duty of my life, and it shall be the business of it, to preserve her from censure, by proving, that the man so honoured, has the spirit of his birth, rather than of his fortune.”

He stopped; and his countenance glowed with the loftiness of his feelings.

“Then Sir,” replied the Prince coldly, “obligation on my part, ceases. Till now, I really had no idea that so rational and equitable an action, had its source in romance and self-consideration.”

“I would not have you Sir,” returned Demetrius, looking full at him, “believe yourself under the slightest obligation to

me—nay, I wish you to know, that had a fortunate destiny given me the illustrious treasure of your niece's hand, I should not have presumed to alter one article of the Duchess's will : and had I never known Princess Constantia, I should have *preserved* this vast gift, even at the price of your highness's approbation."

Demetrius waited a moment to give the Prince time to answer this galling avowal, but the latter only gnawed his under lip : the other bowed and withdrew.

Demetrius was still rash, still imprudent, and would have spurned the counsel, that urged only the caution of silence : what he felt, he burned to shew ; believing that to hide his feelings, was equivalent to the more impudent falsehood of denying them.

A flush was still on his cheek, when he crossed the hall to depart. The sight of the domestics gathered there to bless and bewail him, and the dejected countenance of father Pietro, who had long been the

confident of the Duchess, banished this glow. He shook hands with the servants, embraced father Pietro, and then looking round the hall, as if bidding eternal farewell to its senseless walls, hastened through the portico, to the vehicle that was to convey him for ever from Felleri

CHAP. II.

A tedious journey was performed by Demetrius, without noticing either its length or its discomforts ; he moved mechanically from carriage to carriage, for his spirit was still with Constantia : but as he entered Suabia, thought of as dear an object, called back the wandering soul.

Charles was hurrying over military dispatches in his own quarters at Donauschingen when his brother arrived there : not having heard the wheels of the carriage, he was unconscious of its approach, till he saw him by his side.

At sight of him, joy flushed over his face: he rose hastily from his seat, and wrapped him in his arms. "My brother! my dear brother! my beloved Demetrius!"—

Pressed to this best of human hearts, Demetrius felt as if he had reached a shelter from every coming storm: the bosom of his brother, seemed his home: and accustomed from infancy, to find comfort and tenderness there, he retained the memory of past serenity, and the hope of future peace.

Apprized of the Duchess's death, Charles was prepared to see his brother dejected; but there was an expression in his features, that announced a heart completely desolate. He pushed aside his still-beautiful hair, and gazed with bursting grief on that altered complexion, over which it once played like sun-beams among flowers.

He looked awhile, till the tears gathering fast in his own eyes, obscured their

sight; he then turned away, shook the hand grasping his, exclaiming in a tone of piercing tenderness, "My poor Demetrius!"—

Demetrius moved to a window, and stood there in silence till their mutual agitation subsided.

No one is completely wretched, unless they are abandoned of virtue. While that angel remains with the human soul, springs of comfort arise, even in the stony desert.

Demetrius was speedily sensible of much consolation: he was conscious of having sacrificed his fondest wishes a second time at the altar of duty; and, while praised and pitied by his brother, while blessing Heaven for preserving to him that faithful friend, was able to curb rebellious regret, and look with gladness on the brilliant destiny of Charles.

Yet, the perusal of a letter from de Liancour, caused him much emotion. It affectingly described the sensibility with

which his daughter heard the death of Mr. de Fontainville, and the constancy of Demetrius : professed his own satisfaction at an event, which however solemn, was not to be lamented ; and concluded by saying, that the moment Zaire left her chamber, (where she had been confined with a fever, in consequence of her late surprise ;) they would return to Germany.

It was not in the nature of our young hussar, to read this testimony of an attachment so faithful and so ardent, without finding some portion of his former fondness revive for its seducing object. He suffered his thoughts to wander back over many an hour of trancing delight ; while his eyes, floating in tears, were fixed upon her miniature, which he had once given to Charles, and which the latter now restored.

The recollection of the moment in which he gave it ; the sight of its faultless love-kindling beauty ; the memory of her looks

and words, long since banished from his mind, grew tenderer every instant. He threw himself on a seat, and smiting his breast with one hand, while with the other he pressed the picture to his lips—exclaimed, “O Charles, how is this heart rent and divided!”—

By the gentle reasoning, and still more persuasive endearments of his brother, he was at length brought to composure: a secret pleasure at this revival of a long-buried attachment, spread healing through his breast, and after a day spent in calmer discourse, he was capable of visiting Balzac, and being introduced to Marshal Ingersdorf.

Adelaide received Demetrius with the affection of a sister: her susceptible heart had entered too much into the feelings of her friend, and of her lover, not to throb with pain at thus meeting the unfortunate cause of distress to both.

She now lavished on him, those soft attentions which her bashfulness still de-

tered her from freely bestowing on Charles; and without appearing to forget that the absent Constantia was mourning un-comforted, exerted all her powers to animate and to sooth.

Marshal Ingersdorf cordially welcomed the brother of his favourite: and, as he was enthusiastic in "the human face divine," contemplated Demetrius with undisguised pleasure. He had heard of his personal advantages; but associating the idea of boyishness with a splendid complexion, was agreeably surprised to find the expression of a matured mind, and youthful sensibility united in him. He had yet to discover the eloquence of that luminous complexion, when health and animation should again speak through it.

The good canon and his sister supposing Demetrius an invalid, (from some occasional glows of colour, which proved his paleness to be accidental,) were lavish in their recipes and condolences; their guest lent a grateful ear to them; as if

desirous to quiet the solicitude of his brother, by appearing to extract amusement from every thing.

Charles loved him the more for this amiable consideration; and his own heart grew even heavier than his.

It is not to be imagined, however, that Count Leopoldstat was so super-excellent as to be indifferent about the completion of his own peculiar wishes: far from it. Till Adelaide should be his wife, he dreaded some fantastic improbability might start up, and snatch her from him. He had therefore used part of this evening, (when the rest of the company were otherwise engaged,) in winning her to name the day of his happiness. Blushingly she named it: and blushing still more, she broke away from the indiscreet apture, with which, forgetting the presence of every other person, he attempted to catch her in his arms.

None but the Marshal saw the hasty action: he guessed its cause from the re-

treat of his daughter, and immediately glided round to Charles. The latter was severely chiding himself for what he had done, when the old officer joined him: The Marshal was easily mollified by his pathetic apologies, though he called him an indiscreet vagabond. He heard with pleasure, that in a week's time, his Adelaide would resign herself to a husband's protection: Upon which, he warned Charles to prepare himself with some trifling present for her; as it had been the custom of all the Ingersdorf's from the flood, to exchange gifts on the morning of their union.

In the interval between this evening, and the morning of the nuptials, Demetrius addressed Zaire. He resolved to think of nothing but her, while he wrote the letter, and consequently, it breathed only tenderness.

From a few lines of de Liancour, he learned that they were to sail for Hamburgh by the next Packet. A breeze could not

breathe now, without agitating him: so strongly mingled were his feelings of love and pity, so blended were the images of the past, with visions of the future, that he scarcely knew what were the unbiassed wishes of his heart.

The wind blew adverse to vessels from England; and the day of his brother's marriage, found Demetrius still in a state of suspense.

The Baron and Baroness of Ingersdorf, were the only additions made to the party at Balzac. Count Forshiem had been invited, but he was enjoying a short leave of absence, in the society of Lorenza Soldini, and contented himself with sending a letter of congratulation.

Resolving not to cloud a day of joy by one melancholy look, Demetrius accompanied his brother to Balzac. Blameless transport sparkled in the eyes of Charles: he looked the happy man he was. Adelaide met his grateful glances, with one of modest delight. A short ceremony united

them; giving to the agitated Marshal, a son in whom he had a right to glory.

Obedient to his father-in-law, Charles now presented Adelaide with an ornament for her arm; and she in return, put into his hand a roll of paper. Upon opening it, what was his surprise to find it an instrument that restored to him, the chief part of his Hungarian estates.

He had been scrupulously firm, in requiring every particle of Mam'selle Ingersdorf's fortune to be settled on herself, and entirely at her disposal; how then, was he overwhelmed, when he perceived that the dowry he already thought so large, was but a small division of what must have been her portion!

Distressed, yet thrilling with tender admiration, he turned to seek Adelaide, but she was gone: the Marshal too, was hastily retreating.—

“Stay, stay, dear Sir!” cried Charles, eagerly detaining him, “let me not be quite lost in this excess of benefits! for

heaven's sake, take back a gift which can only proceed from *you*."

"Hold your tongue, puppy, hold your tongue!" cried the Marshal, striving to break away, "it was the girl's proposal: she exchanged her own property, to reclaim your's, and I have nothing to do with it. Take back! what the deuce, you would not have me turn robber in my old age, and snatch what don't belong to me? and you would not have had me leave the foolish child as dependent as she had made herself, would you?—I have given *you* nothing; I have parted with nothing for you, but her."—

"And she!—O Sir," cried the glowing Charles, "how could you believe me capable of delighting in any other possession!"

"Well, well! it's no business of mine," repeated the Marshal, "settle it between you: I only know, the estates were her's an hour ago, and now they are her husband's; and when that prating fellow

comes to be a father like me, he will rejoice to think, that his virtues restored to his son, what a misguided grandfather would have deprived him of."

The Marshal now got away, without effort; for a crowd of tumultuous feelings, painted the manly features of Charles, and loosened his ardent grasp. Delighted, disordered, entranced, he sought his bride, at whose feet he poured forth his gratitude and love.

It was in scenes like this, that Demetrius soberized his own regrets. Resigned to his lot, and resolutely endeavouring to meet it with cheerfulness, he waited the arrival of Zaire, with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

But never was the image of Constantia absent from his mind: She was with him, thought itself. Only in his prayers did he permit himself to dwell on so dangerous a theme; and then, his soul sprung eagerly to recount, and bless her virtues.

Constantia was now in his neighbourhood ; she was at Munich.

After the departure of Demetrius from Felieri, the Prince of Nuremberg informed his niece, that she must prepare to return into Bavaria : Constantia made no opposition ; for though she wished to remain in the scene of past happiness, she was desirous of convincing her uncle, that she would cheerfully make every reasonable sacrifice to his convenience or gratification.

Life, as it now lay before her, presented a dreary blank ; but she reflected, that it was still in her power to fill up that blank, with beneficial actions ; and therefore resolved to seek occasions for using her wealth worthily, and exercising the social affections.

The love she bore Demetrius had been too long indulged, too closely coupled with the belief of becoming his wife, too much sanctified by the approval of her

parent, to admit the probability of its ever being transferred.

She had resigned herself with such passionate tenderness, to the contemplation of spending life with him, that delicacy would have revolted from realizing the fond dream with any other.

To suffer a long period of silent regret; and then, to find a new interest spring up in her heart, for his offspring, was now the sole object of her hopes: she dwelt with thrilling pensiveness on the last idea; anticipating the moment in which she might be able to behold a child of his, without envying its happy mother.

Many, were then, the romantic anticipations of her warm and pure heart!— In the bloom of youth and beauty, she contemplated with satisfaction the years that were to steal that youth and beauty away; and while her whole being, was but love for Demetrius, ardently prayed that Madame de Fontainville might ren-

der him a happy husband, and a still happier father.

To the religion of Constantia, (which was not a religion of mere forms) she was indebted for these consoling thoughts. She had early learned to seek occasions for pious thankfulness; and now, so far from determining to be wretched the remainder of her time, endeavoured to discover the best method for comforting her desolate heart.

Desolate that heart was, beyond all expression: from that of the happy Adelaide, it generously shrunk; fearful of blighting her enjoyments, by its sadness: it was eternally exiled from the hope of uniting with the one so fondly chosen; and had now no tender relatives to lean on for support under oppressive unkindness,

Tears trickled over the clasped hands of Constantia, as she sat pondering on these things. "No dearest Saint!" she said softly to herself, (addressing the shade of

the Duchess,) “ never shall this hand, which yours joined with that of Demetrius, be given to another ! My days shall henceforth be devoted to blessing my fellow-creatures, without thought of myself. The poor and the forlorn, shall become my children : O may I find some solace in such sacred duties !”

She then gazed on the picture of Demetrius which lay on her bosom, till its lineaments floated before her swimming eyes. Sighs thronged after each other ; and a fear of impropriety checked the kiss she was just going to give it : but her pure conscience dispelled the momentary doubt. “ There can be no harm in a love like mine,” she cried, “ which wants nothing but his happiness.” Angels might have sanctioned this disinterested assertion.

Upon leaving Felieri, she ordered every domestic to be retained ; every pension to be continued ; and the almoner of the late Duchess to distribute, as formerly,

unlimited assistance to the sick and poor. She promised to make Felieri her residence whenever her guardian would permit, until the day that, terminating his power, should enable her to restore it to the young Count Leopolstat.

This avowal, made in the Prince's presence, threw him into a fit of silent gloom which lasted many hours during their journey. At length he broke it himself, by making a bitter observation on the distribution of his illustrious aunt's fortune.

“Uncle!” said Constantia, “let us not grow into enemies. I promise to avoid occasions of displeasing you, and I intreat you will do the same by me. To reflect upon the memory of our dear relation, is to rouse all the indignant feelings of my nature. You have no reason to accuse her of injustice: She has shared the greatest part of her property, it is true, between me, and Count Leopolstat; but, I had been her com-

panion for two years: I had devoted myself to the task of enlivening her solitary old age; and I was portionless: Count Demetrius, at the hazard of his own life, preserved both her's and mine; and he too, was poor. Where, then, was the injustice of giving to the objects of her love and gratitude, what they wanted so much?

“Remember, Sir, that such censures will provoke two questions—Did you wish for a larger legacy, from interested motives? or was it merely because it would have proved much love in the giver?”

Constantia's penetrating eyes, seconded these questions as she uttered them: the Prince reddened, while he stammered out an affirmative to the latter.

“Urge that no more, Sir;—urge that no more,” she cried with great agitation—“Your Highness's own heart will tell you how often and how unkindly you chilled the affectionate breast that was ever open to receive you. No one can expect to

be loved, without they love in return: and the remonstrances you made so often against my grandmamma's mode of spending her income, the haughtiness with which you treated the noble youth that preserved her from a dreadful death, were, I know, considered by her, as proofs of your indifference."

"You are admirably dexterous, Madam, at discovering excuses for a conduct by which you are so much the gainer;" said Nuremberg, "no wonder you plead the cause thus ably. But I query whether the shade of our relative, would accept this spirit of temporal interest, as any great proof of *your* disinterested affection."

"As the greatest," exclaimed Constantia vehemently, yet bursting into tears: "If I could sit tamely by, even to weep, while she was cruelly traduced, I should be unworthy of her goodness.—
"You know not my soul, uncle, if you really think what you say: wealth can have few charms for a young creature like

me whose whole existencé, must henceforth be endured, not enjoyed; and who would far rather bury herself and her wretchedness in the cells of a convent, than be thus forced to mingle in a world where she has no longer any source of happiness."

The Princess of Nuremberg, now kindly pressed the weeping Constantia in her arms: "Nay, you must not speak thus;" she said, "the good Duchess was indeed more than a parent to you; but all happiness is not buried with her!"

"Your Highness's consolation on that topic, is a work of supererogation," observed the sarcastic Prince. "This young Lady, had no such extravagant notion in her head. She has already given me to understand, that disappointment in love, not regret at the death of a doting grandmother, is the mighty affliction, which makes the world so hateful to her."

Constantia trembled through every

fibre, with a mixture of shame and indignation. Resentment gave her courage, and raising her face from the bosom of her aunt, she said with modest steadiness, "I ought not to blush at avowing an attachment which grew from gratitude and esteem, into a preference that must for ever exclude another: and I will not deny, that the disappointment of its hopes, is the dark cloud which rests eternally on all my prospects.—Sorrows for which we are not prepared, Prince, fall heavier than those for which we are: reflections on the course of nature, and observation of my beloved parent's gradual decay, had warned me that I must soon lose her; but for the disappointment"—Constantia could not proceed further; her tender spirit yielded at the thought of Demetrius; and she leaned sobbing against the side of the carriage.

"Had your affections been placed upon a proper object," returned the Prince after a long silence; "I should have been

extremely sorry for you : but you must not wonder at my being irritated, exasperated beyond all measure, at this union of meanness with folly.—To become attached to a boy, a beggar, a fellow that prefers some obscure woman to a Princess of Nuremberg !—Gracious heaven ! that one should ever have been offered to him !—The Duchess must have been deprived of her senses, thus to disgrace our house and name !”

Constantia's eyes sparkled with resentment, “ I repeat to you, Sir,” she said, “ that unless you mean to alienate my heart from you for ever, you must no longer speak of its two dearest objects in such unworthy terms. You are my uncle ; as such I am desirous to love and honour you : but I can do neither, if you thus continue wantonly to afflict, cruelly to insult me.

“ You know not how much may be done with me, by kindness : treat me tenderly, and you shall have no cause to

complain of my inattention even to your Highness's prejudices."

The Prince sternly surveyed her. "I find my guardianship will be no easy task, since I have so absurd, and rebellious a spirit, to manage. Do you forget that you are a child? That you have lived little more than eighteen years in the world?—or what is it that makes you presume to dictate terms to your uncle? I am not to be talked with in sentences out of romance: I will hear no more of this *loving for ever*, this devotedness to a boy (as silly and romantic as yourself,) only because he has a handsome face, and performed to admiration, the office of a fire-man."

Constantia darted on him another lightning glance, without speaking: he went on. "And as to the preposterous resolution of returning him the Felieri property, (unless, indeed, it be a thing colleagued between you, for the sake of giving him an opportunity of *acting* generosity,)

I have no terms strong enough to call it by. However, I sincerely believe, that in six weeks you will learn the value of property ; and in six weeks more, most likely, transfer yourself and your power of doing ridiculous acts, to some other man entitled to demand your hand."

"When I do, Sir," answered the young Princess, "I give you leave to lavish on me all those conciliatory epithets with which you have now honoured me."

As she spoke, she wrapped herself round in her mantle, and leaned back in the carriage, with a look that seemed to say, "I shall speak no more on this subject." The Prince understood it; and his wife remained silent also.

Constantia's soul was resolute, but her delicate frame ill-seconded its strength: she now shook through every limb; and her heart palpitated to sickness. To this momentary exertion of spirit, languor succeeded, which for the remainder of the journey preserved her in dejected silence.

At Munich, she was plunged into a vortex of company. The Prince scrupulously attended to etiquette in suspending his public days; but under the name of friendly parties, crowded his house as usual.

Nothing could be more disagreeable to his niece, than the sight of strangers at such a period; yet she strove to conciliate where she wished to esteem, and constraining her heart, appeared at all his assemblies.

The youth and beauty of the Princess, were now almost unnoticed: though she was formed to charm a fine taste, under every humour, her present melancholy was far from attracting the multitude; and she herself had no motive for pleasing. Those eyes, which by exciting sweet emotions, embellished the very beauty they gazed on, were far away: Constantia had no one to be charming for; and her soul, careless of display, dwelt inward.

From the gaze of curiosity, or momentary admiration, she turned mournfully away, seeking her only pleasure in the sports of her little cousin, (a boy of five years old,) to whose endearing gaiety, she often owed a respite from painful musings.

The countenance of this child reminded her of Demetrius.—Amadeus, indeed, resembled his fair cousin, and she was something like her lover; yet none but a lover's eye, would have discovered any similitude between Demetrius and the little Nuremberg.—We are apt to think those objects strictly alike, which produce in us the same emotions; and turning from the sight of angry frowns or pert simpers, to the contemplation of bloom, candour, and intelligence, Constantia delighted to fancy that she found in features so animated, a sketch of her Leopoldat's.

She was one evening hearing the little fellow say his prayers, before he should be taken to bed, when the door of the room opened, and she beheld Adelaide.

“ Dear, unkind Constantia !” cried the latter, advancing, and folding her arms round her, “ why have you left us to learn by chance of your arrival here.”—

“ I wished to be in better health and spirits :” replied the Princess. “ I knew your affectionate heart too well, not to believe that my unavoidable sadness would afflict it.”

She then rose from the embrace of Adelaide, and beheld Charles standing near them.

At sight of him, the brother of Demetrius, her cheeks completely faded : but quickly the blush of innocent shame made them glow again. Charles was penetrated with regret. To see so sweet a creature thus blighted in the very bud of existence ; to observe her charming countenance, announcing every qualification requisite to render that existence honourable and happy, now dimmed with disappointment ; to recal what she had been so lately, while beholding what she was now, gave an ex-

pression of tenderness to his looks, equal to that with which he was accustomed to regard Demetrius.

Constantia comprehended his thoughts, and tears started into her eyes. She tried to smile—"Have I the satisfaction," she said, "of seeing my friend's husband, in Count Leopoldstat?"

The blush of Adelaide, and smile of Charles, answered this question.

Constantia was magnificently dressed for a supper party of her aunt's; but regardless of every ornament, had lifted her nephew from the ground, and now held him on her bosom sheltered by the train of her velvet robe. The disturbance of her fine hair, (part of which braided with jet, fell over her fair shoulders;) and the destruction of a beautiful bouquet, never excited a moment's consideration: she kept sheltering the almost-undressed Amadeus in her arms; and unconsciously looked far more graceful than ever she did in all the precision of the toilette.

The errand of Adelaide was to invite her friend to Marshal Ingersdorf's house ; or if that were denied, to offer herself as her visitor.

“ And did you believe me capable of tearing you from such a companion as that ? ” asked the Princess, directing her eyes to Charles, who had purposely taken the pretty Amadeus from its fair nurse, and was now caressing him at a remote end of the apartment. “ Happy Adelaide,” she added, “ how do I delight in the fate that has given you such a husband ! ”

The brilliant eyes of Adelaide were at the same time fixed on the same graceful object : in sweet tumult, her heart was repeating to itself, “ he is mine ! he is mine ! ” while memory rapidly recalled his various excellencies. But the very fulness of her own felicity, made her friend's cup appear more bitter ; and she embraced her with redoubled tenderness, protesting, that to comfort one so dear, would turn a painful sacrifice, into a gratification.

“ I am sure it would ;” replied Constantia, “ and I reject so kind an offer, for powerful reasons. For awhile, it will be better that I should not see even your Charles—he is too like—his voice—his smile—that expression of noble sincerity.” Her faltering accents lost themselves in sighs, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

Adelaide pressed her hand, while she whispered, “ But you shall not see him again till you wish it, if you will but go with me to my father’s, or suffer me to come to you.”—

“ Alas I cannot :” replied the Princess, “ I should be lost, if I were to have any one near me so tender as yourself: my grief must not be indulged: and besides, the Prince of Nuremberg is not likely to bear the name of Leopold, without emotions that would render him an ungracious host to my best friend. Visit me then in this way—comfort me with your occasional society, and you will soon see me as gay as ever.”

“As gay as ever!—ah, my dear Constantia!”—while Adelaide repeated these words, her eyes filled with tears.

Constantia then ventured to ask after Demetrius: and learned that he was still in expectation of his friends from England. When the flutter with which she listened to this, was over, she rang the bell, and desired a servant to inform her uncle and aunt, that the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat were then with her. This message was answered by another, purporting that the Prince would be happy to see them in the drawing-room.

The uniform of Charles, was acknowledged dress; and his lovely bride, merely laying aside her pelisse and hat, was habited for an evening: Constantia gave the child to its attendants, and led the way to the drawing room.

A brilliant assembly filled the spacious saloon, at the top of which, Count Leopoldstat recognised the Princess of Nurem-

berg. She met his graceful salute with a cordiality restrained by fear: her husband coldly bowed.

The majestic manhood of Charles, his unembarrassed nay almost commanding mein, his high military station, and his established fame, somewhat awed the Prince. It was not now, a rash, indiscreet youth, undervaluing his own qualities, and forgetting his own services, that stood before him: it was a man conscious of desert, as well as birth; one, that was not to be insulted, without bringing upon his insulter, universal opprobrium.

Meanly influenced by public opinion, Nuremberg assumed the Prince, mingled a little courtesy with his loftiness, and condescended to receive Count Leopoldstat with the respect due to his reputation.

Constantia's soft heart melted at this unexpected graciousness. Without suffering herself to see its motive, she strove to evince her gratification by a vivacity which helped to enliven her uncle's visitors,

while it saddened her own. They were too much in her bosom's secret, to be deceived by externals.

When supper was over, the chamberlain informed the Count and Countess of Leopoldstat, that apartments were prepared for them in the palace. They did not therefore leave Munich till the next morning.

It required all the tenderness of Charles to sooth the grief of his wife, after parting for the night from Princess Constantia.—The pain of seeing her youthful person so altered, overcame Adelaide, and sinking upon a seat, the tears she had restrained before her, fell uncontroled on the bosom of her husband. But even tears thus shed, had their sweetness: Adelaide remembered the time, when she wept alone and uncomforted for his sake; and as his arms now fondly encircled her, almost wondered at herself for ever weeping at any thing.

“We should be too happy,” she said

with naïveté, “far too happy, if it were not for our dear Demetrius and Constantia.”

Never to Charles, did the voice of Adelaide sound so delightful, as when she spoke affectionately of his brother. His eyes now filled with more than their usual tenderness; he covered her hand with kisses, and uttered over it, an exclamation of grateful pleasure.

When we love excellent persons, their conduct under misfortune, never fails to solace the pain with which we participate in their calamity: Leopoldstat drew from the fortitude of Constantia, solid consolation for his wife. She was too susceptible of whatever is admirable in human character, not to confess that Constantia's evident endeavour to stifle regret, and to fulfil the duties of her important station, was a cordial to her own distress.

Before the family assembled at breakfast the next morning, the friends passed two hours together. In this interview

Adelaide found fresh reasons for lamenting the trials of a young creature, whose tender heart embracing all the sufferers of earth, already began to occupy itself with numberless plans for their succour.

Constantia had none of that selfish weakness, which delights in extracting the commiseration of friendship by an unnecessary display of irremediable misery: she therefore did not dwell on the subject heaviest in her breast, nor express her determination of never marrying. But Adelaide guessed this resolution. The Princess chalked out a scheme of her future life, which spread so wide in munificent expense, and was so remote from all idea of control, that she unawares betrayed her secret. The Countess sighed as she perceived it, inwardly repining at the destiny which prevented them from being sisters.

As they were about to join the family, Constantia said, hesitatingly—“Remember me to Demetrius; but how, I know not:—a; his friend, his unchangeable

friend!"—she cast down her eyes, sighed deeply, and then resumed—"Whatever may befall him, Adelaide, let me always know it: I could not live, without permitting myself to share in every one of his joys or sorrows. You misunderstand me sadly, if you suppose me capable of forgetting him—ah no—the hope of living to hear he is quite happy—perhaps of witnessing that happiness—alone animates my soul."

The appearance of the Princess of Nuremberg at an opposite door opening into the same gallery, checked the reply of Adelaide.

Glad of an opportunity to shew attention where it was due, and removed from the petrific glance of her husband, the Princess approached Madame Leopolstat, and made her usual enquiries about her accommodations and rest, which though nothing in themselves, are transmuted into precious things by a gracious manner.

Adelaide answered this courteousness

with a smile that invited further kindness ; and by several remarks on the young Amadeus, made her way instantly to the heart of his mother.

The ladies then entered the breakfast room, and found Count Leopoldstat and the Prince already there.

In the long conversation which these gentlemen had held, upon books, politics, and persons, the former sounded without difficulty, the intellect of the latter : he found it miserably shallow ; and consequently pitied those otherwise-detestable prejudices, which were the joint product of a defective education and a feeble mind.

Had a man of sense acted as the Prince of Nuremberg did, Leopoldstat would have treated him with austere indignation : but convinced that his conduct resulted from an ill-humoured temperament which knew not the restraint of reason, he looked at him with compassion, and behaved to him with civility.

As they had both avoided a discus-

sion of the transactions at Felieri, they sat down to breakfast with more appearance of cordiality, than they had met the evening before.

Charles caressed the little Amadeus with so much sweetness, (allowing him to twist his hair into a thousand fantastic forms) that he thawed some of the ice on the heart of the Prince; who must have been a monster, had he not felt like a father, while his child was yet of that happy age, from which nothing can spring to jar parental affection.

He condescended to say, that when Count Leopold should be released from service and resident in Vienna, he should have the honour of returning this visit, and that till then, he hoped to have the pleasure of receiving him and his Countess occasionally at Munich.

Charles bowed; but took care to shew that he accepted so haughty an invitation, principally from a wish of facilitating the interviews of his wife and the young Princess.

Soon after breakfast, the carriage was announced, and Adelaide bade adieu to her friend.

CHAP. III.

ON the road to Dutlingen, they encountered Demetrius, who was galloping home after having executed some orders given him by the General. As he leaned from his horse against the opened window of the carriage, his excessive paleness alarmed the Count and Countess.

Charles observed such a tremor in his voice, that he hastily asked if anything extraordinary had happened? His brother alternately changing colour, said, "I have received a letter from Madame de Fon-

tainville:—She is at Hamburgh very ill—and I cannot obtain leave to go to her.”—The extreme agitation of his manner, rendered these few sentences almost unintelligible.

Adelaide laid her hand affectionately on his, beseeching him not to alarm himself, as she doubted not, but Madame de Fontainville's sickness was the consequence of a long-protracted voyage.

“I hope so,” replied Demetrius, still trembling in his speech—“but to know she is in the same country with me—and so ill!—I would give the world to go to her—she will think me ungrateful—cold-hearted—you know not how this intelligence has affected me.”

“I see how much it has,” observed Charles; “but my dear brother, you agitate yourself without cause. Madame de Fontainville is acquainted with the restraints laid on a soldier during war; she will not, she cannot expect you.—A letter is the only proof of anxiety which duty

leaves in your power.—What is her complaint?”

“Here are the few lines she has written,” said Demetrius, holding them out, with an unsteady hand; “they were meant to save me from apprehension: but instead of that, they make me fear.”—His lips refused to utter what he feared: for in the probability of losing Zaire by death, he lost all consciousness of preferring another.

Upon reading the letter, Charles found that Madame de Fontainville’s disorder was a violent fever, in consequence of a boisterous voyage: Seeing no grounds for encouraging premature alarm, he suggested so many cheering circumstances, that Demetrius became composed.

“Ah that apprehensive heart of his!” cried Charles, (as he drew up the carriage window, and his brother kissed his hand to them with a tearful smile) “when will he be able to allay its restless sensibility?” He spoke this with the air of a man eu-

grossed by one object ; and Adelaide forbore to disturb the current of his reflections. He fell into a deep reverie about Demetrius ; while her thoughts roved from supposition to supposition, from Hamburgh to Munich, from Zaire living, to Zaire déad, with an agitation that made fancy painful.

On reaching home, (for Charles had hired a house *pro tempore*,) they found the Field Marshal impatient for their return.

“So you vagrants !” he cried, “you have found the way back at last. I have had a precious dismal time of it since you left me—what with the want of my breakfast-maker, and what with your brother, Charles ! (who by the way, is at once one of the most agreeable and disagreeable puppies in existence,) I am both hungry and miserable. I foresee he’ll cost me as many sighs as might fill the sails of a navy. What the plague did you bring him from Italy for ? Had I not had enough of tor-

ment with you? I have been trying to get him ten days leave; but it can't be done: and so, doubtless, I must set off myself for Hamburgh, and learn what's the matter with the foolish woman."

The sincerest concern struggled through the jocularly of the Marshal. Ignorant of young Leopolstat's later attachment to Princess Constantia, and well acquainted with the violence of his former passion, he was earnest in the wish of obtaining for him, certain accounts of Madame de Fontainville's situation.

Adelaide warmly seconded this benevolent intention, and Charles accepted the service with gratitude.

When Demetrius joined them, and learnt that the Marshal only waited for a letter of introduction to the Marquis de Liancour, his thankfulness expressed itself in his eyes; he wrote a few agitated lines to Zaire, and then Ingersdorf departed.

This agitation of Demetrius's was far from assumed, or wilfully fomented. Con-

stantia, indeed, was the object of his tenderest preference ; but having once loved the interesting Zaire, having uniformly received from her the liveliest testimonies of exclusive and faithful passion, he would have been lost to the common sensibilities of youth, had he not contemplated with anguish, the prospect of her death. Before his brother and sister, he concealed part of his anxiety ; and as they never talked more of Constantia than circumstances rendered unavoidable, he was not distracted with solicitude about her.

The third day of the Marshal's absence, Adelaide was sitting alone, expecting the return of her husband and brother, when she was startled by the sound of her father's voice : She rose, and hastening to the room-door, saw him and the Marquis de Liancour, slowly leading Madame de Fontainville along the gallery.

Transfixed into painful surprise, she stood for a moment motionless ; but dismissing the sudden emotion, hurried for-

ward, and took the place of the Marshal. This was no time for questions; Madame de Fontainville with difficulty reached the supper-room, where she sunk on a Sopha without speaking. Softly instructing her companions how best to support her, Adelaide would not crowd the place with attendants, but brought and administered restoratives herself. She had then leisure to look at the poor invalid.

Where was that beauty which seemed capable of defying time and decay? under the grasp of death, it hath withered. No crimson blood now flowed through the finely-rounded cheek, and smiling mouth; no sparkling fluid floated over the rayless eyes; that skin which once dazzled with animated whiteness was turned to lifeless marble; and the shape, which a statuary might have selected for a Phryne, was wasted nearly away.

Still, to the gaze of pitying remembrance, there remained some touches of exquisite loveliness. Adelaide's tender

heart melted within her; and gently putting her arms round the panting Zaire, she supported her fainting head on her bosom! She then besought both gentlemen to withdraw, in order to prevent the abrupt entrance of Leopolstat, whom she whispered them to prepare for the extreme indisposition of Madame de Fontainville.

When strength and speech returned to Zaire, she expressed her gratitude with all the energy of unsubdued sensibility.

“I shall not live to be your sister, sweet Adelaide!” she faintly said, “but this goodness makes me feel as if I were so.—I am much better now; where is Demetrius?—Surely the sight of him, will give me back my life!”

Tears gushed to her eyes, as she pronounced this hopeless wish: they started in those of her pitying attendant.—Adelaide hastened to change the subject, by inquiring how they had met thus soon? With a gasping breath, Madame de Fon-

tainville related, that having overcome the crisis of her fever, and being impatient to see Demetrius, she had prevailed upon her father to proceed; and had reached a stage fifty miles distant, when completely overcome, they stopped for the night. Marshal Ingersdorf happened to hear their names mentioned as he was changing horses at the same inn, and immediately presented himself. He would have persuaded her to remain where she was, (her fever having returned), but she foreboded too sad a termination, to follow his judicious counsel: she persisted in proceeding; and the dejected de Liancour had nothing left but to accept the services of the Marshal, and permit him to become their companion onwards.

Unintentionally deceived by the worthy Ingersdorf, who painted the anxiety of Demetrius in the most vivid colours, Madame de Fontainville never for an instant suspected that the heart of her lover, had yielded up its passion at the command of

virtue. Adelaide perceived this; and thought it no crime to indulge so soothing an error.

When her patient was sufficiently recovered, she ceded to her impatience, and went in search of Demetrius: he was now with de Liancour and the Marshal, listening to the unexpected confession of Zaire's danger.

Never before, had Adelaide beheld such anguish in the countenance of any human creature. He was shocked past all expression: for the very consciousness of preferring another, to a woman so devoted, and once so beloved, added stings to the barb of grief.

He now eagerly obeyed his sister's summons. At the door of Zaire's apartment, he turned to Adelaide, and said hastily "Leave me here." He entered; and Adelaide lingered a moment, fearful of the effect which his presence might have on Madame de Fontainville. His passionate exclamation of tenderness and

sorrow, was lost in sighs: but she distinctly heard Zaire say, "Yes—your's;—your's still, even in death."

Adelaide then moved lightly away, and meeting Charles, was led by him into a neighbouring apartment: there they mourned together, in silence.

On the arrival of a physician, for whom Count Leopoldstat had sent, Adelaide went to procure Madame de Fontainville's permission, for his admittance: the appearance of her gentle figure at the room-door, roused Demetrius: he folded the still-dear Zaire, ardently in his arms, and whispering a benediction for the night, broke from her.—

Adelaide approached the invalid.— "Whatever becomes of me," cried the latter, with wild enthusiasm, "I am happy, completely happy!—I have seen him!—I have again felt the throbbing of that faithful heart!—I shall see him to-morrow too!—O gracious, too indulgent Heaven!" At these words, she fell back in a fit, oc-

casioned by excess of grief, and excess of joy.

The aid of the physician was now found indispensable: his utmost efforts to calm her convulsive agitation were a long time fruitless: at length she sunk into a dull trance, during which, she was conveyed to bed; and from which she awoke, deprived of reason.

The spirits of Charles and Adelaide were now severely tasked: as this delirium was the consequence of hurried feelings, and might be dated from the hour in which she heard of her husband's death, and as it was accompanied by a raging fever, no hopes were entertained of her recovery. To comfort the father, to quiet the irritable sensibility of the Marshal, to prepare the mind of Demetrius, and to write a short detail of their situation to Princess Constantia, sadly occupied the before-happy hours of the young Countess.

Benevolence is nearly omnipotent: for

the delicate Adelaide found not only mental but bodily strength for all these exertions.

During a whole week, never once did a ray of reason penetrate the darkened intellect of Zaire: yet its visions were delightfully bright; and she seemed to preserve in madness, the transporting emotion by which it had been produced.

While gazing on the rapturous smile dimpling her hectic cheek, while listening to the ecstatic fondness with which she addressed the object of her fatal attachment, Demetrius no longer regretted that she had been innocently deceived. He sat night and day by her side, though she knew him not; and perpetually spoke to others of him, as if he were absent.

In answer to her friend's letter, Constantia wrote a reply fraught with sympathy. She accompanied it with a variety of such presents as are sometimes acceptable to the sick, and which cannot always be procured; intrusting them to

the care of the celebrated Dr. ——, the first physician in Suabia, for whom she had sent express to Ulm.

A greater proof of love and humanity, Constantia could not have given: Adelaide burned to tell Demetrius to whom he was indebted for such tender consideration: but a moment's reflection shewed her the indiscretion of reviving ideas that must clash with his present feelings.

The prescriptions of Dr. ——, were as unavailing as those of the Bavarian physician: yet it was consolatory to have the best possible advice. Zaire's senses were gone past recal; and her life, was therefore no longer the subject of her father's prayers!

Foreseeing the hour of her dissolution, the medical men recommended Charles to detain his brother from her apartment. For this purpose an excuse was devised, which betrayed Demetrius into the belief that her slumbers ought to be watched

only by Adelaide. He left her unwillingly; and went with his brother to breathe the air, in an avenue leading from the house.

Here Count Leopoldstat tenderly sought to prepare and fortify his mind for the shock that awaited him. Demetrius heard in silence: but his spirits so lately saddened by the death of the Duchess di Felieri, were incapable of receiving any other than mournful impressions. To their distempered view, one universal pall seemed to cover the whole living world: he brooded over death and the grave with a terrible composure, which resulted from the complete despair of future comfort.

On reaching the house again, this calmness ended. They met Marshal Ingersdorf at the hall-door: he was pale and agitated. Shocked by the expression of his features, Demetrius would have rushed past him, had he not forcibly pulled him back, exclaiming in a tone that would not suffer him to be mistaken—"You must not go in there."

The worthy veteran hastily drew out his handkerchief and covered his face.

Rooted to the spot, Demetrius gazed at him with wild fixedness, for a moment, that seemed an age to his afflicted brother—“My God! for what am I reserved?”—he said, and turned away.—

Charles walked silently by his side till they reached their quarters: there, tenderly embracing, they parted, without having exchanged a single word.

Leaving his brother to the salutary indulgence of a sorrow in which he participated, Count Leopoldstat, retraced the path towards Dutlingen: he was anxious to be with Adelaide, whose spirit was likely to fail under the present shock.

As he swiftly traversed the skirts of the forest, his thoughts unavoidably dwelt on the awful lesson which this untimely death of Madame de Fontainville, presented to the young and susceptible.

To a sensibility perniciously indulged, and blind to every thing beyond present

enjoyment, she evidently owed the loss of her life. Had she submitted to a short delay of promised blessings, and consulted not her own gratification, but the peace of her father, by sacrificing impetuous eagerness, to his parental fears, she might have lived and been happy. Instead of that she had given reins to the wildest agitation; destroyed her frame, by impatient agonies at their protracted voyage; and when seized with sickness, thought only of beholding Demetrius, without reflecting on the grief she was causing a tender parent, or that which must overwhelm her lover, should she die in his presence.

Charles deeply ruminated on these things. He tenderly pitied where he was forced to censure; and though convinced that this mournful event would eventually produce a greater share of comfort to his brother than could otherwise have been his lot, he sorrowed most sincerely that any circumstance should have rendered it desirable.

As he expected, Adelaide was hardly able to go through with the pious offices remaining to be fulfilled. Zaire had expired in her arms : happily without struggle or consciousness ; but an event so affecting at any other time, was doubly dreadful at this period, when the heart of Adelaide, warm with love and felicity, and just united eternally to the object of its fondest choice, shrunk from the recollection of decay and mortality.

She had not been above three weeks a wife, and almost every hour of that short space, had been filled with sharing in other's sufferings. But Charles praised her ; Charles repeated the endearing expressions of tenderness exulting in its object, and she forgot regret.

A brief yet severe illness, confined Demetrius to his chamber, during the interval that elapsed between the death of Madame de Fontainville, and the interment of her remains : Charles fulfilled every requisite duty for him ; and saw the beaute-

ous corse laid in its last bed, with the same solemnities and honours, that he would have paid to that of a sister.

The Marquis de Liancour, left Suabia for England, unable to take leave of Demetrius; and resolving to spend the remnant of existence, far from the scene of his misfortunes.

No attempts at premature consolation were attempted by Leopoldstat and his Countess, when their sorrowing brother came again into their circle. Acquainted with the former inclinations of his heart, as well as with its too-tumultuous sensibility, they deemed it best to trust every thing to time: they foresaw the hour, when the deep gloom now resting over his wishes, would gradually clear away before reviving hope, and shew him the appointed land of domestic bliss.

In Constantia of Nuremberg, they contemplated a future sister; and to the faithful attachment of that amiable Princess committed the task of consolation.

Marshal Ingersdorf being completely ignorant of this cheering expectation, (which consideration for female delicacy induced his daughter still to conceal :) was next to Demetrius, the most melancholy person at Dutlingen. Strangely compounded of whimsical roughness and romantic softness, he was peculiarly susceptible of that pity which Zaire's excessive passion, was calculated to excite: and judging from his own destiny, (which had given him the object of his first affection;) rather than from his own nature, he believed it impossible for the young man ever to love again.

Influenced into livelier compassion by this belief, he benevolently devoted himself to the endeavour of alleviating his distress. Demetrius gratefully registered every act of the Marshal's kindness, and repaid them, by striving to overcome the weakness they were meant to sooth.

He was afflicted, but not inconsolable: for a bright angel invited him forward on

the track of life. The cup of happiness, it is true, no longer offered him a draught unmingled with bitterness : but, though remembrance of Zaire might taint its sweetness, that would not destroy it wholly. He yielded, therefore, to the pensive hope ; and often did a fond sigh for Constantia and a sad tear for Madame de Fontainville spring from his heart at the same instant.

In no bosom did the late event produce such a sudden revolution as in that of Constantia. Awe-struck as she was, and moved by sympathy with the grief of the man she loved, she could not repress that delightful hope which palpitated within her.—Demetrius unhappy, was still dearer than Demetrius devoid of care : she longed to pour balm on his wounded spirit ; and to assure him, that existence spent with him, (though saddened, perhaps, by his regretting another,) would be transport to her.

Certain of being yet more to him

than all the world, her thoughts hurried irresistibly forward to the future : there, instead of an undeviating life of solitary retirement, and barren duties, prospects of social pleasure, active employments, and all the sweet relations of wife, parent, and friend, presented themselves in cheerful tumult. It was for a life like this, that Constantia was formed ; and her youthful heart now sprang with eager anticipation to meet its favourite destiny.

To break unseasonably upon the sadness of Demetrius even with the only good he now coveted, entered not the mind of the Princess : she was satisfied with being at liberty to indulge a sentiment which she had found it so hard to control ; and trusted to the arrival of Adelaide, (who was about to leave Dutlingen,) for the confirmation of her lover's constancy.

Preparations for the ensuing campaign, were now commencing on the Frontiers ;

which of course was no longer a place for women.

The month of January was over; and Charles beginning to feel the bitterness of a soldier's fate, in the prospect of a long separation from Adélaide. She however, refused to ratify the promise made to her aunt and uncle, of joining them at Vienna, persisting in a resolution of remaining at least in the neighbourhood of the army.

The house of Marshal Ingersdorf, being only three miles from Munich, was fixed for her residence, as she could there receive accounts from the Black Forest several times a week, and enjoy the society of her friend Constantia.

Painful, at the best, is the fate of the woman who loves a soldier. Never did Adélaide endure such anguish as when she parted from Charles; never before, did she yield herself up to so many ungoverned fears!—nay, it seemed impossible to her that she should live, and know him

exposed to dangers of which she did not partake. At this moment, the fond despair of a wife thought it would be bliss to perish by the same ball that carried death to her husband.

By what standard then, shall we measure happiness, since it shapes itself so variously ?

Leopolstat had made no small sacrifice in procuring leave for Demetrius, instead of himself, to escort Adelaide and the Marshal on their journey. He saw them depart, with a heart that, for the first time, trembled at the uncertainty of war : his eyes ached with gazing after them ; and when he moved from the place where he had bidden them farewell, he found that in the energy of domestic affection, even patriotism itself, loses half its force.

During their almost silent journey, Adelaide frequently fixed her eyes upon the face of Demetrius, hoping to read something there, which might direct her future conduct : but her extreme anxiety

to gratify his wishes, prevented her from discovering what those wishes were; and sometimes she thought he would internally accuse her of unkindness if she suffered him to depart without seeing Constantia, and sometimes she suspected that he would rather avoid the interview.

The name of the Princess was not mentioned till the carriage stopped at the gates of Ingersdorf; the Marshal then expressed a hope that Constantia might be there to receive them. At that name, Demetrius turned pale; and throwing himself out of the chaise, laid his hand on a horse, which he had previously ordered his servant to lead forwards from the last stage.

“I shall return immediately to Charles,” he faintly articulated. Adelaide repeated his words, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret. The Marshal loudly expostulated. “Why, you disagreeable puppy!” he exclaimed, “don’t you know ’tis past midnight? and don’t you see, that you

can't see? the night's as dark as Erebus; and yet nothing will serve you but going to have your throat cut in the Black Forest."

"I shall ride only one stage to-night," replied Demetrius, mounting as he spoke; "indeed, Sir, I can have no rest till I am so far on my way back to Charles. I am very unfit for society at present. Surely my dear sister will confess I ought not to stop at Ingersdorf." Adelaide understood him: and while her heart glowed with approbation, she wondered at herself for having doubted how he would act. She approached him. "I do not press your stay," she whispered, "you feel exactly as I would have you—return to my Charles; and O! whenever he is nobly prodigal of his safety, be near, to remind him of *me*."

Demetrius promised her this; while agitated with a sudden burst of tears, she hurried into the house.

Princess Constantia, apprized of her friend's coming, was indeed ready to receive her: they met in each other's arms.

After the first hurry of joy, Adelaide looked at Constantia: the sight of her, acted like a charm on her perturbed spirits. Again she beheld spring in that Aurora-like countenance which had lost its animating freshness, when she last saw it.

“ I hope you do not think me unfeeling,” said the Princess in answer to one of her friend's congratulatory remarks, “ indeed, indeed, I am not. Heaven knows how sincere were the tears that fell from my eyes, upon first hearing of Madame de Fontainville's death. But she was personally unknown to me; and the last interview I had had with Demetrius—in that—O Adelaide, how much love for *me* did it not reveal!—Will you blame me then; am I pitiless, in thus forgetting all things but happiness and him?”

The young Countess affectionately gazed

on the tearful apprehensiveness which now clouded the Princess: "Far from it, my sweet Constantia," she said, "a hard struggle between pity for another, and hopes for ourselves, has been allotted to us all: Charles and I have shared your emotions too often, for us to be harsh judges."

She then proceeded to recapitulate every thing interesting to the woman who loved Demetrius: and though while she related past events, silent drops trickled down the cheeks of Constantia, it was a sweet sorrow which made them flow.

Affection delights to behold its object in every admirable point of view; and Demetrius thus displayed to her in the midst of jarring wishes and opposite duties; suffering agonies intolerable, yet suffering them without complaint, became exalted above humanity.

As the Marshal had retired to rest, the moment after saluting the Princess, the friends were left free to spend the night

in conversation: but Constantia would not gratify herself at the expense of another's comfort; she therefore reminded Adelaide of her fatigue, and they separated.

Completely wretched, meanwhile, was the heart of Demetrius. Cruel circumstances had so associated the idea of Zaire, with that of Constantia, that as he now involuntarily thought strongly of the one, the other pressed upon him with additional force.—Memory presented to him at the same moment, those epochs in his different attachments, which constituted the misery of their remembrance: Zaire alive, fond, beautiful, adored; Zaire, half lost in his impassioned embrace; Zaire in the grave; were images too wild for softer recollections to overcome.—The innocent endearments of Constantia, at the hour of his first departure from Felieri; her anguish in the death-scene of the Duchess; nay, even her tender vows when they were about to part for ever, gave way before

those remembrances which death had sanctified.

“Thy ashes are yet warm, my Zaire!” he groaned inwardly; and the blood froze in his veins, as a momentary vision, warm with bliss and Constantia, fled from his shuddering mind. The reins fell from his hand on the neck of his horse: and smiting his breast, he gazed wildly round, almost expecting to see the afflicted spirit of Zaire, embodied to reproach him.

His horse stopped; and the heart of its rider, throbbed quickly. A hollow wind muttering among innumerable branches overhanging the road, was the only sound that came to his ear: every thing else was still; and all things were steeped in unfathomable darkness.—He remained awhile listening to the heavy murmur of the trees, though their dreary sound increased the oppression of his soul.

“O time!” he exclaimed at length, “O heart! (of which every day discovers

to me new feelings, either to lament or to dread;) what am I to become at last? Is this the same being which once believed Zaire a part of itself, yet which now survives her? Can it indeed be, that I should love another, while she lies buried in the earth? I, that but for Constantia, must have clung to her grave, till life had ended.—Will the hour ever arrive, when I shall think of Zaire without regret, or behold her grave without agony? O never, never!—Rather let me die, Constantia, rather let me die! than outlive the bitter grief I owe to thy too tender rival.”

Tenacious of its affections, the young and virtuous heart, shudders at change: and death, which dissolves the union of common souls, seems but to cement more closely, that which once rivetted the good.

In the full strength of renewed grief, Demetrius suddenly saw the apparently-frightful end, to which time would inevitably conduct him: the object now, was

shocking to his infirm sensibility; but every succeeding day, and hour, would gradually diminish the vividness of those recollections, which rendered it so abhorrent; and new impressions made by another passion, other hopes, other anxieties, would prevent him from recurring to the past, by fixing all his regards upon the future.

There are periods in the lives of all men, when external circumstances and inward weakness, fortuitously meet, and take from them the power of mental resistance. With the same motives to abandon themselves to wretchedness to-day as they had yesterday, they will yet feel and appear far more wretched. Demetrius at this moment, could not reason himself into composure, or find in the possibility of future happiness, any thing but an occasion for self-abhorrence.

For the first time since Zaire's death, his tears poured in torrents; and a frantic

wish to die (so to escape from anguish, which, while it lasted, seemed as if it would be eternal :) alone possessed his breast.

He would have pursued his journey unconsciously through the blackness of midnight, had not his servant made a more accurate calculation of the discomforts and dangers of such a progress: his voice gave timely notice of the post-house; at which Demetrius alighted: where instantly retiring to a chamber, he cast himself on the bed, hopeless of sleep.

CHAP. IV.

WHEN the Brothers met once more at head-quarters, their eyes exchanged a mutual agreement, to banish from their private hours all discourse of the past or future.

It was not in the tumult of warlike preparation, that either of them could indulge the softness of fond regret : they were now to pour forth the full tide of their mingled spirits towards one object alone, the salvation of their country : and by fixing their sight steadily on that mighty end, they hoped to render themselves unconscious of minute yet tenderer interests.

The close of the last brilliant campaign had left Austria in possession of all Italy; except only the small city of Genoa, which besieged and famishing, was likely to fall soon before her arms. This was an event considered almost certain: and then a new campaign in Switzerland, as obstinate but more fortunate than the termination of the last, was predicted and desired.

To drive the unprincipled Republicans from that enslaved country, and force them back from the shore of the Rhine, was the scheme of the approaching war. France on her part, sought to deceive the Allies, by feints and declarations; and concentrating all her strength at Dijon, under the plausible title of an army of reserve, she threatened from that central point, as from an eminence, at once Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

It was the misery of the Austrian cabinet, to regard with distrust, and to treat with ingratitude its ablest leader: Prince

Charles was now removed from his command, and General Kray took his place.

Hasty in all his conclusions, this intrepid officer was ill calculated to cope with an antagonist like Moreau ; who equalled him in bravery and experimental knowledge, and excelled him in judgment : he was perpetually deceived by his adversary's demonstrations, or perplexed by his own conjectures ; while Moreau estimated the Hungarian General's talents, and acted upon the result.

A consummate General frequently gains as much by an accurate calculation of his enemy's folly, as he does from the full exercise of his own resources : by foreseeing his opponent's blunders, and preparing to turn them to the best account, he uses a species of thrift, allowable in military affairs, which provides for its own advantage, out of another's profusion.

A general may indeed risk something by an enterprise which depends for its success, solely on the oversight of his enemy ;

but if he have studied the character of his opponent, the odds are all in his favour.

Moreau had not reckoned too confidently, upon the rash decision of General Kray: completely deceived by a masterly feint, the latter hastened to rally all his troops round him at Donaueschingen; and expecting a grand attack on that point, suffered Moreau to cross the Rhine, unmolested at Basle.

The whole force of the French army, now meeting from different quarters on the Lake of Constance, menaced the Imperialists: Donaueschingen was abandoned; they retired hastily towards Engen, near which the Prince of Lorrain maintained a good position.

But the Imperialist's fought under every disadvantage. They were fewer in number than the French; and were perplexed with a pre-conceived idea of the enemy's having different plans: they were in fact, like men who have all their lesson to learn, and could therefore, only oppose sudden

resoluteness, to well digested movements.

In the continued battle, (as it may be termed :) which lasted from the third of May, till the sixth, the Hungarian Brothers nobly distinguished themselves. To the ardour inspired by their just cause was added, the laudable motive of honouring each other, by obtaining the applause of their gallant associates.

The regiment which Charles commanded, had the honour of receiving the first shock of the enemy's cavalry : General Moreau, in person, led them forward to the charge ; which, though renewed again and again, was repulsed with dreadful slaughter.

In defiance of superior numbers, and the loss of that support which General Kray might have derived from the army of Prince John (now vanquished at Stockach) he maintained his ground during an obstinate attack, in which the French loss greatly exceeded that of the Imperialists. On

the morning of the fifth, he fell back upon the Danube ; but ere he could cross it, another bloody engagement took place.

While making a few rapid dispositions for defence, Charles thought with anguish of that object dearer to him than his life, for whose safety he began to tremble at the probable march of the victors. It seemed to him as if they were already at the gates of Munich. He breathed a hasty prayer for his country, while he thought only of his wife ; and strung to tenfold courage, by apprehension for her, charged hotly through the ranks of the foe.

At that fortunate moment, when the French troops stood aghast at such bold conduct ; a body of Bavarians, (to whom Leopoldstat had previously given orders :) by a well-concerted manœuvre, succeeded in turning the enemy's flank ; the cavalry then wheeling round, charged back through its scattered battalions ; and the fate of the day had quickly decided for the Imperialists, had not Count Leopoldstat in the very ar-

dour of returning a third time to the charge, received a musquet ball in his side. He fell from his horse, and the enemy instantly closing round him, stabbed his senseless body with innumerable bayonets.

Where then was Demetrius?—The next moment, his sabre was flashing amongst them, like the lightning of Heaven.

Throwing himself from his horse, and calling on his companions to join him, he defended the person of his brother with a fierce violence which rendered him insensible of affliction.

Nothing now was to be seen but confusion and carnage: To recover the body of their leader, seemed the sole aim of this tremendous conflict.

Part of the squadrons hastily dismounted, and part beating under their horses, hoofs the soldiers cut down by their sabres, lost all remembrance of general orders. The sound of pistols fired on the very hearts of men, was mixed with execrations and dying groans: the sight of bayonets

mingling on the same points the blood of many breasts was increased in horror by the last struggles of multitudes, perishing beneath the weight and convulsions of their wounded horses.

In that earthly Hell, Demetrius almost maddened: he fought with a ferocity inspired by the pitiless scene; and when, successful at last, his brave squadron remained masters of their bleeding prize, he started at his own heart, which rather spurred him on to vengeance, than yielded to grief.

As he raised Leopoldstat's body from the ground, the trepidation with which he did it, awoke the slumbering life. Charles opened his eyes, fixed them on the face of his brother with an expression which acted on the soul of Demetrius like a holy spirit passing visibly before him; again his eyes closed, and Demetrius bursting into a passion of lamentation, clasped him in his arms without power to rise.

“I live, I live, my brother!” Charles

faintly breathed, "forward!"—He fainted as he spoke; and Demetrius eagerly glancing round the field, beheld the enemy retreating in disorder before the German troops.

He was now free to remain with Charles; and animated into the hope of saving that brother for whom he would gladly have shed every drop of his own blood, he hastily formed a sort of litter out of the arms and pelisses of the soldiers, and bore him upon it to the hospital tent.

Long ere they reached the place, every hope had vanished. The rapidly-changing Demetrius, felt nothing but despair while he gazed intently on the motionless features of his brother. That beloved face so still, so pale, so visibly imprinted with death, lying in the midst of blood, gushing out of countless wounds; the dreadful silence which surrounded the bier on which he was borne; the dismayed countenances of the soldiers; all tended to

impress Demetrius with a conviction, that the gallant spirit was dislodged for ever.

At that agonizing moment, how light and unreal, appeared the grief he had indulged for Zaire! Her death he contemplated with pity and anguish; her death he had lamented with frantic tenderness: but that of Charles!—his heart withered within him at the fearful image. To live on, bereft of such a brother, was impossible: to die, when his life should be pronounced beyond recall, seemed then the law of his being. At this idea, he stood suddenly composed in look and manner: but the spirit of grief, which thus retreated from the surface, only retired to gather strength for the moment in which it was to swell and overwhelm him.

While the surgeons were examining the wounds of Leopoldstat, (whom excess of pain frequently revived, and as often rendered insensible again,) Demetrius stood with his arms folded, and his eyes rivetted

upon his brother. One of the surgeons lifted up the clustering hair; it was steeped in blood, and completely dyed the hand that touched it. Demetrius started at the sight; a sudden shivering seized him: when he had last noted these clotted ringlets, they had been fondly sported with, by the fingers of Adelaide, when Charles, fatigued with military duty, was momentarily slumbering on her shoulder. He averted his eyes; and the tears he was unable to shed over his own suffering, gushed forth in pity to another.

After three days, the report of the surgeons was not such as to balance the hopes and fears of those around Count Leopoldstat: apprehension preponderated. His wounds were many and dangerous: and his recovery was said to depend on a variety of circumstances in temperament and situation, which it seemed demanding a miracle to expect.

The loss of such an officer, at a period so critical, when even the Capital of

Austria was menaced, was extremely distressing to the Commander in Chief; Leopoldstat's counsel in camp, had so often decided him in difficult conjunctures; and his conduct in the field so often completed that counsel, that he came to the resolution of removing him to a distance, with the utmost concern.

The army were now crossing the Danube; and though it was the brave Kray's intention to dispute every inch of ground he might be forced to abandon, he foresaw that Ulm would inevitably be his resting place.

To Ulm, therefore, while it was possible to move slowly, he directed Count Leopoldstat should be carried; and in consideration of Demetrius, appointed his troop to form the escort.

At the first intimation of this, Demetrius felt like a young and enthusiastic soldier; he was alarmed at the possibility of odium, by thus avoiding a share in the danger and disasters of his companions:

but this phantom of fastidious honour vanished before fraternal love.

“ Shall I desert thee, brother of my soul,” he softly exclaimed, as he sat watching his unquiet sleep ; “ shall I leave thee to perish, for the sake of a mere breath?— My country can be as well served by any other arm as mine : I have nothing entrusted to me, therefore have no duty to betray. If I save thee, I preserve her best champion to Germany ; and what censure then, can, or ought to wound me !”

Charles awoke in the midst of these reflections : and as if he read in his brother’s looks all that was passing in his bosom, tenderly squeezed his hand : Demetrius vehemently kissed both the hands of Charles in return.

To his various and eager questions, the latter could only reply by signs ; for loss of blood, and subsequent bodily pangs, had exhausted all his strength. A sudden brightness shone on his features, when Demetrius, presenting a letter, told him

a courier had just brought it from Adelaide :—Charles averted his face as he received it, and motioned to be left alone : his brother obeyed.

On the return of Demetrius, it was resolved to apprise the young Countess, in part, of her husband's situation : for Leopoldstat rather chose to bear the knowledge of her suffering now, than by keeping her in ignorance, doom her to more frightful agonies hereafter. His heart bled as he anticipated the sight of her, who lived but in him, and who could not behold him thus, without presaging the worst : yet, to prepare her by a gradual view of his decline, and to leave her the consolation of having soothed his last moments, were motives which far outweighed his own cowardice at the prospect of witnessing her grief.

Having heard and approved the letter, which his agitated brother's tears blotted as he wrote, he ordered it to be imme-

diately dispatched ; and then prepared for his removal.

Every accommodation that respect and affection could devise, in the midst of a retreating army, was procured for Count Leopold : the soldiers saluted the litter as it passed, with tears on their rough cheeks : and the General, looking after it a long time, turned away with a heavy sigh, repeating in a mixed tone of regret and admiration, “ My gallant countryman ! ”

Though proceeding with slowness, and watched by a skilful surgeon, Leopold seemed to have reached Ulm, only to die ; his impatient wife joined him on the road, and now, for the first time in her life, found herself assailed by a calamity, against which she had no longer any reasoning powers to oppose.

While she supported him in her arms, to ease the pain of long continuance in one attitude ; or watched his slumbers ; or administered the opiates that were to

bestow them, anxiety for him, drove away every thought of herself: but the instant she left him, (which was only when his wounds were dressing) despair seized her; and as she fancied his bodily pangs, her suffering threatened to end in phrensy.

Of her father or Demetrius, she could think no more; even though they were both before her, heart-struck for her and for themselves. She neither heard their lamentations nor their intreaties; but absorbed in the future, abandoned her whole soul to one darling object.

At this period, the attentive sympathy of Colonel Wurtzburgh, (who was among the troops in the garrison) excited the gratitude of Demetrius. He frequently watched whole nights in the house, when Leopolstat was thought in immediate danger; avowing himself too warmly interested, for rest or peace of mind.

By those silent attentions, which, exerted for the benefit of others, without noise or ostentation, affect the heart so

much, he contrived to impress every individual with a sense of obligation. What their excess of grief would have overlooked, his less afflicted spirit might be permitted to remember: and all that he did for Charles, or Adelaide, or her father, was found so necessary to their comfort, that Demetrius chid himself for not anticipating the very services for which he was thankful.

The consolations of a female friend were denied to the unhappy Countess; Princess Constantia being removed to Vienna; whither her uncle had hastened on the first news of the French successes.

Of Constantia, Demetrius did not allow himself to think: although her image like an angelic vision, often floated through his fancy, calming for awhile the tempest of wildly-raised apprehension. He knew her to be in safety; and therefore to indulge in soft dreams about her; while death and danger menaced objects

equally dear, would have been almost sacrilege.

The Imperialists retreating before a vast army flushed with success, and eager for plunder, were rapidly falling back upon Ulm. Defeat had followed defeat : though the loss of the enemy was uniformly greater than that of the Austrians.

But the German lines once thinned, were slowly repaired ; while all, whom rapine or fanatic liberty inspired, crowded to fill up those of the French.

Italy was nearly reconquered ; Switzerland their own ; the Grisons within their grasp : from the Mediterranean sea, to the river of the Rhine, one enormous army covered the several countries which lie between them.

Destruction seemed to wait only the nod of a lawless Republican, to overwhelm the very seat of Empire.

These fatal circumstances retarded the

possible recovery of Charles, who felt as if at each fresh disaster,

“String after string, was severed from his heart.”

By a courier who brought advices of a battle at Memmingen, Leopoldstat received a note from the Commander in Chief, desiring him to remove instantly to the capital, as both armies were now on their march towards Ulm, where it was likely an obstinate engagement would soon take place.

The brave Charles disdained thus to fly before an advancing foe, even though weakened by pain and sickness: and, indeed, he was not in a condition to bear either a sudden or a quick removal. He besought his wife to seek Vienna immediately, while he awaited the arrival of the troops, or proceeded with less precipitation: but Adelaide refused to leave him.

The Imperial army entered Ulm soon after; and from their intrenched camp before the city, kept the French awhile in check.

Neither of the adverse Generals thought the period advantageous for attack; and during this accidental suspension of arms, Leopoldstat's wound assumed a less alarming aspect. He was now able to undertake the fatigues of another journey. Accompanied by his wife and her father, he set out for Vienna, leaving Demetrius behind him in garrison.

Bereft at once of so many dear objects, and still trembling for the ultimate safety of his brother, the heart of Demetrius habitually turned towards Colonel Wurtzburgh.

The kindness with which that officer met his renewed friendship, and the zealous alacrity with which he used to seek out minor comforts for Count Leopoldstat, conveyed a severe reproach to Demetrius. He blushed to recollect his former coldness, though Wurtzburgh seemed to have forgotten it: and he strove to repair his fault by testimonials of gratitude.

The Colonel's delicate conduct, increased this glow of gratitude into the fullest esteem. He evidently avoided opportunities of extorting the secret thoughts of his friend; always turned the conversation when it pointed to peculiar subjects; and never staid with Demetrius at those times, in which the swelling breast of the latter, overflowed either with tenderness or passion.

As material objects appear less at a distance, than such as are near, so the past conduct of men, loses its enormity, when opposed to a present appearance of excellence.—Beguiled by his own generous nature, our young Hussar sometimes searched his memory in vain, for rational grounds for his former ill-will to Wurtzburgh: but nothing amounting to conviction, was registered there. He therefore gave a loose to cordiality; and imperceptibly wearing away the self-imposed distance of the Colonel, soon shewed, (without intending absolutely to con-

fide in him ;) all that the Colonel wanted to know of his situation.

It was long ere Wurtzburgh could disengage himself from the perplexity in which young Leopold's character was formed to bewilder him. He could not comprehend how it was possible for Demetrius to burst into a sudden passion of grief when any circumstance recalled Madame de Fontainville; yet every day, every hour, be cherishing the idea of Princess Constantia, or be unconsciously recurring to her, in all his discourses.

When an exclusive preference was over, the Colonel, (sensible to none but the coarsest attachments;) believed that every sentiment of tenderness, must perish with it: he knew nothing of those nice shades of affection, pity, and admiration which complete the fine colouring of a truly tender heart.—Observation however forced him to admit the existence of such a phenomenon, though it did not help him in the least towards comprehending it.

Carefully noting each of these apparent inconsistencies, he kept a regular journal of what he thus discovered ; while Demetrius often wrote in his praise to Forshiem, who was now with the army of Bohemia.

A small division of troops being required by an Austrian General some leagues from the camp, Wurtzburgh's regiment was ordered on the service. He left Demetrius with many demonstrations of regret ; at the same time transferring to him a French servant, whom Demetrius had occasionally employed about his brother's sick-bed, in consequence of the fellow's cleverness, and the Colonel's earnest recommendation.

A succession of disastrous actions between the two armies followed this period. The Imperialists, routed in every engagement, vainly lavished their blood on the plains of Blenheim, and at the bridge of Grensheim. Fate frowned from the broad banner of France : and the Genius of

Austria seemed to have withdrawn in wrath from an army, which, under the command of its virtuous Prince, she had once led on to victory.

The broken troops having hastily abandoned their camp at Ulm, had proceeded to Ingolstadt: from whence they beheld with dismay, the Republicans spreading like consuming fire, over all Suabia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Treves.

The country of the Grisons was lost, the troops in Tyrol were hemmed in by detachments from the French army of Italy, as well as by part of that which laid waste the Frontiers; a powerful force was already on its march to Franconia; and Moreau, animated with these signal advantages, no longer feigned an intention of advancing to Vienna.

Whether any unknown causes, sufficient to justify his advice as a military man, prevailed with Buonaparte, (then First Consul, and General in Italy); to press Moreau's relinquishment of this

brilliant prize; or whether a base envy prompted him to wither those laurels which the hand of another grasped, to decorate their country—is uncertain. The motives will ever remain concealed; but the fact is positive.

At the head of victorious troops, supported on all sides by successful confederates, with only a few dispirited forces to hang on his rear, invited by disloyalty and riot to Vienna itself, General Moreau was enjoined by Buonaparte to grant an armistice, now sued for by Austria.

How is this to be accounted for?

The First Consul was never suspected of sacrificing ambition to humanity; no voice of human suffering, had ever yet, stopped *him* in the career of military reward: (witness the dreadful bridge of Lodi! witness the plains of Jaffa! witness the scene in which his own sick soldiers perished by poison!) he was not of that cautious spirit which avoids the very possibility of disappointment: No! he breasted diffi-

culties with ardour ; and rather sought to wrest distinction, by conquering against probabilities, than to receive tempered commendation, by answering the expectations of his countrymen.

The whole campaign of Italy, had been to him, a brilliant series of astonishing success : but “ his star must have turned pale,” had that of Moreau continued to shine. It was no part of the Corsican’s policy, to sacrifice his own aggrandizement, to that of the country he served : Moreau must be obscured : and Moreau, was.—The armistice was agreed upon, in the month of July ; when all operations in Germany ceased till the beginning of September.

CHAP. V.

IMPATIENT to see that beloved brother, whose perfect safety, affection could not credit, unless absolutely witnessed, Demetrius obtained a month's leave of absence, and hastened to Vienna.

Count Leopoldstat was at the house of his faithful friend, Baron Ingersdorf, who was now a widower.

Disgusted with the court intrigues which had already displaced Prince Charles, and was striving to exclude from the military councils, all sincere lovers of their country, the Baron had resigned

his office, and retired from public life, to a villa in the beautiful suburbs of the capital.

There, in the society of his brother, and that of his accomplished nephew, he enjoyed every pleasure dear to a rational and elegant mind.

Leopolstat was not yet able to support himself, except on a couch; where, raised on cushions, he lay calm and uncomplaining.

Though he could no longer amuse or employ himself, but was dependent on those he loved for every comfort and relief, he repaid their assiduities, by the everlasting sunshine of patient sweetness.

The music of his Adelaide's voice, still thrilled him with delight; and while her balmy breath rested upon the cheek she fondly printed with a kiss, he ceased to languish for the unconfined air of heaven, which so often appears to an invalid, as if it must "bring healing on its wings."

More than ever endeared by his sufferings, and yet further exalted by the manner in which they were borne, Charles distinctly saw, that his wife's affection increased with time. That dotting love, which glories in its object, spoke for ever from her eyes; and a sense of danger past, gave birth to a gratitude too genuine for any fears to alloy.

Adelaide had been so miserable, that she was now nearly happy; her Charles was recovering, her Charles was eternally in her sight, and she had every day fresh reason to bless the event, which kept him far from the armies.

In the joyfulness of her looks, and those of her uncle and father, Demetrius, on reaching Vienna, read all he wished. Though he found his brother stretched powerless on a sofa, what seemed the body's weakness to him, when he beheld again, as it were, the soul of his brother? Thought and emotion once more glowed through the features of Charles, and at

their late parting, the very principle of life itself, appeared extinct.

These brave brothers who had undauntedly fronted the shock of armies together, were now not ashamed of yielding some tears to the feelings of this moment. They rested silently in each other's arms, till their disburthened hearts grew calm.

A narrative of the military incidents which had occurred since they met, was soon demanded by Leopoldstat. Demetrius gave it eloquently: too eloquently; for at his vivid descriptions, and bitter censures, the hectic on his brother's cheek, quivered like an unsteady flame.

Their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron and Adelaide, of whom, after some hesitation, Demetrius enquired about Constantia. His eyes being cast down, prevented him from observing the change this question made in his sister: she replied in a low voice, "Constantia is in Vienna; but as I have much to tell you, and dare not agitate

Charles with it, you must inquire no further, till we are alone."

For the first time of her life, the tender Adelaide, through an excess of love, spared him who would have suffered the least. These hasty words plunged Demetrius into the most frightful conjecturings: from the moment they were uttered, he became silent; and, watching an opportunity to have his fears terminated, abruptly followed Adelaide out of the room, when she left it to procure some fruit for her husband.

On seeing Demetrius, she made her father take charge of the fruit; and led the way into the garden. There, traversing a walk where the most beautiful shrubs bloomed and breathed unnoticed, they discoursed of Constantia.—How was Demetrius appalled to find, that his Princess lived in a species of imprisonment! Adelaide knew little of her situation; yet that little, was enough to rend the heart of a lover.

The substance of what he collected was; that soon after the arrival of Marshal Ingersdorf and his daughter, the Prince of Nuremberg had nearly prohibited all intercourse between the friends: but finding his prohibition scarcely attended to, he hurried his family to Vienna; accompanied by the eldest son of the Elector of ———.

This Prince had for some time sought the hand of Constantia; and it was now evident that ambitious views for his niece, had combined with ill-will towards Demetrius, in the mind of this haughty uncle.

During the period which elapsed since her own arrival in the capital, Adelaide had heard but once of her friend; and that was from the lips of Nuremberg's wife.

They met accidentally at the Countess of Reusmarck's. While some other ladies were going through the clamorous ceremonies of precedence and leave-taking, the Princess hastily approached Adelaide;

“ I shall gladden poor Constantia,” she said timidly, “ by relating all I have heard you repeat of Count Leopoldstat’s amended health. Do me the justice of believing, dear Countess, that I am completely innocent of this oppression. The Prince is warm in his wishes for what he thinks her future good; and suffers himself to use some harshness now, in the hope of meriting her thanks hereafter: but indeed I fear he will carry this severity too far: her health sinks under it.”

The voice of the Princess faltered as she spoke, and she stopped; evidently afflicted at having thus rescued her own character at the expense of her husband’s. Adelaide just had time to implore her interference with the Prince, and to commission her with an ardent message to Constantia, when some persons who were of the Princess’s party joined them: they then separated.

Though she refrained from paining her Lord, with this information, Adelaide

could not sleep, till she had made an effort to see her friend. For this purpose (as she would not subject the wife of Count Leopoldstat to insult, by attempting a clandestine interview;) she wrote to the Prince of Nuremberg, simply stating her uneasiness, at a report of Constantia's being ill; and requesting to be admitted to her, either alone, or in his presence.

The answer she received was couched in these terms:

NOTE.

“ The Prince of Nuremberg regrets that circumstances should constrain him to refuse any request of the Countess Leopoldstat's: he is happy to contradict every report of his niece the Princess Constantia's ill-health; but must decline for her the honour of a visit, which, by reviving the remembrance of a person whom it is her duty to forget, would inevitably strengthen her in the resolution of avoiding a Prince whom it is her duty to accept.

“ The Prince of Nuremberg does himself

the honour of offering congratulations upon the recent safety of Count Leopold; and at the same time, of assuring the Countess that he would never deny *any* request of her's, without the extreme reluctance."

Vienna.—July.

With this cold and cautious billet ended all the information of Adelaide. Since then, she had heard no more of Constantia, except that she was still completely secluded.

Demetrius made few remarks on this: he silently pressed his sister's hand; leaving his thanks to his looks. They then rejoined Charles, with whom Demetrius staid till the hour of rest; when hastily excusing himself from the family supper, he left the house.

Various modes of seeking an interview with Constantia, conceived and rejected in the same moment, agitated the thoughts of Demetrius; as instead of going to his

lodgings, he hurried along the suburbs. Had he been pressing on to the immediate execution of some plan for seeing her, he could not have felt more impatient: while indeed, nothing but a chaos of schemes, wishes, and apprehensions was before him.

Ere he dared attempt anything for her enlargement, it was incumbent on him to learn how far he was concerned in her refusal of her titled lover: till he had sought a renewal of those vows she once breathed, and gained a knowledge of her future intentions, all his zeal and passion, must be buried in his own bosom. He now execrated himself for having shunned an interview at Munich; and trembled at the probability of having lost her heart by such apparent inconsistency.

In the midst of these reflections, he came in sight of the place which contained her.

The spacious Palace glittering in a bright moonlight, with its magnificent

gardens, and stately terraces, towered above the Danube, whose swift waters flashing under the eye, poured through a scene of brilliant enchantment. Numberless villas embowered among trees, were seen scattered in gay confusion along its banks; and through every grove and every glade, the warm breath of aromatic summer, softly steamed from earth to heaven.

Demetrius now approached one of the side-entrances; at that moment a man vaulted over a low part of the garden-wall, and alighted close beside him.

He was somewhat surprised to find in this man, his servant Pierre.

After a few equivocations, the fellow confessed he had been visiting the gardener's daughter, to whom, on account of an old quarrel with her brother, he could not venture to go publicly: that besides love for her, he was prompted by regard for his master, of whose attachment to Princess Constantia, he had heard in the kit-

chen at Baron Ingersdorf's, from one, who had it from an Italian servant of the Princess's:—that officious, perhaps, in his zeal, he had ventured to ask many questions of his sweetheart, through whom, he hinted the probability of conveying a letter or a message.

At this moment Demetrius was incapable of pausing upon any proposal which held out such a prospect. The fellow could have no motive for ensnaring him; he had served him faithfully some time; and had testified so affectionate an anxiety during the sickness of Charles, that he readily pardoned a little freedom in his endeavours to serve. He now put a few questions to Pierre, whose answers determined him to hazard something.

The Prince of Nuremberg was gone two leagues off on business, which might detain him some days: no one but his Princess was left to guard Constantia, who, though still restricted to the Palace

gardens, was indulged by her, in all the liberty she dared grant. Constantia was then alone, in these very gardens; Pierre had seen her himself.

He now offered to return and conduct his master to her: since Demetrius was unwilling to put the woman he loved into the power of her domestic, he refused to admit Pierre's sweetheart, into their council.

A few lines written with pencil on the leaf of a pocket-book, were given to Pierre: each leapt the garden wall at the same moment; and hastily struck into a walk shaded by elms, so thick that they excluded every twinkling star. They followed this track till it brought them to a grotto; which suddenly emerging amid the light, displayed a broad glade, where the trees receding in magnificent groupes, left a vast expanse, which terminated at a side portico of the Palace.

Demetrius rushed into the grotto; and Pierre turned into another path.

The tender moon, shedding a mellow lustre through an opening in the roof of this calm retreat, quivered among the spars and crystals of which it was formed; but no sound, no breath even of the faintest night-breeze, stirred the long tresses of a willow which streamed above.

There was something in this stillness and beauty, oppressive to the agitated heart of Demetrius: he advanced to the entrance; all there, was as still and lovely. The moveless trees, the soundless water, the dark vistas and steady lustre of the moon, all seemed to his wild fancy, fraught with expectation: he scarcely breathed: but fear had no share in this emotion.

Too much absorbed in solicitude for Constantia's reception of him, he had not room for any suspicion of Pierre's fidelity.

Lovers hope all things, and dread all things: wilder than the starts of a lunatic, were the apprehensions which now tor-

mented Demetrius : the remembrance of Zaire mixed itself with them ; but for the first time since her death, he strove to banish it.

Hasty steps as of a man advancing along the walk into which Pierre had struck, were now distinctly heard. Root-bound with expectation, Demetrius listened to catch the echo of a softer tread : but whether it were lost in the other sound he knew not, for he heard nothing more. His heart began to sink, when Constantia herself flew into the grotto.

One glance of her endearing eyes, banished both fear and regret : every event that had occurred since he used to see her at Felieri, fled from their eloquent brightness. Time, suffering, were annihilated ; and the full conviction of being beloved, of still tenderly loving, spoke to his renovated soul.

Constantia did not check the transport with which he pressed her in his arms : she participated too much in that joy,

which was produced by an affection as pure as her own innocence. For a long time neither of them spoke; but at length Demetrius recovering recollection of the past, said fearfully, "Dare I still call you *my* Constantia?"

The Princess did not hesitate to confess the steadiness of her attachment, though a crimson blush glowed on her averted face. At such a period as this, she would have deemed useless reserve, both foolish and cruel.

"I know not," she replied, "whether in my desire to save you even the smallest uneasiness, I may not be sacrificing the propriety of my sex; but my heart impels me to assure you—almost unasked—that you see Constantia at this moment, what she was at Felieri; that, however fate or inclination might have disposed of *you*, *she* would never have altered; and that it remains with yourself, to sanction—to appropriate.—"

She could not proceed; burning blushes spread over her whole countenance, and the quick pulsation of her heart, impeded her further utterance. Snatched repeatedly to the breast of her impassioned lover, whose ardent gratitude scarcely found words to express itself, Constantia heard with astonishment and trepidation, his proposal for immediate flight.

At this moment of delirious ecstasy, Demetrius thought only of securing the beloved creature, who had endured for him, every species of outrage; of bearing her far from such oppression, and dedicating the whole of his coming life, to the sweet task of eternal gratitude. When she shewed him the madness of his scheme, (by reverting to the power which her uncle would have of reclaiming her, and rousing the law against him) Demetrius urged another plan. He offered to conduct her to some remote convent, from which she might claim the

protection of her other relations, and obtain legal redress, until the period in which her uncle's guardianship must end.

Constantia's eyes glistened with tears at his generous ardour: She gazed on him, in a trance of tender admiration, while she rapidly revolved the dangers to which he would thus expose himself. Her rank, her fortune, her father's will, and her uncle's influence, would all unite to make the life of her lover, answer for his temerity. For his sake therefore, she steadily declined it, though he fell at her feet, and implored her, even with tears, to consent.

Constantia trembled and wept too: but there was a sad foreboding at her heart, which strengthened her resolution.

Continued harshness and restraint, bursts of violence, threats, invectives against her lover's character, or menaces against his safety, had long worn on her spirits, and gradually sapped the foundations of life. Cut off from every consolation; and wilfully kept in anxiety for Demetrius, by

seeing only those papers which detailed the horrors and not the particulars of every battle, her health had imperceptibly given way : she was now the shadow of herself ; and except at this period when tumultuous agitation kindled a flame on her cheeks, and new-strung her nerves, no tint of colour animated her features ; no elasticity gave spring to her unsteady steps.

Demetrius, whose admiring eyes saw rapture sparkling in her's, who beheld no change in her beautiful person but what appeared the natural effect of an unquiet mind, was far from divining the gloomy presentiment which suddenly altered her manner.

When she had silenced all his arguments for her flight, she felt as if in doing so, she had signed their eternal separation. After that night, they might never behold each other ; she might not live long enough to see another meeting. At these thoughts, she burst into a passion of tears ; again and again she pressed his hand wildly to her heart ; and the convulsive sobs which

shook her whole frame, choked the fond lamentation that struggled to her lips.

Alarmed, distressed, astonished beyond measure, Demetrius vainly besought her to impart the cause of this strange emotion. Constantia only replied by fresh tears: At that instant the palace clock struck twelve; it electrified the Princess: She started up, hastily exclaiming, "We must part now."

"O not yet, not yet, my Constantia;" exclaimed Demetrius, retaining the hand with which she had clasped his, "leave me not, till you have told me that I may come here again. To-morrow night at the same hour—your uncle will still be absent.—All that I wished said to you, I have left unsaid.—To-morrow, dearest, sweetest Constantia, tell me you will be here?"

The Princess promised; and exchanging a hasty embrace, vanished from his sight.

Demetrius stood like a disenchanted man. The bright vision was gone; and for awhile he scarcely knew whether to

believe it had indeed been. Pierre's entrance brought back his senses.

He gratefully grasped his hand. "I am indebted to you for more than life," he said, "and I will never forget it. But for heaven's sake remember, Pierre, that the least indiscretion would ruin Princess Constantia for ever. Henceforth, do not whisper this night's adventure, even to your own thoughts. I fear nothing but accidental imprudence in you, for I am confident you would never wilfully betray me."

The cheeks of Pierre glowed: he replied with all the vehemence of his nation, heaping vow upon vow, and protestation upon protestation. His master shook him again by the hand; and then turning away soon reached the place from which they jumped into the road.

The whole of the next day, was spent by Demetrius in an impatient longing for night; yet he forced his mind into exertion, for the sake of his brother.

Select parties were admitted of an evening to the room where Count Leopold was confined: his benevolent spirit delighted in the sight of diffused pleasure: he could even join in the playfulness of gay discourse; and though unable to increase the concert himself, was gratified by hearing music from others.

The Countess of Reusmarck was the only person this evening, who added to the domestic circle. Demetrius quitted it early, and bidding Pierre attend him, hurried towards the palace.

How different was the scene, from what it appeared when last he saw it! A chill, tempestuous night, blackened and agitated every object. The enormous trees, bending to their very roots before the wind, cast gigantic shadows, as they waved across the front of the edifice. The moon herself, seemed pale with fear, as the clouds driving over her face, were sometimes rent asunder, and scattered by the storm. One continued roar of trees and water'

pealed around Demetrius: He trembled for the safety of Constantia, when he beheld large branches torn off by the furious blast, and falling on every side of him.

Pierre was sheltered in a root-house, at some little distance; but he, stood forth under the-inclement sky, praying that his Princess might have abandoned the attempt.

Just as he had completely satisfied himself that she would not come, he turned at the murmur of a breathless voice, and beheld her near him, sinking with fatigue and apprehension.

“ I have been so frightened!” she gasped out, while he led her into the grotto, “ it is a long way round, from the house; and the noise of the trees on every side—the dreadful darkness—I thought I should never have lived to reach you.” A deep sigh broke forth with the last words, and her head sunk on the shoulder of her lover.

The moon now momentarily gleaming

into the grotto, shewed Demetrius her pallid face: he spoke to her, but she was insensible. Exhausted by toil and terror, oppressed with a conviction of her own decay, she had fainted.

His alarm at this circumstance, was heightened by the consciousness of their distance from any succour. He could only chafe her cold hands, and press his warm cheek to her's, as if hoping that might communicate something of its own life.

She revived shortly after: yet the clay-like colour of her once vivid complexion, still remained: her hands trembled, her lips quivered, her respiration was quick and interrupted, and when she attempted speech, she was obliged to stop frequently, for want of breath.

Demetrius gazed on her, with an air of distraction.

“Is this but fatigue, or fear, my Constantia?” he exclaimed, “or some new suffering occasioned by your uncle? or is

it, what my fond heart will break to have confirmed,—is it illness?”

Tears swam in the Princess's eyes, as she answered him.

“I am not so well as I used to be,” she sighed out, “but you know I never was very strong; and such a separation from you, together with anxieties and discomforts, have rather injured my health; however, I promise to live for your sake.” She stopped, then added in a suffocated tone, “if Heaven permit me!”

“If Heaven permit you!” repeated Demetrius, clasping her hands with agony in his; “O Constantia! am I a second time to suffer—” He broke off abruptly; and suddenly releasing her, walked to the end of the grotto.

At sight of her lover's anguish, Constantia reproached herself for yielding to a despondency which accidental circumstances had thus deepened. She approached Demetrius, and sought to com-

pose him. He turned wildly round, and passionately upbraided her for concealing her altered health from her friends.

“What could I do?” asked Constantia, “how was I to have informed them? you forget that I have long been denied the privilege of seeing or writing to any one.”

“Was there no creature in that hateful house, who was accessible to bribery or intreaty?—surely some servant might have been found—”

Constantia gently interrupted him: “I have always held such conduct in abhorrence. Not even for you, my Demetrius, would I try to corrupt the fidelity of another. Not that I consider myself bound to keep terms with my uncle; (for every stratagem, I can invent to see or correspond with you, I shall seize without scruple;) but a principle of right, teaches me not to procure my own gratification at the expense of an inferior’s integrity.”

Demetrius gave her a look, expressive of that admiration, which for awhile had displaced his grief. Constantia seized the calm moment, and taking up a casket which fell from her hand when she fainted, held it out to him.

“ This little casket, she said, with a languid smile, contains the means of future happiness, I trust for both of us. Listen to me Demetrius. After we parted last night, I spent many hours in revolving our conversation, and considering the best method for ending the cruel oppression that undermines my health. The result of these reflections, has been a determination to appeal publicly against the tyranny of my uncle.

“ I have written a candid, and, I hope, moderate narrative of the undue methods by which he endeavours to influence my will: I have stated my own willingness to remain obedient to him in all reasonable things, even to that of foregoing any intercourse with you, till his guardianship

should expire; and I have addressed this to a near relation of our's, the Canoness of——, whom I intreat to take such legal steps as may transfer this power to herself; being ready to seclude myself in a convent under her protection, till I am of age.

“ This narrative, with copies of my dear father's and grandmamma's wills, are inclosed in the casket I now give you.— It rests with you, my Demetrius, to have it delivered safely. If you can confide in your servant, let him set off with it, immediately, to —— in Bohemia, where the Canoness now is. I trust the course of justice, is not interrupted in Franconia; once released from the misery of perpetual persecution, I think, health would soon return to me: and then, to wait only eighteen months, for bliss and my Demetrius, would not be insupportable.”

Unable to reply, Demetrius kissed her hands fervently. A long silence ensued: after which they conversed on the proba-

ble event of this new enterprise. It seemed to Demetrius, like a prospect of paradise: His sanguine soul rushed forwards to meet its completion, with a joy so certain, that it painted his countenance with fresh bloom.

His health, his youth, his beauty, still flourished in the sight of Constantia, while her's were fast wasting into nought: She could have wept with bitter regret, had not regard for his feelings, repelled her tears.

It was settled, that Pierre should be dispatched to the Canoness, early the next morning; and that Demetrius might as he saw fit, impart the business to his brother and Adelaide. Constantia being only anxious to preserve them from her uncle's insult.

She instructed her lover to deposit the Canoness's answer in the hollow of an old tree, which, though near that part of the wall by which he entered the grounds, was so overgrown by other trees, and a

quantity of ivy, that it was not likely to be observed by others. Here the letter, covered with moss and leaves and stones, might lie till she had next an opportunity of visiting the gardens, and replacing it by one from herself.

With this night, their meetings were to end: for the Prince of Nuremberg was expected the ensuing day. When they might meet again, Demetrius knew not: and he would therefore have prolonged her stay, beyond discretion, had it not been for the threatening appearance of the night, which now foreboded heavy rain.

The moon and stars were completely obscured; the wind only rushed through the trees, in unfrequent blasts; and the sides of the grotto, became moist and cold.

After combating much opposition from the timid Princess, he at length obtained permission to accompany her as far as the entrance of a high, green terrace behind the

palace, where opened an apartment, of which her indulgent aunt had given her the key.

Demetrius threw the military cloak he wore, around the slender form of his beloved; and half wafting her forward with his arm, speeded her trembling steps, and quieted her fears.

They were both, too anxious, and too hurried for conversation. Sometimes Demetrius pressed her momentarily against his breast, as they flew along; sometimes a sigh bursting from both their hearts at the same instant, seemed to mingle their very beings.

They proceeded in utter darkness, under fast-falling drops of rain; till quitting the shade, the solitary terrace, with only one dim light burning in the lower chamber, stretched darkly before them. They stopped; and Constantia throwing herself back into the arms of her lover, renewed her prayers for his safety, and the completion of their mutual wishes. She then tore

herself from his embrace ; and Demetrius turned sorrowfully back.

In all probability, Pierre had been solacing himself with the society of the gardener's daughter ; for he displayed not the least discontent at his master's long absence ; though the place he sheltered in, was not high enough to admit any thing taller than a spade.

Demetrius found him contentedly sitting among bags of flower-seeds, and bundles of dried herbs : He started up at the sound of his voice, and expressed the utmost pleasure at seeing him safe again.

“ You must be in my chamber to-morrow morning, by day-break :” said Demetrius, when they reached his lodgings. “ I have business that you must do for me, in Bohemia. I confide in you implicitly, you see Pierre.—Remember discretion.—Good night.”

Pierre promised, and they entered the house.

The morning was just dawning, when

the active Pierre, presented himself, ready habited for his journey : Demetrius then gave him a sealed packet, directing him to deliver it into no hands but those of the Canoness ; to wait her answer, and when he had got that, to return with the utmost speed.

He waited the reappearance of Pierre, before he ventured to agitate Charles and Adelaide, with the detail of his own rashness, and Princess Constantia's sufferings. When this expected messenger arrived, he brought a billet from the Canoness, which, (as Demetrius was to open), at once dissipated every fear. It contained these lines.—

“ TO PRINCESS CONSTANTIA OF NUREMBERG.

“ MY DEAR CHILD !

“ I have received your distressing appeal against the treatment of your guardian ; and I hope you will find, by my future conduct in the affair, that you have

not applied to an unfeeling relation. I do not sanction family feuds: but still less do I approve of an abuse of power: So, if on further perusal, and consideration of what you have written, and after thorough investigation, I find no reason to alter my present resolution, you may speedily expect legal redress.

“ Of the young Count in question, and the propriety of your persisting to marry him, when you come of age, we will talk when I see you: *I* shall only try to persuade; your uncle it seems, has threatened. Farewel my dear child, I commend you to the keeping of all the saints, and am your affectionate kinswoman

ULRICA.”

With this precious pledge of success in his hand, Demetrius hastened to Baron Ingersdorf's, where he confided to his brother and to Adelaide, the important secret.

They heard him, with very different

feelings from those which crimsoned his cheek, and made his pulses beat: Joy, sat on his smooth brow; solicitude and distrust contracted theirs. It was not till Demetrius had repeated every circumstance, and coloured the attachment of Pierre, in the warmest manner, that Leopostat admitted a belief of his honesty: however, the second meeting with Constantia, having passed off safely, and a letter from her relation being then before them, were the strongest arguments in his favour.

Charles besought Demetrius to confide nothing to his servant, which necessity did not demand; lamenting that the attachment between his brother and the Princess, prevented his standing forth as her champion, in a cause which had claims upon every man of honour. Where there were such splendid inducements for selfishness to seek its own aggrandisement, by vindicating her freedom of choice, he knew that few spirits would believe them

actuated by nobler motives. He therefore exhorted Demetrius, to avoid any precipitate measure dictated by the mere passion of love.

When her brother went out, to deposit the letter in the appointed place, Adelaide renewed the discourse: She trembled at the possibility of treachery in an affair which involved, not merely the happiness, but perhaps the life of her dearest Constantia; to end this doubt, she suggested a plan which Leopoldstat sanctioned by the fullest approval.

It was a letter to Count Forshiem; whose vicinity to the Canoness's abode, would enable him to learn from her own lips, whether a packet from her young relation had really been delivered into her hands. If his inquiry should be answered in the affirmative, Adelaide allowed they might then dismiss every fear of Pierre's fidelity, and look with confidence to the release of their friend.

“ I shall say nothing of this, to Deme-

trius;" said the Countess, as she wrote the letter for her husband, "he would be indignant at my suspicions of this poor servant. But I don't suspect him, because he is poor and ignorant, 'tis because he is a Frenchman."

"Equally liberal, and unprejudiced, my Adelaide!" observed the Count, smiling, "trust me, many a gallant and virtuous man, marches even under the banner of Buonaparte."

"Now, are not you, illiberal, in this unqualified expression?" his wife archly asked.

"Surely not:" was his reply, "for we can form a judgment of an individual, from the tenor of his conduct; that which we pass on multitudes, of whom we only know that they were born in such a particular country, must be contemptibly erroneous."

Pleased to be convinced by her husband, Adelaide, like all other good wives, acknowledged the superiority of the reason

by which she was silenced : and Charles, more than ever enamoured of her gentleness, almost thought imperfections lovely, when they thus afforded opportunities for the display of affection.

Demetrius, meanwhile, was watching an opportunity to place a letter from himself, and that of the Canoness, in the hollow tree. It was some time ere he found the road quite solitary : He then vaulted over the wall, deposited his packet ; wafted a thousand sighs, kisses, and blessings, to the prison of his Constantia, and hastened back to Baron Ingersdorf's.

CHAP. VI.

FROM the hour in which she last saw Demetrius, Princess Constantia was suffering both from illness and affliction.

The inclement night under which she went to meet her lover, had pierced her delicate frame : After reaching home, she sunk on her bed, scarcely sensible to any thing but a chill like death, which had not entirely left her limbs, when her aunt came to see her in the morning.

This kind, but weak woman, had always testified such compassion for Constantia, that it evidently depended solely on the latter, to insure her active friendship : yet

Constantia would not use a single artifice, nor urge one complaint, to betray her aunt into actions, which she knew her character well enough to be convinced, would afterwards awaken repentance.

The Princess of Nuremberg lamented her husband's injustice and violence; and continued to love him. Constantia, in her place, would have made the cause of innocence, her own, and would have given the man she once adored, only the alternative of losing her heart, or of abandoning his oppression.

But she did not expect this, from the Princess. Her pliant softness might be won to sanction the meetings of the lovers, or to forward letters to Adelaide; but in exciting her to this, Constantia saw she would be tasking a feeble spirit, beyond its strength: as every assistance thus rendered, would lie on the conscience of the Princess like so many sins.

This conviction of her aunt's weakness, did not lessen the gratitude of Constantia.

How warmly had her affectionate heart registered the silent tears she had shed for her sake, when some alarming paragraph about the army, had been cruelly read aloud by the Prince!—how often had this pitying woman stolen at midnight from the side of her husband, to bring those restoratives to Constantia, which her decaying state demanded, but, which the worthless Nuremberg prohibited!—All these things, were remembered by one, in whom, gratitude was only secondary to love!

The Princess now sat by Constantia's bed, while she took her slight breakfast; and then afterwards, descended with her into the music-room, where she strove to beguile away her indisposition, by the charms of harmony.

When the day was far advanced, Nuremberg returned alone; and then his stormy brow, announced a coming whirlwind.

He fixed his eyes upon his niece, with a look that withered her very heart. She

turned pale ; almost fancying she saw in that look, his knowledge of her appeal to the Canoness.

Contrary to his usual custom he never addressed her ; spoke little to his wife, and that in a bitter spirit ; angrily repulsed his child when it attempted to caress him ; and on seeing it creep towards Constantia, fiercely plucked it back, exclaiming in a voice like a clap of thunder, “ Have I not commanded you to avoid her, as you would poison ? ”

The pretty babe ran sobbing, and cast itself into its mother’s arms ; who, with a tone of sorrowful reproach, merely ventured to pronounce her husband’s name.—Constantia trembled, and grew paler still.

The Prince then rang for refreshments : found fault with every thing that was brought ; cursed the weather, the house, and the situation ; quarrelled in short with every object that met his sight, or came into his thoughts ; and acted all the extravagancies of a madman, without

deigning to give his terrified wife, the least intimation of what had happened to discompose him.

After exhausting his rage upon contemptible subjects, he suddenly struck into political prophecy; painting the state of the empire, in colours which made his hearers shudder. He detailed the scheme of the remaining part of the campaign; and having exaggerated the French troops, and the horror of combating them amongst the Alps, informed his wife, that Count Leopold's hussars, were ordered on that service. "Every one," he exclaimed, with malicious triumph, "every one looks upon these fellows as already in their graves. Of course, they must all be cut in pieces: even that young lady's redoubtable hero; unless he be a second Achilles, invulnerable every way but in the heel. However, I fear even so, he might share the fate of his companions; as I am much mistaken if he would not *turn on his heel*, from the enemy."

At this brutal sarcasm, Constantia started from her seat: indignation lent her just enough strength to totter out of the room: when she reached another apartment, she sunk breathless upon the ground.

Never before, did she so sensibly feel the alteration which decayed health had made in her very soul: a benumbing power, seemed to have congealed those quick tides of generous resentment and glowing zeal, that once flowed at the smallest impulse. She felt blighted in every part of her; and scarcely thought it possible for health and liberty, to revive the capability of happiness.

Of Demetrius, she now thought with grief. Abandoned to despair, she believed herself lost for ever; and as her eyes accidentally fell on her own image in a mirror, she averted them with a thrill of acute regret. That beauty which she never prized till it had been praised by Demetrius, that beauty which she wished preserved only to delight him, was gone,

most likely never to return: And the spirit which formerly gave it its brightest charm, was completely annihilated.

Weeping and disconsolate, she seated herself in a window, from which she gazed upon that part of the garden, where she had so lately been with her lover: She gazed with piercing pain; for her thoughts were full of the belief that they should meet no more in this world. Sad ideas floated successively through her mind, in the language of love and melancholy, till they formed themselves into the following stanzas.—

TO DEMETRIUS.

WHILE from my cheek, health's redd'ning glow re-
 treats,
 And youth's bright light, deserts my dark'ning eyes;
 While scarce a pulse beneath that pressure beats,
 Which pitying tenderness so oft applies;
 While cheerful thought expires, and hope decays,
 And all things wither in my heart, save thee;
 How can I wish to blight thy summer days,
 By linking thine, to my sad destiny?

Is it for me, (faint, spiritless, and cold,)
To cling destroying, on thy opening years;
With dead'ning force their shooting powers enfold,
And drench each ardent bloom, in killing tears?

Is it for me, to pay thy gen'rous love
With a chang'd person, and a changing mind;
Seeking alone, a selfish joy to prove,
While vows eternal, should thy honour bind?

Perish the thought!—and let this cherish'd fire
That even now burns quenchless in my breast;
This passion true, this fond, this pure desire,
Sink with my wasting frame to endless rest.—

Gone, are the rosy smiles that won thy heart;
The sparkling glance, the gay delighted air;
Sorrow and sickness both, have said, depart!
To all that made me in thy fancy, fair:

Then, since no blessing I have left to give,
Since youth, and health, and hope, before me fly;
For thee, no longer will I ask to live;—
But, ah! for thee, thee only, do I die.—

Her whole soul was absorbed in the
awful idea, suggested - by the last line,

when the Princess of Nuremberg entered the apartment. "Had you not better retire to rest?" she said softly: "Amadeus has been playing; I find, and bad luck has embittered his temper more than usual. Forgive him, my dearest girl; he means well; but he does not know the nature of women: he believes we are only to be conquered by authority. Lean on my arm—I will lead you up stairs, and though I dare not stay with you, the good Josepha shall watch by you, till you sleep."—

Constantia's swimming eyes, gratefully lifted for a moment from the ground, thanked her aunt: she took her arm with a sigh; and slowly advancing from one landing of the stair-case to another, at length reached her own chamber.

No refreshing slumber settled on the heavy eye-lids of Constantia: her rest was broken with feverish starts, acute pangs, and all those mixed torments of burning heat and chilling rigors, which

precede a violent disorder. Multitudes of hideous spectres seemed gliding through the gloom of her apartment; and sometimes she started from a profound sleep, at the fancied sound of supernatural whisperings.

In the morning, Josepha (an old domestic who had not left her all night) roused the family physician: He found the young Princess delirious, and her fever increasing every hour.

From the moment this intelligence was communicated to the wife of Nuremberg, she refused to abandon Constantia, in what she deemed her last agonies; though her barbarous husband, muttered horrible triumphings, and loaded her with every term of contempt. She watched in the sick chamber, day and night, for seven days, when the fever turned favourably; and the Prince received a letter, which forcing him to quit home again, left his wife and niece to themselves.

Unconscious of her danger, whose safety

was as precious to him as his own honour, Demetrius spent four of these seven days, in waiting for the Canoness's letter; on the fifth, he concealed it in the appointed place, and for three successive mornings vainly visited the spot, to receive the promised answer. Disappointed and apprehensive, he commissioned Pierre to discover the probable reason of this circumstance; and Pierre soon returned with the afflicting account of Constantia's illness.

The first shock of this intelligence, awhile bereft Demetrius of every faculty: but no sooner did thought and passion return, than he resolved to brave every thing, and attempt seeing her.

Pierre respectfully and warmly remonstrated against such rashness: but finding his master resolute, he suggested a plausible method of accomplishing his wish. It was to repair in the dark of the evening, disguised as a courier, who brought something of import from the Prince of

Nuremberg: so to obtain admittance to the Princess; whose permission for seeing Constantia, he might then implore; or at least obtain from her a true statement of his beloved's situation.

This plan (Pierre urged,) could be attended with no other risk than that of the Princess refusing to hear his petition: while a bold attempt at entrance, might subject him to insult, perhaps outrage, from the domestics of the Palace. Nay, it would not bring him a step nearer the object desired, as he could not even then, see Constantia, unless permitted by her aunt.

This prompt and feasible scheme was no sooner heard than embraced by Demetrius: he resolved to make an essay that very evening, when his absence would not be noticed, as Charles was going to leave the confinement of a sofa for the first time, and receive a few friends, who had not hitherto been admitted to his presence. So wild a project, Demetrius well knew,

would not receive his sanction: fore he resolved to conceal it, till success should have absolved him of rashness.

Dinner was over, and the happy family at Baron Ingersdorf's gathering round their desert, when they were delightfully surprised by the entrance of Count Forshiem and his young wife. Demetrius started up with a glow of pleasant recollections, to salute the still-gay Lorenza; while Adelaide rose smilingly, to welcome this new acquaintance; and Leopoldstat embraced Forshiem with a brother's kindness.

“We have lately changed our quarters,” said Forshiem in answer to a question of Marshal Ingersdorf's, “and being on the very confines of Austria, I could not resist a desire to see Leopoldstat's recovery with my own eyes: besides, this dear little fool, (whom I have the honour to present to you all, as my agreeable torment for life;) was so impatient to be-

hold the whole circle, that I had no rest, till I obtained leave to depart."

"Have you not got my letter?" asked Charles.

"I have not had any letter these ten days," replied his friend, "if you wrote to our last cantonments, it is probably journeying after me."

Adelaide and her husband exchanged a glance of extreme disappointment; but spoke not.

The conversation then took that turn which always happens, when long-absent friends appear suddenly, and meet in happiness. The circle was too large, and every person in it, too much animated, for a calm or tender tone: the more joyous spirits, gave the strongest impulse; and those that singly would have been serious, became soon, as tumultuously exhilarated as Forshiem himself.

In the midst of their gaiety, Demetrius apologized for the necessity he was under

of keeping an appointment which he could not evade; but expressed a warm hope of finding the party still together, when he should certainly return to supper.

No one noticed that he spoke with agitation, except Charles, who was struck with his manner, and beckoned him to approach. His thoughts were startled at the suspicion of another duel between his brother and Nuremberg.

“Why are you so agitated, Demetrius,” he whispered, and anxiously pressed his hand, “for Heaven’s sake tell me, whether the Prince of Nuremberg has discovered.”

“He knows nothing about me,” hastily answered Demetrius, “I am not going to meet him: he is far off—surely Charles there is nothing wonderful in having an appointment? and mine, believe me, is not one to alarm any-body.”

“You are sure of it?”

“Certain,” and the sunny smile which

for a moment brightened the face of Demetrius, composed his brother: he shook his hand affectionately, and released him.

Demetrius hastened into the garden, at the end of which, Pierre was in readiness, with the courier's dress.

"'Tis like to be a dreadful night," said the man, as he thrust his master's fine hair under a huge leather cap.

"No matter," replied Demetrius, "I care very little what sort of a night it proves, if I may but see my Constantia—and find her indeed safe"—his full heart stopped the speech.

The quick flashes of lightning that now vibrated every instant through the trees; and the distant thunder which began to mutter low and deep among the clouds, rather appalled Pierre: he expressed some apprehension for the horse his master was to ride, which he had tied to a tree at some distance from the garden gates: and indeed the poor fellow was so eager to get out of danger himself, that he scarcely

gave Demetrius time to adjust half his novel accoutrements.

The night was sultry, and so still, that except the repeated peals of thunder, no sound was heard to drown the voices of Pierre and his master: they were therefore, forced to speak in whispers; and to open the iron gates, with extreme precaution.

A broad sheet of lightning quivered on their surface, when Demetrius impatiently threw them open, and rushed into the road. He looked back towards the house; thought of the affectionate circle he had left there; and breathing a prayer for success and his Constantia, took the road to her uncle's palace.

CHAP. VII.

“Is not my brother come yet?” asked Leopolstat the next morning, when, leaning on the arm of his wife, he entered the breakfast parlour.

Count Forshiem answered in the negative, gaily adding, “Since he seems resolved to spoil our breakfast as he did our supper, by making it wait for him, we must enter into a resolution not to forgive the truant trick he played us last night. Unless the gallant gentleman can make a very good excuse for himself, I think the dignity and charms of these fair ladies, have been grossly insulted.”

“The charms of some lady, as fair as our’s,” observed the Baron, “may have tempted him to forego our supper.”

“It’s more likely,” interrupted the Marshal, “that the provoking puppy has caught an atrocious cold, and is at this time writhing in bed. He must have been out, in all that storm of thunder and lightning, and rain, and so I’ll post off to his lodgings, and see after him.”

As the Marshal took up his hat, Charles thanked him with a bow and a smile; and the two Countesses laughingly bade him bear their eternal enmity to Demetrius, for having thrown such a stigma on their joint attractions.

“I fear there is something deucedly inhuman in this Austrian air,” exclaimed Forshiem, “for I protest to you all, that not even the woeful supposition uttered by the Marshal as he vanished just now, has been able to damp the ardour with which I contemplate my breakfast. Are you hungry good folks, or are ye not?”

I profess myself famishing: and therefore, mean to fall upon the bread and ham, this very moment, and for these very reasons:—

“If my friend Demetrius is only idle and insolent I should be a great fool to stay my appetite for such a coxcomb: if he is *sickish*, we shall all be so miserable upon it, that I know none of us will dare to ask for anything to eat. I really cannot grieve on an empty stomach: if I don't replenish myself with food, I have no strength to groan; and if I don't drink, I can shed no tears.”

“But you can harangue pretty stoutly,” interrupted his wife, “and so fast and so fluently too, that it is the mutual interest of the Countess and me, to silence you with your breakfast immediately. If we don't do so, your noisy tongue will have wearied every body's attention, before we can claim our female privilege, and use ours’.”

The table was now quickly surrounded

and the liveliness which every one assumed to drive away the uneasiness visible in the face of Leopoldstat, soon awakened his sportive wit, and made the time of the Marshal's absence, pass less anxiously.

The Baron and Count Forshiem were in the midst of a whimsical dispute, when the latter was told that a person wanted to speak with him in the anti-room: he obeyed the summons. What was his surprise to behold, Marshal Ingersdorf with a face as pale as death, and scarcely able to speak from agitation!

Forshiem stood aghast. "What has happened?" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"He has never been at home!" exclaimed the Marshal, "they know nothing of him."

"Who do you mean? the people at his lodgings?"

"Yes!—they have not seen him since yesterday, when he was there to dress for dinner. Heaven only knows whi-

ther he can have gone, or what has become of him !” —

Solicitous to quiet the alarm in which he now partook largely himself, Forshiem rather inconsiderately suggested, that he might have supped with a party of wild young men, drank too much wine, and been betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of every body else; by the allurements of some pretty opera girl: that if this party were held at one of the company's villas it might be a mile or two off; and so his late appearance was natural.

At mention of an opera girl, the Marshal roughly snatched his hand out of Forshiem's, angrily saying, “ No Sir ! this headstrong boy was once the victim of passion ; but I'd stake my life, he would never submit to be the slave of sense.” —

Forshiem's frank avowal that he really spoke what he was far from believing himself, reconciled the Marshal : in the midst of their discourse, Charles appeared.

His anxious, eager countenance, instant-

ly caught the infectious paleness of theirs: at that moment, Forshiem almost wished the earth would open and swallow him, for his late unseasonable buffoonery; but he hastened to atone for it, by calming his friend's worst fears.

“I must see these people myself:” said Charles after Forshiem ceased, “you know I cannot go to them; they must be sent for—will you, my dear fellow, hasten to the Prince of Nuremberg's, and learn whether the Prince be there; whether in short, it be possible, that a duel with him” —he stopped, overcome for an instant, then resumed hastily, “did you see his servant, Sir?—surely *he* could tell where his master went last night.”

“His servant is missing too.”—replied the Marshal. At this intelligence Leopoldstat, struck with the most horrible suspicion, was transfixed to the spot: the Marshal eyeing him, shook off a tear, and said in a tremulous voice, “I could almost wish, I had never burned my fingers with touching

any of you!—I thought that I had worked out my own happiness, and that of a dozen other folks besides, and I'm like to find the very reverse. I tell you Forshiem, this Demetrius has caused us all more heart-aches, than ever he'll be worth ducats. I wish I had him here, only for five minutes!—if the puppy *does* shew his face again, mind, I'll not look at it. He may come when he likes, and go when he likes, for I'll never notice one of his actions. His brother in such a state too!—I'll never forgive him—if he's above ground, I'll never forgive him.”—

Marshal Ingersdorf left the room as he concluded, in order to send for the persons Leopoldstat wished to question. Both Charles and Forshiem remained silent.

Their continued absence could not but excite some uneasiness in the ladies and Baron Ingersdorf: Adelaide ventured to seek them; and soon afterwards, the cause of all this mystery, spread dismay throughout the house.

The persons inhabiting the place where Demetrius had apartments, now appeared. They merely repeated Marshal Ingersdorf's first account; except that they remembered seeing Pierre come in at night, with two other men, and go up to his master's room, where they staid only a few minutes, and went out again all together.

The Marshal had himself been again to the lodgings; had opened all the drawers and bureaus, but finding every thing safe, and not a single paper that could lead to information, concluded Pierre was innocent of what they suspected—a robbery.

“Charles! my dear Charles!” cried Adelaide approaching him, as he sat speechless with grief and perplexity, “we alarm ourselves too much, perhaps; is it not possible that Constantia and he, may last night, have been so imprudent as to fly together?”—

Her husband started: joy flashed over his face: “O my dear Adelaide,” he cried, “I would purchase that conviction, I be-

lieve, at the price of half my dearest hopes." —

She blushed, as he pressed her to his bosom, while she softly whispered, "Is it me, or your child, you would resign?" —

"Not you, dearest angel of my life!" Charles replied, "nor yet — O neither — neither." —

Count Forshiem who had been some time absent, now re-entered; alas! he was destined to destroy their momentary hope. The Prince of Nuremberg was at — on state business: the Princess hearing Count Forshiem's errand, ventured to admit him; and had herself not only told him this, but assured him Constantia was just pronounced out of danger from a brain fever.

Here ended this feeble ground for consolation. Forshiem, the Baron, and the Marshal, were again dispersed in search of information: one was charged with scrutinizing all parts of Vienna for the suspected Pierre; the other was to procure advertisements, to be circulated in every direc-

tion; the last, was to make a tour through the places of public entertainment, which had been open the night before; through all the coffee-houses where he might have been seen, or where some person might be found, who could give account of him.

Charles, meanwhile, employed himself and his wife, in writing notes to different young men, whom they had heard Demetrius mention: hoping to obtain, through some one of these various channels, a key to the mystery.

The day closed without a single discovery. No one had seen Demetrius, since the moment in which he left the room at Baron Ingersdorf's; and Pierre's very few associates, proved their complete ignorance of his concealment. Officers of justice were now in search of this man; and to his capture and confession, Leopoldstat secretly looked for all that he should ever hear again of his beloved brother.

There was no sorrow on earth, strong enough to conquer Charles's consideration

for those around him. He stifled every expression of grief, or impatience; and it was only by his continual though suffocated sighs, that Adelaide found during the night, that he never slept.

Unable himself to walk, or even to bear the quick motion of a carriage, Leopold was obliged to delegate his duty to others. Again his active friends commenced new inquiries; again returned unsuccessful: letters, messages, visitors, came every hour to the gate of the house, but each came to profess the same ill-fortune.

Count Forshiem was at length forced to abandon his share in a task which he performed with a brother's zeal: the truce was just terminating; every officer was recalled to his regiment, and he could no longer remain from his. He departed, leaving Lorenza as a companion for Adelaide, whose spirits failed under the sight of her husband's distress, and the pressure of her own.

During a week's hopeless search, the

thoughts of Count Leopolstat often reverted to Colonel Wurtzburgh: it is true, that he had received from this gentleman, a very strong and amazed denial of his having the slightest knowledge of Demetrius, or his concerns; but still, an instinctive suspicion haunted him like a spectre, and like a spectre vanished when he would have scrutinized it.

How, or why Wurtzburgh should have a share in his brother's disappearance, he could not form an idea:—Wurtzburgh was with his regiment near Ingolstadt;—Wurtzburgh had of late, (at least when they met in Ulm,) been friendly, but not forward: why, then, did he suspect the poor man?—He could not answer the question; yet for all that, suspicion itself, was not silenced.

Pierre, unluckily, had been once the Colonel's servant; and the association of ideas which this circumstance naturally produced, together with Wurtzburgh's dubious conduct at Bolzano, prevented Charles from being thoroughly just.

While uncertain of his brother's fate, his own inaction appeared to him like a crime: yet what could he do, where turn, with any shadow of hope?—Without he could be present at the same time, in every part of the globe at once, he could not be sure that he was not journeying from the very country that contained the object he sought; and without he had some assurance that Wurtzburgh or the Prince of Nuremberg, were concerned in the affair, he had not a single claim upon them, for a decisive answer to the questions his soul burned to urge.

Nothing but the discovery of Pierre was likely to unravel the mystery: and for his detection, he now exerted every power of money and of influence.

A fortnight had elapsed, when Baron Ingersdorf, (having previously assured himself that Adelaide was in her dressing-room,) entered the apartment of Charles. The deepest concern was settled on his amiable countenance; his hands shook, as

he took one of Leopoldstat's within his, and strenuously pressed it. "My dear Nephew," he said, "I trust you are prepared for something very like a confirmation of our worst fears! I have just now come from a spot nearly a league off, where a country man has discovered——" He faltered; the fixed eyes of Charles alone urged him to proceed—"Has discovered," he resumed, "the clothes of your brother. They were concealed among the bushes of a thicket; but after diligent search, we conclude, that as the river runs near—his body——"

Charles suddenly broke from the Baron's grasp, with all the force of his former strength: he spoke not; but his eyes shot forth a wild and lurid fire, as he flew with frightful haste towards the door of another apartment.

"Follow me not!"—he wildly exclaimed, pushing away the Baron who would have entered with him; "Leave me!—leave me to my own heart—and Heaven!"

So saying, he closed the door with precipitation, and appeared no more for the remainder of the day.

The good Baron, alarmed at the effect which this despair might have upon Adelaide, instantly devised a method of getting her to leave home: He dispatched a letter to Madame Reusmarck, with instructions for her conduct; and then went himself to his niece, with that lady's urgent request to see her immediately. Having said that the Count was engaged with people on business, he got her to leave the house without seeing him; and certain that Madame de Reusmarck would detain her by civil force, until the evening, he returned to wait the moment of his nephew's reappearance.

By the time Count Leopoldstat had sufficiently mastered that mighty grief, which almost crushed the very centre of life, he quitted his solitude, and joined a melancholy conference, now held between Baron Ingersdorf, and the Field Marshal.

Adelaide's situation, rendered it nearly criminal to shock her with so dreadful a discovery : and as it had always been the Count's wish to have his child born under his own paternal roof, it was agreed that preparations for their immediate journey to Hungary, should be commenced.—His wounds not yet healed, and his debilitated health prevented the possibility of his sharing in the future campaign ; and as he had unlimited leave of absence from the Commander in Chief, it had long been his intention to try his native air for some months.

Marshal Ingersdorf voluntarily resigned the gratification of accompanying his son and daughter : promising to devote every thought and every hour, to the attempt of discovering that wretch Pierre, who was now considered by them all, as the murderer of his master.

The atrociousness of Pierre's crime, astonished, and sometimes staggered their conviction, when they reflected upon the small

inducements he had to commit it. Except the miniature of Constantia, encircled with diamonds, which Demetrius wore constantly next his heart; and a very small sum of money in his purse; he carried nothing about with him, to tempt any but a hardened villain, to the act of murder. Yet, what other motive could engage Pierre to destroy the gentlest and most generous of masters? If he were only the instrument of another's vengeance, (as Charles firmly believed) the clue to a discovery was lost.

Forshiem no sooner entered Bohemia, than he repaired to ———, where to his utter disappointment, he found the Canoness had just breathed her last.— After her death, (which was sudden,) no person appeared to have met with the appeal of Constantia, amongst her papers; and no person came forward, as if entrusted with the secret. Whether the letter in reply, therefore, had or had not been her production, was now left in doubt for ever.

At this period, the safety of his wife was the first consideration with Leopold: he secretly covenanted with himself to wait till there was no longer any cause for solicitude; mean while, to use every means afforded by nature and by art, for his own restoration, and then to revisit Austria, with the full determination of keeping a never-closing eye upon all the actions of Wurtzburgh and the Prince of Nuremberg.

“My spirit shall not sleep, till I have discovered thy fate!” he repeated to himself while he thought of Demetrius,—“never, my brother, shall it cease to hover over the objects of its suspicion, till Heaven permits me to blast them with ample retribution!”

When Adelaide returned from her visit to Madame Reusmarck, she heard with surprise, but not dissatisfaction, her husband's intention of setting out for Leopold the second day after the present. There was nothing precious to her in

Vienna, except Constantia, whom she had several times vainly attempted to see. To all her solicitations the Prince of Nuremberg had civilly replied, "his niece was too ill for company."

She now wrote to him again; and the next morning received a freezing permission.

The spirits of Adelaide, were at present ill-suited to the trial she anticipated: frequently after her carriage was announced, did she rise to go to it, and as often did she sink again upon her chair, weeping and trembling. Constantia had always been inexpressibly dear, for her own sake, and how much more so now, for that of Demetrius!—Charles dreaded the consequence of such a meeting, but forbore to express his fears, lest his wife should yield up the sacred duties of humanity and friendship, to her fondness for him. When her agitation subsided, he led her to the carriage, in which they were then slowly conveyed to the Palace of Nuremberg.

The Prince received Count Leopold; the Princess, led his Countess to Constantia. For some time after the ladies left them, both gentlemen were silent; at last the Prince said coldly,

“I find, Sir, you are still unsuccessful in your search after your brother.—I wish the young Count had not made it my interest to rejoice in a circumstance, which otherwise my esteem for you, would have taught me to lament.”

“I know of nothing, Prince!” replied Charles, severely eyeing him, “that can excuse any man for rejoicing in the probable murder of another.—Surely, no act of my brother’s, privileges even the Prince of Nuremberg, to boast of so monstrous a joy?”—

The Prince turned pale with the violence of that gathering passion, which he had not courage to shew.

“You must allow the Prince of Nuremberg,” he said, “to have some regard to propriety. As the brother of Count Leo-

polstat, I should always have treated Count Demetrius with just consideration; but when he preposterously elevated himself to *my* level—when he persisted in retaining the affections of Princess Constan-tia—”

“ And *did* he persist?” Charles eagerly demanded: “ When your Highness last saw him, was it not to resign those proud hopes!—Has he since that moment attempted to see or to correspond with the Princess?”—

The penetrating eyes of Leopoldstat, levelled full at the Prince, perhaps put the latter, too soon upon his guard, for evidently checking a fierce reply, he answered peevishly,

“ No, I suppose he has not: but the Princess obstinately persists in her attachment, though she knows I have other views for her future establishment.”

“ After this confession,” observed Charles, “ you will pardon me, Prince, when I frankly tell you, that I consider your con-

duct unjust; and must insist on your recalling the expression, which produced this unpleasant discussion. Recollect, you wished my brother *had not given you reason to rejoice in his calamitous fate*: you have now acknowledged his innocence; you are therefore bound, as a man of honour, to unsay whatever would make that innocence doubtful."

Nuremberg instead of replying, walked up and down the room in great agitation. Charles calmly, but in a tone of determination, enforced his demand: his suspicions of the Prince, gathered strength every instant; and he hoped to push this advantage, till the Prince's ungoverned temper might discover that knowledge of the young Count's clandestine visits, which would furnish him with grounds for further examination.—

"I shall be loth to demand publicly," resumed Leopoldstat, "what your Highness seems willing to withhold in private: but this recantation must be made; yes, Sir!

it must : or I stand disgraced to my brother's memory, and my own conscience, for ever."

"Count, you take an unfair advantage of me:" returned Nuremberg, quivering as he spoke, "You are cool; my feelings are too keenly engaged, for me to weigh the precise extent of every word's meaning. However, I must repeat, that although I might speak too forcibly of your brother, I am justified in asserting that it is unnatural to think he never found means to see or write to Constantia, without my knowledge. Her obstinate constancy, is a proof of it."—

"As damning a proof," Charles sternly exclaimed, "as the mortal animosity of the Prince of Nuremberg is, of his being the murderer of Demetrius."—

For the first time, the Prince without changing colour, furiously dared the full blaze of Leopoldstat's eyes: he stood steadily opposite to him for an instant, then said, "Explain yourself, Sir."

Amazed but not confounded by this unexpected sign of innocence, Charles answered, " I do not accuse you, Prince ; I accuse no one, till furnished with proofs :—but I simply place the one accusation, against the other ; to make you sensible, that if I were inclined to judge of your probable conduct, from your avowed motives, (as you have done by my brother,) my soul would not merely accuse, but condemn you."

Nuremberg was completely silenced ; though his spirit inwardly breathed curses on the man into whose power he was thus betrayed by his own madness. He could no longer refuse the apology which Leopoldstat required : he made it with an ill-grace, adding, " After this humiliating necessity, you cannot be surprised, Count, to learn, that from this morning, I desire we may remain strangers ; and that while Princess Constantia continues under my guardianship, I hope the Countess of Leopoldstat will never force me to the ungracious

task of refusing a Lady's request."—He did not wait for any other reply than a dignified bend of the head, which Charles made him, as he darted out of the apartment.

Possessed with all the furies, he hurried to a room near that of Constantia's, where the loud sound of his voice, soon induced his Princess, to part the two friends.—Adelaide then rejoined her Lord, and they left the Palace.

Far from having to comfort, Adelaide herself had been comforted. Constantia seemed inspired with a conviction of Demetrius's being still alive; and placed so strong a dependance on this fond imagination, that Adelaide insensibly became a convert to it. Several detached speeches of her uncle's, authorised her in suspecting his knowledge of her meetings with Demetrius; nay, he had once dropped an expression which strongly indicated a suspicion at least, of her application to the Canoness: he had been the first to

tell her, that her lover was missing ; and had uniformly tried to persuade her, that his own rash hand had shortened his life.

The very admission of that friend whose visits he had hitherto refused, was another ground for believing he knew that Demetrius was removed from the chance of injuring him : for concealed, not killed, Constantia thought him. Her uncle's disposition might lead him to great enormities ; to the violation of law, of personal freedom, of all those ties which bind men of common honesty together ; but she was incapable of supposing him so abandoned of humanity and the dread of future punishment, as to become a deliberate murderer.

She conceived that Pierre had betrayed his master's confidence ; was accessory to his disappearance ; and that most likely on the offer of a great reward, would one day discover the place in which Demetrius was then immured.

Actuated by these ideas, she charged Adelaide to have new advertisements sent to every popular paper throughout Europe, addressed to this Pierre, offering him an enormous recompense to discover the persons concerned.

Her heart smote her, as she spoke, for she could not forget that Nuremberg (who would be eternally disgraced, were he found accessory to the plot,) was her uncle; but the liberty, nay, the life of her blameless Demetrius was at stake, as well as her own earthly peace, and that of Adelaide and Charles: and she gained courage therefore, to offer some of her own wealth for the prosecution of this renewed attempt.

The sudden death of her Bohemian relation, banished the hope of obtaining an immediate release from the tyranny of her uncle; but now, she felt as if that oppression could no longer injure either her health or her spirits. This new and mighty anxiety, by giving a strong impulse to her

mind, had renovated her frame;—she thought no more of herself; she remembered only Demetrius; she felt as if she ought not to die, while his fate was unknown, or his wrongs unrevenged.

Pale, wasted, feeble as she seemed, from the effects of her late illness, yet Adelaide saw with delight, life roused up in all her looks: it was not the consuming blaze of feverish energy, but the steady, increasing glow of vital strength.

Animated with a new motive for living, Constantia resolutely refused to indulge herself in lamentation when Adelaide left her: but she was sad; and sat lost in reflection, when the door of her apartment was thrown open by the Prince.

Standing on the threshold, and beholding her for the first time since her illness, he eyed her altered figure, with a mixture of vexation and malice. “Your exchequer of beauty,” he said, insultingly, “will soon be exhausted, child, if you draw on it thus prodigally.—Since neither

affection nor authority can reason you out of destroying yourself, go to your glass, and take counsel there: if you have but the vanity of your d—d sex, that will have more effect upon you, than a hundred ghostly lectures.”

Constantia turned away without speaking. Irritated at her silence, the Prince continued, “I tell you, girl, you can’t afford this waste of good looks: in the season of your greatest abundance, there was none to spare; and now that you have sighed, and groaned, and scolded, and fainted away, the rosy-coloured blood that used to make those features of yours tolerable, believe me they are reduced to very common-place features indeed.

“As to the figure, on which I know you prided yourself,—your neck, your arms, your finely-rounded shape,—it’s all vanished: gone for ever, my poor damsel! and if it were not for the beauties that still exist in your Venetian estates, I

verily believe, no man on earth would take you off my hands."

A momentary flush of resentment on the cheek of Constantia, convinced the Prince that her rosy-coloured blood was not quite gone; she gave him a look of disdain, saying, "Yes, Sir! there is *one* man; and he, thank heaven, is the only one to whom I would give this person, changed as it is."

"You'd make him a devilish handsome present, upon my soul!" exclaimed her uncle; tears gushed from Constantia's eyes, but she concealed them, by averting her head. He continued: "and who may this *moderate* Gentleman be?—I pray."

"Count Demetrius of Leopoldstat."

The Prince now burst into a brutal fit of laughter, during which, Constantia hastily endeavoured to pass him. "Stay, stay, child!" he cried, forcibly pushing her from the door, "I cannot let you go yet—you are positively very diverting.—

So, you would make a present of yourself to a dead man!—why truly, in your present *shadowy* state, the idea's not amiss; and I think you would be an admirable match for him."

"Dost thou hear him, just heaven!" Constantia wildly exclaimed, shuddering, and closing her eyes, as if unable to look upon such a monster.

Nuremberg now changed his tone: his countenance blackened; and roughly seizing her arm, he said, (in a voice like distant thunder) "Wretch! if thou could'st guess all that I know of thy infernal machinations!—I owe thee no pity—no mercy—and thou shalt find none."

He flung her from him, with a violence, which threw her against the wall; but heedless of the act, he remained in her apartment, traversing it with hasty strides. Stung to the quick, by the concession forced from him by Count Leopoldstat, he now found one defenceless creature, on whom to pour the vials of wrath. Stop-

ping near her again, he abruptly exclaimed, "You have seen your friend, Madame Leopoldstat, I can tell you, for the last time. None bearing that name, shall ever again pollute my house with their presence."

"Your commands are law in your own house, certainly, Sir," answered Constantia, "of course I shall never again expect to see her here; but when I am my own mistress—in my own house"——

The Prince interrupted her—"So, you look forward to that event, after all!—I thought what your burning passion would come to!—You, that were dying for this Hungarian Paris, when he was alive, can now live on—aye, and live merrily too—when he is dead!—for my part, I expected to hear of your turning nun at least."

"Your Highness was mistaken then," replied Constantia—"No, Sir; do not suppose I will ever voluntarily quit the world, while there remains a single hope of finding *him* in it,—Do with me what

you please; but I warn you, that a day of retribution will arrive: as you deal with me now, shall you be requited at my hands hereafter.—You dare not,—I believe you would not—violently kill me, yet you have not scrupled to use a coward's method for ridding me of life: You have daily insulted, afflicted, and imprisoned me; you have destroyed my youth and my health; you may still do more; but I tell you, there is an *invincible something* in this heart of mine, which will survive all your injuries. Beware of placing yourself too much in my power, lest when I have the means to ruin your unsuspected character, the memory of these outrages should supply me with the inclination.”

The Prince now stood as if blinded by lightning; his senses were locked up in amazement at so unexpected a threat:—Constantia seized the moment, and flying past him, got into her waiting maid's room, fastened the door, and cast herself on a couch, completely exhausted.

The very next morning Nuremberg ordered his family to prepare for an immediate journey: soon after, they were all on their way to Venice, where Constantia had a superb mansion, over which the Prince, as her guardian, could rule with as absolute authority as in his own.

C H A P. VIII.

IN total ignorance of that painful circumstance, which rendered the murder of Demetrius almost certain, Adelaide quitted Vienna, warm with the hopes which Constantia had awakened.

Yielding to a sweet superstition, she believed that her friend's expectations had something of prophecy in them; and frequently, when the thought of his brother's irreparable loss, blanched the cheek of Leopoldstat, she urged her own fond fancy with all the earnestness of conviction.

He heard her in silence : but the iron grasp of despair, was at his heart.

In consequence of that feebleness which still incapacitated the Count from enduring much exertion, their journey was the work of many days. It was evening when they reached Leopoldstat.

The sun was just setting behind the castle, in the same splendour with which Charles had seen it, when he last visited his home ; the convent bell was tolling for vespers ; the marble quarry shone with reflected light. As he beheld it, the beautiful vision of the past, the picturesque objects he had remarked there, the blooming youth of Demetrius, made, for an instant, a frightful impression of reality : he leaned forwards from the window, suddenly recollected himself, and throwing his head back in the carriage, gave way to tears.

How do the gay bubbles of hope and expectation, burst under the noiseless foot of Time !—Charles had always pro-

mised his soul, a kind of holiday of delight, whenever peace should enable him to take possession of this inheritance, endeared to him as the place of his birth, and the gift of Adelaide: he now came to it, without one emotion of pleasure.

That sentiment of desolation, which the heart, bereaved of a dear object, spreads over all creation, seemed in his imagination to have fixed its eternal throne at Leopoldstat. It "breathed a browner horror o'er the woods;" it chilled him in the thundering torrent, and the sweeping storm; it pervaded every sound, and every view; and rendered the expected birth of his child, only an important event, that would for ever calendar the date of his direst calamity.

But he refused indulgence to a sentiment, which, if suffered to increase, palsies the firmest souls, and takes from them, both the power and the will, to fulfil their appointed duties. He sought society: he directed all the tenderness of

his nature, towards his wife; he strove to surround her with that tempered cheerfulness, so agreeable to elegant minds; and often in the fond attempt at making her happy, nearly rendered himself so.

In the company of Madame Forshiem, and the occasional visits of the prior from St. Xavier's, two months past away: at the expiration of that time, he became a father. What a multitude of strange, delightful emotions, pervaded him, when he took his child, for the first time, into his arms!—They effaced every former impression; they spread bliss throughout his soul; as if he were suddenly endued with a new and more exquisite sense, than any hitherto known: or as if he waked in heaven, and found himself etherialized amidst beatitude.

He stood long wrapt in this trance, without moving his eyes from the infant's face, and scarcely breathing: at last, some other person's action, disturbed the babe; it waked, and it cried. The dream now

ended: the father's mind was instantly crowded with images of care and sorrow; and the idea of Demetrius, like a piercing pain momentarily lulled, returned with apparently tenfold strength.

It was different with Adelaide. The birth of their child, was to her a circumstance that still further abstracted her from other considerations: it had long been dearly familiar to all her thoughts; it was ever blended with some solicitude about herself, and far more about her husband. His disappointment if the babe should be born dead, and his grief if she should perish, occupied her incessantly. She could never forget that an hour of trial and anxiety awaited her; and therefore dwelling so much on one object, weakened her perception of another.

When first, she prest the infant to her bosom, the emotion she felt, was not like Charles's, new and bewildering; it was but the same bliss, perfected and secured, which had often before, thrilled

transiently, through her frame. — She saw in it, an innocent creature, to love and to protect; one that was henceforth to be entirely dependent upon her tenderness; and full of a conviction, at once so sacred and so sweet, she surrendered herself to happiness: half-believing, that since so much was already given, Providence would not deny the rest.

The birth of this babe, therefore, was to her, a good omen; but to Charles a sad memorial.

It was now, December, and the dying year had been as fatal to the hopes of Germany, as to the domestic peace of Count Leopoldstat.

Fluctuating and weak, the councils of the Austrian cabinet, while they changed their measures, only varied their methods of being contemptible: given up to petty jealousies, party cabals, and female influence, they had planned without judgment, and acted without concert. In giving the command of the armies to the

Archduke Charles, they had ever contrived to neutralize the wisdom of such a choice, by referring his operations to the Aulic council; which deciding at a distance, upon plans that he formed where they were to be executed, and of which promptness was the very life, seldom judged rightly, or decided with sufficient dispatch.

The grand army, during this campaign, had been committed to another General, as brave, but not so penetrating; one, who was equally fettered by useless restrictions, and who consequently could not be expected to emulate his predecessor's glory.

After the conclusion of a second armistice, Prince Charles was solicited to accept again the important post of Commander in Chief. He stipulated for full powers; and they could no longer be withheld.

Austria had sought her protector too late. On repairing to head-quarters, the

Archduke found an ill-provided army, dispirited, and broken to pieces: he had not time to seek those resources which his inventive genius instantly suggested, for the enemy swept forwards like a resistless sea, and to wait their approach was to court inevitable destruction.

Their tide of success still rolled terribly on: he was driven back towards Vienna; from which the affrighted inhabitants fled with the precipitation of despair.

The Prince now saw, that peace only could save his country: stifling, therefore, all those selfish sensibilities to popular or particular opinion (which often stimulate men to the prosecution of an object that they know will fail them at last); he abandoned a vain attempt; signing a truce at Steyer, which was but the prelude to a final termination of the war in the ensuing year.

As the news of every defeat reached the retirement of Count Leopoldstat, he reflected with more embittered regret, on

his inability to share in those exertions and disasters, which, made and suffered with an unsubdued heart, in a good cause, are so many crowns of glory to a patriot soldier. He contemplated the growing power of France with dreadful forebodings: and when a pacification was finally concluded, while others gave themselves up to careless joy, he saw in this delusive peace only that horrid calm which precedes an earthquake: he saw that France would gather accumulated force from this temporary restraint, and would at length burst over the whole Continent, in one wide war of extermination.

It was perhaps fortunate for Count Leopolstat, that public affairs so often wrested his thoughts from their usual subject: for the days, the weeks, the months passed, and nothing transpired about Demetrius.

Pierre seemed to have vanished;—

Colonel Wurtzburgh was quietly going through the routine of his duty in garrison; and the Prince of Nuremberg remained shut up with his family in Venice. All those glimmering lights, which in newspapers and mistaken intelligence, had successively started up and disappeared, served only to deepen the gloom which enveloped the mystery.

Charles began to relinquish even the dreary hope of discovering the destroyer of his brother: but with the hope, he would not abandon the attempt. No sooner was the safety of Vienna ascertained, by the peace of Luneville, than he quitted Hungary, taking with him his wife and child, and the amiable Madame Forshiem. It was his intention to leave them under the care of his uncle and father-in-law, while he seized the opportunity of passing into France, and trying to find out the abode of Pierre. For that he had returned to his native coun-

try, he now no longer doubted ; and that he was the criminal, he had never scrupled to believe.

The advice of Count Forshiem awhile delayed this plan. Forshiem had lately heard from the agent on his estate in Goritia, of a stranger, (a Frenchman too,) who had engaged one of his houses ; and who, though vulgar in his mien and manners, lived in great wealth : the unwillingness with which this man spoke of himself, or his affairs, together with some mistake which had arisen from persons inquiring after him by different names, made Forshiem suspect that their search was now ready to end. He communicated the matter to Leopolstat ; and as he was then going to this estate with his wife, he offered either to prosecute the inquiry alone, or to make him his companion.

Charles determined upon the latter ; and they set out immediately.

After a few days journey, the travellers did not reach Count Forshiem's house,

till midnight : at such an hour no excuse could be formed for invading the privacy of a stranger, and therefore the friends were obliged to make a merit of necessity, and defer their visit till the morning.

Anxiety amounting to torture ; feelings which had just enough of hope in them, to rack and to agonize, (and compared with which, the death of desperate certainty would have been blessedness,) kept the eyes of Charles from closing during the night. He left his restless bed at the dawn of day, and impatiently waited for the appearance of Forshiem, who seemed to sleep as if he had taken an opiate.

In consequence of the war in Italy, Soldini had accepted for himself and niece, the asylum offered by Count Forshiem : they had long been established in Goritia, and were now introduced to the brother of their lost favourite, Demetrius. Lorenza made breakfast with trembling

hands; for she partook warmly in the general anxiety, and inwardly breathed a prayer for their success, as they took the path towards the stranger's.

When they reached the house door, Charles (although wrapt in a large cloak) drew back that he might not be known: Forshiem advanced. What was their mortification, to find the man they sought, was already out! On questioning the servant, they learnt that he was gone with some guests, to see the mines at Idria. They resolved to follow him: the place to which the servant directed them was not half a league off; and the answers he gave to some questions of Leopold's, stimulating them with fresh hope, they proceeded forwards.

At the mouth of the principal shaft, they were told that Monsieur Bernadotte (such was the stranger's name;) had descended into the mine with two other foreigners. Eager in the pursuit, and fearful of losing his prey, Charles proposed

going down after him : Forshiem consented.

At any other period than this, in which the thoughts of both, were too much occupied to regard outward circumstances, neither Forshiem nor Charles, would have seated themselves without shuddering, in the dismal machine, which precipitated them, above a hundred fathoms below the surface of a steep mountain.

They descended in complete silence, and total darkness : no sound broke the hideous stillness, but the whirring noise of the ropes and pullies by which they were let down ; and when they alighted, only a pale lamp, glimmering here and there among caverns as black as Erebus, served to mark with greater precision, the horror and vastness of the place.

At first, nothing was discernible by Charles, except a wide expanse of blackness, on which, these lamps were mere specks of light : by degrees the darkness seemed to diminish ; and he discovered on

all sides, ghastly figures flitting through it, like condemned souls. A continued sound as of the pealing of distant thunder, was heard to roll among the caverns: it was the echo of their footsteps.

“Ought we not to find that fiend, in such a hell as this?” whispered Forshiem; his companion shuddered, and sighed profoundly.

A man now approached, and hearing their errand, offered to conduct them to that part of the mine, where Monsieur Bernadotte was resting: they followed him. On advancing to a groupe of persons who were curiously watching the labours of the wretched miners, Charles felt his heart beat with uncontrollable agitation; his limbs failed under him for a moment, and he grasped Forshiem’s arm for support: but quickly recovering, he sprang forwards.

At the sound of his own name, Bernadotte turned hastily round: he lifted up his

head, and shewed Charles the face of a stranger.

Had the restoration of his brother's life depended upon identifying Pierre, in this Frenchman, the disappointment could hardly have been more acute. "It is not the man!" he exclaimed, while leaving Forshiem to apologize, he hurried into another division of the mine.

The dismal emotions excited by the sight of multitudes, doomed to drink in the poisonous vapour, which they know contains their death; now heightened the wild disappointment of Leopoldstat: as these unhappy wretches lingered along the vaulted cells, he felt something like madness seize upon his brain; and he caught the arm of Forshiem with alarming wildness.

"Let us quit this horrid place!" he cried, "I am no longer myself!"

Without a conductor, they entered the first opening that offered; it led them

along a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit one at a time. Forshiem went first :

“ I think we are right,” he observed, “ come on.”

Charles followed the passage, till it suddenly spread out into a lofty cavern, where, by the lurid glare of one lamp, he descried a solitary figure, leaning faintly against his mattock and the rock. The man did not alter his position when they entered ; but his breathing, quick and labouring, announced the struggles of approaching death.

“ Why have you brought me here, Forshiem ?” exclaimed Charles, turning hastily away.

While he spoke, the wretched creature he was viewing, started up ; and as if suddenly endued with supernatural strength, rushed forwards, uttering a loud and fearful cry.

At that sound, the blood froze in the veins of Charles : darkness spread before

him; all his senses were locked up in horror: he saw not the wild gleam of distracted joy, lighting the features of despair; he heard not the well-known voice, which now convulsively repeated—"O bliss, past hope! I die in these arms, at last!"—

When Forshiem beheld the emaciated figure, sink towards the ground, he believed that the unhappy youth had indeed found his death-bed on the bosom so beloved. He tried to catch him as he fell; but Charles, roused by the action, suddenly clasped the body of his brother, exclaiming, "Hold off! never shall he leave these arms again!"

Leopolstat knew not what he said: yet his nerves turned to steel, grasped the object he held, with a force that seemed to make the grasp eternal: his amazed and haggard eyes, were rivetted upon the breathless Demetrius: his own breath came quick and short: at length large drops of moisture burst out from every

pore of his body, and then rapidly melting into softness, he exclaimed, "Thou that wast the pride of my heart, the delight of my eyes, is it thus that I find thee!" Tears gushed forth with the words; and then he wept long and violently.

For many years after this moment, did the memory of his brother's dreadful cry, distemper the soul of Charles: in the midst of camps, or brilliant assemblies; even by the hearth of domestic peace, it would suddenly wither his heart, and blanch his cheek. Often since, has he started from sweet sleep, fancying the thrilling sound repeated, and dispersing the slumbers of Adelaide, by his own terrifying exclamation.

As Demetrius slowly recovered, his brother eagerly besought Forshiem to bring the governor of the mine to the spot. "We must bear him from this killing place;" he cried, "these noxious vapours—O Heaven, by what miracle is he preserved to me!"—Demetrius opened:

his eyes, and a languid smile, but full of happiness, illumined his features. Again Charles clasped him to his heart; and again melted into tenderness.

The governor of the mine now entered with Count Forshiem: he expressed the utmost regret at his inability to give Demetrius even one day's liberty; but offered every comfort and assistance within his power.

Leopolstat promised to be answerable for his brother's re-appearance, with his own life; assured him, that whatever might be his imputed crime, he was certain of his innocence; and that from his influence at Court, he reckoned confidently upon an order for his immediate release.

The governor remained firm; and his second denial, informed his astonished hearers, that the young Count was condemned on the plea of holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy.

This charge so preposterous, and appa-

rently so false, re-animated the efforts of Leopoldstat: he denounced it in terms of vehement indignation; which, with his known character of loyalty and patriotism, softened the severity of the governor's judgment: but he still adhered strictly to his duty; tempering it, however, by granting Demetrius a cessation from toil, and allowing his brother to remain with him alone.

While this arrangement was making, Forshiem hastened to quit the mine, in order to obtain all that was necessary for the renovation and temporary comfort of Demetrius. Zealous in every thing good, he rapidly drew together a multitude of comforts, which he dispatched by Soldini, with a note to Charles, purporting, that he was then setting off for Vienna, to throw himself in his name, at the feet of the Archduke, from whose interference he expected to obtain an order for the removal, if not the complete enlargement of his friend.

“ I know you will not leave him ;” he wrote, “ and I must : no time should be lost, in applying for his release. The very secrecy with which this affair has been conducted, proves its iniquity.—Be assured, I will not cease my importunities to the Prince, to the ministers, to the Emperor himself, till I have wrung from them, a promise of thorough investigation.”

This billet, found Charles seated in an excavation of the mine ; holding one hand of his brother’s in his, as he lay stretched along the bed which he had formed for him out of his pelisse.

Brought to the verge of the grave, by those pestilential vapours, which continually exhale from quicksilver, and wearied “ with hope deferred,” Demetrius was nearly deprived of life, by the suddenness and excess of his present felicity. He had not been able to answer one of the questions, which the impatient affection of Charles frequently prompted ; but he had gathered

strength enough to ask whether Constantia survived his loss. The assurance of her renovated spirit, and the delight with which Charles spoke of Adelaide and his child, were so many cordials to the other's sick heart.

In his youth, Soldini had studied the art of medicine, with a benevolent intention of uniting it, with his duties as a spiritual physician: He was therefore competent to judge of young Leopoldstat's case; and he now prescribed for him, with equal tenderness and skill.

It was in vain that he besought Charles to transfer his charge: nothing could prevail on that fond brother, to lose sight of Demetrius for a moment. He consented to take every precaution for himself, against the mercurial fumes of the mine, but resolutely refused to quit it.

As Demetrius had suffered far more from the complete extinction of hope, than even from the unwholesome air of this subterraneous prison, he was reno-

vated in proportion to the glow of his happiness. His little play-fellow, Simmonetta, braved the terrors of a descent, and often visited him: her pretty endearments beguiled his thoughts from subjects of keener agitation, yet communicated to them all a secret assurance, that love and affection still existed for his recompense.

He lay almost in a trance of weakness, for several days; but it was a trance of delicious feelings, which spread its healing balm throughout his frame. When Charles ventured to disturb him with questions, he learnt by degrees all that Demetrius knew of his own situation.

It amounted to no more than, that on the night he had quitted home, with an intention of seeing Princess Constantia, he had been suddenly arrested in the Emperor's name and borne off to the state-prison:— That he was there examined on the charge of corresponding with the enemy;— shewn a casket which he had received

from Constantia, and which was found to contain several letters from a French officer, of whose name he was profoundly ignorant. That a forged letter was then produced, and sworn to, by Pierre, as one which his master had entrusted to him, for the purpose of forwarding, and which containing several state secrets, was admitted to be a full proof of his guilt: That, as he refused saying who gave him the casket in which these treasonable papers were found; and as he was taken in a disguise which must have been assumed for some unlawful purpose, he was summarily condemned as a traitor, and sentenced for life, to the mines.

“ It is now, nearly six months;” he added, “ since I entered this living grave. O Charles, if you could guess what I have suffered!—every moment of that tedious time, has been marked to me by some hope, some expectation, or some bitter disappointment. How could I imagine that my fate should have been thus con-

cealed from you?—I rested at first securely on a speedy release;—I believed, that every instant was then seized by my friends to disprove my accusers, and restore my liberty: but this security changed to anxiety, to doubt, to fear, to despondence, at last to despair! There were moments, I confess—infirmit, unworthy moments—when I fancied myself forgotten!—yet I loved you all, still: and my last sigh should have mingled your name and Constantia's together."

A blush crossed the face of Charles, but it was not for himself he blushed. Demetrius who had saved his life at Moskirck, who had been the object of his solicitous tenderness, for so many years, ought to have founded his reliance on him, as upon a rock. A momentary pang wrung his heart; but he looked at his brother's enfeebled form, and found in it an immediate excuse for this distrust.

"You were not yourself, Demetrius," he replied, kindly, "when you doubted:

any of us. Sickness, and these surrounding glooms, had distempered your healthful convictions."

Demetrius answered with ardent sensibility, and a mutual embrace sealed the oblivion of his fault.

CHAP. IX.

To elucidate that mystery, with which Demetrius himself, was but imperfectly acquainted it will be necessary to go back to the period in which he and Colonel Wurtzburgh parted at Ulm.

Never had this cold-blooded villain lost sight of his grand-aim, the destruction of Count Leopoldstat's peace. But more and more convinced that Charles was guarded round, by too potent a circle of discretion, self-command, and approved integrity, to be vulnerable in his own person, he watched the erratic course of Deme-

trius, with the hope of seizing upon him, in some fortunate maze of imprudent passion.

As he advanced on his tract of deceit, new views opened before him, and new plans suggested themselves.

At first, he directed his efforts to inflame the Prince of Nuremberg's animosity ; to stimulate the love of Demetrius ; and to render the life of Princess Constantia so miserable, as might force her into precipitate flight : in that case whether Demetrius escaped with her to another country, or was seized in Austria, his end would be accomplished. Charles would be bereaved of a brother, who must either preserve his safety by perpetual exile, or suffer the punishment of his audacity, in endless imprisonment.

Wurtzburgh's secret correspondence with the Prince, enabled him to push his scheme with admirable effect. He beguiled many circumstances from Demetrius, which he communicated to Nuremberg ; and at the

same time so adroitly mixed the basest falsehoods with this small portion of truth, that the Prince learnt to consider the young Leopold, as a deadly enemy, who waited but for the moment of power, to rise and crush him.

This apprehension of future vengeance, joined to Nuremberg's preposterous notion of their vast inequality, to his rancour at the remembrance of their duel, and the rich inheritance which he had taken from him, altogether worked on the Prince's heart, like some corrosive poison : he became every day less just, and more ferocious ; and no longer examining the details of Wurtzburgh, drank them in, with greedy wilfulness. The hatred which he could not vent in torture upon Demetrius, he poured without mercy over Constantia ; little imagining that he was the dupe of a deeper villain than himself, who was thus prompting him to the conduct, that probably led to the very event he deprecated.

The liking which young Leopoldstat took to Pierre, the Colonel's servant, opened a new train for his Satanic master. This fellow had long been his confidant on other matters, and he had therefore no hesitation in confiding in him.

Whenever Pierre should be taken into the vicinity of Princess Constantia, he was to make himself needful to his future master; was to force out his secret, and become, if possible, the adviser and agent of the lovers' flight. By this means Wurtzburgh knew he should always have a key to their retreat; and might apprize Nuremberg, when the crime of Demetrius was sealed by his union with the Princess.

Constantia's determination against elopement was the first obstacle to these expectations; but her subsequent appeal to the Canoness, became a fatal engine, in the hands of Wurtzburgh.

Pierre went not to Bohemia, but turned his horse towards an obscure country-house, where the Prince of Nuremberg

and his former master were to meet. The Colonel was not long in determining upon a new scheme: he tempted Pierre with an enormous bribe; and Pierre could not resist.

With Constantia's catalogue of Nuremberg's cruelties, in his hand, he returned to the Prince. He shewed him what he had to expect; and then professed to have received a hint from Pierre, which might be improved to the ruin of Demetrius.

The Prince alternately blazing with resentment, and trembling with fear, was in no mood to scrutinize very severely: Wurtzburgh told him a fabricated tale of young Leopoldstat's disloyalty; he believed it, because he wished it true: Pierre was then introduced: he affirmed that his master had frequently, during the campaign, sent intelligence to the enemy, and received great rewards for it; and that he meant to fly into France with the Princess, should she consent to be his companion.

The proofs of this correspondence, he

asserted, were lodged in a small-casket of which his master took the utmost care : and he then offered to acquaint the Prince with the period in which Demetrius might be seized with least noise.

The Prince accepted this offer ; gave him his purse as an earnest of further recompense ; and after fabricating an answer to Constantia's letter, dismissed him, and began again to canvass the subject with Wurtzburgh.

The Colonel was aware, that his success depended on secrecy. He foresaw that if the accusation of Demetrius were made public, his brave unsullied brother, would investigate every atom of it : he therefore urged the Prince to use his influence for a private examination ; to exert himself in biassing the minds of the council ; and above all things to demand complete silence ; or else the influence of Count Leopoldstat would defeat his own. Demetrius though condemned, might be pardoned.

This subtle advice was taken : Nuremberg after re-visiting his home, purposely absented himself again : Pierre succeeded in getting his master to assume a disguise, for which he knew he would not assign any reason to the council : and Demetrius thus surrounded by many toils, was taken in them all.

The casket he had received from Constantia, and out of which he had removed the letters for the Canoness: the casket he prized and cherished, was brought from his lodgings by Pierre, and two persons in office, and found to contain a private drawer, filled with mysterious notes, evidently answers to such as had conveyed treasonable intelligence.

Unawed by his master's steady eye, and fearless questions, Pierre persisted in a strain of falsehoods, the enormity of which, could only be equalled by the ingenuity with which they were separately fitted. His confession was accepted as an atonement, for the share he acknowledged having

taken in this act of treachery ; and he was therefore permitted to return into France without delay.

As the members of this council were most of them creatures of Nuremberg's, or foes to Baron Ingersdorf, with whom any connection was sufficient to render them severe judges of a criminal, Demetrius was found guilty. The Emperor's seal was then put to the order for his close confinement in the mines at Idria.

Very plausible arguments, were afterwards urged by Nuremberg, to persuade every person present, of the necessity of secrecy. He spoke in high commendation of the elder Count Leopoldstat; representing the injurious suspicion which might fall upon him, were the treason of so beloved a brother, to become the public talk : distrusted by the soldiery, his talents would then be rendered useless ; and the great expectations now resting on his future services, would be for ever destroyed. He then urged the delicacy

of his niece's situation, whose attachment to Demetrius, having been known generally, would subject her also, to the most mortifying animadversions.

These arguments prevailed : secrecy was promised ; secrecy was enjoined to all the inferior agents ; and in a few weeks, the whole business was almost forgotten.

Nuremberg departed for Venice, avoiding any scrutiny of the past ; for there was a monitor within, that daily charged him with scarce crediting the evidence on which Demetrius had been condemned.

Wurtzburgh returned to his regiment with the greatest privacy ; from whence, he occasionally transmitted to Pierre, presents and money, both from himself and the Prince.

Wurtzburgh had achieved his work ; was he happy ? no !—Remorse, indeed, never knocked at his rocky heart, but the fury, Terror, reigned there, without

control. As he daily read the advertisements of reward and pardon, (which the advice of Constantia caused to be increased and continued :) he trembled for the security of his crime: avarice had made Pierre an accomplice in it, avarice, therefore, might tempt him to reveal it.

His fiend-like joy, was now withered: in the acuteness of his own sufferings, he soon lost all remembrance of Count Leopold's; till at length nothing remained, but the consciousness of an atrocious crime, and the hideous prospect of ample retribution.

Pierre, meanwhile, read the different advertisements with sullen discontent; he wished to reap the golden harvest they held out; yet preserved that last spark of virtue, which makes guilt blush to avow itself before integrity. In his letters to Wurtzburgh, he frequently reverted to these temptations, and was never to be silenced except by a liberal remittance.

Wurtzburgh knew himself to be completely in his power. Not only was he obnoxious to discovery respecting Demetrius ; but he was liable to a heavier charge : the guilt he had imputed to that innocent young man, was his own. Not to gratify cupidity, but to satiate hatred, he had, during the campaign, entered into correspondence with a French officer, to whom he revealed every military operation, of which he gained intelligence, when it was either planned by Count Leopolstat, or intrusted to his care. His annoyance, had long been his pleasure ; his ruin, his felicity.

Conscious of the sword which thus hung suspended over him by a single hair, Wurtzburgh obtained rest neither night nor day. Pierre denouncing him, Leopolstat thirsting for his blood, the horrid death of a traitor, were images that haunted him eternally. Under the influence of such impressions, existence was no

longer bearable; and he took the desperate resolution of ending all his fears, with the life of their prime object.

Immediately after the peace, he passed into Franconia, and sent to Pierre, (who was then with the Gallo-Batavian army near Bamberg;) to meet him in a sequestered spot, where they might confer unmolested, and where he might deliver to him a valuable jewel from the Prince of Nuremberg.

Stupidly secure, Pierre met him alone: they conferred some minutes together; when Wurtzburgh having insensibly drawn him towards a dusky thicket, hastily drew out a pistol, and fired it off at his breast. Pierre fell: but at the pistol's report, two Austrian officers broke through the thicket where they were accidentally loitering, and seized Wurtzburgh.

The voices of these officers, soon brought further aid: possessed with the phrensy of despair, Wurtzburgh raved and struggled, but struggled in vain; both he

and Pierre were removed to the Austrian head-quarters, where Pierre's deposition was taken down in writing before several witnesses; and a parcel of papers received from his pocket-book, sufficiently testifying the veracity of his confessions.

This wonderful incident excited the strongest interest throughout the Imperial army: to their gallant companions in war, both the Hungarian brothers, had always been objects of love and admiration: these sentiments now roused up the spirit of vengeance for their sakes; and Wurtzburgh owed the general abhorrence, perhaps, less to public feeling, than to private regard.

Precisely at the period in which Count Forshiem alighted at the gate of Baron Ingersdorf, one of the officers who had seized the traitor Wurtzburgh, was within, detailing the whole transaction.—The rapturous scene which followed; the boundless gratitude expressed towards that Almighty Ruler, who had thus willed the

fortunate concurrence of two such miraculous discoveries; the pious ejaculations of the Field Marshal; the glistening eyes of the Baron; and the weeping, sobbing transport of Adelaide, are not to be learned from description: every tender heart, can draw a picture sufficiently animated, to render an attempt here, unnecessary.

Tears embellished the rough features of the officer, who witnessed this affecting scene: he had warm feelings, though his exterior promised only that apathy which is too often contracted by familiarity with the miseries of war; and as he requested permission to bear the order for Demetrius's release, (which was not withheld a single moment after the discovery of Wurtzburgh's villainy,) Forshiem would not deny him.

Though in the service of Austria, this officer was one of that nation, so famous for tongues always blundering, and hearts always right: "I burn to see these brave

young gentlemen," said he, " or I would not make so bold a request: their very names are as holy and familiar to me, as my Pater-noster. By the good of my soul, I'd rather shake hands with one of them, than see any dead *Haro* that lives!"

" 'Tis impossible to doubt such an assertion," replied Forshiem, " well, I'll have the pleasure of presenting you; so allons!"

Again Forshiem was on the road to Goritia, and again the post-horses, seemed to mock the ardour of his impatience.

He staid scarcely a moment at his own home, where he exchanged a hasty embrace with Lorenza, while he stammered out the joyful news, and then rode off alone to the mines. He would have taken his companion with him, but the honest Irishman changing colour, said with great emotion,

" Count, I must decline that civility; if these eyes were but *wonst* to look on wo such noble creatures, in a dirty hole of a

mine, this arm would wither, the first time it struck a stroke for Austria. I'll never see such a sight, Count, and so I'll forget it, *clare* out of hand."

On reaching the mine, Forshiem found Soldini with the brothers: he told his tale like a soldier, without preface; and as there was much of the painful in it, (at least, to benevolent tempers,) neither of his auditors had their joy unmixed.

The immediate removal of Demetrius, followed; Soldini's care provided against any danger from too sudden a shock of pure air, and he reached Forshiem's house, much exhausted in body, but exhilarated in spirit.

The gratitude with which Leopoldstat opened his arms to his brother-officer, was increased by the pleasure of beholding in him, the identical Irishman whom he remembered in the Arch-ducal library: Murphy recognised his person instantly, and the adventure was then reverted to, with

a gaiety, in which, both Forshiem and his wife largely partook.

The health of Demetrius being inadequate to so long a journey, as that from Idria to Vienna, obliged the whole party to remain banished from the scene of their warmest wishes. Charles felt his happiness incomplete till he shared it with Adelaide; and Demetrius scarcely trusted the continuance of his, while absent from Constantia.

An official mandate, had recalled the Prince of Nuremberg and his family to the Capital. There, confounded with the crimes of his former associate, and disgraced by universal suspicion, the Prince found himself all at once precipitated from the height of dignity and influence into an abyss of shame. Unable to endure this outward contempt, and inward hatred, he made a merit of necessity; pleaded the deception which had been practised on himself; and as a proof that he was actuated by

patriotism rather than private pique, gave his consent unasked, to the marriage of his niece. He then committed her to the protection of Adelaide, and hastened to bury his disgrace in the retirement of the country.

Pierre had died of his wound. Wurtzburgh was publicly arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed as a traitor. The fearful sentence always passed upon such criminals, was tremendously fulfilled on him, before multitudes of soldiers and citizens: His death was shocking, but it excited no pity.

Impatient to behold the objects of his tenderest affection, Demetrius absolutely wrested Soldini's permission to travel: no sooner was it obtained, than he hastened to commence this passionately-desired journey. His soul was on the wing; and ere the tardy carriage had borne him three leagues from Idria, he had a thousand times embraced in idea, every mem-

ber of the dear circle at Baron Ingersdorf's.

While he was lost in transporting anticipations, Charles, desirous to indulge him in them, took the weight of conversation upon himself; and delicately drew from the worthy Murphy, a history of his disappointments and cares. Murphy was a subaltern, without interest or fortune, with a wife and children, and had long been hopeless of the promotion his services merited: Charles had the power to make him happy; and Murphy was soon afterwards raised to the rank he wished.

When Demetrius first entered the room which contained the friends he loved, a mist covered his eyes; he turned from Adelaide to the Marshal, from the Baron to Madame Reusmarck, embracing each, in such wild tumult, as to be hardly sensible who it was that pressed him in their arms. Yet his heart, was full of nothing but Constantia: his sight began to clear, and then he looked round for her.

Unable to endure her joy, before so many witnesses, she had rushed into an adjoining room, the moment his voice reached her from the hall: Adelaide whispered this to him, and the next instant he was alone with Constantia; clasping her again and again to his bosom, even as he had found her, kneeling upon the ground, in the act of hasty thanksgiving.

The dark velvet dress of Constantia, and the black fur about the uniform and cap of Demetrius, rendered their mutual paleness peculiarly visible: but what was personal alteration to them, who doated on each other's hearts; who seemed to drink each other's souls, in the pure kiss of virtuous and happy Love!—What was it to them, who saw in each other, the fountain of life, of health, and of joy?—

At that blissful hour, every thing sad, was obliterated from the memory of Demetrius; he felt as if entering on a new being; and while his eyes fondly wandered over every lineament of his once-

blooming Constantia, while gratitude sweetly suggested the cause of her changed person, he murmured out—"Dearer—O heaven! how much dearer!"—Constantia's heart echoed the sentiment, and her glowing eyes revealed it.

Charles first ventured to invade their retirement: while he was speaking to the blushing Princess, and claiming the name of brother, the rest of the exiled party stole in, and Adelaide appeared with her infant. At that sight, Demetrius drew away the arm with which he encircled the waist of his beloved, and starting up, snatched the babe from its mother: He covered its face with kisses, he held it to his breast with an emotion that surprised himself; "The child of my brother!" he said in thought, over and over again; and as he repeated the magic phrase, a thrill of tenderness ran through his veins.

It was long ere he would part with it; when he did so, Adelaide delivered the smiling boy to its father.

Charles held it awhile in his arms, with unutterable emotion: the spell which had hitherto been laid on its innocent endearments, was broken, for Demetrius was restored. "Now then, my child!" he exclaimed, and pressed it to his lips, "for the first time, I kiss thee, with all the joy, and all the fondness of a father."

His eyes turned from his son to Demetrius, rested on him for an instant, then floating in tears, raised themselves towards heaven.—

It was in the Castle of Leopoldstat, when every object sparkled with the gay light of summer, that Demetrius received the hand of Constantia.

Blooming as May herself, the Princess had regained all those charms which genuine Love prizes while they are in being, but laments not, when they disappear; and the polished cheek of her Demetrius, glowed again, with the lustre of health.

United inseparably to the women they loved; bound to their various friends by the sweetest ties of obligation; and gifted with immense wealth;—the Hungarian Brothers were deeply impressed with this conviction, that superior blessings, demand superior virtues: They now study how to combine magnificence with utility; and happiness with religious awe: their duties are their enjoyments; and their riches, “making to themselves wings,” hourly “fly away, as an eagle towards heaven; in their flight beautiful; and celestial in their end.”—

END.

ERRATUM.—Page 43, line 12, *for*, the memory of past serenity,
read, the memory of past security.

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