

Ethelston, who was, he it remembered, three years older than his friend, was of middle stature, but active and well proportioned; his hair and eyebrows were of the jettest black, and his countenance thoughtful and grave; but there was about the full and firm lip an expression of determination not to be mistaken; habits of study and reflection had already written their trace upon his high and intellectual brow; so that one who saw him for the first time might imagine him only a severe student; but ere he had seen him an hour in society, he would pronounce him a man of practical and commanding character. The shade of melancholy, which was almost habitual on his countenance, dated from the death of his father, brought prematurely by sorrow to his grave, and from the loss of his little sister, to whom he had been tenderly attached. The two friends loved each other with the affection of brothers; and, after the separation of the last few years, each found in the other newly developed qualities to esteem.

The state of Europe during the autumn of 1795 not being favourable for distant excursions, Ethelston contented himself with showing his friend all objects worthy of his attention in the north of Germany, and at the same time assisted him in attaining its rich, though difficult language; by associating much during the winter, with the students from the Universities, Reginald caught some of their enthusiasm respecting the defence of their country from the arms of the French republic; he learned that a large number of Ethelston's acquaintances at Hamburg had resolved in the spring to join a corps of volunteers from the Hanseatic towns, destined to fight under the banner of the Archduke Charles; to their own surprise, our two friends were carried away by the stream, and found themselves enrolled in a small, but active and gallant band of sharpshooters, ordered to act on the flank of a large body of Austrian infantry. More than once the impetuous courage of Reginald had nearly cost him his life; and in the action at Amberg, where the Archduke defeated General Bernadotte, he received two wounds, such as would have disabled a man of less hardy constitution. It was in vain that Ethelston, whose bravery was tempered by unruffled coolness, urged his friend to expose himself less wantonly; Reginald always promised it, but in the excitement of the action always forgot the promise.

After he had recovered from his wounds, his commanding officer, who had noticed his fearless daring, a quality so valuable in the skirmishing duty, to which his corps were appointed, sent for him, and offered to promote him. "Sir," said Reginald, modestly, "I thank you heartily, but I must decline the honour you propose to me. I am too inexperienced to lead others; my friend and comrade, Ethelston, is three years my senior; in action he is always by my side, sometimes before me; he has more skill or riper judgment; any promotion that should prefer me before him, would be most painful to me." He bowed and withdrew. On the following day, the same officer, who had mentioned Reginald's conduct to the Archduke, presented each of the friends, from him, with a gold medal of the Emperor; a distinction the more gratifying to Reginald, from his knowledge

that he had been secretly the means of bringing his friend's merit into the notice of his commander.

They served through the remainder of that campaign, when the arms of the contending parties met with alternate success; towards its close, the Archduke having skillfully effected his object of uniting his forces to the corps d'armée under General Wartenleben, compelled the French to evacuate Franconia, and to retire towards Switzerland.

This retreat was conducted with much skill by General Moreau; several times did the French rear-guard make an obstinate stand against the pursuers, among whom Reginald and his comrades were always the foremost. On one occasion, the French army occupied a position so strong that they were not driven from it without heavy loss on both sides; and even after the force of numbers had compelled the main body to retire, there remained a gallant band who seemed resolved to conquer or die upon the field; in vain did the Austrian leaders, in admiration of their devoted valour, call to them to surrender; without yielding an inch of ground, they fell fighting where they stood. Reginald made the most desperate efforts to save their young commander, whose chivalrous appearance and brilliantly decorated uniform made him remarkable from a great distance; several times did he strike aside a barrel pointed at the French officer; but it was too late; and when at length, covered with dust, and sweat, and blood, he reached the spot, he found the young hero whom he had striven to save, stretched on the ground by several mortal wounds in his breast; he saw, however, Reginald's kind intention, smiled gratefully upon him, waved his sword over his head, and died.

The excitement of the battle was over, and leaning on his sword, Reginald still bent over the noble form and marble features of the young warrior at his feet, and he sighed deeply when he thought how suddenly had this flower of manly beauty been cut down. "Perhaps," said he, half aloud, "some now childless mother yet waits for this last prop of her age and name; or some betrothed lingers at her window, and wonders why he so long delays."

Ethelston was at his side, his eyes also bent sadly upon the same object; the young friends interchanged a warm and silent grasp of the hand, each feeling that he read the heart of the other! At this moment, a groan escaped from a wounded man, who was half buried under the bleeding bodies of his comrades; with some difficulty Reginald dragged him out from below them, and the poor fellow thanked him for his humanity; he had only received a slight wound on the head from a spent ball, which had stunned him for the time; but he soon recovered from its effects, and looking around, he saw the body of the young commander stretched on the plain.

"Ah, mon pauvre General!" he exclaimed; and on farther inquiry, Reginald learned that it was indeed the gallant, the admired, the beloved General Marceau, whose brilliant career was thus untimely closed.

"I will go," whispered Ethelston, "and bear this tidings to the Archduke; meantime, Regi-

nald, gu
camp-sp
withdrew
prostrate
closed to
the splen
serious

"The
fellow
him, "

"And
"I wa
reuil, ai
both lie

"And
"Gust
"A fa

nald, sm
how can
as a cou

"Mon
the othe
came fro
my mast
so hotly
not fond
poor Mon
did not w

Reginal
he had ne
of slyne
He did n
his med
Monsieur
fell on his

"Mons
me yet of
"If wi
humoured

"Will
have trav
long in P
to Monsie

"Nay,
ant; I an

"I see
"in spite
is disfigu
your black
in your p
serve you

Monsie
the objec
he at last
vided the
adhere to

Ethelst
sent by th
respect to
They wer
ours due
consideri
save that

After t
parole no
ed leave
week, in
expiration
new mas
his thoug
tendant.
friend, an