

**DEMETRIUS, A RUSSIAN
ROMANCE. IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649515899

Demetrius, a Russian Romance. In Two Volumes, Vol. I by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**DEMETRIUS, A RUSSIAN
ROMANCE. IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

VOL. I.

DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

" Wife, valiant, good,
With every praise, with every laurel crown'd,
The warrior's wonder, and the virgin's sigh."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN HURST REES ORME AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1813.

823

D39

v.1

DEMETRIUS.

CHAP. I.

“ Just to breathe

“ This idle air, and indolently run

“ Day after day, the still returning round

“ Of life's mean offices and sickly joys.”

“ O! rather, rather

“ Had I ne'er seen the vital light of heav'n

“ Than like the vulgar live, and like them die.”

THOMSON'S *Sophonisba*.

FOR those who have been nursed in the lap
of affection, to whom the voice of kin-
dred love is familiar as the whispers of the
summer breeze, to whom the caresses of a
parent seem but as the inheritance of nature,
it is not easy to conceive the dreary state of
one, who, snatched in the period of infancy
from the bosom of domestic peace, is
doomed to pass through life a stranger to
every tender tie, to all the hopes, the fears,

VOL. I.

B

the

Gen. Res. Proj. 24 Apr 53 Pickering 220.

the pleasures, and the pains, which alternately soothe, sadden, and exalt the soul of man in his state of social existence, who is doomed to weep unpitied, to rejoice unnoticed, to sink into the grave unknown and unlamented. Yet such was the fate, such promised to be the career of one, whose heart was formed by nature to thrill with love, or melt with pity, to throb with the aspirations of hope, or kindle with the ardour of ambition.

Alexis Oslokof, from the age of infancy to the dawn of manhood, had been an inhabitant of the monastery of St. Michael in Lithuania. The only event which time had not erased from his remembrance, previous to the period of his seclusion, was that of having been clasped to the breast of a weeping female, who frequently and tenderly caressed before she consigned him to the arms of the man by whom he had been conveyed to his present abode.

Often when the warm feelings of his youthful heart had been chilled by the indifference

difference or wounded by the unkindness of the stern monks by whom he was surrounded, would he retire into the sanctuary of his own breast, and recall to his remembrance the magic sweetness of the female's voice, the soft pressure of her lips upon his infant cheek, the tears which fell unheeded from her eyes, as she bade him again and again a sad and fond farewell. It was soothing to his feelings to reflect, that though *now* regarded only by the eye, or greeted by the voice of apathy, he had not always been this outcast from affection; he had once been an object of tenderness; he had once received and returned the kiss of kindred love: might not such bliss again be his? At that idea the tear of grief was succeeded by the smile of hope, hope transient and delusive! Month followed month, year rolled after year, till the shade of his memory became but the vision of his fancy. The image he still delighted to dwell on was now ideal, but the feelings which accompanied its conception were real; and this treasure

of visionary bliss, this mingled phantom of memory and imagination, was cherished as the solace of his sorrow, or the goal of his hopes. Yet, as the slender form and gentle voice of the child were gradually exchanged for the loftier stature and deeper tones of the youth; other feelings less profound perhaps, but more tumultuous, arose within his breast. The earliest impulse of the youthful heart is to indulge the affections: in woman — destined only to the endearing intercourse of private life — another motive, or a stronger influence, rarely counteracts this first and sweetest impulse: but in man — born to move within a more extended sphere — to brave the conflict of contending passions, “the shock of battle and the storms of fate,” — other springs of action are excited; external impressions vibrate on the kindred chord within his breast; the patriot’s worth, the hero’s deeds, the lofty and the vast of human life, inflame his soul and fascinate his senses, till the soft throb of tenderness is only felt at intervals, amidst
the

the proud swell of glory and ambition. Thus proved it with the youthful Oslokof. The superior of his convent was a Pole of distinction, who, having been frustrated in his ambitious views, neglected by his monarch and deserted by his friends, had, on the sudden impulse of indignation, precipitated himself into the convent, rather with a view of escaping disgust, than a hope of obtaining happiness. Rest of body however is far from including repose of mind: the turbulent and active spirit remained unsubdued, while the sphere in which its energies were employed, was contracted within the narrow compass of a cloistered life. He endeavoured to procure the consolations of religion; but religion extends not its pure and sacred influence to those, who seek it not with a humble heart and contrite spirit. The daily ceremonies, the nightly vigils, became irksome or insipid: happiness dwelt not in his breast, and its earthly substitute, hope, refused to inhabit the gloom of perpetual imprisonment. It was at this