

THE
The Shepherdess of the Alps
SHEPHERDESS

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OF THE

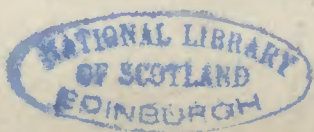
ALPS;

A very Interesting, Pathetic, and
Moral Tale.



We can unfold his charms: Most pleasing are his fainter rays— Then when in full mid-day blaze— It dances whilst it warms.

FALKIRK:
That it will prove, and then, after a painful
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



The Shepherdess of the Alps.

SHEPHERDESS

IN that part of the Alps, amidst the high mountains of Savoy, very near the road that leads from Briancon to Modena, is a lonely valley, whose solitary aspect instills into the minds of all who travel through it, a sort of pleasing melancholy. Three hills in the form of an amphitheatre, on which some shepherds' huts are scattered at several distances, interspersed with clumps of lofty trees, streams tumbling down the mountains in cascades, and pastures ever green, compose the beautiful landscape of this natural scene.

Count Fonrose and his Lady was returning from France to Italy, when their carriage broke down as they were passing through the valley; and as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to look for some place of cover, where to pass the night. While they advanced towards one of the huts, they perceived a drove of sheep drove by a shepherdess, whose walk and air filled them with astonishment, and their ears with the sweet accent of her melodious voice, when the echos repeated in plaintive sounds,

How beautiful the setting sun!

Its daily course now almost run,

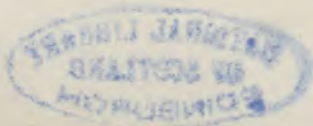
We can behold his charms:

Most pleasing are its fainter rays

Than when in full meridian blaze—

It dazzles whilst it warms.

Thus it will prove, said she, when, after a painful



race, the wearied soul arrives at the wished for goal and calmly drops into eternity, to renew its vigour in the pure source of immortality. But, alas! how distant is the prospect! how slowly it passes away. In saying these words the shepherdess moved on; her head declined with a suppleness in her attitude, which gave ease and dignity to her gait and mein. Struck with amazement at what they saw, and more with what they heard, the Count and Countess redoubled their steps to overtake her. But what was their surprise, when under her coarse straw hat and mean apparel, they met with every beauty, every grace. Pray child, said the Countess (finding she endeavoured to shun them) be not alarmed; we are travellers, that an accident obliges us to ask for shelter till morning in one of your cabins: be so kind, as to be our guide. I am very sorry, madam, answered the shepherdess, blushing and casting down her eyes, that you will be but ill accommodated, as these huts belong to very poor people. You live here I suppose, said the Countess: and surely I may put up with the inconveniences for one night when you undergo them continually. There is a wide difference, said the modest shepherdess: I am brought up to it. My conditions has its sweets for one that knows no other state of life. Custom and example create wants for the wealthy, which the poor are ignorant of. It may be so with those that are born in this solitude, said the Count; but for you charming unknown, you are not what you seem to be; your air, your voice, your language betray your disguise. These few words you have said discover a noble soul, and a cultivated education.

Oh tell us lovely creature what cruel turn of fate has lowered you to this condition. A man under misfortune, replied Adelaide, may find a thousand means to extricate himself; but to a woman in such cases, has no resource but in the honest servitude; and in the choice of one's master, methinks 'tis best to prefer the good and virtuous. You are going to see mine, and you will be delighted with the innocence of their lives, and the candour and simplicity of their manners.

As she was still speaking, they arrived at the hut. —It was divided by a partition from the sheepfold, into which the shepherdess turned her flock counting them over with the most serious attention, heedless of the strangers, who beheld her with admiration. The old folks, such as represented Baucis and Philemon, received their guests with the honest simple courtesy which recalled the golden age. We have nothing to offer you, said the good woman, but clean straw for your bed, and a hearty welcome to such provisions as heaven affords us, milk, fruit and oaten bread. In entering the cabin, they were amazed to see the order and neatness that appeared every where in so poor a habitation. Their table was a walnut plank, finely polished with frequent rubbing; their earthen dishes and dairy pans shone with the nicest cleanness; every thing presented the image of contented poverty, happy to be wherewithall to supply the real wants of nature. 'Tis our dear daughter, said the good old woman, that manages all our little affairs. At break of day, before she leads her flock to the hills and dales, whilst they are nipping about our hut the sweet grass sur-

charged with the morning dew, employs that time in putting every thing in the neat order and manner you see them placed. What! said the Countess, interrupting her, is the shepherdess indeed your daughter? Would to heaven she was, replied the good old creature! she is the daughter of my heart, and I have a mother's fondness for her; but I am not so happy as to have brought such perfections into the world, nor are we worthy of such honour. What is she then? Whence came she? What misfortune has reduced her to so low a station? All that is a secret to us. Three years ago she came here in the habit of a villager, and offered to tend our flock. She would have been welcome to share our little, without taking upon her that painful task; so much the sweetness of her person and behaviour engaged our hearts. We could not believe she was bred in a cottage. Our questions made her uneasy. We desisted from farther enquiry, as they seemed to disturb her. As our knowledge of her good qualities increased, so did our respect, but the more we strove to show her that respect, the more she humbled herself before us. No, never had any child for its parents a more tender regard, a more constant care. She cannot obey, because 'tis impossible for us to command; but she dives into our hearts, and prevents our wishes, when they are scarcely formed. What is she doing now in the sheep-fold, asked the Countess. She milks the ewes and she-goats, fosters the young kids and lambs, and gives them fresh litter. The cheeses she makes are thought delicious; no doubt for having been pressed with her neat hands. I carry it to the

market and have not near enough to supply all those that would be my customers. When the dear child is tending the flock in the pastures, she employs herself in making works of plaited straw, which are admired by every body. I wish you were to see with what dexterity she weaves the other plain twigs, and mats the tender flexible rushes. There is nothing, let it appear ever so perfect, but what she can improve upon. Is she happy? said the Countess. She does all that she can to make us believe so, said the old pastor; but I have made my dancie observe, that she oftentimes returns from the pasture with a dejected look, her eyes still moist with tears; but as soon as she sees us she effects a smile. 'Tis easy to perceive there is some gnawing grief that preys upon her heart; the cause of which we dare not ask. And then, said this old goddy, what concern does she not give me, when in spite of all our entreaties, the dear creature will, in the severest weather, lead abroad her bleating care. A thousand times have I requested her, in the most earnest manner, to let me now and then relieve her: but my requests have never been complied with. She rises with the sun, conducts the flock, and does not return till it sets; often shivering with cold. How is it possible, my dear parents, she would say, with all the tenderness of a loving child, how is it possible that I should consent to let you leave your fireside, to be exposed, at your age, to the inclemency of the season, which I, young as I am, can scarce support.— At the same time she comes loaded with faggots; which she gathers in the wood; and when she sees I am troubled at the fatigue she

must undergo, don't let me uneasy, says she, my dear mother, exercise keeps me warm, and labour is fit for my age. In short, my dear lady, she is as good as she is beautiful. My husband and I never speak of her but with tears of affection. What if you were deprived of her? said the Countess.

Why, answered the old shepherd, we would be deprived of all that is dear to us in the world; but if she is to be happier for it, we will die content, and our misfortunes shall be our comfort. Oh! may kind heaven heap blessings on her head: There is none so great but what she deserves. I was in hopes that her dear hands would have closed my eyes, for I love her much more than I do my life.

Adelaide's coming put an end to the conversation. In one hand she carried a pan of milk, and in the other a basket of fruit; and after courtseying with a grace peculiar to herself, she set about the little household affairs, as she was not the least taken notice of. My dear child, said the Countess, you give yourself a deal of trouble. Not at all, madam, I endeavour to fulfil the intention of the best people, whose servant I am, to treat you in the best manner, with what their little can produce; but I am afraid, continued she, whilst she was spreading on a coarse table cloth as white as snow, that you will make but a sorry meal. The bread is brown, but very savory: the eggs are new laid, the milk fresh drawn, and the fruit fresh gathered; such as the season affords.

Diligence, attention, and modest deportment in every minute duty of hospitality, were conspicuous in this wonderful shepherdess. After the frugal repast, Count Fonrose and his amiable lady retired.

to rest on the bed though but of straw, which Adelaide had prepared for them. Is not our adventure surprising?—Let us endeavour, said they to unravel the mystery of this pretended shepherdess, invite her to accompany us, and make her happy if we can.

Without desiring to penetrate into the secrets of your birth, Adelaide, or into whatever is the cause of your distress I feel that I am sensibly interested in all that concerns your welfare. 'Tis evident that your courage raises you above your misfortunes, and that you conform your behaviour suitable to your present circumstances. 'Tis true, your charms and your virtues render your condition now as it is respectable, but it is not a condition designed for you. It is in my power, amiable unknown, to alter it, as the Count's intentions are quite agreeable to mine. I want a bosom friend; and what I have seen in you, I shall think myself possessed of an inestimable treasure, if you consent to be my friend and companion. Be not under any concern about these good people; I shall make up for their loss, at least as far as to enable them to pass the remainder of their days in peace and plenty, & from your hands they shall receive my constant bounty. The poor old folks, who were present, fell on their knees and kissed the Countess's hand; then turning to Adelaide, they conjured her in the most pressing terms, to accept the lady's generous proposal. We cannot at our time of day, be far from the grave, and as it has been our constant study to make our lives happy, so must our death leave you comfortless in this solitary place. The shepherdess embracing them,

and mixing her tears with theirs, returned a thousand thanks to their noble guests with a sweetness that increased her charms, I cannot, said she accept of your favour; heaven has marked my destined lot, and I submit to it; but I shall always with the most grateful heart, acknowledge your goodness, and the name of Fonrose will never be absent from my memory. The only thing that I request of you is, to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and never to reveal the fate of an unknown person, who is determined to live and die in oblivion. The Count and Countess redoubled their solicitations, but all in vain—she was immoveable. The travellers parted from their charming shepherdess in retirement.

During their journey, their conversation was taken up with this strange adventure, which appeared to them as a romance. They arrived at Turin, their imagination full of it, and you may be sure their desired silence could not be observed. The charms and virtues of this unknown shepherdess was an inexhaustable source of reflection and conjecture. Young Fonrose, their only son, was often present at their conversation, and never let a single circumstance escape his memory. He was of that age when imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible of receiving tender impressions; but he was of the character of those who keep the feelings of their sensibility within themselves, and which are so much more violently agitated when they burst from their confinement, as they have never been wakened by any dissipation. All the wonders he heard related of the valley of Savoy, raised in his soul the most

passionate desire of serving her. The object which his imagination has formed, is ever in his mind. Turin became insupportable; the valley where the inestimable jewel was hid, was the loadstone that attracted his heart; 'tis there he places all his happiness, but how to get at it? If his designs are found out, what difficulties to surmount! His parents will never consent to the journey he intends: 'twill not be looked upon as the mere effects of curiosity, but be deemed a youthful folly that may have bad consequences: and the shepherdess may be alarmed at his presence, and shun his addresses; if it is discovered, he loses her for ever. After three months struggle, he determined to quit all for her alone, and under the disguise of a shepherd, find her out in the lonely valley, and there remain till death if he could not prevail on her to leave it.—He disappeared—His father and mother missed him with great consternation, and waited his return with the greatest impatience. Their apprehensions increased more and more, and his absence continuing, the whole family was plunged into consternation. Their fruitless search and enquiries completed their distress: however, at last, these unfortunate parents are reduced to the loss of their only child. Whilst the afflicted family of Founrose was in this dejection, the youth arrived at the valley which had been described, & in the habit of a peasant, presented himself to some of the neighbouring cottagers, and offered his services. His ambition is satisfied. He is accepted of, and a flock is committed to his care. At first he only followed the sheep wherever they chose to feed, in hopes that chance would direct

him to the same pastures where the solitary shepherdess fed her flock.

Whilst he indulged himself with pleasing reflections, his eyes wandering on the beautiful scenes of the valley, he heard at some distance, the very voice, whose melody had been so often told of, which raised an emotion in his heart, as great as if it had been an accident unexpected.

She sung the following words:—

Sweet Solitude! to which I fly,

Of every joy bereft:

There Affliction's cup enjoy,

The boon that's left.

These melancholy complaints pierced Fonrose's tender heart.

Ah! whence this grief that consumes her!

What pleasure to afford her comfort!

He durst not as yet raise his hopes any higher.

It might perhaps alarm her; it was sufficient for

the first time to have heard the sweetness of voice:

Next morning Fonrose went to the pastures, and

having observed which way the shepherdess directed

her flock, he sat himself at the foot of the rock,

which the day before had echoed with her moving

sounds.

Adelaide, absorbed in melancholy, had not yet

begun her melodious strains. The echoes were

silent, when on a sudden that silence was inter-

rupted by the sweet notes of Fonrose's hautboy.

A harmony so uncommon, filled her with amaze-

ment, mixed with some emotion. Her ears had

never there been struck before but with the shrill

squeaking and buzzing hum of the rustic bagpipe.

Motionless, with deep attention she cast her eyes around, to find out from whence proceeded such divine music. She perceived at some distance, a young shepherd sitting in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which his sheep was feeding. She drew somewhat nearer, that she might hear him play more distinctly. Behold, said she, the effects of instinct! the ear alone has given this shepherd all the fineness of this charming art! what purity of the notes! variety of the modulations! what fine and neatness in the execution! who then shall say that taste is not the gift of nature.

Adelaide, for the first time since her retirement, felt her grief in some measure suspended. Fonrose, who saw her approach nearer, and sit down under a willow, to listen more conveniently, had given her no room to think he had perceived her; he took the opportunity as soon as she retired, to calculate the pace of her flock, so as to meet her without affection at the bottom of the hill, where the road that leads to the different huts crossed each other. He gave her a look in a seemingly careless manner, as if he was wholly taken up with the guidance of the sheep; but, ah! what beauties were gazed on in that look! what eyes! what a mouth! what divine features! so moving in their languor! how ravishing would they appear if animated with love! affliction had added paleness, and faded in some degree, the blooming carnation of her cheeks. (But all of her charms, none struck him with so much admiration as her elegant shape and air.) The charming image which love engraves in his heart, takes up his thoughts, & fills his soul with irresistible passions.

How faintly, said he, has she been described ! the lovely beauty is unknown to the world, whose admiration she deserve. She that would grace a throne, lives under the thatch of a cottage, employed in the low occupation of tending the flocks ! In what poor garments does she appear ! But she embellishes every thing, and nothing can demand her.

Adelaide felt herself somewhat touched with Fonrose's youth and comeliness, nor could she help reflecting on his capricious turn of fortune. For what end, thought she, has nature endowed this young shepherd with such talents, and formed him with such graces.

Next day Fonrose imagined that she affected to avoid his coming near her. He was cast down at the very thought. Does she suspect my disguise ? Have I discovered myself ? These uncertainties perplex my mind. His hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not for distant, but could have heard the sounds, had he played upon it. She could not guess the meaning of its silence, began to sing in her old melodious strains.

Ye pretty birds, whose pensive notes,
 My lamentation join,
 Ah ! what avails your warbling throats,
 Can they sooth woes like mine ?
 All seem around to share my grief,
 As if to asuage my pain ;
 But mine admits of no relief,
 And comfort speaks in vain.

Fonrose, moved to his inmost soul, with her

complained, so melodiously expressed, could not refrain from taking up his hautboy. She continued, and he accompanied her sweet voice.

Never was unison more harmonious. Is this an enchantment? said Adelaide. May I believe my sense? 'Tis no mean shepherd! 'tis some supernatural being that I have been listening to! Nature may give a bent, but great masters and constant practice only can reach to such perfection. As she was thus musing, the valley resounded with a rural or rather a divine symphony. Adelaide imagined she saw realized these prodigies, which poetry attributes to music, her brilliant sister. Astonished and confused, she could not determine whether to approach or retire. Music was a gift from heaven bestowed on man in that state of innocence; it is the purest of all pleasures, and the only one that I can yield to. I look upon this shepherd as an echo that comes to repeat my grief.

Alas! said she, I give myself up too easily to the little comfort I felt: I am deprived of it for my punishment. One day they met, as if by chance, Shepherd, said she, do you lead your flocks to any great distance? These words uttered from her sweet lips, caused in Fonrose's heart such an emotion as almost deprived him of his voice. I cannot tell, replied he, with hesitation; 'tis not I that lead my sheep, 'tis my sheep that lead me; they are better acquainted than I am with these pastures, and I let them range wherever they please to go. From whence come you? said Adelaide. I was born on the other side of the Alps. And were you brought up to a shepherd's life? No doubt, since I am one, I was destined for it. That is what I scarce believe,

she replied, gazing on him with fixed attention; your talents, your language, your air, all convince to the contrary. The other day, said she, your hautboy accompanied my voice with such a masterly air, as must seem a prodigy in one brought up to feed the flocks. 'Tis to your singing, replied Fonrose, that's so rare in a single shepherdess. What! were you never instructed! Like you I have no other guide than my heart and my ear. You sung—I was moved—what my heart feels my instrument expresses—I breath it in my very soul. This is all my secret—nothing is more natural. 'Tis incredible, said Adelaide, I thought so too, said he, whilst I listened to your voice, & now I am convinced of it; though sometimes nature and love will frolicsomerly bestow their choicest favours on the meanest objects, to show there is no condition, be it ever so low, but what they can ennoble.

Whilst they thus discoursed, advancing in the valley, Fonrose, animated by a ray of hope, began to make the hautboy resound rapturous notes that the pleasure inspires. Ah! cease, cried Adelaide, spare me the image of a sentiment I never more shall taste. This solitude is consecrated to grief; these echoes are unused to repeat the accents of joy; all here join with my lamentations. I am not without woes, said the young shepherd, fetching a deep sigh, which was followed with a pause of silence. What has caused your afflictions? of what do you complain? is it of mankind? is it of fate?—I really cannot tell. All that I know is, that I am far from being happy, pray inquire no farther into my situation. Hear me, said Adelaide,

Heaven has made us acquainted to be a mutual support to each other's woes! mine is a burthen under which my heart sinks down even to dispondency. Whoever you be, if you are unhappy, you are compassionate—I believe you are worthy the confidence I shall repose in you; but you must promise me that the promise will be reciprocal. Alas! said Fonrose, my woes are of a nature perhaps never to be relieved! Meet me to-morrow, said Adelaide, at the foot of this hill, under the spreading oak, where you heard me moan. I shall there reveal what will excite your pity. They parted; Fonrose passed the night with great inquietude; his fate depending on what he was to hear; he dreaded the discovery of a tender unhappy passion. If she loves I am undone.

He set out for the rendezvous, and the fair shepherdess arrived soon after. The morn was overcast with clouds, as if nature had presaged their sorrowful conversation. They seated themselves under the oak; when after a profound sigh Adelaide thus began—

THE STORY OF HER WOES.

“Beneath these stones you see there, almost covered with the creeping grass, lie the remains of a most faithful and virtuous man, whom my love and imprudence brought to the grave. I was born in France of a wealthy family, and of high distinction; too wealthy to my misfortune. Count Oreston conceived for me the most passionate tender love, to which my heart corresponded with equal warmth. My parents objected to our union, and refused their consent. Hurried on by

my passion, I agreed to a private marriage, sacred to virtuous souls; but disapproved by laws. Italy then was the seat of war. My husband was ordered to join the corps he was to command: and I went with him as far as Briancon. There my foolish fondness prevailed on him to stay with me three days, which he passed with extreme reluctance. I sacrificed, said he, my duty to you. But what had I not sacrificed for him?

“He afterwards set out with a foreboding that terrified me. I accompanied him to this valley, where we took leave of each other, and I returned to Briancon. In a few days a report of a battle was spread about. I was sure my dear Oreston was there I wished it for his honour—I feared it for my love. When I received a letter from him, (which afforded me much comfort) it informed me that such a day, such an hour, I should find him in the valley, under the same oak where I had bid him farewell—that he should be alone, and desired to meet me unaccompanied—adding that he only lived for me. I was exact to the appointment. Mr. Oreston received me in the most tender manner. Ah! my dear Adelaide, said he you would have it so. I have failed in my duty at the most important crisis of my life. What I feared is come to pass. The battle was given, my regiment charged, performed wonders of valour, and I was not at its head. I am dishonoured for ever—lost without help—I have but one sacrifice more to make you which I am come to consummate. At these words I pressed my dear husband in my arms. I felt my blood congeal in my shivering heart. I fainted dead away, He

took that opportunity to perpetrate his design; and I was called to life again by the report of the fatal pistol that gave him his death. How can I paint the cruel situation in which I was left? it cannot be described. The tears that must forever flow; the sighs that suffocate my voice, give but a faint idea of my distress. I passed the night over the bloody corpse quite stupified with grief. My first thoughts were, as soon as I was able, to bury it and my shame together. These hands dug his grave. Depressed with grief, deprived of food, my feeble hands were two days employed in performing this last sad duty; and I then formed a determined resolution, to remain in this solitude till death unite us.

You see with what sincerity I open to you my inmost soul. Henceforth I may weep in your presence without restrain—a relief my over-burdened heart stands much in need of. I expect you will put the same confidence in me, that I have put in you. Don't imagine that I am imposed upon: I am certain that you are no more a shepherd than I am shepherdess. You are young, perhaps in love: for if I guess aright, our misfortunes flow from the same source. The similitude of our conditions will make us feel the more for each other. I look upon you as one whom heaven, moved with my afflictions, has sent into this solitude to save me from despair. I look upon you as a sincere friend, capable of giving, if not satisfactory advice, at least a firm example of true resignation to the Divine will.

Ah! madam, said Éonrose, overwhelmed with what he heard, whatever tender sensibility my

heart is prone to feel, you are far from imagining with what deep concern the recital of your woes has affected me—the impression will remain as long as life. What! must I have a secret, nay even a thought reversed from you—from you who have a right after what you have intrusted me with, to scrutinize my very soul? but as I told you before, and as my foreboding heart apprehended, such is the nature of my woes, that I am doomed to conceal them in eternal silence. Be not offended, charming friend, at a silence which is my greatest torment. You are very unhappy; but I am more unhappy still. I'll be your constant companion; I'll endeavour to mitigate your sorrows, and help to ease you in an employment too laborious for your delicate frame. Let me be a partaker of your grief, and when I behold you weeping over the tomb, I will mix my tears with yours.

In her abrupt departure she saw in Fonrose's countenance all the marks of an affected mind. Alas! said she, I have renewed his sufferings. O what sufferings must they be, that can give him grounds to think himself more unhappy than I am. No more music, no more conversation. They neither seemed to seek or shun each other. Looks that spoke their thoughts were all their language,—it was very expressive.

When he beheld her weeping over her husband's grave, he beheld her with mute attention, full of jealousy, grief and pity, till her groans were echoed by his. A few days were past in this painful conflict, when Adelaide took notice how the young man wasted away, like a blooming flower, just blasted by some malignant planet. The grief that

consumed him gave her much concern, as not being intrusted with what occasioned his trouble, 'twas out of her power to administer any comfort. Unhappy youth! said she, the first time they met after her resolve, you perish daily, and give me the fruitless concerns of beholding you consume away, and not be able to afford me any comfort. If the recital of my imprudent conduct has altered your opinion of me; tell me, I conjure you, the cause of your afflictions.

Ah! madam, let me end my deplorable life without leaving you to reproach yourself with having shortened it. O heaven! she cried, what I? Can I have contributed to increase the woes under which you perish? Ease my tortured heart, and tell me what I have said? What have I done to aggravate your afflictions? Speak, I say—you have revealed too much to hide yourself any longer—I do insist upon knowing who you are. Since you will force from me so peremptorily the fatal secret know that I am—that I am Fonrose, the son of those you lately filled with admiration and respect. All that I have heard them relate of your virtue and your charms, inspired me with the rash design of seeing you under this disguise. I have seen you, and my fate is fixed. I have left my family in the deepest distress, They think that I am forever lost; they lament my death. I know what is your attachment here; and I have no other hope but to die adoring you. Forbear to give me any useless advice; my resolutions is as unmoveable as your own. Adelaide astonished at what she had heard, endeavouring to sooth young Fonrose's despair. I will restore him, said

she, to his afflicted parents, and save their only hope from death. Impatient to put in execution the design she had formed, arrived at the hut. Father, said she to the old Pastor, do you think yourself able to take a journey to Turin? I want a person that I can rely on, to carry the Count and Countess Fonrose intelligence of what concerns their whole happiness. My zeal said the old man, to serve them, will give me strength equal to my inclination. Go then, continued she, you will find them at present lamenting the death of their only child. Inform them that he is living, and that it is their poor Adelaide that will restore him to their arms. But at the same time tell them, there is an indispensable necessity of their coming in person to fetch him. He set out immediately, and arrived at the Count's house in Turin. He sent in word, that the old man of the valley of Savoy was come to wait upon them Ah! cried the Countess, perhaps some misfortune has befallen our lovely shepherdess! Bid the old man enter, said the Count, who knows but Adelaide consents to come and live with us? It would be replied the Countess, the only comfort I can taste after the loss of my son. The old man is introduced; he embraced their knees—they raise him to their arms. You weep, said he, the death of your son, and I am come to inform you that he is alive. It is our dear child that has discovered him in the valley, and has dispatched me to communicate to you this interesting news, but she says that yourselves, and only you, can bring him back. Whilst he was speaking the Countess fainted away, overcome with surprise and joy. The Count

calls for assistance. She revives. They embrace the old Shepherd by turns, and acquaint the whole family with the subject of their transport. They set immediately on their journey, and arrived with the greatest expedition. The old dame conducted them to the place where she was. How great their surprise! when they beheld their lovely son with the shepherdess, in the habit of a simple pastor. Ah! cruel child, cried Fonrose's mother, throwing her arms about his neck, what troubles you have given us. What could induce you to leave your affectionate parents? What is your business here? To adore what you yourself so much admired. Madam, said Adelaide, whilst Fonrose embraced his father's knees, you would not have been so long a prey to grief, had I discovered sooner your dear son. After a few effusions of nature were over, Fonrose relapsed into his former melancholy. Come, said the Countess, let us go and repose ourselves in the cabin, and forget the woes this young man has plunged us in. 'Tis very true, said Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand; what else but the deprivation of my reason could suspend the emotions of nature, and make me forget the most sacred duties? what but madness? I am in love with the most amiable and accomplished person in the world. You have seen but little of her Honour, Virtue, and Sensibility! She unites all that is good. I cannot be happy without her, and she never can be mine. Has she trusted you, said the Count, with the secret of her birth? I have learned enough, replied Fonrose, to assure you it is not inferior to mine. She has renounced

a considerable fortune in the world, to remain in this solitude. Do you know what motive has induced her to it? I do; but it is a secret which she alone can reveal. Is she married? No; she is a widow; but her heart is no less engaged, nay, it is rather bound with stronger chains. Madam, said the Count to Adelaide, as they had entered the cabin, you see how you turn the heads, as well as captivate all that hears the name of Fonrose. Nothing could have justified my son's extravagant passions, but so virtuous, so loving an object. My wife's utmost wishes were to have you for a friend. Ah! sir, replied Adelaide, your goodness perplexes me; lend me a while your attention, and judge my situation. She then, in the presence of the old folks, related her sad story, adding the name of the family, which the Count was well acquainted with: and she finished her narration by taking him for a witness of the inviolable fidelity she owed her husband. At these words a deep consternation appeared in their looks. Young Fonrose, bursting with grief, threw himself into a corner of the hut, to give loose to his sorrows. His afflicted father laid himself down by him, casting his eyes on Adelaide, Madam, said he, behold the effect of your resolution. The Countess pressing her to her bosom, Ah! will you then, said she, give us cause to lament a second time the death of our dear child? I leave the decision of our fate to your son.—let me have a few minutes conversation with him. Then retiring by themselves. Fonrose, said she, you know what sacred ties bind me here. If I could cease to lament the loss of him who loved and doted on me even beyond dis-

cretion I should be deservedly despised. Friendship, Gratitude and Esteem, is all I have left to give; and is that a compensation for love? 'Tis yours to decide, and chuse which is most agreeable to you; either to conquer your passion; and strive to forget me, or take the hand of one whose heart is possessed of another object;—has nothing to bestow but friendship and esteem—and what are they to satisfy a lover's ardent expectations? 'Tis enough, replied he tenderly; such exalted friendship equals love. She is mine! cried Fonrose, precipitating himself into his fond parents' arms. 'Tis to the respect and gratitude she has for you that I owe my happiness. Did she consent merely thro' pity and gratitude? I believe she did—she believed it herself, and I will not cease to admire her. Before she left the valley she would revisit the tomb which she quitted with regret. She insisted on having a monument erected to the memory of her deceased husband; and that the cabin of the good old people, who were to accompany them to Turin, should be altered to a neat little country house; where she intended to retire now and then, to lament the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time and the assiduous care that Fonrose had in every respect for Adelaide, joined to the sweet pledges, fruits of a second marriage opened her heart to receive the impression of a new inclination. And she is still quoted, as a model of perfection, and claims admiration and respect even to her fidelity.

“Great blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
 And tho' a late, a sure reward success.”