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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

ABRIDGED FROM THE

ORIGINAL WORK OF MADAME DE GENLIS,

AND ADAPTED FOR YOUTH.

BY A LADY.

Glasgow:

PRINTED FOR M. ROBERTSON & CO.

AND THOMAS HURST, LONDON.

1815.

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To

Miss Jane Blackburn

with Love

Writing

1824

PREFACE.

THE following TALES are selected and abridged from the Work of the celebrated MADAME DE GENLIS, whose writings are not more remarkable for purity of morals, than for elegance of diction, and simplicity of style. The chief incidents and moral reflections to be found in the original Work are preserved in this Abridgment, while all extravagance of sentiment—from which French works of fiction, and those of MADAME DE GENLIS, among the rest, are not altogether free—has been carefully excluded. The Publishers, therefore, are hopeful that, to the English reader, the present Abridgment will be found rather an improvement on the original Tales.

In the French Work, the Baroness De Clemire—who had retired, during the absence of

her husband at the wars, to a Castle in Normandy—relates the Tales to her children; not only for their instruction and amusement, but for the purpose of passing the time more agreeably in their solitude. The volumes are interspersed with the remarks of the narrator and her audience; but, as these did not come within the plan of the following Abridgment, and as the Tales themselves, are replete with moral instruction, they have been omitted altogether.

It is proper to add, that, as the Tales which are contained in this little volume are intended for the perusal of young readers, the shortest and most juvenile have been selected.

TALES

OF

THE CASTLE.

THE FORTUNATE CURE.

MARIA was an only daughter, and an heiress; her birth was noble, her person handsome, and her heart and understanding were good. Her mother, who was a widow, loved her exceedingly, but wanted strength of mind to give her daughter a proper education. At nine years old, Maria had learnt little, and discovered little inclination to learn, except to dance. She submitted to her other lessons with extreme indolence, and often abridged them one half, on pretence she was fatigued, or had the headach. Her mamma was continually repeating, "I will not have her contradicted, her constitution is delicate, and too much application will injure her health."

Maria, flattered and humoured as she was,

soon became one of the most unfortunate children in Paris. Her natural tendency to goodness each day declined, and her character was more and more depraved. Fond of flattery, she was unhappy when not praised, full of whimsies, and without any one fixed inclination, devoted to her dolls and playthings, and coveting every thing she saw, she was equally deficient in justice and moderation.

To add to her misfortunes, she had not a good state of health. She eat too much, and not of proper and wholesome food, but of cheesecakes, tarts, and confectionary; the consequence was, she was continually afflicted with the heart-burn and headach. Her mamma, too, laced her exceedingly tight, and she, herself, was very much pleased to be thought fine shaped and slender; which ridiculous vanity made her bear without murmuring, to be screwed up till she could scarcely breathe.

Instead of growing stronger as she grew up, her health was every day on the decline; the physician said there was no danger in her case, and that it was only necessary to procure her as much amusement as possible. Maria accordingly had a multitude of toys, playthings, and presents; every wish was anticipated, and all her fantasies were indulged.

Increasing thus from bad to worse, she became so truly disagreeable, by her passions, ill temper, and caprices, that no one could love her; every thing irritated, or rendered her desperate; and she found that her violent humours were a greater punishment to herself than to those they were intended to torment. At last the unhappy Maria, insupportable to every person as well as to herself, fell into a kind of consumption, from which every thing was to be feared.

Her mother sent in despair for a famous Physician, whose name was Stein. He examined his patient with great attention, and visited her for some time: he then informed her mother he would be responsible for her life, but it must be on condition that she was left totally to his care. Her mother agreed to put her daughter into his hands.—"Yes, madam, said the doctor, but it must be entirely, or I dare not accept the charge: I must take her to my country-house.—How! my child!—Yes, madam: her lungs are attacked, and the first remedy I shall prescribe is to pass eight months in a cow-house *.—Well, but I can have that.—No, madam, I will not undertake the cure unless she is brought to my own

* This is a well known remedy, and has often been successfully used in similar cases.

house, and put under the care of my wife.—But, sir, you will allow her governess and woman to go with her.—By no means, madam; nay, more, if you confide her to me, you must resolve not to see her for that space of time yourself: I must be absolute master of the child, and suffer no contradiction."

Her mother said this was more than she could support; she accused the doctor of cruelty and caprice; while he, unshaken in his determination, left her, without noticing her reproaches.

Reflection, however, soon brought a change, and knowing that all the other doctors had given up the case, while this one would become responsible for the cure, she sent hastily to desire his return. He came, and she consented, not without abundance of tears, to commit her daughter entirely to his jurisdiction.

It was six o'clock in the evening when they arrived at the house of Doctor Stein. How great was the indignation of the haughty and imperious Maria, when they conducted her into the *apartment* destined for her.—Where are you dragging me, cried she?—Into a cow-house!—What do you mean? What will you do with me? Oh, what a smell! Let us get out of this frightful place.—This smell, young lady, replied Madame Stein, in a gentle, complacent tone,

is very healthy, and especially for you.—Healthy, indeed! Let us get out, I say, of this hideous place. Shew me the chamber where I am to lie.—You are there already, Miss.—How! there already!—That is your bed, and this is mine; for I will fare the same as you do.—Me! I sleep in a cow-house! In a bed like this!—It is a good mattress.—Do you mock me?—No, indeed, Miss, I tell you the very truth. This odour, which unfortunately you dislike, is exceedingly salutary to persons in your state; it will restore you to health: and it was for this reason that my husband has placed you here, where you must remain the greatest part of the time you stay with me.

Madame Stein had no occasion to continue her discourse. The unhappy child, suffocated with rage, had fallen speechless on the bed; Madame Stein knew what ailed her, by the swelling of her neck and bosom, and the redness of her face; she unlaced her, took off her neck ribband, and Maria again began to breathe; but it was only to scream and cry, in a manner that would have frightened a person of less determined coolness than Madame Stein, who took care to remain totally silent. Seeing, however at the end of a quarter of an hour, she still continued her shrieks and cries she said to her,—

I have undertaken, Miss, to nurse a sick, and not a mad girl, so I will wish you a good night: when you are entirely quiet, and cured of this outrageous behaviour, I will return.—What! am I to be left to perish?—No; one of my maids shall come to you.—Your maid!—Yes, a patient, gentle, very good girl!

The maid heard the voice of her mistress, and ran, and Madame Stein went away. And now behold Maria left alone with a strong, robust, chubby girl.

As soon as Maria saw what they intended, she ran towards the door to get out; which the maid, to prevent her, locked, and put the key in her pocket. Maria screamed like a little fury, and would have the key, she said. The maid smiled at her mutinous freaks, and sat herself very quietly down to her knitting.

This tranquillity inflamed the choler of Maria; her face reddened, her eyes sparkled, and she scolded in a most violent manner. The air of contempt, visible in the maid, drove the haughty girl beside herself, till she was so enraged she could no longer find words to express her feelings, and losing all discretion and command of herself, she stepped one foot back, raised her arm, and applied the palm of her hand, with all the little force she was mistress of, full upon

the plump broad cheek of the maid, who was vexed as well as roused by an attack so unexpected. She instantly determined, however, how to proceed; so, taking off her garter, she seized the feeble Maria, and tied her hands fast behind her back. It was in vain to shriek and struggle, she had no power to disengage herself; and, at last, wearied with exertions beyond her strength, and convinced she must submit, she sat down, though with an agonizing heart, and ceased crying, expecting with impatience the return of Madame Stein.

Madame Stein came, at last, and brought with her, her daughter Henrietta, who was twelve years old. As soon as she saw Madame Stein, Maria turned about, showed her hands, and complained highly of the insolence, as she called it, of the maid; but she forgot to mention the slap in the face. Madame Stein having ascertained the truth, thus reproved Maria for her behaviour.

You see, young lady, to what you have exposed yourself, by pride and violence; you have made an unworthy use of the superiority which your rank gave you over this girl, and have obliged her to forget the distinction which the accident of birth had placed between you. If you would have your inferiors never fail in the

respect they owe you, be careful always to trea them with gentleness and humanity.

Madame Stein then untied Maria's hands, wh heard with surprise a language so new to her Though more humbled than instructed by thi lesson, she yet felt its justice; but, spoiled by flattery and education, she was not at present capable of comprehending truth and reason in their full force. Madame Stein presented her daughter to Maria, who received her coldly enough, and presently afterwards supper was served. At ten o'clock, the sorrowful Maria was helped into the mattress bed, where, being heartily fatigued, she found it possible to sleep very soundly, though on a hard couch and in a cow-house.

The next morning the doctor came to see her when she awakened, and ordered her to walk an hour and a half before breakfast. This she thought exceedingly severe, and at first refused, but she was soon obliged to obey. She was brought back to her cow-house exceedingly hungry, and for the first time within a year, at least, eat with a good appetite.

After breakfast she opened her casket which contained her jewels, supposing that, by displaying her riches before Madame Stein and Henrietta, she should soon obtain a greater de-

gree of respect. Henrietta, however, just looked for a moment coldly at her finery, and continued her occupation.

What then, said Maria, you do not care for such pretty things?—Not if they are unhandy, or incommode me.—And don't you love diamonds?—I think a garland of flowers is better when one is young—And when one is not young, said Madame Stein, ornaments of all sorts are generally ridiculous.

Maria now became thoughtful, and felt a kind of melancholy she had never known before, mixed with chagrin; but as Madame Stein impressed an awe upon her, she was obliged to smother her feelings.

The conversation of Madame Stein and Henrietta soon became interesting, and incited the curiosity of Maria, who could not help respecting the first, and began to feel a strong inclination towards the young Henrietta.

In the evening she asked for her dolls and playthings, and Madame Stein informed her they had been forgotten, but that she should have them in a few days. Maria, notwithstanding her awe of Madame Stein, was ready to murmur, when Henrietta said she would go and fetch something which she thought would divert

her all the evening. She then ran into th house, and presently returned with two folios full of engravings; one of which contained collection of Turkish habits, and the other o Russian. These Henrietta explained so wel that Maria was agreeably amused. Before sh went to bed, she kissed Madame Stein and he daughter, and told the latter, she hoped sh would learn her something more on the mor row.

She lay down without fretting, slept well and, as soon as she awaked, called for Henrietta When they came to the orchard, she saw an admired how nimbly Henrietta ran, and endea voured to run also. It was not long befor Henrietta perceived a charming butterfly, an proposed to her companion to try to take it The agreement was made, and the chase began Henrietta, being the strongest and best runner soon outstripped the butterfly, and turned it back to Maria, who, not understanding the method ran too briskly; the butterfly still escaped, an was still pursued. It alighted at last upon hawthorn bough, and Maria this time approached gently, and tried to seize upon it, and thought at first she had it; but, alas, it was gone, it had slipt through and left the traces of its flight upon her fingers.

Fatigued, but not vanquished, she still followed, till it conducted her and her companion to a ditch, which separated the orchard from another: thither it flew, and thither Henrietta presently followed; but poor Maria was obliged to stay behind; she could not leap the ditch. She presently, however, heard the huntress proclaim her victory! Away she came, running and jumping, and holding her captive lightly by the tip of its wings, while it in vain endeavoured to escape.

As soon as nine o'clock came, Madame Stein permitted the two young friends to breakfast together, in a pretty little apartment that belonged to Henrietta. Here Maria beheld objects that were all totally new to her; dried flowers preserved in glasses, variegated shells, and butterflies. Henrietta answered all her questions with her usual complacency, and Maria listened with equal astonishment and curiosity.

How do you know all this? said she; you have a deal of knowledge—Me! said Henrietta: I know very little; my notions are confused, and only superficial; I have an earnest desire to learn, for which reason I love to read.—Love to read! that's very strange!—How! strange it's a very common thing, I believe.—

Oh no, I don't think that.—Shall I lend yo some books?—If you please, till my doll come

Here Henrietta ran and fetched *The Children Friend* out of her little library, and gave it t Maria, who received the present coldly enough but being left alone, and without her play thing she thought it best to drive away her spleen, b reading in the book. She ran over the leave at first with a good deal of indifference, but a she read on, she began to take pleasure in wh she read, and was surprised to find that readin could make time pass away more agreeabl than most other amusements.

Maria received a letter that afternoon fro her mamma, which she shewed to Henriett who immediately ran for pen, ink, and pape Here, said she, here are the materials to answe your mamma; but, instead of taking them Maria hung down her head and blushed.—Ala said she, I can't write.—What, not at all? sai Henrietta. I write a tolerable large han Henrietta perceived her humiliation, and wa sorry. One can't indeed be astonished, she ad ded, considering your ill state of health, tha you are something backward in your educatio but it is now time to recover what you have los —I shall be glad so to do, and if any body no would learn me to write, I—My writing is no

very bad, interrupted Henrietta, and if you will permit me, I will be your mistress. Maria answered her, by flinging her arms about her neck and kissing her; and it was agreed their lessons should commence next day.

Maria now began to blush at her excessive ignorance. She loved and admired Henrietta, who took advantage of the ascendancy she had acquired over her to make her industrious, and willing to learn; setting her, at the same time, such an excellent example, and being herself so evidently happy, that Maria could not resist the desire she had to imitate her.

She began to feel the value of such instructions, and to desire her to communicate them. Henrietta obeyed her commands without an effort, had a strong wish to oblige her, and felt the most lively satisfaction when she obtained any mark of her approbation.

Maria listened not in vain to those instructions. At night, when alone with Madame Stein, she fell on her knees, and, with a look of expressive tenderness, said,—How, dear Madam, have you been able hitherto to support the company of a child so different from your Henrietta? Have I not appeared odious? I am sure I have!

To be sensible of our errors, replied Madame Stein, is the best sign of amendment; besides

you have, for sometime past, conducted yourself infinitely better: every body remarks and applauds this excellent change in your behaviour.

In the midst of this conversation, a courier arrived with a letter from her mother, in which she intreated Maria to ask freely whatever she wished; and desired to know what kind of toys she should send to give her pleasure. Maria read the letter, and sighed; and, after remaining a moment thoughtful, begged of Madame Stein to write as follows, while she dictated.

"I thank you kindly, my dear mamma, for your goodness to me, but I do not love toys so much as I used to do; and, since you command me, I will tell you what at present will give me most pleasure. We have a very good, but poor old woman here. It is true, her grand-daughter is to be married to a rich farmer; but, as the husband has all the money, perhaps he won't like to give her so much as her grand-daughter wishes, at least I fear so; and yet, mamma, I should wish the old woman might want for nothing. I love her, mamma, not only because she is good, but because she is a mother; and I think I should always give more freely to a woman who is a mother, than to one who is not. Madame Stein says, twenty-five crowns a-year

would make her quite happy ; let me beg of you, my dear mamma, instead of the toys you are so good as to offer, to grant me a pension of twenty-five crowns a-year for this good old woman. I should be glad too to present her with a piece of cotton, to make her a new gown for her child's wedding.—God bless you, my dear mamma ; I get better and better every day."

The next day Maria received a kind answer, and, instead of five and twenty crowns a-year, fifty, along with the stuff for a new gown for her good old pensioner ; this, in a transport of joy, she instantly carried to her, which benefaction completed her happiness. Her thanks, the praises of Madame Stein, and the tender caresses of Henrietta, gave a sensation to Maria, which, till that moment, she had never known.

In the month of July, Maria found the country still more delightful : she frequently took long walks in the fields, and, sometimes, by moon-light with Madame Stein and Henrietta ; and as she, by this time, took pleasure in being employed, she was no longer sensible of the wearisome anxieties of indolence. She read, she wrote, she worked, and learnt of Henrietta to draw and preserve herbs, who also taught her their names. The pocket-money which her mamma sent her every month, she spent in re-

lieving distress wherever she met with it. Adored by every body, and satisfied with herself, each day added to her happiness; no longer was her countenance clouded, and robbed of its natural beauty, by the air of unhappiness it formerly wore; her eyes became bright and animated; her cheeks had a glow of freshness; she could walk, run, jump, and acquired more grace and agility in four months, than any dancing master had to bequeath.

In the beginning of the month of August, the doctor thought proper to let her quit the cow-house, and she was removed into a neat little chamber, which had been fitted up on purpose for her. This was a most agreeable change to her; the cleanness of every thing around her, the convenience of the furniture, and the beautiful prospect of the valley, towards which her window opened, were enchanting.

Maria remained two months longer with the doctor; in which time her character became more perfect, and her health thoroughly fortified. At last, towards the beginning of October, she returned home. Her mother received her to her arms with transport, though she could scarcely recollect her; she was grown exceedingly both in height and plumpness, and a lively and animated freshness was spread over her cheeks.

In the excess of her joy, her mamma gazed at her, pressed her to her bosom, kissed her, and endeavoured to speak, but could not give vent to her feelings, till they burst forth in a flood of tears.

Madame Stein, for a while, enjoyed in silence a sight so pleasing; at last, she said to her mother,—You gave her to me, madam, dying: I return her to you, in the full vigour of health: and what is still better, I return her good, gentle, and rational; with an equal temper, and a feeling heart, worthy of her fortune, and capable of making you, herself, and every body happy. She is yet young, however, and so liable to relapse, if not properly treated, that much must depend upon yourself, madam. If you would prevent such fearful consequences, you will do well to see that she follows the instructions contained in this paper: they are not rigorous, but they are necessary.—She will follow them, replied her mother: be pleased to give them to me, madam.—At these words she took the paper which Madame Stein presented her, and read aloud what follows:

"She must live six months of the year in the country. When in town, she must go seldom to public places. She must walk often, as well in winter as in summer. She must eat nothing

but bread for breakfast, and between meals, except when fruits are in season. Her dress must be simple, light, and commodious.

"To preserve her from idleness and its consequences, proper, amusing, and instructive books must be given her, nor must she be at all indulged in indolence: and should she find herself melancholy, or dissatisfied, she must be put in remembrance of the history of the female peasant, and the benevolent action she did in placing her good old grandmother above want. If this regimen, and these rules, are duly observed, Miss Maria will undoubtedly preserve the health, cheerfulness, and content she at present enjoys."

Her mother highly approved the prescription she had read, promised to follow it exactly, and testified the most lively sense of gratitude to Madame Stein. The next spring she purchased a seat in the neighbourhood of the doctor, and Maria ever preserved the gratitude and respect due to Madame Stein, as well as a most tender and inviolable friendship for Henrietta. Her person soon became charming, she acquired knowledge and understanding; she was rational, mild, benevolent, and admired and beloved by all who knew her. She was united to a husband worthy of her, and they live in mutual happiness, and connubial love.

RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.

When James II. of England, was obliged to abandon his kingdom, and take refuge in France, Madame Fitz-James was one of those who followed him.

Ever since the death of her husband she had subsisted by selling her plate, and part of her furniture, till she had no longer any resource. Her love of solitude, her piety, and ill health, had always prevented her mixing much with the world; and still less than ever since the death of her husband. She found herself then without support, without friends, without hope; stript of every thing, plunged into a state of frightful misery; and that the measure of her woes might be full, she was fifty years of age, and her constitution was feeble and infirm.

In this her day of distress, she had recourse to him who best could grant her consolation and relief; who soonest could change the severity of her destiny; who most certainly could

give her fortitude to support calamity: she cast herself at the feet of the Almighty, and rose with confidence, fortified and exalted above herself, and with the full assurance of a calm resignation revolving in her soul.

Whilst she was in the midst of these reflections, Jerome, her footman, entered the chamber.

Jerome was forty years of age, and had lived with her twenty. He could neither read nor write, was naturally blunt, apt to find fault, spoke little, and always appeared to look with contempt on his equals, and with a degree of haughtiness on his masters. His sullen deportment and dissatisfied air made his attendance not very agreeable; but his punctuality, good conduct, and perfect fidelity, had always made him esteemed as a most excellent and valuable servant. His good qualities, however, were only known in part; for he possessed the most sublime virtue: under a rough exterior was concealed an elevated and generous soul.

Jerome entered her chamber with a log of wood which he was going to put on the fire, when his mistress said to him, I want to speak to you. The tone of the voice in which she pronounced these words struck Jerome, who flinging down his log upon the hearth, exclaimed,

Good God! Madam!—What is the matter? Do you know how much I owe the cook-maid, Jerome? You neither owe her, nor me, nor Mary, any thing; you paid us all yesterday.—True; that's not what I meant to say,—I—Jerome, you must tell the cook and Mary I have no further occasion for their services—And you—my good Jerome—you must seek another place.—Another place! What do you mean? No: I will live and die in your service; let what will happen, I will never quit you.—You do not know my situation—Madame, You do not know Jerome. You cannot maintain your other servants, so be it: you must part with them; it cannot be helped: but I hope I have not deserved to be turned away too. I am not mercenary, madam, and—But I am ruined, Jerome—totally ruined. I have sold every thing I had to sell, and they have taken away my pension.—Taken away your pension! That cannot be—it cannot be.—It is nevertheless very true.—Taken away your pension! Oh God!—We must adore the decrees of Providence, and submit without repining: the greatest consolation I find, amidst my misfortunes, is to be perfectly resigned. Alas! how many other unhappy beings, on the wide surface of this earth, how many virtuous families are in my si-

tuation! I have no children; my sufferings will be few, for I shall suffer alone.—No—no—no—replied Jerome, with a broken voice—no—you shall not suffer—I have an arm, and I can work. My good Jerome, answered Madame F. I never doubted of your attachment to me, but I will not abuse your kindness—all that I desire you to do for me is to hire a small chamber, a garret; I have still money enough to support me for two or three months; I can work, I can spin; find some employment for me, if you can, and that is all I wish; all I can admit——

While she expressed herself in this manner, Jerome stood fixed in silence, contemplating his mistress; and, when she had finished, casting himself at her feet, he exclaimed, Oh, my dear, my honoured mistress, hear the determination, the oath of your poor Jerome, who here vows to serve you to the end of his life; and more willingly, with more respect, more ready obedience than ever he did before. You have fed me, clothed me, and given me the means of living happy for more than twenty years; I have often abused your bounty, and tresspassed on your patience. Pardon, madam, the errors which a defective temper has occasioned me to commit, and assure yourself I will make you reparation. It is for that purpose only I pray the Father of

mercies to spare my life.—When he had ended, he rose, bathed in tears, and suddenly ran out of the room, without waiting for a reply.

Madame F. was penetrated by the discourse she had heard; she found there were no evils so great but might be alleviated by the feelings of benevolence. Jerome returned in a few minutes, bringing in a little bag, which he laid upon the table. Thanks to God, to you, madam, and to my late master, I have saved these thirty guineas; from you they came, and to you of right they return.—What, Jerome! rob you of the labour of twenty years! Oh heaven! —When you had money, madam, you gave it to me; now you have none, I give it back again; and this is all that money is good for. I dare say, madam, you have not forgot that I am the son of a brazier; this was my first profession which I am still master of; for, at those moments when I had nothing to do in the family, I have assisted one of my countrymen, rather than be idle. I will now return to my trade in earnest, and with a hearty good will.—This is too much cried Madame F., how greatly unworthy of your virtues is the lot in which fortune has cast you, noble Jerome!—I shall be happy, said Jerome, if you, madam, can but reconcile yourself to such a change in your once happy condition.—

Your attachment, consoles me for the loss of all, but how can I endure you should thus suffer for me?—Suffer, madam, in labouring, and when my labour is so useful, so necessary! No; it will be happiness. I am strong; I can do as much work as some two men; we shall do very well.—Madame F. had not the power to reply; she lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, and answered with her tears.

The day following, the other two servants were discharged, and Jerome hired a small, light, and neat room, up three pair of stairs, which he furnished with the remainder of his mistress' furniture. Thither he conducted her. She had a good bed, an easy chair, a small table, a writing desk, with pen, ink, and paper, a few books, which were arranged on four or five shelves, and a large wardrobe, in which was contained her linen, her wearing apparel, a provision of thread for her work, a silver fork and spoon, for Jerome would not suffer her to eat with pewter, and the leathern purse which contained the thirty guineas. There were besides, in one corner, of the room, behind the curtain, such earthen vessels as were necessary for her cookery.

This, madam, said Jerome, is the best chamber I have been able to get for the price you

mentioned; there is but one room, but the girl will sleep upon a mattress, which lies rolled up under your bed.—How! a girl, Jerome.—Certainly, madam; how could you do without? She will go errands, help to dress and undress you, and do other necessary offices.—Nay, but Jerome.—She will cost you little, she is only thirteen, desires no wages, and will live very well on what you leave. As for me, I have settled every thing with my countryman; I told him I was obliged to leave you, was out of employment and should be glad of work; he is well to do, and is an honest man, he lives only a step from this and is to give me tenpence a-day, and my board and lodging.

Jerome stept out, and presently returned, leading in a pretty innocent girl, whom he presented to Madame F., informing her this was the young person concerning whom he had spoken to her. Her parents, said he, are poor, but industrious; they have six children, and you, madam, will do a good action, by taking this, their eldest into your service. After which preface, he exhorted Susan, with a grave and commanding tone, to be good, and do her duty; then, taking his leave, he went to his new employment.

Who may pretend to describe what passed in

the soul of Madame F. Gratitude, admiration, astonishment overwhelmed her, not only at the generosity, but the sudden change of temper and behaviour in Jerome. No man could show greater respect than he did, who lately was so blunt and peevish: since he had become her benefactor he was no longer the same; he understood the sacred duty of imposing obligations upon others, and felt that no person is truly generous who humbles, or even puts to the blush, those whom they assist.

The next day, Madame F. saw nothing of Jerome till the evening, when he just called, and contriving to have Susan sent out for a moment, he drew from his pocket a bit of paper, in which his day's wages were wrapped, laid it on the table, and said, *there, madam, is my small mite.*

Jerome faithful to the duties he had imposed upon himself, paid a visit every day to Madame F., to leave with her the fruits of his industry; he only reserved as much at the end of each month as would pay his washerwoman, and some bottles of beer drank on holidays; nor would he retain that small sum, but asked it as a gift of his mistress. In vain did Madame F. sensibly affected at thus robbing the generous Jerome, persuade him she could live on less; he would not hear her; or, if he did, it was with

such evident distress of heart that she was soon obliged to be silent.

Madame F., on her part, hoping to give some respite to the labours of Jerome, worked without ceasing at netting. Susan assisted her, and went to sell the product of her industry; but, when she spoke to Jerome of this, and exaggerated the profits, he would only reply, so much the better, I am glad of it, and immediately change the subject. Time produced no alteration in his conduct; during four years he never varied from the virtuous ardour with which he began.

The moment, at length, approached in which Madame F. was to experience remorse the most bitter, and pangs the most afflicting.

One night, as she sat, expecting Jerome, as usual, a servant entered her chamber, and told her Jerome was so ill he was obliged to be put to bed. Madame F. instantly desired the girl to conduct her to her master's house, and at the same time ordered Susan to go for a physician. She requested immediately to be shown the apartment of Jerome—The apartment! my lady it's impossible.—Impossible! How? Why?—One's obliged to go up a ladder to get into the loft where he lies, your ladyship—A ladder!—And a loft!—Poor Jerome!—Go—show me where it

is.—But your ladyship will break your neck: besides, it's such a hole; your ladyship cannot stand upright.—Madame F. could not restrain her tears; she begged instantly to be shown the way; and he brought her to the foot of a ladder, which she had much difficulty to climb. This led her into a dismal loft, in one corner of which Jerome was lying upon a straw bed.—Ah my dear Jerome, cried she, in what a situation do I find you! And you told me you had a good lodging, that you were perfectly satisfied

Jerome was not in a condition to reply; he had been light-headed some time, which she presently perceived, and was most sensibly and justly afflicted at the sight.

Susan at last arrived, followed by the physician, who was evidently surprized, at entering such an apartment, to see a lady, whose mien and superior deportment bespoke her rank, weeping in despair over a poor journeyman brazier in a straw bed.—He approached the sick person, examined him attentively, and said they had called him too late.

Ah, poor Jerome, said his master, but it's all his own fault——he has been ill for these eight days past, but he would keep on; there was no persuading him; he would work. At last he could not hold his head up any longer, but

for all that we had much ado to get him to bed. He undertook more than he could go through, that he might board and lodge with us, and so now he has killed himself with downright labour.

Every word was a mortal stab to the peace of Madame F.; she addressed herself to the physician, and with wringing hands and flowing tears conjured him not to abandon Jerome. He was a man of humanity; and, besides, his curiosity was strongly incited by every thing he had heard and seen; he therefore readily engaged to spend part of the night with his patient.

Madame F. never quitted him a moment; she remained eight and forty hours at his bedside without the least hope; at last, on the third day, the physician thought he perceived some favourable symptoms, and at night declared him out of danger.

Madame F. would have watched the night following, but Jerome, who now was no longer light-headed, would by no means consent, and she returned home, overcome with fatigue. The physician came on the morrow to visit her, and she was so much obliged to him, so grateful for the vast attention he had paid to Jerome, that she could not refuse to answer his questions:

she related her history, and satisfied his curiosity.

Her situation, however, was at this instant as critical as it was distressing: in a week she had expended on Jerome what little money she possessed, except just enough to supply them for four or five days. But Jerome could not, without the most imminent danger, begin to work again so soon, and she shuddered with fear lest necessity should urge him to labour once more at the hazard of his life. Then it was that she felt all the horror of want, and reproached herself most bitterly for having accepted the money of the generous Jerome. Had it not been for me, said she, he would have been happy; his industry would have procured him a comfortable livelihood: his faithful attachment to me has robbed him of ease, health, and happiness—nay, yet, perhaps of life.—And I must sink to the grave without acquitting this vast obligation.—Acquitting!—Alas! were the universe at my command it would be impossible!—God alone can discharge a debt so sacred! God alone can worthily reward virtue so sublime!

One evening as Madame F. sat profoundly absorbed in such melancholy reflections, Susan came running, out of breath, to tell her

that a great lady wanted to speak with her.—A lady! said her mistress, what lady? You are mistaken.—No, no, be quick, answered Susan, I saw her myself, and says she, I want to speak with Madame F.

Susan was interrupted by two or three gentle taps on the door, which Madame F. with great emotion, rose to open. She drew back, and beheld a lady enter, and advance with a timid, and compassionate air. Madame F. ordered Susan to leave the room, and, as soon as they were alone, the unknown lady began the conversation by saying, I am happy, madam, in being the first to inform you that the king has at last come to the knowledge of your situation, and that his goodness means hereafter to recompense you for the former injustice of fortune towards you.—Oh, Jerome! exclaimed Madame F., and clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, with the most forcible and expressive picture of joy and gratitude in her countenance.

Her visitant could not refrain from tears. She approached Madame F. and taking her affectionately by the hand, said, Come, madam, come to the habitation that is prepared for you. —Oh! Madam, interrupted Madame F., what can I say? How speak?—Yet if I durst—I

beg your pardon—but, madam, I have a benefactor—such a benefactor! Suffer me to tell you how—I will leave you at full liberty, said the lady; and lest my company should at present be the least embarrassment, I will not even go with you to your house; I shall return homewards, but first I must conduct you to your coach, which waits at the door.—My coach!—Yes, dear madam; come, let us lose no time.

In saying this, she presented her arm to Madame F., who scarce had power to descend the stairs. When they had reached the door, the lady desired one of her footmen to call *Madame F's servants*.—She thought herself in a dream, and her astonishment increased when she saw the footman beckon the carriage, which was simple and elegant, to the door, let down the step, and heard him say, my lady's carriage is ready. The unknown lady then accompanied her to her coach, took her leave, and stept into her own carriage.

Madame F's. footman waited to receive her orders, and she, with a gentle and trembling voice, desired to be drove to the house of the brazier. She opened the door herself, and leaning upon her footman's shoulder for support, entered the shop.

The first object she beheld was Jerome—Je-

rome himself, in his working dress, scarcely out of the bed of sickness, and again, notwithstanding his weakness, endeavouring to labour.—The tenderness, the satisfaction, the joy she felt, are unutterable; he was labouring for her, and she came to snatch him from those painful labours, to release him from fatigue and misery. Then it was she tasted, in all its purity, that deep and well founded gratitude which superior minds alone can taste.—Come, cried she with transport.—Come, noble Jerome,—follow me—quit your labours and your cares; they are ended; your fate is changed; delay not a moment, but come.

In vain did the astonished Jerome beg an explanation; in vain did he desire time at least to put on his Sunday clothes; Madame F. was incapable of hearing, or of answering; she took hold of his arm, dragged him along, and obliged him to get into the carriage.

There she recounted every thing as it had happened to Jerome, who listened with a joy mixed with fear and doubt: he scarcely durst believe in happiness so extraordinary, so unhoped for. The carriage at length stopped at a neat little house, and they alighted: as they entered the hall, they were met by the unknown lady, who had been waiting for their arrival, and who present-

ed a paper to Madame F.—The king, said she, has deigned to charge me with this, madam, that I might remit it to you: it contains a pension of four hundred guineas a-year, with a liberty of leaving half that sum to whomever you shall please to nominate at your decease.

This is indeed a benefaction, cried Madame F. Behold that person, madam, behold that noble virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favour of his sovereign.

Jerome, who at first had placed himself behind his mistress, felt his embarrassment increase at these words, and, taking off his cap, retreated with a bashful air; for, notwithstanding the excess of his joy, he felt a painful confusion at hearing himself so much praised; besides that, he was a little vexed to be seen, for the first time, by so fine a lady, in his leathern apron, dirty jacket, and without his wig, and could not help regretting, in some degree, the want of his Sunday clothes.

Here Madame F. related with rapidity and enthusiasm, how much she owed her support, her all, her life itself, to Jerome. When she had ended, the unknown lady, deeply affected, sighed, and raising her eyes to heaven, said, And have I at last, after meeting so much ingratitude in the world, have I the exquisite de-

light of finding two hearts truly sensible, truly noble! Adieu, madam, continued she—adieu —be happy;—this house, and all that it contains, are yours: you will receive directly the first quarter of your pension.—As she finished she approached the door, but Madame F. threw herself at her feet. The lady raised, tenderly embraced her, and departed. She had scarcely quitted the threshold before the door again opened, and the physician, to whom Jerome owed his life, entered.

Madame F., the moment she beheld him, immediately comprehended the whole affair. After having testified the gratitude with which her heart overflowed, she learnt from him that the unknown lady was Madame de P***, who had great influence. I have been her physician, said he, for these ten years; I knew her benevolence, and was certain she would interest herself exceedingly in your behalf, when she had heard your history. No sooner, indeed, had I related it, than she began to verify my hopes; she purchased this house, and obtained the pension.

Jerome had, the next day, a dress suitable to his new fortune; and his apartment was fitted up and furnished with every possible care; Madame F. during her whole life, caused him

to partake her felicity, and never received money without recollecting, with the utmost susceptibility, the time when the faithful Jerome brought his day's wages, in a bit of paper, laid it upon the table, and said——*there, madam, is my small mite.*

INDOLENCE REFORMED.

Louisa was an only child, and at six years of age, gave certain indications of a good heart; she was gentle, obedient, and sincere; she neither wanted memory nor capacity, but was excessively indolent, consequently, without activity and application.

Such was Louisa, daughter of Mrs. S. She took her lessons with great gentleness, but she paid no attention to one word that was said to her, and therefore made no progress. Her governess too was continually complaining of her want of care; her gloves, handkerchiefs, dolls, and trinkets, were found in every corner of the house: she would rather lose than put her things in order; her chamber was always littered, and, as far as it depended on her, always dirty and disgusting. Half the day was wasted in seeking her books, her work, and her playthings; and she consumed, in that disagreeable occupation, the time which might

have been usefully employed or spent in pleasure.

Her mamma did not foresee all the ill consequences of her daughter's reigning defect, and which was in fact very difficult to overcome. She flattered herself that age and experience would insensibly communicate that activity to Louisa of which she was deprived, and therefore only chided when she ought to have punished; neither did she perceive her error till it was too late to be remedied.

At length, seeing the negligence of Louisa increase every day, her mother bethought herself of keeping an exact and daily account of all the things destroyed by her daughter, with what they had cost. In this journal she inserted a list of all books torn or spoilt, broken playthings, bits of bread flung in every corner of the garden, and crayons, paper, and pens, thrown about, and become useless. The sum total of all the things thus wasted, at the month's end, amounted almost to four guineas.

At the year's end she showed her daughter the account of the things she had lost, spoilt, and wasted, the gross sum of which exceeded fifty pounds. Louisa, who was then only seven years old, was not much moved by this calculation; and her mother, who imagined she would

be struck more forcibly, as she better knew the use of money, still continued her journal with the same exactitude.

Winter increased these expenses. Louisa, like all indolent people, was exceedingly chilly, would sit with her head over the fire, and let any thing fall into it she happened to have in her hand. Her muffs, frocks, and petticoats were burnt, and her wardrobe was new once a-month. When her masters came, she had almost always the head-ache that would not permit her to take lessons, and the teacher received his ticket and went away.

She now began to quit her state of infancy, and approached her tenth year, and her mamma provided new masters for her. Weary of the harpsichord, on which she had made no progress, she owned at last that she had an invincible dislike to the instrument, and pretended she had a desire to learn the lute. She was allowed to quit the harpsichord, though she had begun to practise it at five years old, and was indulged with a master on the lute. She did not continue above a year at the lute; her master, tired with her want of industry, left her. The guitar was then begun with the like success, which was again abandoned for the harp.

As indolence rendered all kind of order in-

supportable to her, she was a shameful slattern. In two years time her apartment had been twice new furnished; her caps were thrown upon every chair in the room; her pins were scattered about the floor, and her frocks and skirts were covered over with spots of crayons, ink, and wax.

Mrs. S. had taken great pleasure in forming a charming library for her, hoping it might inspire her with a love of reading. In obedience to her mother, she read at her toilet, in the afternoon: that is to say, she held a book in her hand; for she looked with so little attention it was not possible to gain the least instruction. And thus was she, at sixteen; incapable of writing a letter, or making an extract; and though she had been taught arithmetic ten years, a child of eight years old would reckon in general, better than she could.

About this time a young Nobleman, called Lord L., procured an introduction to her mother; he was three and twenty, and as singularly distinguished for wit, virtue, and reputation, as for birth, fortune, and personal accomplishments. He appeared to have a strong desire to please. At last, being invited to supper, he met with Louisa, whom he examined with great attention; the first moment he found her a perfect beauty,

the next he saw she did not possess a single grace, and in less than a quarter of an hour he thought no more of her, but even forgot she was in the room.

From this time his visits became less frequent, and were soon entirely dropped. And Mrs. S. had to regret the loss of an advantageous and brilliant establishment for her daughter.

Indolent, however, and insensible as Louisa had hitherto been, she could not see and listen to Lord L. without emotion. A consciousness of inability, however, and the inveterate power of habit were not easily overcome, and the struggles of infant love were unequal to the mature and full grown force of idleness.

At last she attained her eighteenth year; a happy era for her, because then she was to be entirely freed from all her teachers, and their disagreeable importunities. Her mother entered her chamber in the morning, with a book in her hand, which she laid upon the table, and sat down by her daughter. This day, said she, you are eighteen years of age; the time at which education is commonly ended: I have brought you proofs that I have done every thing in my power for you. Here is the journal of which I have spoken so often; it contains an account of the things you have lost and

spoiled from your infancy to this hour, as well as of the useless expenses you have put me to, and I find the sum total of the account to be above four thousand guineas.

Is it possible, mamma? cried Louisa.

Besides, it must be understood, that I have not entered any thing in this book which was necessary either for your maintenance or masters, when they have succeeded in teaching you any thing. Thus, for example, you write a tolerable hand, and read music passably, therefore I have not mentioned those masters in my journal; although they were kept much longer than would have been necessary had you had more industry. I ought to add, also, to the number of unnecessary expenses, all that I have paid to teachers of instrumental music, drawing, geography, history, heraldry, arithmetic, and others; not forgetting the mistress who came two years to teach you embroidery, and the enormous quantity of chenille, silk, spangles, satin and velvet wasted, without ever producing a work that could be worn.

But four thousand guineas! said Louisa.—It is scarcely conceivable, mamma!

Your surprise will cease, if you will recollect what I have repeated a thousand times, that there is no expense, however trifling, but the

repetition of it may become exorbitant, and of course ruinous; a single example will show you the truth of this. You have two watches; ever since you were eight years old to the present moment, you have scarcely missed a fortnight in which you have not sent them to the watch-maker for repairs: insomuch that, during the space of ten years, the bills for that sole article amount to one hundred and eight guineas. When we remember the various uses to which money may be employed, we ought to think of such wastefulness with great regret. The sums you have spent would have made twenty unfortunate families happy for life.

This last reflection cut Louisa to the heart. Lord L. had left an irksome remembrance of her own want of worth upon her mind, which indolence itself could not erase, and made her more liable to be roused from her apathy. How intolerably culpable am I, said she, taking the hand of her mamma, and bathing it with her tears. But, though I am without knowledge, without acquirements, mamma, still the elements of what I have been taught remain.

Without doubt, answered Mrs. S., you cannot have received so much instruction but the seeds of knowledge must be scattered in the mind; and a serions and determined application may

yet bring them to maturity; may yet retrieve a great part of the sum I have here set down as lost; but you must henceforth, if you wish to succeed, be as active and persevering as you have hitherto been idle and inconstant.

I know, continued her mother, your fortune and the praises bestowed upon your person, persuade you that you have less need of accomplishments than others; but must we, because we possess advantages the most fragile and mutable—must we neglect and despise those, only capable of procuring us that praise which is truly flattering? Besides—do you know any thing of your father's affairs? Or whether he may not be a ruined man?

Louisa stared with astonishment, and her alarm was but too well founded. Her father, not contented with an income of eight thousand guineas a-year, had engaged in immense concerns, and was upon the verge of ruin.

His soul was not capable of supporting adversity; he fell ill, and all the tender cares of his wife and daughter could not recover him from the arms of death; he expired, detesting ambition and covetousness, the fatal causes of his ruin and decease.

The first care of his widow was to satisfy all the creditors, but his whole fortune was insuf-

ficient. She possessed an estate of six hundred a-year, over which the creditors had no right; she, however, gave up the rents, for six years, to pay her husband's debts, and her daughter sacrificed the diamonds her mother had given her, for the same purpose. After these arrangements, there only remained, for their maintenance, during the six years, some plate, and jewels; which, together, were sold for eight hundred pounds. Let us go, said she to her daughter, and live in a country where this sum will suffice for a time; I think of living in Switzerland, till I once more recover my estate.

Oh, my dear mamma, cried Louisa, and are eight hundred pounds all you have left! What a cutting thought for me, when I remember the sums I have squandered.

Think of that no more, said her mother, kissing her; had I foreseen the misfortunes that awaited us, you never should have heard a detail, the remembrance of which must add an additional pang to affliction: I would have burnt the journal, and effaced every article it contained from my memory.

Never, replied Louisa, falling at the feet of her mother, never can I forget the faults you pardon with so much generosity: my repentance is too sincere. The desire, the hope to amend them, and to make you yet happy, alone can

give me now a wish to live. Had you a daughter worthy of you, she might console, might mitigate your griefs: and can I not correct my errors, can I not acquire the virtues necessary for such an office? She would become your friend: and cannot I, to purchase a title so dear, obtain a victory over myself.

Roused by so many motives, Louisa could no longer resist the impulse to reform. She looked with pain on what she was, and with a mournful retrospect on what she might have been.

Most of those who beheld her, looked upon her fall with pity, and some, as she imagined, with a malignant satisfaction. She happened, accidentally, to meet Lord L. on a visit; her heart fluttered, she beheld his accomplishments with the magnifying eye of love; but the pains which, she too plainly saw, he took to avoid her cut her to the heart.

Every thing thus concurred to show Louisa her deficiencies, and their effects, and to inspire her with the most ardent desire to have them remedied. She now demonstrated not only her anxiety to learn, but her great capability: her progress was astonishing, and her change of manner and deportment scarcely to be conceived. Every day produced an alteration, and discovered latent talents.

She now began to listen to her mother with

unusual delight: formerly, insensible to the charms of conversation, her indolence and absence of mind prevented her from joining in it; but her misfortunes had produced an astonishing revolution, her character was absolutely changed: she reflected, felt, and enjoyed an inexpressible satisfaction at conversing with her mother. Eager to make some amends for the vexation she had formerly given her, by being indolent, she acquired an industry which soon became habitual. Reading, drawing, and music, employed all her time; and study and work, far from being irksome, were her best amusements; delighted and surprised at her own progress, her daily improvement became her daily pleasure.

In this manner two years past away, and although, in consequence of an attack of the small-pox, Louisa was no longer a perfect beauty, she pleased a thousand times more than when every body admired the exact symmetry of her features, and the fineness of her complexion; she had still a most beautiful shape, and had acquired an elegance and manner which best can embellish a fine form. Her dress always had taste, though not magnificence; she was seen on a first view without astonishment, but the more she was looked at the more she pleased. Her counten-

ance was become expressive, and though she had not those charms which attract all eyes, she had those which fix them when attracted.

One evening, as Louisa and her mother were walking late by the side of a lake near their residence, they met a young man, in black, sauntering slowly, and apparently plunged in melancholy reverie. As he passed he raised his eyes, gave a motion of sudden surprise, and returned; and Mrs. S. saw, with astonishment Lord L. in the supposed stranger.

After they had paid their mutual respects, he informed her he had just sustained the greatest of misfortunes, in the loss of his dear father; on which account, he had determined to travel; that he intended to stay two months in Switzerland; after which he should go to Italy. When he had finished his recital, he begged permission to see her home, and offered his arm.

Just at this instant he recollected her daughter, and seeing Louisa, rightly conjectured that was her. He addressed himself to her, and to apologise for his seeming neglect. She had but just power sufficient to return such short answers as good breeding made necessary.

When they arrived at home; a maid-servant came to the gate, and, as they entered the court, Lord L. could not help exclaiming, with com-

passionate surprise—*Good God! madam! is this your habitation!* In saying this, he remembered the immense fortune Mrs. S. had formerly enjoyed; the worthy use she had made of it, and her voluntary sequestration of what remained, for the discharge of her husband's debts.

They went up stairs, and he was conducted into an elegant little apartment, ornamented with excellent drawings, and furnished with taste. This is a delightful room, said he. It contains nothing but what Louisa has adorned it with, answered her mother.

He listened with an astonishment that resembled incredulity, and having cast his eyes on Louisa, he was struck with a change so remarkable in her face and figure, the one so much altered for the worse, and the other so infinitely improved. Louisa trembled, blushed, and felt her former sensations all forcibly revived. Her blushes were so many embellishments that gave charms to her form and features. What was at first curiosity, in his Lordship, soon became something more; he found himself interested by the kind of miracles he beheld; he admired the beauty of her shape, and dignity of her manner, and the expression of her countenance; and his heart whispered, the graces she had acquir-

ed were a thousand times superior to the fine complexion she had lost.

Her conversation gave him a new, and still more astonishing degree of surprise; with pain could he persuade himself, while he heard her, she was the person he had formerly thought so insipid; with difficulty could he conceive that three years could produce a change so total and extraordinary. Not that she spoke much; the agitation of her heart, as well as the gentleness of her nature, forbade that; but there was a meaning, an intelligence, a force, in the little she did say, that sufficiently discovered her knowledge, and the natural superiority of her mind.

His Lordship, when taking his leave, earnestly begged permission to renew his visits, and the greatest part of the day following was spent in their company. It happened to be their concert day, and he heard with wonder Louisa sing and play upon the harp; he thought he dreamt, whenever he recollected that this was the same Louisa whom formerly he had found so ignorant and unaccomplished, and whom, with all her beauty and fortune, he had rejected as a wife.

A month was passed in the most tender and affectionate attentions on the part of Lord L.; at length, perfectly satisfied both by what he had

heard and what he had seen of the worth of Louisa, he no longer attempted to conceal or repress feelings which reason itself approved, and formally demanded her hand.

You deserve her, said her mother; you refused her rich and beautiful, and choose her when she is neither; manners, talents, and virtues only have been able to inspire you with a true and rational attachment.

Soon afterwards his Lordship attained the height of his hopes and wishes, by espousing the virtuous and amiable Louisa.

THE ERRORS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

On the banks of the Vezere, a river which passes the small town of Userche, in France, lived the Baron Le Brun, who had been several years a widower, and who employed himself with the education of a dear and only son. Having dissipated a part of his fortune, and lost the brilliant hopes by which he had long been seduced, he had determined to quit the world; but he still regretted it, though he spoke of it with contempt. He thought himself undeceived when he was only discouraged, and imagined disgust to be philosophy.

He had strong feelings, however, and loved his son, Leontine, who announced himself worthy, by his virtues, to supply all vacancies in his father's heart, and make the remainder of his days happy.

The Baron had a neighbouring female friend named Euphrasia, and Leontine being every day in company with this lady's niece, the young Olympia, conceived an affection for her, which

the Baron beheld increase with pleasure. Olympia was an orphan without fortune; but Euphrasia had no nearer relations, and the Baron was not ignorant she intended to leave her fortune to her niece.

Olympia was two years younger than Leontine, and, as soon as she had attained her sixteenth year, the Baron openly declared his wishes to Euphrasia; and, the very same day, the young couple learnt their marriage was determined on. The marriage articles were drawn a fortnight afterwards; and Euphrasia joyfully consented to leave her whole fortune to a niece she dearly loved, and whom she had educated.

The happy Leontine waited with impatience for the appointed day which was to crown his felicity, to which this alone was wanting: he knew himself to be beloved, for he had obtained a confession so necessary to his peace from Olympia, in presence of his father and her aunt.

The eve of the wished-for morrow at length arrived, when Euphrasia fell ill; and, a few days after, the Baron received a letter, intimating that a very distant relation, of the same name, had died, and left him sole heir to a very considerable fortune, in consequence of which he was obliged to depart immediately for Paris.

It was impossible to conclude the marriage

before his departure. Euphrasia had been two days delirious; and Leontine, obliged to follow his father, demonstrated a grief so real and affecting, that the Baron, to give him some relief, conjured the sorrowful Olympia to write to Leontine: it is a father, added he, who entreats, and it is a husband to whom your letters will be addressed. The weeping Olympia promised to send an account of her aunt's state of health: and the Baron, after engaging to remain but six weeks at Paris, departed with his son.

Leontine, thus suddenly sent into a world so new to him, tasted none of its pleasures; his thoughts wholly turned to Olympia; he waited with the utmost impatience the effects of her promise: yet day after day passed, and no letter came. At last the Baron received news from Limousin, by which he learnt Euphrasia was no more; and that, not having recovered her senses after his departure, she had died, without a will, by which means the unfortunate Olympia was reduced to a small pension, scarcely enough for subsistence, with which she had retired to a convent.

Leontine immediately wrote a most tender and moving letter to Olympia; and concluded with protesting that, before a month should pass, he would throw himself at her feet. He had

not been surprised that Olympia, during the first moments of her grief, had failed to write; but, at length, having long waited, and having not yet heard from her, he became exceedingly unhappy: the Baron gave him some consolation, and assured him that his business in town was almost ended.

As Leontine was sitting one day in his chamber, more afflicted than ever, his father entered, and with a serious air seated himself by his side. I have just received tidings of Olympia, said he. Leontine, at hearing this, was going to seize the letter his father had in his hand with transport. Moderate your patience, for a moment, said the Baron: what I have to tell is far from what you would wish to hear.

Heavens! Is Olympia ill?

No; she is in perfect health; but she is not worthy of you.

Not worthy! Olympia! Impossible!

The Baron here showed his son the writing and signature of an old gentleman, whose truth was beyond suspicion. After which he read that part of the letter that related to Olympia, which was as follows:

"Since you so earnestly desire to hear the truth, it is my duty to tell it without disguise. The conduct of this young lady has been very

prejudicial to her reputation. Immediately after the death of her aunt, she, very prudently, retired to a convent, which she has, as imprudently quitted, about a fortnight since, to go and live with a female friend whom she formerly knew at Userche, who has been married about two years, and lives at a small estate near Tulle. This lady is not above twenty years of age, and has unfortunately been the subject of various scandalous stories, which we country folks think very little to her credit: besides which, she has a brother, a presumptuous young man, whose society cannot be at all proper for a woman who loves her reputation. Should you, however, think proper to write on this subject, I am certain that the representations you have a right to make will be instantly attended to; the young lady will return to the convent, and every thing will be well; for I dare assure you that nothing has been hitherto discovered in her conduct but a thoughtless imprudence, very pardonable in a person of her age."

This is not all, said his father: the letter I have read to you comes from a very cautious man, who will not say all he thinks; here is another from my steward, who speaks with less circumspection, and openly declares you have a rival; that Olympia cannot be ignorant of a

passion this rival does not attempt to conceal; that she even authorises it, by continuing to live with his sister; and that the young man publicly vaunts how Olympia has sacrificed all your letters to him.

He is an impostor, exclaimed Leontine. Olympia is incapable of perfidy so base.

She is inconstant, replied the Baron, coldly, but not perfidious; she does not attempt to deceive you; she neither answers your letters nor mine, and this silence sufficiently explains her meaning.

No, interrupted Leontine, I will not suffer myself to be deceived by false appearances—— Olympia is innocent——is calumniated, and it is my duty to justify, to avenge her. Permit me, my father, to depart; to stay is death; let me learn the truth from her own lips, and punish the audacious traducer, who has dared to wound her honour.

The unhappy Leontine shed a torrent of tears while he spoke, and his excessive grief made his jealousy but too evident: his father, who easily read the emotions of his soul, seemed to pity and take part in his sufferings. Let us send, said he, a courier to Tulle, who shall carry a letter from you, and wait her answer; should

not this letter prove satisfactory, you shall then go yourself; only grant me this short delay.

Leontine consented, though with regret, and immediately wrote a circumstantial letter, in which he repeated all he had heard from Olympia: a single word, added he, under your own hand, is sufficient for your justification: remain where you are, if you please; deign but to tell me you are ready to fulfil the sacred engagement by which we are united, and I shall be the happiest of men.

His father approved of this letter, and sent it immediately; and the courier, whose return Leontine waited so impatiently, in whose hands his destiny was deposited, came back in eight days time, with a casket and a letter addressed to the Baron.

What is the meaning of all this? said the Baron, with an air of astonishment; what can this casket contain?

Leontine made no reply; he was motionless; he durst not ask to have the letter opened.

After a short silence, the Baron broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and read it to himself. Leontine fixed his eyes upon his father's countenance, and shuddered at the astonishment and indignation he saw painted there.

Leontine sunk into an arm-chair, and taking he fatal letter which his father had presented, he tears started to his eyes, at the sight of he writing and signature of Olympia; but what were his sensations while he read these words?

"Since I have the liberty of disposing of myelf, it is my duty to inform you, Sir, without eserve, that obedience obliged me to form ties which could not contribute to my happiness. This confession will leave us both at liberty. I ave the honour, Sir, to return you the presents which my dear and revered aunt commanded ne to accept.——Condescend, Sir, to be assured f the respectful attachment with which I shall ver remain,

"Yours, &c.

"Olympia."

Leontine dropt the letter; was silent for a moment; then, wildly turning towards his father, will be revenged, said he—Yes, I will be evenged.

And which way?

Which way! I have a rival—and he shall ie.

There is no doubt but you have a rival, and hat he is beloved. But what of that? Ought

you not rather to forget a person so little worthy of your affection?

Yes; I hate, I despise, and shall forget her, without an effort; I should contemn myself, were I ever to think of her again.—Perfidious woman! Oh! that a face so sweet, so candid, so innocent, should hide a heart so false, so foul!

Let me remind you, once again, she has not deceived you: she loves you not, and she tells you so without disguise.

She loved me once, she told me so———I am certain, my father, she loved me; but she has been seduced, deluded. Perhaps she is imposed upon at this moment! Could I but once see and speak to her——Oh! let me go, let me hear, let me behold———

Madman, read once more that letter, and blush at a person that must henceforth debase you.

I am no longer myself, my father; pity me, protect me, guide me; I yield myself to your direction.

The Baron was industrious to remove the grief of his son, he took him often to see the Viscountess de Vouet, at her house, where the best company met. This lady had a daughter

of seventeen, whose figure and grace the Baron vaunted with enthusiasm.

Mademoiselle De Vouet was not handsome, though, by her manner of dressing, she seemed to pretend to beauty: she spoke much, laughed often, danced tolerably, and it was well known she had teachers of all kinds. Leontine thought her affected, was shocked at her coquetry; and she appeared the more insupportable to him when he recollected, in spite of himself, the understanding and charms of Olympia.

One evening, the Baron took him into his chamber, and communicated a design he had of marrying him instantly; he added, he was desirous he should marry Mademoiselle De Vouet. Leontine no sooner heard this, than he immediately replied, his heart had an invincible dislike to marriage; and, moreover, a peculiar aversion to this lady.

The Baron warmly rehearsed all the great advantages of the connexion he proposed; to which Leontine coldly listened, and replied he had no other ambition than that of distinguishing himself. The Baron became angry, and informed him he had given his word to the young lady's family.

Retired to his chamber, Leontine passed a part of the night in reflecting on his situation.

A thousand confused suspicions racked his fancy; he imagined it was not impossible that they had suppressed his letters, and intercepted those of Olympia; nay, that they had ruined him in her opinion, by traducing him to her, at the same moment they were traducing her to him.

'Tis true he did not yield, without scruple, to suspicions so outrageously injurious to his father, yet every new reflection seemed to add to their weight. Unable to support incertitude like this, he took the resolution to depart, secretly, the following night, for Limousin, and obtain a personal explanation with Olympia. He was utterly ignorant of her destiny for six months past; he had not dared to pronounce her name, he shuddered at thinking, perhaps, she was married; but this fear, though terrible, could not deter him.

He concealed his agitation from his father, and, on the morrow, confided his secret, in part, to one of his friends, who lent him a servant to accompany him on his journey. Two hours after midnight, he secretly left his father's house mounted his horse, and took the road to Limousin.

He went directly to Tulle, where he alighted at an inn, and, with a beating heart, questioned

the landlady concerning Olympia. He learnt, with inexpressible joy, that she was not married; but the hostess told him nobody doubted but Olympia loved the brother of her friend; that she had lived eight months in the house of the latter; that the young man to whom she had sacrificed a most advantageous match, refused to marry her. That in despair she had returned to her convent, where being refused admittance, she had gone to Userche; here she had taken refuge with her guardian, who had a house on the outside of the town; that this last act had completed her ruin in the opinion of the public; her guardian not only being unmarried, but looked upon as a man of bad morals, who openly lived with a woman with whom Olympia had contracted a strict intimacy.

Notwithstanding this dreadful detail, Leontine persisted in his resolution of seeing Olympia, and immediately set out for Userche.

It is not possible to describe his feelings as he approached the house; he knocked at the door, and was told the master had been absent for six weeks, and that there was nobody at home but Madame du Rocher, (the woman of whom the hostess had spoken,) and Mademoiselle Olympia. It was eight o'clock in the evening; Leontine crossed a dark court-yard, and met a maid-

servant, who brought him to Olympia's apartment; and while this servant, to whom he was careful not to tell his name, was gone to seek Olympia, he remained alone. His heart melted as he looked at the objects around him; at seeing the harpsichord, the writing-desk, the toilet, and especially the starling of Olympia, enclosed in its cage. He instantly recollected she had received the bird from him the very day before they saw each other last. He opened the cage, took out the bird, and put it in his bosom; the starling fluttered against his palpitating heart, and pronounced distinctly these words, *I love Leontine.*

I cannot doubt it, he exclaimed——And were words so dear dictated by Olympia? How often must she have repeated, ere thou couldst learn them! And yet she thought, alas! that I should never hear them more——And art thou, Olympia, my dear Olympia, art thou faithful to thy first vows?——Dost thou keep thy bird? Dost thou deign to listen to it?

Leontine kissed the little starling, and wept over it, while the bird having learnt but one sole phrase, answered his passionate carresses by fluttering, and again and again repeating, *I love Leontine.*

He now heard some one approach, and could not mistake the light step of Olympia; he thought

he recollected the very manner of the rustling of her gown—he flew to the door ; it opened ; Olympia appeared ; Leontine flung himself upon his knees.

The starling escaped, and flew to its mistress, still repeating, *I love Leontine*. Olympia shrieked, and endeavoured to fly, but was detained by the arm of her lover ; she sunk pale and trembling upon a chair, without the power to speak a word. Leontine, still at her feet, had no other language but tears ; the bird alone preserved the faculty of speech, and, pleased to get to his mistress, a thousand times repeated his lesson.

Olympia perplexed, confused, and irritated, at length broke silence. Listen to and believe me only, said she, whose duty it is to hate, to despise, and forget you.

I conjure you, in the name of heaven, Olympia, to hear me—I am free, I am faithful, we have both been deceived. This bird has taught me my error ; listen, in turn, to my justification.

How can you justify your not having answered my letters ?

Your letters ! I never received one, but have written more than twenty.

Olympia's doubts were immediately dissipated ; she had too much innocence and candour not to be easily persuaded. She could not

contain her tears, but, raising her eyes to heaven, O Leontine, said she, since you are still the same, I will not complain of perfidy and treachery.

These words made him the happiest of men; and, after he had expressed his gratitude and joy, he gave a circumstantial account of all that had happened. Olympia listened with affection and astonishment, and, as soon as he had ended, informed him that, having no guide, no one to consult, she was not aware that she should wound her reputation, by giving way to the intercessions of her friend, and going to live with her, to which she was exceedingly pressed: nor had she any doubt, at that time, but that the young lady's character was free from all suspicion: that while with her she was always shut up in her chamber with her starling, and saw no person whatever, but one of her relations, who under the veil of friendship, and a desire to serve, concealed the blackest designs: that this relation was a man who had entirely gained her confidence: that she had related all her griefs to him, and that this traiterous confidant had, at last, told her she was no longer the beloved of Leontine, who had conceived a passion for Mademoiselle De Vouet.

He showed me, continued Olympia, several

of your father's letters; by which I was convinced, that a respect to your promise alone could induce you to fulfil your engagements with me. Under this conviction, I did not hesitate to break with you, and, too proud to let you know the real feelings of my heart, I wrote the letter you have read.

I remained six months with his female friend, at the end of which my perfidious confidant proposed to marry me himself. I then began justly to suspect him, and declared I never would see him more. To revenge himself, he informed me my reputation was defamed; that the lady with whom I lived had totally lost her own, and that I was accused of loving her brother.

After Olympia had detailed her misfortunes, Leontine, greatly affected, remained a moment silent; then, heaving a deep sigh, alas! said he, we may attribute all our misfortunes to that innocence, that pure candour, which are your characteristics; it is these angelic virtues that have furnished the malignant with pretexts to blacken and defame you; it is these virtues by which you are blinded.—You think yourself at present in an honest asylum.

Think myself!

You are deceived; the woman you suppose estimable is wicked—is

Heavens!

What I was told at Tulle has been confirmed in this very village where I alighted.

Oh! my aunt! cried Olympia, while the tears streamed down her cheeks: in losing you, I felt that sorrow which gratitude and affection only inspire; but I knew not the extent of my misfortune; my inexperience felt not all the necessity of such a guide.

Let me entreat you, interrupted Leontine, to be calm; imagine all our ills at an end; at length we know the truth, we are united by sacred ties.

Olympia did not doubt that the Baron, the moment he knew his error, would be miserable till he had done her justice. Easy concerning the future, she was anxious only for the present; she would not stay where she was, yet whither could she go, till Leontine had come to an explanation with his father? She knew none but two or three old friends of her late aunt, whom she had never seen since Euphrasia's death, and who, certainly prejudiced against her, would refuse to receive her. There was no convent at Userche. At last, she determined to go, on the morrow, to Brives, and wait there, in the convent, for news from Leontine, who was to return to Paris.

When he returned to his inn, Leontine heard disagreeable tidings; his lackey told him he had seen four or five men; seemingly disguised, who had passed and repassed the house, and asked the landlord various questions.

As the lackey finished his recital, he saw his father's steward, whom he had left at Paris.

Do you come to seek me, Dumond, said Leontine, by my father's order?

Yes, sir, replied Dumond.

And do you intend to take me by force?——

Sir—I hope—your submission to the Baron, —but I am obliged to tell you—I bring an order from the king.

An order from my father had sufficed; he wishes my return, and that is enough; but I must declare to you I am determined not to go till I have once more seen the person on whose account I came hither.

Sir!

No objections, they are useless.

Your father will be very angry.

He will condescend to hear, and excuse me. I will take all the blame to myself.

Dumond, seeing Leontine fully resolved not to go that night, consented to wait.

When he came to the house next morning,

Leontine learnt that Olympia was risen, and gone out. Euphrasia had been buried at a church not above a quarter of a league distant. Olympia had agreed to see Leontine at ten o'clock in the morning, after which she was to set off for Brives; but, before she left Userche, she was desirous of once more dropping a tear over the ashes of her dear aunt.

Leontine went immediately in search of Olympia, and, as he entered the church, stopped at the door, when he beheld her alone in the midst of the aisle, prostrate upon Euphrasia's tomb. He advanced towards her; the sound of his feet drew her attention, and she turned her face bathed in tears, to see who it was. He approached, and knelt beside her; the surprise of seeing him, and the alteration she remarked in his countenance, startled Olympia, and she looked at him with astonishment mixed with fear.

He took one of her hands, and pressing it strongly between his own, Oh! most revered Euphrasia, said he, with a suffocated voice, here it was that, had you lived, I had received this dear hand; it is here that a sacred vow had for ever united the destiny of Olympia to that of Leontine.—This holy, this much-wished-for vow shall yet be pronounced beneath these vaulted

roofs.—Yes, behold I swear, Olympia, to be only yours. I call that being supreme who hears my words, and reads my heart, to—

Stop, cried the trembling Olympia, stop, Leontine, dread to make a rash vow.

No—I pronounce it with transport, because it is inviolable.

But should your father forbid—

He has no right; which way may he break engagements he himself has formed? If Olympia, you have really loved me, now give me a proof of love: here, in the church to which our parents and friends promised to conduct us, before that altar where I ought to have received your plighted faith, and upon the tomb of her who was a second mother to you, who commanded you to receive me as your husband, here promise to be mine.

Olympia endeavoured to draw back her hand, that trembling hand which Leontine would not quit. Will you forsake me, Olympia? cried he. Is it your intention to renounce me?—Dread my despair.

The manner and tone in which these words were pronounced terrified Olympia, who cast a languishing and timid look upon Leontine, and, with a feeble voice, said, be pacified, I pledge myself by the same sacred vows you have made.

Leontine raised his clasped hands, and, in the most passionate terms, thanked heaven and the sorrowful Olympia; who, pale, speechless, and disturbed by fearful apprehensions, partook his anxiety, but not his joy.

The sexton just then entered the church, and Leontine begged permission to have a moment's conversation with her in the house of the curate which was just by, and whither Olympia suffered him to lead her. Here he informed her of the arrival of Dumond, which threw her into the utmost consternation.

O Leontine, said she, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, what a vow you have forced me to take! And at what a time! Now when your angry father recalls you, that he may command you never to remember me more.

Never remember you! You are mine, and death alone can disunite us.——Banish these fears, so injurious to my father; when he shall know you, when love, honour, and truth have, by me, pronounced your justification, he will approve all I have done. I am certain of his consent; I fear nothing but delays—You can dispel my fears.

Which way?

By condescending to follow me to Paris.

What is it you propose?

The proposition can neither offend decency, nor wound delicacy; we will not go together.

And where shall I find an asylum at Paris?

I can dispose of you at a friend's house.

Will you not give me time to reflect upon the consequences of so rash a step? said the sorrowful Olympia.——Indeed, Leontine, you abuse your ascendency over me.

Olympia could say no more, tears impeded her speech. Leontine redoubled his prayers, and at last obtained the promise he so ardently solicited. He gave Olympia directions how to find the house in which she was to be received at Paris, under a false name. She wept, and engaged to follow him the next day; and Leontine, now at the height of his hopes, rejoined Dumond.

It was night when he alighted at his father's house; and the very reception of the domestics but too plainly announced paternal wrath. He saw none but severe faces; some came to examine him with a kind of malignant curiosity, others looked at him and shrugged their shoulders; while the rest, with downcast eyes, stopped silently and let him pass: not one of them spoke a word.

At the top of the staircase he met his father's valet-de-chambre, who, with an air of mystery

put a note into his hand: Leontine was going to enter—Stop, Sir, said the valet rudely, you must not see your father.

What, does my father refuse to hear me?

He has written.

I am lost beyond redemption, cried Leontine. So saying, he went to his own room, and tremblingly opened the billet, in which he found these words:

"Ungrateful and rebellious as you are, you are no longer my son, but my prisoner; nor will I see you, till you have given me a written promise of unbounded obedience."

Struck by this terrible mandate, Leontine remained motionless. At length, collecting all his powers, well then, said he, I will remain eternally a prisoner. The mournful reflection of Olympia's arrival, soon however, annihilated his resolution; what must she imagine when she arrives, not to find Leontine.

Leontine passed two horrible days shut up in his chamber, flattering himself, every minute, his father would either come or send. Towards noon of the second day, his agitation became still more violent; and the idea that Olympia would most probably arrive that very evening made it insupportable.

If Olympia was come, his friend, not being

pre-informed, would certainly refuse her admittance. What must she think? What must become of her? The thought was distraction.

Willing to know the extent of his misfortunes, Leontine took the only step to regain his liberty, and obtain the means of rescuing her from the most cruel embarrasment, supposing her to be arrived. He took pen and ink, and, with a trembling hand, traced these few words:

"I promise unbounded obedience, only condescend to hear me."

The note had not been gone a minute, before he heard some one knock at his door: it was the valet-de-chambre, who came to conduct him to his father.

Pale, panting, and terrified, but determined to dissemble, Leontine descended immediately to his father, who came to meet him, embraced him, took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit down by his side. A moment's silence succeeded, occassioned by mutual embarrassment. At length, the Baron, endeavouring to take an open and satisfied air, spoke thus:

"Let us forget the past, my son, you have promised me unbounded obedience; I can depend upon your promise, and return you all my confidence and affection. I make no doubt that the person you have seen at Limousin has taken

every pains to seduce you, and make me appear culpable: she has told you your letters were intercepted, but that is the only artifice I have employed; my fondness for you, and your own good, are my excuses. As for the rest, I said not a word more than truth, when I told you her conduct had rendered her unworthy of you."

To this discourse, which ambition and dishonesty dictated, Leontine might have replied, that the Baron exaggerated the faults of Olympia; that her reputation had been attacked, but was not past retrieving; that her youth, and the unfortunate liberty to which she was left, would excite the indulgence of all reasonable people; that it was exceedingly unjust to condemn without hearing her; that it was still more unjustifiable to have intercepted her letters, and rejected her, before there was the least cause to think her guilty; that, as to her want of fortune, the Baron himself felt it was impossible to allege that as a sufficient reason for breaking engagements so solemnly entered into; since, at the death of Euphrasia, he had not once mentioned this as a pretext for breaking his word.

Leontine made all these reflections; but, perceiving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Baron was decided and irrevocable in his

opinion; and burning, besides, with impatience to obtain his liberty, that he might fly to his friend's house, he made no reply.

Disguising the most distracting inquietude, and the bitterest chagrin, under an humble and submissive appearance, Leontine, in a low voice, assured his father of his obedience, and was again embraced. The most cutting remorse made Leontine feel, at this moment, how dreadful a thing is deceit; and especially to deceive a father, even though unjust and tyrannical.

My son, said the Baron, you know my engagements with the family of Madame De Vouet: they must be fulfilled without delay. The day after to-morrow, I must present you as the husband of her daughter; the next morning the articles will be signed.

I once more repeat, my father, replied the miserable Leontine, I am ready to obey you.

This new assurance obtained new praises, which cut Leontine to the heart; at last, perceiving clearly from their conversation, that the Baron had not seen the letter addressed to his friend, he came to the point which touched him nearest.

May I have leave to go out this evening? said he: I stand greatly in need of something

that may divert my thoughts; may I visit my friends?

You are free, answered the Baron; I must only tell you, you will be observed till the marriage ceremony is over: that I expect you will not go out on foot, and that your servants may go with you.

Leontine was eager to profit by a permission he had been so impatient to obtain, and was soon by the side of Olympia, in the house of his friend, where she had just arrived. He immediately began the sorrowful recital of his persecutions. He disguised, he concealed nothing; not even his formal promise to marry Mademoiselle De Vouet.

Olympia grew pale as she listened, nor could she repress tears that involuntarily flowed. I call heaven to witness, continued he, had my life only been in danger, no tortures should have torn a promise from my lips which my heart revolts at, but I was obliged either for a moment to deceive a father who abuses his power, or be prevented the possibility of flying to your succour. I knew you were to arrive in a strange city, and demand an asylum in a house where you might be refused admittance; and this was enough to determine me to dissem-

ble; especially since violence the most unjust robbed me of liberty.

No, no, interrupted Olympia, vainly endeavouring to conceal her emotions; it is your duty to fulfil your promise to your father.

I will fulfil that which was voluntary. My father received a sacred promise to be your husband, and by his own command; to this I will be faithful; this only is inviolable.

And what are your hopes?

That you will keep sacred the solemn oath I received from you.

How can I?—O heaven!—Do you not depend on the will of an inflexible father, whom you have promised to obey, and in three days?

That delay is sufficient to free us from his insupportable tyranny.

What is your design?

To sacrifice my fortune, and my country—to fly.

Oh horror! Fly!

If you truly love me; you will not hesitate: your faith is pledged; is mine—I cannot receive it here—follow me then to England——

Heavens! into what an abyss would you drag me! What! Steal a son from his father! Consent to an illegal marriage which the laws can dissolve! No, let me rather die.

Well, then, cried Leontine, wildly, receive an eternal adieu!—I cannot live without you, Olympia; losing you, I lose every thing that makes life dear.

Olympia was seized with terror and desperation. Hear me, said she; cease to rack me with these horrid fears—Pity me, Leontine.—Would you terrify me into a promise so destructive to us both?

Hear me, Olympia—think of my situation: think that, in three days, if I stay, I must for ever renounce you, and marry a woman I detest, or be thrown into prison. The *Lettre-de-Cachet* is already obtained.—And what is afterwards to become of you? Deprived of your only friend on earth, exposed to persecution, pursued by hatred, by revenge!—Oh, let us fly this scene of horrors!—I have foreseen every thing; my plan is formed.—In abandoning our country, we shall not regret fortune, nor need we fear indigence. I have the honourable means of providing for you.—But there is no time to be lost, we must determine without delay.

Olympia heard these pressing arguments, and at last, terrified and overpowered, pronounced the fatal promise, which for ever fixed her destiny.

The next day Leontine appeared triflingly

busy, and his father heard, with inexpressible pleasure, that he had passed great part of the morning with taylors and embroiderers; and that he had not been abroad, except to the coach-maker's to see his new chariot.

By this conduct he totally dissipated his father's fears, who gave way, freely to the joy which such a change occasioned.

The day of interview arrived, and the Baron conducted Leontine to the Viscountess De Vouet's, where his manner and conduct were such as gave his friends more satisfaction than he expected.

When they came away, he told his father he felt an agitation which would not permit him to sleep; and that, in order to divert his thoughts, he would go and pass a part of the night at the opera; and the Baron, thinking this confession frank and natural, approved his design.

Leontine ordered his carriage to be got ready, and shut himself up in his chamber: in vain did he endeavour to drive a crowd of distracting thoughts from his mind; in vain did he seek to disguise his strong motives to repentance; he saw, in spite of himself; the illusion grew faint, and the fatal charm was almost broken; but, alas! it was too late; the unfortunate Leontine found what were his duties, and what his errors,

only to plunge himself with deeper grief, and more lasting horror, into the abyss which his passions had dug.

At last, collecting all his force, he armed himself with resolution, and, not being able to depart without first embracing his father, rose suddenly, and went to the Baron's apartment. The latter perceived he had been weeping, and was not surprised at it; he knew his sensibility, and wished by his tenderness to give him consolation.

My son, said he, I have not yet told you all the gratitude I feel at your submission; yet, believe me, I know its value. Oh! my dear Leontine! thy filial piety ensures my future happiness; and it will certainly, my son, ensure thy own felicity. I will solicit heaven with prayers in thy behalf. Almighty vengeance pursues and punishes rebellious children; but what rewards, what blessings, what content, may not a son like thee expect?

At this discourse, which rent the heart of the unfortunate young man, he fell on his knees before his father, who embraced and blessed him.

What, cried Leontine, in broken accents, must I, at such a moment, receive—the paternal benediction! Oh! promise me, my father,

never to retract it.——If, hereafter, you should be deceived in me——Oh pity—my father, pity—your poor Leontine! he will want your pity.——Do not——do not heap your curses on his head!

I read thy heart, replied the Baron; thou art fearful of not making the woman happy I have chosen for thee: but do not deceive thyself, my son; it is not love, it is not a passion so fleeting, which can render a union fortunate, that is to be eternal. I know thy virtue, thy good sense, and am easy.

At last Leontine, with a bleeding heart, tore himself from his father's arms. It is impossible to describe his feelings. While he passed through the rooms, and quitted the house he was never again to enter, he felt his heart ready to break.—His regret came too late, and was the more bitter, because it was superfluous.

The unhappy Leontine arrived at his friend's house in a pitiable state. As soon, however, as he saw Olympia, he forgot, for a moment, his grief and his remorse; while she, sinking beneath her fears and consternation, was mournfully silent: the terrible sensations she had suffered for three days past were visible in her countenance; and her weakness was such she

had neither the power to complain nor the faculty to reflect.

Leontine had brought the jewels and diamonds his father had presented him the night before. He had besides eight hundred guineas his father had given him entire; he promised himself he should augment it, in the country whither he was going to reside. A friend procured a passport for him and Olympia, under the feigned names of Signor and Signora Andrazzi.

The post-chaise was soon ready: he conducted, or rather dragged, the panting Olympia to her seat, and away they went.

There was no pursuit; the precautions Leontine had taken, assured him that, as soon as the Baron discovered his flight, he would immediately imagine he had fled to Spain: the artifice succeeded as he had supposed, and they arrived, without accident, at London; where, having found out a priest of the Catholic religion, in the presence of two domestics, he received the hand and faith of the mournful Olympia, who, bathed in tears, had no appearance of a young bride, but rather seemed a victim, offered at the altar of obedience.

A few days after their marriage, Leontine,

who did not think himself safe where so many French were continually seen, quitted London, and departed for Edinburgh, where they passed the spring time of their lives in gloomy privacy, misfortune, and regret.

Leontine had set off just as the Baron went to bed; and in the morning, when he awoke, he heard, with unconcern, that Leontine was not come home; supposing that he had engaged in some party of pleasure.

Three o'clock came, but no Leontine appeared; and the Baron was the more uneasy, inasmuch as his son, naturally prudent and regular in his conduct, had never been of such parties before. He went into Leontine's chamber, where, causing the bureau to be opened, he found the jewels and diamonds were gone. This brought to his mind the agitation of Leontine, the evening before, when he took leave of his father, and he no longer doubted. The misfortune he dreaded was but too real.

Fully persuaded that Leontine was gone for Spain, the Baron determined to follow him thither in person, and set off post immediately; but mental and bodily fatigue brought on a fever, which obliged him to stop at ——, where he lay for some time dangerously ill.

His recovery was slow, and his physicians in-

formed him the waters of Barege, only, could re-establish his health; he, therefore, determined to pass three months at that place. The melancholy reflections he had there leisure to make served but to increase his affliction, which was heightened by the bitterest repentance. Through his own conduct he had lost a dear and only son; he was the dupe of his own artifice, the victim of the violence himself had used; then it was that he felt how dangerous it is to abuse power, and how absurd to sacrifice nature, justice, and honour, to ambition. His fortune was immense, but how might he enjoy it? He no longer had a son! He recollected the beauty, the gentleness, and the virtues of Olympia, and was obliged to own she would have made him and his son happy. He could not condemn a passion in Leontine, which he himself had endeavoured to create, and approved: and what completed his despair was the certitude that his son would never have fled from his friends, his father, and his native land, had he not endeavoured to force upon him a marriage he detested.

The unhappy Baron remained four months at Barege, and then returned to Paris, still flattering himself with the hope of finding his son, though he had been gone above a year. He spared no pains to discover his retreat; he sent

a trusty person into Switzerland, Holland, and England, but in vain. He then lost all hopes, and fell into a deep melancholy.

Many of his friends advised him to marry again; Madame De Vouet especially, with whom he was now more intimate than ever, was incessantly repeating, that an amiable wife alone could make him forget an ungrateful son. The Baron, at first, rejected this advice; but, being only five and forty, and ambitious, restless, and desolate, he soon began to listen to it. The offer of a brilliant alliance, and the desire of children, at last determined him to espouse Madamoiselle De Vouet, the same young lady to whom he would have married Leontine. The Baron flattered himself she would reward him for the miseries of which she had been the innocent cause; but this illusion was of short duration.

The unfortunate Baron could not long mistake the character of his wife; she was soon weak enough to vaunt of her coquetries, and her love of perfect freedom. Equally ignorant and idle, her conversation was alike frivolous and insipid. She had besides all the vices of a foolish coquette who cannot dissemble that she knows she is not handsome; she was envious,

and unequal in temper: her understanding was mean, her imagination depraved, and her want of feeling made her incapable of contributing to the happiness of her husband, listening to the advice of her mother, or profiting by experience.

The despairing Baron, while he lamented the errors of his wife, remembered the wrongs of his son; who had fled only that he might not be forced to marry a person by whom he was thus hourly made wretched.

Oh Leontine! cried he, I was a tyrant, that wanted to sacrifice thee, my son, to my vanity; my punishment though most severe, is equitable. I feel now how I deceived myself, on the means of making thee happy, and how well founded thy resistance was.

Time only increased the Baron's torments, till, at last, his wife dishonoured him so openly, that the Baron, by the advice of his friends, determined to shut her up in a convent, where this unhappy woman died before the end of the year.

He had no child by this second marriage, and found himself more disconsolate in the world than ever. Overwhelmed with sorrow, tired of his existence, pursued by the ever present me-

mory of a dear son lost, he resolved to travel, and to seek in foreign lands that ease which he could not find in his own.

The vessel sailed for Holland, and the Baron arrived shortly afterwards at Amsterdam. He staid a few days in this city, and then went to Utrecht; here he was not above two leagues from the residence of the Moravian brethren, a numerous society of men and women so called, who all live in one house, at the entrance of a pleasant village named Zast. The Baron was desirous of seeing a society every way so worthy to excite the curiosity of a traveller.

He arrived at Zast about three in the afternoon, and one of the administrators of the house undertook to be his guide. He was a venerable Moravian brother, who spoke French well, and answered all the Baron's enquiries with equal good sense and politeness. After having seen the part of the buildings where the women as well as that where the men lived, separate from each other, the Baron asked his conductor if the Moravians admitted indifferently to their society people of all nations?

Yes, replied the brother, of all Christian nations.

Do you receive married people?

Yes; exclusive of what you have seen, there

is another wing to the building, where the married people live; each family has a convenient apartment: it is necessary that the man should know some trade, or possess some useful talent; such, for example, as painting, engraving, and likewise money enough to begin with. We do not ask those to work who have an independent income.

But come, continued the administrator, come and see what will deserve your attention! The Baron followed his guide, who brought him among the shops, for all the lower parts of that vast house are full of them, in which were sold the various works of the Moravian men and women. These shops have a charming effect; all sorts of things may there be had: mercery, shoes, household furniture, porcelain, pictures, &c.

The Baron greatly admired the animated effect which this vast quantity of shops altogether produced. As he went out of a turner's shop, he passed before that of a designer, and went in: a young boy, of about eight years old, was sitting behind the counter to take care of the shop; he was reading, with his head inclined, and his hair, in large ringlets, hung over his cheeks and forehead. He rose, when he saw the Baron enter, threw his head back to shake

the locks behind, and discovered one of the finest countenances nature ever formed. The Baron was struck motionless, for a moment, with surprise; while the boy, with youthful caresses, came running to the administrator, and called him his friend. What! said the Baron, is this charming boy French?

No, replied the administrator, he is English; but he speaks three or four languages already—and is, besides, so gentle, so obliging, so industrious, and so desirous to learn, that every body loves him—he is the spoiled child of the house. We all caress Polydore—for that is his christian name.

It is mine, likewise, replied the Baron. Alas! charming boy, continued he, mayest thou, for thy own sake, never have other conformity with me!

The tone and manner of the Baron, while he pronounced these words, drew the attention of young Polydore; he looked up at him for some time, then stood on tiptoe, and held out his arms to kiss him; the Baron, affected by this action, took up the boy and clasped him to his bosom. —My lovely little fellow, cried he, how happy is thy father!

No, he is not, replied Polydore, sighing.

He has lately lost a wife whom he loved, said

the Moravian brother; but he finds in this child, his own industry, his studies, and his virtue, the best consolations a misfortune so great can find.

The boy, at mention of his mother, dropt a tear to her memory; while the Baron tenderly kissed him, then sat down, and took him on his knee. The administrator, perceiving the Baron inclined to stay, asked his permission to leave him for half an hour, and went away. The Baron, being alone with Polydore, kept looking on the boy in silence, who, on his part, did not seem less attentive. After a few minutes, Polydore took one of the Baron's hands and kissed it with great expression. Charming boy! said the Baron, dost thou read my heart? Dost thou feel all that thou hast inspired?

I feel I love you, replied Polydore.

Thou lovest me?

Yes, I do; but you cannot tell why.

And why?

Because you are like my papa.

The Baron's heart beat so violently he could not utter a word. At last, raising his eyes to heaven, O God! cried he, may I hope it—may I flatter myself.—The singularity of these circumstances, the name of this child, the supernatural feelings he inspires me with—all

seem to announce——Tell me, sweet boy, where is thy father? Conduct me to him.

He left me a little while, to go and visit one of our sick brethren.

Where does this brother lodge?

Beside our chamber, over this shop.

Let us go there.

The Baron rose. Polydore, still holding him by the hand, shut the shop-door, went with him, and conducted him to a small chamber, where they found an old maid-servant, whom Polydore desired to go and seek his father. A universal agitation seized the Baron; he sat down, but still kept hold of Polydore's hand. His excessive anxiety, and the warfare of his passions, gave his features an air of wildness which intimidated Polydore; and the boy durst look at him no longer. They were both silent some time, when, presently, they heard foot-steps.

Here comes papa, said Polydore, with joy.

The blood rushed into the Baron's face, and, at the same instant, returned, and left him pale and cold; he trembled, he rose, he fell upon his chair again; his attention was fixed upon the door; a man entered. With inquisitive avidity, with open and wildly steady eyes, the Baron

looked—nature gave a cry—he sunk—it was Leontine!

Nine years' sufferings—nine years of painful remorse, are all, all forgotten. The son, the father, are found: they are in each other's arms—they mingle tears of joy—they seem to receive a new existence; and sorrow, for a moment, is lost in oblivion.

Pity it is, that recollections of past affliction must return to disturb a joy so pure!

As soon as Leontine and the Baron had recovered the faculty of speech, they mutually said nearly the same things; each had experienced the same pangs, the same heart-rending repentance; and each had forgotten the wrongs he had received. Leontine, kneeling, implored his father's pardon; while his father, bathed in tears, conjured him to forgive the violence and tyranny that had brought on all their misery.

At last, the Baron, after having a thousand times embraced his son, took the young Polydore in his arms, and made Leontine as happy as it was possible in his situation to be, by loading the lovely boy with the tenderest caresses of the tenderest father. As soon as he was a little more calm, he remarked, with surprise and grief, the dreadful change visible in his son; it was his heart only that knew him, his eyes might

have been mistaken. Leontine was only in his thirtieth year, but a fearful paleness and meagreness had deprived his countenance of that air of youth which ought still to have given it grace. Time destroys only the freshness of beauty, but misfortunes change the expression of the features; his body, languishing and spiritless, demonstrated the sorrow at his heart.

The objects by which he was surrounded did not less forcibly affect the Baron; the chamber, where he had passed many years, was void of all ornament; his bed was hard, with a truckle bedstead; Polydore's was the same; every thing he beheld contributed to increase his regret: at last, the Baron, pressing Leontine by the hand, said—Let us be gone, my dear son, let us depart from this obscure asylum, where you so long have sorrowed—come, return to thy country, return to the house of thy fathers.

Since then, my father, replied the melancholy Leontine, you thus kindly pardon my errors, and own my child, my life shall be consecrated to your future happiness. I will not hesitate to follow; only permit me, once more, to lead Polydore to the tomb of his unhappy mother. He could not proceed; his feelings impeded speech; nor could the Baron reply but with his tears. Leontine beheld them, and was still more

deeply affected. What, my father! cried he, do you honour her dear memory with a paternal tear?

My grief for her, replied the Baron, is little short of thine.

Leontine, when he heard this, again embraced his father. Alas! said he, and could you at length have loved—could you have adopted her —and is she now no more!

Leontine stopped abruptly, he tore himself from the Baron's arms, hid his eyes, took Polydore by the hand, and hastily left the room.

While the unfortunate Leontine wept, for the last time, over the tomb of Olympia, the Baron gave the necessary orders for their departure; and, after taking proper leave of the administrators, he, with his son and grandson, got into their carriage, and went for Utrecht, whither they did not arrive till late at night. The next evening, when Polydore was gone to bed, the Baron gave his son a circumstantial account of every thing that had happened since their separation.

Leontine, as soon as his father had ended, related his story in turn. After describing the grief and remorse he underwent at quitting his father and France, he entered into a detail of

his flight, his arrival at London, and his departure for Scotland.

"Arrived at Edinburgh," continued he, "we had once more the precaution to change our name. I soon after engaged in some affairs of commerce, but was ignorant of men and business. I was deceived, I deceived myself, and, in less than eight months, lost and expended above half the sum I had brought out of France. In the mean time, my wife was ready to lie in, and, ten months after our marriage, Polydore was born. Alas! I became a father only to become more sensible of my misery. I wept over my dear child, while the passionate tenderness with which he inspired me, distracted me to the soul.

"I carefully locked these cruel sorrows in the bottom of my heart, fearful my wife should see them. I wished her to imagine me satisfied with my fate; and thus was deprived of the mournful consolation of telling her my griefs. I had lost the illusions that seduced me, and Olympia was nothing more to me than a dear friend. Love had ceased to enslave my reason, and a tender and solid friendship might have made us happy, had not want of confidence robbed it of its purer sweets. I owed to the repose of Olympia the concealment of my feelings,

my reflections, my remorse—which, thus constrained, became each day more and more insupportable. Neither was I without my fears that Olympia secretly cherished the same sensations; and this idea added tenfold to my woes.

"The sweetness and equality of Olympia's temper, and her tenderness, might have assured me to the contrary. From the first moment I received her plighted faith to the last of her life, never did a word of complaint escape her lips; never did she afflict my heart by one mournful reflection, or one indirect reproach. Often would she speak of her happiness, and seem to think me happy; but it was but too natural to suspect she made use of the same dissimulation as myself.

"Thus did we pass three years in Scotland; during which time, having expended above half the sum I possesed, I determined to buy an annuity on my wife and son's lives, with six hundred guineas which yet remained. Olympia wished to return to England; I was willing, and we departed without delay. Arrived at London, I only thought of placing the small remains of a small fortune out to the best advantage, and was happy to think it might yet afford a mere subsistence to my wife and child:

this affair settled to my mind, we retired to a village some miles distant from London, where I might still have found happiness, had it not been for bitter remembrance, which deprived me of repose, and took from me that ease which is the sweetest charm of solitude.

" Not that I regretted fortune or worldly parade, but I sighed for glory ; I groaned to see myself, at two-and-twenty, banished my country, and buried in a village with the mournful victim of my folly, and an unfortunate child destined to obscurity and distress. I could not drive from my imagination the distracting idea of a father's pangs, whom I had never ceased to love.

" We had been two years returned to England when an unforeseen event plunged us into the very depths of misery : the man in whose hands I had placed my six hundred guineas became a bankrupt, and thus I lost all the money I possessed in the world. I will spare your sensibility, my father, a detail of what I felt at this moment. At last, the strong sensations of the husband and the father gave me the fortitude I stood so much in need of. I had been taught to draw in my youth, and this talent, which had been my amusement in solitude, became now a useful resource. I knew a cele-

brated engraver in London, of whom I asked employment; he gave it me, and, six months after, being satisfied with my performances, he offered me an apartment in his house, which I accepted.

"This man, who was a Moravian brother, and had lived four years at Zast, acquainted me with the nature of that establishment, and I, in consequence, soon formed the project of retiring to that abode of peace and industry. Olympia had the same wish; we spoke to our generous protector, who gave us a strong recommendation to the administrators, and we were accordingly received.

"At Zast I found neither ease nor happiness; they were flown never to return. I bestowed every spare moment on the education of my son. I loved the child passionately; but this sensation, although so rational, was a new and inexhaustible source of inquietude and pain. Could I, when I thought of the future, expect that obedience from my son which I had refused to pay my father? While labouring under the malediction of an irritated parent, could I expect that heaven would give me a grateful child?

"Such were my afflicting thoughts; but I had soon another, and a fearful ill, by which I

was taught there were pangs yet superior to all I had hitherto suffered.

"Olympia's health was visibly on the decline; though still preserving her accustomed mildness, she never complained, but constantly replied she felt nothing that ailed her. I sent for a physician from Utrecht, who, at first, eased my fears. At the end of three months, however, he began to be alarmed, and at last pronounced the terrible sentence, which entailed on me eternal grief.

"Olympia had long known her situation, but religion and misfortune taught her to look with serenity on death. A priest, who lived at Utrecht, came secretly to see her, and I even kept him three days in my chamber. Oh! who shall ever efface the fearful horrors of these three deplorable days. I have not the fortitude to repeat what I felt, my father, and yet I live.—But Olympia herself commanded me! My life was necessary to our child. Here, sir, read this letter to me: it is sacred, it contains the last wishes of Olympia; it was given me by her confessor, and at the very moment when, no doubt, despair would have driven me to some fatal excess."

Here the unfortunate Leontine opened his pocketbook, and took out a letter which Olympia had written the day before her death. The

Baron, snffocated by his tears, threw himself into the arms of his unhappy son; and thus they remained for a considerable time, unable to express those sensations that rent their very hearts, except by sobs and groans. At last, the Baron took Olympia's letter, and, after various efforts to calm his troubled mind, read as follows:—

"I have asked to know the truth; and am told this, perhaps, may be the last day of my life.—I shall see you then no more, my Leontine; to-day, or to-morrow, the sacred ties that have united us must be for ever broken.—To-morrow Leontine and Polydore must be for ever separated from Olympia.—Oh! may this writing sometimes recal me to the memory of my husband and my son! May they here read my heart—my real sentiments! May this confession by rendering virtue still dearer, if possible, to the soul of Leontine, become a useful lesson to my son!—Oh! thou who hast sacrificed all to me—thou whom I have deprived of a father, a family, and a country; hast thou ever supposed even for a moment I was satisfied with myself. —No, Leontine, I have read thy thoughts—I have felt thy pangs—have suppressed, have concealed pangs still more insupportable. Each of us, at length, has seen the abyss into which we have been hurled by passion; we pursued

a phantom—it vanished, and we were lost. Remorse followed, brought us back to reason, and discovered truth.—For love, thou hast betrayed the most sacred of duties, but nature soon reclaimed her rights. In the sorrowful Olympia thou hast only beheld the unfortunate author of all thy pangs, and the origin of all thy faults. In losing thy love, I had not even the hope of obtaining thy friendship; what confidence can subsist between two guilty people, who know their guilt; who weep over, without a possibility of expiating it, and who mutually attribute to themselves the evils the other endures? Silence was all the remedy—but what an effort! How painful to my heart!—I, who for seven years have been uniformly occupied concerning thine and my child's happiness, not once to dare speak my thoughts to thee!—Ever together, yet ever alone! Dissimulation, and endeavours to deceive each other, have been our constant studies; and reason, pity, and friendship, have imposed deceit as a law—have interdicted all confidence. Whom can I accuse but myself of my misfortunes? Was it not my imprudence which furnished your father with pretexts, and just ones too, to break his engagements? I had lost my reputation, he rejected me; he had a right so to do. Ambition, no doubt, made him

wish to find me unworthy; but he derived from nature an authority, which, seeking the happiness of his son, he might justly exert. Why didst thou not say to him—'My faith is no longer mine, you yourself have pledged it; I cannot give my hand where you forbid; you refuse your consent, and I submit to your rigour; but command me not to perjure myself; force me not to form other ties—and I promise you never more to see the object of this unfortunate passion.' —Such was the salutary counsel I should have given you when you came to inform me of your fatal resolution; for even then it was not too late. Had you confessed every thing to your father—had you spoke with candour and courage—you might have irritated him, but must have been beloved. He threatened, he appeared inflexible, he endeavoured to terrify you —but how can it be supposed he would have punished, with severity, resistance accompanied with so mnch submission, and which so many motives rendered, at least, excusable? Oh no! certain that you would remain firm, unshaken in your determination, sooner or later he would have made us happy.—Oh! that some sincere friend had come at the moment when passion hurried us to ill, and offered such reflections to my mind! But, an unfortunate orphan, de-

prived of all support, my aunt dead, and without a guide, at the very moment when I wished to cherish virtue and honour more than life, I lost them both. O, Polydore! when hereafter you shall read this letter, may you become diffident of yourself; may you learn that neither wit, understanding, nor purity of heart, can supply the want of experience: that passion serves but to lead us astray, and that happiness can only be found in virtue.—Adieu, Leontine, I dare predict your future life shall be far happier than your past. Your father still lives, and should heaven happily deign once more to bring you together, may your felicity never be disturbed by the remembrance of me! Adieu, dear and unfortunate Leontine; for our child's sake, live; may he repay the pangs which I have caused—it is the last wish of my heart! May religion, which fortifies my soul, enlighten and console yours! Heaven disapproves our union, and, therefore, tears us from each other—let us adore its justice, and obey."

Dear Olympia, cried the Baron, after he had read the letter, tender victim of my injustice and ambition, thou art well avenged by my grief and my regret! What happiness have I lost by refusing thee as a daughter!—Oh! my son, I

have found thee, but I cannot make thee happy; I cannot be happy myself.

To you, my father, will I consecrate my days; I will renounce the world; I will retire and hide myself in my father's house, for whom only, and for my son, will I hereafter live.

Let us, said the Baron, equally and entirely devote ourselves to the education of Polydore; let him pass his infancy far from the depravity of cities, and let his heart and mind be formed in solitude, that he may know the charms of felicity and a country life; and that when, hereafter, curiosity leads him into scenes of dissipation, he may regret them as the only substantial and pure pleasures.

Leontine joyfully approved a project so conformable to his inclinations, and it was immediately put in execution; the Baron purchased an estate a hundred leagues distant from Paris, whither he, Leontine, and Polydore retired. Here, though the remembrance of former sorrows admitted not of perfect felicity, yet they at least found as much happiness as they hoped. The cares and tenderness of Leontine, and the virtues of young Polydore, were the consolation of the Baron's old age.

THE HAPPY ADOPTION.

AMELIA, solely occupied by the education of her two daughters, lived beloved in the bosom of an amiable family, and visited only by her relations and friends. She constantly remembered the peculiar happiness she enjoyed, and delighted in study and industry; her heart was gentle and feeling; unacquainted with hatred, she abhorred vengeance, and knew to love; neither were there any sacrifices which friendship had not a right to expect from her; nor was there in the world a person who more sincerely despised the parade of fashion and fortune.

Her daughters, in the mean time, began to grow up; and scarcely had Camilla, the eldest, attained her fourteenth year, before Amelia, owing to the situation of her affairs, was obliged to marry her; she had no fortune either to give or leave her, nor had any means of establishing her in the world, but by a good education, and interest among the great.

Camilla, soon after her marriage, fell dangerously ill, and the fears of her mother, added to her watching and want of sleep, gave a shock to her constitution, which she felt long after the recovery of her daughter. Her lungs seemed touched, and her physicians ordered her to drink the Bristol waters. She was therefore obliged to leave her dear Camilla at Paris, and go with her youngest daughter Anna for England. Amelia had not the precaution to hire a house, and was therefore obliged, when she came to Bristol, to put up with an apartment which was so much the more disagreeable because it was only separated by a partition from the chamber of a sick English lady. Amelia, who perfectly understood English, questioned her landlady concerning her neighbour, and was informed she was dying of a consumption; that she was a widow; that her late husband was of a good family, had been disinherited for marrying contrary to his parents' wish, and that he had only left his wife a small annuity; which circumstance was the more afflicting, because they had a little daughter, five years old, who, when her mother died, would lose all means of subsistence.

The hostess ended her relation with the praises of Pamela, the name of the little girl,

assuring Amelia there was not a more charming little creature in the world. This story greatly interested Amelia, who talked of nothing all the evening after but the unfortunate English woman, and her more unfortunate child.

Amelia and her daughter had but one chamber. They had been in bed about two hours; Anna was in a sound sleep, and her mother began to doze, when an uncommon noise in the chamber of the sick English woman awakened her with a start. She listened attentively, and heard sobs and groans. Recollecting that there were only a maid and a nurse, Amelia imagined her assistance might, perhaps, be useful; she therefore rose, and, with her lamp in her hand, stole gently from her chamber, fearful of disturbing Anna.

She came to the passage, the door of the sick person was open, and hearing sighs and broken accents, advanced trembling. She was met by the maid, all in tears, and exclaiming, *It is past! she is gone!*

Heavens! said Amelia, I was coming to see if I could assist.

She has just expired, continued the maid. What will become of her unhappy daughter? I have myself four children, and which way shall I support her?

Where is the child? said Amelia.

Alas! madam, the little innocent is not old enough to understand her misery; she knows not what death means; but she loved her poor dead mother, and never was there a more affectionate child; yet she sleeps peaceably in the same chamber in which her mother has just breathed her last.

Amelia shuddered. Let us move the child from this fatal place, at least. So saying, she entered the chamber. In approaching the couch of the child, she necessarily passed beside the corpse. Her blood ran cold, she stopped, and, for a moment, fixed her full eyes on the mournful and touching object; then, dropping on her knees, exclaimed, Oh unfortunate mother! what must have been the horrors of your last moments! what must have been your feelings, to leave a child thus, without succour, to the mercy of a busy and a rapacious world!—Yes, I delight to think that from the bosom of eternity you can yet see and hear me.—Behold I take charge of your offspring; never shall she forget the parent that gave her birth; and, though the earthly part is forgotten, she still shall love the departed saint.

Amelia rose, and with an emotion of benevolent tenderness, approached the couch. A cur-

tain concealed the child, which Amelia, with a trembling hand, gently drew, and discovered the innocent little orphan.

How peaceably she sleeps, said Amelia; at what a moment, and in such a place! Alas! unfortunate and lovely child, in vain, when thou awakest, shalt thou call for thy mother.—Yet humanity shall give thee another! Yes, I adopt thee.—Thou shalt find in my heart the mother's feelings, and the mother's affection. Come, continued Amelia, addressing herself to the maid, help me to carry this couch to my room.

The woman obeyed with joy, and the child was carried gently, without awaking, on her little bed, to Amelia's apartment.

Anna was risen; restless and fearful, she was coming to seek her mother; who, meeting her at the door, said, Come hither, Anna, I have brought thee a second sister; come, look at, and promise me to love her. Anna flew to the bed, and kneeled down to look nearer at the child.

The poor Pamela, however, soon awakened, and asked where was her mother; the question touched Amelia to the heart.—Your mamma is gone, said she, and Pamela immediately began to weep; Anna wished to comfort her; but Amelia thus continued: Do not interrupt her tears, I myself have need to see them flow;

think, my Anna, what her situation is, and you will have the same sensations.

As soon as Pamela was dressed, she kneeled down, and began to say her prayers. Amelia's blood ran cold when she heard her say, *Pray God make my dear mamma better.*

You must not pray so any more, said Amelia; your mamma no longer suffers.

Does not she! cried Pamela: then I must thank God.

These words deeply affected Amelia. You must only say such prayers, my child, said she, hereafter, as I shall bid you: Say, *Blessed be God, for taking my mamma from pain to bliss.*

Pamela repeated this prayer with fervent affection; then, turning towards Amelia, with a timid and ingenuous air, Let me pray to God, said she, that he will soon take me to my mamma.

As she said this, she perceived the tears flow down Amelia's cheeks; who caught her in her arms, while the affectionate and tender little creature clung weeping round her neck.

Amelia became every day more and more attached to Pamela; the angelic sweetness, the sensibility, the gratitude of the child, made her deliciously enjoy the fruits of her benevolence. After remaining three months at Bristol, A-

melia left England, and returned to France; and all her family, as well as herself, adopted the little Pamela, whom it was impossible to see uninterested, or to know without loving.

When she was seven years old, Amelia informed her of her situation, and related the mournful history of her unhappy mother; at which sorrowful detail the poor Pamela shed a torrent of tears. As soon as Amelia had ended, she fell on her knees, and said every thing which gratitude and feeling could inspire in a person of twenty.

Such was Pamela; her soul continually rose superior to her years; and when she spoke she had neither the sentiments nor the language of infancy. A thousand charming traits, numerous, delicate and refined replies, and a multitude of witty and affecting observations, which none but a heart and understanding of the first order could inspire, were unceasingly remembered and recited. Her lively feelings communicated an inexpressible grace to all her actions, a sweetness, a charm, which penetrated the soul, and gave her an angelic countenance.

Pamela's only defects were the consequences of an extreme vivacity, which, however, never gave her the slightest degree of anger against any one, but a thoughtlessness that few children

exceeded. The following is an instance which will show, at once, her mildness, her respect, and her tenderness to Amelia.

Pamela, rather from the effects of her liveliness, and want of thought, than wilful negligence, frequently lost her things. If she went a walking, she would take off her hat, perhaps, to run the better, and, entering the house, still running, would forget she had left it upon the grass.

It gave life and delight to see her run in the fields or garden, but she was forbidden to run in the house; yet Pamela, with the most anxious desire to obey, continually forgot this restriction; she frequently fell down two or three times a-day, and left remnants of her frocks and aprons on every nail and every latch. At last, what with entreaties, reproofs, and penance, she insensibly lost that excess of turbulence.

Amelia took care, every morning, to demand an account of every thing she ought to have in her pockets and work-bag; and this daily examination greatly contributed to make Pamela more careful. One morning, when Amelia, according to custom, was visiting her pockets, she could not find her scissars; Pamela, scolded and questioned, replied that the scissars were not lost,

at least, for she knew where they were. And where are they, replied Amelia?

They are on the floor, mamma, said Pamela, in my sister's room.

On the floor! And how came they there?

In drawing out my handkerchief, my scissars got entangled in it, and fell down; just at that moment I heard your bell ring, and I ran as fast as I could to see what you wanted.

What, without taking time to pick up your scissars?

Yes, mamma; that I might come the sooner.

But you knew very well I should ask what was become of them, and be angry when they could not be found.

I had quite forgotten that, mamma; I thought of nothing but the pleasure of obliging you, and getting you what you wanted.

As she spoke this, the tears came in Pamela's eyes, and she blushed. Amelia looked at her with a fixed and severe brow, and she blushed again, and more deeply. These blushes, and the little probability there was in the account she had given, persuaded Amelia that the poor little Pamela, for once, had forgotten herself, and told a lie.

Leave the room, said she; I am certain there

is not a word of truth in what you have said; begone, *without reply.*

At these terrible words, Pamela, bathed in tears, joined her hands, and fell on her knees before Amelia, without speaking a single word. Amelia interpreted this supplicating action into a confession of the fault, and treated her with indignation and reproach. Pamela, remembering the command she had received, was still silent, and expressed her grief by her sobs and tears.

Amelia, at that time, was going to church, whither, instead of taking Pamela, as usual, she ordered a maid to conduct her, and left her abruptly. When she came to the chapel, her attention was diverted in spite of herself, and her head frequently turned towards the door. At last, Pamela entered, and with her eyes red and full of tears, humbly fell on her knees, just at the entrance beside the stair-case. The maid desired she would not stay there among the servants, but come forward; but the sorrowful Pamela replied, in a low voice, this place is much too good for me.

Amelia was moved by Pamela's humility, and made a sign for her to come near, while the tender hearted child wept for joy, at again taking her place by the side of Amelia.

Afterwards, the maid came to her, and said, Pamela had not told a lie.

How! not told a lie!

No, madam. As soon as you were gone, she begged me to go with her into her sister's room, and there we found the scissars, just as she had said.

Oh, my gentle, my charming girl! cried Amelia, taking her in her arms; wouldst thou suffer thyself to be accused and ill-treated without uttering a word in thy own justification?

You had forbidden me to speak, my dear mamma.

But didst thou not kneel to ask my forgiveness?

I ought always to ask forgiveness when my mamma is angry with me: if she finds fault with me, I am sure I am wrong.

But I was unjust.

Unjust! To me! Oh, no, my preserver, my dear, my tender mother, you never could be unjust toward me!

Every sensation of virtue or feeling was familiar to the heart of Pamela; nor were even those strangers to it which seem to be the fruit only of education and reflection. She could hardly remember England; and she loved Amelia too dearly not to love France; yet she still remem-

bered she was English, and preserved an attachment to her country, which was the more virtuous, inasmuch as she had no hope of ever returning thither to live.

One day Amelia was writing, and Pamela playing happily by her side. There was, at that time, war between France and England, and Pamela suddenly heard the report of cannon; perhaps, cried Amelia, it announces a victory: as she said this, she accidentally looked at Pamela, and her surprise was extreme, to see her with down-cast eyes, and her colour come and go. Several people just then came into the room, and the servants came to tell them dinner was served. Pamela still seemed confused, and trembled. Amelia, become desirous of reading her thoughts, said, I wish I knew what this firing is for; I still hope we have beaten the English.

Scarcely had Amelia pronounced these words, before Pamela, melted in tears, fell at her feet. Pray, pray, pardon me, mamma, cried she; indeed I would not cry if I could help it. I love the French, indeed, indeed, mamma, I do; but I was born in England.

An emotion so singular in a child, eight years old, deeply affected Amelia. Pure and virtuous soul, said she, a pathetic and sublime instinct inspires thee, superior to all the efforts of rea-

son; while thou fearest to commit a fault, thou art fulfilling a sacred duty. Preserve ever this proper partiality to the country of thy fathers; love the French, for thou owest them thy love; but forget not that England is thy country.

With such sensibility of heart, it was impossible that Pamela should not be pious and sincere; certain that God saw and heard her every instant of her life, she never committed a fault without asking pardon, without tears of true repentance; yet she always previously accused herself to Amelia; for how can God pardon me, said she, if I conceal my faults from my mamma?

Pamela, at seventeen, justified every hope to which her infancy had given birth; she had acquired knowledge, agreeable talents, and all that gentleness of manners which so well becomes a woman. There was no kind of needle-work she had not learnt or could not do; she was excellent at embroidery, millinery, mantua-making, every thing; besides which, she drew correctly, and played charmingly upon the piano.

She loved reading, natural history, and botany, wrote an excellent hand, and as for her style, it might be called instinctive. With a soul so delicate, so feeling, so full of purity, she could not want good taste or strength of imagination.

She still preserved all the simplicity and charms of her infancy, her endearing manners, her frank and communicative gaiety, and that sweet attractive mildness which cannot fail to win the heart.

The favourite amusements of her childhood had been in exercise, in running, jumping, and active sports; she, therefore, enjoyed an excellent state of health, and was astonishingly strong, though her frame was naturally delicate. No woman could outrun her, nor did any body walk or dance with a better grace.

She added to all these allurements an unalterable goodness of heart; she often worked, in private, for the poor, and merited the eulogium which a celebrated author gave an unfortunate queen, and, indeed, to women in general; for she "discovered all those gentle and benevolent virtues which philosophy teaches men, and nature gives to women."

In one of the most obscure streets of Paris, lived Madame Sidon, who, among her neighbours, was known by the appellation of *the Good Woman.* She was well educated, had a cultivated understanding, and, in the early part of her life, had seen better days; but by her husband's death, and her own delicate state of health, she had been reduced to the most deplorable state

of poverty. Though solitary, and often in want, she was never heard to repine; she always reposed the greatest confidence in the bounty of Providence, and in Pamela she found, not merely a benefactress, but a kind and sympathizing friend. It was shortly after the loss of her husband that Pamela became acquainted with her melancholy situation: and having, in the course of a few visits, discovered her mental superiority, she immediately began to devise, with Amelia, means for employing her time in a manner agreeable to herself, and advantageous to others. Having prevailed on Madame Sidon to teach the elements of reading, Pamela selected the children of a few of her poorest and most industrious neighbours for pupils, and not only encouraged and promoted their education, but frequently superintended the studies of the whole herself. How beautiful was it to see Madame Sidon, at the age of seventy, surrounded by her pupils, and relating to them stories of the olden time,* the whole groupe made happy by the considerate kindness of Pamela, and glowing with gratitude to their benefactress!

Pamela had performed these interesting offices above a year, when, one morning, the chamber

* See Frontispiece.

door suddenly opened, and a man of about fifty, with a noble and commanding aspect, appeared, and, after a step or two, immediately stopped, fixed with surprise at what he beheld.

She turned round at the noise occasioned by the stranger's entrance, and started a little at the sight; the blush of modest virtue glowed upon her countenance, and rendered her action and her form more beautiful. She turned towards an English waiting-woman who had accompanied her, and told her, in English, she ought to have locked the door.

Thank God! exclaimed the stranger, again in English, thank God! this angel is my country-woman!

The astonishment of Pamela was excessive; and her perplexity increased, at seeing the stranger draw a chair, and gravely seat himself opposite her. While she was hastening to finish the duty she had begun, the stranger thus continued: Whoever has not beheld what I do can have but a faint idea of the effects which youth and beauty, thus employed, can produce.

The stranger ceased to speak, but kept looking with fixed attention on Pamela! He was so totally lost in thought that he did not seem to perceive the astonishment and embarrassment his presence caused. At last, Pamela rose, bid

adieu to Madame Sidon, and, passing by the stranger, made him a low courtesy, and left the room.

The next time Pamela returned to see the poor woman, she told her that the stranger had staid with her above an hour; that he made a thousand inquiries concerning her; and that he had asked both her name and that of the person who had brought her up. Amelia, the same evening, received the following letter, which she immediately showed to Pamela.

"About to return to England, Madam, I cannot leave this country without wishing to receive the commands of the generous lady who adopted an English orphan. The amiable Pamela does too much honour, madam, to her country, and the education she owes to you, not to inspire the most lively interest in the bosom of an Englishman, who hopes he is not wholly unworthy a nearer prospect of her virtues. I am a man of fifty, madam, and have therefore some right to tell you, without disguise, that the action of which I was yesterday a witness has made a deep impression on my heart. I have been told she has relations in England who refuse to own her: deign to confide the secret of

her birth to me, and be assured of my most zealous endeavours in her cause.

"I am, madam,

"With every respect, &c.

"CHARLES RERESBY."

Oh, mamma! cried Pamela, after having read the letter, do not admit this Englishman. You are all to me; seek not to make relations, who formerly forsook, acknowledge me now. Am I not with you, and can I be happier?

But should your relations own you, my dear, said Amelia, you would have an estate, a title——

You have given me the honourable, the kind, title of daughter; have permitted me to consecrate my life to you; what more can I desire?

Yet, my Pamela, suffer me to see your countryman; his admiration of my dear girl has made me desirous of his acquaintance; he knows the worth of my child. What greater merit can he have in my eyes? I promise thee, he shall never be told thy name without thy own consent.

Pamela, on this condition, agreed to receive the intended visitor, and Mr. Reresby accordingly came on the morrow. First compliments

over, he renewed his offers of service, and conjured Amelia to tell him the name of Pamela's family. Amelia avowed that Pamela herself was averse to its being told.

Mr. Reresby sighed; I lose, then, said he, with chagrin, the hope of being useful to her.

Doubt not, Sir, of my gratitude, replied Pamela, I cannot think, without dread, of the least change; since I find, in the affection of my dear and generous benefactress, a felicity equal to the utmost desires of my heart: but I am not the less sensible, the less touched by your goodness.

Mr. Reresby beheld Pamela with tenderness, and, turning towards Amelia, said, I shall leave Paris towards the end of the week, madam; may I hope you willingly will permit me a place in your memory, and—

Amelia interrupted Mr. Reresby by promising to write to him, and begging his address.

I no longer live at London, madam, said he, and I travel much; but if you will address your letters, under a cover, to Madam Selwyn, they will arrive safe.

At the name of Selwyn, Amelia seemed moved; and Pamela disturbed; Mr. Reresby looked at Amelia, saw her surprise, and asked

if Madam Selwyn had the honour of being known to her?

I know the name, she replied.

The name is mine, answered Mr. Reresby.

Yours!

Yes, madam; I changed it to marry an heiress, whose hand I could not obtain without taking the name of her family. I have been a widower ten years, and have no children.

Have you a brother, demanded Amelia, with extreme emotion?

Alas! madam, I once had two; but they are both dead. Madam Selwyn is the widow of the second;—and the third—

Ay, Sir! where is he?

That unfortunate youth, madam, led astray by a fatal passion, and contemning paternal authority, was disinherited.—Repentance and chagrin cut short his days—our unhappy father soon followed him to the grave.—I happened to be absent: a new chain of misfortunes obliged me to prolong my travels, and I did not return to England till four years afterwards. I then heard of the death of my poor brother's widow; she had left a daughter whom I had determined to adopt; but the woman who had taken charge of her was dead, and her husband informed me that the little orphan had survived her mother

only a few months: the man added, he had not seen his wife till six months after the death of my brother's widow, and that the child was then no more.

Mr. Reresby perceived that Pamela vainly endeavoured to conceal her tears. Surprised by her pale and agitated countenance, he partook of her emotion; while Amelia, almost as much moved as Pamela, held one of her trembling hands, and tenderly clasped it between her own.

There was a moment's pause. Pamela, then, with wildness in her manner, rose, and advanced towards Mr. Reresby. Yes, said she, it is my duty to acknowledge the brother of my father.

Oh, heaven! cried Mr. Reresby, running to meet her.

Pamela, seized with terror she could not conquer, started, and flung herself into the arms of Amelia.—Oh, my mother! said she, shedding a torrent of tears; my benefactress, to you alone do I appertain; keep, guard your child, abandon her not. I should die, were you to cede your rights to another.

Pamela could say no more; her head reclined upon the bosom of Amelia, her eyes were closed, and she fainted. Amelia, distracted at

the sight, called loudly for help, while she bathed her face with tears. Pamela, however, soon came to herself, and looked faintly round. Mr. Reresby took one of her hands. Oh! Pamela, said he, banish these unjust fears, they wound me to the heart. I have neither the right nor the barbarous wish to tear you from the arms of your benefactress, to whom you ought to consecrate every moment of your life. —Oh! if it be true that you are the child of my unfortunate brother, whose loss I have so long deplored, be assured you will only find me a friend, a tender father, incapable of asking the least painful sacrifice.

Pamela, at hearing this, embraced Amelia with transport, and expressed her joy and gratitude to Mr. Reresby, with all those graces, all that passionate sensibility, by which she was characterised. Amelia then went to seek the little box that contained the proofs of Pamela's birth. Mr. Reresby read the letters, and different papers which the maid of Pamela's mother had put into Amelia's hands. That woman having received several presents from Amelia, they easily divined that, in order to conceal them from her husband, she had told him Pamela was dead, being pretty well assured the child would never be seen again in England.

Mr. Reresby, inexpressibly happy to find his niece in the person of one who, by her angelic virtues and form, had made so profound an impression on his heart, was desirous she would take the name of Selwyn that very day: and his affection for Pamela soon became so great that he resolved to settle in France. Pamela knew how to merit his favours, by her gratitude and attachment, though she never would forsake Amelia; whom to render happy was the most sacred of her duties, and the first pleasure of her heart.

Madame Sidon continued to partake of the bounty of the whole; and to the end of life blessed the day when Pamela first visited her humble dwelling.

THE SOLITARY FAMILY.

A FEW leagues from Forges, * near the rich Abbey of Bobec, lived a good farmer, whose name was Anselmo, with his wife and children. He was poor, but so happy that he had never left his home but to go to church. His little habitation stood by itself in the midst of a forest; he had no neighbours, and he wished for none; for he could not imagine, after he had been all day labouring in his field, it was possible to find a pleasure more sweet than that of reposing in the midst of his family.

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other society than that of his wife and five children, a servant maid, and a herdsman.

The maid's name was Jacquelina. She had been bred in the house of Anselmo, and had ac-

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* Forges is twenty-six leagues from Paris, and celebrated for its mineral waters.

quired the manners and sedentary habits of the family. She had never been above half a league from the house: of all the edifices which cover the earth, she knew none but the cottage of Anselmo, and the Abbey of Bobec.

She had heard speak of Forges; but hearing that it was four leagues off, she never could be tempted to undertake so long a journey. Jacquelina, as you may imagine, could not read; she had never seen a book in her life, except at church. Her talents were confined to the milking of cows, the making of cheese, and aiding her mistress in household duties. Her mind was not capable of any extensive knowledge: she had precisely that degree of intelligence necessary to fulfil tolerably the duties of her condition; and, if Heaven had not sent her rulers as patient as they were humane, she would more than once have been liable to lose her place.

The herdsman, Michael, who kept the cows, was less active and less intelligent than Jacquelina; but, in the eyes of the indulgent Anselmo, the weakness of his constitution excused his indolence and incapacity; besides Michael was naturally gentle and honest, and so patient that it was not possible to make him angry.

There was so much conformity between Mi-

chael and Jacquelina, that it would have been a miracle, being, as they were, always together, had they not formed an attachment to each other. Sympathy declared itself, and the two lovers asked permission to marry, which was easily granted. Michael wedded Jacquelina, and, in three years time, was the father of three children, who were all brought up with the children of Anselmo.

About this time, Jacquelina, patient as she was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anselmo died. Neither did her husband survive her above two years; by which accident, Michael and Jacquelina lost the best of masters, and the sole support they had upon earth. The relations, who were left guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacquelina.

They were obliged to quit the cottage which they regarded as their paternal mansion, and to tear themselves from the arms of the virtuous Anselmo's children, who, for the last two years, had called Jacquelina by the kind name of mother. The poor woman wept over them, and left them in despair, followed by four of her own children, and the mournful Michael, who carried under his arm a large bundle of coarse

clothing, which contained all the riches of this unfortunate family.

It was happy for them that, in this dreadful situation, they felt none of those distracting inquietudes which forethought and fancy give; their sorrows were only the sorrows of a moment; the future was to them hid by a veil so thick, they could not even form an image of the morrow. They had dined well before they left their old habitation, and were not much disturbed about where they should sup; all their conversation was regret for the death of Anselmo, and tenderness for the children they had been obliged to abandon.

Conversing simply thus, they followed wherever chance pleased to lead, till they had lost themselves in the forest. Jacquelina, being fatigued, rested herself at the foot of a tree. Her husband sat himself down by her side, and the four children ranged themselves around.

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children said he was hungry, and all the children immediately asked for bread. Michael had some provisions in his wallet, which he partook of with his wife and children. After supper, they determined to pass the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them

into a kind of wilderness on the outside of the forest. This wild place was full of broom, and they found a stream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moss, the sight of which gave Jacquelina great joy. Still to increase their happiness, along the skirts of the forest, they found plenty of nuts and wild raspberries, with an infinity of strawberries.

Jacquelina was quite enchanted at this garden of nature. Oh Michael! cried she, let us always live here; for look you, there is water, and here are fruits, and they will be sufficient for us; let us make a hut of the branches of trees, to keep out the rain.——It just then occured to the mind of Jacquelina that they must first take leave to lop the trees, and the reflection made her sorrowful. At this moment she perceived a young peasant, at some distance, gathering strawberries: to him she went, and asked if he knew to whom the place where they were belonged?

Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec, replied the peasant?

Are we far from the Abbey?

Three quarters of a league; I am going there presently.

Jacquelina then went and advised with her husband, and Michael, having receivcd her instructions, departed with the young peasant to

the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacquelina with his children at the entrance of the forest, and promised to return as soon as possible.

Arrived at the Abbey, Michael obtained a moment's audience of the Abbot, to whom he related his situation; he ended, by asking work, or at least permission to establish himself in the place where he had left his family.

How will you live there?

Upon wild fruits and roots; there are water-cresses, strawberries, nuts, water.——Truly it is a paradise.

What will you do in winter?

Winter!—We never thought of winter: but winter will not be here so soon; this is only July.

Hark you, good man, since you are so very desirous of it, I permit you to build your hut; and, moreover, I authorise you to come every other day to the Abbey, for a supply of bread and potatoes for you and your family.

Michael hastily departed, and was already at some little distance, when they called him back, by the order of the Abbot, to give him brown bread, and potatoes roasted in the ashes. Michael, who was truly honest, refused at first to receive them.——The Abbot told me, said he, I was only to come every other day, so

I will come for them the day after to-morrow.

In spite of his resistance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the provisions destined for two days, and he departed, highly satisfied with the success of his journey. He found Jacquelina, came up to her with a triumphant air, and answered all her questions. Jacquelina, though quite happy at the recital, scolded him a little, notwithstanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; for, said she, here we have seven shillings and elevenpence (it was the fruit of ten years savings), and what are we to do with all that money.

That is true, replied Michael, but one cannot think of every thing.

Come, let us 'go to work, we can cut the small branches with our knives.

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her husband followed, and they wrought till night. The husband and the wife were neither of them robust or active, for which reason they were a fortnight in constructing their hut; which was tolerably solid, it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till their work was almost finished. They had forgotten that it was necessary it should be as

high as themselves. They could only lean upon their hut, as upon a balcony. Jacquelina was the first who remarked this defect, and though the building was far advanced, had so much fortitude as to be tempted to begin the work again, had not Michael persuaded her to the contrary; for, said he, people do not want a house, except to rest in, and we can either sit or lie down in ours.

Jacquelina had nothing to answer to this reasoning, and, notwithstanding its erroneous dimensions, the hut was finished.

The day on which they dined in it, for the first time, was a holiday; Michael had been, in the morning, to the Abbey, whence he had brought potatoes and fresh bread, and likewise a pint of milk, and some eggs, which he had purchased in the village. The joy of the children was excessive at the sight of this delicious feast, and their gaiety excited that of Michael and Jacquelina, so that nothing was wanting to the happiness of the banquet, for the guests had good appetites and good humour; and when night came, sound sleep and tranquillity came also. After having passed above eight and twenty nights, exposed to the injuries of the open air, they found an inexpressible satisfaction in lying down beneath a thick foliage,

and on fresh straw; in the morning they awaked in the most perfect health.

There is nothing so comfortable, said Michael, as to have every thing at one's ease. They may say, if they please, that use makes all things easy; yet I should never have slept so well upon the ground, and with the skies for a covering.

Nor I neither, replied Jacquelina; I always thought of the warm stable, where we lay when our good dear master was alive.

Our hut though is quite as good as the stable Jacquelina.

Oh certainly; and, now we have a house, we ought always to be happy at home, as our good master used to say.

The summer glided away; winter arrived, and notwithstanding their sheep skins, their hut did not seem half so agreeable; nor could they find wild fruits, as before.

Michael and Jacquelina, however, suffered much less from the cold than might be supposed; they had never in their lives slept in a close chamber, in which there was a chimney; the stable, which they remembered with so much affection, was open in the roof in several places, and had various fractures in its sides; so that Jacquelina and her husband found no

great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between the hut and the stable they regretted; and, in summer, their hut, being situated on a healthy soil, and sheltered by a forest, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy, damp stable.

Towards the end of winter, Michael, who for the last two months could hardly walk as far as the Abbey, at last found it impossible to go thither and receive their subsistence. Jacquelina, therefore, went in his stead, and poor Michael was obliged to stay in his hut, gloomily extended on dry leaves. He did not suffer any great pain; and his natural piety and tranquillity preserved him from lassitude and impatience: he prayed to God all the day, and Jacquelina spun and told her beads by his side: his children continually came to caress him, so that he could not absolutely be called miserable, and a year passed away in this manner.

Michael and Jacquelina had lived two years in their hut, when one day (it was the month of July) Jacquelina who had been gathering fruits round the forest, came running, quite out of breath. O Michael! cried she, you cannot think what a fine thing I have just seen!

Aye, what?

Oh dear! a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and shines so; and there are such fine ladies in the coach, and such fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our Billy's cheeks.—And—

Jacquelina heard the noise of the landau which she had been describing; her heart beat with joy; she ran from her hut, and all her little ones followed her. The landau was not thirty paces from her; in it, superior to all the rest, was one angelic lady, who, looking at her and her children with gentle smiles, ordered the coachman to stop.

Jacquelina, surprised and astonished, durst not advance, whilst the young and beauteous stranger, followed by four ladies, who alighted with her from the carriage, approached.—Are these four children all yours? said she.

Yes, my lady.

Poor little creatures! Why, they are almost naked.

Oh! the three youngest have jackets, but we keep them against winter.

And do you live all day in this hut?

Yes, my lady, and all night too.

What, have you no other dwelling?

No, my lady; we have not had for these two

years past. We live very well in the summer; but to be sure it is a little cold in the winter: especially since my husband has been ill.

Your husband ill! and lying in that hut!

Yes, my lady.

Merciful Providence!——How happy am I we have lost our way, and that chance has conducted us hither.

The stranger went towards the hut, and with her attendants endeavoured to enter; but their high-heeled shoes, and their hats and feathers, obliged them to stoop so much, that the stranger, unable to support the pain of such an attitude, kneeled down in the hut.—Good God! said she, turning her tearful eyes on Michael, and have you had no other asylum than this for two years?—Could you find no relief at Forges?

Forges is so far off, my lady!

It is but three leagues.

My husband has been sickly this year and a half, and I could not leave him to undertake so long a journey; besides, we have wanted for nothing, they have always given us bread and potatoes at the Abbey.

The stranger took out her purse; take these, said she, to Jacquelina. I will send for you this evening; but, since you love this place so

much, I promise you shall return again. I only desire you to pass some time at Forges, for your husband wants the assistance of a physician.

While the stranger was speaking, Jacquelina was considering the pieces of gold she had given her.—Since you are so very good, my lady, said she, I must make bold to tell you, that these pieces you have given me, will do us no good; they do not know what they are in this country.

What, have you never seen gold?

Oh yes! my lady, to be sure I have seen the gilding in the church at Bobec; but as for golden money, I never heard speak of any such thing, and I am sure nobody will take it.

The stranger, struck by an excess of poverty of which she never had before had an idea, could not restrain her tears; she prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold she had received; but, for her better satisfaction, she gave her some crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and joy. After which, she and her attendants left the hut, remounted their carriage, and returned to Forges, leaving Michael and Jacquelina astonished and transported.

They talked of nothing but the beautiful la-

dy; and their conversation was still on the same subject when the messengers arrived to take them to Forges. Four men carefully placed Michael on a kind of bier, on which he was carried, lying on a mattress. Jacquelina and her children were seated in a covered cart; and our little troop arrived at Forges about nine o'clock in the evening.

They were conducted to a house, where they found clean linen and good beds. As soon as Michael was put to bed, Jacquelina ran to interrogate her hostess, and in less than half an hour returned.—O Michael! said she, thou wilt be so surprised!—That beauteous lady—Dost thou know what a princess is?

No, truly.

Well, that fine lady is a Princess—and moreover she is called a Duchess—and, besides all which, she has another name still—but that I have forgot; however, what is most of all, she is—ay, she is a relation to the King?

How can that be? She has no pride.

No more she has, as thou sayest.

How can a relation of the King have such mildness in her looks, and such gentleness in her words?

Their conversation was interrupted by her hostess, who brought them an excellent supper.

Michael and his wife had before this time drank bad cider, but never any sort of wine: and, for the first time in their lives, they tasted it to the health of their benefractress. After which Jacquelina went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thousand blessings on her young and virtuous protectress.

On the morning Jacquelina was awakened by a woman, who came to tell her, the Princess had ordered her to take measure of her and her children, and make shifts and clothes for all the family. Accordingly, some days after, Jacquelina received all kinds of necessaries; shoes, stockings, caps, nothing was forgotten.

Jacquelina's joy was so much the greater, that her husband's health was perfectly re-established. The assiduous cares of the physician, a healthy lodging, and good food, soon produced a surprising alteration, and in three weeks time he was able to rise and walk about his chamber.

At this epocha, Jacquelina had an interview with her benefactress, who presented her with a bunch of keys. There, said she, are the keys of your house, your closets, and your cupboards; return home, my good Jacquelina, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfast with you. Jacquelina, astonished at what she heard,

stammered a few words, and received the keys with a stupid air, thinking it impossible that she could have a house with cupboards and closets, or that a relation of the King's could come to breakfast with her.

The same day, Michael, his wife, and children, were reconducted to the wilderness, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement, when they saw, instead of their former rude hut, a well-built little house, situated in the midst of a large garden. The children ran and danced with joy, and Michael and Jacquelina kissed and wept over them.

They entered their habitation, and found it composed of two good rooms, with a pile of wood at the end, and a little kitchen, well furnished with household utensils; there was a chimney in the bedchamber, and for furniture they had two good beds with strong curtains, two wooden tables, four rush-bottomed chairs, two armed chairs, and a large press.

Jacquelina took her bunch of keys, opened her press, and there found two complete suits of clothes for her husband, and the same for herself and children; there were shifts, stockings, bonnets, and, moreover, sheets and towels, and a large quantity of flax to spin.

At last, her conductor opened the door of an

outhouse, in which were two milch cows, and informed her she was the owner of a small meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the house. Jacquelina thought herself in a dream. What, said she to her husband, are we richer than our dear good master Anselmo was? Why his cottage was but a stable when compared to this.—Our garden, too, is twice as large.—O Michael! we must never forget our hut; especially in the winter, when with our children we shall sit round our fire; for we ought always to thank God, as sincerely as we do at present.

Jacquelina could not close her eyes all night; she had a lamp upon the chimney-piece, and she passed the hours in contemplating, with admiration, her chamber and her goods, and praying God to bless her illustrious benefactress. At break of day she rose, and so did Michael, and the happy couple again went to visit their kitchen, their garden, their hen-roost, and their cowhouse. They afterwards dressed their children, put on their best clothes, and prepared breakfast; the table was spread with a napkin quite new, and furnished with two large pans of cream, brown bread, fresh butter, and a basket of nuts just gathered, after which they waited for their dear good lady, with equal anxiety and impatience.

At eleven o'clock, their eldest son, who stood sentinel at the wood side, quitted his post, and came running to announce the first sight of the landau: and scarcely had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard gate before the young Princess had alighted. They threw themselves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her husband, with a fa .ltering voice, said, look, my dearest lady look, he is quite well—he can run. Here, too, are our children, they will not complain of cold; and here is our house, where we shall be as happy in winter as in the summer.—This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you.

A deluge of tears interrupted her speech, while the charming and virtuous Princess wept in company, raised Jacquelina, took hold of her arm, and entered the house. You may well suppose the breakfast was thought excellent; that they walked afterwards in the garden, and that Michael and Jacquelina pointed out all their acquisitions and all their wealth.

The Princess departed at one o'clock, and soon arrived at Forges; where she learnt, with pleasure and emotion, that there is no condition, no class, in which the same generous and sublime sentiments may not be found, as those

by which she was so nobly distinguished. The masons, who had built the house in the wilderness, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, were desirous, as much as in them lay, of participating; they wrought day and night at the building, and, as soon as it was finished, unanimously refused to accept the money offered in payment. It was impossible to make them receive the least recompence; and there was no other way of rewarding but by immediately employing them, about other work, for which they were paid double the sum they asked.

THE MOUNTAIN NYMPHS.

NOTE BY THE COMPILER.

MADAME DE GENLIS, in an advertisement prefixed to the following tale, intimates that it was her wish to prove that Love was but an illusion, that promised happiness, which it could only trouble or destroy; and that, thinking the Allegories of Mythology might render these moral truths more striking, she sought for a subject in fabulous story, and found one which perfectly agreed with her plan. It is the following:—

"Daphnis, a young Sicilian shepherd, and son of Mercury, loved a nymph, with whom he obtained from heaven a decree, that whoever should first violate the conjugal vow should be struck blind. Daphnis forgot his oath, attached himself to another nymph, and was immediately deprived of sight."

But, having long known that fabulous history contained a multitude of incidents not common, and many interesting persons, heroines, nymphs, and even divinities, in the same predicament, she expected to present a new picture, which, in this kind of writing, is a merit seldom enough seen; and, for the better understanding of the mythological facts to which she alluded, she thought it necessary to place the following Dram tis Personæ at the head of her tale:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VENUS.

CUPID.

MERCURY. The son of Jupiter and Maia.

DRYAS. The daughter of Faunus, and Goddess of Shame and Modesty.

DAPHNIS. A Sicilian shepherd, the son of Mercury, and lover of Panrose.

PANROSE. One of the Oreades, Nymphs of the Mountains.

CYNISCA. The daughter of Archidamus. She obtained the first prize from the charioteers in the Olympic Games, on which she was decreed great honours.

The Scene lies, for the most part, in Sicily, and it has been chosen to place it on Mount Ætna, of which, it is supposed, Panrose was one of the Oreades.

NIGHT, gloomy and tranquil, reigned over the universe; the god of day, on the bosom of Thetis, forgot Olympus and mankind, and left his sister to enlighten the world. Already the happy Orion, victim of rash passion, shines in the heavens: he waits the moment when Diana, in her slow and measured course, shall make her approach. Already is seen the Nymph beloved of Jupiter, and her Son, the youthful Arcas;

the affectionate Andromeda is by her lover's side; the bright Star of Venus appears; all announce love.

The haughty Diana sighs at the sight; but, casting her eyes towards the delicious isle of Paphos, she there discovers a momentary consolation: her enemy, Love, bathed in tears, on his mother's knee. The bowers and brooks echo back his sobs and plaints; his anger is the anger of a capricious child; Venus in vain caresses and clasps him in her arms; he struggles and rebels, his grief increases, and his vexation becomes wrath.

Venus, irritated in her turn, puts him from her, and reproaches him for his frowardness. Unconquerable and cruel boy, said the goddess; mildness, gentleness, and indulgence make thee only more intractable and fierce.—But I guess too well the cause of this deep grief; thou, doubtless, canst not commit all the disorder, canst not scatter all the perplexity thou desirest. —To divide gods and men are thy sports and pleasures; never do thy perfidious tears flow, but from the inhuman regret of being unable to do all the mischief thou didst meditate.

Love, thus reproached, became more calm, and, with submissive and affectionate looks, approached his mother, whose arms were already

extended to receive him. Ungrateful boy, said she, I ought not to love thee; but who can retain anger, and behold the tears of love? Tell me thy sorrows, my heart will participate them.

Well then, replied Love, You know how much I have done for Daphnis, the beloved son of Mercury. Apollo himself, and the Muses scarce dare contend with him in song. The god of eloquence bestowed on him his own shining and sublime talents; but Daphnis owes to me alone the happy gift to captivate. Alas! useless is the gift. Daphnis, I own, sees every shepherdess of Sicily dispute with her companions the glory of pleasing him, and a thousand charming nymphs claiming his heart. But wherefore? One only has been able to allure and fix his vows, and over her my arrows have no power.

Among the light nymphs who inhabit the dread mountain, where, day and night, are heard the thundering clamours of Vulcan's forges, Panrose, the most beautiful of the mountain nymphs, and equal to the goddesses, is beloved of Daphnis, and yet preserves her freedom; in vain for her Daphnis languishes and consumes; the haughty nymph disdains his homage, refuses to listen to his songs, flies Daphnis, and despises ove. O my mother! ought I to submit to such nsults, to such excess of shame?

As he ended this bitter complaint, the god threw himself into the arms of Venus, and an inundation of tears overflowed his divine countenance, while his tender mother mingled her crystal drops with his.

Be comforted, my son, said she, tenderly; fear nothing. What! art thou not certain to seduce, if once thou canst be heard? Thou who canst take so many thousand different forms. Why hast thou offered thyself to the timid eyes of Panrose under a shape she fears? Thou art never so dangerous as when thou art disguised. How often hast thou thus deceived the immortals—nay, Jupiter himself? And shalt not thou find it much more easy to impose upon Dryas, and delude Panrose? Hide thy murdering arrows, thy bow and quiver, and more especially hide thy wings—and thy triumph is certain!

Love smiled, and joy brightened in his eyes; he kissed his mother, spurned the earth's bosom, and directed his rapid flight toward the fortunate brinks of the fountain of Arethusa.

Aloft as he wantoned in the air, Love cast his eyes over Sicily, and saw the Oreades dispersed over the summits of Ætna; Panrose was easily distinguished, and Love, for a moment, stopped his flight to contemplate the nymph. Thus did the terrible eagle, hovering above the

clouds, cast an eye of avidity on the innocent lamb ready to become his prey! And thus did the god of Paphos triumph, while he admired the open, ingenuous air, the grace and celestial beauty of Panrose!

The nymph called her companions, who all assembled at the sound of her voice; and the bright agile troop descended the mountain, turning their bounding footsteps towards the grotto of Dryas.

Love, following then the advice of Venus, changed his form, took the shape, the features, and the simplicity of the youthful Coronis, the cherished companion of Panrose; and, thus disguised, the audacious god penetrated the sacred grotto, the entrance to which had been to him, till that day, interdicted.

Here, in this peaceable place, this revered asylum of innocence and happiness, every thing offended the eyes of Love; the grotto, the work of a goddess, wore the aspect of an august temple; magnificent, yet rural. Columns of alabastar, adorned with garlands of laurel sustained the edifice; the walls were of Parian marble, dazzling bright, on which a divine hand had traced in bas-relief the stories of virtuous women, who had been an ornament to their sex, and an honour to their country.

The nymphs now disperse throughout the grotto, except Panrose. Love, inseparable from Panrose, still attends by her side, under the form of Coronis. Dryas gives the nymphs useful lessons: My dear Panrose, said she, beware of the snares of love; it is not when he shows, but when he hides himself, he is most to be feared! He triumphs only in delusion and deceit. He promises happiness; but he only can disturb it, or destroy.

Thus spoke Dryas: Panrose promised to follow her advice, and Love laughed.

The unsuspecting nymph, recollecting her companions, and leaning with security on the arm of the dangerous Coronis, quitted the grotto of Dryas. Scarcely had she quitted this august asylum before an uncommon sensation invaded her heart. Silent, and lost in thought, she followed the footsteps of Love, who led her far from her companions. The paths he chose were all strewed with flowers; but, while she wandered along this unknown road, Panrose sometimes beheld dreadful precipices and bottomless gulfs, that made her shrink and shudder with horror!

O Coronis! said she, at length, with a timid and trembling voice, whither dost thou lead me?

We are on Ætna, replied Love. Look at

yonder smoke which rises in dark clouds: we approach the summit. Fear nothing, charming nymph, for what have you to fear?

I know not, said Panrose; and yet never till now did I feel such emotions! Where are our companions? Come, let us seek them.

Panrose would have called her sister nymphs; but, spent and fatigued with the length and rapidity of her ascent, she had not the power.

She stopped, and sat down upon a green bank.——She could not conceive what passed in her soul.——In vain did she endeavour to drive the image of Daphnis from her imagination. Every song he had made on her, the melting sounds of his voice, and the youthful shepherd's lyre, were unceasingly echoing in her ear. Songs so sweet, so melodious, that never nymph durst hear, except as she fled.

Plunged in a profound revery, Panrose was silent; Love beheld her with malicious smiles, and at last addressed her thus:

O Panrose, how delightful are these scenes; what ideas do they retrace! Here it was that the lovely daughter of Ceres gathered flowers, and formed them into garlands of roses, when the redoubted sovereign of hell first presented himself to her view. Here did love melt the heart of this ferocious, inflexible, and cruel god.

But what sounds are these which assault our ears? It is the decline of day, and the shepherds, driving their flocks to the folds, singing sweetly their amorous ditties, while each approaches the hamlet where dwells the shepherdess he loves. O! what soft delights must they feel, if we may judge from their apparent joy. Hark! hear you not those charming concerts, those sounds of flutes and rural lyres, mingled with their melodious voices; the woods, the rocks, the valleys, all respire the name of Love——If this god were the author of so many pangs, were it true that he were such as Dryas has depicted him, would they celebrate him with such joyous transport?——But what is the matter Panrose?——You seem moved, agitated.

Do I not hear the voice of——Hark, Coronis!

What voice do you hear? replied Love smiling.

Of a shepherd, said Panrose, with a blush.

But what shepherd? reiterated Love.

O Coronis! said Panrose. Yesterday, my dear Coronis, I could mention him without fear or perplexity; but now——I know not wherefore——I dare not pronounce his name. O gods!——the voice approaches; fly, Coronis.

It is too late, cried Love.

Daphnis instantly appeared, sprang towards the lost Panrose, and fell at her feet. In vain did she endeavour to avoid him. Love detained; the nymph complained of the violence, but yielded to it.

She listened to the tender plaints of Daphnis, and a thousand times repeated, an affectionate friendship was all she ever could entertain for him, and that she should eternally be insensible to love. The shepherd, however, was content; and Panrose, as she parted from him, promised to return on the morrow.

No sooner did the morning dawn, than Panrose, full of disquietude, oppressed by melancholy forebodings, went to seek for, and open her heart to Dryas; the goddess sighed, and mourned for Panrose. Lovely nymph, said she, the deed is accomplished; Cupid has seduced your heart. Oh! may the dangerous son of Mercury, may Daphnis feel the worth of his victory, and may the torch of Hymen light you to happiness! But that god, prudent and peaceable, ill agrees with love; he requires lasting sentiments; those which love inspires are all fleeting. Receive, my dear Panrose, this pledge of tenderness from Dryas—this veil which my hands have woven; wear it always, never put

it off for a moment; it cannot fix love, but it will render you more beauteous in your husband's eyes.

Panrose, moved by her goodness, received, kneeling, the divine veil, which the charming goddess of modesty gave her, and threw it respectfully over her. The veil, fastened to her front, hid her flowing hair, and her elegant and majestic shape; but it gave her a new and more inviting grace; and, though it concealed in part her charms from the eye, it added to her beauty.

Panrose now fled her companions; their pure and simple joys increased her trouble; she sought solitude, and strayed mournfully along the mountain, till at last she arrived near the gulph of Scylla. She shrunk with terror, when she heard the shrieks of the wretched daughter of Phorcus.

O miserable nymph! cried she; to what horrid state art thou brought by love! Alas! from what fearful ills had indifference preserved thee; had thy heart never known love, we still should have seen thee sporting on the strand among the Nereides, and by thy beauty effacing all their charms.—Thy groans are echoed to the very bottom of my heart; never before did they make an impression so deep and sad.——Oh! fatal and terrible example!——Let me fly this place of horrors!

So saying, the nymph quickened her steps, and soon arrived on the banks of the revered lake, awful to the perjured, whose sacred brinks the faithless lover and the perfidious friend dare not approach; its shores are deserted and solitary; amiable innocence and virtue alone may stray along them without fear or danger. *

She rested at the foot of a willow, when, in an instant, Daphnis, guided by love, appears in sight. He approaches, and, on his knees, vows eternal constancy. Panrose, affected and troubled, knew the importance of vows pronounced on the borders of this lake; and, no longer able to doubt her lover's sincerity, was restrained by bashfulness alone from confessing her feelings.

Daphnis, desirous of knowing his destiny, pressed the nymph to pronounce——Speak, O Panrose, said he, speak; must Daphnis give up happiness and life, or do you deign to authorize his hopes?

Panrose made no reply, but her cheeks were dyed with a deep colour of the carnation; her eyes were down-cast, and, taking gently her veil, she threw it over her face. The happy Daphnis understood this answer.

O adorable nymph! cried he; O transporting

* The lake of the Palici.

avowal! It makes me the happiest of mortals! —Yes, Panrose, in this place, the witness of my felicity, will I raise an altar to modesty, and on that divine altar will I place the statue of love. ——O ye immortal and generous brothers! implacable enemies of perjury! ye terrible divinities, whom Sicily adores, hear my vows! By your pure and dreaded waves, I swear eternal fidelity to Panrose! and as, should I forfeit this sacred oath, I should be no longer worthy to look on Panrose and day. O mighty gods! that instant when I am false, snatch from me the light of heaven, and strike me blind!——This chastisement, more fearful than death, would yet be too slight a punishment for such a crime!

Soft tears of delight coursed each other down the beauteous cheeks of Panrose.——She rose, approached the borders of the lake, and, kneeling by the side of Daphnis, said——O immortal gods! by the same oaths which Daphnis has pronounced, let me stand bound!

Love, at this instant, quitting the form of Coronis, appeared to Panrose in his true shape; promised her pure and lasting happiness, and would himself preside at the nuptials which soon united the lovers.

Panrose was not long ere she regretted the

tranquillity she had lost; more affectionate than ever, she was not so happy. Daphnis always assured her of his love; his language was the same, but he had no longer that expressive manner which persuades. Panrose durst not complain; Daphnis thought her satisfied, and this was an additional wrong. The amiable nymph confided only to Dryas her secret sorrows; in her bosom she dropt the bitter tears, which the goddess herself advised her to hide from Daphnis.

And now the indiscreet messenger of the thunder bearer, Fame, swift and prompt, after trumpeting her tidings through Greece, directed her rapid flight towards Sicily, and alighted on the summit of Ætna.

There she published that new games were to be celebrated in Elis, and that the daughter of Archidamus, the beautiful and haughty Cynisca, was going thither to contend at the Olympic games, for the prize of the chariot courses, which the Greeks had lately instituted.

This news inspired Daphnis with a curiosity he could not surmount; and the timid Panrose had not the power to oppose a resolution which made her wretched. Daphnis departed, and left her overwhelmed with grief. In vain she sought to forget her sorrows, inquietude preyed

upon her, and gloomy jealousy devoured and withered her heart, till at last she determined to follow Daphnis.

Not daring to address Love, the author of the ill she endured, she invoked Jupiter: Sovereign of Man and Gods, said she, deign to transport me to Daphnis; and deign farther, to render me invisible to all eyes, as long as I shall desire to remain.

Her prayer was heard, and in the same instant she found herself in Elis, in the vast and brilliant arena of Olympus; the chariot races were going to begin. Panrose, invisible among a multitude of spectators, saw only Daphnis, and flew towards him. At first she felt nothing but joy, to find herself beside her beloved husband, but this momentary happiness cost her dear.

Suddenly was seen, proudly entering the lists, the warlike daughter of Archidamus. Her chariot was superb, in the form of a sea-shell, the golden rays of which dazzled all eyes; a purple robe, a sash embroidered with gold, and a diadem of pearls, formed her dress, at once simple and magnificent; her awful and majestic beauty attracted and fixed the attention.

In the midst of that vast circle, round which the chariots were to run, an altar was raised, on

which was placed a brazen eagle, with outspread wings; a hidden spring was touched, the eagle moved and clappep his wings, and at the same moment, the shrill trumpet gave the signal for starting. The chariot wheels whirled along the arena: the beauteous Cynisca led them all, animated, not terrified, by the clamorous sounds of the instruments, and the shouts and applauses of the spectators. In vain did the admiration of her abashed rivals degenerate into jealousy; in vain would they intimidate her by their cries; and, unable to overtake, seek at least to terrify and discourage her; but her serenity was not to be moved: insensible to the clamours of envy, she pursued her glorious course, and thought only of immortal laurels with which she should soon be crowned.

She arrived at length at the goal, leapt from her chariot, and embraced the ancient oak, the sacred tree, which terminated the career, and which, till that memorable day, the hand of woman never had touched. A thousand joyous shouts pierced the air, with the sound of voices and instruments, which celebrated her name.

New games now began; the prize of song was to be disputed, and Daphnis entered the lists. Panrose, always invisible, followed his steps; the nymph, agitated by mortal inquie-

tude, tremblingly saw Daphnis approach the beauteous, the dangerous Cynisca. She had but too well read the fickle heart of her husband, but she endeavoured to deceive herself, wished to doubt of her wretchedness, and feared to calumniate the man she loved, by giving way to jealousy.

Daphnis, however, took the lyre presented him, began to sing, and the first word he pronounced was the name of Cynisca. The distracted Panrose shuddered; Daphnis stood by her side to celebrate her rival; she heard the same passionate expressions which Daphnis formerly had used, when he complained of her cruelty. Alas! said she, thus it was he once sang Panrose.

The delighted Greeks applauded with transport, but Daphnis, insensible to fame, thought only of Cynisca. He obtained the prize, he received the myrtle crown, and, impetuously advancing towards Cynisca, laid the reed and the lyre at her feet.

At this fatal moment a thick veil shadowed his eyes, and robbed them of the sun-shine and day; he gave a shriek.——Avenging Gods! cried he——

The sound expired on his trembling lips: Panrose flew to catch him, and the faithless and

miserable Daphnis fainted in the arms of the nymph he had betrayed.

Mercury, affected at his son's destiny, enveloped him and Panrose in a cloud, caught them from the eyes of the astonished spectators, and thus transported them near Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, to the delicious Vale of Tempe.

Mercury gently laid his son on the flowery green sward, for Daphnis still remained entranced; Panrose, kneeling beside him, bathed his face with her tears. The nymph is no longer invisible, Mercury beholds her with astonishment, admires her beauty, and her still more touching grace.

O Love! said he, cruel Love! these are thy caprices: if thou, Panrose, couldst not fix the heart of Daphnis, what nymph shall dare depend on the fidelity of her lover?——My son is as guilty as unfortunate. Alas! I cannot revoke his fate, I cannot change his heart, I cannot even restore him to sight; he must expiate his crime; such is the sentence pronounced by the avenging Gods, by whom he is pursued. But for you, O charming nymph, it is not just that you should groan beneath galling chains, which an ungrateful lover has broken, and I will propose the means of restoring your tranquillity.

Not far from this valley, at the foot of Olympus, is the Fountain Argyra, the cold waters of which have the virtue of making lovers even lose the very remembrance of an unhappy passion; but it may not be approached, except by fortitude not to be shaken. Love himself guards and forbids the entrance, and does not show himself accompanied by sports and pleasures, full of innocence and charms, like as when he wishes to seduce; you will see him menacing, imperious, terrible! Jealousy will second his efforts; and amiable, but deceitful Hope, will hold out her arms, only to bear you from the happy path, which following would conduct you to the end of all your pains. But be not intimidated, these dreadful and seductive objects are but fantastic illusions, vain phantoms, which will retreat as you advance, and vanish like airy dreams, if you have the courage to pursue your route. I am not permitted to guide your steps towards this salutary fountain, I can only point out the road.

Ah! said Panrose, heaving a deep sigh, I certainly should have fortitude to undertake and end this fearful journey; but, O son of Jupiter, cast your eyes there; look at the dreadful state to which unpitying destiny has reduced your son; what must become of him, should I cease

to love him?—Yes, Daphnis, yes, dear and unfortunate husband, let me preserve feelings that distract my heart, but which, at least, shall soften the horror of thy situation.—Alas! the wretched Panrose only can console, by deceiving thee.—But, to preserve thee from despair, every thing becomes possible.——O Mercury, hear my prayer.—After the chariot race, the beauteous Cynisca was borne in triumph, and her voice was heard aloud, rendering thanks to Olympian Jove. Alas! I saw Daphnis was affected by her accents; O grant to me that voice that charmed him, that when he wakes from his lethargy of sense, Daphnis may still believe himself in company with her he loves; and that an adored hand dries his tears, and guides his steps.—My presence would now only be a cruel and insupportable reproach, and I would not have the barbarity to add to his woes, by seeming to succour them.—Let him attribute to my rival the tenderness he owes only to me.—Yes, let him—If I can only make him happy, I care not what I suffer.

Generous nymph, said Mercury, your wish is granted; henceforth you shall have the voice of the rival, who never can deserve to be preferred to you. But what torments will your lover's error make you undergo! O Panrose!

may you reap the fruits of love so pure, so faithful, so affectionate!

So saying, the God extended his arm, lightly touched Daphnis with his Caduceus, and again restored him to sense. He rose; his eyes were open, but impenetrable darkness was around, and the hills and valleys echoed with his mournful cries. Console yourself, my son, said Mercury.—Love, the cause of your affliction, affords you a rich amends.

Thus having said, the God spurned the earth, sprang above the clouds, and disappeared from the eyes of Panrose.

Daphnis, thinking himself alone, abandoned, vented his despair in the most affecting complaints. The listening Panrose shed a flood of tears: a word from her would calm his grief, yet could she not resolve to break silence, so mortally did she fear the transports with which the sound of her voice would inspire Daphnis; his grief made her wretched, and his joy would rend her very heart.

Pity at length however banished jealousy. Daphnis, said she, you are not forsaken. Love the most affectionate watches over and guards you from harm.

Gods! interrupted Daphnis, what do I hear? —Is it not an illusion?—Is it, can it be the

voice of Cynisca?—You are silent—O speak, whoever you are, speak, let me hear the harmonious raptures of that voice—You answer not! Alas! I am deceived.

No, Daphnis, replied the wretched Panrose, here is one who will never forsake you.

It is she, cried the extatic Daphnis, it is Cynisca.—Oh! thou whom I adore, divine Cynisca, thou alone canst change my destiny; deprived as I am of heaven's light, thou alone canst make me live.—Yet imagine the horror of my situation—I am with thee, yet cannot behold thee. —But thou lovest me; I hear thy voice, and ought to bless my fate.——Where art thou Cynisca? Deign to let me touch thee; suffer me to prostrate myself at thy feet.—O Gods! dost thou give me thy hand? Do I press it to my heart? Do I water with my tears that beloved, that charitable hand, that guides an unhappy wretch deprived of light?—Why dost thou sigh, Cynisca?—Ah! weep not for me; I never was happy till this moment.

Daphnis, said Panrose, I confess there is a secret inquietude which troubles and torments me.—I dare not rely upon thy faith; another nymph, once beloved by thee—

No, hastily interrupted Daphnis, no, I loved her not; I knew not love till I knew thee: be

certain I did not, charming Cynisca.——Oh! weep not thus—

Alas! said Panrose, I weep for that unfortunate nymph; and surely, Daphnis, thou oughtest to weep for her too.

She will be ever dear to me, replied Daphnis, sighing; but in breaking the ties by which we were united, I restore her liberty, and a new passion may console her.

What hast thou dared imagine, cried Panrose; no, never—Ah, cruel man! couldst thou think it possible to forgive thee?

Adored Cynisca! replied Daphnis; what gratitude does this generosity inspire! But judge not the heart of Panrose by thy own; compare not thy affection to any, but what thou thyself canst create.

Thus could not Daphnis say a word which was not to the feelings of Panrose, like the harrow to the bosom of the earth.

No sooner had night spread her black veil than the invisible arm of Jupiter transported the sleeping Daphnis and Panrose to the foot of Ætna. The shepherd, when he awaked, imagined himself still near Mount Olympus; and the nymph, in pity, encouraged the mistake.

Panrose, faithful to the duty she had imposed on herself, served every day as a guide to the

dark Daphnis, from the rising to the setting sun; but she led him only to those places, which all retraced the memory of former bliss: sometimes the shepherd seated himself at the foot of a tree on which his once raptured hand had deep engraved the name of Panrose; sometimes he reposed in the bower where the nymph first heard his vows; yet did the faithless shepherd never speak but of the daughter of Archidamus. In the arms of Panrose he vowed eternal fidelity to Cynisca.

A thousand times did the wretched nymph think to betray her secret, and a thousand times was she restrained by the fearful apprehension of seeing Daphnis in despair; she was secretly determined sometimes to let him know it, but she felt how much she should gain by deferring it; how much stronger the gratitude of Daphnis should be: and this idea animated and sustained her fortitude. At length, after suffering with much constancy, she suddenly took the resolution to reveal her secret.

She went to the banks of the lake of the Palicii, approached the green altar, which Daphnis formerly there had reared, and, kneeling to the statue of Love, invoked that cruel God, the author of all her sufferings.—O Love! said she, deign to dry up the source of my tears

by restoring me the heart of Daphnis; deign once more to appear in my behalf; behold it is fidelity that implores thee, answer to its soft but steady voice which now calls.

Love heard, and appeared on a fleeting cloud, which resting over the altar, he thus answered the weeping nymph:—

Oh, thou, who art the glory and ornament of my empire! O Panrose! wherefore cannot I grant thy prayer! But though I can render lovers faithless, I cannot again light up a flame which is once extinct; yet, if Love had the power to perform this miracle, it ought to be for Panrose. Yes, generous nymph, I wish it, but dare not promise.—Go, seek thy lover. Jove gives thee power to restore him to sight the moment thou wishest it. Day again shall appear to Daphnis.

Love ended, and, plunging into the cloud on which he rode, disappeared from the eyes of Panrose.—What! cried the transported nymph, shall Daphnis again look upon the sun; shall he owe that unexpected happiness to me; and shall he, the same moment, learn all I have done for him? Can I any longer doubt? No, dearest Daphnis, that would be to wrong thee unpardonably; I shall regain all my power over thy heart, and should be unworthy Love and

thee, did I hesitate a moment to be thus assured.

She said, and instantly found Daphnis; with a trembling hand she seized the hand of her lover; she led, or rather hastily dragged, him to the banks of the lake Palicii, to the statue of Love; then breaking silence, said—Daphnis, behold the light, and know the hand by which thou hast ever been guided.

The blood froze in the veins of Daphnis; Panrose again had assumed her own voice, and that voice so mild, so sweet, and so tender, spoke like thunder to the guilty soul of Daphnis; the film vanished from his eyes, and he sunk, with still deeper terror, when he beheld the awful lake of the Palicii.—At the sight of Panrose, astonishment and confusion rose reddening in his countenance; then instantly assumed a deadly pale, which spoke but too plainly the fearful perplexity that overcame him, and the cruel remorse that gnawed his heart. Thus motionless he remained, with moist and downcast eyes.

O Daphnis! said Panrose, quit this perplexity; it offends my love; when I brought you on these awful banks, I wished not to retrace the memory of those holy and sacred ties by which we are united.—Think not I ask new oaths; I am

henceforth certain of thy heart, and should regard a promise, which now would be useless to my tranquillity, as an insult which would but debase us both. I find in my own love all the confidence which my husband can desire for the security of my affection as well as his.

So saying, Panrose approached Daphnis, and held out her arms.—The shepherd raised his eyes to heaven, with the utmost expression of grief; a deluge of tears overflowed his face, and a mournful silence, for a moment, impeded speech. At length, kneeling to Panrose, he cried —No, never will I have the baseness to take advantage of your generosity, only to deceive you. Oh! virtuous deliverer of the unfortunate Daphnis, know my fate, and know your own. To you I consecrate my life; a thousand times, were it possible, would I devote it to your safety and peace; every thing that gratitude and admiration can inspire, I feel!—But—

Daphnis stopt.

Proceed, barbarian, exclaimed Panrose; proceed, finish; tear the heart from this poor bosom; tell me thou canst not love.

Daphnis made no reply.

Is it possible, cried the nymph.—What, canst thou still prefer Cynisca to Panrose?

Hold, cried Daphnis, overwhelm not one who already but too much cause of complaint

What I now feel for Cynisca, is but what I felt for thee before the date of my misfortunes; but the feelings thou now inspirest, though less passionate, are, however, more profound, and will endure as long as life. Cynisca, in spite of myself, lives in my imagination, but thou wilt reign for ever over my heart.

Panrose listened, grew pale, and shivered; the icy blood crept along her veins, and froze her heart, which hope abandoned now beyond return.

What do I hear! said she; what new day breaks upon my mind, and dissipates former vain illusions!—Have I then hitherto made felicity depend on a blind and irrational sensation, which imagination only can produce, which suffers destruction without a cause, and which the best founded gratitude cannot restore? —Daphnis, let us for ever abjure these fatal errors, and let a tender friendship console and reward us for all the fearful ills we have suffered. Come, follow me! Let us break the statue of Love, aud on the ruins of his overthrown altar, we may, without fear of perjury, vow a mild and uniform affection, which shall descend with us to the tomb.

FINIS.

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