BARON DE FLEMING,

THE SON;

OR

THE RAGE OF SYSTEMS.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

Barbarous Prejudice with yoke of iron
Weighs down thy reason, warps thy honest soul,
And turns thy actions counter to thy will.

MILLER.

VOL. II.

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BARON DE FLEMING,

THE SON.

CHAP. I.

CONRAD, ſon of the village ſchool-maſter, loved Roſina, the daughter of Herman. Their mutual affection had grown up with them from the cradle. They were always together in the fields, in the woods, wherever they rambled. They had always ſomething to ſay which no other perſon muſt

hear; ſome little gift to make one to the other, which no perſon muſt ſee; and, now and then, ſome quarrellings to make up, in which no one muſt interfere, and which always terminated exceedingly well in a *tête-à-tête.*

Roſina could find no water in the neighbourhood equal to that of Conrad's well, and he always knew the hour when ſhe came to draw water. He aſſiſted her in drawing up the bucket, and Roſina ſtaid as long when ſhe went for the water, as if the ſimple machinery had been ever out of order.

In this happy intercourſe, they had attained the age of twenty, and only loved each other the more, for having loved ſo long. Their parents all this time obſerved their mutual paſſion with pleaſure. Conrad's father, who, up to this period, had never partaken of the animoſity of the proſcribed

claſs

claſs (although we have ſeen how cruelly he had been diſtinguiſhed as one of that deſpiſed claſs by the Baron), oppoſed no obſtacle to the union of the happy lovers; when ſuddenly it was reported (whether it ſtood on good authority, or not, it was merely one of the idle or malicious rumours that now daily filled the village), that his office of ſchoolmaſter was to be taken from him, and given to Herman.

This laſt inſtance of the Baron's injuſtice inſtantly deprived the ſchoolmaſter of all his moderation, and his reſentment naturally fell on every member of his adverſary's family.

Roſina having come to the well, he forbade her to draw water; and in a manner very unlike his uſual gentleneſs, charged her never to come again to that well. The poor girl, ſeeing all her innocent pleaſures in

a moment deſtroyed, returned home, ſhedding abundance of tears by the way. How much was her affliction increaſed when her father, enraged at this affront put upon his family, peremptorily forbade her ever to ſee Conrad more!

Roſina, conſcious that her father had not only tolerated, but had foſtered her paſſion from her earlieſt years, ſecretly vowed not to regard the prohibition. What young girl in her ſituation, would have done otherwiſe?

No ſooner was Roſina at liberty, than ſhe ran to the great cheſnut-tree in the midſt of the village, where ſhe knew Conrad would be; and beneath its ſhade Roſina and Conrad again promiſed each other eternal fidelity. All their projects thenceforth tended to make their union ſure. They reſolved to withdraw from paternal tyranny, to be each other's in the beſt way that could be,

be, but by ſome means or other to be ſo. Flight ſeemed their only reſource.

"I will be a ſoldier," ſaid Conrad.

"And I will follow you," ſaid Roſina.

And Love gave to one the prudence neceſſary to temper his projects, and to the other courage to aſſociate herſelf with his fortunes, be they what they might.

Conrad had received his father's orders to think no more of Roſina; but although he had ever been an obedient ſon, the ſchoolmaſter heard him with ſurpriſe ſteadily reſiſt this command.

"My duty to you," ſaid he, "is ſacred, while it is conſiſtent with other ſacred duties. The engagements I made with Roſina were hallowed by your conſent. Are they to be diſregarded, becauſe diſcord has unhappily riſen between the families? The happineſs of Roſina's life now depends on

my courage. I have made a thouſand vows to her. Can I break them, and look any of my fellow-peaſants in the face, and ſay I am an honeſt man? Have pity on me, father! Do not, by oppoſing our marriage, drive me to ſome extremity, for which you muſt ever afterwards reproach yourſelf."

Tears ſtole down his cheeks as he uttered theſe laſt words, which ſo ſenſibly affected his mother, that while the old ſchoolmaſter heſitated between his pride and his tenderneſs, and was utterly ſilent, ſhe threw her arms round Conrad's neck, and ſaid—

"My ſon, you ſhall have your Roſina! Your mother gives her word."

Without delay, ſhe haſtened to Herman, and deſcribed the ſituation of the lovers. She diſplayed with ſuch affecting eloquence, the evils that would follow from any farther

oppoſition

oppoſition to their union, that Herman yielded, and promiſed, himſelf, to go forthwith to the Baron, to obtain his conſent to the marriage. It was known that this match was one of thoſe that the Baron called a misalliance; and Herman being greatly in his Lord's favour, it was agreed that he was the propereſt perſon to endeavour to alter his determination.

Reconciled to himſelf for having yielded to Conrad's mother, and flattered with the opinion of his influence with the Baron, he took his way to the Caſtle. De Fleming ſaw him as he approached; and his quick jealouſy on the ſubject of his ſyſtem, together with a report of the love of Conrad and Roſina, which had lately reached him, inſtantly gave him a ſuſpicion of the object of this viſit. He did not

give the father of Roſina time to make his requeſt, but exclaimed—

"My worthy Herman, you loſe your labour; and if you would preſerve the ſmalleſt part of my favour, never propoſe to me any one inſtance, whatever it may be, of a miſalliance."

"My Lord," ſaid Herman, "Conrad———"

"Rather would I ſee your daughter married to the devil!"

"My Lord!" replied Herman, making the ſign of the croſs, "Conrad is a Chriſtian."

"Yes, Herman, he was baptized; but he has the form and features of a Pagan; and I ſwear, if he enters into your family, I revoke the privileges I have granted you."

It was in vain that all the friends of both parties

parties were employed to move the Baron to pity: he was deaf even to the entreaties of the Paſtor and Williams. At every application De Fleming only ſeemed to grow more and more obſtinate in his refuſal. M. de Bruce alſo in vain eſſayed his influence; but though the Colonel could not ſhake the Baron's reſolution in this inſtance, he thought the occaſion at leaſt favourable to diſplay the groſs folly of his ſyſtem.

"A real difference of organization," he ſaid, "in theſe two lovers, would have prevented a paſſion ſo firm and elevated, from being mutual. How could the Celtic Roſina conceive a real paſſion for a being of ſo vile a ſpecies as Conrad?"

"There," replied the Baron, "is the miſtake. The paſſion of Roſina is not real. It is an illuſion; the mere ſport of imagi-

nation. This paſſion is not genuine, and could not be laſting."

The Baron, hurried into the midſt of his ſyſtem, continued to queſtion the reality of Roſina's love, when a ſervant entered, and announced Conrad.

"You will ſee," ſaid De Fleming, "the deformity of his expreſſion, and his ignoble demeanour."

The young man having entered the apartment, the Baron, without giving him time to ſay a word, aſſumed an air that might have intimidated the boldeſt of his peaſants in any other cauſe than that of an irreſiſtible love.

"I am told, young man," ſaid the Baron, haughtily, "that you pretend to the hand of Roſina; but I peremptorily forbid the marriage."

Conrad

Conrad was advancing; but at these words, he stood still, and replied, with equal modesty and firmness—

"My Lord, I do wish to marry Rosina; and I beseech your Lordship to grant your consent."

"I have already answered you."

"My Lord, I do not perceive that we need any other consent than that of our parents."

Conrad paused.

"Go on," said the Baron, secretly touched by the young man's courage.

"Love and virtue have united us so long, that I feel, and Rosina feels the same, that death only can now separate us. My Lord, I cannot think that God has put into your hands the ruin of a young couple, who have no happiness to look for on earth, but in a union with each other."

" My friend," ſaid the Baron, conſiderably moved, " let us treat this affair in another manner. Let us make a friendly bargain. What ſhall I give you to renounce Roſina? A good farm for example, and another companion—perhaps, too, as handſome as Roſina."

" My Lord," exclaimed Conrad, with a vehemence that ſpread a lively colour over his whole face, " ſhould I merit the love of Roſina, if I were capable of renouncing her? Should I be worthy of any woman, if I took your protection in exchange for a wife, to whom I have pledged myſelf? And, my Lord, what have you to give, that could make me happy after the loſs of Roſina?—No, my Lord, ſooner———'

" Do you threaten," ſaid De Fleming, diſconcerted at perceiving the triumph this unexpected conduct gave to M. de Bruce;

" do

" do you come here to threaten me, young man ?"

" My Lord, I commit no crime, and conſequently I neither fear nor threaten."

" You pay no regard then to my refuſal?" ſaid the Baron, bluſhing with a ſenſe of degradation. " Once more, I peremptorily prohibit your marriage !"

" It belongs not," ſaid Conrad, calmly, " to your power, my Lord. As long as Roſina loves me, and I have hands to earn her bread, a Monarch ſhall not ſeparate us ! The earth withholds not its food from him who can cultivate it ; and Roſina will find content and happineſs with me."

" I prohibit your marriage !" the Baron repeated, with increaſed haughtineſs ; and Conrad withdrew, his countenance remaining tranquil : and concentrated in his heart,

was

was the moſt unalterable reſolution to marry Roſina.

As he left the room, he ſaid loud enough to be heard—

"Man is a free being."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what have you to object to this young peaſant? His conduct is as noble as if he had been born of a race of heroes. His generous heart even your injuſtice could not move from its center."

"He is an inſolent fellow," cried De Fleming. "This conduct is not courage, but impudence. Did you obſerve his eyes, his hair, his features?"

"Yes, his eye is equally expreſſive of tenderneſs and firmneſs. His countenance is animated; and if you will reform the human race by coupling the worthy together, let Conrad take Roſina."

"I am

"I am not perſuaded," cried De Fleming, "that Roſina loves this peaſant. 'Tis rather his aſſurance which vaunts of it."

"Ah!" cried the Colonel, "we come now to a point that can at once be reduced to certainty. Send for the girl."

A meſſenger was inſtantly diſpatched for Roſina. Being arrived, ſhe employed all that love could ſuggeſt, and modeſty permit, to alter the Baron's reſolution. Her beauty, her tears, her diſtreſs, ſeemed calculated to conquer; but every ſentence ſhe uttered, ſerved only to irritate the Baron. He interrupted her frequently to ſay—

"It is not poſſible that you can ſincerely love a man with ſuch unhappy features as thoſe of Conrad!"

"Roſina, in the ſimplicity of her feelings, made as eloquent an eulogy as ever

came

came from the heart, both on the features and the virtues of her lover.

Inſenſibly the rigour of the maſter began to yield to the inſtances of the love of the pleader; and it is probable that he would have given his conſent to the marriage, had it not been for the blunder of the good Colonel, who, ſeeing that he heſitated, could not forbear making the following reflection—

"My dear friend, you will ſee that this marriage will be one more proof of the errors of your ſyſtem."

"Do you think, then," ſaid De Fleming, "that the tears of a fooliſh and miſtaken girl will overthrow the edifice of wiſdom, erected on the moſt indeſtructible foundation?"

While he uttered theſe words, his riſing ſentiments

ſentiments of compaſſion gradually faded away; and, turning to Roſina, he ſaid, though with all the gentleneſs he could aſſume—

"My dear child, I pity your diſtreſs, but I cannot conſent to your committing this folly."

Roſina was on her knees while he pronounced this ſentence. She haſtily quitted her ſuppliant attitude, dried up her tears, and looking at the Baron with inexpreſſible horror, ſaid—

"Well, my Lord, ſince nothing———"

She could not finiſh the ſentence, but ruſhed out of the apartment in a tranſport of deſpair.

M. de Bruce was extremely affected by this ſcene, and earneſtly endeavoured to reclaim the Baron from the pernicious wanderings of his imagination. The generous

conduct

conduct of Conrad, and the tears of Rosina weighed heavily indeed upon the Baron's heart; but, persuaded that the entire ruin of the plan in which his whole soul was engaged, would be the consequence if he yielded, he still maintained his system, although he frequently exclaimed—

"Oh God! must I then appear cruel, whilst I am labouring to produce the real happiness of mankind? Am I then compelled to disturb the peace of my vassals, whilst my only object is the permanent peace of themselves and their posterity? Can I never accomplish my just designs, but by counteracting the gentlest emotions of my heart?"

He sent for the aged Herman, and reasoned with him on the necessity of subduing the temporary repugnance of his daughter to his will. Herman replied—

"Alas!

"Alas! my Lord, ſhe will leave her home and friends! I ſhall loſe my child; I ſee her intention, but how is it in my power to prevent it?"

In truth, the ſame night the lovers met under the great cheſnut-tree; and Roſina, throwing herſelf into the arms of Conrad, exclaimed—

"To what are we reduced! What, my dear Conrad, is to become of us?"

"Do not weep thus, my beloved Roſina," ſaid her lover, preſſing her to his heart. "Look upon the heavens; they appear favourable to us. Providence will guide our ſteps. Do you ſee that ſtar which leaves its ſtation in the firmament, to fall near you? It is a happy omen. Let us then depart with courage."

Roſina regarded the falling ſtar as a token of the favour of Heaven. It was ſufficient

to reſtore her drooping courage. A ſenſible and feeling heart is alarmed or fortified by every emotion of ſuperſtition; and Roſina cheerfully followed her lover in the new path he was about to explore.

Early the next morning, the news of their flight was known to the whole village. The parents of Conrad and Roſina, who had expected they would make the attempt, had not ſuppoſed they would be ſo prompt in their enterpriſe, and had taken no precaution to prevent it. Herman and his family endured the moſt poignant diſtreſs; and the father of Conrad, deprived of his only ſtay, was ſeized with a violent grief, which inſtantly poiſoned the ſources of his life. He fell into a burning fever; a delirium ſucceeded, and he ſaw his Conrad, his darling ſon, expoſed to a thouſand miſeries, and dying of want.

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The Baron was ſoon informed of the various and exceſſive miſery of which he was the ſole cauſe; and if his heart is by this time perfectly underſtood, it may well be imagined how greatly it was agitated by theſe unhappy circumſtances. He haſtened to the chamber of the ſchoolmaſter, offered him boundleſs ſuccours, and laviſhed fruitleſs conſolations on him.

"Alas!" ſaid the poor old man, "what can you give to a father who has loſt his only ſon!"

"I will reſtore him to you," cried De Fleming. And he inſtantly diſpatched his ſervants in every direction to overtake the fugitives.

Conrad had at firſt taken obſcure roads, and afterwards quitted every path; and after ſome progreſs, had concealed himſelf and his

his faithful Rosina in the thick covert of a wood.

The schoolmaster's malady increased every day; and De Fleming, who seldom quitted his bed, at length saw him expire.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

TIME, the great conſoler of all human ſorrows, gradually applied its healing balm to that of De Fleming. From the grief into which he was plunged by theſe diſaſters, he returned, with a more frantic zeal than ever, to his projects of reform. He diſtributed his benefactions with ſo much profuſion to his favourites, and granted them ſo ſparingly, and with ſo marked a repugnance, to the unfortunate and proſcribed claſs, that the

the former received the moſt important obligations as a debt, and without gratitude, while the latter loſt all ſenſe of benefit in the humiliating diſdain with which it was granted.

A long uninterrupted experience marked out to the villagers the exterior ſigns which gained the good-will of their Lord. It was eaſy to perceive that the objects of his preference had generally the ſame features and appearance of perſon; and this fact once eſtabliſhed, the conſequences were eaſy to be foreſeen. The favoured claſs conceived a ſincere opinion of their real ſuperiority, which gained ſtrength every inſtant; and incited them to treat their unhappy brethren with airs of inſolent conſequence, which ſtill further increaſed the diſorderly manners of the village.

The

The Paſtor was extremely afflicted to ſee the ſpirit of diſcord rage throughout the whole of his congregation. Every Sunday he enforced, with all his power, that brotherly love which forms the charm and the bond of ſociety; and he often ſaw his flock diſputing, and ſometimes fighting over the graves of their deceaſed comrades. How vain all his efforts would be to reſtore peace, became every day more and more evident; and he reſolved to mount to the ſource of the evil. He could no longer diſguiſe to himſelf that De Fleming was the ſole cauſe of this unhappy ſpirit of diſſenſion; and he proceeded to the Caſtle, where he reaſoned with the Baron with all that frankneſs, that zeal and courage which became his important truſt.

De Fleming promiſed, and promiſed ſincerely to employ the whole extent of his power

to remedy the diſorders which had unfortunately crept into the village; but to renounce his opinions—opinions which he thought allied to the integrity and purity of his heart, was not only above his ſtrength, but appeared to him to be diſgraceful. He even undertook to convince the Paſtor of the infallibility of his doctrine, carefully developing his principles, and tracing their happy conſequences on poſterity; declaring that no one ought more readily to acknowledge and comprehend them than the Paſtor, combining, as he did in himſelf, all the characters of the moſt diſtinguiſhed race. He then diſmiſſed the Paſtor for that time, with a written diſcourſe on the ſubject, and various drawings of Celts and Sclavi, and one or two ſculls.

The Paſtor having candidly ſtudied all theſe, according to a promiſe he had made

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the Baron, returned to the Caſtle, and demanded an audience.

" My Lord," ſaid he, " if I could agree that your ſyſtem is founded on the moſt infallible proof, it would nevertheleſs be one of thoſe misfortunes which ought for ever to be concealed from the knowledge of the world. Judge yourſelf of the truth of this obſervation, by the unhappy conſequences which have followed, on the imperfect traces of your ſcheme in this village. Is it poſſible, my Lord, that you do not ſee that the ſuperiority arrogated by the privileged claſs, and the ſufferings of the proſcribed, are ſufficient, without the intervention of any of the common cauſes of diſcord among men, to engender perpetual quarrels ?"

" On the contrary, I think, my friend," ſaid the Baron, " that the former claſs, when

duly enlightened, would be the protectors and friends of their unhappy brethren of the ſervile claſs; and that compaſſion on the one hand, and gratitude on the other, muſt form an indiſſoluble bond of union between the two parties."

"Experience, my Lord, judges more ſafely. Perverſeneſs, pride, and ſelf-love, aiding themſelves with your principles, will exerciſe their empire with leſs reſtraint. If, while I preach the love of our neighbour, grounded on a univerſal fraternity among men, and a primitive equality, you think proper, my Lord, to deſtroy this foundation by your ſyſtem, how will you expect any fruits from my labour? Can we love what we deſpiſe, and can we ſincerely adminiſter to the well-being of what we are not only permitted, but taught to hate?"

"It is to nature," ſaid the Baron, "and not to me, that you ſhould appeal for the conſequences

conſequences of the laws which ſhe has eſtabliſhed."

This ſaid, he retired within the ſtrong hold of his ſyſtem, and maintained a contemptuous ſilence. It was in vain the Paſtor exerciſed his influence, and diſplayed his eloquence; the Baron betrayed the more obſtinacy in proportion as he thought his ſyſtem calculated for the benefit of poſterity.

It would be difficult to trace all the unhappy or ludicrous events which ſucceeded in the village. He imagined, for example, that the cuſtom of crowning a bride, far from being a homage rendered to chaſtity, had taken its riſe among a licentious people; and that therefore a true Celt ought to bluſh to wear this equivocal ſign of her honour. It was in vain that he wiſhed his vaſſals to renounce this emblematical ornament, which

to them was of ineſtimable value. The young women were frantic with rage; the men naturally took their part; families contended for their children; anguiſh and deſpair ſpread through the village, and the commotion was univerſal. The Baron's pride was offended when he ſaw that he could not prevail by the kindeſt attempts at perſuaſion; and he reſolved to enforce his power by an act of authority. But while he waited for the firſt occaſion, a new accident turned his attention for a moment to another quarter.

A recruiting officer having arrived in the village, was entertained, as is uſual, at the Caſtle. One day, De Fleming aſked him, at dinner, which among his vaſſals he had enliſted; and hearing the names of ſome that were of a dark complexion, and one only that was fair, he expreſſed ſo much

contempt

contempt for the former, that the officer thought he had enlisted some of the refuse of the village.

"I do not mean to say that," replied the Baron. "I have nothing particular to alledge against those men; and if strength and stature make good soldiers, you have sufficient reason to be content: but if you look for the generous qualities of the warrior—fidelity, valour, and a love of one's country, it is not among the descendants of the Sclavi that you will find them."

The officer was totally ignorant of what was meant by one of the Sclavi, and could little comprehend why a brown, strong, athletic, and vigorous young man might not have the same moral qualities as one that was fair. De Fleming was obliged to inform him of the reasons of this difference

before he could proceed with his argument; and we have ſeen that he was not unwilling to enter into ſuch diſcuſſions. Having, therefore, explained the different origin of men, he deſcribed, with ſuch vehement eloquence, the irreſiſtible ſuperiority of an army compoſed only of men with blue eyes, aquiline noſes, and light hair, that the young officer, partaking of his enthuſiaſm, declared that he would thenceforth enliſt none but Celts.

"Till now," ſaid he, "I never thought of any thing but the number of feet and inches in a man's height; but, in future, I ſhall look for the other marks you have pointed out to me."

He had no ſooner finiſhed thoſe words, than the only fair man whom he had enrolled, was introduced, and, diſſolving into

tears,

tears, beſought, in the moſt moving accents, the interceſſion of the Baron, to free him from his engagement.

The indignation of the Baron may be imagined, at ſeeing a Celt, one of the moſt favoured of his privileged claſs, betray ſuch unequivocal proofs of cowardice, and ſo inopportunely contradicting his whole ſyſtem. Concealing, however, his diſappointment, he ſought, by various means, to rekindle the ſpark of honour in the breaſt of this young man, but in vain; and all that the recruit could underſtand from this extraordinary ſcene, was, that the Baron deſtined his favourites to a military life, and pointed them out to the recruiting ſervice as the proper objects of their choice.

Furious at this diſcovery, the young man impatiently haſtened from the Caſtle, to

communicate theſe tidings to his companions in misfortune. The news ſpread like lightning through the village; and conſternation and rage filled the boſom of every member belonging to the families of the privileged claſs. They aſſembled together, they conſulted with each other, they aggravated each other's fears and indignation, and at length repaired tumultuouſly in a body to the Caſtle, alternately employing ſolicitation and reproaches, to turn the Baron from his purpoſe.

De Fleming argued with the good people, as he had done with the young recruit, upon honour and glory; but his eloquence was vain: it was utterly uſeleſs for him to repreſent that to the old men as an honourable diſtinction for their ſons, which their paternal hearts felt as the moſt cruel of injuries.

The

The Baron could not refrain from ſecretly participating in the affliction of theſe deſolated fathers; but as it was one of his principles, rather to inflict pain than to deviate from his ſyſtem, he ſtill refuſed his interceſſion for the young ſoldier, or to protect his favoured claſs of Celts from the ſervice.

The vaſſals retired to vent in their own cottages their hatred and indignation. The privileged claſs now, equally with the proſcribed, murmured againſt their Lord; and while cabals were daily forming againſt him in the village, and the ſtorm gathering from all quarters, the Baron, with entire complacency, was felicitating himſelf on his reforms, and on ſome indications of ſuperiority he had diſcovered among his elected claſs, which in fact exiſted, having their ſources in his generous benefactions. To their organization, however, he attributed

every thing, and pointed out theſe improvements to his friends with an increaſe of ſatisfaction.

" Only obſerve," ſaid he, " the houſes belonging to the Celts; they are better built, lighter, and better furniſhed than thoſe of the Sclavi. It is natural to the Celt to love light, cleanlineſs, and good order:—the Sclavi live in darkneſs; all their habits are diſguſting. The ſuperior organization of the former is conſtantly to be diſtinguiſhed."

" Your ſyſtem is horrible," ſaid the good Colonel; " it makes man a mere machine. I ſhould kill myſelf if I had the misfortune to think as you do; but happily I feel myſelf to be a free agent, capable of chuſing between vice and virtue: and I chuſe the latter. Your principles, my dear friend, overthrow reaſon, and annihilate morality."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

SHORTLY afterwards, the intended marriage of a young couple furniſhed an occaſion to the Baron, which he had greatly deſired, of exerting his power againſt the innocent cuſtom of the bridal crown. But as ſincerely as it was abhorred by De Fleming, and as peremptory as was his reſolution to ſee it aboliſhed, equally were the peaſants attached to it from long uſage, and determined to maintain their ancient right.

The Baron, in his uſual courſe, firſt argued againſt the cuſtom. Unable to convince

vince his vaſſals by his reaſonings, he had then recourſe to alternate perſuaſions and threats; but they were neither to be won by his promiſed favours, nor deterred by his indignation; and at length completely irritated by the ſtedfaſtneſs of their oppoſition to his will, he forbade the prieſt to unite the youthful lovers, and commanded the Church-doors to be ſhut againſt them.

The raſhneſs and violence of this meaſure produced a great tumult. The people flocked in crowds to the Church, reſolving to force an entrance; but the good Williams, who had been vainly labouring to prevent the Baron from imbittering the ſpirits of his vaſſals, now followed them to ſtem the torrent of their indignation, and ſucceeded in calming their fury. He had an influence over the hearts of the

the vaſſals, which he could not obtain over the ſyſtematic obſtinacy of their Lord.

One among the multitude, who had more prudence, and leſs paſſion than the reſt, ſuggeſted an idea which was eagerly adopted by his fellows.

" Let us," ſaid he, " beware that in committing haſty and violent acts, we are not accuſed of inſurrection. There are ſurer means of redreſſing our grievances, than in battering down Church-doors. Let us carry our complaints of the vexations we have endured from our Lord, to the Tribunal. We will ourſelves accuſe the Baron, and we ſhall obtain juſtice."— To this propoſal there was not a diſſenting voice. A memorial was immediately drawn up, ſigned, and preſented to the Tribunal, with the unanimous conſent of all the vaſſals.

There

There was ſomething ſo ſingular, and even whimſical in the complaints thus formally preferred againſt their Lord, by the inhabitants of Zeringue, that at firſt ſcarcely any credit was given to them. An important fact, however, of public notoriety, was evidence againſt him, and ſtrongly corroborated the juſtice of the accuſations. Whatever were the motives on which he had acted, it was a plain caſe that the Baron had ſowed the ſeeds of diſcord among his vaſſals. The number of complaints and ſuits brought before the Tribunal, within one year, and ſince his arrival, left no doubt reſpecting that fact; ſince, long before, and eſpecially during the adminiſtration of Williams, the diſtrict of Zeringue had been the moſt peaceful, united, and happy community in the whole province.

Whilſt

Whilſt this extraordinary cauſe was inſtituted in the neighbouring city, Williams counſelled the Baron to prepare vigorouſly for his defence, or rather to reſolve on ſome neceſſary conceſſions to his vaſſals. The Baron was agitated with extreme and oppoſing paſſions. When he firſt heard of this ſuit, his aſtoniſhment was not the leſs, although he had ſeen ſuch repeated proofs of the averſion of his vaſſals to the principles and mode of his adminiſtration; and his indignation was commenſurate only with his good-will, and generous deſigns.

"Unhappy people!" he exclaimed, "is it thus that you receive all the inſtances of my paternal affection? Are my inceſſant wiſhes to place your happineſs on an indeſtructible foundation, to ſecure to you that ſole perfection of which human nature is capable—

are

are all my labours thus rewarded? And are all my benefactions to individuals then forgotten? Was there no one to say—he, at leaſt, owed ſome gratitude to his Lord?"

De Fleming, looking thus ſolely to one ſide of the picture, heated his imagination, till he fell into a paroxyſm of grief and anguiſh. Williams permitted that moment of paſſion to paſs by; and then, ſeizing on a favourable opening, during a converſation which ſucceeded, he ſaid—

"It will ſcarcely be denied that your government of your vaſſals has been regulated by generous motives; but you will yourſelf own that many facts witneſs againſt the policy you have adopted. The diſcontent, not to ſay of thoſe you have diſtinguiſhed only by your diſapprobation, but of the choſen and favourite claſs, is evidence that you have not known how to

ſerve

ſerve and oblige men with their own good-will. The conſequences of the ſcheme to which you would ſacrifice every thing, have, in ſome inſtances, been tragical. The flight of Conrad and Roſina, and the conſequent death of the venerable ſchoolmaſter, are conſidered almoſt as crimes, which you have directly committed; the impoſing any reſtrictions among your vaſſals on the freedom of intermarrying, had been cruel and oppreſſive, if no ſuch afflicting event had been its immediate conſequence; and the prohibition to wear the nuptial crown, ſeemed to them nothing leſs than an abſolute determination to prohibit all their innocent pleaſures. It belongs to the natural liberty of man, in the loweſt condition, to enjoy the opinions, cuſtoms, and prejudices of his age and country; and it is the exceſs of

tyranny

tyranny to make any attempt upon that privilege."

Williams would have proceeded with this harangue, had he not been interrupted by the arrival of the proſcribed ſteward, who haſtily, and without preface, thus addreſſed himſelf to the Baron.

"I am come, my Lord," ſaid he, "to propoſe the means of diſſolving the cabal formed againſt your Lordſhip. The complaint of your vaſſals will be diſmiſſed, unleſs it is unanimouſly ſuſtained. I perceive, my Lord, that your favourites, alienated by the affair of the recruits, are yet to be won over. You have granted them many exemptions. My Lord, I would humbly recommend to free ſome of them, at leaſt, from their remaining burthens: they would then withdraw their names from the memorial, and you will triumph over

the

the reſt of your vaſſals, who will be condemned by the Tribunal, as a diſcontented and factious people."

If there was ſome obliquity in the plan propoſed by the ſteward, it was not the leſs well meant towards his Lord; and there was ſome generoſity in his purſuing the Baron's intereſts, ungraciouſly as he had been treated.

De Fleming, without reflecting on this, replied, with the ſtrongeſt expreſſion of diſdain—

"It may belong to you, Sir, and ſuch as you, to accept of means like thoſe you have deſcribed. Artifice and contrivance towards my vaſſals may be well propoſed by you, but ill becomes my principles; at leaſt, I will give the example of virtues, whoſe revival even among the peaſantry, I have ſo ardently deſired to be my work."

"How

"How lamentable," said Williams to himself, "that a heart thus pure, should be led astray by the illusions of an indulged imagination!"

The Baron, being left alone, felt more sensibly than he was willing to acknowledge, the difficulties and embarrassments of a discussion with an entire community; and reflected seriously on the means of honourably terminating this affair. Indeed his heart was so generous, and his intentions were so pure, that he at first believed that he had nothing more to do, than generally to declare the state of his mind, in all that he had done since his arrival at Zeringue, to triumph over the cabal, and to convince his Judges, and such of his vassals as were deceived by misrepresentations. He then considered the possibility of developing a complete justification of every part of his conduct,

conduct, by a particular expoſition of his principles, and the ſcheme of his government. But this expedient had unfortunately too often failed. He had found ſo little facility in others to comprehend his plan, that, on reflection, he feared that it might even be an engine turned upon himſef. Incapable of coming to any reſolution, he left the mode of his defence to be governed by circumſtances when the Commiſſioners ſhould appear, who were appointed to take his examination on the ſpot.

The Commiſſioners at length entered the Baron's territories; and were aſtoniſhed both in the village, and every other part, to find a cheerful look of plenty and comfort, and the aſpect of an unuſual proſperity.

"There is nothing in this," they ſaid to each other, "which announces a cruel maſter,

ter, or a madman, as the Baron has been repreſented to be.

De Fleming received the Commiſſioners with the frankneſs and ſimplicity of a man well aſſured of his own innocence.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," ſaid he. "I gladly ſee you arrive to examine the ſubjects of my vaſſal's complaints. I am accuſed of oppreſſion and tyranny, becauſe the means I have employed to promote their happineſs, have not always lain open to their apprehenſion; but I will not go further into this at preſent. I can eaſily acquit myſelf to you; but it would be unjuſt to do ſo, except in the preſence of the whole of my vaſſals. I will order them, therefore, to be aſſembled."

This being done, the vaſſals appeared ſtill reſolved to maintain their complaint, even in the preſence of their Lord himſelf. De

Fleming

Fleming, having ordered the regiſters of the diſtrict to be produced, opened them, and read over to the Commiſſioners the extenſive liſt of affranchiſements he had granted ſince his return to Zeringue. The perſons affranchiſed being then called, could not deny the benefit; but they admitted the fact with an air as diſcontented, as if the regiſters had borne the teſtimony of new burthens impoſed upon them; and it was clear they yielded merely to the evidence, and not to any impulſe of gratitude.

The Baron next produced an account of the number of cattle, and other ſtock, poſſeſſed by his peaſantry previous to his arrival; and afterwards compared it with the ſtock as it then exiſted, on which it appeared that it in general had been doubled.

He paſſed next to the ſums granted t himſelf for building and repairs on th eſtate, which led preciſely to the ſame con cluſion as the preceding accounts.

The Commiſſioners thought it their duty to proceed no further; and with great indignation, declared they were ready to paſs their judgment on the affair. One of them began a ſpeech of extreme anger againſt the peaſantry, reproaching them with inſurrection and ingratitude; but he was interrupted by the Baron.

"Permit me, gentlemen," ſaid De Fleming, "ſtill to add a few words."—Then, turning to his vaſſals, he exclaimed—

"My friends, you cannot deny my benefactions. Why will you diſpute my goodwill? Examine yourſelves, and declare on what grounds you have raiſed an unjuſt accuſation againſt me. But, my friends,

I already

I already pardon you. I demand only that you will acknowledge your errors, and that you withdraw this unworthy complaint—this real calumny againſt me. I leave you to reflect. You ſhall act without the conſtraint of my preſence."—The Baron, after uttering theſe words, withdrew, leaving the peaſants and the Commiſſioners almoſt equally aſtoniſhed.

"It is altogether inconceivable," ſaid one of the Commiſſioners, "that a whole community ſhould riſe up againſt ſo munificent a maſter. This muſt be the effect of ſome diſſatisfied, ſome mutinous ſpirits. Yet it is ſtrange that ingratitude ſhould be found under ſuch a load of benefits."

"This obſervation," ſaid Williams, "no doubt appears to be well founded; but the matter requires a little further explanation. The wiſhes of the moſt benevolent heart

may be turned into poiſon, inſtead of aliment, by the baneful magic of a bewildered imagination, and ſuch is ſimply the caſe with the Baron;—he grants benefits to all, and on the few, he multiplies his favours. But he would ſubject the whole of his vaſſals to regulations—the creature of an obſtinate ſyſtem, in oppoſition to the deareſt prejudices of the people."

While this converſation paſſed, the crowd were deliberating; their reſolution was unanimous, prompt, and ſteadily declared. They peremptorily refuſed to withdraw their complaint, if they muſt renounce their cuſtoms, and ſacrifice their ancient liberty.

De Fleming, being informed of this declaration, returned to the aſſembly. He was greatly ſurpriſed at this perverſeneſs, as he deemed it. After a moment's reflection

ſlection however, his ſyſtem yielded to a gentler and more benignant influence; he therefore ſaid aloud, with acents of a true paternal affection—

"My children, I have wiſhed to conduct you towards that perfection of which you are capable, by means that would have proved infallible, had they met with no reſiſtance from you: but ſince you have not been able to comprehend theſe means—ſince you are not prepared at preſent to riſe to the height of your deſtiny, I have reſolved no longer to oppoſe your inclinations. Be happy in your own manner!"

A ſudden and vehement cry of tranſport rent the air at theſe concluding words.—"Long live our Lord!" was heard at every extremity of the circle. "We repent of our complaint. We henceforth ſhall crown our virgins on the nuptial day! We ſhall

marry thoſe whom we love, and we ſhall retain among us our dear children, without expoſing them to the hardſhips of war, and the miſeries of a wide world!"

Every member of theſe exclamations was a ſevere, but undeſigned ſatire upon De Fleming's ſyſtem. He had, however, made the ſacrifice of his opinions to the public happineſs, and was content. To crown the day with joy, he ordered a repaſt for the whole community, in which the beſt wine of the Canton flowed in abundance. His name, a thouſand times repeated with tranſports of unfeigned gratitude and affection, and in the midſt of an extravagant joy, he felt, at that moment, to be a ſufficient compenſation to his heart, for the temporary ſacrifice of an object ſo dear to his imagination.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

IT has been long known that every ſudden and violent emotion is tranſitory:—the populace more eſpecially afford proofs of the truth of this obſervation. The expreſſions of pleaſure and gratitude among De Fleming's vaſſals, on which the ſun had ſet that day, gradually, and in no long time, died away, and ſeemed ſcarcely to be remembered. The multitude, coarſe in their perceptions, and incapable of any

ſteady generoſity, were inſenſibly led to the opinion, that the conduct of their Lord was leſs the effect of his love, than of his fear; and being now perſuaded they had diſcovered the ſure means of ſupporting even unjuſt pretenſions, every day ſaw new claims ariſe, and urged with a decided and menacing tone. The vaſſals mutually ſupported each other in the moſt unreaſonable demands; and, on every refuſal, aſſembled in crowds round the Caſtle, with a mutinous ſpirit, and moſt inſolent behaviour.

De Fleming, having made the greateſt of all ſacrifices, would now gladly have yielded to every innovation on his rights, to ſecure the public tranquillity, had not Williams, equally the friend of order and humanity, remonſtrated on this imprudent complacency.

"Put no reſtraint," ſaid this worthy man, "on the innocent cuſtoms of your peaſants: leave

leave them free to the enjoyment of their peculiar manners; but ſuppreſs, before you loſe the power, this ſpirit of reſiſtance to your juſt rights, which will otherwiſe break into an incurable rebellion."

In fact, this advice being followed, and ſome of the moſt active among the mutinous, being impriſoned, order was again reſtored, at leaſt as far as regarded a formal obedience.

The alienation of the public mind, however, forbade the reſtoration of the public confidence and good-will. Wherever the Baron caſt his eyes, he could not perceive, even in things indifferent to the people's prejudices, any deſire to pleaſe him, any wiſh to conform to his taſte; and deeply was his heart wounded with this melancholy obſervation. Nor was the evil confined merely to this:—the vaſſals not only had

a ſpirit of independence, but of ill-will toward their Lord, which pervaded the whole community. The colour and the form of their dreſs now ran counter to their Lord's prejudices, however much it had been the cuſtom to conform in ſuch things to the taſte of their maſter.

As to objects more important—to thoſe which touched his ſyſtem, and affected all that was moſt dear to his paſſions, he was even more decidedly unfortunate. In the alliances that might be formed, he had a little relied on Nature to eſtabliſh ſome corrective of the unlimited privilege ſhe had granted; but Nature did not calculate as he did. He was ſurpriſed and wounded to ſee the eagerneſs with which the liberty of forming alliances at pleaſure, was ſeized. In a very few days, five or ſix of the moſt beautiful and perfect of the Celtic

Celtic virgins of Zeringue, were married to dark complexioned huſbands. His indignation and ſorrow were, however, only expreſſed to Williams and his particular friends.

Reaſoning one day with M. de Bruce, on the ancient right of the Lord to interfere with the marriages of vaſſals, and to uſurp a claim upon the perſon of the bride—

"It was," ſaid the Colonel, "one of the moſt revolting abuſes of the ſpirit of feudal times—a cuſtom immoral in its conſequences, and odious in its principle."

"You decide," rejoined the Baron, ſmiling, with an air of ſuperiority, "with too great promptneſs, my good Colonel. I grant you that the cuſtom may have immoral and oppreſſive effects; but what will your anſwer be, if I prove the neceſſity of the right, deduced from the ſyſtem of the

inequality of kinds, and ſhew you that this cuſtom was deſtined to ameliorate the inferior claſſes of ſociety, and to maintain in every family, at leaſt in the elder branches, ſome remains of the original nobility, for the benefit of human nature."

"Ah!" cried M. de Bruce, ironically, "I perceive that our young Nobility are frequently governed by this generous motive, when we ſee them run after fair and beautiful villagers, to extend the noble claſs even among the peaſants."

"You are jocoſe, my dear Colonel; yet I think I can anſwer your ſarcaſm. You do not, I hope, conſider me as a libertine; but I will ſuppoſe a caſe for your conſideration. This day the moſt lovely of our Celts marries one of my peaſants, an unqueſtionable deſcendant of the Sclavi. The degradation of this amiable and excellent creature,

intereſts

intereſts all my feelings. Would it be unworthy of me, if, to preſerve her true purity, and prevent the loſs of a race of thoſe deſcendants that might ſpring from her perfect form, if allied to one of her own kind, I——"

De Fleming bluſhed at his own queſtion, whilſt his friend laughed aloud, without returning any other anſwer.

Zeringue now became every day a more painful habitation to the Baron. Entirely convinced that he could neither produce the benefit he had propoſed, nor prevent that which he conſidered as the greateſt of evils, he reſolved to quit the unfortunate ſpot, and to relieve his mind by travelling.

He had learned from the Colonel, that Madame de Fabrice had certainly quitted the Court. The worthy veteran, hoping that a union

a union with Emily might eventually reclaim the mind of De Fleming from the errors of his imagination, was grieved to hear that the only perſon who could give them information of Emily's retreat, had alſo concealed herſelf from all intercourſe and further enquiry; but this new difficulty was calculated to reanimate De Fleming's paſſion and hopes.

"I will traverſe Europe," he cried; "no ſolitude ſhall eſcape me! I will find Emily by the dint of that perſeverance which belongs alone to a determined mind. I would not owe my felicity to a perſon ſo unworthy my eſteem, as Madame de Fabrice. I deem it an inſtance of good fortune, that ſhe herſelf has pointed out the path of glory to me; and whilſt I am in ſearch of my lovely Celt, I ſhall have opportunity to examine, in their ſources, a thouſand

proofs

proofs of the infallibility of my ſyſtem. The two objects of my duty and my affections will be thus joined; and happy is he who meets with this auſpicious union!"

A ſhort time before the Baron's departure, whether prompted by ſomething he had read, by ſome converſation, or a ſudden and accidental emotion of his own heart, he was vehemently animated with a deſire of more directly combining his own particular intereſts, and the benefit of the whole human race, in the proſecution of his travels. He reſolved to ſuccour the unfortunate with unremitting aſſiduity. He propoſed to keep a journal of the eminent inſtances of the unfortunate he ſhould encounter; and he hoped this would be an incentive to the generous to follow his example.

"Every

"Every traveller," he ſaid to himſelf, "is touched with the diſtreſs of Laocoon, yet moſt men remain inſenſible to the actual cries of miſery. We are accuſtomed to weep with Niobe, and ſcarcely caſt a look upon a mother, violently deprived of her only child. Henceforth I will open my heart and ſoul only to him, who is moved with the actual ſufferings of humanity."

All things being ready for his departure, the Baron entered his carriage, which was heavily laden with various objects neceſſary to his plan. Emily's portrait occupied one of the pockets; in another was the analyſis of his ſyſtem, and the common-place book, deſtined to be his future journal; and in the ſeat were a number of books, that he ſuppoſed he ſhould have occaſion to conſult. Surrounded by ſo many

many objects of his affections, Emily, notwithſtanding, received his firſt homage.

"It is for thee, noble and admirable creature," he exclaimed, "that I quit my home!—it is for thee that I ſacrifice my philoſophical repoſe, and that I enter again into the midſt of a corrupted world! But I ſhall find thee, and thou wilt be the recompence of every ſacrifice. One moment—one ſingle moment will be then more dear to me, than all the other pleaſures life can afford; and cheerfully would I traverſe both hemiſpheres, to gain that moment of abſolute bliſs."

After this exclamation, he abandoned himſelf for ſome time to a reverie, that a ſtranger might perceive he enjoyed with extreme delight. But how much would it have ſurpriſed a ſpectator to hear him ſuddenly cry out—

"No,

" No, I will not divide my work into chapters. There is something so formal and bad in the artifice."

The Baron next carefully looked round, to see if he could descry some unfortunate being, worthy of his regard and assistance; but he discovered nothing but ordinary beggars and trampers, of the vilest class. All persons, however, whom he met, he stopped, and questioned; and was mortified to receive no other answers than thanks, which had no relation to the heart, when he distributed his bounties with the utmost profusion.

" What!" he cried impatiently, " can I not find one incident for my journal? I had promised myself that at each step, scenes of misery would fall under my observation.—Here I expected to find a widow in despair, and farther on, some destitute orphan;—

orphan;—I hoped to ſhelter numbers of unfortunate families from want, but I ſee nothing but that miſery, which is the immediate effect of the loweſt vices. Ah! too truly has it been ſaid, the occaſion of conferring a real benefit is leſs ſeldom found, than is uſually ſuppoſed."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

BETWEEN Wittimberg and Duben, he ordered the carriage to ſtop, oppoſite to a large ſtone, on which it was ſaid that Luther often reſted, when he travelled as the apoſtle of his new doctrines. De Fleming ſeated himſelf upon the ſtone. He reflected a ſingle moment on the nature of fame. Suddenly he ſprang from his ſeat, and exclaimed—

"Who knows if, in future ages, ſome traveller may not ſtand where I do, and ſay—'On this ſtone alſo reſted the great De Fleming! the inventor of the ſyſtem for ameliorating the human race!"

As he returned to his carriage, the poſtillion, pointing to the ſtone with his whip, ſaid—

"Ah, my Lord! ſuch a man as Luther is not found every day. I wiſh I had been a poſtillion when he lived. I would have driven him *gratis* to Wittimberg, if my maſter had made me feel my own whip for my trouble."

"Comrade," ſaid the Baron, "perhaps you may have had the good fortune to drive as great a man, although unknown to you."

"Oh no, no! I ſhould have perceived ſome-

ſomething about him. I have driven Jews, Generals, merchants, and a multitude of Noblemen; but a great man like Luther—never."

"You do not know. For example, can you tell me whom you drive this very day?"

At theſe words the poſtillion turned abruptly round, looked the Baron ſteadily in the face a moment, and then ſaid, ſhaking his head—

"May I aſk, my Lord, what great action you have performed?"

"My friend, what had Luther done in his youth? And were not even then the ſeeds of greatneſs within him?"

"Why, yes; but then I think Luther would not have ſaid to his poſtillion—"I ſhall be a great man."

De

De Fleming bluſhed, and the poſtillion continued—

" If every man was great, that took it into his head to think himſelf ſo, I ſhould not diſpute your word. But I am willing to believe that you may one day be great; yet that would hardly be through the things you are now thinking of. Things truly extraordinary, ſpring up like a blaze."

The Baron was a little confounded by the poſtillion's dogmas. A ſmile wandered over his lips; but it was far from proceeding from his heart. However, he gave double the uſual compliment to the poſtillion, chiefly to convince himſelf that he bore him no reſentment.

At Leipſic, his philanthropic plan recurred to his imagination with renewed force; and he reſolved not to leave the city till he found ſome object worthy his compaſſion, and

and ſome incident fit to be inſcribed in his journal. In the evening, he explored the narrow and obſcure ſtreets which uſually ſerve as the aſylum of want and wretchedneſs. After the ſearch of ſome ſucceſſive evenings, without meeting any object that wholly agreed with his purſuits, he ſuddenly encountered a perſon that drew his whole attention. This was a young man in a dreſs, and with an appearance that betrayed extreme poverty. On his countenance were the traces of an excruciating torture, of the deepeſt ſorrow.

The Baron ſtood ſtill more particularly to obſerve the young man, whoſe firſt appearance had ſo greatly intereſted him.

"This man I will relieve," ſaid he to himſelf; "he ſhall be the firſt on the pages of my future journal."

But

But how great was his ſurpriſe when the young man, having looked ſtedfaſtly at him, on account of his ſingular conduct, cried out—

"Ah, Heaven, preſerve and forgive me! 'tis the Baron de Fleming!"

"My friend," ſaid the Baron, mildly, "you appear to know me; and why do you fear me?"

"Alas! indeed, I do know you!—You are the author of all my wretchedneſs."

The Baron recogniſed the tone of voice, whoſe plaintive accents had once before touched his heart. He recollected Conrad, the lover of Roſina—he who had been driven, by his rigour, to abandon his aged father to deſpair and death.

"My worthy Conrad," ſaid he, giving him his hand, with penitence and compaſ-

ſion, "I have inflicted miſery on you; but I ſought only your happineſs, and your obſtinacy in error plunged us into mutual ſorrow. Let us exchange forgiveneſs; and tell me where is your Roſina, that I may repair the wrongs done to her."

"Alas! there are wrongs, my Lord, which never can be repaired," ſaid Conrad, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I have my wrongs alſo; but I could——Roſina is beyond the reach of remedy."

"You have not loſt her, Conrad?"

"There are evils more cruel than death! Roſina lives, but is no longer the ſame Roſina whom you chaſed from your village."

"Let me ſee her," ſaid the Baron; "ſomething may yet remain to be done."

Conrad, by a geſture, indicated Roſina's miſerable dwelling; and, preceding the Baron in ſilence, he mounted the ſtaircaſe till he

he came to a door which ſtood half opened. He pointed to Roſina, who ſat before a wheel. The room was obſcurely lighted. Her roſy colour was fled; the healthy fulneſs of her perſon had diſappeared, and her eyes were half extinguiſhed. Had the Baron received no previous information, he never could have been able to recollect her. Her eyes were fixed on the ground; and if for a moment ſhe ſometimes raiſed them ſlowly to her work, ſhe again caſt them down with an indeſcribable expreſſion of anguiſh.

"Unfortunate young woman!" ſaid the Baron. "May I aſk the cauſe of your affliction? Is it not in my power to bring you ſome conſolation?"

"Yes, I am unfortunate," ſhe replied, ſcarcely raiſing her eyes from the ground; "but how does that intereſt you? People of your rank——"

" Indeed, my child, your condition intereſts me exceedingly; and I am come to repair your wrongs."

" Wrongs!" ſhe exclaimed vehemently. " You!" ſhe added, with an air of doubt, and as if labouring to recollect herſelf; " if you have done me any wrong the reparation muſt be made to this young man. Ah! if you knew what he has not done for me!—But as for you, Sir, and ſuch as you are, I wiſh I had known none of you."

Tears now flowed from her eyes in abundance. She hung down her head, covering her face with her claſped hands, having firſt made a ſign that ſhe wiſhed to be alone.

De Fleming, in the utmoſt agitation, looked firſt at Conrad, and then at Roſina. Bitter indeed were his reflections.

" My Lord," ſaid Conrad, " your preſence diſturbs her. Retire, my Lord, I

beſeech you," he added, beckoning De Fleming to follow him.

Being again in the ſtreet, Conrad would have quitted the Baron; but the latter compelled him to proceed with him to his inn.

"Sit down," ſaid the Baron with unaffected kindneſs; "I muſt know the particulars of your misfortunes, although I too much fear what I may have to learn. Roſina's ſituation has touched my heart; already I feel the moſt lively regret. Devote me alſo to remorſe, if it muſt be ſo; but conceal nothing from me. Roſina's diſtraction of mind but too forcibly predicts the horrors of your ſtory. To what abſolute want alſo muſt ſhe be reduced! Has ſhe no other couch to reſt on, but that which I ſaw?"

Conrad anſwered by a geſture.

"Oh God!" exclaimed the Baron, "can I sleep upon down, whilst this victim to my prejudices is thus miserably lodged?"

He instantly summoned the host, and ordered an apartment to be prepared, animated by the hope of repairing in some degree the wrongs he had committed. His action was precipitate and vehement. He flew to the wretched dwelling of Rosina.

"Come," said he, "poor unfortunate girl, come with me! It was I who plunged you in these sorrows; it is I who must repair them! Would to God that my cares, that my tears could banish the bitter remembrance of your afflictions for ever!"

The vehemence with which the Baron uttered these words, and the tears which fell upon his cheeks, astonished and somewhat alarmed Rosina; but his air and manner were so impassioned, so persuasive, that she

ſhe could not reſiſt, and followed him, without knowing if it were what ſhe ought to have done.

Arrived at the inn, he committed her to the care of the hoſteſs, ſaying—

" My poor Roſina, here you will find a better lodging prepared for you. Take refreſhment, and retire to reſt. I will ſend for a phyſician; and if there be any thing which I may chance to forget, recollect, Roſina, you can oblige me only by commanding it."

Having given every order which could regard the accommodation of Roſina, he retired with Conrad into his own room, and again requeſted him to relate the particulars of his ſtory ſince his departure from Zeringue.

" I have to entreat of you, my good Conrad," ſaid he, placing his hand in a

friendly manner on his ſhoulder, " that, although the events you have to relate, may rend my heart, and torture me with a ſuſpicion that my whole life has been a ſucceſſion of errors, I entreat that you will be perfectly ſincere."

Conrad was for a while ſilent, as if it were difficult to collect reſolution to enter upon the tale. Tears rolled down his cheeks; but after ſome time, having dried them away, he thus commenced his hiſtory.

" We loved each other, Roſina and I, with an affection ſo genuine and ſincere, that we could not obey your injunction, my Lord. You ſaid, Nature herſelf had oppoſed our union; but I am ſure that our affection would not have been ſtronger, if I had been the faireſt of your vaſſals."

The Baron, hearing theſe words, ſuddenly recollected his ſyſtem, which he had,

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in ſome degree, forgotten, or rather had begun to queſtion, ſince he ſaw the miſery it had prepared for Conrad and Roſina; but now his former ideas ruſhed upon his mind with a kind of mechanical force, and he involuntarily ſaid to himſelf—

"I ſhall find ſome new evidence of the truth of my ſyſtem in the ſtory I am going to hear."

Conrad reſumed, by ſaying that when he and Roſina had reached Duben, where they had propoſed to be married, ſome unexpected difficulties aroſe; that, in order to procure a livelihood till they could be married, Roſina and himſelf ſeverally engaged themſelves to ſerve maſters that lived at a diſtance from each other. The eager deſire of ſaving a little, to add to Roſina's comforts in the marriage ſtate, induced Conrad to labour almoſt inceſſantly, and to

deny himſelf all but the very neceſſaries of life. In time he began to remark that Roſina ſeemed to be eſtranged from him; that ſhe partook of pleaſures in which he did not join, and kept company foreign to his habits. He warned her of her danger, with all the dignity of a ſincere and virtuous affection. She was at firſt moved by his repreſentations, and from time to time penitently liſtened to his remonſtrances. A young officer, taken with her beautiful figure, followed her with ſo much art and ſteadineſs, that at length ſhe liſtened to his addreſſes, forgot the advice of her lover, forgot herſelf, and betrayed him!

When the Baron heard this, he ſtarted with a look of aſtoniſhment that expreſſed ſome doubt.

Conrad proceeded. Reproaching himſelf with having drawn Roſina from the protection

protection of the paternal roof, he could not resolve to abandon her to further wretchedness. He pardoned her, on condition of her withdrawing herself from the officer, and of their retiring to some other place. The regiment being suddenly ordered into other quarters, Conrad, from this circumstance, hoped the return of Rosina to virtue and himself:—how great then were his surprise and horror, at learning the next day that she had fled with the officer! He had perceived that, for some days before, Rosina had contended with some secret thoughts, and had seen tears, which were in truth those that were shed by an expiring love and repentance.

In the first moment of resentment, he swore to give her up for ever; but again reflecting on the share he had had in her

retreat from her friends and home, he reproached himſelf as the firſt cauſe of her miſery, and his relenting heart, incapable of bearing the proſpect of her utter ruin, made him reſolve to follow her, and ſave her at whatever price it might coſt him. He found her at Leipſic, richly clothed, but in his ſight infinitely leſs beautiful than in her former ſimple garb.

When he preſented himſelf before her, he obſerved that ſhe bluſhed deeply, and thenceforth he entertained ſome hope. He endeavoured once more to impreſs her with a juſt ſenſe of her errors, and to the utmoſt of his power, ſought to portray the horrible picture of a continued life of vicious indulgences. But the miſguided Roſina, ſeduced by the ſpecious pleaſures of her preſent career, entered into none of

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the feelings of Conrad; ſhe liſtened coldly to his remonſtrances, and returned, with freſh ardour, to dreſs, diſſipation, and licentious pleaſures.

Some months had now paſſed, during which the afflicted Conrad inceſſantly watched at a diſtance over the conduct of Roſina, when ſuddenly ſhe diſappeared, and Conrad vainly ſought to trace her. At length, after a long ſearch, he learned by accident that, in her ſtate of abandonment, ſhe had paſſed from officer to officer, and had finally ſunk to the loweſt ſtate of degradation: his generoſity then conducted him to haunts where vice never would have allured him.

He now employed all the means that humanity could ſuggeſt, the moſt ſolid reaſonings, the tendereſt, the gentleſt perſuaſions,

to

to draw the unfortunate girl from this abyss of misery and horror. He imagined he perceived that she was bound to her infamy more by despair than depravity; and with renewed instances of generous and virtuous zeal, he prevailed on her to quit her ignominious abode. Her health was destroyed, her beauty impaired, and her mind tainted and debased by the life she had led. Conrad perhaps no longer loved the fallen Rosina; but his pure benevolence produced the same effects. He laboured to maintain the now helpless Rosina, and spared no means to re-establish her health; but her strength had been so much impaired, and she became so wholly debilitated in mind as well as body, that the produce of Conrad's incessant labour was insufficient to procure remedies for her helplessness; and

he

he conſtantly deprived himſelf of that nouriſhment which was neceſſary to his own exiſtence, towards the ſolace and ſupport of her's:—and all theſe cares Conrad believed to be but a poor expiation for having been the primary cauſe of Roſina's errors.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN Conrad had finiſhed his affecting narrative, the Baron, who had been unable to reſtrain his tears, roſe and embraced him, at the ſame time exclaiming—

"Noble youth! thou alone art the truly benevolent man, ſince it is with the ſacrifice of all thy own enjoyments, that thou giveſt theſe ſuccours to the unfortunate!"

De Fleming at that moment thought it was impoſſible ſufficiently to commend and admire

admire a generosity so rare and exalted as that of Conrad; and, full of an ardent enthusiasm in behalf of the young man's virtues, he retired to rest. But on the next morning, the impression of facts faded away before the returning empire of prejudice. His system came forward, armed with doubts against Conrad. What! a brown man, an unquestionable descendant of the Sclavi!—how was it possible for him to think and act on such exalted principles? Yet more—was it in reason to believe that a fair and accomplished Celt, one of the most perfect of her class, could become an abandoned creature?—The Baron at this last suggestion, rejected the belief of such a possibility with disdain. Not that he accused Conrad of a direct falsehood; but mistakes and misconceptions might have arisen: and, desirous to doubt, yet unable to deny,

deny, he haſtened to the apartment of Roſina, to queſtion her on the particulars of her paſt life.

At the bare mention of Conrad, tears flowed in abundance from the eyes of Roſina. Merely to affirm the truth of Conrad's narrative, was not ſufficient for her affectionate gratitude; ſhe detailed his cares, his benefactions, with the moſt impreſſive fervour. Raiſing her hands and eyes to Heaven, ſhe exclaimed—

"Conrad is an angel! God forgive me for all the wrongs which I have done him!"

At this moment Conrad entered the room, and fixed on Roſina a look of adoration. De Fleming again forgot his ſyſtem, and, partaking of the vehemence of Roſina, inſtead of finding Conrad's dark eyes, hair, and ſkin of the Sclavi claſs, he now fancied he beheld the head of an Apollo, whoſe

whoſe fair hair fell in luxuriant ringlets upon his ſhoulders.

"He is," ſaid the Baron, after a little recovering himſelf, "a ſingle exception to my rule."

And this point determined, he allowed to Conrad all the virtues with which impartial Nature had ennobled him.

The preſcriptions of a ſkilful phyſician, a proper diet, and the comfortable accommodations by which ſhe was ſurrounded, ſoon reſtored the health of Roſina. A ſimple, but well-choſen mode of dreſs appeared alſo to revive her faded charms; and De Fleming obſerved, with aſtoniſhment, that ſhe was ſtill a very lovely woman. In fact, the ſoftneſs and melancholy which her features now wore, although they could not equal the expreſſion of virgin innocence and unſtained modeſty, had yet a character of

ſenſibility,

ſenſibility, that immediately found its way to the heart. The penitent Roſina might yet captivate, where the innocent Roſina had not been known.

The more ſhe recovered her health and her beauty, the more Conrad became in her preſence embarraſſed and conſtrained. He was ſtill her friend, but his friendſhip was expreſſed in terms the moſt guarded and reſerved. Prudence appeared to him to interdict the ſlighteſt approach towards the familiarity of affection. Roſina, on the contrary, always addreſſed Conrad with a warmth and emotion that might eaſily have been miſtaken for love, had not her words been ſolemn and melancholy, and indicative of a ſtrong ſenſe of Conrad's elevation of ſoul, and of her own inferiority.

The

The Baron, however, traced Conrad's embarraſſment, and Roſina's gratitude, to the ſame ſource; and one day, ſuddenly taking the hand of Roſina, and placing it within that of Conrad, he ſaid to them—

"Be united, my children; and let him who once laboured to ſeparate you, enjoy the happineſs of your union."

Conrad graſped the hand of Roſina, but fixed his eyes on the ground in ſilence.—Roſina turned pale, and trembled.—The Baron looked with ſurpriſe from one to the other.

"My friends!" ſaid he, "my dear children!"

"If," ſaid Conrad ſlowly, and without raiſing his eyes from the ground, "if our union can make Roſina happy——"

At that inſtant, Roſina haſtily withdrew her hand

hand from Conrad's; her colour changed —tears ran down her cheeks;—she essayed to speak, but her voice faltered, and she could not articulate a word.

"Do not, Rosina," said the Baron, "cast from you so perfect a happiness. Be the wife of Conrad."

"No, no! never!" she cried, with vehemence. "I have been degraded!—I am unworthy of him.—Alas! never! never!"

The Baron was about to reason with her; but Conrad interrupted him with emotion—

"Spare Rosina, I beseech you, my Lord!"

"Yes," she exclaimed, "I have one ambition; I would be his servant—his grateful, faithful servant!"

"My dear Rosina," said Conrad, again taking her hand, and pressing it to his heart,

heart, "you ſhall be my ſiſter, my friend, the being moſt dear to me in the world. Confide in me, my Roſina," he added, with a manner the moſt affectionate; "never ſhall my integrity be ſhaken—never ſhall my heart humiliate your's."

"Ah, Conrad!" ſhe anſwered, regarding him at the ſame time with a look of rapture ſhe had not indulged in ſince her debaſement; then throwing herſelf into his arms, and preſſing him to her heart, ſhe exclaimed with inexpreſſible tranſport—"Yes, yes, I will be thy ſiſter, and then I ſhall yet be happy."

"And I ſhall be happy too, Roſina.—We will abjure ſorrow, and forget the paſt."

This explanation eſtabliſhed perfect confidence between Roſina and Conrad, and became the bond of an affection which conſtituted their happineſs. The firm and generous

generous Conrad never for an inſtant overſtepped the bounds he had preſcribed to himſelf.

" I love her," ſaid he to the Baron, " as much as I ever loved her. Her beauty ſubdues me—her character touches my heart; but to call her my wife, who has for a moment wandered —— Ah! ſooner would I die a thouſand deaths!—Yet, my Lord, I did not oppoſe any obſtacles to your propoſition; for I wiſhed to leave to Roſina the honour of the refuſal."

" I cannot," ſaid the Baron to himſelf, after a long fit of muſing, " entirely comprehend how this young man, with his features and complexion, can poſſeſs this exalted delicacy and feeling. Even yet I fear we ſhall, ſooner or later, diſcover in his actions the traces of his ignoble origin."

The

The Baron deceived himſelf—Conrad never forſook his virtues.

The Baron's generoſity enabled Conrad to purchaſe a farm, which he improved exceedingly by his activity and induſtrious cares. He lived there with Roſina, whoſe ſhattered conſtitution ſoon evinced ſymptoms of an early decay. Conrad exhauſted every effort to bring her back to health; but finding that ſhe approached to diſſolution, he inſiſted on giving her the ſatisfaction of dying his wife. The ceremony was accordingly performed a few hours before her death; and this circumſtance ſpread a ſerene enjoyment over the laſt moment of her life.

Conrad ſincerely deplored the loſs of her whom he had never ceaſed to love. He paid her memory every tribute of reſpect; and at the end of two years, married a young

villager of his neighbourhood, for whom Roſina had teſtified a great eſteem. His wife was as amiable and as virtuous, as ſhe was lovely. He educated his children in induſtry, ſobriety, economy, and the love of virtue; and lived in the midſt of his family to an old age, enjoying the bleſſing of a life prolonged without infirmity, and a happineſs without interruption.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

QUITTING Leipſic, the Baron de Fleming took the road to Berlin, where he had promiſed the amiable Agnes to tranſact ſome affairs of importance for her. He immediately preſented himſelf to a lady he had previouſly known, and in whoſe power it was to facilitate his ſucceſs. Madame Berlitz received the Baron with the warmeſt expreſſions of the pleaſure ſhe felt in renewing her acquaintance with him.

This lady had ſtudied the character of De Fleming:—ſhe appreciated to a conſiderable degree his merits; ſhe knew his virtues and his failings, and underſtood the excellence of his heart, obſcured, as it too frequently was, by the miſtakes of his head.

The Baron's rank and fortune, joined to his good qualities, had cauſed Madame Berlitz to form the project of uniting him to her favourite friend, a young lady, whoſe charms might have ſubdued all hearts, if perſonal attractions, unſupported by the advantages of rank and fortune, had been ſufficient to enſure the homage of men.

Auguſta was an orphan without fortune; ſhe did not, therefore, bring her huſband either wealth, family connections, or ſupport, and ſhe was neglected by all the world, although univerſally admired.

Upon

Upon the Baron's noble and diſintereſted manner of thinking, Madame Berlitz founded her plan; he was wealthy and independent, and muſt, therefore, be above thoſe minute calculations, which prudence impoſes on young men, dependant on their friends. She had nothing to do, ſhe thought, but to intereſt his generoſity in behalf of Mademoiſelle Breitenbach, while her beauty and acompliſhments ſhould produce their natural effect. This train of things appeared to her altogether ſimple, and eaſily accompliſhed; and her plan being once traced, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the ſentiments which Auguſta might inſpire in the Baron's heart, to take root, and unfold themſelves, before ſhe ſuffered a word to eſcape, which, prematurely uttered, might betray and defeat her purpoſe. She was therefore content, at firſt, to contrive the occaſion of

their frequently meeting, to have Auguſta continually near her, and to inſinuate her praiſes to the Baron in a general and unſuſpicious manner.

It was with extreme pleaſure, ſhe obſerved, that the Baron not only exceſſively admired the beauty of Mademoiſelle Breitenbach, but ſtill more revered her modeſty and ſweetneſs of temper. She ſaw that whenever ſhe touched upon any of the good qualities of her friend, De Fleming filled up the picture with glowing colours. She readily pardoned him for deeming her praiſes of Auguſta cold; and when he ſpoke with his uſual vehemence on this topic, ſhe did not, in ſuch caſes, deem him an enthuſiaſt.

Every day convinced Madame Berlitz more and more, that her favourite project would ſucceed. In fact, how was it poſſible that

that De Fleming ſhould not be enchanted with the perfections of the divine Auguſta? How could he reſiſt the fineſt light blue eyes in the world, every look of which was expreſſive of candour and ſenſibility?—The moſt beautiful and luxuriant light hair ſhaded her arched forehead, the ſeat of innocence and modeſty. Her noſe was uncommonly beautiful, and had more expreſſion by deviating a little from the aquiline form. To theſe features were added an air of the greateſt dignity, and a ſtature and ſhape the moſt prepoſſeſſing.

Was it poſſible that De Fleming could doubt the nobility of the origin of her, in whom all theſe Celtic perfections were combined? As if he ſought to juſtify to himſelf the irreſiſtible effect they produced on his mind, he ſometimes practiſed the illuſion on himſelf, to believe that ſhe was

the perfect reſemblance of Emily. By this imaginary reſemblance, he ſaved himſelf from the reproach of infidelity — a crime for which he never could have obtained his own pardon. An impartial obſerver, however, would have confeſſed that, inſtead of that look of melancholy, which rendered Emily ſo intereſtin Auguſta bore a countenance with the impreſſion of happineſs and gaiety; ſhe ſhed the influence of this diſpoſition on all around, and to be with her, was to be gay and happy.

Madame Berlitz, ſeeing De Fleming yielding gradually to the ſnare ſhe had ſpread for him, already triumphed in the ſucceſs of her project; but without relying wholly on the natural propenſities of the Baron (and an artful woman has a thouſand means of increaſing natural ſenſibility), ſhe had various other ſprings which ſhe propoſed

to

to bring into action; and the Baron himself speedily furnished her with an important one, without being conscious of it.

De Fleming frequently spoke with rapture of family portraits. It was there, he asserted, that hereditary virtues were to be traced; it was by comparing one physiognomy with another, that the slightest misalliance was to be distinguished, by the alteration of the characteristic traits of the species. This subject having been frequently enlarged upon by De Fleming, in the presence of Madame Berlitz, that lady obligingly determined that Augusta should, as soon as possible, be provided with a gallery of ancestors, the most uniform, and the fairest that could be seen; and this amusing project was speedily executed by Madame Berlitz, with the greatest industry, dexterity, and good management.

One day the Baron was invited by her to walk; and having prolonged their ramble conſiderably, Madame Berlitz, on returning, complained of wearineſs, and propoſed, as they paſſed through the ſtreet where Auguſta reſided, to call at her apartments for a few mintues' reſt. Hitherto the Baron, from motives of delicacy, had ever forborne to viſit Auguſta; but the preſent opportunity, in company with her friend, he felt no inclination to avoid, and they aſcended to her apartments.

Scarcely were they introduced into the antichamber, when De Fleming beheld, with aſtoniſhment and delight, thirty of the moſt enchanting portraits, ranged along the walls. The painter, of whom Madame Berlitz had purchaſed this amiable collection, entered with wonderful facility into her deſign; and with a touch of his pencil, had

had converted ſeveral brown heads into flaxen treſſes, extinguiſhed the fire of dark eyes, for the ſoftneſs of the blue, and given, with the happieſt execution, Celtic graces to every individual phyſiognomy. The Baron was yet mute at once with rapture and ſurpriſe, when Auguſta appeared.

" Good Heavens!" exclaimed Madame Berlitz, " do you ſtill endure theſe fatiguing pictures about you? For pity's ſake, remove them to ſome leſs conſpicuous place! They vapour me to an extreme!"

" My dear friend," replied Auguſta, bluſhing, and with ſome embarraſſment, " you forget they are the portraits of my anceſtors! Ought I not to reſpect them, and preſerve them in my apartment?"

" What!" exclaimed De Fleming, " are all theſe your anceſtors, Mademoiſelle?" Then attentively looking at her, he added,

with an air and tone of the moſt reſpectful conſideration—

"Yes, Madam, you bear a ſtrong reſemblance to the moſt perfect of theſe lovely women. What cares, what unceaſing caution too, muſt have been exerted in your family, to avoid miſalliance? How has it been poſſible to preſerve this noble race ſo free from taint and mixture! It muſt have been the work of ages, to tranſmit ſo beautiful an aſſemblage to poſterity; and it was formed, no doubt, with a view to the amelioration of mankind, upon that pure and extenſive ſyſtem, upon which reſts the whole baſis of human virtue and happineſs."

"My great-great-grandfather," ſaid Auguſta, bluſhing yet more deeply, "having found this collection begun, probably without deſign, impoſed it on himſelf as a duty

to

to continue it, obliging his ſucceſſor to do the ſame. He was a man of an eccentric character, and made ſtrange regulations in his family. I have heard that he would not ſuffer his ſons or daughters to marry into families who had dark hair. What a whimſical fantaſy!"

"Not a fantaſy, Mademoiſelle, but the wiſe regulation of an enlarged beneficent mind. Go on, Mademoiſelle; ſuffer me to become further acquainted with this eſtimable man."

The embarraſſment of Auguſta increaſed every moment; and ſhe would have totally failed in the part ſhe had to perform, had not Madame Berlitz adroitly interpoſed.

"This whimſical grandfather of your's, Auguſta," ſaid ſhe, laughing, "is he, I think, who wears the triple chain. Look, my Lord, what a phyſiognomy How often

often have I and the mother of Auguſta laughed at the dogmas of this man! He aſſerted, ſhe uſed to tell me, that his family were direct deſcendants from Abel, as was proved by their fair hair; while the poſterity of Cain were marked with hair as black as the crime of their father."

The Baron was ſtruck with this brilliant thought.

"What you take, Madam," he replied, "to be an allegory, or a caprice, is, nevertheleſs, a ſublime truth.—Pray, Mademoiſelle, inform me of the name of your judicious anceſtor?"

The neceſſity of baptiſm had never once occurred to Madame Berlitz, and Auguſta remained ſilent. The invention, however, of her friend repaired the omiſſion in a moment; and Auguſta, prompted by Madame

dame Berlitz, ſtammeringly pronounced the name of "Badou de Breitenbach."

"Badou de Breitenbach was a great man," ſaid De Fleming, taking down the portrait, which he regarded a long time with an air of profound veneration. He preſently diſcovered in the features the expreſſion of exalted genius; and endeavouring to aſſure himſelf of the reſemblance of Auguſta to this and the other of her adopted grandfathers and grandmothers, he took her hand ſolemnly, and leading her from portrait to portrait, grew more and more vehement in her praiſe, and devout in his admiration, in proportion as he traced in her features the likeneſs of her Celtic anceſtors.

On the Baron's return to the houſe of Madame Berlitz, after a long reverie, he demanded of her, if ſhe believed it poſſible

to

to induce Auguſta to part with this moſt precious collection?

"Oh, no," ſhe replied, "there is but one way; and that way, I confeſs, appears to me as engaging as natural."

"I underſtand you, Madam—Auguſta merits the hand of a Prince."

"That is very true, my dear friend; her merit is, I believe, unequalled; but our youth are corrupted: the men of the preſent day have no hearts—they are altogether incapable of appreciating the value of ſuch a woman; they marry only upon the dictates of intereſt and ambition. Auguſta is without fortune and connections; ſhe has no other portion than her birth, her beauty, and her virtues."

The Baron declaimed with ſuch fervour upon the ineſtimable value of ſuch a dowry, that Madame Berlitz was perſuaded he had

decided

decided upon making Auguſta, Baroneſs de Fleming; although ſhe could not readily divine why he ſhould withhold the avowal of his paſſion.

De Fleming continued to ſeek every occaſion to be preſent where Auguſta was; and his conduct and manners towards her were made up of reſpect and tenderneſs. She was the frequent theme of his converſation, and he ſpoke at ſuch times with a degree of enthuſiaſtic admiration, that greatly reſembled love; ſo that the two friends no longer doubted the nature of his ſentiments reſpecting Auguſta.

Madame Berlitz triumphed, without reſtraint, in the ſucceſs of her ſcheme, which had aſſured her friend a ſplendid and happy fortune. It was not ſo with Auguſta. She felt that the means employed in

in this ſcheme, were far from conſiſtent with great delicacy of mind.

" I cannot," ſaid ſhe to her friend, " be entirely ſatisfied with the motives to which I owe the Baron's homage. It is more due to your addreſs, than to a genuine paſſion for me; and is paid rather to imaginary qualities, than to my merit."

And indeed Auguſta's ſuſpicions were not unfounded. De Fleming, while he appeared to be enamoured of Auguſta, was, in truth, in love only with Emily. Whenever he retired within himſelf, and his own heart, it was the image of Emily he found there; and even when he thought he was engaged wholly in meditating on Auguſta, it was Emily that was the real object of his adoration. A letter, which at this time he received from M. de Bruce, inſtantly diſſipated the illuſion, merely by

ſpeaking

ſpeaking in the Colonel's ordinary manner of Emily, and preſſing him to continue his ſearch for her.

"And have I then," he exclaimed, "been guilty of indifference and coldneſs of heart, whilſt I thought my affections engaged in the worſhip of excellence? Do I ſlumber here, and the place of Emily's retreat is ſtill unknown to me? How have I deceived myſelf!—and how far have I wandered from the path in which I thought myſelf ſtill proceeding! I will inſtantly depart—I will indulge in no reſt, no tranquillity till I find her."

He haſtened to Madame Berlitz, and without preface, informed her of his deſign. Her ſurpriſe and confuſion may be eaſily imagined. She, however, commanded her feelings; and as ſome days were neceſſary to the preparations the Baron made for his

departure,

departure, ſhe reſolved ſtill to try ſome expedient to detain him, and ſtill flattered herſelf with the hope of ſucceſs.

The firſt that preſented itſelf to her mind, ſhe thought infallible. She announced to the Baron with great ſolemnity the ſecret, that Auguſta was on the point of being married to a Nobleman, of whom ſhe had heard him ſpeak as a decided deſcendant of the Sclavi. De Fleming was indeed violently agitated by this intelligence; but when his imagination was at work, he was as fertile in expedients as Madame Berlitz. His reſolution was taken, even while ſhe continued to ſpeak. To ſuffer his beautiful Celt to be married to ſuch a being, merely becauſe ſhe was poor and deſtitute, was not to be endured.

"If Auguſta were independent," ſaid he, "this man would not have been her choice.

choice. Half my fortune ſhall be given to redeem her from this ſacrifice; it ſhall be your taſk to tell her ſo, and to deviſe the moſt delicate motives to induce her to accept it. Ah! how happy ſhall I be, at this price to have freed the adorable Celt from ſlavery!"

"My friend, are there no other and leſs offenſive means to propoſe?" ſaid Madame Berlitz; but the Baron appeared not to underſtand her.

"I ſee where I have failed," ſaid Madame Berlitz to herſelf; "it is compaſſion only that I have put in motion; but I muſt touch the ſprings of vanity, of ſelf-love, and perhaps even of jealouſy."

The marriage, therefore, with a reprobated Nobleman, was no ſooner announced, than broken. Auguſta, ſhe informed De Fleming, had declined the Nobleman's offer

offer with dignity, too elevated to purchaſe wealth and ſplendour at ſuch a price; and her diſintereſted and delicate conduct had been rewarded with the addreſſes of the moſt amiable young Nobleman of the Court.

"You know," ſaid ſhe, "how highly the Count de ——— is eſteemed, and how much his alliance is ſought for. His birth, his rank, and his fortune will make my lovely friend the envy of the whole Court; and I am impatient to ſee her accept of the offer.—But ſhe heſitates; ſhe is reluctant; and it is plain, by the ſighs which eſcape her, when I preſs the ſubject, that ſhe is influenced by ſome ſecret preference."

This hint was loſt on De Fleming, who, inſtantly ſeizing the ſubject in the manner which gratified his real wiſhes reſpecting Auguſta, rejoiced exceedingly at the

proſpect

proſpect of her attaining that rational happineſs, which he ſo ardently deſired for her, and which his fortune alone could not confer on her. He therefore contented himſelf with ſaying—

"The Count will be indeed happy with ſuch a wife."

"But, my friend, let us ſpeak in plain terms. If you really think thus, why ſhould this happineſs be the lot of any other than yourſelf? Your pretenſions are ſuperior even to thoſe of the Count; and I know that every other muſt yield to them."

"Ah, Madam!" ſaid the Baron, deeply ſighing, with an almoſt indefinable wiſh, "how proud ſhould I be of the preference with which you flatter me, could I avail myſelf of it!"

"And tell me, my friend—tell me why you cannot."

"Becauſe,

" Becauſe, Madam, I have already diſpoſed of my heart."

" Good God!"—Madame Berlitz ſuffered the exclamation to eſcape her; and the tumult of her feelings, which roſe almoſt to indignation, was ſufficient to betray to any other than the Baron, the game ſhe had been playing. She, however, ſpeedily recovered herſelf ſufficiently to ſay—

" But this engagement, my friend—of what nature is it? Is it irrevocable?"

" It would plunge me into the depth of deſpair," ſaid the Baron with great ſimplicity, " if accident could diſſolve it! Had I known Auguſta before Emily, I cannot ſay which would have appeared to me the more amiable; as it is, I admire—I may ſay, I adore Mademoiſelle de Breitenbach:

tenbach; but Emily D'Altenberg is ſole miſtreſs of my deſtiny."

Madame Berlitz now ſaid, with perfect frankneſs, but with ſome ſmall degree of anger—

"Indeed, my Lord, there was ſomething unlucky as well as unkind in this awkward myſtery, which has involved me in no little little difficulty; however, the fault is chiefly mine. I ought to have informed myſelf better of the ſtate of your ſentiments, before I delivered myſelf ſo paſſionately to a project, which I conceived would mutually enſure your happineſs, and that of my lovely friend."

CHAP. VIII.

THE Baron did not take his leave of Auguſta without much emotion, while ſhe appeared to be abſorbed in the moſt melancholy thoughts. He ſincerely and paſſionately expreſſed his ſorrow that he had not known her ſooner; and doubtleſs her ſorrow on that ſubject was as great, although ſhe was ſilent. In a word, De Fleming took his leave, and departed for Leipſic, from whence he propoſed to traverſe the whole of Germany.

At

At Becka, one of the ſprings of his carriage broke, and he alighted, and proceeded on foot to the principal inn. A great crowd was aſſembled before the door, who appeared to be earneſtly engaged in ſome warm diſpute.

"You may ſay what you pleaſe," exclaimed one man, with great indignation; "ſhe is a fellow-creature, and you treat her more cruelly than an animal of burthen. Don't tell me of her being a Chriſtian or a Pagan—ſhe is a woman as well as another; but the rich and the great think more of their dogs than of many of their fellow-creatures."

"That is all very well," replied a tall meagre figure; "I don't deny that ſhe is a woman: but I am not obliged to maintain her. She muſt remove from my houſe, coſt her what it will."

"What if it coſt her her life?"

"Why, what have I to do with that? I have given her brandy to waſh her wounds, and that, I am ſure, is as much as I can do: ſo let her begone."

"The Samaritan was more charitable," ſaid a voice in the middle of the throng; "for he not only bathed the wounds of the Jew, but gave him money for his further aid."

"Very well," ſaid the tall figure, "there "is money," throwing a ſmall piece on the ground. "And now, I ſay, let her go about her buſineſs. Thank God, I am a Chriſtian as well as another. Nobody in the whole town will deny that; ſo let her riſe, and begone directly!"

As theſe words were uttered, the Baron had got within the circle, and ſaw a young girl, who appeared to be of the Mooriſh race, almoſt entirely covered with mud, ſitting

ſitting upon the ſteps of the inn-door. Her feet were naked, and bleeding; ſhe ſeemed exhauſted with fatigue. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, and large drops of tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What is the matter with this poor girl?" ſaid De Fleming.

She looked up the inſtant ſhe heard his voice. Six or ſeven of the aſſembly took upon them to anſwer the Baron, which they did ſo vaguely and diſcordantly, that it was with difficulty he could underſtand that this poor girl had arrived with a ſtranger, who compelled her to travel on foot after his carriage; that, not being able to proceed further, he had left her in that condition.

"And can any one blame him for doing what he pleaſes with his own?" ſaid the poſtmaſter, addreſſing himſelf to the Baron.

"And I, Sir, who have nothing to do with this negro, why ſhould I let her ſtay here in the way of my cuſtomers."

"You do well in excuſing the cruelty of her barbarous maſter, to juſtify your own," ſaid the ſame voice that had ſpoken of the inſtance of the Samaritan; "you are both guilty in the ſight of God, for treating a fellow-creature with cruelty: for, whether black or white, we are all of one race.—Is it not ſo, Sir?" he aſked, turning round to the Baron, in whoſe manner and look he beheld a compaſſion which he thought favourable to his propoſition.

"Hold, my friend!" cried De Fleming; "while we treat this poor girl with humanity, we muſt not forget the diſtinction there is between her and ourſelves. She belongs to another race; and that fact is connected with a ſyſtem which I could

ſhew

ſhew you demands very important diſtinctions in the exerciſe of our humanity."

The Mooriſh girl again raiſed her eyes to De Fleming; but with a look expreſſive of ſevere diſappointment, which was ſucceeded, nevertheleſs, by a humble glance of ſupplication.

"You ſee," ſaid the poſtmaſter, "that this gentleman and I are agreed about theſe negroes."

He then ſnatched up a poſtboy's whip, and approaching the girl, raiſed his arm, crying—

"Begone, or I will lay this about your ſhoulders!"

The poor girl knelt to the man who had repeatedly taken her part, embracing his knees, and uttering bleſſings upon him; while De Fleming, tranſported with rage,

ſnatched the whip from the poſtmaſter, and, ſeizing him by the collar, exclaimed—

" Monſter, dareſt thou raiſe thy his againſt an unfortunate woman? I upon her being admitted into the houſe!"

" Well, my Lord, only let me know your mind.—But did you not agree with me juſt now, that ſhe was of a different race from us? But it is no matter, my Lord, if your Lordſhip wiſhes ſhe ſhould enter my houſe."

" Barbarian, I command it! This poor girl is henceforth mine; I take her under my protection. Come hither, my poor child:—be no further alarmed; I will take care of thee."

She ſlowly, and with difficulty, approached him; and kneeling, and croſſing her arms on her breaſt, ſhe ſtooped, and kiſſed his foot, uttering in a ſolemn tone—

" *Selan*

" *Selan eon abikou !*—Peace be ever with
!"

Do you ſpeak German ?" ſaid the Ba-

" Yes," ſhe anſwered.

" And what is thy name ?"

" Iglon."

" What is thy country ?"

" Abyſſinia."

" What brought thee to Germany ?"

" After the death of my father and my brother, I was carried to Alexandria, where I was ſold to a Chriſtian, a native of Vienna, who took me with him to that city. That man was good. I wore a dreſs of ſilk and gold; but he gave me to the maſter who left me here. My feet were wounded with running after his carriage; and he left me, after giving me the bruiſes you ſee upon my body. At preſent thou art my maſter."

Iglon uttered this ſtill on her knees, and with great animation.

" Riſe," ſaid the Baron, giving her hand.

He ordered her to be put to bed, and refreſhment to be given her, and every care taken of her.

It was long before ſhe ſlept; and ſhe was heard, in a low voice, to ſing a ſong, which ſhe frequently repeated, the burthen of which, it was thought, was a prayer for her benefactor.

Meantime, the Baron was much embarraſſed as to what he ſhould do with this poor girl. He at firſt thought of overtaking her maſter, to induce him to take her back, and treat her more humanely. This, however, he concluded was to be acceſſary to her maſter's cruelty. He had not yet come to any reſolution, when the next morning, as

he ſat down to breakfaſt, Iglon entered the room, and placing herſelf oppoſite to him, croſſed her arms upon her breaſt, looking at him with the moſt humble and grateful affection. During the remainder of the day, ſhe waited upon him with zeal, although far from being reſtored from her former weakneſs. At night ſhe attended him with a light to his chamber, and retired only when ſhe ſaw him prepare to undreſs. The following morning, De Fleming, riſing early, was ſurpriſed, on opening the door of his chamber, to find the Abyſſinian lying on the ground on the outſide, wrapped up in a large cloak, and in a profound ſleep. The humble gratitude of this poor girl touched his heart with the moſt lively emotions; and he continued to look at her for a long time with a ſpecies of veneration.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "how odious is he who buys or sells his fellow-creature!"

Iglon, who was awakened by this exclamation, seeing that her master's eyes glistened with tears, raised herself up, and embraced his knees. There was something in the manner of Iglon so interesting, that De Fleming could no longer restrain his feelings. He lifted her from her humble posture, and took her into his arms, saying, with great emotion—

"Never will I forsake thee!"

Iglon bowed her head, without saying a word; but her grateful look, the heaving of her bosom, and the trembling of her crossed arms sufficiently expressed what passed in her mind.

During this second day, her zeal to serve the Baron scarcely ever waited for an order; she

ſhe ſeemed already to anticipate every command he could iſſue to his domeſtics; and theſe domeſtics, obſerving her readineſs to be uſeful, began to imagine they might give their own orders to the poor girl: but ſhe, on the firſt attempt, replied with dignity—

"I am Iglon only to my maſter."

However much the Baron was gratified by the devotion of Iglon to his intereſts, and however ſtrong he felt his growing affection for her, he thought it would be more decent to eſtabliſh her in ſome manner in one of the towns on his route, than to permit her to continue with him during his travels. He therefore made a propoſition to that effect, in terms of great caution and tenderneſs; promiſing never to forſake her, and to take her again into his immediate

ſervice,

ſervice, when it could be done with propriety.

Iglon ſhed tears, and ſaid—

"My good maſter, do not leave me! Poor Iglon's feet are cured, and ſhe can run by the ſide of thy carriage!"

He could no longer reſiſt the vehemence of her entreaty. He promiſed to take her with him wherever he went. In the exceſs of her joy, ſhe ran to the carriage, which was preparing for the Baron's departure, and aſſiſted to put every thing into its place, ſaying from time to time—

"He will never leave me. I am his Iglon."

When De Fleming ſtepped into the carriage, a new embarraſſment aroſe. He had not conſidered how he was to diſpoſe of the Abyſſinian. The coachman and his valet were

were on the box, and the carriage was laden with baggage behind.

"You see there is no place for you," said Henry, the valet.

"In truth," said the Baron, "I do not know exactly where to place you, Iglon."

"May I not run by the side of the carriage?" she answered timidly.

"No," rejoined the Baron.

Then taking his resolution with his usual abruptness, he added—

"Come and sit beside me; after this stage, Henry shall take post-horses."

Iglon did not move.

"Come," said the Baron; "I am in haste."

She entered, and tremblingly placed herself beside her master. The carriage was no sooner in motion, than the Baron began to enquire of himself why he had not taken

Henry

Henry within, and placed Iglon on the box, ſince Henry, according to his ſyſtem, was a Celt.—"But then," ſaid he, "is not this Abyſſinian a woman? and is ſhe, in fact, perfectly recovered from her former exceſs of fatigue, and her bruiſes? When ſhe is recovered, things ſhall return to their proper order. Henry ſhall come into the carriage, and the Abyſſinian ſhall take her place on the box."

This plan no ſooner formed an accommodation between his feeling and his ſyſtem, than he fell aſleep. Being awakened, ſome time after, by a violent ſhake of the carriage, he found Iglon ſitting at the bottom in a very uneaſy poſture, having taken his feet upon her knees, that he might ſleep with more freedom of poſture. De Fleming ſuddenly withdrew his feet, with a ſpecies of indignation, as if ſhe had offered him an

inſtit. The delicate attentions of the poor Abyſſinian, although they touched his heart, were not, in this inſtance, the leſs offenſive to his ſyſtem. His feelings were inceſſantly combating each other. He could not deny the tribute of his reſpect to the virtues of the Abyſſinian; although he frequently aſſerted, within himſelf, that her very gratitude was baſe, by its being ſo extreme.

Notwithſtanding the diſpoſition of mind which this conteſt marked, he had unconſciouſly given her his hand, and placed her on the ſeat beſide him. He wiſhed then to know ſomething more of the particulars of her hiſtory; and the gentle Iglon, with extreme ſenſibility, retraced the ſcenes of her earlieſt years. Her eyes filled with tears as ſhe thought of her parents, their love, and careſſes.

"I had

"I had a ſiſter ſtill left," ſhe ſaid, "when the barbarians tore me from my home. I loved her tenderly. My heart was broken when I entered the ſhip that was to bring me to Europe. I did not then know it was thy country. My heart did not tell me that I ſhould at laſt find thee here; and I was in deſpair at leaving my ſiſter. I loved her as I love thee; and if thy Iglon was torn away from thee, ſhe would die!"

The Abyſſinian deſcribed the manners of ſavage people, ſuch as we have heard them to be; and at every ſtep the Baron recogniſed the manners and cuſtoms of the vileſt race.

Notwithſtanding the diſguſt he felt at this, ſhe ſpoke with ſo much dignity, there was that ſweet and noble ſimplicity in her tone and manner, that ſhe appeared the more

more eſtimable, in having derived from nature only, ſuch fine qualities. In a word, the Celt remained upon the box, and the Abyſſinian within the carriage; De Fleming excuſing himſelf, by ſaying—"I can, at leaſt, learn ſomething of Iglon, but nothing from Henry."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

IGLON did not ceaſe to fill every office near her maſter, which it was poſſible for her to do. It was ſhe who now took care of his wardrobe, made his breakfaſt, and ſhe would permit no other perſon to wait upon him at table. She always lighted him to his chamber, although he would have prevented that ſervice; and every night ſhe ſlept on the ground, on the outſide of his door. In his walks, when he did not permit her to attend him immediately, ſhe followed

followed at a diſtance, to obſerve every thing that happened to him. Her zeal De Fleming could not reſiſt, her affection he could not repulſe, without deeply wounding one of the moſt delicate of hearts. He was uneaſy, however, at the appearance of his ſituation with this girl; although an Abyſſinian, ſhe was young, and of a form the moſt perfect that could be imagined. There was ſomething equivocal, ſomething that might be ſuſpected by the world in their ſituation; and with the uſual ſuddenneſs of his reſolutions, he ordered a man's dreſs to be made for her, thus hoping to ſhun further ſuſpicion.

It was with inexpreſſible grief that Iglon underſtood this new arrangement. The Baron at length, although with great difficulty, made her comprehend that it was more

more freely to receive her ſervices, and the marks of her innocent affection, that he wiſhed to diſguiſe her ſex. She availed herſelf of this declaration; and having aſſumed her new dreſs, under its privilege, ſhe followed her beloved maſter more cloſely wherever he went.

Her love, her gratitude were ſo vehement, ſo conſtant, that it is not ſurpriſing they in turn inſpired a ſentiment in De Fleming of profound reſpect and good-will. And will it be deemed a crime in the ſuſceptible heart of De Fleming, that he conceived a ſtrong attachment for an amiable and worthy creature, whoſe pleaſure and pain, whoſe whole exiſtence depended upon his?

A circumſtance which ſoon after happened, greatly augmented an attachment, which

which now might be ſaid to be mutual. The Baron with his people deſcended the Maine, in a ſmall boat; he was ſtanding, the better to obſerve one of thoſe romantic proſpects of that beautiful country, whilſt Iglon, ſeated at his feet, had her eyes fixed upon him. The boatman by ſome accident ſuffered his little veſſel to ſtrike againſt the projecting trunk of a tree, and De Fleming was ſuddenly thrown into the river. Every one but Iglon uttered a ſhriek; but no one except herſelf had preſence of mind to afford the Baron aſſiſtance. Without uttering a word, ſhe plunged into the river, ſoon reached her maſter, and bearing him up with one hand, ſwam to the ſhore with the other. He was ſenſeleſs, but at length opened his eyes. His firſt look fell upon her, and he ſaw that the tears rolled down her cheeks. No ſooner did

did ſhe perceive this ſign of life, than, ruſhing from one extreme of paſſion to another, ſhe uttered a loud cry, and began to leap and dance beſide him, weeping and laughing by turns. She then fell upon her knees, and ſaid with fervour—"*Alach ecber!*—God is great!"—Then riſing, ſhe ran to the Baron again, threw herſelf upon her knees, and kiſſed his hands, bathing them with her tears with ſuch vivacity, that ſhe ſcarce gave him opportunity to anſwer her careſſes. She then wrung his hair, and dried his hands and face; and the boat having now gained the ſhore, ſhe brought him other clothes and linen.

Meantime every one having, in their fear for the Baron, quitted the boat, it drove into the middle of the ſtream, which Iglon perceiving, ſhe again plunged into the

the river, gained the boat, and brought it to the ſhore.

The Baron having now changed his clothes, Iglon inſiſted on conducting him to the neareſt village, that he might take the repoſe ſo neceſſary to his reſtoration. No ſooner was he put to bed, than the gentle Iglon was herſelf ſeized with a violent fit of cold and trembling, which was ſucceeded by a raging fever. When they would have removed her from her maſter's bedſide, ſhe reſiſted with unconquerable obſtinacy, till abſolutely worn out with ſucceſſive efforts, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on the floor, and was unconſciouſly removed to a bed in another room.

But no ſooner had ſhe recovered ſenſe and recollection, than it was impoſſible to retain her in bed. She roſe, and began to

dreſs herſelf, to haſten to the Baron's chamber; but her pain and weakneſs overmaſtered her will, and ſhe ſunk exhauſted on the bed. Juſt at that inſtant, De Fleming, who came to perſuade her to ſubmit to proper treatment, entered her room. She extended her arms towards him.

"Deareſt Iglon," ſaid the Baron, "be compoſed."—He ſeated himſelf beſide her, and taking her hand, preſſed it to his boſom. On feeling her pulſe beat with irregular vehemence, he became alarmed.

"My Iglon! my benefactreſs! the ſaviour of my life!" he exclaimed, fervently embracing her, which he had never before permitted himſelf to do, "muſt I only recover my life, to be the cauſe of the loſs of thine?"

Iglon could not anſwer him otherwiſe than by claſping her arms around him, and laviſhing

laviſhing on him the tendereſt careſſes. Shortly her arms fell from the Baron's neck, and burſting into tears, ſhe enveloped her head with the bed-clothes. Her tears, her emotion were not thoſe of pain or regret, but of unexpected overwhelming happineſs, that filled every faculty of her ſoul.

Her fever increaſed every moment. A phyſician was ſent for, who pronounced her to be in the utmoſt danger. He ordered that ſhe ſhould be kept perfectly quiet, and retired with the Baron to another chamber, to write his preſcription. While the phyſician wrote, the Baron, reſtleſs and agitated, at length approached him, ſaying—

"My dear Sir, I fear even your ſkill cannot ſave this intereſting girl."

"We will hope the beſt, my Lord. The medicine I am about to give her, may bring on a favourable change."

" But, Doctor, will you pardon me?—Reflect a moment, I pray you, on the ſtrength of conſtitution poſſeſſed by the negroes. Can the ſame remedies you preſcribe for the delicate refined temperaments of the Celtic and white nations, act equally upon the harder ſyſtem of an Abyſſinian?"

" That is a very reaſonable ſuggeſtion," ſaid the Doctor, again taking up his pen; " we will double the doſe."

" Not for the world!" exclaimed the Baron, turning pale with affright; " we ſhall perhaps kill her. I entreat that you do not give her a ſcruple more of the drug than you would order for the moſt delicate European."

The Baron, terrified with the idea of a double doſe, would adminiſter the medicine himſelf, with a caution that kept back half the preſcribed quantity, and ſtill appre-

hended he gave too much. Iglon took it with the utmoſt confidence; and caſting on the Baron an impaſſioned look, ſaid—

"My good maſter, Iglon is cured without medicine. Your friendſhip, your careſſes, thoſe are the remedy for all her ſufferings."—From that hour ſhe refuſed to continue in bed; but dreſſing herſelf, haſtened to attend upon her maſter. The next day, both being ſufficiently recovered from the effects of the late accident, they departed for Francfort; and Iglon again took her place in the carriage.

The Baron, ſenſible that his heart became daily more and more attached to the young Abyſſinian, and ſometimes finding himſelf inſenſibly attracted to beſtow on her very tender careſſes, earneſtly ſought to diſſipate the impreſſion, whoſe increaſing ſtrength he dreaded to encourage. He ſtrove to occupy

his thoughts with the face of the country, with reading, and all exterior objects. If his attention was irresistibly drawn to his companion, he made a violent effort to force it to some other object; and though he succeeded one minute, the next was sure to engage him with the gentle Iglon.

When they arrived at Francfort, the Baron, as a testimony of his gratitude to Iglon, presented her with a purse of gold. She received it with an air of chagrin; and, laying the purse timidly on the table, said, with a deep sigh—

"Alas, I was happy! Am I to be no longer happy?"

"I give it to increase your enjoyments, Iglon. To recompense you, is impossible."

"Take back thy gold, I pray thee," she said, in an impressive accent, and laying her hand

hand upon her heart; "I love thee—that is my ſole enjoyment. The heart, the ſoul, the exiſtence of Iglon are thine. Ah! if thou couldſt but know how fervently this heart beats for thee!—It was broken," ſhe ſaid, with a plaintive and melancholy tone; "thou didſt heal it. Ah, tear not open its wounds anew! Take back thy gold; and grant me, from time to time, the privilege of preſſing my lips to thy hand."—She took the Baron's hand, and kiſſed it with ardour.

"But I thought," ſaid the Baron, ſtruggling to hide his emotion; "I thought that Iglon might ſometimes have wiſhed to wear the habits of her ſex, and this gold was given for the purchaſe of them."

"Shall I, in the female garb, be *thy* Iglon?" ſhe demanded with vivacity, and taking up the purſe.

"Yes, certainly," ſaid De Fleming, greatly embarraſſed;—"that is, when we are alone—abſolutely alone, Iglon."

Some days afterwards, the Abyſſinian appeared to have ſome myſterious occupation that almoſt wholly engroſſed her thoughts. An animated reverie ſeemed to poſſeſs her, while ſhe neglected even her uſual employments near, and attendance upon her maſter. One night, after ſupper, the Baron being alone in his apartment, Iglon entered in ſplendid female attire. She wore a corſet of fleſh-coloured ſatin, with a petticoat of the ſame, faſtened round her ſlender waiſt by an embroidered ſaſh of white and gold; a white robe, thrown back in the front, and fitting cloſe to her ſhape, fell in long and graceful folds behind, and diſplayed to advantage the exquiſite beauty and ſymmetry of her form. Her hair was

ornamented

ornamented with rows of pearl, and tied up with an embroidered handkerchief, that hung, in a fanciful and elegant drapery, down to her waiſt. She advanced with a natural grace and dignity of carriage; and throwing herſelf at the Baron's feet, ſhe ſaid—

"Thou ſeeſt again thy Iglon."

De Fleming, ſtruck with the new beauties of form which were diſplayed by this becoming attire, gazed on her for ſome moments with admiration.

"My dear Iglon," ſaid he, "thou art indeed enchanting." But ſoon a ſentiment of doubt and apprehenſion paſſing over his mind, he added—

"Has any other than myſelf ſeen you in this dreſs?"

"No; no one has ſeen me." Then

ſhewing the travelling cloak in which ſhe had wrapped herſelf, ſhe ſaid—

"See how I concealed myſelf. I am Iglon to none but thee!"—She accompanied theſe words with a thouſand innocent careſſes.

The ſweetneſs of her manner, the beauty of her form, and the vivacity of her affection penetrated the heart of De Fleming with a confuſed ſentiment entirely new to him. His whole frame was violently agitated; the object of his tendereſt compaſſion and friendſhip appeared to him under the moſt ſeducing form. She was no longer that deſerted and deſpiſed being, whom he had firſt ſeen on the ſteps of the inn; ſhe was, notwithſtanding her colour, a charming and lovely woman, who expreſſed for him a tenderneſs ſo enchanting, that it became every minute more difficult not to return

return it with all its own vehemence of character. He could not reſiſt the pleaſure of embracing her. He folded her affectionately in his arms, laviſhing a thouſand endearments upon her, which the undiſguiſed tranſports of Iglon rendered every moment more animated and dangerous.

After yielding a while to theſe delightful effuſions of a mutual affection, the Baron, fearing that he ſhould not long be maſter of his impetuous emotions, gently put Iglon from him, ſaying—

"My good friend, it is time for you to retire."

"Good night then!" ſhe ſaid ſorrowfully; and wrapping herſelf in her cloak, ſhe withdrew.

"In truth," ſaid De Fleming to himſelf, "thoſe features are far from being diſguſting. Her eyes are large and expreſſive;

her mouth is ornamented with a thouſand graces; and her ſtature and form have that in them which might diſpute the prize of beauty with the loveliеſt of the Celts. If I knew exactly from what quarter of Abyſſinia ſhe comes, I ſhould, perhaps, diſcover the reaſon why her features are more delicate, and her heart ſuſceptible of more noble ſentiments, than thoſe of others of her country.

But it was loſt time to retrace the elements of his philoſophy, and endeavour to diſcover a ſuitable geography. Iglon's country ſtill remained under an accurſed zone. Then hoping to find, in the accidents of her family, ſome cauſe for the exception, he tranquillized himſelf for the preſent, by reſolving to aſk her a variety of queſtions, which might lead to the expected diſcovery.

" My

"My dear Iglon," ſaid he to her, the next day, "endeavour to remember all thou canſt about thy family, that I may find ſome explanation of that in thy look and manners, which embarraſſes me. It is not poſſible, for inſtance, that thy father and thy family led the ſame life, and had the ſame purſuits as the ſavage people of thy country."

Iglon anſwered with an eager deſire to ſay ſomething that might gratify her maſter; and with equal ſimplicity, ſhe anxiouſly ſought to recollect ſomething ſhe had not told him before. But as her ſincerity did not permit her to alter facts, as they occurred to her memory, ſhe at length exclaimed—

"No, I can find no difference. We were lodged like our ſavage neighbours. Our labours, our ſports were the ſame; and like

like them, we ate food without preparing it with fire, as you do in Europe."

"How, Iglon! did you eat raw flesh?" cried De Fleming impatiently, and rising from his chair; "no, no, I will never believe that."

"Alas! but I did; and I am sorry if that grieves you. I did not know how to eat it otherwise, till I arrived at Alexandria."

"My good friend, how is this possible? If thou wert nourished with such gross aliment, whence didst thou derive thy gentleness, thy grateful, feeling heart? How art thou capable of an attachment so constant, so tender?"

"Oh, that is so natural!—You did me a kindness, and I loved you."

However true and simple were such-like answers, they were not of a nature to satisfy De Fleming. He mildly sent her away, desiring

desiring her to exert all her recollection; and falling into his inveterate habit of systematising, he turned over in his mind all the tender marks of the Abyssinian's attachment to him, which in one of another colour, he would have considered as proofs of the finest sensibility; and he suddenly perceived the matter in a new light, attributing the marks of the purest affection to a passion of a more licentious nature.

Ashamed at having, in some degree, returned a vile passion which he disdained, he then treated the innocent Iglon with a disdainful and imperious coldness. Equally surprised and afflicted at this change in his conduct, Iglon dared only to catch some stolen and timid glances at him. She performed her usual duties in silence, with a respectful, but timid air. She wept in secret, carefully concealing even her sighs from

from her maſter, always appearing before him with an exterior calm. At night, ſhe gave herſelf up entirely to grief, which, however, ſhe even then forbore to expreſs aloud.

Faithful to her poſt at her maſter's chamber door, the following night, as he lay meditating on his ſyſtem, the Baron heard her utter a half-ſuppreſſed ſigh, and repeat to herſelf the world *Ahalah*; and then ſay in German—

"If I die, he will at leaſt give me a tear, and will love me from pity."

The accent with which ſhe pronounced theſe words, entered De Fleming's heart, and, as was uſual with him at ſuch moments, inſtantly diſſolved the fabric of his ſyſtem, and he as inſtantly ſaw things in their natural colours. Iglon was now a gentle and deſerving creature, profoundly afflicted by his injuſtice.

"My

"My Iglon," he cried, "dry thy tears. Doſt thou not know that I love thee?"

"Ah!" ſhe replied, entering the room, "doſt thou love me again? Then I am no longer miſerable;" and, taking his hand, which ſhe preſſed againſt her moiſtened eyes, ſhe repeated—

"Doſt thou indeed love me again?"

The warmth of her expreſſion, her impaſſioned manner, excited an impetuous feeling in the Baron, whoſe involuntary ardour might eaſily have led him to forget himſelf.

"Yes, my charming Iglon," he ſaid, "I do love thee—I love thee tenderly!"—He accompanied theſe words with many tender careſſes, to which ſhe anſwered with all the fiery temperament of her nature; but in the very moment when he embraced her with a dangerous ardour, ſhe gently withdrew herſelf

herſelf from his arms. It was in vain that he beſought her to come back. He heard her ſtep, as ſhe retired entirely from his apartment.

In a few minutes ſhe returned, but completely dreſſed.

"You cannot ſleep," ſaid ſhe, with a moſt gentle voice: "compoſe thyſelf. Iglon will tell thee ſomething of her country."

De Fleming endeavoured to compoſe himſelf, in which he was not a little aſſiſted by a ſtrong ſenſe of ſhame.

Iglon took a chair beſide him; her voice at firſt faltered, but reſuming courage, ſhe related the feſtivals and innocent pleaſures of her countrymen. There was ſuch infinite grace in her manner, and ſweetneſs in the tones of her voice, and ſo much innocence in the manner of her recital, that ſhe at length ſucceeded in that which ſhe had

had propoſed—namely, to calm the tumultuous paſſions which had agitated both one and the other. The Baron fell into a profound ſlumber, while the delicate and faithful Abyſſinian remained at his ſide.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

AWAKING the next morning from a tranquil ſleep, De Fleming found Iglon wrapped in her cloak, and ſtill aſleep, with her head ſupported by her arm, and reſting on the chair. Her countenance was ſerene; the calm of innocence repoſed on every feature. The Baron gazed on her a long time in ſilence.

"Yes," he ſaid, at length, "excellent creature, your prudence, your virtue ſaved

us

us both. We are without reproach, and my affection for you is again pure, and devoid of danger. It is the charm of benevolence, a tie of virtue, a delicate and noble attachment of the heart, in which the ſenſes cannot interfere.——How," he added, after a pauſe, "how aroſe thoſe impetuous emotions that ſeemed to annihilate reaſon and reflection, and leave me only ſight to view the enchanting form before me?—Ah! it was an illuſion of the fancy! My imagination, in that moment, lent to Iglon all the contour of feature, and grace of complexion, that belong to the moſt ſeducing European. But now again Reaſon reſumes her empire, and I behold her true colour, which can only inſpire a Celt with eſtrangement, if not averſion. It is only the virtues of Iglon that unite us. The love of virtue is always a tranquil and holy

flame.

flame. Nature in all things has provided for the ſafety and ſuperiority of the Celt."

As the Baron finiſhed his ſoliloquy, he touched the forehead of Iglon, who awakened, and caſt her eyes, languiſhing with joy, upon him; while with a ſmile that lent a thouſand charms to her mouth, ſhe wiſhed him good morning.

"Am I ſtill thy Iglon?" ſhe demanded, in a voice of tenderneſs.

"Ah, yes!" anſwered the Baron, bending his eyes to the ground, and ſighing—"Deareſt Iglon, why art thou not white?"

"My ſoul is white," ſhe ſaid with eagerneſs. "Does not the nocturnal lamp ſhed cheering rays, though in the midſt of darkneſs?"

"That is true. I am convinced thy ſoul is noble and pure—thy character altogether charms me;

me; nevertheleſs, upon my principles (and I have proved them to be incontrovertible), there ought to be found in thee inclinations and defects eſſential to thy nature, and which cannot be effaced. I have read ſomewhere that the ſtudy of muſic and the Latin language ennoble and harmonize the mind. Of the power of muſic over the moſt intractable natures, we have many inſtances. The lyre of Apollo, we are told, appeaſed the fury of the Greeks, and brought them back to humanity; and Orpheus drew around him lions and bears."

"Well," ſaid Iglon, interrupting the Baron, "I will learn muſic; but I ſhall be neither more gentle, more ſweet, nor more pure. My nature will not be changed; but I ſhall know ſomething more that will pleaſe thee."

Iglon,

Iglon, from that hour, applied with indefatigable perſeverance to the ſtudy of muſic. Love beſtowed numberleſs attractions on the ſcience, and ſmoothed every difficulty. She made a rapid and brilliant progreſs; ſo that her maſter even frequently liſtened with aſtoniſhment, while ſhe executed paſſages, that he ſcarcely could have ſuppoſed her yet to underſtand. She accompanied the lute with a ſweet and flexible voice; and when De Fleming firſt heard her play and ſing, he was wrapped in pleaſure and ſurpriſe. He ſhortly ſaid to himſelf—

"This is but the mechaniſm of the art; an Abyſſinian may learn that, but her organization cannot be ſufficiently refined to underſtand the abſtruſe principles of harmony."—Yet Iglon learned theſe principles, too, with equal facility.

Her

Her progress in the Latin language was scarcely less rapid. Consecrating every moment of her leisure to reading ancient authors, she became familiarized to the language, and imbibed all the grandeur of Roman feeling, to which her own had always a strong bias.

The Baron proposed great satisfaction to himself from teaching her to draw; and having learned the rudiments of the art, he allowed her to copy some of his most finished designs. Iglon did not, like him, fall into ecstacies at every Celtic trait, and the Baron said—

"For this art, at least, she has no talents, and will make no progress."

Yet Iglon soon designed with great precision and taste, though she still heard, with frozen indifference, the enthusiastic observations of the Baron.

"It is not an animated being," ſhe would ſay: "my heart knows not how to love paper and marble."

De Fleming attended to the moſt minute of her improvements with delight. He liſtened while ſhe played on her lute. He read with her, and fortified her judgment while he enlarged her ideas. Their occupations, their pleaſures were the ſame. The attachment of De Fleming increaſed with his cares for her improvement; and he found in her a companion ſo enlightened, a friend ſo faithful—an Iglon ſo gentle, ſo tender, ſo devoted to him, that he no longer could endure the thought of ſeparating himſelf from her.

One day that they were reading together, they met with a remarkable anecdote of a negro ſlave. An inſurrection that had happened among the blacks, had delivered the

city

city wholly into their power; and after committing many horrible exceſſes, they outraged the wives and daughters of their maſters. One ſlave alone reſpected the honour of his maſter's daughter, and protected her, at the hazard of his life, from the exceſſes of his fellows. The father of the young lady, touched with the generoſity of the action, gave her in marriage to her virtuous defender; but her brother, whoſe pride revolted againſt the union of his ſiſter with a ſlave, inſtituted a ſuit againſt the marriage, and ſucceeded in legally tearing the young lady from the arms of her huſband.

"Heavens! what injuſtice!" exclaimed Iglon. "Did not the virtue of this ſlave exalt him even above the rank of his miſtreſs?"

"No," anſwered the Baron with impatience; "the deciſion was juſt and wiſe. No!" he added, riſing from his ſeat, and ſpeaking with increaſed vehemence, "never ſhould this principle be violated. No action, no virtue, no ſacrifice not even of life, can ever give a ſlave the right of eſpouſing a noble girl."

"Am I a ſlave?" ſaid Iglon, turning pale. "Am I thy ſlave?"

De Fleming was ſilent. Iglon preſſed one hand to her forehead, while the other was ſpread upon her boſom. She ſaid, after a pauſe—

"Then, however exalted might be the ſoul of this young man, as his body was born in ſervitude, he was eternally debaſed?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Wretch

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed Iglon. "But at leaſt my hand ſhall have the courage to ſet free that heart which thou degradeſt!"

And ſeizing an open knife, ſhe attempted to plunge it in her heart. The Baron held her arm; he ſhuddered with terror. He had ſpoken only upon the reſult of his ſyſtem; he had not, in his thought, made the remoteſt application to Iglon. He beheld in her every day ſome new grace, ſome new trait of an elevated character, and had almoſt ceaſed to remember that ſhe belonged to the race of ſlaves.

He now eagerly and affectionately ſought to repair the offence he had given to Iglon by the tendereſt careſſes, and the moſt flattering expreſſions of regard. She dried her tears, and aſſumed an air and mien of compoſure; but this circumſtance had made on

her an impreſſion ſo profound, that at the ſlighteſt alluſion to her ſtate, ſhe fell into the extreme of dejection.

The Baron determined to grant her her liberty; and one day, calling together all his domeſtics, and the hoſt of the inn, he reſtored Iglon to freedom by a ſolemn act of emancipation.

The eyes of Iglon ſparkled with delight during the ceremony.

"Now," ſaid ſhe, "I am like thyſelf—free. And to thee I owe my liberty."

She took his hands, and preſſed them to her lips, her forehead, and her heart; but, while in the preſence of witneſſes, ſhe forbore to throw herſelf at his feet. Not till they were again alone together, did ſhe proſtrate herſelf before him, embrace his knees, and ſay—

"Thou

" Thou haſt given me liberty, but gratitude binds me ever thy ſlave!"

No ſooner had Iglon withdrawn, than the Baron, returning to his ſyſtem, ſaid, with a ſmile—

" Raiſe a ſlave to the throne, his will leads him back to ſlavery; becauſe that is the ſtate for which Nature has deſtined him. Even Iglon could not reſiſt the aſcendant that compels her to bow before me. Her homage is involuntary; — ſhe cannot be otherwiſe than my ſlave."

Some months after the affranchiſement of Iglon, as the Baron accompanied her to ſome ſhops, he was ſurpriſed to meet Madame de Fabrice, who was making purchaſes in one of them. He was about inſtantly to retire, propoſing to himſelf to follow her, unperceived, at a diſtance, that he might diſcover her abode, and learn ſome

tidings of Emily; but Madame de Fabrice had already obſerved him, and exclaimed, as advancing to him with a ſmile—

"Ah! my dear Baron de Fleming, how charmed I am to meet with you! What pleaſure will this afford to Emily!—Come, come with me, that I may immediately preſent you to her."

A language, a manner ſo different from that with which he expected to be greeted by Madame de Fabrice, took from him the power of articulating a ſingle word. He bluſhed, and ſtammered, while Madame de Fabrice ſeized his arm, and led him towards her carriage.

The Baron, ſtill mute with wonder, handed her in, and took his place beſide her; while Iglon, who was in man's attire, and whom neither had thought on, ſprung into the coach, without demanding per-

miſſion,

miſſion, and ſeated herſelf oppoſite to her maſter.

Budiſsheim, the eſtate of Madame de Fabrice, was four leagues diſtant from Francfort, ſituated in a beautiful country, and was in itſelf a terreſtrial paradiſe.

On their way thither, Madame de Fabrice talked inceſſantly to De Fleming, in the moſt agreeable manner, of her friendſhip for him, Emily's conſtant attachment, and the pleaſures they ſhould enjoy together in her charming retreat.

This favourable and unexpected reception increaſed, at every inſtant, the ſurpriſe of De Fleming. He beheld Madame de Fabrice under a new aſpect. Her indulgence, her kindneſs, the tribute ſhe paid to his ſelf-love, diſconcerted all the ideas he had formed of her features and character. He concluded at length, after a long inveſtigation, that it muſt have been the ſtudy of muſic

that had amended her inclinations, and ameliorated her character. Taking her hand with vivacity, he ſaid—

"Confeſs that I judge aright, Madam. Has not muſic been your conſtant purſuit, your choſen recreation ſince you retired to Budiſsheim?"

Madame de Fabrice looked at him with an enquiring ſmile.

"Strange man!" ſaid ſhe, "your queſtion, or I much miſtake, is connected with ſome wild hypotheſis; and you are ſtill devoted to your ſyſtems I fear, though ſo often deceived by them. No, in truth, I am no muſician. I have twenty times attempted one inſtrument or other, but I never ſucceeded. I certainly have no talent for muſic."

Vexed with this explanation, and at a loſs how to arrange the matter anew with his principles, De Fleming hung his head

the

the reſt of the journey, and was loſt in reverie.

At the entrance of the village, Madame de Fabrice cauſed them to alight from the carriage, and proceed on foot. She conducted them, through private paths, acroſs a wood, from whence they entered a labyrinth of the gardens of Budiſsheim; and at the end of a long alley, ſhe pointed to an arbour cloſely ſhaded by the twining foliage, where ſhe requeſted De Fleming would await her return.

When Madame de Fabrice had quitted them, and he beheld himſelf alone with Iglon, he, for the firſt time, recollected it was neceſſary to prepare her for the ſcenes ſhe might witneſs; and he found no other means of doing that, without deeply wounding her heart, but by intereſting her generoſity.

"Rejoice, my Iglon," ſaid he; "I am about to enjoy the greateſt happineſs. I am this day reſtored to my deareſt friend, from whom a cruel deſtiny has long ſeparated me. It is for me at this moment, as it would be for thee, ſhouldſt thou again behold thy ſiſter."

Iglon ſprung to embrace him with joy. She was for an inſtant tranſported. A melancholy preſentiment, however, ſoon took place of her rapture. She looked then on the Baron, and graſping his hand between both of her's, ſhe ſighed, and ſaid, with deep emotion—

"Wilt thou forget thy Iglon?"

"Oh no, never!—Never can I forget thee!"

De Fleming anſwered with ſo much fervour, that Iglon, reaſſured, threw herſelf into

into his arms, and laviſhed on him a thouſand tender careſſes.

The Baron, expecting the return of Madame de Fabrice with her young friend, was rather alarmed at the endearments of Iglon; he ſought to moderate her emotions, and anxiouſly watched through the leaves for the approach of Emily. Preſently he heard footſteps. It was her; ſhe advanced towards the arbour, converſing with Madame de Fabrice; and he diſtinctly heard her exclaim—

"Ah! I would give the world that he were here."

While he waited for a ſignal from Madame de Fabrice, he had time to remark the ſingularity of the habit worn by Emily. It appeared as if the Loves and Graces had ſtudied to embelliſh her charms. A ſimple drapery of the fineſt white muſlin enveloped her

her ſlender form, aiding, rather than concealing, its beauties. A garland of roſes encircled her head, while a part of her luxuriant fair hair fell negligently upon her ſhoulders. Nothing could ſurpaſs the voluptuous ſimplicity of this attire. Madame de Fabrice had aſſumed the ſame coſtume; but although it diſplayed her beauty alſo to the greateſt advantage, the Baron could only admire his adorable and perfect Celt. He gazed on her with the moſt impaſſioned delight; he even heſitated how to advance, when a ſignal from Madame de Fabrice renewed his courage. He ruſhed from the arbour, exclaiming—

"Lovely Emily, do I again behold you, more charming than ever? Am I once more permitted the ineſtimable happineſs of caſting myſelf at your feet?"

Emily bluſhed with ſurpriſe, perhaps with pleaſure.

pleaſure. Madame de Fabrice whiſpered ſome words in her ear, that increaſed her bluſhes; but ſhe extended her arms, and by her geſture gave the Baron permiſſion to embrace her, ſaying—

"It is with open arms I ought to receive my generous benefactor."

Enchanted with her reception of him, the Baron, notwithſtanding, failed to avail himſelf of her condeſcenſion. Inſtead of folding her in his arms, he only bowed upon her hand, kiſſed it with fervour, and preſſed it to his heart. In fact, a ſecret reproach aſſailed him, and cauſed this timidity. He had been guilty of ſome wanderings of affection; the image of Emily had not ſolely, and at all times, poſſeſſed his boſom during the interval of their ſeparation; and his candour would not permit him to diſſimulate with her, nor to enjoy the

the reward due only to an undeviating and ſpotleſs fidelity.

"Pardon me, adorable Emily!" ſaid he, "if I have for a few moments ceaſed to be worthy of a reception ſo gratifying to my heart. Henceforth I ſwear to you, you ſhall be my only thought, my ſole pleaſure, my conſtant happineſs. My life is your's;—no other being——"

"And Iglon, the faithful Iglon!" cried the poor Abyſſinian, in the accent of deſpair, while, ſpringing forward from the arbour, ſhe threw herſelf on the ground before the Baron—"muſt Iglon be forgotten and abandoned!"

She caught the Baron's hands, kiſſing, and ſhedding on them a torrent of tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed Emily, with a ſpecies of affright; "what is all this? Whence came this Moor?"

"It

"It is only a domeſtic of mine!" ſaid the Baron, in the greateſt embarraſſment: "a faithful creature, to whom I owe the preſervation of my life."

Then, turning towards Iglon, he ſaid affectionately—

"Do you think it poſſible I ſhould ever forget you? Retire, and I beſeech you be compoſed."

She roſe, caſt on him a look of paſſionate regard, and withdrew into the arbour.

Emily requeſted him to relate the particulars of the accident he had alluded to, which the Baron did with conſiderable animation; but he entered into no further details reſpecting Iglon. It had not been the Baron's deſign to make a myſtery with Emily and Madame de Fabrice of the ſex of the Abyſſinian; yet he carefully avoided making

making mention of that circumſtance, without being able to define the motive by which he was irreſiſtibly drawn into a concealment ſo unworthy his character.

Iglon preſently appeared in the path, with a downcaſt and afflicted mien. Emily approached.

"Fear nothing, generous Iglon," ſaid ſhe; "your maſter can never ceaſe to remember his obligations to you, nor can I forget how much I am alſo your debtor. I owe to you the life of my beſt friend."

In ſaying theſe words, ſhe preſented Iglon with ſome pieces of money; but the Abyſſinian rejected them with diſdain. Emily inſiſted, but her commands brought tears into the eyes of Iglon.

"How!" ſaid ſhe, "do you repay the ſervices of affection with gold? I love him!" ſhe added, pointing to De Fleming.

"Keep

"Keep your gold, white lady!—Alas!" ſaid ſhe, putting her hand to her heart, "none of you feel as I do!"

With a deep ſigh, ſhe again turned to the arbour. Emily followed with her eyes this faithful and diſintereſted domeſtic, while De Fleming's heart palpitated violently; and he promiſed to himſelf to ſooth and conſole the tender Iglon when he ſhould be alone with her.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

AS yet it was not poſſible for the Baron to quit Madame de Fabrice, who was eager to diſplay to him all the beauties of her retreat.

"See," ſaid ſhe, "this clear ſtream, meandering through the grounds; obſerve what delicious little iſlands are formed by its windings. This was Emily's taſte; ſhe turned the bed of the ſtream thus, giving it all the grace of the ſerpentine, without its

its monotonous uniformity. She formed thoſe plantations of flowering ſhrubs on its banks. The long tedious avenues ſhe has transformed into beautiful woods, and beſtowed a pictureſque variety through the grounds, without deſtroying the grand ſolemnity that ought to appear in a retirement deſtined to ſolitude and devotion. At every footſtep you trace the charm of a feeling heart. Every object inſpires a touching melancholy; and while it appears the ſanctuary of devotion, it ſeems to forbid the approach of deſpair. Thoſe extended allies of lofty trees conduct you to the labyrinth, or to a ſteep hill, from whence you have an extenſive proſpect of the country. The houſe was once a monaſtery; and Emily ſought to preſerve its awful magnificence, while ſhe deſtroyed whatever

whatever might remind us of the gloom of the cloiſter."

It has already been mentioned, that Emily preceded Madame de Fabrice ſome months to Budiſsheim, who remained at Court in the vain hope of holding eternal dominion over a heart, from which ſhe could not detach her own. From the moment ſhe became convinced that the Prince had once been unfaithful, and ſhe was the laſt perſon at Court to believe the tranſgreſſion, ſhe courageouſly reſolved to retire to Budiſsheim, where every ſcene was congenial to the depreſſed ſtate of her feelings, and where ſhe determined to find all her conſolation in the boſom of friendſhip.

In the magnificent ſolitude of Budiſsheim, Madame de Fabrice mourned the inconſtancy of a lover, and Emily the uncertain deſtiny of her's. There naturally

aroſe

aroſe between them an affection as tender as belonged to the relation they had adopted towards each other. Each the confidant of the other's regret or fears, their converſation never languiſhed, though the ſubjects were always the ſame. Satisfied with the preſent enjoyment, anticipating neither wearineſs nor diſguſt, they promiſed to fly an importunate world, and devote themſelves to ſolitude.

Emily, waiting the arrival of her friend, had lived almoſt a year alone in this beautiful retreat. The tranquil pleaſures of the country, the charms of nature, in which ſhe had ever delighted, but, above all, the comforts of liberty, after a bondage ſo ſlaviſh and oppreſſive, diſpoſed her to a tender ſpecies of happineſs, awakened her imagination, and gave her a tincture of romance, with

with which ſhe embelliſhed even the commoneſt objects.

In the world, at this time, Emily would have appeared ridiculous; in the ſhades of Budiſsheim ſhe was enchanting: her romance, however extravagant, always tended to virtue. To devote her every thought, her every wiſh to friendſhip and to gratitude, was her unceaſing deſire; to preſerve for Madame de Fabrice and the Baron de Fleming the moſt exalted ſentiments of tenderneſs and delicacy, her conſtant ſtudy. To bend her mind to any other purſuit, was in her eyes an unpardonable infidelity; to admit even the ties of acquaintanceſhip with another being, was to debaſe the purity of her attachment to them.

Without doubt, it would have been ſufficiently indecorous in the eyes of the neighbourhood, had Emily run from houſe to houſe,

houſe, ſeeking and paying viſits; but the cenſure or decorums of the world made no part of Emily's motives:—ſhe lived but for two beings—they to her were the entire world. The letters of Madame de Fabrice aided this ſolitary propenſity of her youthful *protegée*.

"Let us fly," wrote that lady, "from the Court, from mankind for ever. They are all cold, cruel, falſe, degenerate. Delicacy and feeling exiſt only in our hearts, my Emily; with theſe will we embelliſh and enliven our ſhades; we will never quit the paradiſe thou haſt created for me."

The neighbourhood, however, was not ſo ſatisfied, and the theme of every company was now the fair hermits of Budiſsheim. In proportion as they ſecluded themſelves from all ſociety, the eagerneſs to ſee them, to draw them from their cells,

 increaſed;

increaſed; but all invitations they invariably declined, and viſits they refuſed to admit: therefore, though generally lamented, the expectation of their company generally declined. One perſon, more bold, more perſevering than the reſt, preſented himſelf daily at the gates of Badiſsheim; and Madame de Fabrice at laſt determined to receive him once, that ſhe might prevail on him to ſpare her any further trouble.

The gentleman came prepared to encounter repulſe, diſcouragement, and even reſentment. He anſwered Madame de Fabrice's remonſtrances in a manner that was neither jeſt nor earneſt.

"I deny, Madam," ſaid he at laſt, "that you have any right to ſhut your doors againſt your neighbours, to baniſh all ſociety, to ſequeſter yourſelf from the world, at an age, and with ſuch attractions as muſt render

render yourſelf and your companion, the ornament and delight of every circle."

He continued to ſay a thouſand other things, ſtill more flattering. Madame de Fabrice's arguments were cut ſhort with a compliment, a ſmile, and a bow, that were nearly irreſiſtible; but his own he maintained inflexibly againſt even Madame de Fabrice's ſmile.

The whole converſation was very animated; but the defenders of ſolitude had the worſt ſide of the diſpute, and evidently gave ground. Their antagoniſt thought ſo; for at the end of ſome days he appeared again, with an air of having a permiſſion. Madame de Fabrice and Emily were reading in the arbour at the bottom of the garden; thither he followed, and having paid his compliments very gallantly, he begged he might not interrupt their ſtudies:

and

and taking the book from the hands of Emily, offered to read to them. The author was known to him, and he read with a ſentiment and grace that lent new charms to the compoſition. Afterwards they walked in the garden. He ſpoke on topics of agriculture and gardening, praiſed with taſte and diſcrimination, and blamed with judgment. Some plans were propoſed.

"Allow me to offer my ſervices in their execution," ſaid he. "I am familiar with the uſe of the ſpade; digging and planting are my favourite occupations."

In a few more viſits he inſenſibly aſſociated himſelf with their pleaſures and their labours. They worked, they read, they walked, they ran, they laughed, or made moral reflections together. Hilbert often aſſured them, if any thing could tempt him to forego the pleaſures

of

of the world, it would be the charming ſolitude of Budiſsheim; and the two friends began to be ſenſible that their delicious retre would be but a gloomy abode without the preſence of Hilbert.

Hilbert never failed to bring them all the entertaining anecdotes of the neighbourhood; and the ladies, by little and little, were very much intereſted about the world they had ſo formally abjured, while he daily procured them pleaſures, without *ennui* or fatigue.

"Hilbert is very amiable," ſaid Madame de Fabrice; "we did well to make an exception in his favour. But what was the attraction that firſt drew him hither? It was your beauty, Emily."

"Ah, no, mamma; his manner indicates that you have enchanted him."—The diſpute paſſed with a ſmile; and without

further inveſtigation, they continued to receive the conſtant viſits of Hilbert.

Hilbert was the ſon of a rich merchant of Francfort, who had beſtowed on him a finiſhed education, and ſent him, while yet very young, to travel over Europe. Hilbert, with a lively imagination, had an early propenſity to philoſophize. He was for acting in all things upon enlarged principles; and returned from his travels poſſeſſed of extenſive knowledge, and reſolved to conduct the commercial affairs of his father upon the moſt liberal plan.

Hilbert thought leſs of growing rich, than of the well-being of men, and an enlightened intercourſe with civilized nations; but his father was an old man, whoſe ideas moved in a narrower, and perhaps more prudent circle. When on his death-bed, he ſummoned Hilbert, and without attempting

to

to awaken him from his philoſophic dream, he merely engaged him by a ſolemn promiſe, to continue in partnerſhip with his brother-in-law, and to abide by his advice in every thing that related to the buſineſs. Hilbert promiſed, and faithfully kept his word, forbearing even to indicate, in the ſlighteſt degree, the diſſatisfaction and diſappointment he endured.

He laboured for ſome time very aſſiduouſly in the counting-houſe; but oppoſed, without ceaſing, by a ſyſtem in direct contradiction to his own, and diſguſted by the mechanical routine in which he paſſed his days, his health, as well as his diſpoſition, ſuffered ſo viſibly and materially, that his relations were alarmed, and prevailed on him to leave commerce for a time, and paſs the ſummer at Gravenrode, where he inherited an eſtate.

Hilbert at this epocha was twenty years old, at the very age when Nature the moſt eaſily diſpoſes man to taſte her pureſt enjoyments. The budding ſweets of ſpring, the ripened glories of ſummer, elevated the ſoul of Hilbert to a tranſport of feeling, from which philoſophy and commerce had equally eſtranged him.

Hilbert engaged with avidity in agricultural purſuits; he ſtudied in his books the theory of farming, he followed the mowers and reapers through the fields, to learn the practical habits. He inhaled with delight the perfume of the new-mown hay, liſtened with complaiſance to the minuteſt detail of the glebe, and partook with an inſpiring gaiety, the pleaſures of the harveſt-home. A few books, a little muſic, and occaſional viſits to his neighbours, ſufficiently diverſified his life, and rendered his abode

abode at Gravenrode the happieſt days he had ever known. Long walks, of which he was very fond, re-eſtabliſhed his health; and with health came an increasing fund of lively ſpirits and good humour.

One day by chance he deſcended a hill, at ſome diſtance from Gravenrode, by a path he had never before trod; and forcing his way through underwood and briars, he reached the borders of the ſtream which ſurrounded Madame de Fabrice's garden. The murmuring of the water, the ſhade of the trees which grew on its banks, and the profound ſolitude which ſeemed to reign in this ſequeſtered ſpot, tempted him to throw himſelf on the graſs. He had taken a book from his pocket, and diſpoſed himſelf to read, when he beheld a young female iſſue from the wood, and approach the oppoſite border of the ſtream, where, with-

out perceiving Hilbert, she occupied herself some time in forming garlands of flowers to adorn her hair.

The elegance of her figure, and the striking singularity of her garb, fixed the attention of Hilbert, and excited his curiosity. He remained immoveable on the bank of the stream, as long as the beautiful female was in sight; and then climbed the hill, and hastened to the village, to learn the name of the fair recluse. Here his utmost diligence failed him; he could only learn that she lived in perfect solitude, with the lady whom she called her mother.

Hilbert returned to Gravenrode, occupied with the image of the beautiful unknown; his books, his music presented no variety, no solace to the restlessness of his curiosity.

Hilbert was by no means disposed to languish in this intolerable suspense, and

the

the next day took infallible meaſures to diſcover the name of Emily. He had the mortification to learn alſo, that the doors of Madame de Fabrice never opened to ſtrangers, and that to gain admiſſion, he muſt employ either ſtratagem or force. He formed his plan; he knew how to ſoften the audacity of his perſeverance, by the eaſe, grace, and elegance of his addreſs. He was admitted, and encouraged with equal freedom, kindneſs, and condeſcenſion by both ladies.

The frequent ſight and converſation of Emily deepened the impreſſion Hilbert had received on firſt beholding her. The intereſt of curioſity became inſenſibly that of love. Hilbert ſaw the approach of Love, without a wiſh to defend himſelf from his power. Daily in the preſence of Emily, bleſſed with her ſmiles, her approbation, her

confidence, he as yet gathered only the roſes of his deſtiny. No rivals approached to diſturb his ſerenity; and Hilbert, happy in his ignorance, queſtioned not his ſenſations, nor ſought other confirmations of felicity, than thoſe which were kindly proffered him.

He did not quit Gravenrode till the ſevereſt rigours of winter ſet in; and yet the two friends deemed him in haſte to get back to the city. He came with the firſt bud of ſpring; and yet they wondered he had ſo long delayed his return. He brought to Budiſsheim an ardour that abſence but increaſed; and ſcarcely could the pleaſure of the two friends be ſaid not to equal his own. After an interval, more dreary than they choſe to confeſs, his preſence renewed every joy. A new life ſeemed to expand around them, and ſpring burſt upon them from the moment of Hilbert's arrival.

All

An intercourſe ſo endearing, ſo ſatisfactory, yet lulled the mind of Hilbert in repoſe. He entertained not a hope, but what he generally flattered himſelf Emily partook with him. He imagined he often beheld in the eyes of Emily, a ſpark of the ſame fire with which his boſom glowed; nor dared he interrupt the even current of their pleaſures, by a declaration which an indefinable ſentiment always tempted him to withhold. He waited patiently for the moſt favourable means of diſplaying all the feelings of his heart, and enjoyed with tranſport his preſent privileges.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

ONE day Hilbert arriving at Budiſsheim, beheld with extreme ſurpriſe, and ſomething like jealouſy, Emily walking in the garden with a ſtranger, to whom ſhe appeared to converſe with the freedom and familiarity of an old acquaintance. Madame de Fabrice, perceiving Hilbert ſtanding at a diſtance, haſtened to him with her uſual marks of friendſhip, bade him welcome, and offered to preſent him to the Baron de Fleming.

" He

"He is," ſaid ſhe, "one of our moſt intimate friends, whom I met by chance yeſterday, and who is worthy——"

"To be the huſband of Emily," exclaimed Hilbert, vehemently.

"Yes. If you are fit to be truſted with a ſecret, you ſhall know every thing."

They were already cloſe to the Baron and Emily, and Hilbert was ſtruggling to repreſs his emotion. With difficulty he pronounced the few words that politeneſs exacted on ſuch an occaſion; and availing himſelf of the uſual liberty he enjoyed at Budiſsheim, he found ſome pretext to withdraw into the remoteſt part of the garden.

"Good God!" he cried aloud, "is then Emily deſtined to be the wife of another!—and has not her heart appeared to partake the feelings of mine! Her treacherous bounties have undone me. She has but granted thee

thee friendſhip, Hilbert, and thou haſt miſtaken friendſhip for love!—Who then is this preſumptuous rival? What are his rights?—Love perhaps—her love!—Curſes light on him deep as my hatred!—Heavens! what am I ſaying? Is it permitted me to hate, becauſe I am not beloved? Oh, no, no!" he cried, throwing himſelf on the ground, to give vent to his tears.

"No," repeated ſorrowfully a voice behind him; "it is not permitted us to hate, becauſe we are not beloved."

Hilbert, ſurpriſed, ſprung up from the ground, and beheld Iglon.

"Are you alſo unfortunate," ſaid he. "What is it that afflicts you?"

"Alas!" ſaid Iglon, laying her hand on her heart, and ſmiling with bitterneſs, "it is that which afflicts me."—She pointed with her other hand towards the Baron and Emily, who walking arm in arm, were now within

within ſight. A ſtill deeper ſigh burſt from her as they approached, and ſhe haſtened away, repeating—"No—I muſt not hate her!"

Iglon, from the moment Emily appeared, had ſuffered the moſt dreadful torments of jealouſy. Her ſoul, ardent as the climate under which ſhe was born, nouriſhed every paſſion to exceſs; her love was the moſt impaſſioned, her hatred the moſt profound.

She called to mind De Fleming's kindneſs, and thoſe careſſes which had often flattered her that his regard for her was of a nature ſimiliar to the paſſion ſhe felt in her own heart.

"Has he not often," ſaid ſhe, "folded me within his arms, calling me his beloved friend, his dear Iglon?—And muſt I ſee the ſame actions laviſhed on another?—and perhaps the ſame ſentiments are expreſſed to her, although unheard by me!"

All

All the ſerpents of jealouſy preyed upon the heart of Iglon.

" Why does not this rival ceaſe to exiſt?" ſhe exclaimed; " ſhe who deſtroys my peace?—This white woman!—Oh that ſhe were dead in this inſtant!—But, cowardly Iglon, doſt thou vainly wiſh for that which thou canſt give thyſelf? She is thy enemy, and doſt thou heſitate to plunge the dagger in her boſom?"

Her mind pauſed a moment, with inexpreſſible delight, over this idea. Her eye brightened with new fires. A ghaſtly ſmile dwelt upon her lips; but following the quick impulſe of a vivid imagination and of a generous temper, ſhe ſaw her victim mangled and expiring, and De Fleming in deſpair, vainly invoking Heaven to work miracles to ſave her.

" And

"And shall I," she then exclaimed, "be the assassin of her whom De Fleming loves? —Ah! rather let me die a thousand deaths!"

It was in the instant in which she made this courageous resolution, that she heard the exclamation of Hilbert, whose mind was disturbed with a similar contest. Strengthened in his resolution by the example of Iglon, Hilbert turned towards the lovers, with the intention of assuming a serenity of appearance, far distant from the reality of his feelings.

It was not long, in fact, before he experienced much of that calm which at first he had faintly imitated. That inward satisfaction, the inseparable companion of every courageous resolution, spread its benign influence over his mind, long before he had ventured to hope for its presence.

He

He now reſolved more cloſely to examine De Fleming; and perceiving through all that ſingularity which marked his actions, a generous diſpoſition, capable of the moſt conſtant atachment, he could not ſhut his eyes to the probability that Emily might be happy in a union with De Fleming; and in this idea his noble mind enjoyed a ſincere delight, that for the moment offered a conſolation for his own ſufferings.

While Hilbert thus reconciled himſelf to endure the preſence of his rival, Iglon —the tender and vehement Iglon, traverſed the paths of the garden with reſtleſs and agitated ſteps. Sometimes approaching towards the lovers, a word, a look, a ſmile ſeemed to pierce her heart as with a dagger. She then fled precipitately, ſhedding tears of reſentment and anguiſh; yet again would

would ſhe return to behold the triumph of her rival, and to carry back to the ſhades of the wood, new ſources of tears, lamentations, and deſpair.

Iglon abandoned to her grief, and Hilbert ſtruggling with his feelings, were not the only diſquieted perſons of the party now at Budiſsheim. De Fleming preſently reſigned himſelf to a new fantaſy. He had read ſomewhere, that it was beneath the dignity of a ſage to yield to the emotions of love; and he already bluſhed to recollect the vivacity of his ſenſations when Emily received him with ſuch apparent pleaſure.

It was now his part to regain the ſelf-command that ſhould adorn his character. He aſſumed a cold and ſtately reſerve. He remained by her ſide with a diſtant mien, and ſpoke only words of frozen import.

Emily

Emily was not inſenſible to this extraordinary change; but delicacy and pride equally forbade her to notice it. Her forbearance had not been calculated upon by the Baron, who, expecting every inſtant ſome tender reproaches from Emily, had arranged, in the cleareſt manner poſſible, all the arguments neceſſary to convince her he was acting with becoming dignity; but as Emily would not demand an explanation, he ſaw himſelf reduced to the neceſſity of being the firſt to introduce the ſubject.

"To which, fair Emily," ſaid he, "of two lovers, would you accord your preference?—One who, intoxicated with the deſire of pleaſing you, ſhould blindly follow the dictates of your will; or one who, acting as the manly character demands, preſerves his wiſdom undiminiſhed, and

exerciſes

exercises all his rights and prerogatives, and is master of himself, while his heart adores you?"

"I do not know exactly which I ought most to esteem; but I certainly should feel most assured of the passion of the former, and depend more on him for happiness. However, each person loves according to his character; and if the latter be your mode, my Lord, I shall make no exceptions."

Iglon had not failed to remark the cold and constrained manner the Baron had assumed towards Emily. Her heart once again bounded with hope. As soon as De Fleming had retired, she flew to his chamber, and testified with vehement transport, her gratitude and her hopes. What was her astonishment when he coolly answered—

"My dear Iglon, you are in an error.—I love Emily as much as ever; but the love

of

of a ſage does not in the leaſt reſemble that of other men!"

"And thou canſt," exclaimed Iglon, "thus calmly pronounce the ſentence of my deſpair!—Thou canſt, unmoved, pour into my boſom the fiery poiſon that conſumes its vitals!—Ingrate! how I have loved thee!—Even yet this heart which thou pierceſt with cruel wounds, beats but for thee!"

The vehemence of her accent, the expreſſion of her countenance, and the trembling of her limbs alarmed De Fleming for her ſafety.

"Dear Iglon," he ſaid, "be compoſed—I am your friend. Live happily for my ſake."

"No—I will die!—Then, barbarous as thou art, thou wilt ſhed a tear for me!—No

longer

longer can I endure this torture!—Farewell!—Death only can relieve me!"

She attempted to ruſh from his preſence with an impetuoſity the Baron could ſcarcely reſiſt. With difficulty his arm reſtrained her, while he faſtened the door to prevent her eſcape; and he then endeavoured to reaſon with, to appeaſe, to conſole her. For a long time ſhe croſſed her hands upon her breaſt, and appeared inſenſible to every thing around her. At length, ſtarting from the ſtupefaction of deſpair, ſhe heard him ſay—

"Deareſt, beloved Iglon, I conjure thee live for me!"

Her boſom ſwelled with emotion, and a ſhower of tears came to her relief.

"Yes," ſhe anſwered, "I will live. I promiſe you more—although the pangs of jealouſy rend my heart, I will not

imbitter your moments of peace with my complaints; only do not repulſe me—let me ever continue near you. It is in your preſence alone that I ſhall learn to ſuffer with conſtancy."

De Fleming embraced her fervently.

"It is not poſſible," he ſaid, when ſhe had withdrawn, "to maintain, in the preſence of this affectionate creature, the ſtoical phlegm preſcribed to the ſage. If Seneca had been beloved by Iglon, he had certainly abandoned his apathy, and altered his maxims.

After this he permitted himſelf the full exerciſe of his tenderneſs towards Iglon, and maintained his dignity and coldneſs only at the ſide of Emily.

The ardour of Hilbert's character could with difficulty pardon the Baron's ſtrange conduct.

conduct. His own paſſion for Emily, glowing with the fire of youth, led him at times to the very point of burſting into vehement reſentment of a conduct which appeared little leſs than an inſult to her charms. Yet he reſtrained his impetuoſity and his anger, by reaſoning upon the good qualities that were ſtill diſcernible in De Fleming, amidſt a crowd of caprices.

"Theſe are," ſaid Hilbert, "but the wanderings of a mind of uncommon activity, and are not more ridiculous perhaps than thoſe of a thouſand others. Some men conſume their lives in laborious reſearches to diſcover the age in which Homer lived, holding in extreme contempt him who, indifferent to that fact, enjoys the ſtudy of his verſes. But folly is not the leſs folly, for being divided among the multitude. Each man adheres to his own

prejudice; each believes his vocation to be more useful and honourable than that of others. The poet counts his numbers in hunger and poverty, and scorns the merchant who, enumerating his gains, laughs at the poet's misery; and the advocate prides himself on his knowledge of the barbarous language of the title-deeds he explores, yet the more, as his client understands not a word of that on which depend his honours, his fortune, and perhaps his life. Is De Fleming's extravagance more dangerous? Is his pride more absurd than any of these? No; he is only more unique in his choice of absurdities. His youth, his excellent heart will yet bring him back to sound judgment."

Hilbert judged truly as well as generously. De Fleming by degrees lost his affectation of philosophic indifference, and returned to his

his natural feelings, and his desire to contribute to the happiness of those around him.

One day, when music was the subject of conversation, Emily expressed her admiration of the lute; and the Baron, happy to promote her pleasure, desired Iglon to bring her instrument. Tears sprung to her eyes.

"I can only touch the lute for thee," she answered.

"Iglon!" said the Baron, with a tone of displeasure.—She trembled, and went for the lute.

On her return, De Fleming arose from the table, and in a low voice said to her—

"My good Iglon, I beseech you, justify my praises. Play some of those brilliant airs which your touch and expression render so truly enchanting."

"If I muſt ſing well," ſhe ſaid mournfully, "leave me to follow the dictates of my own heart."

She began with a graceful prelude which ſhewed her maſterly execution; and adapting the tones of the inſtrument to her melodious voice, ſhe ſang words that alternately breathed the fervour of hope, the tenderneſs of paſſion, and the anguiſh of deſpair. At the laſt line of her canzonet, which ſaid—

"I fade like the roſe—I bow my head, and die!"

her voice melted into a cadence ſo expreſſive, ſo melancholy, that Hilbert turned with ſurpriſe to look at the ſinger. Her eyes were lifted upward; big drops fell upon her cheeks; her hands trembled as her fingers reſted on the chords.

Hilbert imagined he read on her countenance love without hope—love perhaps betrayed.

betrayed. A thouſand vague ſuſpicions ruſhed into his mind; he beheld the impaſſioned glances ſhe fixed upon De Fleming. The flexibility of her features, the contour of her form, her voice, all indicated that the intereſting muſician was a female. He heard her ſay to the Baron in a low voice, as he was praiſing her execution— "Thou haſt demanded much. Doſt thou then forget that though I ſmile, Sorrow quits not her throne in my heart!"

Theſe words appeared to convince Hilbert that his ſurmiſes were juſt; and his curioſity became eager to develope the myſtery.

When Iglon had quitted the apartment, and the Baron had alſo retired, he turned to Emily, and beheld her ſitting in a thoughtful poſture, her head reſting on

her hand; and he ventured to rally her on the powerful effect of music.

"I certainly," said she, "was extremely affected by the manner in which the Moor sang; but at present I was occupied in considering how very strange it is that, strive as much as I will, I cannot in the least conciliate the favour of that affectionate domestic, who yet shews so constant and uniform a devotion to his master's will. Did you ever observe the disdain with which he seems to avoid any attentions from me?"

"I suspect he is very unfortunate."

"But so young, Hilbert!"

"True, very young; yet old enough to learn the torments of disappointed love."

"I pity him with my whole heart; and his master treats him with undeviating kindness.

kindneſs. No doubt the Baron knows his hiſtory."

"I think not. I believe this youth ſuffers in ſecret—that he hides his misfortunes from his maſter;—nay, I am inclined to believe that he diſguiſes his ſex alſo."

"Good Heavens, Hilbert!"

"Chance has led me to make theſe obſervations. De Fleming I am perſuaded is ignorant of the matter; and I cannot decide whether I ought, or not, to impart my conjectures to him."

Hilbert's ſuſpicions were, as ſoon as communicated, transformed into abſolute certanties; they were a ray of light to Emily. A woman is always more ready than a man to believe in whatever is extraordinary. She combined a thouſand circumſtances; and it appeared to her ſcarcely poſſible that De Fleming, during two years that the

Abyſſinian had been in his ſervice, could have remained ignorant of the fact. Her love, her vehemence, her melancholy, her ardour muſt have conſtantly betrayed her to his eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" ſhe cried; "De Fleming at leaſt muſt ſuſpect her."

Painfully oppreſſed with theſe ideas, alarmed by undefined fears, for ſhe did not permit herſelf to doubt the fidelity of the man to whom gratitude irrevocably bound her, and who profeſſed to love her with his whole ſoul, Emily ſat in her chamber abſorbed in reverie, long after her uſual time of going to reſt; when, juſt after midnight, ſhe heard a light footſtep croſs the corridor towards De Fleming's chamber. Emily roſe mechanically; and gently opening her door, ſhe beheld Iglon glide into the antichamber of her maſter.—This ſight

cauſed

cauſed Emily to ſhudder; but her reſpect for the Baron furniſhed her with many probabilities, that ſhould render the viſit of Iglon innocent. Emily could not, however, quit her door; ſhe watched patiently, though not without ſome tremor, as the time lengthened, for the return of Iglon.—Not till the dawn of morning did ſhe ſee the Abyſſinian come from the Baron's anti-room, and regain her own chamber.

CHAP. XIII.

IT is neceſſary here to acquaint the reader, that on the Baron's arrival at Budiſsheim, he had felt how greatly his character might be involved by Iglon's practice of ſleeping on the threſhold of his chamber-door. He endeavoured to convince her of the impropriety of her ſo doing, and to prevail on her to quit her poſt. It was with tears and burſts of grief, that Iglon beheld this innovation of one of her deareſt privileges; and the

the Baron, unable to reſiſt her entreaties, at length conſented that ſhe ſhould nightly take her ſtation in his apartment, on condition that ſhe came at midnight, and retired at the break of day, that no one might obſerve her. Iglon ſubmitted to theſe precautions; and Emily ſaw her approach at midnight, and retire with the firſt light of morning.

Confounded, mortified, and outraged as Emily thought herſelf by this diſcovery, ſhe ſank into a chair, and burſt into tears, more of anger than tenderneſs.

"Here then," ſaid ſhe, "is the ſecret of his ſtoiciſm, his philoſophical indifference, his imitation of the wiſdom of the ſages. This explains all that was extraordinary in his conduct.—Profligate man! to make me the witneſs of his infidelity. And for whom am I deceived?—So inferior a crea-

creature!—a negro!—a ſlave!—Ah, indeed he is unworthy even of my reſentment."

Emily longed to confide her diſcovery, and aſk advice from her friend; but Madame de Fabrice was haſty and paſſionate: ſhe would decide at once againſt De Fleming, would refuſe to liſten to his juſtification, would perhaps forbid him her houſe. Hilbert was more gentle and conſiderate; but Emily's feeling revolted againſt confiding ſuch a ſtory to the ear of Hilbert.

Gratitude yet again pleaded in behalf of the Baron; and, deeply afflicted, yet without having formed a deciſion, Emily deſcended to the breakfaſt-room. De Fleming was there alone; and Emily promptly reſolved warily to ſound his principles. She began, in very animated terms, to inveigh againſt the perfidies of men.

"I will

"I will ſpeak to his conſcience," ſaid ſhe to herſelf; "I ſhall ſee him bluſh before me, and his confuſion will be a homage to the virtue he does not practiſe."

Great was her ſurpriſe when the Baron, with a tone and perfect expreſſion of the pureſt candour, declaimed yet more vehemently than ſhe had done, againſt the atrocities of libertiniſm. Emily was herſelf thown into confuſion and freſh perplexity.

"I begin to think," ſaid ſhe, "he is not conſcious of the ſex of his ſlave. It is of her I muſt ſeek to expound this myſtery."

Under pretence of learning the lute, Emily drew Iglon to her chamber; and after laviſhing on her many marks of eſteem, ſhe ſaid gaily—

"*Apropos*, we have been planning a little maſquerade; and you, Iglon, ſhall appear dreſſed

dreſſed as a woman. Female attire muſt ſuit you admirably."

"It does," ſaid Iglon, in perfect ſimplicity; "but I muſt not wear it."

"Oh yes, for this one occaſion: I ſhall delight to preſent you to your maſter, and enjoy his ſurpriſe. He will be enchanted with the transformation."

"Ah, no—leſs him than any one."

"Why, my good friend?"

Iglon was ſilent.

"At leaſt acquaint me with your objections. You ſpoil my whole ſcheme. I know you will oblige me."

"Never."

"Indeed! Then I ſhall ſolicit the Baron to lay his commands on you."

Iglon ſmiled as it were in defiance, and, without ſpeaking, quitted the room.

Emily,

Emily, though piqued at the want of complaiſance of the Abyſſinian towards her, yet now entirely acquitted the Baron of her former ſuſpicions. She could not, however, in future, forbear ſtrictly to obſerve their conduct towards each other; and the impaſſioned tones of the ſlave—the complaiſant, conſiderate friendſhip of the Baron—her eager zeal to ſerve him—his viſible ſatisfaction in her aſſiduities, left Emily no longer the power to doubt of their attachment: and ten thouſand times the more culpable did De Fleming appear, for the animated panegyric he had ſo lately made on truth and virtue.

Emily retired to her chamber, plunged in the deepeſt affliction, yet ſecretly conſcious that her love was leſs outraged than her pride. She had of late begun to queſtion the nature of her ſentiments for

De

De Fleming; and even while the ardour of her gratitude led her to devote her thoughts to him, Hilbert had too often occupied them. At this moment she compared their characters and their manners; and she secretly wished to give Hilbert the preference in all things, though she persuaded herself to suppose she could not be otherwise than just and impartial.

Her disappointment in De Fleming's was extreme; for if his generosity to her had failed to excite emotions of love, it had at least given her the most exalted idea of his worth. A lapse so degrading, so perfidious as that she supposed she had detected, filled her breast with shame as with sorrow; and she determined to conceal his misconduct from every one, even from Madame de Fabrice, leaving it to chance and time to free her from her engagements with him.

At

At that inſtant, however, Madame de Fabrice entered her apartment; the tears, the glowing cheeks of Emily alarmed her friend.

"Good Heavens! my Emily, what has happened? Whence theſe tears?—this deſolated, this afflicted air?"

Emily roſe in confuſion.

"'Tis nothing, Madam; a mere head-ach, low ſpirits;—I am very well now."

Madame de Fabrice was not to be deceived by ſuch excuſes. She beſought, ſhe inſiſted on knowing the real cauſe; and, at length, bluſhing, heſitating, ſeeking to extenuate to the utmoſt the fault of her benefactor, and begging her friend to guard the ſecret, ſhe gave Madame de Fabrice to underſtand that Iglon was a woman, and the miſtreſs of the Baron.

In despite of her precautions, the indignation of Madame de Fabrice knew no bounds. Her friend was insulted; the respect due to her house was violated: she decided on dismissing the Baron without a moment's delay. Emily implored her to moderate her anger. She returned to her own doubts, besought her to investigate the matter, and to observe and question the Baron before she gave way to a resentment that might produce such painful consequences.

While they disputed the point, the Baron appeared with his accustomed air of serenity. The ladies turned pale, and were a moment silent. Madame de Fabrice's courage failed; she could not openly reproach him, but she attacked hypocrisy and treachery in a way that the Baron must, if culpable, understand to have a personal

application

application to himſelf. Emily trembled at the approaching explanation, when happily the entrance of Hilbert diverted the impending ſtorm.

Madame de Fabrice ſoon quitted the room, and haſtened to the chamber of Iglon, where ſhe preſently found the attire of a female—the ſatin corſet, the muſlin robe, the embroidered girdle, the ſtrings of pearl; and judging of the affection of the maſter by the ſplendid habits of the ſlave, ſhe wanted no other confirmation of his perfidy to her friend.

Returning to the ſaloon, ſhe found Iglon there, and iſſued ſome commands to her with a tone of ſuch harſhneſs and contemptuous ſeverity, that offended the Baron. He took the part of Iglon; and, by more than uſual complaiſance and tenderneſs of demeanour, ſought to indemnify her for the humiliating

humiliating language ſhe received from Madame de Fabrice.

" You enter warmly, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, " into the defence of your ſlave. Methought your ſyſtem taught you to hate the blacks."

" Hate!" exclaimed the Baron; " God forbid that I ſhould hate any human being! —eſpecially one whoſe fidelity and affection merit homage, although nature may have withheld the colour and charms of beauty."

" Ah, without doubt, attractions belong only to other races."

" Yes, Madam."

Then turning to Hilbert, he ſaid—

" In ſpeaking of conformity, I told you a thouſand times——"

" My Lord, this is no queſtion of conformity and ſyſtem; it is only one of intrigue," ſaid Madame de Fabrice peeviſhly.

" Confeſs

"Confeſs that this diſguſting creature, this Iglon is a woman. Speak, my Lord—is it not ſo?"

This demand, ſo abrupt and unexpected, was like a clap of thunder to the Baron. Hilbert too was diſconcerted, and Emily hid her eyes with her hand. Madame de Fabrice alone was able to look at De Fleming, who ſhortly addreſſing Emily, with a tone and mien that could only belong to innocence, ſaid—

"Emily, rely on my integrity, I conjure you! Do not deem me unworthy myſelf and you."

Then, turning to Madame de Fabrice, he added—

"Madam, I do not wiſh to deny the ſex of Iglon. It appeared to me unneceſſary to ſpeak of it; yet, be aſſured, my

reſerve

reſerve on this ſubject was rather forgetfulneſs than a precaution due to decorum."

Hilbert, unwilling to augment the embarraſſment of this explanation, roſe to withdraw; but De Fleming requeſting with conſiderable earneſtneſs that he would remain, he again took his ſeat.

"Then," ſaid Madame de Fabrice, "your negro is a woman; and you avow this ſcandalous affair with perfect compoſure! Do not you feel, my Lord——"

"Ah, Madam, I feel that ſhe ſaved my life, and that ſhe loves me tenderly. To have forbid her to attend upon me, would have inflicted on her the greateſt pain. My gratitude would not permit me to do this; and I compelled her to aſſume the dreſs of a man, to avoid the conſtructions of evil tongues."

"And

"And is it, my Lord, alſo to avoid evil conſtructions that you ſecretly admit her every night to your chamber?"

The Baron coloured deeply.

"I am ſurpriſed, I own, Madam. I could not have ſuppoſed——But judge as you will, the attachment of this faithful creature juſtifies——"

"Oh, without doubt. No perſon can think ill of an attachment ſo tender, that the faithful creature cannot ſleep apart from you."

"That is exactly the caſe, Madam. Yet I truſt you will not, on that account, caſt injurious ſurmiſes upon me."

"Certainly not.—Oh, no, no!—by no means! But pardon me.—Ha! ha! ha! This is irreſiſtible! A female paſſes her nights with you, and you pretend—— My Lord, I bluſh at your want of ſhame!"

"If I tell you, Madam, that my chamber is always lighted, I hope you will have a better opinion of me."

"And why, I pray? How does the light prove you innocent?"

"It proves it, Madam, in the moſt incontrovertible manner. I can, if you will have the goodneſs to liſten to me, clearly demonſtrate that. If, indeed, I were ſo fortunate as to attract equally near me a woman whoſe perſonal charms—— Emily for example, you would have reaſon to ſuſpect. Then not the moſt refulgent light of noon——"

"Really, my Lord," ſaid Emily, riſing, and bluſhing exceſſively, "this is ſtrange language. You might at leaſt reſpect me."

As ſhe approached to the door, the Baron, with outſtretched arms, prevented her departure.

"My

"My dear Emily," he exclaimed, "ah doubt not that my reſpect equals my affection. Do not leave me in diſpleaſure. What! is it poſſible that you alſo ſhould humiliate me with theſe ſuſpicions? Ah! who would be unfaithful to you? I call upon Hilbert to aid me in my defence. He has read my ſoul; he can witneſs for me."

The confidence, ſimplicity, and eagerneſs of the Baron ſtaggered the previous belief of Madame de Fabrice, and ſhe ſuffered him to proceed.

"You know, Madam," he continued, "that every man forms to himſelf a model of the beauty which ſhall intereſt his heart, or inflame his ſenſes. You are too well informed of mine, not to perceive that Iglon (who is, in all reſpects, exactly oppoſed to the form my imagination adores) may, while I have light and power to diſtinguiſh

colours and features, ſleep in the very apartment with me, without putting either my virtue or her's in danger. Light alſo is the patron of innocence—darkneſs the auxiliary of ſenſuality. Need I, beyond theſe inconteſtable principles, ſeek to prove my innocence? Yes, Emily, to you I ſwear that I am innocent."

Madame de Fabrice, who laughed at his principles, was yet touched by his manner, and turned towards Emily to obſerve the impreſſion of this ſingular juſtification on her. But Emily continued to look on the ground in ſilence.

"Well," ſaid Madame de Fabrice, "be that as it may, you muſt yet permit us to conſider it as a very extraordinary affair. With my advice, Emily will forget the paſt; but ſhe muſt exact ſureties for the future. This Moor you muſt part with, my Lord."

"Impoſ-

"Impoſſible, Madam! altogether impoſſible!" exclaimed the Baron vehemently.

Emily now fixed her eyes upon him, and ſaid, in a mild and perſuaſive tone—

"My dear friend, confer every poſſible benefit on this poor girl that your generous heart can dictate; enrich her; divide with her your fortune, but part from her. The man to whom I give my hand, muſt not be degraded with ſuch a ſuſpicion as attaches to your intercourſe with Iglon. Make her happy; but demand not that ſhe partake your affection with me. Let her go, my Lord; that alone can prove your fidelity and love."

De Fleming took the hand of Emily, and preſſed it between his own.

"Demand my life!" ſaid he; "I could yield it for your ſervice without a pang; but

compel me not, I implore you, to break that pure and feeling heart. Ask me not to become a monſter of inhumanity and ingratitude. I love you with ſuch tenderneſs—"

"Give me a proof. Chuſe now between Iglon or me. You muſt part with one of us."

"Good God! can you exact this ſacrifice? She has no friend on earth beſide me! Would you drive to miſery and deſpair a friendleſs creature, who honours you as ſhe loves me."

"My Lord, I await your deciſion."

De Fleming's whole ſoul was excited by this conteſt. He related the hiſtory of the unfortunate Iglon, his firſt meeting with her, his ſervices, her gratitude, her affection; he painted, with brilliant colours, her many virtues, and gave a heart-rending picture of her deſolation and deſpair, ſhould

he

he abandon her. Compaſſion and feeling took poſſeſſion of his auditors. Hilbert was greatly agitated. A tear ſtole from the downcaſt eye of Emily, and ſhe was about to pronounce—"Be faithful to Iglon!" when a few words from Madame de Fabrice reanimated her firmneſs and her jealouſy.

"Well," ſaid the Baron, raiſing his eyes, moiſt with tears, towards Heaven, "then I ſubmit. You ſhall be ſatisfied, Madam; you ſhall have this proof of my love, which, for your ſake, conſents to inflict tortures on a heart you refuſe to appreciate. But it will coſt me the peace of my life."

Madame de Fabrice judged the preſent to be the moſt favourable moment of ſecuring their triumph; and ſeeing Iglon croſs the court, ſhe called to her from the window.

When Iglon entered the room, the Baron turned pale, and ſunk into a chair almoſt inſenſible.

" Abyſſinian," ſaid Madame de Fabrice, ſternly, " we are now informed that you are a woman. The Baron is on the point of marriage with this lady. In our country it is the cuſtom for the wives to make choice of the domeſtics of the houſehold, and you therefore muſt——"

" Hold, Madam!" cried De Fleming; " inſult not your victim! By my ſoul, you ſhall not wrong her with this contempt!— Iglon," ſaid he, taking both her hands into his, and ſoftening his voice to the extreme of tenderneſs, " doſt thou love me?"

" Do I love thee!" ſhe anſwered, falling at his feet, and embracing his knees, while ſhe bedewed them with the tears of love; " ah, do I love thee!"

De

De Fleming clasped his hands in agony. Emily was slightly affected; but she instantly recovered her determination, and advancing to Iglon, said—

"It is my place to explain what is required of you. To-day you are to quit this place, and renounce all intercourse with the Baron."

Iglon started up; and fixing on Emily a contemptuous look, she replied—

"White woman, I am no slave! I resist thy commands, hypocrite! Envenomed serpent, is this thy proffered friendship of yesterday?"

Emily turned to the Baron.

"Do you, my Lord, countenance the insulting arrogance of your slave?"

De Fleming could not speak. He looked at Emily with an imploring eye.

" Iglon!" ſaid he, after a mournful ſilence, " Iglon, we muſt ſeparate!"

She ſhuddered.

" Good Iglon, I feel all thy anguiſh, but we muſt ſubmit; if thou deſireſt my happineſs, quit me. Art thou capable, Iglon, of this heroic ſacrifice?"

" If I deſire thy happineſs! Alas! and canſt thou not be made happy otherwiſe?"

" Good Iglon, I love Emily. If I loſe her, I die; and ſhe demands thy abſence."

" Inhuman!" exclaimed Iglon, raiſing her hands and eyes towards heaven. " Oh cruel white woman! and canſt thou torture the generous heart of this man, yet ſay thou loveſt him? Here learn from me what it is to love."

Opening her veſt, ſhe drew forth a poniard, and caſt it at the feet of Emily.

" Behold,"

"Behold," ſhe added, "that inſtrument. In the fury of jealouſy, I deſtined that dagger to pierce thy heart ere it penetrated mine. But I read in the eyes of thy lover, that on thy life his happineſs depended, and thou wert ſafe. For his ſake would I give my life to ſave thine.——For thee," turning to the Baron, "I die with joy. Let the white woman live; I pardon her cruelty. Farewell for ever!"

"Stay, deareſt Iglon," cried the Baron, ſpringing forward, and retaining her in his arms, "thou ſhalt not go. Never will I part from thee! Oh Emily! ſhould I not be unworthy thy love, if I could abandon to deſpair a heart ſo tender, ſo faithful—if I could hurl to deſtruction her who ſaved me from death? Could I ever pardon you or myſelf the ruin of this admirable creature."

Hilbert

Hilbert could no longer refrain from exclaiming—

"Noble De Fleming, you only who are capable of ſacrificing Emily to the dictates of generoſity, can deſerve to poſſeſs her. Come then, my dear De Fleming, I too have loved the charming Emily; but let me conſtitute my happineſs in ſeeing her united to the worthieſt of men."

With theſe words, he took the hand of Emily, and preſented it to the Baron. Emily, overpowered with conflicting emotions, ſuffered herſelf to be drawn by Hilbert towards the Baron. Paſſing Iglon, ſhe reſted a moment one hand on her ſhoulder, and ſaid—

"Good Iglon, I too will love you!"

"My God!" cried Madame de Fabrice, aſtoniſhed to ſee things take this turn, "you are all ſurpriſing people! The Baron keeps his

his Moor, without loſing his miſtreſs; Emily careſſes her rival; and Hilbert, with all the complaiſance in the world, conducts the woman he adores, to the arms of another! Well, if theſe ſublimities pleaſe you, I too am content. Embrace me, my friends. Let us be again happy, and forget we have ever been unhappy. Dear Hilbert," ſhe afterwards ſaid, in a low voice, "much as I admire, I alſo pity you."

"You have reaſon, Madam; my ſacrifice is greater even than you imagine."

He precipitately embraced the Baron, and quitted the ſaloon.

Iglon, who had withdrawn, now returned in female attire. She approached Emily, and bowed before her.

"Make thy lover happy, and I will be thy ſlave!"

"Not

"Not my ſlave, deareſt Iglon, but henceforth my friend," ſaid Emily, preſſing her to her boſom; "we will never part!"

Emily, while yielding to the influence of Iglon's virtues, with a ſtrong ſenſe of performing a duty, could not refrain from almoſt ſhuddering as ſhe perceived that her fate was in that moment decided. She panted to be alone, to give free vent to her tears, and the courſe of her ideas.

"How ſingular!" ſhe exclaimed, as ſhe walked to and fro in her chamber; "twice in the ſame day have I been rejected by two men who equally profeſs to adore me; I have been renounced by each in turn, and at lenght beſtowed on him who, in the ſame moment, heſitates between me and his ſlave—nay, who prefers her to me. Inconceivable, that it ſhould end thus!—The ſacrifice of Hilbert is made for my happineſs;

happineſs; but with the Baron, Iglon preponderates.—But to what end," ſhe ſaid, with a deep ſigh, "are theſe conſiderations? My deſtiny is fixed; I'll think no more of it."

She took up a book; the author was unintereſting. She went to her harpſichord; its tones were diſcordant. In vain ſhe tried to find new ſubjects for her thoughts; for Hilbert, the Baron, and Iglon poſſeſſed them wholly, and would not yield their dominion.

Iglon meantime had haſtened to ſolitude, to calm her perturbations, to fortify her courage, and reaſon herſelf into a compoſed but energetic determination ſteadily to conſummate her painful ſacrifice. It was not the work of an inſtant; ſhe traverſed the garden with unequal ſteps; ſometimes her hands raiſed towards Heaven, ſeemed to implore

implore mercy and fortitude. At others, croſſed upon her breaſt, ſhe ſeemed yielding to deſpair. Every movement was the indication of her feelings. Hope, fortitude, grief, and irreſolution were in turns expreſſed in her animated geſtures. At length ſhe became compoſed; and returning with a flow and dignified mien to the houſe, ſhe advanced to Emily, ſaying—

"When I am thy Iglon, may I ſleep on the threſhold of thy chamber?"

"If it be thy wiſh, my friend."

Iglon haſtened away; and preſently her lute, her clothes, and her bed were brought by her into Emily's chamber, where ſhe now, with inexpreſſible fervency, promiſed conſtant love and obedience to Emily. Her example could not fail to inſpire Emily with courage. She reſolved to imitate the gene-

rous

rous Abyſſinian, and renounce Hilbert, as Iglon renounced De Fleming.

Madame de Fabrice expected that the ſweetneſs and good ſenſe of Emily would, by degrees, work an entire reformation on the Baron, whoſe ſyſtems and incontrovertible principles were ſeparating more and more from ſound reaſon. She therefore attempted to preſs forward the marriage: but Emily could not be brought as yet to conſent. She found a thouſand plauſible reaſons for delay, and decked them in the moſt graceful garb. If Madame de Fabrice's arguments at any time were too ſtrong for her's, ſhe would ſay, in a plaintive tone—

"Ah, mamma, I ſee you are weary of me."

Madame de Fabrice was inſtantly ſubdued; and they compromiſed the diſpute at laſt,

laſt, by fixing the marriage at the end of one year.

De Fleming yielded to this arrangement without the ſlighteſt mark of chagrin. They even ſeemed to have granted him a favour by this delay. Any other lover would have exclaimed bitterly at ſuch a privation; but the Baron inſtantly harangued on a projected journey.

It was, indeed, matter of ſhame to him, that he had now been abſent from home two years, without realizing one object of his miſſion. He propoſed to work miracles in the next twelve months. With the utmoſt diligence, he made preparations for his departure, and took his leave with a *ſang-froid* that might have done honour to the moſt inſenſible ſtoic.

"No,

"No, Emily, no," ſaid he, "I muſt not remain longer in this retirement. I am deſtined to purſue objects of higher importance than the happineſs I enjoy with you. I am a citizen of the world!"

He propoſed a regular and improving correſpondence with Emily.

"Oh, by all means," ſaid Madame de Fabrice, laughing; "if his letters are like himſelf, they will aſſuredly be original."

The evening of his departure, the reſolutions of Iglon ſeemed to totter to their foundation. She was reſtleſs, and at times vehemently agitated. Suddenly ſpringing towards Emily, ſhe ſaid—

"I will be thine! I will remain with thee!"

Then

Then embracing De Fleming with a momentary tranſport, ſhe tore herſelf with an effort from his arms, to fall into thoſe of Emily.

END OF VOL. II.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.