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SERIES OF NOVELS,

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

MADÉMOISELLE DE CLERMONT.

APOSTACY; OR THE RELIGIOUS FAIR.

THE HERDSMEN OF THE PYRENEES.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

TRANSLATION.

THE lively interest and well merited attention with which the works of *Madame de Genlis* have been uniformly read, in all those nations in whose estimation a literary taste is deemed one of the accomplishments of civilized life, have given to her name a celebrity to which the judgment and feelings of her readers attach the most honourable sanction.

VOL. I.

A

It would be to repeat what has been long and universally acknowledged, were we to remark, that in brilliancy of style, point of expression, dramatic effect of character, and adaptation of moral, the novels of this authoress stand foremost among the productions of the female pen; but we shall take upon ourselves to add, that in none of the efforts of her genius for this species of writing, does her pre-eminence appear more decidedly established, than in the tales which these volumes contain. They are taken from a collection of novels, published by *Maradan*, at Paris, entitled *La Bibliothèque des Romans*, conducted by *Madame de Gentis*, and other eminent French writers.

In giving an English dress to those contributed by herself, the publishers trust they have added to the stock of English reading, not only matter of entertainment, but of improvement also; for they venture to presume that there are few readers whose hearts will not feel an interest in the various contents of these pages, which, at the same time that it delights, will also act with a correcting influence. The descriptions are characteristic, the sentiments are lively, pure, and striking, and the morality is not conveyed with that didactic dryness, which seldom engages the feelings to further the operation of conviction; but precept is so blended with reflection, naturally growing out of

the different situations of the respective characters, that it insinuates itself imperceptibly into 'the reader's acquiescence, and, as it were, anticipates his conclusions. But we must no farther extend our critique, the justice of which we doubt not the observation of those into whose hands these volumes may come, will induce them to admit; for in what has been said, that truth, which the merit of the authoress challenges from every lip, has alone been spoken; and our language is precisely that in which the applause of all the literati on the continent has already been expressed.

As far as our individual responsibility may be thought to be con-

cerned as publishers of the present novels, we have only to observe, that the good sense, and judicious discrimination of the writer of them, have rendered unnecessary any restricting caution which we might have considered it requisite to use, before we admitted to our press the production of a French novelist of the present age. But be it recollected, that Madame de Genlis is a writer of no common rank; her abilities need not stoop to the prejudices or the parties of the moment, in order to substantiate her fame; of this she has appeared to be justly sensible, since throughout the several subjects of these volumes there reigns an uniform independency of principle, such as religion

and virtue conjoin to exalt far above the varying partialities of human opinions. To justify this assertion, we need only refer to the three tales of "Apostacy," "the Memoirs of an Emigrant," and "Pamrose." It is unnecessary for us to point out the opening scene and soliloquy of Delrive in the first; the sarcastic truths of the second, penned with a large share of the spirit of Le Sage; and the affecting description of the influence of village devotion in the last. We are confident, that these, and many other passages, which enrich the following tales, will amply prove, that no revolutions of politic bodies, no change in popular opinion, can succeed in subverting the influence

with which religious and moral truth must ever regulate the sentiments of those minds, who, to the well digested rudiments of virtuous institution, unite the corroborating conviction of experience.

MADemoiselle DE CLERMONT :

AN

HISTORICAL NOVEL.

NO, let lovers and poets say what they will, 'tis not at a distance from luxurious cities, 'tis not in solitude, or under a thatch, that Love reigns with his most unbounded sway. He seeks noise and splendour ; he madens after all that gratifies ambition, and pants for praise, for pomp, and for grandeur. 'Tis in the midst of factitious passions, the offspring of pride and imagination, 'tis in palaces, and amid the most brilliant illusions of

delight, that Love starts into existence, and swells into violence; 'tis in such scenes that delicacy and all the refinements of taste embellish his offerings, preside at his feasts, and inspire his impassioned words with inimitable graces, and too often with irresistible seduction.

I have lived upon the happy banks, that are bathed and fertilized by the Loire. Amid those charming fields and groves, formed by Nature herself, Love has left but slight impressions, and erected monuments fragile as his inclinations; a few letters rudely sculptured on the barks of trees, or traditions consisting of a few rustic tales rather simple than affecting. Love has but flit across those solitary scenes, 'tis in the gardens of Armide or of Chantilly that he sojourns, 'tis there he selects his worshippers, marks his

victims, and signalizes his fatal power, in striking facts collected by history, and transmitted from age to age. I here relate one, the affecting remembrance of which prevails throughout Chantilly, and spreads a melancholy charm over those delightful scenes. 'Tis in the isle of Sylvia *, 'tis in the fatal walks of Melun, 'tis from the tradition of two unfortunate lovers, that I have meditated the mournful recital of their loves. I leave to others the glory of displaying the fictions of imagination; I would interest my readers by simple truth. If I succeed, I shall rejoice; for to give pleasure, while we pourtray an affecting picture, is to instruct.

Mademoiselle de Clermont received from nature and from fortune every

* A beautiful island at Chantilly.

endowment and every advantage that excites the envy of mankind; royal birth, perfect beauty, refined and delicate wit, sensibility of soul, sweetness of temper, that equanimity which is so rare and so inestimable, especially in persons of her rank. Simple, natural, and reserved of speech, yet interesting and pleasing when she spoke, her conversation was equally charming and judicious. The tone of her voice penetrated to the very bottom of the heart, and an air of sentiment, which spread throughout her person, gave an interest to her most trifling actions. Such was mademoiselle de Clermont when twenty years of age. Though warmly admired, tranquil, without weakness, without passion, and perfectly happy—'twas then that the duke her brother cherished her opening charms; yet himself naturally overbearing and se-

vere, he assumed over her all that superiority, all that ascendancy which his character, his age, his experience, and his situation in life could confer*. Hence she never felt for him more than a mixture of love, fear, and reserve, which had less of the affection of a sister, than of a timid and submissive daughter. 'Twas about this time that mademoiselle de Clermont appeared for the first time at Chantilly, to which place her youth had hitherto prevented her accompanying the duke. She arrived there about the end of spring, and attracting every eye, soon gained every heart. Princesses have the good fortune to excite less envy by their

* A prince of the blood and prime minister during the minority of Louis XV. He was called *monseigneur le Duc* without adding his name, as the great Condé was called simply *monseigneur le prince*.

accomplishments, than women of ordinary rank. Their elevation seems to banish all ideas of rivalry, and besides, they may always either gain the love and esteem of those around them by gracious and affable manners, or at least thereby flatter the vanity of their own sex. Their attentions are received as favours, and coquetry itself, which is but a species of ambition, forgives them their successes if they are but uniformly affable and condescending.

Chantilly is one of the most beautiful spots in nature. It unites all that vanity can desire of magnificence, and all that sensibility can admire of rusticity and solitude. The ambitious beholds every where the stamp of greatness, the warrior is reminded of the exploits of a hero; where can his mind more freely dream of glory than in its groves? The sage finds

retired and peaceful spots, and the lover may wander amid a vast extent of forest, or repose in the isle of Love*. It is difficult to avoid the emotion so naturally inspired by the first view of that enchanting spot. Mademoiselle de Clermont felt this; she felt in the deepest recesses of her heart sensations, which were the more dangerous, as they had never been experienced before: the secret pleasure of fixing the attention and exciting the admiration of the most brilliant society, the first taste of the homage and of all the prerogatives of her high rank, the splendor of the most sumptuous and the most ingeniously elegant fêtes, the soft poison so delicately prepared of applause never offered but with some new turn and

* A charming island near the palace called Ile d'Amour.

circumstance of delicacy and of novelty, and always so unforeseen and so concise as to leave no time to arm against or to repel it; of applause which respect and good taste equally forbid to offer otherwise than indirectly. And how could she refuse them? What combined seductions to the soul! and is it possible at twenty years of age to be proof against the intoxication such flattery inspires?

Mademoiselle de Clermont had always been fond of reading; at Chantilly this taste grew into a passion. Every day, from dinner till the hour of the promenade, in a small separate room, some interesting novel was read, and it was generally mademoiselle de Clermont that undertook to be the reader. Often did her extreme sensibility, which she could not restrain, interrupt the tale, and on these occa-

sions she was ever applauded for her manner of reading and for her sensibility. The ladies wept, the gentlemen listened with admiration and with sentiment, they whispered to each other, but their remarks were perceived, and sometimes heard (for the ears of Vanity are acute), and the words *ravissant! enchanteur!* were overheard. One gentleman alone, however, though always present, preserved a cold and mournful silence, which mademoiselle de Clermont observed. 'Twas the duke of Melun, the last representative of an illustrious house. His character and virtues gave him a personal consideration, independent of his fortune and his birth. But although his person was noble and his countenance mild and intelligent, his exterior was by no means brilliant. He was cold and absent in company,

and with a superior mind, he was by no means what the French call *un homme aimable*, because he felt no abstract desire to please; not through pride or haughtiness, but through an indifference which he had uniformly preserved till this period. Too austere, too averse from every kind of dissimulation to aim at pleasing, yet was he generally beloved: the virtuous are rarely amusing, but when we believe them sincere, we think them the surest friends and the least dangerous rivals, especially at court; because courtiers possess so many advantages over them, so many powerful means to obtain success, which the virtuous reject with disdain. In short, nothing in them can be feared but their reputation, and this species of fear can scarcely inspire hatred; so easily does intrigue overcome the claims of the

most established merit. In short, the duke of Melun, though possessed of the most dignified politeness, had nothing like gallantry in his manners; even his sensibility and his extreme delicacy had till then preserved him from an engagement generally formed by caprice: he had scarcely attained his 30th year, and was still but too susceptible of a strong passion; but his character and his manners protected him from all the seductions of coquetry. Monsieur le duc esteemed him highly, and honoured him with his confidence. This mademoiselle de Clermont knew, and saw with a kind of regret, that he alone refused her the tribute of applause, which she received from every other person in company. And yet, on reflecting upon his assiduity, she conceived he took some interest in the books she read,

and had the curiosity to ask a question or two on this subject of the marchioness of G***, a relation and friend of M. de Melun ; but she learnt, with mortification and disappointment, “ that M. de Melun had always been accustomed,” said mad. de G***, “ not to listen to, but merely to assist at these readings. He prefers our dressing-room,” continued she, “ to the noise of the billiard-room or the drawing-room which at this hour of the day is only occupied by women playing at cavagnole : for he finds he can muse better among us. He brings with him all his absence of mind, and at least we cannot accuse him of interrupting us ; for it is impossible to have a more silent and motionless auditor.”

Mademoiselle de Clermont was so much piqued at this account, that she more than once that day forgot what

she was reading; her eyes were often directed toward the duke of Melun, more than once they met his, and as she quitted the room she resolved to speak to him.

In the evening, at the promenade, pretending to be fatigued, she requested the duke of Melun to give her his arm. This distinction seemed to surprise him, and mademoiselle de Clermont, separating a few steps from the rest of the company, said to him with a smile that was full of charms, "I have a question to ask you, and I flatter myself you will answer me with your accustomed sincerity. You never miss any of our readings, and yet I have thought I perceived they were fatiguing and disagreeable to you. Doubtless the choice of books displeases you; you think them too frivolous; I wish to know what you

think on the subject; for the opinion of so intimate a friend of my brother cannot but be interesting to me." At these words the duke was so astonished, that for a moment he was speechless; but, recovering from his surprise, "I see," said he, "without regret, persons of contracted minds or of ordinary rank, waste the precious time of youth on useless and vain amusements; but these abuses give me great concern in those whose elevated rank and cultivated minds raise them above the common level of mankind. You have commanded me to open my heart, you have read its sentiments." These words the duke pronounced with emotion. Mademoiselle de Clermont blushed, cast her eyes on the ground, and was silent—till at length she called to one of the ladies that accompanied

her, which terminated the conversation.

The next day, at the usual hour of reading, a novel was given to mademoiselle de Clermont, which had been begun the day before; but she took it and laid it on the table, saying, with her eyes fixed on the duke of Melun, "I am tired of novels; cannot we read something more useful and substantial?" The company applauded the idea, though it displeased more than one of the ladies, and a book of history was immediately sought out, which mademoiselle de Clermont began with an air of interest and attention which did not escape M. de Melun. At supper mademoiselle de Clermont made him sit by her; but both were silent till the general conversation became noisy enough to favour a private one. "You perceive," said made-

moiselle de Clermont, "that I profit by the advice I receive; I hope this instance will encourage you to repeat it." "The fear of displeasing you," replied the duke, "could alone repress my zeal; but authorised by your desire, it will henceforward have no limits." These words, uttered with an effusion of the heart, had so much effect on mademoiselle de Clermont, that a look of tenderness was her only reply. She had never felt so strong a desire to please: she displayed during that evening all the charms of her mind, while on his part the duke astonished her by a vivacity he had never shown before, in the choice and delicacy of his expressions.

On the following days mademoiselle de Clermont did not venture to show the duke of Melun such marks of preference as might have ultimately at-

tracted notice; but she lavished them on the marchioness of G***, his cousin, who had been on a footing of intimacy and friendship with him from his infancy; for in friendship, as in love, princesses are condemned to make the first advances. The respect due to their birth forbids others from anticipating them, or approaching them uninvited. The consequence of these too rigid laws, enacted and invented by Pride, is, that the most haughty princess makes advances and takes steps, which very few women of inferior rank would dare to pursue.

The sudden friendship of mademoiselle de Clermont for madame de G***, excited the wonder of all around her. The marchioness was no longer, in her youth, and had more real merit than external attractions; yet no one

at that time guessed the true motive of mademoiselle de Clermont. It was imagined that monsieur le duc had recommended to her to associate with mad. de G***, whose character was in all respects unexceptionable. Monsieur de Melun did not dare indulge the ideas which this intimacy confidently inspired; but the marchioness seemed to be still more endeared to him by the circumstance, and she was no sooner out of mademoiselle de Clermont's presence, than he approached her, and in his behaviour to her showed more affection, than he had shown before. He always sat by her at table, and thus was only separated by her from mademoiselle de Clermont; for the princess, both at dinner and at supper, never failed to call madame de G***, from whom she now became absolutely inseparable, to sit next to her.

Monfieur le duc being obliged to go to Paris, on the day appointed for his return mademoifelle de Clermont prepared a kind of fête, to be terminated by a ball. M. de Melun had never feen her dance, which ſhe did with perfect grace—ſhe knew that, notwithstanding his aſterity, he was fond of dancing, and that he was ſpoken of as one of the beſt dancers at court.

At night, being at her window, ſhe ſaw mad. de G*** and M. de Melun going out to walk and croſſing the quadrangle. She hurried down ſtairs, joined them, took the duke's arm, and directed her ſteps toward the *île d'Amour*. Diſencumbered for a few moments from the fetters of etiquette, unattended, and almoſt tête à tête with M. de Melun, ſhe ſeemed for the firſt time to enter that delicious iſland, the

very name of which she could not pronounce without emotion.

Mad. de G*** was not destitute of wit, but she had a fault which gives a great flatness to conversation; that of repeating and returning continually to the same ideas. M. de Melun enjoyed her esteem and confidence, as well as her friendship; and yet in company she was tiresomely satirical toward him, especially when she was most desirous of pleasing. She was continually joking, though with more sameness than point, upon his coldness and absence of mind, and the *île d'Amour* afforded her a great number of jokes of this kind. They happened to sit opposite to a fine group in marble, called *the Declaration*, representing a young man kneeling to a nymph, to whom he is declaring his passion, while he is himself inspired and prompted by Cu-

pid, who stands beside him and whispers in his ear.

M. de Melun fixing his eyes on these statues, the marchioness began to laugh. "You seem," said she, "to be listening to that young man; but of what use would it be to hear him? you would not understand him." "I thought," replied M. de Melun, "that here especially Love should be condemned to silence; for all the expressions he could employ have been profaned by Flattery and Deceit." "A good misanthropical reflexion," cried the marchioness. "At least," said mademoiselle de Clermont, "it is not that of a courtier—but it is a very melancholy one," added she, with a sigh. This conversation was interrupted by a middle aged man, of a noble and respectable appearance, who approached mademoiselle de Clermont, to present

a petition to her. The princeis was naturally affable, and the presence of M. de Melun added much to her good nature. The stranger was received with so much kindness, that he entered into some particulars of his case. His request was perfectly well-founded; it was a favour that depended on mon-sieur le duc to grant, and consisted in the repairing an injustice that had robbed him of all his property; but it admitted of no delay: it was necessary that very night to obtain the duke's signature. This mademoiselle de Clermont took upon herself to procure. It was with equal sensibility and grace that she engaged in this affair; and the more, as M. de Melun, who was acquainted with the affair, assured her, this man in all respects deserved her protection. They returned to the palace, and mademoiselle de Clermont

immediately entering the saloon, where the company was not yet assembled, seated herself at a table, on which she laid down the petition she had just received. A few minutes after she was suddenly informed, that a dress she had ordered for the ball was just arrived from Paris. Upon this she started up, took Mad. de G*** with her, and quitted the drawing-room. M. de Melun, who remained alone at the table, perceived she had forgotten the petition—he took it, put it in his pocket, and determined not to restore it unless it were inquired for. He remained purposely in the drawing room to see if any one was sent for this petition, which had been so feelingly received; but the ball dress, and the expectation excited by a fête, had completely banished all ideas of the petition, and of

the interesting oppressed character who had delivered it.

Monsieur le duc did not arrive till supper time ; but M. de Melun did not come to table, and remained in the drawing-room. Mademoiselle de Clermont looked more than once toward the door ; she was absent and full of thought all supper time. When she left the table she went up stairs again to her room to dress for the ball, which was to begin at midnight, when she made her appearance in a splendid dress. On seeing her enter, there was a kind of universal exclamation throughout the ball room. M. de Melun, placed in a corner of the room, beheld her, sighed, and immediately quitting the gallery, went into a card room, and seating himself in melancholy mood in a window, paid no at-

tention to the play, but fell into a profound reverie.

Meanwhile mademoiselle de Clermont, while she went down the first country dance, cast her eyes uneasily around, seeking in vain the only object whose approbation she desired. The dance seemed tediously long, and when it was finished, she complained of being warm, in order to have a pretext for traversing the gallery, and going into the other room. Madame de G*** accompanied her. As she entered the card room, she instantly perceived M. de Melun, though only a flap of his coat was visible. She directed her steps on that side of the room, and a little way from the window madame de G*** stopping to speak to some one, mademoiselle de Clermont still advanced, and thus came alone near the duke, who started up.

“ Good God,” said she, monsieur de Melun, “ what are you doing there ?” To which the duke replied with extreme coldness, that he had retired there because he did not choose either to dance or to play. Mademoiselle de Clermont was petrified ; and the marchioness coming up, according to her custom addressed M. de Melun with many jokes on his absence of mind and *sauvagerie*. Mademoiselle de Clermont abruptly left them, and hastened to return into the gallery. Wounded and irritated, as well as astonished, but stimulated by her pride, and even by the mortification she felt, she rejoined the dance, and assuming an air of the greatest gaiety, found a kind of relief in affectation itself. In fact it was revenge. Besides she still hoped that M. de Melun would at least take a turn in the gallery. He did not

however appear. He was in vain asked for by several ladies, who sent a deputation for him; but he was no longer found in the card room, and it was concluded he was gone to bed. Mademoiselle de Clermont then lost all her affected gaiety, the ball seemed mortally insipid, and she only felt an invincible ennui and a desire to be alone. Monsieur le duc went to rest at two, and mademoiselle de Clermont retired shortly after. She had not yet acknowledged to herself the passion she felt; no frivolous caprice had given it birth; 'twas not the figure or the accomplishments of monsieur de Melun that had drawn her attention to him, still less his gallantry; she had distinguished him for his austerity, the strength of his mind, and the uprightness of his character. It was not therefore love she felt. She sought

a virtuous and rigorous friend, and what was there in such an attachment to be alarmed at. 'Twas thus she reasoned with herself. But experience at length taught her, that true love is but an exalted friendship, and that such alone is durable. Hence it is, that so many examples are to be found of women, who have formed a strong passion for men advanced in years, or of disgusting external appearance.

Mademoiselle de Clermont however made the most discouraging reflections on the conduct of the duke of Melun. For three weeks past, in spite of his extreme reserve, she had perceived in him all the marks and proofs of a lively interest. He never entered the drawing room without seeking her with his eyes, they were never directed toward her without a peculiar expression, and his tone of voice was softened when he addressed

her—that very day he had conversed with her in so agreeable a manner, and frequently with something so affectionate——He loved dancing, he had confessed he was—Whence then this caprice? Whence that dryness in his manner, which was full of pique, and the unpolite affectation of not appearing for an instant in the ball room? These thoughts employed mademoiselle de Clermont during the greater part of the night. She rose however early, and was going out to walk, when passing through the drawing room she experienced the disagreeable surprise of beholding there the man, who the evening before had presented her the petition in the île d'Amour. This recalled to her mind, with grief, that she had totally forgotten a solemn promise, to which monsieur de Melun was witness. What could she reply to this

unfortunate man, who had relied upon her promise? How could she repair so blameworthy a neglect, and what would monsieur de Melun think of it? All these ideas crowded at once upon her imagination, and gave her inexpressible pain. She stopped, though unable to utter a single word, when the stranger, approaching her with the most lively joy, "I come," said he, "to express my thanks to your highness, to whom I am indebted for the happiness and repose of my future life." "How, Sir?"—"Monsieur le duc de Melun, who has done me the honour to visit me this morning, informed me what I owe to your kindness, and has himself brought me the consent of the prince, which your solicitation obtained last night." "Monsieur de Melun has told you so?"—"Yes, madam, and at the same time returned

me the petition, I took the liberty of presenting you yesterday, with the signature of the prince." On hearing this, mademoiselle de Clermont muttered a few obliging words about the pleasure his success gave her, and immediately went to monsieur le duc, who confirmed the tale. "You are indebted," continued monsieur le duc, "to the warmth with which monsieur de Melun took up the affair, because he said he knew it interested you much. As I was going to bed I found him sitting in my room waiting to force me, notwithstanding my fatigue and the lateness of the hour, to listen to a long petition, and then to set my hand to it."

This account completed the melancholy confusion of mademoiselle de Clermont, and she hastened away from monsieur le duc to go a walking, cer-

tain of finding monsieur de Melun near the great canal; so readily does a woman learn all the habits of the object she loves, though without seeming to inquire after them. Women alone are in possession of the secret completely to learn all they dare not ask, by means of indirect questions, with inimitable address. Accordingly mademoiselle de Clermont found monsieur de Melun alone on the banks of the canal. "I have to thank him for his politeness," said she, quitting the ladies that accompanied her, and advancing rapidly toward him, she took his arm, and removing to a distance so as not to be heard, "Ah, monsieur de Melun," said she, "what an opinion you must have of me! Oh, do not judge of me by an action with which I shall reproach myself as long as I live! 'Tis true this fête, this ball

has made me inexcusably forgetful ; but attribute it not to coquetry. 'Twould be unjust.—A very different idea engrossed me—I can only speak to you for a moment, and I have so many things to say—! But I am endeavouring to justify myself, when I ought to be thanking you—you have repaired my fault, you have fulfilled the duty that was mine.—Ah, if you knew how I am overpowered by this transaction ! Yet the pleasure of admiring you compensates the just confusion I feel ; but if I have forfeited your esteem, who can console me ?"—At these words she looked at monsieur de Melan, and saw his eyes full of tears ; hers ran down her cheek ; she gently squeezed the arm she held by ; the duke turned pale, his legs trembled—there were half a dozen keen-sighted and curious persons a few paces from him, and the

excess of his emotion, his restraint, and his uneasiness, rendered his situation equally painful and embarrassing—but mademoiselle de Clermont, more happy, felt only the joy of having read his heart. Both were silent, and without an effort understood each other. At length mademoiselle de Clermont resuming the conversation, “This was the reason, then,” said she, smiling, “you would not dance?”—“I confess,” said the duke, “I was a little out of humour with the ball.”—“Ah,” cried mademoiselle de Clermont, it was not the ball——” She stopped, and blushed.——“*The ball,*” resumed she, “I detest it, and I make a vow to pass a whole year without dancing.”——“A whole year?”——“Yes, I swear it to monsieur de Melun.” “And the court balls?” “I will find a pretext not to

dance; and suffer me to believe this trifling sacrifice will be a kind of expiation in your eyes of an act of levity, which must have given you an unfavourable opinion of me." As she said this, she turned away to the rest of the company, and joined them. The whole of this day seemed a kind of enchantment to her. She had seen monsieur de Melun turn pale, and melt into tears; this austere and rigid man, so much master of himself, so cold in appearance; she had seen him confused, disconcerted, trembling!—How happy, how proud she felt in retracing to her imagination that moment of agitation and of sensibility!—How affable, how kind were her manners during the whole of the day; how pleased she seemed with all around her! At dinner, she called monsieur de Melun and madame de G*** to sit beside

her. How agreeable were the tritest jokes of the marchioness! how naturally she laughed at them! As for the duke, he did not laugh, he was never more silent; but his looks were peculiarly sweet and gentle, and when he did not reply, he sighed; which in the presence of a third person is more expressive than the most pointed answer.

At the hour of the promenade, as they were getting into the calash, one of the ladies in waiting, who attended on mademoiselle de Clermont, offered to receive from the hands of a young peasant-girl a petition, which was presented to the princess. "Give it me," said the latter, casting her eyes at monsieur de Melun, "give it me; I will not lose it;" and then turning to the girl, told her to come to the palace in the evening: for her pretty figure

and her downcast air excited an idea, that her request must be interesting. The petition was read in the calash, and contained the simple and affecting complaint of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned by a footman of the princess. The poor girl was surely inspired to present her petition on that day! She concluded with these words: "If your highness abandons me, I shall have no other resource left, but to go and throw myself into the great canal."

M. de Melun was in the calash: then how could the poor girl's secret be kept? Could such an opportunity be lost of talking of *love*, of *misery*, of *despair*, and of displaying all her sensibility?—Let us pardon a little ostentation to those who are in love, the mere desire of pleasing or of shining gives so much delight.

Mademoiselle de Clermont found the girl at the chateau at her return. The valet was called up and lectured, the girl richly dowered, the two lovers reconciled, and a promise of marriage irrevocably fixed.

After supper a water-party was proposed, and the company went to the great canal of Chantilly, where they found several illuminated gondolas ready, attended by small boats filled with bands of music. The clear serenity of the air, the calm silence of the night, the sweetness of the music, the soft and tender light of a fine clear moon-light, all conveyed to the heart of mademoiselle de Clermont impressions which were the more lively, as they were new. At a moment when the general conversation became very noisy, she retired, under pretext of hearing the music better, to the darkest

corner of the gondola, where she gave herself up to a profound reverie, when a movement she heard behind her making her turn her head, she saw the duke of Melun, who seemed removing from her. "What," said she, "is it from me that monsieur de Melun is flying?"—"I feared," replied the duke, "I might interrupt the solitude your highness seems to seek."—"By partaking it," interrupted she, "you will render it more agreeable." Monsieur de Melun made no reply, but that of a respectful bow. He was silent for a moment—but at length, with a low and trembling voice, "Has mademoiselle de Clermont," said he, "any commands for Paris? I intend setting off at day-break." In the tone of mind mademoiselle de Clermont then felt, she had not the least idea of so precipitate a departure. The

adieu, therefore, of monsieur de Melun made her speechless; nor could she wholly conceal what was passing in her breast. "You must have very important affairs there," said she, "to leave us in so abrupt and unexpected a manner?" The tone of mademoiselle de Clermont's voice seemed to require an answer. The duke appeared embarrassed. "Respect," said he, "is frequently an obstacle to confidence."—"I understand you, Sir," interrupted she; "your answer does not satisfy me, but it is enough." These words, uttered with a great deal of fire, called forth a sigh from monsieur de Melun: he raised his eyes to heaven, and as they fell they met those of mademoiselle de Clermont, more beautiful, more affecting, more expressive, than they had ever yet appeared. He was going to speak, and perhaps com-

pletely to betray the secrets of his heart, when monsieur le duc approaching, put an end to this interesting, this dangerous conversation.

The moment day began to dawn, some one came to inform mademoiselle de Clermont, who suddenly exclaimed, "What already! ah, how sorry I am! How I regret the night!" These words were heard by M. de Melun, and the sensibility they awakened in him added a new motive to hasten his departure: for he perceived too well how necessary it had become. At the moment, therefore, when the company came out of the gondolas to return to the chateau, monsieur de Melun, going up to monsieur le duc, pretended to have received letters that required his presence at Paris, took leave of him, and tore himself from Chantilly with equal pain and fortitude. His departure com-

pletely discovered to mademoiselle Clermont the passion that reigned within her breast. Abandoned to ennui and to regret, to the dreadful void of being far from the only object in which she felt an interest, she found no consolation but in the hope of his return, and no pleasure but that of watching from her window every carriage that entered the quadrangle. When in the drawing-room, she was always the first to hear the noise of wheels, or of a postboy's whip. Then, with eyes fixed upon the door, she waited in an agony for its opening, and what a painful sensation was awakened by whoever entered (however agreeable in themselves) because it was not monsieur de Melun !

Thus did fourteen miserable days pass on; and yet the duke returned not—till at length her own visit to

Chantilly was ended. With what a secret joy did not mademoiselle de Clermont then return to Paris, thinking she was going to a place that was inhabited by monsieur de Melun!—The first time they chanced to meet, she was inexpressibly agitated. She fancied all eyes were fixed upon her, and read what was written in her heart; yet her agitation and embarrassment were only remarked by the object that caused them. The duke, ever on the point of betraying his secret, yet had fortitude and virtue enough again to fly her, notwithstanding his certainty that she loved him. But all things are balanced and compensated in nature. If the children of sensibility are often ingenious in tormenting themselves, they are no less so in feeling and in finding consolations.

and recompense under the most afflictive of misfortunes.

Thus mademoiselle de Clermont, in the endeavours of monsieur de Melun to shun her, saw but additional reason to admire his character; and every thing that increases our attachment to the object we love, is a new source of happiness.

Meanwhile monsieur de Melun often met mademoiselle de Clermont, particularly at court. The winter was now advancing, and a *bal paré*, or gala ball, was announced at Versailles, at which the king, intending to dance a quadrille, named mademoiselle de Clermont for his partner. The latter, being at supper at monsieur le duc's with monsieur de Melun, asked him if he remembered the promise she had made him of passing a year without

dancing. "Remember it!"—cried he quickly, but dared not proceed. "Well," continued mademoiselle de Clermont, "you who are also one of the quadrille, do you know I am fixed upon to dance with the king?"—"And did I not," said monsieur de Melun, smiling, "tell your highness that such a vow would be difficult to perform? Confess you only meant that engagement as a mere mode of speech. Your highness should have perceived, that it would be impossible to act in so extraordinary a manner at *your* age and in *your* situation."—"Impossible! how few things are impossible, when——" She blushed, stopped, and turned away her head. But a moment after, resuming the conversation, "You imagine, then," said she, "I shall dance at the ball?" At this question the duke fixed his eyes upon her with an air of

astonishment. "No, sir," continued she, "I shall not dance till next summer at *Chantilly*." As she said this, she rose from table, and the company went into the drawing-room. The next day mademoiselle de Clermont wrote to her brother, that she had sprained her ankle in coming down stairs. M. le duc received the note at the hour of his audience; the news instantly spread through all Paris, and the surgeon that attended the princess declared, at her request, that he had seen her foot, and the princess would be confined to her room for six weeks. Accordingly she placed herself on a sofa, and thus received the visits of the court. The duc de Melun also attended. He knew not what to think; but, after the conversation of the preceding evening, he believed it to be a feint; and yet it was possible the acci-

dent might be real. The first look of mademoiselle de Clermont cleared up his doubts: she smiled, when she saw him; and as he came in, several persons going away, and the ladies in waiting accompanying them, he approached the sofa: "Well," said mademoiselle de Clermont, "was it *impossible*? And will you still think it was the ball, or the desire of shining before a numerous assembly, that made me forget the petition?" — "Ah!" replied the duke with tenderness, "why thus punish us all, when a single word would have been enough——?" He could say no more, for the ladies in waiting returned.

Mademoiselle de Clermont remained six weeks in her room, and still continued upon her sofa. She was replaced in the quadrille at court by another lady; and as the king had

announced, that there should be another ball merely to compensate mademoiselle de Clermont for not being able to go to the former, she still pretended to be lame, and, wrapping up her right foot so as to make it appear excessively swelled, appeared so at court. Monsieur de Melun, who since the story of the sprain assiduously waited on mademoiselle de Clermont every night, went there this evening so early, that he found the drawing-room empty. When it was announced to the princess that he was come, she gave orders to inform the ladies in waiting, but without waiting for them, she hastened to the drawing-room. Monsieur de Melun seeing her walk without limping, looked at her with affection. "See," said she, "how a sight of you cures all my ills!"—"Ah!" cried the duke, kneeling, "can human reason resist

what I have felt these six weeks past!"

This was speaking plain. But it was the first time he had been tête-à-tête with the woman he adored, and who had given him such extraordinary proofs of her regard. Mademoiselle de Clermont, still standing up, was so agitated, and trembled so much, that she leaned against a table: the duke, still on his knees, burst into tears. A noise was heard in the anti-chamber: "*Pour toujours!*" (*for ever*) said mademoiselle de Clermont, with a broken voice. "*Jusqu' au tombeau!*" (*till death*) replied the duke, rising and wiping his eyes. The door opened, and the ladies in waiting entered. The princess, however, had the presence of mind to say that, as she came into the drawing-room, the door had hit her foot, and that she had screamed so as

to alarm monsieur de Melun extremely. This story prevented the astonishment that would have arisen from the alteration, which it was impossible not to observe in the countenances of mademoiselle de Clermont and of monsieur de Melun.

What a revolution the incidents of this evening produced in the very existence of mademoiselle de Clermont! She was adored by the object of her passion, and had received his vows to be so *till death*. These words had come from the mouth of monsieur de Melun himself!—But what projects did mademoiselle de Clermont form? None. Engrossed with a single idea, she repeated to herself, “He loves me; he has told me so!” This happy idea filled her whole soul; nor was she uneasy about the future, for in the future she contemplated only her lover faithful

till death.—Were there any obstacles? What obstacles had she to fear, when she was certain of being loved?

Meanwhile monsieur de Melun, having somewhat recovered from the delirium of love, was alarmed at his weakness. He was thirty years old; he was the friend of monsieur le duc, whose full confidence he possessed, to whom he was under the greatest obligations, and he had just declared an extravagant passion to his sister, to a princess of the blood, young and inexperienced. He knew, too, that monsieur le duc was at that very time engaged in a negociation, the object of which was the marriage of mademoiselle de Clermont with a crowned head. In such a situation, to take advantage of her sensibility, to seduce her affections, to destroy her future fortunes, was to violate every duty that gratitude or probity could

impose. He hesitated not, therefore, to sacrifice his passion to his duty ; but how could he conduct himself after his imprudence the evening before, after making a formal declaration of love ? The result of these reflections was a letter to mademoiselle de Clermont, to the following effect :

“ Yesterday I was but thoughtless ; to-day I should be the vilest of mankind, if I did not feel the keenest, the justest remorse !—Would that with my blood I could redeem a rash and guilty avowal ; but, at least, I swear by the very passion that misleads me, henceforth to preserve an eternal silence.—This passion, which has become every thing to me, will render every thing possible to me. I shall depart from hence, but it is for your repose, and for your reputation, that I go. I shall suffer, but it is for you.—

Ah, fulfil your noble destiny, and bestow no thought, no pity upon me! For these six months past I feel as if I scarcely had a separate existence from yours. And is it not as necessary to my happiness to see you the object of universal admiration, as not to forfeit my own esteem?—Be at peace, be happy, and will not my lot still be blest?”

He had just finished this letter, when a page from mademoiselle de Clermont was announced, who came in and delivered a note from the princess, the first he had ever received from her! A note in her own hand writing! He opened it with inexpressible agitation; but it contained nothing interesting, and was written in the third person. The princess requested of monsieur de Melun for one of her ladies in waiting his box at the comedie française. Monsieur de Melun

replied verbally, that he would himself bring what the princess asked for, and the page went away. When monsieur de Melun was alone, he attentively examined the princess's note; and what was his surprise, his emotion, when he saw upon the seal the words he had pronounced the preceding evening, *Jusqu' au tombeau !*

Mademoiselle de Clermont had that very evening sent orders to her jeweller to get those words engraved upon a ready-made seal, and to send it her the next day by noon; and her order was executed. To make use of it she seized the pretext, which one of her ladies in waiting had afforded by expressing a desire to go to the play that evening, and wrote in her presence to monsieur de Melun for his box. The seal compensated for being unable to write to him more than two uninteresting lines.

Monsieur de Melun waited on mademoiselle de Clermont. She was alone with her lady in waiting, to whom he presented the box ticket, to offer it to the princess. A few moments after the lady in waiting rose to fetch her work-bag, which was at the other end of the room, and while her back was turned, monsieur de Melun, with an air of timidity and affection, laid upon a stand near the princess the letter he had written. The princess blushed, placed her handkerchief on the letter, and leaning her arm and hand on the stand, remained in that attitude. Monsieur de Melun took leave, and the princess putting the handkerchief and letter in her pocket, hastened to her dressing-room.

Monsieur de Melun passed the remainder of the day alone and at home. The next day he felt a wish to see ma-

demoiselle de Clermont again, in order to discover, in some measure, what effect his letter had produced. He went therefore to sup with monsieur le duc, knowing that mademoiselle de Clermont would be there. She seemed agitated, but happy; and while the card parties were arranging, and every body standing, she came up to monsieur de Melun, and asking to see the card he had drawn, returned it with a note, which monsieur de Melun immediately hid in his bosom. Notwithstanding the presence of mademoiselle de Clermont, his impatience to read her answer made the evening seem very tedious. He retired however early, and when he came home hastened to open the note, which was sealed with the new seal, and contained only these words ;

“ Pour toujours !

“ Louise Bourbon-Condé.”

This was the vow that had escaped mademoiselle de Clermont the preceding evening, at a moment when monsieur de Melun was on his knees before her, and now she repeated and signed it with reflection and deliberation. What more could a long letter have expressed ! Monsieur de Melun kissed the beloved writing, and replaced it in his bosom : “ there shalt thou remain,” said he, “ till the last breath, till the last beat of this distracted heart.”

It was now February, and some days after, under pretext of business, the duke set off for an estate he had in Languedoc, determining to stay there three or four months.

His departure caused equal astonishment and mortification to mademoi-

felle de Clermont, and when, after waiting two months, she found monsieur de Melun did not return, she fell into a lowness of spirits, from which nothing could relieve her. The world attributed her melancholy to the brilliant marriage that was negotiating for her, and which must for ever separate her from France. Monsieur le duc had indeed spoken to her of it, but finding her totally averse to it, he had requested her to reflect upon it maturely, and to inform him of her ultimate decision on the subject in the course of the month of May. At that time the duke of Melun returned, after an absence of three months. The next day after his arrival the marchioness of G*** waited on mademoiselle de Clermont to communicate with her, in confidence, relative to monsieur de Melun. The count of B***, who was

immensely rich, had an only daughter, seventeen years of age, both amiable and beautiful. This young lady, whose father was commander in chief in Languedoc, had been much in company with the duke in that province, and her relations, who were intimate friends of the marchioness, had informed the latter, that they were passionately desirous of an alliance with the duke of Melun, and the more, as they suspected their daughter had a penchant for him. After relating this, madame de G*** asked mademoiselle de Clermont to get monsieur le duc to speak to monsieur de Melun on an affair so advantageous to his friend. "I tell you," continued the marchioness, "all I think on the subject; but as he has always shown much aversion for this marriage, I am extremely desirous of being supported by mon-

fieur le duc, who has so much influence over him." Mademoiselle de Clermont interrupted the marchioness, to question her relative to mademoiselle de B***, on whom the marchioness bestowed the warmest eulogiums; and mademoiselle de Clermont promised to speak to her brother, as she requested.

This conversation gave mademoiselle de Clermont the greatest uneasiness she had ever experienced. Mademoiselle de B*** loved the duke of Melun, and was a charming girl. All the friends of monsieur de Melun were about to unite in magnifying the advantages of this alliance.——What painful subjects of reflection! Alas! said she to herself, the imagined passion of mademoiselle de B*** (and which perhaps she does not really feel) interests every one, while I, to avoid a universal censure,

must hide that which I sincerely feel—and yet I also am free.—How I hate this fatal rank, where fortune has placed me!—Even monsieur de Melun himself thinks that I owe to this odious elevation the sacrifice of a tender attachment; and he would think himself unworthy of me, if he returned my passion.—Has he not already retracted? Has he not fled far from the place where I dwell?—He will perhaps even marry mademoiselle de B*** through gratitude, while toward me perjury, ingratitude, and cruelty are mistaken for generosity. These melancholy reflections were accompanied by the bitterest tears. However she resolved to take the step desired with monsieur le duc; and besides, this afforded her a pretext for speaking of monsieur de Melun, and a speedy means of learning her brother's sentiments with

regard to him. Monsieur le duc was gone to Versailles for three days, and she was obliged to wait his return. During this time mademoiselle de Clermont did not see monsieur de Melun ; but she learnt that he had grown thin and more absent than ever. She learnt, also, an infinite number of particulars relative to mademoiselle de B***, her person, character, and accomplishments, so that she could scarcely have missed knowing her had she met her.

As soon as monsieur le duc returned from Versailles, mademoiselle de Clermont informed him of all that madame de G*** had told her, and had enough command of herself (for princesses have more of this talent than other women) to show a desire that the marriage should take place. Monsieur le duc reflected for a moment, and then re-

plied to his sister, "that as monsieur de Melun was much attached to her, he wished she would speak to him also. I will see him to-morrow morning," continued he, "and will send him to you afterwards." This was not said without design: monsieur le duc had as yet no suspicion of the reciprocal attachment of his sister and monsieur de Melun; but he knew the latter had gained the esteem and confidence of mademoiselle de Clermont, and he wished to engage him to speak to her of the marriage, to which she showed so much aversion. Accordingly he instructed monsieur de Melun to that effect, adding, "Since she will endeavour to influence you not to refuse an advantageous establishment yourself, you will have a right to give her similar advice." Monsieur de Melun, who equally desired and dreaded seeing

mademoiselle de Clermont after so long an absence, and at the same time was happy in having a private interview with her, waited on her, resolved to speak to her with cool and perfect reason. Both for her sake, and for mine, said he to himself, I must speak to her at large. *My* fortitude alone can strengthen hers, and I will determine her to sacrifice an inclination, which every thing condemns. 'Tis thus I ought to employ the influence I have with her. Fortified with these reflections, at noon monsieur de Melun waited on mademoiselle de Clermont, who was expecting his arrival.—He was shown into a room on the ground floor, the glass doors of which opened into the garden; and requested to wait there, the princess being still in her chamber. A few minutes after the door opened, and mademoiselle de

Clermont, attended by two ladies, entered and advanced toward the duke. How many doubts will not a single look clear up! Scarcely had mademoiselle de Clermont cast her eyes on monsieur de Melun, before all her jealousies and all her uneasiness were dissipated, and she no longer feared mademoiselle de B***.

Having asked monsieur de Melun to walk with her in the garden, she took his arm, and rested on it her charming hand adorned with a bracelet, which attracted the attention of monsieur de Melun. They entered the garden, and the ladies in waiting seated themselves on a bench while the princess walked. Monsieur de Melun, fixing his eyes on the bracelet, started, when he saw set in diamonds the words *pour toujours*! The princess then showed him the other brace-

let, which bore the answer of monsieur de Melun, *jusqu'au tombeau*. "These two vows," said she, "are *indelible*. 'Tis in vain to endeavour to retract them!"—"Retract them," said monsieur de Melun, "Great God! I might repent of my imprudence, and of my rashness, but not of an attachment, which raises me in my own esteem, and which is as dear to me as my honour."—"Then why fly me?"—"To preserve your esteem."—"Ah, stay near me to guide me, and to instruct me."—"Will you follow my advice?"—"Do you doubt it?"—"Then obey your destiny, and ascend the throne that is offered you."—"Is it you, that would for ever banish me from my native country; Think of the eternal adieu I must bid you! If *you* have fortitude to bear the thought, do not suppose *I* possess such a barbarous

courage. And to what is it you would urge me? To render that passion a crime which has attached me to you. As yet, notwithstanding all the prejudices that would condemn it, 'tis innocent—and it will never change. Ah, how dear is liberty! for it gives me at least a right to love you without remorse." This seducing language shook all the austere resolutions of monsieur de Melun; he recollected indeed all the arguments he intended to have used, but just now they appeared ill-placed or too severe; and besides he thought himself heroically virtuous, when he reflected that, in his situation, any other man would have broken out into all the transports of gratitude and love. It is true he did not talk of his passion; but he suffered it to be clearly seen; for a philosopher in love, when tête-a-tête with the object he adores,

is equally weak with a common man. Prudence in love can but teach us to avoid the danger, it has rarely force enough to brave it.

Two hours insensibly passed away with mademoiselle de Clermont, and yet monsieur de Melun only spoke to her of herself and of his feelings, and a thousand times swore to consecrate his life to her. It was however necessary to part, and it was necessary on leaving her again to see monsieur le duc. In short it was necessary to dissimulate, to deceive, to lie!—'Tis on such occasions that a generous mind deplores the fatal empire of the passions, and becomes capable of the most courageous efforts to overcome them. Mademoiselle de Clermont did not experience these combats, these cruel agitations of mind; her innocence and the purity of her heart protected

her from them; and besides, all the sacrifices being on her side, delicacy and generosity, instead of combating her passion, only rendered it more dear to her; but monsieur de Melun oppressed with keen remorse, which the increased friendship and confidence of monsieur le duc rendered insupportable, at length resolved to make an entire sacrifice of his love to his principles; and the ambassadorship to England being vacant, he determined to apply for it. Before he took this step, however, he wrote to mademoiselle de Clermont a long letter, in which he portrayed with equal truth and sensibility all he felt, and stated the reasons that determined him to banish himself during five or six years, all which had no other object but the interests, the reputation, and the tranquillity of mademoiselle de

Clermont. This letter and this new project excited in the heart of mademoiselle de Clermont equal resentment and grief, and she called in the aid of pride, which in love is a great resource to women, and often supplies the place of reason. The princess, now irritated, vowed to forget monsieur de Melun, and even to avoid her visit to Chantilly, which was to take place toward the end of June; she left off the bracelets, because they bore too dear a remembrance of what she was now resolved to banish from her memory, but she locked them up carefully in a private drawer, of which she kept the key. Her disappointment and vexation sensibly injured her health, and in the beginning of June, she was taken ill of the measles. Monsieur de Melun, who received this intelligence at Versailles, returned imme-

diately, and under pretext of his friendship for monsieur le duc, sat up with him at his hotel, and would not leave him. Whenever the prince went into his sister's chamber, monsieur de Melun stayed in a small adjoining room, and the door, which was never shut, opened into her apartment. A violent nervous complaint combined with the measles rendered the illness of mademoiselle de Clermont so serious, that fears were entertained for her life. One night monsieur le duc being overcome with fatigue had fallen into a deep sleep, when monsieur de Melun approached the door nearer than usual, and partly opened it, so that he could see what passed in mademoiselle de Clermont's room, without being himself perceived. He saw that she was speaking in a low voice to one of her women who

stood by her pillow, and, listening attentively, he heard her say, "What are you sure of it? What monsieur de Melun sitting up with my brother!—Are you not mistaken? Is it certainly he?" The woman having repeated that she was certain of it, "Ah, my God!" cried mademoiselle de Clermont, then remaining silent for a moment, she added, "'tis on my brother's account!" On saying these words she turned herself, and seemed agitated; and the woman asking her how she was, she replied, "My fever is very bad, I am very ill,"—and she added, "I should have quitted this life with more tranquillity a year ago, and yet——" she stopped, but after a short pause, taking a key from her night-table, and giving it to her attendant, she told her to look in one of her cabinets for a small case, which

she described, and which contained her bracelets. The attendant obeyed. At this moment there remained only a surgeon sleeping in an arm-chair, and a nurse lying on a sofa also in a deep sleep. Monsieur de Melun therefore, unable to contain himself, and bathed in tears, peeped into the room, which he instantly entered, and threw himself on his knees by the side of the bed. Mademoiselle de Clermont started, but held out her hand, which was burning hot, and which he moistened with his tears—"And yet," said she, in a soft but affecting voice, "you are going to England!"—"No—no;" replied the duke, "I swear I will stay; I swear by every thing the most sacred henceforward never to act but according to your wish and in obedience to your orders." "O my God!" cried mademoiselle de Clermont, raising her

eyes to heaven, " my God, O grant me a continuance of life !"—On hearing these words monsieur de Melun pressed her hand to his heart, and rising precipitately, returned to the adjoining room, where he fortunately still found monsieur le duc asleep. Monsieur de Melun now softly stole out into the garden. The night was dark and the heat suffocating. Monsieur de Melun seated himself on a bench facing the palace, and sadly fixed his eyes on the apartment of mademoiselle de Clermont. The trembling light of her lamp, which he perceived upon the window, seemed to him a funeral torch that made him shudder, while some one walked across the room, and thus formed large gliding shades, that passed rapidly along before the windows, and seemed to vanish in the air. —Monsieur de Melun, unable to bear

the mournful thoughts excited by the dangerous state of mademoiselle de Clermont, sank into a reverie, which though it had some relation to her situation, but vaguely presented to his mind these painful ideas. He had been two hours in the garden, when he observed a great bustle in the palace. He shuddered, and full of the most dreadful alarm hurried in, and as he went up stairs, heard these dreadful words repeated, *mademoiselle is dying*. He was obliged to lean on the balustrade, where he continued some minutes rooted to the ground with grief and horror, till some one came for him from monsieur le duc, who himself came out to meet him with a countenance full of consternation. "Alas!" said he, to monsieur de Melun, "I have lost all hopes, she is in a dreadful state, she is delirious, and

the physician says, if the convulsions do not cease, she cannot live till morning. This fatal change has happened all on a sudden. At midnight in her perfect senses she gave directions to one of her attendants, who on returning five or six minutes after, found her trembling, and staring wildly at the door of the little room where we passed the night, as if she saw something frightful there, and then bursting into tears she went into the most dreadful convulsions.

What a tale for monsieur de Melun to hear! Each word, each circumstance was distraction to him, and went through his heart. Preserving however a mournful silence, he heard monsieur le duc with an agitation, which fortunately suspended all the faculties of his soul, and which permitted him not to weep, or complain, or show the slightest mark of tender-

ness. The excess of his grief banished the appearance of it. But, this first moment passed, the most violent despair succeeded. What said he to himself, 'tis I destroy her, 'tis my inconceivable imprudence that has produced this change!—Great God, 'tis I destroy her—and I lose her at the very moment when I have received the most affecting proofs of her regard!—Yet I have never given her but one of mine, in braving every thing this night to speak to her, and that fatal proof of love hurries her to the tomb!—The unfortunate duke of Melun made these reflections in the presence of monsieur le duc, and thus compelled to hide his grief, he suffered all that constraint can add to the bitterest sorrow.

At length at day-break mademoiselle de Clermont appeared more calm, and an hour after recovered her per-

fect senses; so that at night the physicians pronounced her out of danger. The next day monsieur de Melun, now tranquil and recovered from his alarm, was desirous of returning to Versailles, but monsieur le duc insisted upon his first seeing mademoiselle de Clermont, who, as he said, requested it, and wished to thank him for his attentions. Monsieur de Melun obeyed, but was scarcely able to breathe as he entered the apartment of mademoiselle de Clermont. What a sweet emotion she felt, when casting her eyes toward him she perceived with transport his grief, his affection, his tenderness, and by his pale, dejected, disfigured countenance, discovered all that he had suffered. Notwithstanding the presence of monsieur le duc, she found means to express what she felt, while monsieur de Melun intoxicated with delight, and carried away by this happy moment;

replied in a manner that conveyed to her the excess of his gratitude and of his love. Two days after this interview mademoiselle de Clermont was well enough to get up, and the satisfaction she felt contributed speedily to restore her health and strength. But she now experienced a new mortification more cruel than any she had known before. Monsieur de Melun had never had the measles, and it is well known how easily that disorder is communicated: monsieur de Melun returned from Versailles with a fever which confined him to his bed, and the physician he sent for declared, that he had the measles. If he must be ill, this was the disorder he would have preferred to all others, because it was the consequence of the attentions he had paid to mademoiselle de Clermont. The uneasiness of the princess was

extreme ; yet she found a great consolation in showing it without constraint. For as it was by attending on her that monsieur de Melun had contracted the disorder, she might with propriety avow the lively concern she felt for him ; so sweet is it to have a pretext, that may authorize our publicly showing a sensibility which we have always been compelled to conceal.

The confinement of monsieur de Melun was however neither long nor dangerous ; yet during his recovery he excited great uneasiness : for an obstinate cough that seemed to fix upon his lungs raised an alarm that he was in a decline. Mademoiselle de Clermont therefore consulted her physician relative to the state of monsieur de Melun's health, which he declared could not be re-established without passing the winter in the southern provinces.

Upon this mademoiselle de Clermont wrote to monsieur de Melun, positively insisting that he should set off without delay; for it was now the end of autumn. The state of monsieur de Melun's health now afforded him an excellent pretext for declining the embassy to England, and he set out for Languedoc, where he passed the whole winter; by which he perfectly re-established his health, and returned to Paris toward the end of May, at the very time when monsieur le duc and mademoiselle de Clermont were setting off for Chantilly. Monsieur de Melun therefore joined the party. What delight did not mademoiselle de Clermont experience at being again with monsieur de Melun, at Chantilly! after two years of combatted passion, a passion proved and strengthened by time and by mutual sacrifices!—What a pleasure

to revisit together the beloved scenes which had given that passion birth! that extensive forest, those delightful isles, the beautiful canal, the palace, the apartment consecrated to reading! What a happiness to meet at every step some reminiscence, which was the more pleasing as it was un-mixed with any remorse that could destroy its charms!—Such at least was the situation of mademoiselle de Clermont, while monsieur de Melun, less happy and more agitated, but too strongly felt how entirely he was subdued, and that henceforward love alone would absolutely dispose of his destiny. Yet he dared not look forward to the future—so easy is it to avoid reflecting on it, when we are intoxicated with the present.

Mademoiselle de Clermont had fet-
tered Claudine, the young peasant girl

whom she had dowered and married to one of her footmen, in the dairy at Chantilly, and, in order not to separate the husband and wife, the footman had been made *garçon d'appartement* of the chateau. An elegant cottage recently built near the dairy served for the dwelling of this happy pair. Mademoiselle de Clermont went almost every day to breakfast at the dairy, where she always met Claudine, whose simplicity amused her: for princes find a peculiar charm in unaffected ingenuouſness of manners, apparently because nothing is so rare at court. Hence all princes generally love children, and it was perhaps for a similar reason they formerly kept fools. Indeed it must be confessed, that among them ingenuouſness cannot be uniformly practised with some mixture of folly.

Meanwhile mademoiselle de Clermont, since her illness, suffered her penchant for monsieur de Melun to appear so openly that it began to be remarked. The weaknesses indeed of princes are by no means displeasing to courtiers, and, unless it interferes with some private interest, the lover of a princess gives no umbrage: at least in lieu of endeavouring to injure him, every one seems to unite in speaking well of him, and in extolling his merit. Courtiers are jealous of friendship, but not of love. They know, that at court it is easy to ruin a mere *friend*, but that in no part of the world, while the passion continues, can a *lover*, or a *mistress*, who is not absent, be successfully calumniated. Monsieur de Melun was therefore cherished by every one that had access to mademoiselle de Clermont, who continually heard eulogiums, lavished

upon him. Criticisms on him would indeed have made no impression on her, but these applauses, which so sensibly flattered her, raised her passion still higher. In them she perceived no artifice; for they appeared perfectly well founded, and she felt it sweet to believe them sincere.

Monsieur de Melun perceiving that his secret no longer escaped the piercing eye of curiosity, resumed in his conduct all his former circumspection; but, as the perfect mutual understanding of lovers can alone establish a mutual prudence, so the reserve of monsieur de Melun only served to make the passion of mademoiselle de Clermont more evident; for when he was away from her, she sought him, called him back, and monsieur de Melun, having neither fortitude nor inclination again to fly from Chantilly, per-

suaded himself that it was necessary for the reputation of mademoiselle de Clermont, that he should have a private interview with her, and that they should agree upon some plan of conduct. He had long been desirous of obtaining a secret interview, and he was happy to find and to seize a pretext to ask for one. Not being able to say to mademoiselle de Clermont more than a few words by stealth, and always in presence of third persons, being forced even then to compose the features of his face, and to speak to the object of his adoration with serenity and the coldness of respect, he would have sacrificed half his life for an hour's unconstrained conversation.

The proposal of an interview disturbed mademoiselle de Clermont, but did not alarm her; for she felt equal veneration and regard toward monsieur

de Melun. After much reflection, therefore, she determined to make a confidanté of her young dairy maid, and to see monsieur de Melun some morning in the cottage of Claudine. She waited however till monsieur le duc went to Versailles, and then mademoiselle de Clermont rising with the day left her apartment unperceived, went to the cottage, and there found monsieur de Melun. As soon as they were alone, monsieur de Melun threw himself at the feet of mademoiselle de Clermont, and expressed his love with all the vehemence of the most violent passion, which had been during two years combatted and imprisoned at the bottom of his soul. His transports astonished mademoiselle de Clermont, and caused a sort of timidity, which appeared in her countenance. This did not escape monsieur de Melun.

He was on his knees, and holding both her hands clasped in his: but suddenly rising, and throwing himself into a chair a few paces from her, "Yes," said he, with a stifled voice, "you have reason to fear me, I am no longer myself.—I am no longer worthy of your confidence—Fly me."—As he uttered these words, some tears escaped from him, and he covered his face with his handkerchief. "No, no;" replied mademoiselle de Clermont, "I shall never fly him whom I may love without a crime, without reserve, and without remorse, if he dares, like me, to brave the most hateful prejudices." On hearing these words, the duke looked at mademoiselle de Clermont with surprise and agitation. "I am twenty-two years of age," continued she, "those who gave me birth are no more; the age and rank of my brother

give him no authority over me but an authority of convention; nature has made us equal—I may therefore dispose of myself as I please.”—“Great heaven,” cried the duke, “what would you say?”—“What! should I then do any thing so extraordinary? Did not mademoiselle de Montpensier marry the duke of Lauzun?”—“What do you say? O heavens!”—“And did not the proudest of our kings approve that union? ’tis true a court intrigue made him afterwards revoke his consent, but he had given it. Your birth is not inferior to that of the duke of Lauzun. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not blamed by any one, nor did she want any thing more to appear interesting in all eyes than her youth, and above all that she was in love.”—“What! and shall I abuse your kindness and your inexperience to such an extreme?”—

“It is no longer time to fly from each other; it is no longer time to deceive ourselves by projecting sacrifices that are impossible—Not being able to break the bonds that unite us, we must render them legitimate, we must sanctify them.”

This language, which was uttered with a firmness, that shows an irrevocable determination, did not admit of a serious resistance. Monsieur de Melun, incapable of affecting a false generosity, abandoned himself to all the enthusiasm of gratitude and of love; but he suggested some difficulties which appeared to him insurmountable. Mademoiselle de Clermont, however, removed them all. They agreed only to make a confidant of one of the women who attended on mademoiselle de Clermont, Claudine, her husband, an old valet de chambre

of monsieur de Melun, and mademoiselle de Clermont's chaplain. In short it was determined, that the two lovers should receive the nuptial benediction at the cottage of Claudine the following day at two in the morning, because monsieur le duc was not to return till the day after. It was now six, and they were obliged to part; but with what transport did not mademoiselle de Clermont, as she quitted the cottage, reflect, that the next time she entered it, she should receive the faith of her lover, and that before another day should elapse, the dearest sentiment of her heart would become the first of her duties. How tedious did the day appear, and yet how delightfully was it employed! Every thing was a pleasure, during the interval, even the confidences she was to repose. So grateful is it to the heart to be able

to avow without blushing, a sentiment so dear, and which has been so long concealed! Secrecy was solemnly promised by all; for gratitude, attachment, and interest, were equally its guarantees.

Monsieur de Melun passed the whole afternoon in the drawing-room, seated alone opposite a dial of which his eyes were constantly fixed upon the minute hand or on mademoiselle de Clermont. Toward night they went to the dairy. Mademoiselle de Clermont started as she passed before the cottage, and looked at monsieur de Melun. How many kind things did not that single glance convey?

At supper monsieur de Melun dared not come to table. He was so agitated and so absent that he feared his situation might be noticed, and that his presence would increase the agitation.

of mademoiselle de Clermont. He went down therefore into the garden, and stayed there till midnight, when he came up stairs again into the drawing room to see if mademoiselle de Clermont was still there. She was rising to retire, and seeing monsieur de Melun, she blushed—and hurrying out, disappeared. Having entered her chamber, she sent away all her attendants except the woman she had made her confidant, and taking off her diamonds and gold-embroidered robe, put on a plain white muslin-gown, asked for her prayer-book, and knelt. In this act there was equal dignity and piety: she was about to take the boldest of steps in forming a lawful union in the presence of Almighty God, yet clandestinely, and which the law did not sanction, since the consent of her sovereign was wanting. At such

a moment religion was her refuge and a protection against contempt.

At two o'clock mademoiselle de Clermont rose from her prayers. She trembled, leaned upon her waiting-woman's arm, and going out of the room went down a back staircase into the quadrangle. The most brilliant moonlight illumined all the windows of the palace, and mademoiselle de Clermont cast a timid look upon those of her brother's apartment, which gave her a tender and painful sensation—then turning round, she hurried away—but what was her terror when she felt herself suddenly and powerfully detained—starting and turning round, she perceived, however, that her alarm was only caused by a part of her gown having caught one of the ornaments on the pedestal of the statue of the great Condé, which stood in the centre of

the quadrangle.—A kind of superstitious awe now rooted mademoiselle de Clermont to the ground. She raised her eyes with inexpressible agitation toward the statue, whose proud and commanding countenance was perfectly illumined by the rays of the moon. The princess intimidated and trembling was ready to prostrate herself before this image, which presented to her mind the noblest ideas of glory and of greatness. The countenance of the hero seemed to wear a menacing aspect:—the more she contemplated it, the more her heart recoiled, and was overcome. At length, unable to restrain her tears, “O my father,” said she, “wert thou still alive, I would sacrifice every thing to thy revered will.—Yet I am not rashly staining the blood thou hast transmitted me. I am descending, ’tis true, from the rank

where I am placed, but I do not de-grade myself.—The ancient name of Melun is also dignified by numerous royal alliances, and he that now bears it is not less virtuous than his ancestors.—O thou, who more than all the kings of our race, gavest to thy descendants a right to be proud of their birth, do thou, beloved hero, amid thy heavenly glory not curse this secret union, but grant thy pardon to love!" As she uttered these words, mademoiselle de Clermont bathed in tears, hurried out of the quadrangle to a thick wood, where monsieur de Melun was expecting her. No sooner did she hear the sound of his voice, than all her fears, her scruples, and her gloomy presentiments, vanished. The pride of rank was forgotten, love alone was listened to, his enchanting and resistless voice alone obeyed.

They now approached the cottage. "Great heaven!" exclaimed monsieur de Melun on seeing it, and 'tis beneath a roof of thatch that we are about to celebrate the nuptials of her, who was born for a throne, and who has just refused the hand of a sovereign!"—"Ah," replied mademoiselle de Clermont, "'tis not amid the pomp of palaces, but in the rustic cot, that true happiness and exalted bliss are found."

They now entered the cottage, which Claudine had decorated with the most beauteous flowers. The chaplain had provided a consecrated stone, which was placed on a table, and served as an altar. Two domestics, one the husband of Claudine, the other valet-de-chambre to monsieur de Melun, served as witnesses, and held the pall over the head of the new couple. And thus within the precinct of the sumptuous

palace of Chantilly was married the grand daughter of kings, and the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The new-married couple were obliged to part an hour after they had received the nuptial benediction, but the marriage being now complete, the means of meeting again were sure and easy.

Meanwhile the most magnificent fêtes were preparing at Chantilly, where the king was to pass two days. He arrived one night with a brilliant and numerous suite, a week after the secret marriage of mademoiselle de Clermont. The chateau and gardens were illuminated, and the canal covered with elegant boats full of shepherds and shepherdesses, who performed the most charming concerts. Mademoiselle de Clermont having been desired by monsieur le duc to get the cottage of Claudine, which stood in the gardens, illu-

minated and decorated, the princess had the front adorned with flowers and moss, so as to represent a rustic temple, with these words in letters of fire over the door: "*Le Temple de l'Amour et du Mystère.*"—"The Temple of Love and of Mystery;" an inscription of which monsieur de Melun alone could understand the true sense.

But the most beautiful ornament of these superb fêtes was mademoiselle de Clermont, embellished with all the charms that happiness can add to beauty. These festivals just at the period of her marriage seemed as it were given in celebration of it, and all eyes were fixed upon her, even those of the young king, whose attention she seemed to engross. Her heart desired but a single suffrage, yet she secretly exulted in those successes to which monsieur de Melun was a witness.

The next morning there was a stag-hunt. At the moment when mademoiselle de Clermont was going to her carriage to see it, monsieur le duc took her aside, and giving her a severe look, "I would not have monsieur de Melun," said he, "accompany your carriage, and you must tell him so, should he approach it." Having said these words, monsieur le duc left her without waiting her answer. Mademoiselle de Clermont thunderstruck and agitated with this incident, joined the ladies that were to accompany her, left the drawing-room, and stepped into the carriage with the marchioness of G***, the countess of P***, (monsieur le duc's mistress) and her lady in waiting. The princess was absent and dejected, thinking that monsieur le duc had at length observed her attachment to monsieur de Melun, and reproached

herself with not having sufficiently congealed it, especially during the last week.

As they entered the forest, monsieur de Melun did not join the suite of the king and of monsieur le duc, but slackened his horse's pace to let them pass; and as soon as they were out of sight, approached the princess's carriage, who, sighing as she saw him, leaned forward and whispered to him, "Go and join my brother; I will tell you why at night." Monsieur de Melun was satisfied, said a few words to the ladies that were in the carriage, added that he should rejoin the chase by the shortest cut, and, taking his leave of the princess, galloped away, attended by a single groom. As he was entering a narrow cross-way, he turned his head to look once more at the princess, whose eyes still pursued

him. This sad look was his last, his eternal adieu. He entered the fatal path immortalized by his misfortunes, and disappeared—alas, for ever! Two or three minutes after, a piercing cry was heard, and instantly monsieur de Melun's groom was seen coming full gallop. The carriage stopped, and mademoiselle de Clermont, pale and trembling, called out to the groom, still distant, who informed her that the duke de Melun had been thrown and severely wounded, in consequence of the stag crossing his path. The unfortunate prince, shuddering with horror and with grief, made a sign that she would get out. She was carried out of the carriage, for she could neither speak nor support herself. She was set down at the foot of a tree, and expressed, by another sign, that all her attendants should go to the assistance

of monsieur de Melun with the carriage. She was instantly obeyed. The marchioness of G * * *, in tears, knelt by her; and, supporting her sinking head upon her bosom, observed, they were not far from the chateau, and that monsieur de Melun would have speedy assistance. Mademoiselle de Clermont, looking at the marchioness with an air of distraction, " 'Twas I," said she, " that told him to go away!" With these words she made an effort to rise, with an intention of going toward the fatal path; but sank again in the arms of the marchioness and of madame de P * * *. The latter sent the only footman that had remained with the princess to go and learn some intelligence of monsieur de Melun. He went, and returned in a quarter of an hour, saying that monsieur de Melun was severely wounded in the head;

that he had been placed in the carriage to be conveyed to the chateau; and that, as soon as he should arrive there, the princess's servants would immediately return to her with the carriage. At this account mademoiselle de Clermont burst into tears, but remained in profound silence. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and at half past four the carriage was seen at a distance, upon which the marchioness and madame de P*** left the princess for a moment with her lady in waiting, and hurried toward the carriage in order to question the domestics, who informed them that monsieur de Melun's wounds were very bad, and apparently mortal. Madame de P***, therefore, gave orders to the coachman to drive about the forest till midnight. At this moment mademoiselle de Clermont, supported by her lady in wait-

ing and her footman, approached. "Well," cried she, "what news?" She was informed that monsieur de Melun was badly wounded, but that the surgeon could not give an opinion till the next day, when the first dressings should be removed.

Mademoiselle de Clermont made no further enquiry, but suffered herself to be conducted, or rather carried, into the calash; but what was the horror she felt on entering it, and finding it all stained with blood! "Great Heavens!" cried she, "I am treading on his blood!" And with these words she fainted.

Amidst the trouble and agitation to which this tragic event had given birth, it was forgotten to take the precaution of sending another carriage. They filled it, therefore, with leaves to hide the blood, and entered into the

forest. Meanwhile, some spirituous waters, which the marchioness administered to mademoiselle de Clermont, restored her to the acute remembrance of her griefs. "Where are we?" cried she. "'Tis to the chateau I would go."—"Alas!" replied madame de P***, "we should there meet the king, and mademoiselle would be obliged to appear in the drawing-room."—"Obliged!" replied she, with the utmost grief. "Yes," continued she, at the same time shedding a torrent of tears, "yes, I am but a vile slave, the eternal sport of an odious pageant! I must conceal the most natural, the most legitimate feelings—I must assist at festivals—I must wear a smiling countenance, when I am dying of grief!—This envied rank is but an irksome, a barbarous mockery, which imposes on us, even to the grave, the

most painful sacrifices, and the shameful restraint of unceasing dissimulation!"

With these words, inclining toward the marchioness, she leaned upon her shoulder, and hid her face in her bosom. A few moments after, raising her head, and casting a look of horror about the calash, she turned pale, saying, "Take me hence, for pity's sake, take me hence!" They stopped, and assisted the princess to alight: she dragged herself along toward a small eminence covered with moss and surrounded by bushes, where she sat down with the three ladies who accompanied her. The coachman was ordered to go away, together with the servants, and to wait within call. Here they remained till ten o'clock, when a small rain coming on, and the calash affording a cover, the princess was prevailed upon again to enter it. Thus they wandered about

in the forest two hours more, and then returned toward the chateau, so as to arrive there about half past twelve, the hour at which they knew the king retired to rest. As they approached the chateau, mademoiselle de Clermont threw herself into the arms of madame de G * * *, while her sobs seemed almost to suffocate her. Meanwhile they were almost at the iron gates of the chateau, which the obscurity of the night prevented their distinguishing; when suddenly mademoiselle de Clermont started—a dreadful sound met her ear; the dismal bell which precedes and announces the sacrament when brought to the dying. — Mademoiselle de Clermont turned away and shuddered, perceiving, a few paces from her, the religious procession, attended by torches, advancing slowly. It is well known, that

princes of the blood are obliged to give a public example of the profoundest respect for the religion of their country, and when they meet this sacred procession are obliged to descend from their carriages and kneel in the dust before the supreme majesty of the eucharist; and in their palaces they must escort it to the chamber of the dying. The coachman stopped according to custom, without being ordered. Mademoiselle de Clermont, in the agonies of despair, summoned all her powers: "At least," said she, "I shall see him once more!" As she uttered these words, she alighted, knelt down, then rose, and leaning on the arm of one of her footmen, followed the procession; notwithstanding the remonstrances of the ladies who accompanied her, and who conjured her to retire to her apartment. They

traversed the quadrangle, and entered the palace, where they found monsieur le duc, who was coming out to meet the procession. The sight of him dried up the tears of mademoiselle de Clermont. He seemed surprised and displeased at seeing her, and approaching her, said, in a low voice, but in a rude and imperious tone, "What do you here?"—"My duty," replied she with firmness, and pursued her way. Monsieur le duc, not daring to make a disturbance before so many witnesses, was obliged to dissemble his astonishment and his displeasure. When they came to the apartment of monsieur de Melun, the procession passed; monsieur le duc remained behind, and stopping mademoiselle de Clermont, invited her with mildness to follow him for a few moments into an adjoining room, into which he rather dragged

than led her. He then shut the door, and now feeling less restraint, told her he would by no means suffer her to enter monsieur de Melun's apartment. "In my present situation," replied made-moiselle de Clermont, "I may without much effort brave all tyranny: I *will* see monsieur de Melun."—"I declare to you, I will not suffer it."—"I *will* see monsieur de Melun; I am his wife." At these words monsieur le duc, petrified with astonishment, remained motionless; then looking at his sister with indignation, "Are you aware," said he, "of the consequences of such an avowal? Your seducer is not yet dead, and even the surgeon has not given him over; he may still recover." Mademoiselle de Clermont attended only to these last words; this ray of hope and of joy banished all ideas of pride, and tears poured down her

cheeks. "O my brother!" cried she, falling on her knees before monsieur le duc, "my dear brother, is it really true that there are still hopes of his life?"—"I repeat, he may still recover."—"Ah, my brother, your words revive this despairing heart! Oh, be not insensible to my griefs! you whom I love and revere, remember the claims that nature has given me on your heart! Will you deny all indulgence, all pity to your unhappy sister?"—"Retire to your apartment," replied monsieur de duc. "Promise me, then," interrupted the princess, "that I shall ever find in you a friend and a protector—and do not say I have been seduced!—'Tis I alone am guilty. He has shunned me these two years."—"Go," said monsieur le duc, "conduct yourself henceforward with prudence, follow my advice, and

you may hope every thing." This assurance was transport to mademoiselle de Clermont; she threw herself into the arms of her brother, promised him the most perfect submission, and thus, without violence, was induced to return to her apartment. She had given her word to monsieur le duc to go to bed, which she accordingly did; but at three in the morning she sent her favourite waiting woman to monsieur de Melun, with orders to speak to his attendants and the surgeon who was sitting up with him. The waiting woman returned, crying out, as soon as she came to the door, that the duke was much better, and that the surgeon pronounced him out of danger: the feeling and credulous princess extended her arms to the person that brought these happy tidings, and embraced her with the transports of gratitude and

of joy. "Great God!" said she, "what a change in my fate! He will live, I shall again see him!—And my brother knows our secret, and has promised me *I may hope every thing!* He will obtain the king's consent, and I shall enjoy the supreme happiness of publicly avowing the only object that attaches me to life!"

Transported with these pleasing ideas, mademoiselle de Clermont ordered the marchioness of G*** to be called, in order to communicate to her all her secrets, and that she might participate in her joy. The marchioness, as well as herself, believed monsieur de Melun out of danger; for, in fact, the surgeon had almost positively declared him so to the attendants of the duke, and to all those who sat up at the palace, a short time after the duke had received the sacrament.

The marchioness had long suspected the attachment of mademoiselle de Clermont, and the fatal accident of this day had left no doubt in her mind on the subject. . But the communication of her marriage surpris'd her extremely: she thought, as did the princess, that the words of monsieur le duc gave her reason to hope for the king's consent. The princess was enchanted at the enthusiasm with which madame de G * * * spoke of the virtues of monsieur de Meun, and of her friendship for him. So dear at court does a friend become when he is rais'd to the highest rank! and so much interest do courtiers take in the affairs of the successful! Besides, the marchioness was highly flattered at being the first to receive the confidence of such a secret! At five in the morning they sent again to enquire after monsieur

de Melun, and the confirmation of the good tidings gave additional animation and interest to the conversation.

Toward seven o'clock mademoiselle de Clermont determined to take some rest, and slept during two hours: but her sleep was disturbed by terrific dreams, which waked her in a fright, and gave a gloom to her imagination. She enquired after monsieur de Melun, and always received the same answer; and yet she no longer found in the secret recesses of her heart the same lively hope and the same joy she had felt a few hours before. At noon monsieur le duc came to her to say, that as the king was to set off after supper, she could not avoid coming down stairs, and passing the day in the drawing-room. To this proposal she replied, that she was ill and in pain, and was by no means able to do the

honours at a fête. "But 'tis necessary," replied monsieur le duc; "you did not appear yesterday, and the king thinks your people lost you in the forest; and what could we say to him to-day? Think what a powerful interest you have in pleasing him." This last reflection, which the princess instantly applied to her marriage, determined her at once. "Well," said she sighing, "I will come down."—"Dress yourself, then," replied monsieur le duc: "I will go and announce you." With these words he left her; and mademoiselle de Clermont, cursing all the grandeur and the mockery of state, seated herself at the toilette. The fatiguing cares of dressing sumptuously, contrary to her inclination, and the idea of passing the day in the midst of a numerous court, gave her a painful sensation, which was the more

insupportable, as this repugnance was mixed with remorse. She was now no longer in fear for the life of monsieur de Melun; but yet he had received the sacrament, he was wounded, and suffering in his bed, while she, instead of fulfilling the duties of a tender wife, was compelled to give her attention to a dissipation, which a wife, in a class of society the most thoughtless, and the least endued with sensibility, would not have dared to think of.

Before she quitted her apartment, she sent for the marchioness of G * * *, whom she had requested to go to monsieur de Melun. She returned, and said she was not permitted to see monsieur de Melun, for that the surgeon would not suffer any one to enter his room, because, in his present situation, the most undisturbed repose was absolutely necessary. Although this pre-

caution was perfectly natural, yet it gave mademoiselle de Clermont some uneasiness; and she went down into the drawing-room with the most dreadful depression of spirits. Notwithstanding the use of rouge, and the splendour of her dress, she seemed extremely changed, and the grief that was painted in her eyes and countenance belied the smile of affability that still appeared upon her lips. She perceived that all eyes were fixed upon her, but with a kind of expression that completed her confusion. They did not contemplate her, they scrutinized her; and nothing can be more embarrassing or more insupportable, than to be an object of curiosity to those who are indifferent to us, especially if we are in pain and wish to conceal it. At dinner placed beside the king, her feelings were inexpressibly acute.

What a torment, when the mind is exclusively engrossed with ideas of sorrow, to be obliged to listen with attention to the most frivolous, the most unconnected conversation; and to be obliged every moment to make replies to unmeaning nothings! How incomprehensible, how odious then appears the senseless gaiety of the world! How disgusting, how revolting, how surprising is the sudden and general laugh! What emotions of aversion we feel for all those who are thus amusing themselves, for those who wear a countenance of empty joy, and who pour forth their foolish wit!—At five in the afternoon it was necessary to go to the play, and mademoiselle de Clermont shuddered with horror at finding herself in a theatre. A dreadful thought presented itself to her imagination, and would not leave

her—if at that moment he should be worse! Presently she took this cruel idea for a presentiment. What would she not have given for the power of going to learn some tidings of him! But, seated between the king and monsieur le duc, she had no means of going out for a single moment, or even of giving instructions to that effect. The play was full of humour; the house resounded with bursts of laughter; and the unfortunate princess, with eyes overflowing with tears, was forced to applaud.

When they left the theatre, she sent, for the tenth time that day, to know how monsieur de Melun was, and received the same answer as before, that he was still in the same state. But all on a sudden her heart was tortured with a thought more terrible than all the rest—If monsieur de Melun was

in fact worse, would she be told so during the fête, or while the king was at Chantilly? And could she even fully rely on all that had been told her that morning? since it was absolutely made a point that she should do the honours!—Thunderstruck with this idea, she had not the courage to contemplate it,—she repelled it with horror; but the blow was struck; the idea had entered her heart, and seemed to give it a mortal wound; she might drive away the reflection, but could not vanquish the suffering it brought. At length, however, the king set off at eleven o'clock at night. Mademoiselle de Clermont now hastened to her apartment, and resolved to go to monsieur de Melun as soon as the people of the house should be in bed. She took off her sumptuous dress, and at three in the morning went down

stairs. It was necessary to traverse a part of the quadrangle—the darkness of the night, the hour, the silence that reigned around, all recalled to her mind a distracting remembrance.—

“Alas!” said she, “a week ago I passed this court with the like secrecy! That night passed in all the transports of love and of bliss—but this night—alas! that felicity was but a passing dream, and the dawn that is about to rise will, perhaps, awaken me but to horror!—Let me pause!—Let me enjoy, at least for a moment, the hope, the uncertainty, the only good that remains!” With these words she seated herself upon a stone, crossed her hands upon her bosom, and raising her eyes, which were overflowing with tears, to Heaven: “O thou invisible Consoler!” cried she, “come and strengthen this distracted heart!—O Sovereign Ruler!

if thou hast destined for me but seven days of happiness upon earth, preserve me from that despair which blasphemes or murmurs: give me the humble grief which detaches the soul from all perishable good to take refuge in thy bosom!" As she uttered these words, her tears flowed abundantly, but yet with less bitterness.—Day now began to dawn; she shuddered with horror—"O uncertain, O terrible day!" cried she, "what wilt thou be to me?—Thou containest all my future destiny!" She paused and, after a short silence, again advanced. She re-entered the palace, went up stairs, and was presently at the door of monsieur de Melun's apartment. There with trembling knees she leant against the wall—"Come," said she, "let me know my fate!" She then sought for the key to open the door, but in vain. She

dared not knock—she listened—a profound silence reigned throughout the corridor—that silence alarmed her.—Alas! a noise or a movement would have been equally terrific: thus she continued about half an hour close to the door; till at length, it being broad day-light, she was obliged to retire. She returned to her own apartment, threw herself into a chair, and waited till the attendants should be awake. At seven she heard people walking, she started from her gloomy reverie—she arose with agitation. A waiting woman entered with an air of consternation, and told her the valet de chambre of monsieur de Melun asked to speak with her. Mademoiselle de Clermont shuddered with horror, and answered only with a sigh. The valet de chambre appeared—his manner, his countenance, but too plainly told his

dreadful tale. The princess fell into a chair, a deathlike paleness spread over all her features. The valet de chambre slowly approached, and presented a paper to her. The unfortunate princess threw herself on her knees to receive it, and collecting the small remains of her strength, opened the fatal writing. 'Twas the first note she had written to monsieur de Melun, and which contained only these words—
“ Pour toujours ! ” But her dying husband, before he breathed his last, had added upon the same paper his first declaration. It contained the following affecting words : “ In your hands I deposit that which was most dear to me.—Adieu ! forget not him who loved you *jusqu’ au tombeau.* ”

THE
HERDSMEN OF THE PYRENEES;

OR,

A FRAGMENT OF TRAVELS PERFORMED IN 1778.

IT is about twelve years since I travelled. After crossing several of the southern provinces of France, I reached the great chain of mountains which separates that country from Spain. Here, in a charming retirement, I made a stay. I hired a pretty little cottage, and resolved to pass the summer in it. My house, seated on the declivity of a mountain covered with trees, was surrounded

by rocks, and springs of pure and transparent water. I overlooked an extensive plain, intersected by the channels formed by torrents that fell from the summits of the mountains. I had no other neighbours than husbandmen and shepherds.

In this solitude, my meditations were not interrupted by the tumultuous roar of cities: I was delivered from the wearisome prancing of horses, the rattling of chariots, and the vociferations of public criers, forcing upon the mind nothing but useless turmoils of interest, or pride, and the bustle of frivolity, or vice, or passion. Under a tranquil roof that blessed me with its shelter, I heard only the majestic voice of Nature; the rapid and awful fall of cascades and torrents; the bleatings of the flocks scattered over the sides of the mountains; the rustic notes of the flute and the bag-pipe, and the

songs of the young husbandmen, seated on the summits of the rocks.

Here, surrounded by a beautiful country, I devoted the greatest part of the day to rural walks. First, I traversed all the mountains that lay contiguous to my home. I frequently met with flocks of sheep; and the shepherds who watched them were all children, or youths whose age did not exceed fifteen. I remarked that these latter occupied the most lofty mountains, while the children, afraid to climb broken and slippery rocks, remained in pastures of less difficult access. In proportion as I descended the mountains, I found these little shepherds decrease in size and years; and, on the hills that bordered the plains, there were only little hinds, of eight or nine years old. These observations led me to suppose, at first, that the flocks of the valley had guardians still younger,

or at least of the same age with those on the hills: "Do you sometimes lead your goats into the valley?" said I, to a little goat-herd.

"I shall go there one of these days," replied he, smiling; "but a great while must pass before that time, and I must go over a great deal of ground."

"How so?"

"First, I must climb up to the tops of the mountains; afterwards, I must work with my father; and when I am sixty years old, I may go into the vallies."

"What! the shepherds of the vallies are old men?"

"O yes; our elder brothers are on the heights, and our grandfathers on the plains."

I descended into the fertile and delightful valley of Campan. At first, I could see only the numerous herds of

cattle and sheep, which covered almost all its bosom ; but soon I discovered the venerable pastors, seated or lying on the skirts of the meadows. I felt a painful sentiment, on beholding these insulated old men, thus left to themselves in the midst of prodigious solitudes. I had just left the contemplation of the most cheerful picture — mountains peopled with young, agile, and noisy inhabitants, the abodes of innocence and gaiety, and the echoes of which were never taught to repeat other sounds than those of joyous songs, guileless laughs, and the soft burdens of the pipe ! I had left all the earth had to boast most lovely, childhood and earliest youth ; and I felt a sort of sadness in the midst of this aged multitude. The approaches of the two extremities of life offered a contrast the more striking, inasmuch as these good old men, carelessly extended on

the turf, appeared plunged in profound and melancholy thoughtfulness. Their gloomy tranquillity resembled dejection; their meditation, the grief of being forsaken. I saw them alone, far from their children; I pitied them, and advanced slowly, with a mingled sentiment of compassion and respect. Walking thus, I soon reached one of these old men, who had chiefly fixed my attention. He was of a robust and most engaging figure. His locks, of a dazzling white, fell in silver curls over his broad shoulders; candour and benevolence were painted on his features; and the serenity of his countenance and looks, expressed the habitual tranquillity of his soul. He was seated at the foot of a mountain, the sides of which were covered with moss and herbage; an enormous mass of rocks rose perpendicularly above him, jutting out of the

mountain, and forming, at an elevation of two hundred feet, a sort of rustic porch, which sheltered his venerable head from the ardour of the sun. These rocks were decorated by nature with garlands of ivy, periwinkle, and rose-coloured convolvulus, which fell in tassels and unequal festoons, distributed in groupes, with equal elegance and profusion. At a few paces from the old man, two willows leaned towards each other, uniting their flexile branches to shade a spring that descended from the mountains. The waters, foaming from their fall, leaped impetuously over every thing that seemed to oppose their passage; but, peaceable in their course, they moved softly among the grass and flowers, stole by the feet of the old man, and flowed, with a gentle murmur, to lose themselves in the bottom of the valley.

After obtaining the old man's per-

mission to seat myself at his side, I related to him what I had learned from the little shepherd of the mountains, and asked for an explanation.

“From time immemorial,” replied the old man, “the people of these countries have devoted to the pastoral charge the two ages that seem best suited to its duties: the two extremities of life, childhood, leaving the arms of Nature; and old age, ready to return into her bosom. The children, as you have seen, conduct the flocks to the heights, and there acquire that vigour, that agility, that courage, which particularly mark the inhabitants of mountainous countries. They are exercised in climbing rocks, and leaping over torrents; they are accustomed to behold, without alarm, the depth of precipices, and often to run along the brinks of abysses, to overtake and bring back a fugitive goat.

But, at fifteen, they quit the employment of shepherds, to take upon them that of cultivators. At this age, a young man, proud to share the labours of his father, abandons the mountains without regret; gives up, with joy, the crook into less powerful hands, and thenceforth wields the pick-axe and the spade, more worthy of his nervous arm. Yet, before he descends upon the plain, he casts a look of sorrow on his flock, till now the sole object of his thoughts; yet, he receives, with tears, the last caresses of his affectionate, his faithful dog.

“Admitted into the class of those that labour, we remain there till the decline of our strength; but when we can no longer follow the toils of the fields, we return, with humility, to the scip and crook, and come to pass in these meadows the remainder of our days.”

The old man ceased to speak. A

light cloud obscured, for a moment, the serenity of his forehead. I saw that he recollected, with a degree of affliction, the moment in which age had forced him to resign himself, without alteration, to the pastoral life. He was dumb, and I did not presume to intergate him farther; but presently he broke silence: "As for the rest," continued he, "our old age is perfectly happy, and passes away in undisturbed tranquillity."

"And yet," interrupted I, "does not a long habit of labour render this continual repose tedious?"

"No," replied he, "because this repose is useful. I should be weary, were I idle in my cottage; for he that is not useful to others, is overladen with himself; but, the guardian of these sheep, seated all the day under these rocks, I am as useful to my family as when I

could dig and hold a plough. This thought alone is sufficient to make me love my condition. Besides, think you not, that when we have exercised our arms and strength during fifty years, it is sweet to have no other duty to fulfil, than that of passing our days, softly couched, upon the turf of the meadows?"

"And in this total inaction, do you never feel yourself in want of amusement?"

"How can I want amusement amidst the objects which surround me, and which call back so many and so delightful recollections? These mountains that surround us, I over-ran in my earliest youth: I discover hence, by the disposition of the groupes of firs, and of the rocks, the places I most commonly frequented. My weakened sight does not permit me to distinguish all that your eyes espy; but my memory

supplies its defect, it represents with fidelity all that my eyes cannot discern; and this sort of reverie requires a certain application of mind, by which the interest is increased. My imagination transports me to lofty heights that pierce the clouds; unperishable remembrances guide me through their twisted roads, and the broken and slippery paths by which they are crossed and united. Sometimes, however, my fainting memory suddenly abandons me; now, on the edge of a torrent, now at the descent of a precipice—I stop—I tremble; and if, at this instant, I can recollect the way I have lost, my heart still beats with joy, as in the spring-time of my days. It is thus that, without leaving my seat, springing on these mountains, I return to my old haunts, I visit them all, and I recover the lively emotions, the pleasures of my youth.”

The old man had scarcely finished these words, when we heard at a distance, and from the top of the mountain, the sound of a flute: "Ah!" said the old man, smiling, "here is Toby coming down the rock. He is repeating an air of which I am very fond. It is the song that I used to play so often at his age!" He gently beat the measure with his hand, and pleasure glittered in his eyes.

"Who is Toby?" said I.

"He is a shepherd, in his fifteenth year. He loves Lina, my granddaughter: might I, before I die, but see them united! This is the hour when our grand-daughters come every morning to see us, and bring us our meals. At this time Toby always brings his goats to the rock, under which he knows I repose."

The old man was still speaking,

when I perceived at a distance, at the other end of the valley, a numerous troop of girls, who advanced swiftly, and dispersed themselves over the plain. At the same instant, the shepherds placed on the heights ran forward, and appeared on the broken ridges of the mountains, by which we were environed. Some, with their bodies inclined over the extremities of the cliffs, distressed the spectator with the sight of a part of the earth which supported them continually falling down; others had climbed to the highest branches of the trees, to discover, at the greater distance, the lovely and enchanting band which arrived every day at the same hour.

At this period of the day, the flocks of the mountains, suddenly abandoned, might wander at liberty; all was in motion, on the eminences, on

the plains; curiosity, growing love, paternal tenderness, produced a general emotion among all the shepherds, young and old.

Meanwhile, the village girls separated from each other, to seek their grandfathers in the meadows, and carry them, in pretty osier-baskets, fruits and cheese*. They ran with eagerness towards the good old men, who opened their arms to welcome them. I admired the grace and sprightly gait of these pretty peasants of the Pyrenees, every one of whom was remarkable for elegance and beauty; but my heart was more epe-

* This regale may seem somewhat singular to an English reader, but the French have a proverbial saying, (*Entre la poire & le fromage*,) literally, *amidst the pears and cheese*; and metaphorically, *in the midst of the jollity, cheer, or merry-making*. T.

cially interested in Lina. She was still a hundred paces from us, when her grandfather pointed her out in the midst of a groupe, saying, "*It is the prettiest.*"

And paternal affection did not deceive the old man. Lina was really beautiful. She threw herself into the arms of her grandfather, who pressed her tenderly to his bosom. She returned to fetch the basket, which one of her companions held. In doing this, she lifted her timid eyes towards the summit of the mountain, and Toby, on the point of the rock, received the look—that heart-felt look—waited for from the dawn of the morning, and the sweet reward of all the labours of the day! Toby, at the same moment, threw down a bunch of roses, which fell within a few paces of the party formed by Lina and her compa-

nions. Lina blushed, and wanted courage to pick up the nosegay. The old man enjoyed her trouble; and the other girls, laughing, cried out all at once, with a little malice and a great deal of gaiety, "*It is for Lina! it is for Lina!*" In short, Lina was sentenced to wear the nosegay. With a trembling hand she fastened it to her bosom; and to hide her confusion, she took refuge under her grandfather's rock, and seated herself at his side. I left them to enjoy, unrestrained, a conversation full of tenderness and sweetness; and, with a head full of the venerable old man, Lina, and Toby, I regained my little habitation, saying within myself, "If happiness exists upon earth, these are the manners, these are the feelings, that ought to insure its possession."

It has been seen, that the life of a peasant of the Pyrenees is divided into three distinct periods: first, from the age of eight to that of fifteen, he is a mountain-shepherd; after this, he enters into the class of cultivators; at length, arrived at old age, he is a herdsman of the valleys. The most brilliant of these epochs, is that at which a young man is elevated to the rank of cultivator, and this, therefore, is celebrated with solemnity.

As soon as a shepherd of the mountains has completed his fifteenth year, his father goes in search of him, to conduct him into the fields, or into the vineyard, which he is thenceforward to cultivate. The memorable day is a festival for the young man's family. I was desirous to see this rustic

ceremony. I spoke to my good old man, Lina's grandfather, who informed me, that within a month Toby would for ever leave the mountains, and abandon the rock to which he had been so often led by his love for Lina. A somewhat singular circumstance was to increase the interest of the ceremony on this occasion. On the same day Toby's father, seventy years of age, was to renounce the class of cultivators to enter that of herdsmen. He had four children of his first marriage; Toby was a child of the second marriage, and the youngest of his brothers was not three years old.

The day fixed for the ceremony arrived at length. Three hours before sun-set I went to the plain, where I found all the old herdsmen assembled, at the foot of the mountain on which Toby watched his flock. Soon after,

we saw a crowd of men and women of all ages attracted by curiosity. Lina, conducted by her mother, came and seated herself near me; and, doubtless, she was not the person least interested in the festival. This troop preceded Toby's father, who advanced gravely, accompanied by his four sons. The old man carried a spade, and walked, supported on the arm of his eldest child. Arrived at the bottom of the mountain, the multitude opened on either side, to give him a free passage; but the old man stopped, looking sorrowfully at the broken road which led to its summit. He sighed, and after a moment of silence—"I ought," said he, "according to custom, to go myself in search of my son; but I am seventy years of age, and I can only wait for him here!"

“ O father !” cried his children,
“ we will carry you.”

The people applauded this proposition ; the old man smiled ; and the boys, forming a sort of litter with their united arms, lifted their father gently, and began the ascent. All the villagers remained below ; but I followed the old man, because I wished to be a spectator of his interview with Toby. We marched slowly ; and, from time to time, the old man caused his porters to stop, that they might take breath, and to afford himself leisure to observe the places we passed, and which brought back into his mind the delightful remembrance of his youth. His frame shook with joy, when, from every side, his ears were saluted by the silver sound of the bells suspended on the necks of the sheep and goats, and which are car-

ried only by the mountain flocks. Often he announced, beforehand, the objects we were approaching; but often, also, time had destroyed or changed what he had described. He contemplated every thing that offered itself on our journey, with the double interest of sentiment and curiosity. In proportion as we advanced, the expression of his countenance became cheerful and animated; joy beamed in his looks; in breathing again, for the last time, the pure and bracing air of the mountains, he seemed restored to a new life.

At length, we arrived at the end of our expedition. The old man was set down upon a rock. He rose, and leaning on his spade, which he continually held in his hand, he gazed with rapture on the immense country that lay below. At this moment Toby,

abandoning his flock, threw himself at the feet of his father, who raised him with an affectionate embrace.

“Lay hold, my son,” said he, “take this spade, which has served during half a century: mayest thou keep it as long!—That I might put it into thy hands myself, I have prolonged, beyond the ordinary term, labours too severe for my age. To-day, I quit forever our corn fields and our vineyards; but thou goest to fill my place.”

The old man gave his spade to Toby, demanding his son’s crook in exchange.

“O father,” said the young man, in a broken voice, “receive, besides, this faithful dog, who has obeyed me seven years: for the future, he will follow and defend thyself; and he has never rendered me more essential service.”

The old man could no longer repress a few tears, that would roll down his

venerable cheeks. He caressed the dog his son presented; and the animal, shrinking into the arms of Toby, seemed to express, by his tremor, his fear of changing masters.

Now we returned together on the road that descended into the valley. We mingled with the villagers again, and the festival concluded with a rustic ball, at which I had the pleasure of seeing Toby dance with Lina.

Often, subsequently, I returned into the valley of Campan, where I always found my two good old men, seated under the rock, by each others side, and conversing on their youth, and more especially on their children. At the accustomed hour, Lina regularly brought baskets of fruit, and of the products of the dairy. Toby was no longer there; but Lina always cast a look towards the summit of the rock,

and beheld, with the liveliest pleasure, a sweet presage for herself—the mutual friendship of the two old men. In a word, I have since learned, that they had the pleasure of celebrating the wedding of Lina and Toby; and that Lina is, at this day, the most tender and the happiest of wives and mothers.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

APOSTACY;

OR,

THE RELIGIOUS FAIR.

NOT far from Fort Ecluse, on the road from Lyons to Geneva, the young and unhappy Delrive, sitting mournfully on the point of a rock, gazed, with a wild look, upon the firmament bespangled with stars: close to him an impetuous torrent pouring, with a thundering noise, from the summit of the mountains into the foaming waters of the Rhone, formed that kind of cascade which the people of the country call *the fall of the abyss*. The air was mild,

the night serene—Delrive, after a long silence fetching a deep sigh, fiercely running his eyes over the objects that surrounded him; “Yes,” cried he, “a gulf is beneath my feet, and hell is in my heart!—Yet, I have hitherto been a stranger to remorse: but then what crimes, what horrors have I witnessed! I have become acquainted with all the corruption of mankind, and I have ceased to believe the existence of a Supreme Being—The philosophers are right; those men whose maxims I so long detested are right!—No Providence governs this wretched world. Every thing has been the effect of chance!—Every thing perishes with us; let life then be consecrated to pleasure—I will not shed blood, for my nature revolts against it; but I will no longer resist my passions, I will throw off my foolish prejudices, I will smother my useless

scruples—Oh Virtue! fantastic creature of an overheated imagination and a timid heart; grand, but deceitful idol of dupes and victims in every age! Thou whom I did adore! I break thy fetters, I abjure thee!”

As he uttered these blasphemies of despair, the unfortunate Delrive shed a torrent of tears—On a sudden he ceased weeping, and fixed his eyes on *the fall of the abyss*. The moon-beams, reflected on the waters of the torrent, formed brilliant plates and long curving bodies of light, which continuing their precipitation to the very mouth of the gulf, seemed to irradiate the whole abyss. Delrive shuddered—“This frightful gulf,” said he, “might, in an instant, convey me to the impenetrable asylum of death!—What prospect have I now in life?—I have lost every thing—every thing—even hope itself!—The painful

recollections that prey upon my heart will be for ever washed away by this friendly water; I shall cease to suffer!—Annihilation is the only refuge of irremediable woe — Annihilation!” — At these words he trembled, and mechanically raised his eyes towards the heavens — Around him all seemed congenial to himself; the troubled surges bubbling below, the agitated water dashing impetuously down, the rocks hanging on the edges of the gulfs, the craggy mountains, the noise, confusion, and disorder, all presented him a striking picture of the dreadful perturbation of his soul — But when he took his eyes from the earth, and turned them upon the heavens, he beheld again the celestial image of peace; there all was calm, unchangeable, and harmonious. He was struck with astonishment, as if it had been the first time he had seen the glorious sight;

his sinking soul rose once more in spite of himself, his lips still murmured, but his conscience gave the lie to his words, and his tears began again to flow.—“Oh force of habit!” exclaimed he, “wonderful force of prejudices imbibed in infancy!” Saying these words he rose hastily, and, descending the rock, continued his journey.

Delrive was going to Lausanne, where he arrived in the latter part of the spring of the year 1793. He took lodgings and boarded at a house in which resided another French emigrant, an elderly man, related to him by the father's side. M. d'Orfelin, so the old man was named, was a man of talents, who before the Revolution had adopted all the philosophical principles, and who had now for three years past abhorred them, for he had lost an income of a hundred thousand livres, a capital landed estate, and

a charming house at Paris. However, false shame and habit withheld him from recanting entirely: besides, to embrace religion would have been a violent revolution, indeed, for an old epicurean. M. d'Orselin, whose incredulity was very much staggered, and who was of course troubled with remorse and many black ideas, had not courage enough to abjure philosophy frankly and publicly. He no longer maintained, *that a society of atheists might peaceably subsist, because the atheist, even in his error, preserves his reason which cuts his claws**; he no longer said, *that there was some good in annihilation, and that clever men assert, that we shall grope our way to it†*. He no longer spoke in praise of

* Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, at the word *Atheist*.

† Voltaire's Letters.

suicide, or admired, *the courage that triumphs over the instinct which binds us to life, and determines a man to quit an ill-built tenement which he despairs of mending**. He no longer affirmed, *that the charges made against the philosophers, were like those made by the wolf against the lamb*†. There was some change in his language, though none in his manners. From an atheist he had become a sceptic, which is at least a kind of conversion. He had formerly ridiculed the religious education bestowed on Delrive, and he saw with pleasure that he was not what he had been, for although he was himself no longer attached to philosophy, yet, from a remaining degree of habit, he considered the change as a kind of victory,

* Voltaire's Letters.

† Ibid.

and loved Delrive the better for it. Now that he no longer possessed an immense fortune, M. d'Orselin had become exceedingly selfish, and consequently avaricious. Unable to shine by pomp, he affected great poverty: his lodging was convenient but very humble, and a young woman was his only domestic. The want of amusement, and an interested motive, gave him a desire of attaching Delrive, who, being alone, and having brought some money with him, could not be very burdensome. He therefore offered him a room next to his own. Delrive, at this time six and twenty years old, with a charming countenance, full of sense, and having received a perfect education, was agreeable company for any body, but particularly for an old man oppressed with regret, anxiety and infirmity. He invited Delrive to breakfast with him every

day, and one morning questioning him more earnestly than usual respecting his profound melancholy, Delrive was induced to relate his history to him, which he did nearly in the following words :

“ I think you quitted France so early as the second year of the Revolution; about which time my father retired into the country, whither I accompanied him; but on the declaration of war I joined the army. and I remained with it till the month of February, 1793. At that time I obtained leave of absence and spent a fortnight with my father, by whose direction I then went to Paris to settle some affairs. In my trips to the metropolis I usually lodged in the *Rue Taranne*, at the house of a madame Martin. I went there again: she told me she could only give me a small neat chamber, on the third story, and which was separated by a thin partition from

the room of a lady who was dying, attended by her daughter, a girl eighteen years old, and as beautiful as an angel. I made some enquiries respecting these unfortunates, and was informed that the mother, madame d'Armas, was the widow of a rich Spanish banker, who had just lost his life on the scaffold, that she was reduced to the most dreadful state of want, and was dying of a consumption. 'They have been stripped of every thing,' said madame Martin. 'The poor young lady, who is a perfect mistress of the piano, took two scholars in the neighbourhood about twelve days ago, which brings her in two louis a month, and that is all they have to depend upon; but I will give them credit as long as I can.' I asked how much they owed her. 'For board and lodging, already a hundred and fifty livres.' 'Here they are,' said I, counting out

the money, 'take them—be attentive to your lodgers, and be sure you keep this secret.' 'Oh you may depend upon it,' replied she, 'for was I to make your generosity known to them they would not allow it; they are good, but so proud!—Poor ladies! they are not used to poverty yet: they were so rich!'—'Have they a footman?'—'Oh dear, no; they have not even a maid servant; one of mine waits upon them. However, the mother wants for nothing: mademoiselle d'Armalos gives up all for her; it was only yesterday that her mother having a desire to eat some Malta oranges, mademoiselle d'Armalos to buy her fix, sent her wadded farfenet cloak to be sold without her knowledge, and now she goes out through all this bitter cold with only a plain muslin handkerchief, and a linen gown; for she has sold all her warm gowns too for her mother. All

the money has gone in Malaga wine, comfits, and fat fowls for madame d'Armalos. To be sure this daughter of hers is an angel.'

"This account made the greater impression on me, as madame Martin was a plain woman, no gossip, and incapable of exaggerating.

"I went up to my chamber with a full heart, and entered softly. It was ten o'clock at night. I approached the partition and heard words pronounced in an even and continued tone, by which I found that somebody was reading—I listened—an angelic, an enchanting voice read this sentence: *Virtue resembles eternity in this, that it has its existence in a point. —The whole world is nothing, all that is measured by time must have an end. What do we leave in leaving life? that which he leaves who when he awakes is set free from an uneasy*

*dream**. Here the voice stopped. An ineffable sentiment of respect and admiration rose sweetly in my soul. At that time I had faith in virtue. I continued listening, and in a few minutes heard the same voice praying aloud. I fell upon my knees—Never had my faith been so lively; it seemed to me that I was praying with angels, and that all the virtues surrounded me; religion, filial piety, sweet innocence, and holy resignation! After the prayers, I heard a kiss given and returned by the mother and the daughter. They ceased speaking—some sighs for a few minutes reached my ear at intervals, and at length profound silence assured me, that these two victims of misfortune had yielded to the power of sleep. I enjoyed the idea that their sufferings were suspended.

I remained motionless, lest I should make the least noise, for I thought it would be barbarous to wake the unfortunate, who might be enjoying the illusion of a happy dream, or who, at least, had lost the feeling and the recollection of their sufferings. I was to have supped with a friend, but it was impossible to tear myself from my chamber, where, by remaining, I seemed to be taking care of these unfortunate beings. I felt a gratification in watching by them, while Providence granted them some moments of repose.

— “ I went to bed late, I rose early, and hurried on my clothes, eager to go out. I bought a great quantity of Malta oranges and pomegranates, which I carried to my landlady, desiring her to offer the half of them to madame d’Armalos, and to tell her that she had received them in a present from a lady,

to whom she had rendered some service in the course of the revolution. Madame Martin executed my commission admirably, displaying, in her own chamber, all the 'oranges she had kept, so that her account raised not the slightest suspicion: the oranges were gratefully accepted, particularly by Calista (that was the name of mademoiselle d'Arma-los) as they were the only things which her mother took without disgust.

“ I did not forget that Calista had sold the last covering that could in any degree preserve her from the cold, but to provide her with another it was necessary to deceive her, which I found means to do. I discovered that a lady, to whom she had given several lessons on the piano, had suddenly emigrated, without paying her for her tickets, on which I bought a pelisse of grey satin, very plain, but long, full, and well

furred, and folding up the money for the tickets in a piece of paper, I made the whole into a parcel, on which in a feigned hand I wrote—*From Madame De ****, and sent it to Calista, who had not the slightest suspicion of the real case, and the less, as the lady had always appeared to her of a very generous disposition, and had treated her with great friendship.

“ Madame Martin, who had known me for a long time, could not distrust the purity of my intentions: besides, to remove even the shadow of a fear on that score, I had declared to her from the first moment, that it was my intention to respect the solitude of two persons who led so retired a life; that I did not desire to make an acquaintance with them; and I besought her earnestly, not only to keep what I had done for them an inviolable secret, but

also never to mention them to me.— This madame Martin promised me, and I depended upon it. There was not, in the world, a less prating or less curious woman. I also made it a point, that she should not speak to me of madame d'Armalos, but to inform me how I could be useful to her. As for Calista, madame Martin had herself the delicacy, never to mention her name to me unnecessarily.

“ Calista copied music perfectly well, but found no employment. Madame Martin assumed the appearance of endeavouring to procure her employers, and Calista had soon a prodigious quantity of music to copy. Her mother, too, had a skilful physician, who was very assiduous in his visits, declaring, however, that he would receive no fee till the patient was perfectly cured. Calista could the less suspect that I was the author of

all this, as for a whole fortnight that I had lodged so near her, I had never made the least attempt to see her, or to attract her attention. She only knew that a young man slept in the little chamber next to hers; but I made so little noise, that I was frequently three hours attending to her, without her having heard me go in. I had twice met her on the staircase without stopping or speaking, nor had I had any opportunity of seeing her face, as it was entirely concealed by a thick muslin veil, which she always wore; but my curiosity was by no means so much excited as you might imagine. My religious sentiments, at that time, were elevated to the highest pitch. The education I had received, my father's example, my affection for him, the crimes of the atheists and deists, the faith, the persecution, the heroical courage of the

martyrs and of the faithful ministers of religion, and the dearest affections of my heart, all had, till then, not only strengthened, but converted into enthusiasm, my veneration for the principles I had cherished from my infancy. I had been fortunate enough to find, even in the army, some young men of my own age, whose sentiments, on these points, were congenial to mine. I had no intimacy but with those, and among them I was more particularly attached to Serilly, who had first been the playmate of my childhood, and afterwards the companion of my studies!—Serilly, who had manifested for me a friendship so endearing!—O God!”

At this part of his narrative Delrive stopped; a painful recollection weighed heavy on his heart; he covered his eyes with his hands, and remained in that attitude for some moments; then re-

suming his narration, "yes," continued he, "gross licentiousness and intolerant impiety could only attach me the more to religion. It is the treachery, the perfidy, the falsehood of the objects whom I cherished, which alone have caused the change that astonishes you. You imagine, perhaps, that a romantic passion had charmed me to the little chamber in which I listened to Calista, and heard the sound of her voice. But at the period of which I am speaking, I thought only of the happiness of doing a good action, and the warm interest I took in these two females was excited, more particularly, by their extreme piety and misfortune. It delighted me to find, in their conversations, the most affecting proofs of the utility of religion, and while I listened to them, my principles were more and more confirmed. I was pleased, no doubt, with thinking Ca-

lita handsome, but it was enough for me to know that she was so. My imagination gave me a vague and celestial idea of her, just as one figures in the mind the form of angels. Every night, in going to my room, I took care to open the door softly and to make no noise, that I might attend to the lesson of piety read by Calista, and then join in her prayer.

“ One morning madame Martin told me in confidence, that madame d’Armalos had determined to make an effort to go out in the course of two days, in order to attend a mass, which was performed every Sunday, at six o’clock in the morning, in a cellar of a lady’s house in the neighbourhood. Madame Martin was also to go, and she promised to obtain permission to carry me with her. On the next day madame d’Armalos, for the purpose of trying

her strength, went with her daughter to pay a visit in the street we lived in. I opened my window to see them pass. Calista, on one side, supported her mother, to whom madame Martin gave her arm on the other. Calista still had her face veiled. I observed that she had wrapped her mother up with her pelisse. When they were out of sight, I felt a great desire to go into their room. I left my own and had the pleasure of finding their door open. An old woman was making their beds, and I went in, pretending that I wished to speak to her. My heart melted as I surveyed this humble and melancholy refuge of misfortune. The twin beds, with curtains of printed calico, were placed one beside the other. These, with a large easy chair, three straw-bottomed chairs, a small table covered with music, and a bureau, composed

all the furniture. I opened the books lying on the bureau, and found them to be the new testament, a prayer-book, and Bossuet's sermons. With the books stood a little hour-glass. The maid, observing me looking at it, said, that mademoiselle d'Annalos had made it herself, that she might give her mother the medicines she was obliged to take, at the proper times prescribed by the physician. 'The poor ladies,' added she, 'brought a handsome watch with them when they first came here, but they were obliged to sell it, with all the rest of their things.' While the maid was speaking, I examined the hour-glass with great interest; that affecting work of filial piety, which had never indicated the hour of profane dissipation, and which, sanctified by its use, consisted in regulating the course of a day devoted to retirement, to labour, and to

virtue. Supposing I had seen every thing, I was about to withdraw, when I perceived, in the corner of the room, a painting, covered with a green curtain. On my asking what it was, the old servant uncovered it, saying—*this is mademoiselle d'Armalos' picture.*—The emotion I felt at these words was so extraordinary, and caused by so many different sentiments, that it is impossible for me to describe it to you. Never would I have undrawn the curtain that concealed the portrait of her who always veiled her face, of her whom I revered, as an angel, and whose unknown benefactor I was. An irresistible impulse of curiosity fixed my eyes upon her image, but I felt as if I was committing a bad action in looking at it. Agitated, and too much enchanted by this dangerous view, I left the chamber, desiring the servant to tell no one, not

dame Martin, that I had been there. From that moment, the interest I took in the fate of Calista, became, indeed, more lively and earnest, but as I no longer prided myself in the perfect purity of my intentions, I no longer tasted that internal satisfaction, which was so delightful, that not all the fascination of love could prevent my regretting the loss of it. On leaving Calista's chamber I hastened out of the house, and flying to a watchmaker's, purchased a clock with a very clear sound. I returned home, but not daring to carry the clock where I should have been happy to present it, I placed it against the partition that separated me from Calista. I did not wish to render the hour-glass useless, but that marked only intervals and the length of time, without being able to tell the hour. I was *incognito* in my chamber, that is to say,

without Calista's suspecting me to be there, when she first heard my clock strike. What was my rapture, when exclamations from the mother and the daughter informed me of the joy this unexpected circumstance gave them!—With what pleasure did I hear the sweet voice of Calista count the hour!

“The following morning, at six o'clock, I went to madame Martin's apartment, to accompany her to the house where we were to hear mass, and, in her room, I found madame and mademoiselle d'Armalos. A single candle gave us light; it was not yet day. Calista still wore her great muslin veil hanging down; she sat by her mother, and had no gloves on. My eyes were riveted upon her hands, and hands so dazzling or so perfect I never saw. Madame d'Armalos's face was uncovered. Although forty years old and dying, she

was still handsome, and, notwithstanding the difference of age, the picture of her daughter was extremely like her. The striking resemblance rendered her face so interesting to me, that I could not keep my eyes off her. In a few minutes madame Martin made the signal for departure. Madame d'Armalos supported by Calista rose, on which I went up to her and offered my arm, which she accepted, and we set out. The house we were going to was at the bottom of the street; we were let in by a maid servant, and introduced in a mysterious manner. After descending fifty steps we found ourselves in a cellar. I felt an oppression of mind on entering this gloomy cavern, where suffering virtue had retired to shelter and collect herself. It was the secret, the hidden temple of persevering piety; it was the last sanctuary of hope. We advanced, and

saw a dozen persons prostrate before an altar, placed upon a table, and lighted with only two candles. We fell upon our knees. The enthusiasm of devotion pervaded all our hearts. Oh! how it animated mine! How venerable did religion now appear to me! religion proscribed, persecuted, consequently divested of pomp, and clear from all suspicion of affectation and hypocrisy. Near the altar, sitting on a wooden stool, was a venerable priest, who preached for about half an hour. For his text, he took these words from the New Testament:

“ My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.*

“ The most eloquent sermons of the greatest christian preachers could not

* Epistle of St. James, chap. i.

have made the impressi^on he produced. He that preached to us was a priest resigned to martyrdom; a courageous and faithful priest, who daily exposed his liberty and life for the sake of religion, after having sacrificed to it his rank and fortune. We melted into tears. With what profound attention did we listen to him! What authority did he derive from his faith, his demeanour, and example! Although he only repeated what a thousand others had said before him, it seemed as if we now, for the first time, heard the doctrines of the gospel. Notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of his exhortation, nothing in it appeared common to us; every word of his sermon seemed to convey a striking application, and from his tongue the morality of the gospel gave to its sublimity all that exquisite

interest which it must have possessed in the early ages of the church.

“ During the celebration of the mass, I saw a surprising instance of the power of religion. Madame d’Armalos, at the moment of the communion, appeared absolutely to have recovered her strength and health; she rose without assistance, and walked to the altar with a firm and even step; there was a colour in her face, from which a cordial confidence, and a pure and heavenly joy had suddenly effaced the marks imprinted by affliction. She knelt before the priest, and received the sacrament.—At that moment, her raptured soul could have smiled at persecution, and defied the power of tyrants; it was far exalted above the reach of fear or grief.

“ The moment the service was over, the altar was removed in haste and concealed; we then unanimously mixed to-

gether, the men shaking hands, and the women embracing one another, and thus we silently congratulated ourselves on the consolation we had received, and on having gained a kind of victory over tyranny.

“ I saw madame d’Armalos and her daughter back to their chamber door; and being obliged to go out on some business, I did not return home till eight o’clock at night, when madame Martin told me that madame d’Armalos, who was now in the last stage of her disorder, had been taken ill several times in the course of the day; and that the physician, when called in, had not been able to conceal his apprehensions.

“ I went up to my room, and according to custom, seated myself, without noise, by my clock, that is to say, close to the partition. The mother and daughter were talking, & lost not a word

of their conversation.—‘Oh! my dear girl!’ said madame d’Armalos, ‘how calm and satisfied is my soul! I have been able to perform this sacred duty of religion, and now I am easy!—How beautiful are the words of the apostle in the text this morning! *We are to account it joy, my dear Calista, to be afflicted.* It is not enough to be resigned, we ought to embrace misfortune with joy; we ought to acknowledge, that in this short life, in this rapid and dangerous passage, affliction is a blessing of Providence: it is affliction, oh my Calista, that has ripened your reason, and called forth all your virtues—I lost my husband, but I am going to meet him—I leave you in the world unprotected, but the Supreme Protector of innocence will take care of you. Is it not said in the scriptures? *Who so dwelleth under the*

defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*

Why then should I be uneasy about your lot?—At these words I heard the sighs and sobs of Calista, and my tears flowed with hers.—Madame d'Armalos, with inexpressible firmness, continued to soothe and to exhort her daughter, and every word she spoke, seemed to prove, that she thought herself drawing very near her end. I admired the celestial courage of this amiable woman, this unfortunate mother; religion was every thing to her, it made amends for all, it consoled her for all.—We must own that no friend, no power on earth could have done as much.

“When my clock struck nine, Calista, in broken accents, began, as usual, to read the pious lecture. At ten, her mo-

* Psalm xci.

ther desired her to assist her to kneel.—‘O dear!’ said Calista, in a tone replete with alarm, ‘have you lost all your strength?’—‘I have had sufficient to-day,’ replied madame d’Armalos—‘Oh my mother,’ cried Calista.—‘Oh God!’ said madame d’Armalos, raising her voice—‘Oh God! bless her!’ At these words Calista gave a piercing cry, which convinced me that her mother had expired.—Penetrated with pity and horror, I rose, I knocked against the partition, and called to the afflicted angel, that I was going to send her assistance immediately, and would bring her a doctor.—‘*Oh! monsieur Delrive!*’ replied Calista, in a faint voice, but in an accent that went to my soul—It was all she said—I sprang to the door, and running out, called up the servants. I passed them on the staircase without stopping, I crossed the court, flew into the street, and throwing

myself into a hackney coach, went to a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who immediately returned with me. He was shown to Calista's room, and I remained in my own. Calista flattered herself that her mother had only fainted. The surgeon informed her of the dreadful truth. The lamentations of this unfortunate young creature pierced my heart. Madame Martin tried in vain to persuade her to go to bed in her room, Calista was determined to pass the night by her mother's corpse. 'We must not, said she, have a priest to sit up, I shall, therefore, supply his place, and pray here till the morning.' One of the maids staid with her.

"About half an hour after madame Martin had quitted her, I heard her waking the servant, who had already fallen asleep; on which I again knocked against the partition. Calista ceased be-

wailing for a moment, to attend.—‘You are not alone,’ cried I, ‘I shall sit up all night, and pray with you’—‘Consoling angel!’ said Calista:—her tears choked her voice, and prevented her saying more. I sat up, and found in this melancholy night an unspeakable charm, which I cannot now describe or even conceive. Far from fearing, as before, to be heard, I took care, on the contrary, to make noise enough to convince Calista that I was not asleep: it was a mode of conversing with her, and of expressing to her the great interest I felt in a sorrow, of which I was then the only witness, the only confident. I received her sighs, and answered with my own. We were in a manner together, without speaking to, or seeing each other.—In the solemnity of the night, and amid meditations upon death, this affecting sympathy, in which the senses had no

share, this pure intercourse, resembled the heavenly union of souls, when disengaged from the illusions and ties of life, they meet again, unite, and mix together in immortal sentiment.

“ Calista thought proper to keep her mother’s remains three days, during the whole of which time I confined myself to my chamber. When she had discharged all these sad duties, I proposed to her, by means of madame Martin, to change rooms with her, as her own must have become very uncomfortable to her. She accepted my offer, for which she was extremely grateful, and sent me a message, saying that she hoped to repeat her thanks herself, in madame Martin’s apartment, as soon as she was able to go down stairs. This message gave me infinite pleasure; I was transported at the idea, that I was at length going to see one whom I already so well

knew, and who was so dear to me.—Previous to my quitting the chamber, which I had given up, I caused several handsome pieces of furniture, and a *piano* to be placed in it. It was not possible to persuade Calista that this instrument belonged to madame Martin; but that she might be induced to keep it, she was told, that a friend of mine having gone into the country, had lent it to me for six months.—With a heart agitated by the tenderest emotions, I entered my new room.—It now contained only one bed, and that was Calista's.—She had taken away her portrait, but my eyes fondly gazed on the place it had occupied, and I fancied that I still beheld her charming form.—I minutely examined again and again, every part of the furniture she had used; I opened every drawer in hopes of finding some of her hand-writing, and judge

how great was my transport, on finding unexpectedly, whilst engaged in this search, the small hour-glass, lying in a corner forgotten, or rather thrown away. I joyfully caught it up and vowed, that it should never be profaned, never employed but to mark the hours consecrated to sentiment and virtue, and that it should never go out of my possession: I have kept my vow most religiously, and I still have the glass. It is true, I ought no longer to set any value on it, yet I have not parted with it.—In the evening of the next day, on which I was settled in my new lodging, I experienced the most delightful gratification; Calista played on the piano—had she not even been so complete a mistress of music as she was, I should have listened to her with rapture. She played extempore, but the plaintive expression of the harmony she produced,

belonged not to the music; it was the language of the heart, and myself the subject of it. She addressed herself to me, she thanked me, she trusted herself to me. She continued at the instrument till ten o'clock, when she rose from it, and I heard her approaching the partition. I instantly left my seat; Calista was before me, she was close to me, I saw her, I heard her breathe. She knelt down, and we finished this evening as we had done the others, by uniting in prayer.

“Next day a friend came to let me know that Sérilly, who had been denounced, was arrested at Chartres. Although the thought of leaving Calista for a few days made me wretched, I did not hesitate, but set out for that place immediately, where, however, I did not expect to be obliged to remain more than two or three days at farthest—but



Sérilly's affair detained me more than a week—I was fortunate enough to render him the service I wished, and to extricate him entirely from his dangerous situation—I confided to him my sentiments with regard to Calista, and mentioned my design of writing to my father to communicate them to him as soon as I had seen her. That I might get back the sooner, I returned to Paris on horse-back—but how dreadful a shock there awaited me!—Calista was no longer at the house of madame Martin, where, two days after my departure, a domiciliary visit had been made: the officers had entered the chamber of Calista, who had accustomed herself, by her mother's advice, constantly to wear a veil; this she had done for the last six months. One of the satellites of tyranny was insolent enough to tear it off, and the wretch being struck with her beauty re-

turned the day after, and had the presumption to make a declaration of love to her, which Calista rejected with the utmost disdain, and most justly so, for the villain was a married man. Stung to madness at her contempt, he denounced her as a *royalist* and *fanatic*, in proof of which he produced a small crucifix which he had found in her desk. The innocent and unhappy Calista was arrested and carried to prison. I flew thither in an instant; she was in solitary confinement, and it was impossible for me to get to her—but I discovered that a man of whom I had some knowledge was in prison, and in a cell next to hers. As the accusations against this person appeared to be less serious, than those which had deprived Calista of her liberty, I had strong hopes of easily obtaining leave to see him; for which purpose I left the prison to go and make the ne-

cessary applications, and at length, after the expiration of eight and forty hours, I succeeded in obtaining the permission I so eagerly sought. I then flew back to the prison and entered the cell next to Calista's. After promising the prisoner to do him all the service in my power, I confided my story to him, and going close to the wall which separated me from Calista, I raised my voice and said; '*I am still with you.*'

"Great God!" she exclaimed, 'are you too a prisoner?'—"No," I replied, 'but I was anxious to inform you of my return, and to tell you that I live but to serve you; the surest means of doing it is for me to claim you as my wife, by declaring that we were privately married five weeks ago;—do you consent to this?—Are you disengaged?'—"I am."—"Will you then pledge yourself to become my wife indeed?"—"With transport I do, and call

on Heaven to witness my vow.'—'Here on my knees I make the same appeal—O my Calista! my wife!'—'Dear Delrive, I am all your own.'—'To-morrow, this very night perhaps, you shall be free.'—At these words I darted towards the door to rush out; but the prisoner, whose name was Durand, held me back: 'Stop a moment,' said he, 'I here declare to you, that unless you procure my enlargement before you release the young girl you are so deeply in love with, I will discover your scheme.' This speech came upon me like a thunderbolt; astonishment and rage fixed me to the spot—I perceived however, how necessary it was for me to temporise with my selfish confident—I therefore concealed my indignation, and dissembling replied; 'Heavens! my dear Durand, can you really have the cruelty to lay me under such a condition! Can you not trust to

my zeal?'—'Certainly not,' interrupted he coolly, 'you scarcely know me, and by a very singular event I have it in my power to urge you to exert all your influence in my behalf—allow me to profit by the opportunity.'—'May I at least on this condition depend upon your discretion?'—'I take no pleasure in making mischief; do but get me out of prison, and I will most readily swear that I was a witness to your marriage.'—'It would be far more generous in you to trust to my gratitude.'—'Yes, but it certainly is the securest way for me to link my cause with that in which your dearest interests are concerned.'

"I could make no answer, but promised every thing the fellow demanded; besides which, I was forced to listen to all the tedious details of the particulars of his case, and that with the strictest attention, in order to qualify myself more

effectually to serve him. I left him, highly exasperated against him, but at the same time resolved, if necessary, to risk my life to procure his liberty, since on this the existence of my Calista now depended. What made me still more miserable was, that I could not take a single step in her favour until I had succeeded in setting Durand free, for I was aware he would relate all he knew, were Calista permitted to leave the prison immediately upon my application; so that my first exertions were necessarily made for him alone; in which I was wholly taken up all the remaining part of the day till twelve o'clock at night. Hopes were given me, but I brought nothing to an issue. The ardour of my zeal, and the vehemence with which I pressed my solicitations in Durand's behalf, astonished all to whom I addressed myself: in fact, never could a more im-

posed interest be displayed. The next morning I repaired again to the prison; from the bottom of my soul I felt a most horrid antipathy to this Durand, and in spite of my efforts to dissemble my feelings, I saw plainly through the simper which he put on, that he perceived it. I briefly told him, that I had already taken many steps in his favour.—‘I trust entirely to you,’ replied he; ‘I am perfectly at ease;’ and, added he smiling, ‘by way of recompence for your trouble let me deliver a message, which you will receive with pleasure. Do you not see that deep crevice in the wall? through that this note addressed to you was thrust.’—‘Ah! give it me,’ cried I.—‘Read it,’ he replied, ‘and I will return your answer by the same way; but do not talk through the wall, you are obliged to speak too loud; which is a dangerous expedient,

for should the turnkey, as he sometimes does, come this way unexpectedly, you may be heard.'—With a trembling hand I opened this precious note. It was written on the back of an old letter with a toothpick dipped in the blood of Calista, and contained these words:

“How do I now bless the tyranny
“that denies me the necessary imple-
“ments for writing, since it forces me
“thus to sign with my blood the sacred
“vow I have made, never to cease to
“love you. Judge how tender are the
“sentiments I entertain for you. In
“your absence, madame Martin, yield-
“ing to my earnest entreaties, and
“reading my whole heart, confessed
“every thing to me. I now know all,
“and how much I owe you. I had had
“some suspicion of it ever since your
“gift of the piano. O my generous,
“virtuous benefactor. I am yours by

“right; I am yours by choice! Be my
“destiny what it may, I shall carry with
“me to the grave the pure and hallowed
“friendship which virtue formed and
“gratitude confirmed. My only pro-
“tector, it is you alone that can render
“life any longer desirable; and for you
“alone do I wish to preserve it.

“CALISTA D’ARMALOS.”

“This note, which contained so solemn an asseveration, I have carefully kept. Alas! how often have its characters thus traced with her blood been washed with my tears! But let me not anticipate events; let me rather collect all my fortitude to conclude with temper, if it be possible, so strange and sad a tale.

“Not daring any more to speak to Calista after what Durand had said, I directly wrote an answer with my own blood, and passed it through the crevice

of the wall, after having ascertained that she was by herself, which we did by striking on the wall, being confident that she would not return the signal if the Jailor were with her. Calista gave three knocks; I fell on one knee; Durand seeing me in this posture burst out laughing.—‘Why man,’ said he, ‘she does not see us.’—‘True,’ replied I, ‘but she divines every feeling of my soul.’—Not being able to speak to Calista, I quickly left the prison to renew my endeavours in Durand’s cause. After many fresh attempts, I saw clearly that by means of money I might easily set him at liberty. Not having enough I borrowed the sum I wanted, and after having disposed of five hundred louis, at ten o’clock at night I obtained a formal order for the liberation of Durand.”

M. d’Orselin here interrupted Delrive; “This Durand,” said he, “was

quite in the right; he played his cards admirably, and was no doubt a very clever fellow.”—“Yes,” replied Delrive, “I am now of your opinion: this is the cleverness, or rather the character a man should have. Delicacy is no more than hypocrisy, and generosity is downright folly.”—After these reflections, M. d’Orselin entreating Delrive to pursue his narrative, he thus continued:

“Being now anxious to obtain the release of Calista, I sent Durand the order I had just procured, and caused my deposition to be instantly taken, in which I claimed Calista as my wife. I declared, that having married without my father’s consent, I had put off the public avowal of it until I could obtain it. I was believed, and I went to bed for that night in the hope of soon seeing my Calista free. I had friends and some powerful protectors,

who promised that my wife should be restored to me; but to expedite the order it was requisite to bribe some of the subordinate officers, and I had exhausted all my credit to accomplish Durand's release. At this juncture Sérilly arrived at Paris; I made him acquainted with my situation and embarrassment, and he promised to procure me fifteen thousand livres in the course of two days. I now began to breathe, when I received a most distressing letter, informing me that my father lay dangerously ill a hundred and fifty leagues off, and had expressed a wish for my attendance. In spite of the extreme grief which I felt at quitting Calista, who was still in prison, I could not hesitate what part to take. I sent for Sérilly, on whom I depended as much as on myself, and I gave him a letter for Calista. He promised me to devote

himself entirely to the business, and without a doubt of his sincerity I set off on my journey, sick at heart. I found my father dying, yet still in his senses. I related to him every thing that had happened to me, and in expressing his approbation of my attachment for Calista, he rendered her still more dear to me. I had been six days at my father's house, a prey to the most painful suspense, when I received a letter from Sérilly. It brought me intelligence that the villain who had denounced Calista, was endeavouring to injure our cause; and that had it not been for him, she would already have been at liberty. Notwithstanding this, Sérilly confidently asserted that he was sure of success, telling me, that Calista was removed to a more commodious part of the prison, and was no longer in solitary confinement, for that he had been per-

mitted to see her. He dwelt with enthusiasm upon the graces and beauty of her, person, and inclosed me a letter from her, written in the most affecting terms.

“ Meanwhile my father continuing to grow worse and worse every day, not a shadow of hope that he would recover was left me. You know how I loved him, and can therefore readily conceive what I felt. He struggled with death for two months, during the whole of which time I received no other letter from Sérilly, than that which I have mentioned. At the end of a fortnight I dispatched a messenger to Paris. Several accidental circumstances concurred to retard his return, and he did not come back till the day on which my father expired. However, he brought me word, that Calista had left the prison three weeks after my departure; that she had

quitted Paris, as had Sérilly, and that no one knew what was become of either. I was satisfied with having my fears respecting the fate of Calista removed, and as I had not a doubt but that she had written to me, I concluded that her letters as well as Sérilly's had been lost, or entrusted to careless hands. I thought nothing of their abrupt manner of leaving Paris, and relying on the uncorrupt fidelity of two persons who were in full possession of my love and esteem, I did not in the least suspect them, nor did I experience the smallest anxiety about the event.—Business of the greatest importance still detained me at * * * * much against my inclination twelve days longer, at the end of which time I returned to Paris. After several different accounts I learned that Sérilly had really set out with Calista, and was supposed to be at L. * * *, on his estate near

Chalons-sur-Saône.—I set off on Horse-back without a moment's delay, travelling day and night. It was then the month of May.—About eight o'clock in the morning I reached the next post to L * * *, and alighting, went into the inn to make some inquiries of the master, whom I knew, having made several journeys to L * * *. I entered the lower parlour, where I found the landlord alone, sitting with a table before him, and smoking. He did not make the least motion to rise on seeing me, lest, I suppose, he should trespass upon the system of *equality*.—The first thing I did was to ask him whether Sérilly was at L * * *.—‘No’, he replied, ‘to his great sorrow, he eight days ago received express orders to set out instantly for the army, and what made the case the harder was, he had just married a handsome woman’.—‘How?’ I exclaimed, with

a foreboding emotion, 'how! is Sérilly married?'—'What, then! you did not know of it,' rejoined the landlord, laying his pipe upon the table, and pleased at having a tale to tell.—'He took a charming young woman out of prison, and made her his wife.'—At these words I was obliged to support myself against the table, for my legs failed me.—'You are fatigued,' said the innkeeper; 'why don't you sit down?'—I fell into a chair.—'Well, as I was saying,' continued he, 'the fair citizen Sérilly is as beautiful as the loves and graces.—Her father's name was d'Amalos, a wealthy banker.'—Here the landlord seeing me turn pale, called as loud as he could for the maid to bring me a glass of brandy, assuring me that nothing was better than brandy for fatigue.—Meanwhile it occurred to me that this marriage was, perhaps, no more than a feint which

Sérilly had judged necessary. When the maid was gone out of the room I inquired where Sérilly was married.—‘First at the municipality of Châlons,’ replied the innkeeper; ‘but the fair citizen Sérilly was not satisfied with that, (for between you and me she is a complete bigot) she ordered a priest to be sent for, and when with much difficulty they had found one, she was married again by him at the Chateau.—And this I can speak to from my own knowledge, for I was one of the witnesses, and I myself held the marriage veil.’—‘And pray does the wife of Sérilly remain at L***?’—‘Yes, truly, the poor woman is in great affliction, for she was very fond of her husband!’—‘I wish to see her,’ said I; and hastily rising ordered a horse to be got ready, and in a state of mind which I cannot describe to you I continued my journey. I had only two leagues to

ride and got to the village of L*** at half after nine. I put up my horse at the first public house I came to, and proceeded to the Chateau on foot. I met a servant girl in the avenue, and stopping her to ask her some questions I learned that madame Sérilly was walking with her waiting maid in a wood close by—thither I turned my steps. I wandered onwards with my heart palpitating to such a degree as to stop my breath. The least noise made me shake as if I had an ague; I expected every moment to hear the perfidious woman whom I was in search of. As I drew near to a small Chinese pavilion, the windows of which were shut and the door half open; I thought I should have dropped, for I did in reality hear the voice of Calista. That voice no longer retained its former sweetness to my ear, but I could not mistake it. I stopped at the door to

listen. At that moment her maid was speaking: — ‘You will see him again ma’am,’ said she, ‘why then thus afflict yourself?’ — ‘Why do I?’ replied Calista, weeping — ‘O my God! Dear, dear Sérilly, Why did you not allow me to follow you? O with what joy would I have shared all your dangers!’ — ‘But we must trust to the goodness of God, ma’am’ — ‘Ah! doubtless, it is on that I presume to rest; without religion what would become of me?’ — These last words set my whole soul on fire with indignation. — ‘Hypocrite!’ exclaimed I, bursting into the pavilion: and for the first time I beheld unveiled her whom I once adored. The striking likeness she bore to her mother, and the close resemblance of her features to the portrait so deeply engraven on my memory, would have been sufficient to enable me to point her out among a thousand

persons. She shrieked on seeing me. Enraged; I went up to her: 'Tremble,' cried I, 'tremble at the sight of the mortal enemy of your unworthy husband; no, he shall not meet a glorious death; this avenging hand shall put an end to his faithless existence.'—At these words Calista, overcome by terror, fainted away.—'Assist her,' said I, addressing the affrighted maid who attended her; 'tell her she has nothing to fear from a hasty emotion, which I now disavow; the most profound contempt shall be my sole revenge.'—Thus saying, I rushed from the pavilion, and hurried out of the wood. I re-mounted my horse and fled precipitately from this hateful place. I returned in haste to Paris, where I provided myself with the sum of thirty thousand francs: then, furnished with false certificates, and disguised as a horse-dealer, I set out, taking a

feigned name. I quitted an unhappy country which had been long rendered hateful to me by the crimes of its tyrants. Betrayed in a manner the most inconceivable, by those on whom I had fixed my affections, I renounced love and friendship, which in me was abjuring virtue. Calista's base inconstancy and perfidy proved to me, that religion added nothing to morality, and that it had no influence on our characters or our actions. Calista is still *religious*, yet she has shamefully deceived and sacrificed me, without the least remorse! If religion be of no use, it is nothing more than imposture—Calista has betrayed me, Calista is ungrateful—Sérilly is a monster; and yet this faithless and perjured pair are happy, while I am forsaken, a fugitive, and in despair. There is no Providence.—‘Add to the account,’ said M. d’Orseuil, ‘that assassins, and

plunderers are triumphant in France.'—
'Well, well!' replied Delrive, 'I shall make myself amends for having been so long credulous and a dupe.'

Delrive, in order to dissipate his melancholy, travelled for a month through Switzerland. He then returned to Lausanne, and again took his abode with M. d'Orfelin. In this manner did he pass the autumn and winter, receiving great kindness from M. d'Orfelin, to whom he expressed his surprise at his not having sent for his nephew, who had emigrated some years before, to live with him. This nephew, whose name was also d'Orfelin, was an interesting young man, but he had a wife and children, and old d'Orfelin, too selfish to burthen himself with a whole family, pretended that his poverty did not allow him to assist his unfortunate nephew, who was languishing in want at

the farther end of Spain. He assured Delrive, however, that he had a very warm affection for young d'Orselin. I was formerly of great service to him, said he, and the greatest uneasiness I have is that I have it not in my power to be so now.

Meanwhile Delrive, notwithstanding all his efforts, could not banish Calista from his mind. When he reflected on the particulars of his connection with her, he could not conceive the possibility of a change so sudden, of treachery so audacious. At times he read her letters, and then he felt all the violence of his first resentment return. He gave way to his anger, and declaimed against religion; but as resentment and rage did not entirely deprive him of his judgment, he could not but allow, in his mind, that devotion had formerly refined his manners, and exalted all his

virtues; that it had alleviated all the sorrows of madame d'Armalos, and even banished all the terror of the grave; lastly, he also remembered the tranquil and pious death of his father, and these faithful images of his memory, without recalling him to virtue, disturbed and tormented him. He was so incensed, so shocked at the crimes daily committed in France, and at the prosperity of her tyrants; and he was, above all, so exasperated at the unparalleled treachery of his mistress, and his friend, that he eagerly wished to be confirmed in his infidelity. The scepticism of M. d'Orselin was by no means to his taste: besides, that it appeared to him absurd to throw off the yoke of religion, without positively rejecting all belief in it, his insatiate passion demanded a more determined plan; he wished to be a materialist, an atheist, and he had already adopted their horrid

language; but in him it was the language of revenge, not of opinion. He had recourse to the writings of Hobbes, Spinoza, and their disciples, the modern philosophers. These he soon threw down, for his father had formerly taken care to arm him against these despicable sophists, by pointing out to him the subtilties of their most specious reasonings, and especially by giving him a thorough knowledge of religion.—“These books,” said he to M. d’Orselin, “are so replete with falsehood and contradiction, and the arguments in them are so wanting in solidity, that they can make no impression but upon the most ignorant or distorted minds. The only way to get rid of troublesome prejudices is to give oneself up to pleasure and the passions: for, as to me, the only unanswerable argument against religion is the devotion and the finished

and religious education of the most perfidious of women."—"True," said M. d'Orselin, for had your Calista in the course of time suffered herself to be led away by the seduction of bad examples, and ceased to be religious, it might have been said that she ceased to be virtuous only by forsaking religion, and suffering herself to be corrupted by degrees; but to change so suddenly! after such oaths, so readily to betray a lover, a benefactor, and in a manner so insulting, without feeling the slightest remorse, and yet retain her religious belief! this, surely, is an instance which carries conviction, that respect to the opinion of the world is a thousand times more useful than ever religion and piety could be." Delrive was much pleased with this reflection, which, indeed, appeared to him strikingly just.

Delrive had been living near a twelve-

month at Lausanne, when one evening as he returned home he was told that M. d'Orselin had fallen into an apoplectic fit. He immediately sent for medical assistance. The patient, after repeated bleedings, towards morning recovered his senses, but not a free use of his speech; he could only stammer out some words which were scarcely intelligible. Delrive never quitted his bedside. In the evening M. d'Orselin appeared to be much worse. By signs and some ill articulated monosyllables, he indicated that he wished a priest to be sent for. Delrive desired it might be done, and the servant left the room. M. d'Orselin, more agitated than ever, finding himself alone with Delrive, raised himself with great difficulty, and drew from under his bolster a waistcoat, from the pocket of which he took two keys which he presented to Delrive, at the

same time pointing to a little closet near the bed. According to this indication Delrive opened the closet with the largest of the keys. The dying man held his finger out to a strong-box, which Delrive took out, and having shut the closet, leaving the key in it, he carried the box, which was exceedingly heavy, to the bed. M. d'Orselin seemed desirous to say something, but his eyes, suddenly assuming a wild look, closed, and a dreadful convulsion put an end to his life. Delrive was struck with astonishment: "There can be no doubt," said he to himself, "but that this old man, who had an affection for me, has made me a present of this strong box, and I may lawfully accept the gift of friendship. The time is past when I should have been foolish enough to feel scruples on this point; but I have no time to lose."—With these words Del-

rive carried the strong box, into his own room, which was next to M. d'Orselin's, locked it up in his bureau, and instantly returning to M. d'Orselin's chamber, rang the bell and called up the people of the house. They came, but all assistance was fruitless. M. d'Orselin was dead. It happened at nine o'clock at night; the proper officers went to the apartment of the deceased, and affixed seals to all the locks. The door opening, from Delrive's chamber into M. d'Orselin's, was fastened, and Delrive, who had another door to go out by, shut himself up in his room.

At midnight, when all was quiet in the house, Delrive, anxious and thoughtful, opened the secret box. He found in it five thousand louis in gold, and four large diamonds of immense value. "How!" cried he, "did this old man call himself poor with all this treasure?"

Come! this gift secures me against all fear of want!—D'Orselin told me that he had made no will, and, besides, he was afraid of death; he was an epicurean and a very selfish philosopher; a kind of people who seldom give themselves any trouble about what may happen when they are gone." The next reflexion that occurred to Delrive was, that it was very singular that M. d'Orselin, in his last moments, precisely at the instant when he seemed to be agitated with religious ideas, should have been so anxious to make such a considerable present to a stranger. He had a nephew in distress.—Might not he have been afraid that this box would be stolen by the woman who attended him?—Was it not a trust he wished to place in the hands of Delrive, to be conveyed to his legal heir?—In vain did Delrive endeavour to resist these ideas;

they dwelt on his mind.—“And after all, what does it signify?” said he, “have I not thrown off for ever the absurd yoke of a morality by which men are abused and victims made?—There is nothing beyond this existence. Where is the good of sacrificing one self for a person unknown? Who will reward me for such an effort? the testimony of my conscience?—Conscience is but a word without meaning, to him who considers the world as the work of chance, to him who has nothing to fear or to hope after this life. It is folly to give up, without a hope, without an object, our own interest to that of another, for whom we have no affection!” Deirive, after reasoning in this manner, put the box back into his bureau, and went to bed; but he courted sleep in vain; an invincible remorse kept off all repose. It was to no purpose that he pro-

mised himself not to leave young Orselin in distress, and to send him a part of the five thousand louis d'ors by an unknown hand; this composition with his conscience only augmented his remorse. To act thus was proving to himself, that he could not, with peace of mind, keep the whole sum, and consequently that what he did keep would not make him happy. His agitation continuing to increase, he got up at two o'clock, and lighted his candle by his night-lamp. "Curse the education I have received," said he, "I shall never be any thing but a fool. My habits are stronger than my reason."—As he said this he again opened his bureau.—"Gold," cried he, "is of much less value than sleep, I will give it all up." Here he took out the strong box and put it on a table—"As soon as it is day," continued he, "I will carry it to

the magistrate; I have yet three hours to wait."—As he spoke, a grateful tear bedewed his eyelids, a delicious calm spread through his heart. His bureau was still open; Calista's little hour-glass, which he kept there, caught his eye; he looked at it with a soft emotion, and taking it up, said—"I swore that thou should'st measure only hours consecrated to virtue; come, then, and measure these."—At these words he placed the hour-glass on a stand, sat down in an arm-chair, and his tears flowed sweetly. With what delight did he think of the unfortunate family of young d'Orselin! what pleasure did he enjoy in painting to himself their surprise and joy! he did not sleep—sleep would have robbed him of a delightful reverie. As soon as day appeared, Desrive dressed himself, sent for a coach, and taking the strong-box with him, drove to the house of the

chief magistrate of the town. There he declared, that the late M. d'Orselin, having lost his speech, but retaining his senses, had given him his keys and shown him the box: Delrive added, that M. d'Orselin had a nephew in Spain, to whom, he thought this trust should be immediately sent.

Such is the general corruption of the world, that this conduct of Delrive's appeared a noble action. The magistrate, who was a worthy man, conceived the warmest friendship for him, and enquiring into his situation, advised him to go himself into Spain, and there enter into commerce.—“ I am closely connected,” said he, “ with a Banker at Cadiz, named Mellos, I will write him an account of your conduct, and he will receive you with open arms; he is immensely rich, and you may, with industry, make your fortune in that

country." Delrive accepted the proposal, and, in two months, set out for Spain; but, to avoid a passage by sea, he resolved upon crossing through France with a Genevese Merchant who was going to Madrid. He was to meet the merchant at Berne, and was recommended to him as an Italian artist, who wanted a travelling companion. Delrive spoke Italian perfectly, and, in talking French, imitated the Italian accent exceedingly well. Having furnished himself with passports and necessary papers, he stained his light hair black, painted his eye-brows, contrived to enlarge the size of his body and legs by wadding his clothes, and under this disguise, which made him appear much older than he was, and furnished a description for his French passport very different from his own person, he presented himself to the Genevese mer-

chant, who had no suspicion of the truth. Our travellers left Berne in the diligence, in which they found a very handsome young woman, whose simplicity and timidity interested her fellow passengers, and particularly Delrive. She was an emigrant, who, as well as themselves, were going to Bâle, by the way of Zurich, where the merchant meant to stop a couple of days. Delrive paid great attention to the young French woman, whose name was Euphemia; but she was so bashful and reserved, that there was no entering into conversation with her; her answers were very laconic, accompanied with a deep blush, however simple the question put to her. Delrive, notwithstanding, perceived, that she frequently stole a look at him, and that she was not so short in her replies to him as to the rest. He was charmed with her, and being completely tired of the

Swift merchants, who were sleeping or smoking, he determined to amuse himself with tutoring the young and simple Euphemia. When the coach stopped for dinner, Euphemia, while the cloth was laying, strolled into an orchard, whither she was followed by Delrive. Euphemia seemed frightened, at finding herself alone with a man in a verdant grove; but he spoke to her with so much mildness, and so *discreetly*, that she recovered a little courage. He then ventured to put some questions to her, respecting her situation and plans: Euphemia only raised her eyes to heaven, blushed, and sighed. Delrive assured her, that if she knew him she would have confidence in him. Euphemia hinted that she thought him rather young. Delrive swore that he was turned five and forty. This declaration, which greatly surprised Euphemia,

calmed all her confused apprehensions, and she made no scruple of confessing, that she was a nun and had lately escaped from Lyons, where she had encountered unparalleled dangers. "My dear sister," cried Delrive, dropping his Italian accent, "I deserved this confidence! you have disclosed your secret to me, and I will tell you mine; I am one of the fathers of La Trappe."—"Of La Trappe! is it possible?"—"Don't betray me."—"Oh! reverend father, I would sooner die." One of the passengers now coming up interrupted their conversation, but, from that moment, Euphemia had a confidence in Delrive, equal to the veneration she felt for him; he appeared to her so good, so respectable, and even so handsome!—for Euphemia beheld in his face the angelic countenance of a saint.

At night the Diligence arrived at Zu-

rich. The inn where it stopped was so full, that all the passengers were obliged to find beds elsewhere. The merchant, Delrive's travelling companion, went to lodge at a friend's, and Delrive, quitting him for the time he was to remain at Zurich, took charge of the timid Euphemia, who dreaded, above every thing, the sleeping at an inn; but under the care of the *reverend father*, she thought herself as safe, as she had formerly been in the cell of her convent. The choice of a lodging being left to Delrive, he placed the credulous Euphemia in a little room, adjoining one he had taken for himself, and which had no other passage than through his. Delrive and Euphemia supped together alone. Euphemia was sensibly affected by the goodness of the reverend father, and the friendship he expressed for her. As she retired she

told him, that she should now go to sleep without any uneasiness, which she had not done for a long time before. Delrive told her that he should rise before day, as some business called him out very early in the morning. Euphemia, unwilling to remain asleep in the publick-house unprotected, begged him to wake her, by knocking at her door before he went, which Delrive promised to do. At two o'clock in the morning, Delrive, intent on no good design, softly entered Euphemia's chamber, and, without the least noise, approached her bed. A night-candle, placed on the chimney, perfectly discovered the sweet, imprudent Euphemia. She was in a sound sleep. Delrive stopped to contemplate her. Her beauty was heightened by calm repose, and innocence. She had kept some of her clothes on; a petticoat, and a large handkerchief, with which

her bosom was entirely covered. The decency of her attitude with the lovely serenity that reigned over her features, struck Delrive, and produced in his soul an emotion, that resembled virtue. Her whole appearance indicated chastity and an affecting piety; her hands lay crossed upon her bosom, still holding a chaplet of large black beads, twisted like a bracelet, round one of her arms. "Innocent creature!" said Delrive, in a low voice, "the only desire thou canst raise is that of protecting thee!—Be thy purity and credulity thy safeguard!"—Saying these words, Delrive sighed and hastily withdrew. On returning to his own room he went to bed, and if he did not fall asleep immediately, at least, when his weary eyelids closed, he enjoyed, as well as Euphemia, the sweets of a tranquil slumber.

The next day, Delrive met Euphe-

mia with a delicious emotion and the most affectionate interest. "How well I slept last night," said she to him, "one sleeps so quietly near you!"—Delrive smiled, and at night contrived a pretext for changing rooms, procuring a bed for Euphemia in a chamber of one of the maids. The next morning they set out for Bâle, where Delrive and Euphemia were to part. He forced upon her a purse, containing twenty louis d'ors, as a paternal gift, and exhorted her to be more cautious, how she trusted to the *fathers of La Trappe* in lay dresses, whom she might chance to meet in her travels. Euphemia, whose heart swelled with gratitude, promised Delrive, that she would pray for him all the days of her life. "I beg, my dear sister," replied he, "that you will, at times, on my account, tell the large black beads of a certain chaplet"

which you wear at night round your arm."—"How do you know that, reverend father?"—"It was revealed to me in a very agreeable vision."—"Oh! holy man!" cried the simple Euphemia, "in an extacy of admiration."—This conversation was interrupted by Delrive's travelling companion; who, from the farther end of the corridor, called him away. "Adieu, my dear Euphemia," said Delrive as he left her, "adieu! Be ever pure, and ever happy! adieu."—Euphemia could only answer by her tears, by drawing her chaplet from her pocket, clasping her hands, and falling on her knees.—Delrive agitated, looked tenderly at her for a moment, and then tearing himself away, hastened to join the other travellers.

Delrive avoiding Paris, passed through France without meeting with any accident:—but, notwithstanding his good

fortune, he was delighted to find himself in Spain. He stopped no where, till he came to Cadiz, where he arrived about the end of June—he was there informed, that Mellos the banker was at his country house, at Chiclane, a charming village, at the distance of four leagues from Cadiz—to this place, it is usual to go by water—Delrive was less than two hours on his passage.—As soon as he had introduced himself to Mellos, he presented his letters of recommendation to him, and met with a very cordial reception; for the chief magistrate of Lausanne, the friend of Mellos, had related to him all the particulars of the restitution of the valuable box, which the deceased, M. D'Orselin, had on his death-bed confided, to Delrive. No sooner was the good and virtuous Mellos made acquainted with them, than he admitted Delrive into his confidence

and friendship, and from that day, gave him handsome apartments at his own house, enquired into his circumstances, took charge of the remainder of his money, in order to employ it to advantage in his own business, and made him a promise to give him a situation in it, with a salary much more considerable than Delrive would have presumed to ask—"As to young D'Orselin," said Mellos to him, "no one so well as myself can furnish you with intelligence respecting that unfortunate youth—It is about two years ago since he came hither: it gave me pleasure to be of some service to him; he is now established at Algeziras, about fourteen leagues from hence, and I would advise you to be yourself the bearer of the good news which alters his situation so much for the better.—It is right that you should have the pleasure of being the first to

impart it. In the mean while, I will make a speedy journey to Madrid, whither I am called by family business; so that you will have it in your power to stay three weeks at Algeziras." Delrive gladly consented to undertake this short journey, and it was agreed that he should set out within three days.

Mellos, was one of the richest merchants in Cadiz, a widower, having only one daughter, seventeen years of age, named Zeïma, who was sole heiress to all his fortune. Zeïma was lively, giddy, and had even something of the coquette in her composition: her face was very handsome, her shape elegant, her whole person exceedingly pleasing, and her manners graceful. She was under the care of an aged duenna, who being more taken up with plans to please her, than to keep her under restraint, was not over and above watchful of her charge.

Zeïma was deeply smitten with the accomplished Delrive, and if not prudently, at least frankly enough gave him an opportunity to discover the impression he had made on her heart. Delrive, who now thought but seldom of Calista, was not insensible to the marked attentions which Zeïma paid him. However, he departed for Algeziras before he had time to reflect on the nature of the sentiments he had inspired, or in what manner he could meet them.

Algeziras is a pleasant town situated on the margin of the sea, which separates it from Africa, by a strait five leagues over. It was in this retirement that Delrive found young D'Orselin, with a wife, beautiful as an angel, and four charming children, in a thatched cottage.—“Heavens!” exclaimed he, at the appearance of this lovely family,

“ what could induce the late M. D’Orfelin, voluntarily to deprive himself of enjoyment so pure as this, which nature offered him.—What has he gained by his selfish principles? he has never enjoyed his wealth, but has lived an isolated being from all his connections, and has died in the bitterest pangs of repentance.”

With heartfelt gratification did Delrive acquit himself of his commission; he shared in the happiness he had bestowed, and enjoyed the lively gratitude expressed towards him by the charming group.

D’Orfelin and his family set off for Cadiz, two days after the arrival of Delrive, who himself took a circuit of the interesting neighbourhood of Algeziras: he visited the little picturesque island of *Palamos*, the town of St. Roch, and the Rock of Gibraltar; then crossing

the sea, found himself in the course of five or six hours, in another quarter of the world; he sailed along the coast of Africa, touched at Ceuta, and at the end of three weeks got back to Cadiz, where he found Mellos returned but two days before him from Madrid.

Zeïma seemed overjoyed to see Delrive once more, who on his part did not receive so flattering a reception, without feeling some emotion. There was something so alluring in Zeïma, that Delrive foresaw he might easily take advantage of the passion she betrayed for him—"I had once some pity on the innocence and simplicity of a poor nun," said he to himself, "but the lively, the captivating Zeïma, is not an Agnes; she is not ignorant of the nature of her feelings, she is neither credulous nor bigoted; to triumph over her, therefore, there is no necessity for me to de-

ceive her.—But, she is the daughter of my benefactor—What of that? I must only therefore, take care to conduct myself with more prudence and caution; and if I can but manage to keep the world and Mellos ignorant of this intrigue, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with? What remorse can I possibly experience hereafter, in yielding to so sweet, so natural an attachment which can produce no confusion, no scandal in society, nor give pain to anybody in the world.—This time, at least, I am resolved not to be so great a fool as to sacrifice my happiness to troublesome recollections of former prejudices, which I now no longer own, and which, in this instance especially, are perfectly ridiculous. It would be too great a piece of deception, to be constantly acting what the world calls virtuously, where no virtue exists, or to

suffer habit to gain so absolute an ascendancy over my inclination. Till now, I have never been a free-thinker, but in design; for, by some fatality, which I can not comprehend, no sooner have I determined upon overcoming prejudices that I despise, than they all come fresh to my recollection; a croud of ideas, which were impressed on my mind, in my infancy, disquiet me, and constrain me to change my intentions.—But all this is a weakness that the charms of Zeïma will subdue, and having succeeded in this first attempt, I trust I shall be more consistent for the future.” In consequence of this resolve, Delrive made a very warm declaration of love to Zeïma, and obtained from her the wished-for avowal. And now the only question was, how to contrive to see each other without restraint or apprehension; and after having maturely con-

sidered this point, Delrive could suggest no other plan, than to meet by night in a small private garden belonging to Zeïma's apartment, and of which she alone had the key. Zeïma at first felt alarmed at this suggestion; she had no objection to appointing a rendezvous, but then it must be by day, and in the presence of her duenna, whom she flattered herself, she could gain over.—Delrive however positively insisted that no one should be so far admitted into their secret; and pressed his proposal of the assignation by night, protesting, as is always done upon such occasions, that his designs were as pure as his passion.—Zeïma at length yielded, and one morning, gave Delrive the fatal key; but on that very day, Mellos rising from table, took his daughter with him into his closet, and detained her there for two hours; Zeïma came from it, dis-

solved in tears, and immediately shut herself up in her apartment. Mellos mounted his horse to take a ride in the environs of the town—Zeïma seized this opportunity, to send a request to Delrive, that he would immediately repair to a grove hard by; he hastened thither, Zeïma met him, unaccompanied by her duenna: she then informed him, that her father had just told her of his having disposed of her hand in marriage, that he had passed his word, and that she must be married within a week. She confessed to Delrive, that she had not fortitude enough to resist her father's will; and in the extremity of her grief, having given her lover many proofs of her attachment, begged him to give her back the key of her garden. Delrive felt not the slightest passion for Zeïma; but he found her so charming an object, that so far from giving up the promised

meeting, he, in order to secure its taking place, employed all his address, and made use of every artifice that could win over to his wish, a volatile and inexperienced young female. He promised never to break through that *invincible respect* with which he regarded her, threw himself into despair, and demanded this favour as a proof of her confidence in him, and as a consolatory support under the thought of losing her. He called to his aid tears, prayers, and menaces, and at last the weak and imprudent Zeïma, to avoid those distressing scenes, which he had no inclination to realize, and even *to save his life*, consented to leave the key in his possession, and to receive him at one o'clock in the morning.

The rest of the day, Zeïma sad, thoughtful, and agitated, appeared, in the eyes of Delrive, more lovely than

ever. He even persuaded himself, that she was deeply enamoured with him, and he repeated to himself, *love is an excuse for all*; for in spite of his philosophy, he still laboured to find some excuse for what he was about, and especially when Mellos entered his thoughts. The latter did not return till very late, and the sight of him gave Delrive considerable pain; but a kind look from Zeïma, dissipated at once all rising remorse.

It was the custom of the family, for every one to retire at eleven o'clock for the night. Delrive, when shut up in his chamber by himself, felt a kind of terror at being alone; he dreaded his own reflections; in vain did he seek to paint to himself the lovely Zeïma, in all her charm; his imagination was filled with the venerable figure of Mellos.—He endeavoured to fix his thoughts

upon the joy which he promised himself; still however, a voice that would not be repelled, addressed him in secret murmurs from the bottom of his heart. Notwithstanding his endeavours to suppress it, he heard it repeating, *Happiness is not to be found in crime. You are going to violate the sacred rights of hospitality. You shall not escape the goading stings of penitence.* Delrive felt ashamed of himself, and irritated at perceiving that he had so little resolution, swore to surmount all scruples. "What power," said he, "can notions received in the dawn of life, have to controul our whole existence! I am precisely in the situation of those persons, who no longer believing in spirits, feel themselves afraid in the dark, because they recollect all the stories that terrified them in their infancy. What! will Mellos be less happy, if I meet the secret

wishes of Zeïma? I neither desire to rob him of his daughter, nor even to persuade her to disobey him. I love, and am beloved. I yield to an attachment inspired by nature, my happiness will cause no one to weep, why then should I give it up? Who shall call me to an account for it?"—Thus saying, Delrive in some measure confirmed in his new doctrine, sat down before a shelf, on which several books were placed, and the *New Eloise* catching his eye, he took down the first volume: he could not have chosen any book more calculated to remove his scruples. The example of *St. Preux* had a wondrous effect upon him, and they all vanished in an instant; he waited for the hour of assignation with firmness and impatience. This was the state of his feelings, and his watch already pointed to three quarters after eleven, when he heard a gentle

knocking at his door: much surprized, he rose, opened it, and who can describe his confusion, when he saw Mellos himself standing there.—“I had some doubt,” said the latter smiling, “whether you were already in bed; for I know your studies often keep you up.”—“But my friend,” continued Mellos, “you must know, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of imparting to you news which fills my heart with joy. I made several applications in your favour, whilst I was at Madrid, which I have never mentioned to you. I have just received an express, which brings me word, that every thing has succeeded according to my warmest wishes. The minister, who has a regard for me, and to whom also I related your history, has given you an honourable and lucrative post, in consequence of which, you will have to reside at Cadiz, and here is your

appointment; besides which, I have so fortunately employed the twenty-eight thousand livres which you gave me to take care of, that your property is trebled; my clerk shall to-morrow count you out sixty thousand."—At these words, Delrive, with the countenance of a criminal at the moment of his condemnation, stood rivetted to the spot, pale, without motion, and unable to utter a syllable.—Melios looked upon the situation he saw him in, as the violent effect of sudden joy and gratitude; he was much affected, embraced Delrive, and left him to himself, as soon as he heard the clock strike twelve. Scarcely was he out of the room, when Delrive threw himself into a chair, and burst into tears.—“Ah!” cried he, “what would have become of me, if this worthy man had put off speaking to me till to-morrow.—How should I

then have borne the oppressive load of such generosity. I should certainly have stabbed myself at his feet."—Saying this, Delrive drew from his pocket the garden key, enclosed it in a piece of paper, and sealed it up.—"I will tomorrow return it," said he. "What would I have given, if I had never received or asked for it!"—Delrive, as he was taking large strides about his chamber, heard the clock strike one, without desire, but not without emotion; he felt distressed, at thinking that Zeïma was waiting for him; and sat up till he supposed she no longer hoped or feared to see him; nor did he go to bed till it was broad day; it was then the month of August. He returned the key, and came to an affecting explanation with Zeïma; confessed the impression which the kindness of the virtuous Mellos had made upon his heart; recalled the mind

of Zeïma to a due sense of those principles, which love had banished from it, and advised her, like a wife and true friend.—Zeïma wept, thanked him, and vowed to dedicate her life to filial piety and virtue.

Two days after this conversation, Mellos, one morning, asked Delrive, if he had ever remarked, during his ride round the neighbourhood of Chidloe, a house placed upon an eminence overlooking the valley.—Delrive answered, “that he had not been able to go into the house, which had been lately sold, because the new owners were no longer there, and the workmen were in it.”—“I was there yesterday,” said Mellos, “the workmen have finished, and its gardens are admirable. I would advise you to go and walk over them.” Delrive went accordingly.—This house standing by itself, on the brow of a

mountain, was remarkable for its elegance, and the beauty of its situation.—

Thence the eye takes in at one view, the isle of Léon, Cadiz, the bay, the various towns that skirt its borders, and the sea beyond; thence too may be traced the course of the river Santi-Petri, and its entrance into the Atlantic Ocean. On turning to the east, Medina-Sidonia, and the vast plains of the south part of the province of Andalusia, meet the view.—“Happy must the possessor of that delightful mansion be,” cried Delrive, “if his principles, his faith, and his opinions be in union with the feelings of his heart!”—He requested permission to see the gardens, and was shown into them. In going round one side of the house which looked upon an extensive parterre, and passing by the windows of a room on the ground-floor, the blinds of which were

shut, he heard the sound of a piano. He stopped to listen, and was struck with admiration at the superior manner in which the person played; it called to his mind the fine style of Calista. Inquiring of his conductor who it was, he replied, "The mistress of the mansion is mademoiselle Lucella."—"Is she young?" asked Delrive.—"O yes," rejoined the other, "very young, she is, at the most, not above twenty."—"Is she here then with her relations?"—"No, at this time she is entirely by herself."

As she no longer went on playing, Delrive was about to retire, when on a sudden the blind was drawn up and Delrive saw; at the window nearest to him, the most beautiful and enchanting figure of a young female he had ever beheld. It was Lucella; she changed colour when she perceived him, and drew back

a little. Delrive astonished, bowed to her, when Lucella coming again to the window, invited him in French to walk in and rest himself in the saloon.

Delrive trembled, a fresh surprise kept him fixed to the spot; listening to the voice of Lucella, he thought he heard the accents of Calista, so exactly did the tones accord. Still the figure of Lucella bore not the least resemblance to Calista's—Lucella's person was formed with more symmetry, and was of an order of beauty infinitely more interesting; Lucella possessed a dazzling brilliancy of complexion, a perfection of features, and a most heavenly cast of countenance. Delrive having in some degree recovered himself from his agitation, most readily accepted the charming Lucella's invitation, and entered a handsome saloon, where she was seated by the side of a duenna who was working with her at an

embroidery frame. Lucella welcomed Delrive with no less grace than politeness, and at the same time with an air of feeling that went to his heart. The sound of her voice vibrated through his soul, and brought to his mind the most painful recollections, from which he could not free himself but by gazing on the beautiful face of Lucella. Ices and fruits were brought in, and after an hour's stay Delrive, with much difficulty, rose and took leave, requesting permission to wait on her another time.—

"Yes, sir," answered Lucella blushing, "I shall be happy in having the honour of receiving you. I have long heard you much spoken of, and I am vested with a commission, in which you are concerned, of a delicate nature, and which I ought speedily to execute."—These words raised the keenest curiosity in Delrive's breast; he besought her in

vain to explain herself—but Lucella promised to reveal the whole secret to him the next day. Delrive astonished and agitated returned to the house of Mellos; he counted every hour through the rest of the day and the succeeding night; he thought of nothing but Lucella; the idea of her drove out all others, even that of Calista. For the latter he had entertained an attachment, virtuous, lively, and profound, but such an one as could hardly be called love; with Lucella he was most passionately enamoured. — Who could this incomparable beauty be, so young, so modest, so recluse, and so apparently independent in her circumstances? By what means did she know any thing of him? What could it be that she had to communicate to him? — In such conjectures as these did Delrive employ his wandering thoughts, or rather it was impossible for him to suggest

to himself any thing that came near the fact;—with what pleasure did he perceive the morning dawn! Lucella had invited him to return at five o'clock in the evening, and at four Delrive was already on the mountain; but not daring to present himself at the mansion so early, he waited till the hour of appointment among the ruins of an old Moorish castle, near the habitation of Lucella. He sat down on a stone, and there, with his watch in his hand, was counting the minutes as they slowly passed when he heard a footstep near him; it was Lucella, who was walking on the same side of the mountain. How prompt is the mind always to attach itself to those appearances that flatter its wishes!—how rapid then is the course of thought!—Delrive supposed at the moment that Lucella, sharing his impatience, had directed her steps to that spot with the

design of meeting him, that she might see him again the sooner. He flew towards her; she blushed; but her looks, replete with sweetness, expressed all the joy of agreeable surprise; she was with her duenna, whose arm she quitted to go towards Delrive.—“As we are so near the ruins of this noble castle,” said she, “let us stop here. It is impossible to select a more charming spot to rest ourselves in.”—At the same time entering the interior of the ruins, she conducted Delrive into an oval court surrounded with elegant arcades, in the middle of which was a small grove of palms, citron and orange trees in flower. Lucella seated herself near Delrive on the ruins of a marble column. The duenna taking a book out of her pocket, placed herself at some distance from them; she did not understand French, and

therefore could not be troublesome as a third person.

Lucella, after a moment's silence, looking at Delrive with an air of anxiety and sensibility, said, "Suffer me, sir, before I proceed, to ask you whether you have forgotten the friends you left at Paris?"—"I forget every thing at this moment," answered Delrive, "but at all events, I surely ought to banish from my heart those who have shown themselves capable of such monstrous ingratitude; beings deserving all my hatred."—"I rather think," interrupted Lucella, "that you labour under some mistake."—"Mistake!" cried Delrive, "Ah! mademoiselle, it is you who are misinformed; be you alone my judge: your opinion is every thing to me. But who could make you acquainted with my misfortunes? Some evil-designing

emigrant, I have not a doubt.”—“No, sir.”—“Have the goodness then to inform me from whom you learned these particulars.”—“From Calista herself.”—“Good God!—Madame Sérilly is then in Spain!”—“She is, and at Madrid; she escaped with her husband from France, a few months ago; and is now returned to her native country—you know she was born in Spain.”—“And are you acquainted with her?”—“I am her intimate friend.”—“Of course, therefore, mademoiselle, you believe her to be innocent?”—“I do, sir,”—“Just Heaven!—If so, she has given you a very false account.”—“Be that as it may, have you confidence enough in me, to relate to me your history?—if you have I am ready to listen to it.”—At these words Delrive began his story, and gave a brief but exact account of all the principal circumstances of his acquaint-

ance with Calista. Lucella's tears flowed frequently during the narrative; he took Calista's letters from his pocket-book and read them to Lucella, who, when he had finished, turning on him her eyes overflowing with tears; "I must confess," said she, "that Calista and Sérilly cannot but have appeared to you guilty; but is it right to condemn persons so dear to us, without hearing what they have to say in their own defence?"—

How! did I not see Calista the wife of Sérilly? Did I not overhear her avowing how much she loved him?"—

"Hold," interrupted Lucella, "it is necessary for me to inform you of one circumstance of which you are ignorant; madame de Sérilly is nearly related to Mellos, your generous benefactor, and is hourly expected at Chiclane, to be present at the nuptials of the young Zeïma."

—"Calista! she! O God!"—"Do

you still love her then?"—"How can we love what we feel ourselves forced to despise?"—"Perhaps you have entered into another engagement?"—"No, indeed, I have not; and my heart yesterday morning was still free."

Here Lucella blushed and cast down her eyes.—"After all," said she, "can you have fortitude enough to see madame Sérilly and her husband once again, without creating any confusion in the family?"—"I will travel," replied Delrive, "whilst they continue in this part of the country."—"What!" answered Lucella with a smile, resentment has more power over you than friendship; and you are going to separate yourself from those who are your friends, that you may avoid those whom you hate."—"Alas! I know not what I could do, were you to command me to stay."—"Well then, I entreat you, stay."

"You shall be obeyed. But is it possible, that the perfidious pair you thus defend, can bear my presence without expiring with shame?"—"I find it is impracticable for me to justify them in your estimation at present, it will be in vain therefore for you to question me on that head; but when they arrive, I make you my promise to give you every explanation; you will not have to wait long, for they will be here to-night."—"How to-night?"—"Yes, this very evening, and I invite you to sup with Mellos."—"What?"—"I invite you to meet Mellos at supper here in my house; may I expect you?"—"Ah! my life is at your disposal."—"I am satisfied," said Lucella rising; "I shall look for you. It is almost eight o'clock, you will come again at ten: I must now leave you, as I have several orders to give. Adieu, Delrive," added she in a

soft tone; "adieu! I have reason to hope that you will this evening bless the hand of Providence." Having said this, she hastily withdrew.—The word *Providence* coming from so charming a mouth, and pronounced with Calista's tone of voice, shook Delrive's soul, and brought afresh to his remembrance all those ideas of a religious nature, which once were wont to have such influence over him. His eyes filled with tears—he sat down in the place that Lucella had just quitted. The day had closed, and the moon mingled her rising rays with the flowering branches of the orange trees that filled the air with their fragrance: the stillness of the night, the deep silence of the solitude around him, conspired to melt the feeling heart of Delrive to tender sympathy.—"*Providence!*" he repeated with a deep sigh, "now devoutly did I once regard thy decrees;

and now, alas! what have I gained by casting from me so salutary a trust? Depraved desires, and base intentions have polluted my breast; I have lost the relish and the satisfactory rewards of virtue, without being able to familiarize myself with vice. Ah! Lucella, you alone can restore me to myself. My soul overwhelmed with despair, once again acknowledging the influence of its natural sensibility, would fain have recourse to its former virtuous principles. But, O God! what can it be that I am to be told this evening? Why all this mystery? Why this ardent interest which Lucella seems to take in it? And why did not Mellos, so well known to her, mention her to me? Calista too arrives here this evening; is she to be present at this discovery?

Each reflection as it occurred served but to increase the perplexity and curi-

osity of Delrive. He made his repeater strike every quarter of an hour; at last, at a quarter before ten, he with transport left the old castle, and flew towards Lucella's mansion. He saw it afar off, for the whole front was magnificently illuminated: this sight added yet more to his surprise and emotion. He went forward, two servants waited for him at the entrance, and took upon them to show him the way. He was told, that supper was prepared in a pavilion at the further part of the gardens. Delrive, trembling with suspense and hope, gave himself up entirely to his conductors. They led him through several gardens, the trees of which were all decorated with festoons of flowers and lamps; he then passed under a long bower of myrtles, that brought him to a canal covered with small boats full of odoriferous shrubs in boxes, and lighted up with

coloured lamps. At the end of the canal was seen, in perspective, a superb illuminated pavilion. Delrive was invited to embark, and was placed in a small boat full of rose trees, myrtles, and amaranths. No sooner was he seated, than this floating parterre formed a semi-circle behind him; at the same instant, soft and harmonious strains were heard, whilst some young women, with melodious voices, sung in chorus the following words:

As you float, no tempest fear,
Delrive still to Heav'n is dear;
Heav'n has led you to this shore,
Here, in port, your cares are o'er.

Delrive, enraptured with all he heard and saw, fancied himself in a dream, and was totally at a loss to divine what all this enchantment tended to. At the end of the canal they landed, and

Delrive beheld his initials and his name at full length, traced in letters of fire, on all the columns of the pavilion. He ascended some steps, and after passing through two anti-chambers, stopped opposite a door which his guides desired him to open, when he entered a closet where Lucella was waiting for him by herself. The splendour of her dress, but above all, that of her beauty, the interesting expression of her whole person, the lively and pure joy which sparkled in her eyes, completely intoxicated the senses of Delrive. He dropped on one knee before her—"O! tell me," cried he, "that all these enchanting objects with which I am surrounded, are more than mere illusions; tell me, that I am permitted to adore the divinity who presides over this charming retreat."—"Follow me, Delrive," interrupted Lucella, at the same time advancing to-

wards a door. Delrive obeyed. Having gone forward a few steps, she stopped—“Arm yourself with fortitude,” said she; “I give you notice, that you are going to behold madame de Sérilly and her husband.”—Delrive turned pale.—“Delrive,” said Lucella, “I require that in their presence you hear what I have to reveal.”—“I know not what to think of you,” said he, “you confound all my ideas, and require of me a most painful and afflicting effort; but I submit to whatever you desire, since you condescend to lay your commands upon me.”—“Believe me,” replied Lucella, “you will have no cause to repent of your obedience.”—Thus saying, she opened a door, and, taking Delrive’s hand, entered a beautiful hall, where he beheld Mellos sitting on a couch between Sérilly and his wife. At the sight of these objects, Delrive drew back and

staggered; Sérilly rose with open arms, approaching Delrive, who retreated from his advance, casting at him a look full of indignation.—“Sérilly,” cried Lucella, “return to your seat, you promised me not to move from it; and you Delrive,” continued she, “draw near and listen to the justification of Calista.”—“Nothing can justify her,” interrupted Delrive.—“Sit down there,” replied Lucella, placing him beside her, before a table directly in front of the couch. A moment’s silence intervened, during which the trembling Delrive, turning his eyes upon madame de Sérilly, was no less surprised than enraged at the composure of her countenance, and the smile which hung upon her lips. Lucella resumed her speech; “Delrive,” said she, “I wish to justify Calista in writing, that you may always preserve the testimony of her innocence.”—Thus

saying, she placed on the table a writing-desk and a sheet of paper; and after writing, gave the paper to Mellos, who read aloud what follows:

“ Oh ! Delrive ! I have never loved
“ any one but you. Never have I
“ broken the vow so dear to my heart;
“ cease then to judge so wrongly of

“ CALISTA LUCELLA.”

“ Heavens !” exclaimed Delrive, in extasy, “ *Calista Lucella !*”—“ Here,” replied Mellos, putting the paper into his hand, “ convince yourself.” Delrive, lost in amazement, took the note, and instantly recognized Calista’s handwriting.—“ Yes, my friend,” said Sérilly, “ Calista is Lucella; the portrait which was the cause of your mistake at the house of madame d’Armalos, is that of my wife, Calista’s younger sister.”—“ Almighty Goodness !” exclaimed Delrive, falling on his knee, and raising his

eyes and hands to Heaven: "O thou Supreme Arbiter of our destiny, bear witness to my gratitude, and grant thy pardon to my penitence!"—At these words Delrive, unable to bear the excess of such sudden felicity, and the violent concourse of the various feelings which rushed all at once upon his soul, turned towards Calista, and fell breathless at her feet. When he came to himself, he found all his happiness restored: Calista, weeping, supported him in her arms, and Sérilly embraced him.—"How!" cried he, "is it then Calista whom I adore, under the name of Luccella! By a wonderful concurrence of events, Heaven has deigned to restore to me, at the same instant, my wife and my friend. Calista is faithful, and Sérilly is now my brother."—Saying this, he wiped away the tears that dimmed his sight, in order to contemplate the fea-

tures of Calista.—“ Ah !” said he, gazing on her, “ how could I for a moment mistake her; none but Calista could possess that angelic face, that celestial, that interesting countenance.” — Delrive, wrapped in the bosom of joy, was in no hurry to hear the explanation of this strange adventure; assured that Lucella was his Calista, what was all the rest to him !

Mellos, however, begged of Calista to relate her history; on which, addressing herself to Delrive, she thus began : “ Having never interchanged but a few words with you through a partition, I had no opportunity of telling you that I had a sister, entrusted by my mother to the care of madame de C*** at the period of our misfortunes. This lady carried her into the country, but desired that no one should be informed of her having taken into her care the daughter

of an unfortunate person under proscription. My sister was not brought up with me; she was placed in a provincial convent in the neighbourhood of madame de C***, who was the friend of my mother, and who saw her often, and had a most tender regard for her. A short time after the revolution, madame de C*** sold her estate and bought another near Châlons, to which she brought my sister, who being a perfect stranger in that part of the country, passed for a long time as an orphan, and related to madame de C***.

“ Before we were settled at the house of madame Martin, madame de C*** sent my mother my sister’s portrait done in crayons; and my mother, that she might strictly comply with madame de C.’s wish, to avoid speaking of my sister, and to obviate all questions respecting the picture, kept a curtain over it.

Madame Martin seldom came into our apartment; she was of an absent turn of mind, had little curiosity, and never noticed the picture thus covered with a piece of taffety. But I remember, that often, when my mother desired the maid to take care not to break the glass, she used this expression to signify the portrait, "*my daughter's picture*;" whence the servant naturally concluded that it was my picture, and thus were you led into the same error.

"You well know to what a pitch of insolence not only the tyrants in power, but their subordinate agents had arrived at that time in France. If a young female happened to have a tolerably good person, she had to fear either the insults of an unbridled licentiousness, or the disgrace of being selected to bear some principal character in their public feasts that were as absurd as they were im-

pious. This it was which induced my mother to caution me never to go out of my chamber without throwing a thick veil over my face. I was only once in the same room with you whilst at madame Martin's house, and that was on the night in which we went together to mass that was celebrated in a cellar. I acknowledge frankly I felt an inclination to shew myself to you unveiled, not however with the hope of interesting you more, but that I might enjoy the pleasure of shewing you some mark of confidence. I was notwithstanding withheld from doing it, as well by the apprehension of displeasing my mother, as in a great degree by a religious restraint. That night was devoted to piety. My mother was dying, I was engaged in putting up my prayers to Heaven for her, and in fulfilling the most solemn duties of religion; thus situated I repulsed as

criminal all thoughts of gaining the affections of a young man.

“ I will not attempt to describe to you what I felt in one of the most wretched situations of my life. We were by this time so well known to each other, that your heart must readily have informed you of all that passed in mine. The generous compassion which you displayed in so many affecting proofs, became not only one of my sweetest consolations, but the most powerful tie that could bind me to existence. The constant thought of you, which every thing in the chamber you had given up to me contributed to preserve in my mind, dispelled all the horror of my profound and melancholy solitude — although I was invisible to your eyes, and separated from you, I lived but in you and for you. How happy did I feel myself whenever by chance I caught a fleeting

found of your voice! It gave me pleasure if I could only hear your step—but how shall I express the grief I felt when the news of Sérilly's danger forced you from me! You went away in the middle of the night; I was, alas! asleep. What terrors did the morning bring with it! I usually rose as soon as it was day: the first thing I did was to kneel down by the partition to pray—you were always ready at the customary signal. I could distinctly hear you, as you hastened towards me, as you rose, as you fell on your knees; in those moments we used together to call on the Supreme Being, united as we were in the same vows, the same sentiments, the same hopes! O with what delight did that ardour of prayer thrill through our souls thus raised above every earthly thought, thus mingled in the mutual offering to the Deity, of a love eternal as himself! But

ah! that fatal morning! the deep silence that reigned within your chamber, told me too truly that you were no longer there.—‘O, my God!’ cried I, ‘he is gone!’ and a torrent of tears burst from my eyes. Madame Martin came up to my apartment, and from her I learnt that you had waked her, for the purpose of entreating her to visit me frequently, to send you word constantly how I went on, and not to suffer *your clock* to go down—‘And,’ added madame Martin, smiling, ‘there is another commission with which he has charged me, but that is a secret.’—It was to no purpose that I asked her repeated questions about it; she persisted in concealing it. O how long and tedious did the rest of the day appear! all was sad around me! I lamented the loss of my mother with more bitterness than ever, and for the first time I felt as if she had left me alone in

the world. Night added to my sorrows a sensation of terror, such as I had never before experienced, and which I in vain strove to overcome. I went to bed with my heart full of dread, convinced that I should neither sleep nor rest. I had lain about half an hour, when all at once I heard in your chamber the heavenly notes of an harmonica! It amazed and foothed me at once. It was easy for me to guess that this sweet surprize was the secret commission which you had given to madame Martin, and of which she had made so great a mystery. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'it is still Delrive, his soul is still there, and thus speaks to mine.'— This enchanting harmony calmed all my griefs. It was you that consoled me, every note sunk deep into my heart; and in these delicate attentions, these tender cares that softened the pain your absence occasioned me, I seemed to

have you still near me, I fancied I heard you in reality, and in a sigh I blessed you and fell asleep. The next morning, at the accustomed hour, I addressed my God in prayer. The harmonica sounded again, playing only the chaunt of the hymns and psalms of the church; I thought I heard the whole celestial choir of angels. Then, with what ardour did I pray for you, for your friend, and for your return. Every day, at night, and in the morning I was lulled to sleep and awakened by this heavenly instrument, which I shall never hear without feeling the most transporting emotions produced by the purest sentiments of piety, of gratitude, of faithful and sacred friendship. In the mean time, madame Martin coming very often to visit me, soon obtained my confidence. So unconquerable a desire did I constantly feel to talk of

you. She knowing my sentiments, at last imparted to me all that you had done for my mother and myself. With what sweet delight did I blend the remembrance of you with the memory of my revered mother. How did I rejoice in being able to repeat continually, *He was the benefactor of my mother.* —

Thus finding in filial regard, and in the sanction of religion, a still more powerful cause to love you. You have learned how I was carried to prison. In times like those when every principle of humanity, especially compassion for the children of misfortune, was construed into a crime, madame Martin, for fear of involving herself, dared not let you know of this event, and even left off writing to you altogether. As for me, shut up in my cell, I submitted patiently to my fate. The thought of dying in the bloom of youth afflicted me not for

religion had taught me that death is never grievous or premature when innocence accompanies us to the grave.

But my courage failed me when I figured to myself what would be your feelings; I felt my own strength, but I knew not yours. I wished at least to see and speak to you before I died. I thought that none but myself could fortify and console your mind, for you had accustomed me to think that I could readily communicate to yours the impressions of my own, and with ease transfer to you the sentiments of my soul.

“ But what tongue can express the feelings that rushed upon me all at once, when, through the walls of my prison, I heard you speak! The very sound of your voice restored me hope and promised me liberty. I found myself again under your protection, and knew no further fear. Your second departure

plunged me once more into misery, which was increased by knowing what you would suffer from the state in which your father was. But Sérilly soon obtained for me a less dismal apartment—he came to see me, and at length accomplished my release from prison. The same day madame Martin sent me letters from Châlons, which brought me the most distressing intelligence. The tyrants had thrown, into solitary confinement, my sister and her benefactress; the latter had just perished on the scaffold, and it was dreaded, that the same fate awaited my sister. I communicated all these particulars to Sérilly, who, possessing an estate and having many friends in that part of the country, offered to set off immediately with me, and fly to the succour of my unhappy sister. We wrote to you, at our departure, by a conveyance, which we

considered as perfectly safe. When we arrived at Châlons, we had the good fortune to snatch my sister from the frightful fate that hung over her. Sérilly conceived an affection for her, which she returned, and to be united to the sister of your wife, was, to him, an additional happiness.

“ Meanwhile we learned by the public papers, that the man, to whom we had entrusted our letters for you, had been arrested twenty leagues from Paris. We therefore sent an express to you, with the account of Sérilly’s marriage with my sister, and a few days after, Sérilly received an order to join the army without delay. Our express not returning, and not receiving any intelligence from you, I determined to send another, but this was too late, you were already at Paris, and this last messenger missed you. When you came to

my sister's house I was at Châlons, and knew nothing of the strange scene that passed there till the next day. Your appearing before her, as you did, and which frightened her so much, seemed, at first, to both of us, only an act of insanity of some wretched being, whom the horrors of the times had deprived of his reason; but I was soon made acquainted with the whole truth by the report of the innkeeper, who spoke to you at the post where you stopped. I was convinced, that you had received none of our letters, and I was sensible that, as you did not know I had a sister, the name of d'Armalos and the resemblance of my sister's voice to mine, must have deceived you; however, I confess, that, at the bottom of my heart, I did not think, that these appearances were sufficiently decisive to leave no doubt on your mind, when the

question was, whether Calista and Sé-
rily were not the vilest and most guilty
of human beings. I knew nothing of
the circumstance relative to my sister's
picture, which, seeing in my mother's
room, you believed to be my mine. It
gave me considerable satisfaction, when,
in your relation to day, you mentioned
this circumstance, for it certainly justi-
fied your error. I wrote a letter to you,
which I sent to Paris, but it arrived
too late—you were gone. Just at this
time our first messenger came back with
our letters; a fall from his horse, and
various other accidents, so impeded his
journey, that he had not been able to
meet you. Overwhelmed with grief and
disappointment, I made several anxious
enquiries, all equally fruitless, to learn
where you were, and it was not till after
the expiration of three months, that I
discovered you had emigrated, but I

still was at a loss as to the country you had chosen for your asylum. In the mean time I gathered, from some vague reports, that you were gone to Spain, and this greatly increased the earnest desire I felt to go thither. But unprotected, without money, and entirely dependent upon the kindness of my sister, it was impossible for me to undertake so long a journey. In consequence of the stratagem by which you had saved my life, I passed at Paris for your wife, and Sérilly had told the same story to the municipality of Châlons, adding, that the reason for my not taking your name was, because I waited the consent of your father, which you had asked. The wretch who denounced me at Paris, persecuted me at Châlons; believing me to be your wife, he accused me of carrying on a correspondence with you. I was secretly assured, that

that there were no means left, by which I could avoid imprisonment, and perhaps, death, than by demanding a divorce. Although I could not have any serious scruple on this head, not being married in fact, still to renounce you thus publicly, seemed to me an act both of perjury and baseness. I had betrothed myself to you, and was, alone, the cause of your flying the country; I therefore resolved to brave, for your sake, those very dangers, from which your tenderness had found means to extricate me. I was obliged to appear before one of those iniquitous tribunals, from which scarcely any person ever returned, but to go to prison or to the scaffold. As my marriage was not doubted, I was not questioned upon it, but the monsters had so little feeling as to ask me, why I did not divorce myself from you? I answered, 'that no-

thing but death could break the ties that united us.'—This reply excited general murmur among them; and they would certainly have decided very unfavourably against me, had not a person, who was wholly unknown to me, come forward in my defence, and spoke in my behalf with so much earnestness and success, that when he had finished, the whole tribunal was in my favour. When I left it, I understood that my defender's name was Durand, the very prisoner who assisted us in our intercourse through the wall that parted his cell from mine, and who, becoming our confidant, much against our wills, forced you to employ all your interest to accomplish his release, before you stirred a step for me. This man, a little while before I departed, came and brought me twelve thousand livres, the sum you had expended in expediting his deli-

verance. He found this part of the business out, and charged me to cause this money to be remitted to you; and, besides this, Durand was of very important service, both to myself and sister, on many occasions, and he more than once ran considerable risk to serve us. This proves, that it is not right to judge of the character of a man by a single action; for this Durand, who took so cruel an advantage of our situation, is, by nature, good and generous.

“ At length, after a year’s absence, Sérilly returned; he made interest and succeeded in his solicitation, to be sent into Spain upon a secret commission. We set out, firmly resolved never to return to France, till the power of its tyrants should be no more; their crimes must hasten their fall; to rest assured of their punishment, and of the restoration of

religion and peace: is to believe in Providence.

“ My first concern, as soon as I arrived in Spain, was to call on the generous Mellos; he was only a distant relation of my father, but our misfortunes gave us a claim in his heart, more powerful than that of blood. In consequence of his exertions, we saved a considerable sum from the ruins of my father's fortune. But these happy events gave me no pleasure, you were no where to be found, and my situation seemed hopeless still; but ah! what was my joy, when Mellos, coming to Madrid, related to me the history of a virtuous young Frenchman, who had just restored to an unfortunate family the legacy of an old deceased relation. My soul hung on his words, and when your name was pronounced, I blessed my God and cried—‘ *I guessed ’twas he!* ’—I then

told my story to Mellos. He immediately took those measures in your behalf, which have obtained for you the place the minister has just given you. Mellos marked out the conduct I was to pursue with respect to you. Sérilly and myself passed our word to follow implicitly his plan. Still an uncertainty oppressed my heart that made me wretched. 'Perhaps,' said I to myself, 'he has entered into another engagement, believing me perjured and ungrateful.' This I was anxious to ascertain before I made myself known to you. In the mean time, the ingenious liberality of Mellos was preparing at Chiclane, for myself and my sister, an agreeable surprise. He bought for us the charming residence we are now in. He then made me come hither, and I established myself in this place under

the name of *Lucca*—you know the rest.”

What pen can describe the feelings of the happy and repentant Delrive during this recital ! As to himself, he was altogether incapable of uttering a syllable ; amazed, and trembling all the while, he could only sigh and raise his eyes to Heaven, or, grasping the hands of Mellos and Sérilly by turns, sit gazing at Calista. Mellos informed the lovers, that he would make the necessary preparations for the celebration of their marriage, which would take place the next morning in the chapel belonging to the castle, adding, that he charged himself with all the expences. When the party separated for the evening, Delrive implored Sérilly to set up with him in his chamber through the night, for he longed to talk with him, to ask him a

thousand questions, a thousand times to repeat the same things, and every instant to pronounce the loved name of Calista. Not the whole world would have tempted him to sleep a moment, lest he should, in that moment, lose the consciousness of his joy.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, he repaired, with Sérilly, to the apartment of Calista, whom, as well as her sister, they found already dressed for the day. At eleven, Melros came to inform them that they must be at chapel by twelve; he went out to give some orders, when Delive, taking Calista's hour-glass from his pocket, placed it on the table, with these words—"Oh sacred work of virtue! thou shalt mark the happy hour of our union!"—It was not necessary to explain this action to Calista; she remembered the hour-glass with emotion,

and was delighted that Delrive, in spite of his mistake, had preferred it. Exactly at twelve, the sound of the harmonica was heard. Calista started, and the sweetest tears of sensibility overflowed her lovely cheeks, the beauty of which was heightened by a modest blush. Delrive, on his knees, received her trembling hand. The door opened, Mellos appeared, and led this happy couple to the altar. How solemn and affecting was the religious oath, pronounced by the pious and tender Calista! how suited to inspire confidence! This amiable pair, whose union was formed, not by the intoxication of love, but by the enthusiasm of virtue and religion, have been married seven years, and enjoy a happiness which time has no power to diminish, but which it renders more interesting and more respectable.

Delrive is the father of a charming girl,
for whom he forms but one wish—
“ May she one day be as pious as her
mother!”